

## Oasis 141

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

#### Chapter 141: Elite Troops After the Battle

They easily won the battle, slaughtered the enemy, gained experience points.

Epic victory.

Towards this perfect ending, the knot in Kant's heart was slightly lifted.

At least 5 honor points were the most practical reward.

It was worth being in a good mood.

"Open the troop class-level up interface."

Kant's thoughts tingled.

On the retina in front of him, the dialog box immediately refreshed.

The interface of troop class appeared.

..

[ Upgradable troop class: Swadian peasant × 500 people ]

[ Cost 10 denars per person, level up: Swadian recruit ]

[ Extra experience points allow level up consecutively ]

..

[ Upgradable troop class: Swadian footman × 37 people ]

[ Cost 20 denars per person, level Up: Swadian footman/Swadian heavy cavalry ]

.....

[ Upgradable troop class: Swadian heavy cavalry x 10 people ]

[ Cost 120 denar per person, Level up: Swadian knight ]

.....

[ Upgradable troop class: Desert Bandits X 40 people ]

[ Cost 25 denars per person, level up: Elite desert bandit ]

[ Ding... you have surplus experience points. Your forces could be upgraded consecutively ]

.....

[ Upgradable troop class: Elite desert bandit × 25 people ]

[ Cost 30 denars per person, level up: Sarrandian horseman ]

.....

Most of the close combat troop class could be leveled up.

Kant frowned slightly.

However, he also found out that there were only a few level 4 troop class could leveled up.

Other than the 10 Swadian heavy cavalries who could leveled up to the top-tier Swadian knights, the other level 4 troops class showed no signs of leveling up at all. This was obviously something wrong.

As a level 4 footman, the Swadian footman did not directly involved in the battle, so it was only natural that they would receive little experience points.

However, one had to know that.

In this battle, the archers had played a huge role.

The rain of arrows formed by 50 Vaegirs archers and 50 Swadian crossbowmen had killed many Jackalans.

Now, there was actually no one who could leveled up to ;evel 5 troop class.

This was clearly out of Kant's expectations.

He asked the mind communication system, "System, in this epic battle, the experience points obtained are unable to allow more level 4 troop classes to reach full experience and level up to level 5 troop class?"

Ask if you don't understand.

The system would always gave an explanation.

Very soon.

A dialog box popped up on his retina, "Insufficient experience points, unable to provide more level 4 troop class to level up."

"This is the explanation?", Kant frowned slightly.

"Yes.", The system answered straightforwardly.

At the same time, it explained to Kant in detail: "Although the scale of this battle is large, the enemy is mostly low-level footmen. Their morale is low and their status is extremely poor, so the experience points gained is relatively small. They can only level up for middle troop class, and cannot afford a large number of high-level troops to level up. Thus, only 10 Swadian heavy cavalries can level up to 10 Swadian Knight."

After explaining, the dialog box disappeared.

Kant nodded.

It was indeed the style of the system. It was straightforward and did not said much nonsense.

In this battle, Kant indeed used a smaller troop to defeat the larger enemy fleet and won the battle. However, the slaughter of the lower-level troops by the elite troops was not a rare scene in the history. Many epic victories were such a case as well.

To a certain extent, the size of the troops was indeed better than the quality of the troops.

But there was a bottom line.

A number of troops with a certain quality was the best choice.

Otherwise, it would be like the end of the Han dynasty of an ancient country on Earth. The Yellow Turban Army had huge advantage of large troops, but it was still massacred by the elite soldiers of the imperial court, which led to its defeat in the end. At the same time, this war raised a group of more elite local warlords.

Just like some ancient Greek writer once said, a group of beggars could not be called an army.

And now.

Kant's army was very elite.

Through the mind communication system, Kant directly chose, "Level up."

[ Ding... system prompt ]

[ Level up requires a total of 8,690 denars ]

[ Yes/no level up? ]

"Yes.", Kant did not hesitated, "Level up!"

Kant's current savings were 22,000 denars. Even if he spent this amount level up, he did not have to worry about the lack of denar for the maintenance of the army next week.

Because next month, the trade caravan of Reyvadin would arrive.

The leader of the trade caravan, Joslin, would buy all the prisoners he had obtained from this battle.

Although the statistics were not yet available.

But the number would definitely not be too small.

Outside the council hall, in the empty space on the east side of the fortress, the Jackalans were squatting there. In general, it was estimated that there were more than 2,000 of them. If converted into denar, it would be a huge amount of money!

Kant's savings would also increase to a huge amount.

With his affirmation.

8,690 denars instantly disappeared.

The flow of data flowed out quickly. In the entire Oasis Lookout, the troop class that could level up were all wrapped inside. Especially the 500 peasant who were still cleaning up the battlefield, their bodies were covered in a data chain.

This was the symbol of the transformation from a laborer who worked in agriculture to a military soldier.

It seemed like a very short period of time.

However, in the eyes of these soldiers who had leveled up, it was like several years had passed.

A complete set of combat knowledge was installed into their minds, and their bodies were also modified. It was like they had obtained a strong physique after years of hard training and been through several battles on the battlefield.

During the process of leveling up, the system then popped out the dialog box.

[ Ding... system prompt ]

[ Because experience points surplus, Swadian recruit can continue to level up ]

[ Spend 5,000 denars to level up to Swadian militia ]

[ Yes/no level up? ]

"Level up."

Kant still did not hesitated and made his choice.

5,000 denars then disappeared.

Then, the recruits who were only wearing leather armor and holding spears and wooden shields had become stronger. The spears in their hands had also become military grade heavy spear. The leather armor had also become a piece of iron-plated armor with better defense. Beside the combat shovel at their waist, there was an additional quiver with 20 crossbow bolts inserted into it. With the light crossbow on their backs, they had the means to attack from afar.

Compared to the appearance of the peasant recruits, these recruits were more like soldiers in the army.

Level up was complete.

10 Swadian knights.

37 Swadian heavy cavalries.

25 Sarrandian horsemen.

40 elite desert bandits.

500 Swadian militia.

These elite soldiers had a completely different spirit.

Their appearance increased the quality of the troops in Drondheim.

Furthermore, the originally useless 500 peasant soldiers could only play a supporting role. When all of them were upgraded to the Swadian militia, it increased the number of troops in Oasis Lookout, causing the combat strength of the troops to soar!

All of the troops were already close to a thousand people.

If they encountered these low-level Jackalan again, they would already be qualified to engage in a head to head battle.

Furthermore, from Kant's point of view.

Even before these 500 militiamen joined, the "Drondheim" fortress with more than 500 soldiers would still be capable to engage in a head on head battle with those low-level Jackalan. They might even be able to easily win the battle.

The 500 troops were all armored combat soldiers.

They could be said to be the elites of the elites.

How could these low-level Jackalan, who lacked water and food, fight against Kant's troops?

That was simply a joke!

Just like the current scale of the troops, Kant was already confident that even if the real expeditionary army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane trekked over the Mannheim Coast and tiredly crossed the Nahrin desert, even if they had good quality and quantity of troops, when they encountered Kant's troops in the wilderness, it was really uncertain who would live and who would die.

Kant's lips curled into a smile.

This battle could be considered the turning point of the "Drondheim" fortress.

Close to a thousand elite soldiers would bring absolute safety.

Even if the expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane arrived, if they wanted to take down this heavily guarded and well-equipped fortress, it was absolutely impossible to succeed unless they paid a heavy price.

Moreover, there was a possibility of being counterattacked.

10 Swadian knights, 87 Swadian heavy cavalries, 5 Mamlukes, 40 Sarrandian horsemen, and 40 elite desert bandits. These were all extremely mobile cavalry troops that could tear apart the footman defense line.

142 heavy cavalry troops that could directly charge into the enemy's formation.

40 assault cavalry troops that could charge together.

Their fearsome charge attack was strong enough to break through the hundreds footmen formation!

In coordination with the heavy footman and footman's attack, they could forcefully break through the enemy's troops in the field. In this era where the heavy cavalry were the elite aces, it was too simple.

Level up was complete.

Kant put away the dialog box on his retina.

In the council hall, Firentis and Manid had already left.

The battle outside had just ended. After a brief report, they continued to get busy with all sorts of things.

Especially with regards to the placement of the soldiers, it was also a problem.

Almost all the civilians had disappeared.

Only 50 peasant women had not leveled up.

The 50 empty houses could completely be temporarily converted into military camps.

It was good enough to let the soldiers rest now. There was no need to consider the quality of their sleep. As soldiers who had fought in the battlefield, being able to live was their greatest request.

The current fortress could not let everyone rest beautifully.

There was still a long way to go.

Kant shook his head slightly, stood up and walked out of the council hall.

A large number of captives had been brought to the empty space in the military zone on the east side.

Jackalans were everywhere.

All of them were crouching in fear, not daring to speak loudly. Their eyes were filled with fear and anger.

They were also exhausted caused by the lack of water and food.

The militiamen walked out of the city. Each of them was carrying the spoils of war in their arms.

They were the mail armor and two-handed battle axes of the high-level Jackalans.

Only these valuable things would be collected by the militiamen. As for the tattered animal skins and linen, the militiamen did not attracted by them at all. Although they were collectible, their functions were the same as those spiked club, all of them would be used as cheap fuel, becoming combustible materials for the sugar workshop to boil salt.

However, with the end of this battle, Kant's heart was calm.

According to Firentis's report, he had captured many high-level Jackalans. Now, he used these captives to determine where the expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane had arrived and their movements.

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#### **Chapter 142: Cruel Interrogation**

Naturally, Kant did not need to worry about interrogating.

He passed down his order.

Very soon.

Ten Swadian footmen escorted five high-level Jackalans to the council hall's entrance.

They ruthlessly kicked the high-level Jackalan's legs with their chain-armored boots. The strong kicks caused these captives who had their heads lowered to fall and kneel in front of Kant.

"Roar..." , the Jackalans growled because of the humiliation.

However, the 10 Swadian footmen who were in charge of guarding the captives did not show any mercy on their faces.

Instead, they curled their lips into a insulting smile. They pulled out the bastard swords from their waists and stabbed them heavily into the side of the captives. The tip of the gleaming swords pierced straight into the ground. There was no need to conceal their threatening menace.

The captives immediately lowered their heads and wisely chose to submit.

Only then the leading footman nodded in satisfaction and reported in a low voice, "Lord, we brought them here."

"Mm, well done.", Kant looked at this scene and spoke.

At the same time, he lowered his head to look at the five Jackalans who were surprisedly dressed in linen robe. With a calm expression, he asked, "Jackalan from the Mannheim coast, the Kingdom of Grey Mane, why did you invade my fief's estate?"

As Kant's voice fell, no one answered.

The five Jackalans kneeling on the ground raised their beast-like heads, revealed their fangs on their jaws.

Their eyes revealed their anger and unyielding will.

They seemed to want to devour people.

Their eyes were ice cold!

They obviously accused Kant for all the torture and humiliation they had suffered after being captured.

If they were healthy and well-fed, they probably wouldn't even care about their own lives. They would carried their battle axes and perished together with Kant, who was sitting on the chair at the front steps of the council hall.

"Ha, unyielding eyes.", Kant chuckled.

Kneeling in front of others and threatening them with their eyes were always so weak.

At least Kant did not care.

He spoke to the captives in a cold tone, "You must know that your gazes can not kill others. But I controls your lives, I can easily..." , he paused for a moment and said indifferently, "Kill all of you."

"Bang -"

Behind the Jackalan captives, the footmen lifted up their well-made chain armor boots were and heavily kicked on their backs.

A dull sound.

These captives were all lying on the ground. Their hands were tied up so that they could not propped themselves up. However, there was no need for them to stand up. The Swadian footmen that kicked them down reached out and pulled the gray hair on their heads to make them kneel on the ground again. The gleaming bastard sword was placed next to their throats at this moment.

The Swadian footmen did not want to see their lord being threatened by these inferior races. Even if it was merely the glares from their eyes, that was still not acceptable!

Kant nodded at them. He looked at the captives and asked calmly, "We can have a good conversation."

"Is... is that so?"

Finally, a Jackalan spoke in human language.

It was the leader of the pirates. There was still anger and humiliation hidden in its eyes, but it restrained itself and said, "Lord of the humans, what... What do you want to know..."

Kant nodded in satisfaction, "Cooperation is a wise choice."

"What do you want to know?", the pirate leader repeated.

"No, if you cooperate, I think you able to calm down. Cooperating in our friendly conversation is a good thing for both of us, a good thing that can be praised."

Kant smiled at the pirate leader. "What do you think?"

The pirate leader's expression was slightly ferocious.

It had roamed the Sea of Stars for so many years, but it had never knelt down to answer a question in such a humiliating manner.

Moreover, it had to kneel in front of human, a race that it always looked down. Its heart was thumping, and its eyes filled with bloodshot. This was really unacceptable.

Its anger was raging!

However, Kant only chuckled at its anger. "Help it calm down."

"Yes," , the footmen replied in a deep voice.

However, immediately after this reply, the sound of the wind whistling could be faintly heard.

Before the pirate leader could react, the scabbard that was embedded with iron skin directly struck its cheek. The force of the strike instantly knocked off the fangs in its jaws. Even its lips were torn and blood oozed out.

"Roar —"

This strike instantly pissed off the tyrannical pirate leader.

It stood up with its legs and its two arms struggled frantically to break free from the linen rope. Its green eyes turned red and it whispered with a mouthful of blood, wanting to rush towards Kant who was on the steps.

It pounced fiercely without any fear of death. Even the four Jackalan pirates on beside it were also aroused.

Although they had wisdom and civilized, but when they went crazy, their ferocity was far more terrifying than the uncivilized low-level Jackalan!

“Stupid.”, Kant looked at the Jackalan pouncing at him without fear.

On the side, a footman with a thick fan-shaped shield came forward to block Kant. He used the shield forcefully withstood the pounce. Due to the force, he took half a step back, but he instantly withdrew his shield like a spring. He quickly gave a vicious right hook with his right hand tied with a chain-mail glove, the punch heavily landed on the left cheek of the pirate leader.

“Bang.”

The pirate leader’s teeth flew out, and his entire body blew away along with the heavy punch. He heavily fell down the stairs and laid in front of the four shocked Jackalan pirate subordinates.

The Swadian footman was silent. He shook his wrist and stood by Kant’s side again.

“Can we have a good chat now?”

Kant said faintly.

The Swadian footmen at the side cooperated and raised their bastard swords. The sharp blades reflected the light of noon, bringing not warmth but the awe of slicing lives.

“Yes...”, the pirate leader coughed and struggled on the ground.

It spat out two broken teeth, mixed with the smell of blood in its mouth. Its eyes were filled with despair. It stood up again and knelt in front of Kant. It lowered its head as if it had given up everything. “Human noble, what do you want to know...”

“This is very good.”

Kant nodded, satisfied with his tactfulness.

Standing up and walking down the three-story stone stairs, Kant came before the pirate leader. He slightly squatted down and looked at its hopeless, murky and despairing eyes, he slowly asked, “Tell me, when will your large fleet arrive in this desert? Tell me, and I will let you go. I swear on my honor that I will never kill you.”

His words were very tempting. Moreover, there was not a trace of malevolence on his tender face. Even his eyes were quite sincere.

The four Jackalans immediately swallowed their saliva.

To Kant's words, it was like they had grabbed onto a life-saving straw. They subconsciously looked at their leader whose cheek had been slapped until it was swollen. Their eyes were filled with the desire to live.

No one would really want to die.

No matter how strong their willpower was, after experiencing thirst and hunger, they had lost their faith.

"What I said is true."

Glancing at their eyes, Kant's lips curled up slightly. "I swear on the reputation of a noble."

"There are seven days left!", the pirate leader finally opened his mouth and lowered its bleeding swollen face, it said, "We are the advance team. We set off half a month earlier than the expedition team. If we are not out of our expectations, they will arrive at the southern part of the Nahrin Desert in seven days, which is the beginning of next month."

"Very good.", Kant stood up with a smile and sat back in his seat.

Kant looked at Firentis and Manid who had just finished patrolling the captive area, he nodded and said, "This information is very important. I like this friend. What do you think?"

"Of course, he is a very good gentleman.", Manid followed Kant's words and complimented him.

Firentis also nodded.

As a knight, he looked down on people who were captured in the war and still revealed the secrets of their forces. If they could endure the torture and death, he could still praise them.

Although death was still their final ending.

But Firentis could guarantee that he would not chop them up and use them as food or fertilizer.

"Send them back."

Kant waved his hand and motioned the footmen to pull the five high-level Jackalans away.

As if he had thought of something, he even reminded the footmen, "Give them some water and bread. Well, if they don't eat bread, they can also eat some dried meat as a reward for answering their questions."

"Yes.", the Swadian footmen answered.

"Lord... We, we eat bread!", a Jackalan pirate answered eagerly.

Kant heard this and chuckled, "Oh, that's even better. Give them bread, dried meat, and clean water.". He paused and looked at the Jackalan pirate who answered, pointing at it, he ordered, "I like this guy very much. Give him another dried sausage. If he can answer the questions we want to know in the future, let him eat his fill every meal."

“I, I am willing to surrender and join your side!”, the Jackalan pirate immediately knelt on the ground, ignoring the complicated and angry eyes of his companions beside him. He shouted, “I know a lot of information about the Mannheim Coast and the Kingdom of Grey Mane!”

“Very good.”, Kant nodded with a smile, still waving his hand to signal for them to go away.

Soon, the footmen took them away again.

Kant turned around and entered the council hall.

Firentis and Manid also followed.

Sitting back in his seat, Kant’s smile disappeared and he said faintly, “In seven days, the expedition army will arrive at the Nahrin Desert. It means that at the beginning of next month, we will welcome our real enemy.”

“That’s right.”, Firentis and Manid looked at each other.

Kant frowned and tapped his fingers on the table.

Looking at his two trusted subordinates, he said, “Arrange people to interrogate these high-level Jackalans. Let them tell us everything they know. Try to improve our understanding of the Mannheim Coast as well as the Kingdom of Grey Mane. Don’t relax. We will officially face them next month.”

“You will know more comprehensive information.”, Manid had some research on interrogation.

“Okay.”, Kant nodded and looked at Firentis at the same time. “Since Manid is in charge of the interrogation, you will be in charge of the army. When the Jackalan arrive at the Oasis Lookout, I hope you can give the best response.”

Firentis also nodded heavily. “I will do my best.”