

Oasis 157

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 157: The Final Curtain

Kant stood on the city wall with a calm face.

When Firentis led the cavalry to charge on the flanks, directly pouncing towards the Jackals formation, the curtain had already been drawn, announcing the end of the battle.

At the forefront were the Swadian knights.

Ten knights in double mail, mounted on their fiercest armored steeds, raised their heavy cone-head lances, which were as thick as their arms, and pierced the bodies of the Jackals with ease, stringing them into gourds.

They used the inertia of the warhorse to continue charging into the depths of the formation.

The Swadian knights were always at the forefront of the charge.

They were sharp, and on both sides of them stretched Mamluke, a top-tier heavy horse from Salander.

With the same galloping fury, the charge was second only to that of the Swadian knight, and the brandishing of the hands, with the speed of the steed, caused any Jackal that came in contact to fall back with broken bones, spitting blood.

There were no visible cuts, but even the bones were broken and thoroughly dented.

Jackals fell one after another.

As for more Swadian heavy cavalry, they were still riding behind.

Even the Sarrandian horseman behind them was also riding their horses, charging into the enemy formation with a spear in his hand.

As light cavalry, the desert bandit elite, with a spear in the coordinated charge, although the melee effect was less effective, but armed with a machete they were still able to fight.

Moreover, the heavy cavalry in front had already completely torn apart the enemy formation.

All the cavalry were urging their horses forward.

The horses' hooves trampled on the formations of the Jackals, ramming them against those who had no time to escape, and with the swinging of the knights' sword, scimitar, and mace, the Jackals fell to the ground with groans of boredom and despair.

Breaking the surface with a point.

All the troops rushed in crazily, the center blossoming, completely crushing the resistance of the Jackalan.

In fact, the Jackals didn't resist either.

When Firentis and his cavalry charged directly into the Jackal formation, the exhausted Jackals scattered, trampling under horses' hoofs without an effective counterattack, or being turned into corpses by the handfuls of cavalry melee weapons against their heads

Even the formation was penetrated by the cavalry from the south to the north.

Firentis even turned his horse around. Although some of the cavalry were injured, none of them died in battle.

The resistance they received was abnormally weak.

Even though the Jackals had their spears pierced through their chests and their machetes slashed, they still did not raise the battle axes in their hands, only looked at their companions in a daze who were massacred, and did not know what to do, but just waited in a daze.

They had lost the ability to continue fighting.

Their morale had collapsed to the extreme.

Their physical strength had been completely exhausted.

No one gave an encouraging howl, because they did not want to continue to fight, with the madness in their eyes before completely disappeared, looking at the cruel battlefield of the mess, they finally bowed their heads in despair, completely give up resistance.

They did not even rearrange their formation to meet the enemy.

Kant narrowed his eyes slightly.

From the walls he could see clearly, breathing from the rapid strain to the now steady, waving his hand and saying: "Everyone, stop shooting, stop attacking."

"Yes!" The messengers replied.

Then, they immediately turned around and left.

Stepping on the corpses on the ground, they passed through the blood-stained city wall and attic to convey the lord's order.

The battlefield stopped.

The arrow rain that was originally dense also stopped shooting at this moment.

Even Firentis and his soldiers who were outside the walls had been told to stop attacking, to wait in the desert plains on the north side, with their lances and spears in their hands, and to look at the Jackals standing outside the walls as if they had lost their minds and were dead.

"The battle is over," Kant said. "There's no need to continue attacking."

The Jackals had lost the will to resist.

And to Kant, they were captives, beautiful denars!

Living Denar.

The leader of the trade caravan, Jocelyn, who was still waiting in the Drondheim fortress with his guards and sentries to defend the council hall, could buy these high-level Jackals at 50 denars per person.

Kant didn't think that he was rich enough to ignore this huge sum of money.

So many high-level Jackals were ready-made captives.

And the dead Jackals...

Had no value at all. They were just a pile of corpses that were disgusting even when they were cleaned up!

... ..

Kant's order to capture them was also passed down.

This mission was undoubtedly the work of the cavalry outside, and the cavalry who had just entered the battlefield and completely destroyed the psychological defense line of these Jackals were very happy with it.

There was nothing better than defeating the enemy and then capturing them, so they could enjoy the beauty of victory.

"Drop your arms and surrender to save your life!"

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Instead of giving orders to charge again, Firentis circled the field of battle unscathed and surrounded the jackals, slaughtering anyone who tried to escape..

The desert bandits, nimble light cavalry, flapped their wings around with cutlasses and shouted out their words of surrender, but the cold, flashing cutlasses seemed more threatening.

However, it was the same for the Jackals who had completely lost their will to fight and their hope.

The confused them might need an excuse.

"Bang, bang, bang, bang..."

The two-handed battle axe fell on the sand under their feet.

All these Jackals fell to their knees, and there was no madness in their confused eyes, only a loss of future and the deepest despair, so deep that these Jackals, once invincible on the coast of Mannheim, did not have the least inclination to resist.

They kneeled on the battlefield filled with the corpses of their companions. The blood had dyed the sand red.

It was so red that it was an eyesore.

The closer he got to the city wall, the thicker the blood became, and the more corpses there were.

The two still burning steps of the dead, emitting black, scorched smoke, showed the cruelty of the battle, and the astonishing madness of the wolves in their desperation.

They could even give up their own lives and not take it seriously.

No matter how they were trampled to death, smashed to death, or burned to death, they had to become the stepping stone of their companions behind them.

But now.

This kind of self-sacrifice casualties seemed a little ridiculous.

For all the remaining Jackals had chosen to surrender, in the most shameful manner of the army, to their enemies, without conditions, in order to survive rather than die on the battlefield.

"Manide."

Kant turned his head and said with a calm expression: "You are in charge of handling the captives. You should be the best at it."

After a pause, he reminded: "Tell Firentis to clean up the battlefield. I will inform Jocelyn to come and help you later. After you finish your own matters, report to me in the hall."

"Got it." Manide nodded immediately.

"Alright." Kant nodded as well and turned to leave.

The matter was handed down.

The two of them were able to handle it very well.

"Lord Kant!" After leaving the city wall, the Swadian infantry, who were covered in blood and wounds, hurriedly stood up and saluted Kant. At the same time, they quickly separated ten infantry soldiers to follow behind him and continue to act as guards.

"Yes." Kant nodded.

Although his face was calm, his eyes were gloomy.

There were less than 20 of his original 50 Swadian infantry left, and each of them was injured.

Even the ten infantry who had been assigned to serve as guardsmen were not as well equipped as they once were, with scalloped shields, tattered iron plates on the outside, and broken chain mail on the inside.

Fresh blood seeped out and dyed the torn linen robe red.

When those crazy Jackals broke through the city gate, it was these 50 Swadian infantry who charged forward.

In a short while, 30 people were killed. If it were not for the hundreds of Swadian militia who risked their lives to defend, these infantrymen would probably be completely wiped out, and it was possible that the city gate would be broken through.

Those crazy Jackal warriors were definitely not something that low-level Jackals could compare to.

Even in Kant's view.

These advanced Jackals from the coast of Mannheim, who had been taught combat skills and have fought on the battlefield, were worthy of the title of tier 5, and it needed to take a Swadian of the same class to stop them.

The increase in combat strength due to the racial advantage was too terrifying.

After all, the height, weight, and strength of humans could not be compared to these high-level jackalan!

"Pay attention to rest after cleaning up the battlefield."

Kant instructed the infantrymen and militia at the city gate, then turned around and continued to walk toward the council hall.

The bodies of the dead had been gathered together and laid out in order at the gates, while militiamen worked together to bring down the more numerous bowmen from the walls, and peasant women gave them their last respect by wiping their bloodied faces with towels dipped in water.

Dying in battle to protect their homes was a glorious death.

"My Lord."

Those strong peasant women walked over, wanting to help Kant.

However, Kant frowned and said: "No need."

These peasant women retreated in embarrassment, their fierce faces filled with shyness: "My Lord, the way you led your troops to valiantly defend the fortress is just like the legendary hero."

"Hehe." Kant only chuckled and no reply.

Seeing that the peasant women were still holding pitchforks and kitchen knives, he calmly instructed: "Go prepare lunch now. It's almost noon, and our soldiers haven't even had time to eat breakfast."

"Yes, my Lord." The peasant women nodded.

They were not good at fighting, but they were still able to handle life well.

Kant returned to the council hall.

It didn't take long for the aroma of cooking food to appear, and lunch was prepared. It was a fast-paced meal that could quickly replenish the energy consumed during wartime.

There was plenty of supplies in the sentry oasis.

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Chapter 158: A Huge Sum of Money

The peasant women cooked lunch.

The soldiers also used this time to clean up the battlefield.

The main thing was to properly place the bodies of the dead.

However, the casualties of Kant's troops on the defensive side were evidently better than those of the Jackals on the attacking side.

Just outside the east wall, the flowing blood had dyed the sand red. Not far away, under the dune, the bodies with full of arrows or smashed brains were neatly arranged.

Of the 3,000 elite Jackals from the Mannheim coast, more than half had died in battle. It was extremely tragic.

The surviving Jackals were all injured.

But no one pitied them.

As invaders, these Jackals had to be prepared to accept defeat after defeat.

Instead of food and water, the desert bandits brought flax ropes, scowling and shaking their faces, and tied the Jackals' hands behind their backs.

Not far away, Firentis was still leading the cavalry to deter the captives from getting into trouble.

But there was no resistance.

The jackalan were actually tied up obediently.

The Jackals expeditionary army, which had not eaten for many days to replenish their strength, and their bodies were extremely dehydrated, did not have any ability to resist.

When the light returned, they retreated crazily.

Their status became weaker and weaker.

Just like that, they were easily tied up by the desert bandits' backs. They kicked and whipped the Jackals captives to the south side of the city gate, because right there, the leader of the trade caravan from Reyvadin, Jocelyn, he was looking at these jackalan captives with a wide smile on his face. Occasionally, he would talk to Manide beside him, and the two of them would laugh even more enthusiastically.

The leader of the trade caravan, Jocelyn, could imagine how warmly he would be treated by the noble and iron mine owners when he returned to Reyvadin after purchasing over a thousand Jackals captives.

The Kingdom of Vikia was located in a snowfield, and its grain output was low, so its population was low.

However, the snowfield had an extremely large amount of iron ore. With a little mining, one could dig out baskets of high-quality iron ore.

This made the Kingdom of Vikia feel a little awkward.

The population of his own kingdom was small, and in the medieval era of cold weapons, mining ore was a dangerous job. Ordinary Vikians would not work at all, and there was no better option than to buy captives and become mining slaves.

And the main economic pillar of the Kingdom of Vikia was precisely these high-quality iron ores.

In order to be able to mine large amounts of ores and turn them into iron ingots, the Kingdom of Victoria would buy a large number of slaves almost every year.

It could be said that.

A portion of the slave trade on the continent of Caradia was hyped up by the Kingdom of Vikia.

Now, the Kingdom of Vikia had a new source of slaves.

It was Lord Kant, located in the land of miracles. As long as there was enough dinar, who was better than human miners used gnoll miners, as long as trained, rest for a period of time, handling well, completely was the best miners, strong, know the commands, tube belly can day and night the exploitation of mining, was popular with the miners.

Of course, Kant also welcomed this.

These mine owners of the Kingdom of Vikia were his big customers. Otherwise, the endless denar would not have appeared in his pocket so easily, becoming the help of Dronnheim's level up.

It was a good thing that everyone was happy.

Just inside and outside the city wall, everyone was still busy.

The feeling of having a common enemy disappeared.

However, there was no excitement from the victors. Instead, there was a faint sadness.

The familiar faces had been turned pale in the battle, lying on the sand, covered in white linen, a memory that existed only in the public memory.

They were the valiant guardians of the fortress, and the heroes who held the line to the end.

Facing the strong close combat ability of the Jackals.

In fact, even the corpses of these dead warriors were incomplete.

The farmers who were in charge of organizing their appearances had red eyes when they collected the corpses of the dead. Even the civilians who had seen many deaths, such a tragic battle, and such terrible wounds, other than the large-scale battle between the kingdoms, it was rare to see such a tragic sight on the continent of Caradia.

This was the reason why the caravan of Rivadin had purchased so much linen.

Even though they had already died in battle.

But as a Lord, Kant would never forget their contributions.

Even though they had already died in battle, he could use a towel to wipe off the dirty blood on his face and use the pure white linen as a shroud to give them respect and honor after death as compensation.

It was also a motivation for the surviving soldiers.

Lord Kant would never forget anyone.

... ..

The sun rose to the center of the sky.

The temperature of the Nahrin desert suddenly increased, forming a billowing heat wave that spread across the entire desert.

At noon.

Sentry oasis, the battlefield had basically been cleaned up.

The corpses were all separated and piled up in order to facilitate the post-battle inventory.

As the main battlefield, the blood-stained ground inside and outside the city walls and gates was also splashed and washed by the careful militia with clean water, restoring the yellow and orange sand to its original color and the rich smell of blood also became lighter.

It was basically finished.

The peasant women also walked over and called for the soldiers who were resting to eat.

In the kitchen next to the council hall, buckets of lunch had already been prepared. It was steaming hot and fragrant.

Because it was made in a hurry, it was no different from the food from before.

However, many soldiers who ate in batches also had looks of anticipation on their faces because they saw that in the kitchen, the batch of sand gazelle that had been hunted at the end of the month yesterday had already been dragged out and hung on the wall. Ten of them were being quickly cut and skinned by the kitchen knives in the hands of the peasant women, moreover, they had cut open their bellies and dug out their internal organs. It seemed that they were preparing for the celebration banquet that night.

And barrels of ale, rolled out by the Rivadin caravans who settled down in the grocery store, were a must-have for tonight's victory party.

This made the soldiers who had survived the fierce battle and won the battle look a little happier.

They ate their lunch in batches.

In the Council Hall, Kant sat in his seat.

On both sides of the long table, there were Firentis and Manide who had finished dealing with the matter, and the leader of the trade caravan, Jocelyn.

It was lunchtime.

At the same time, it was time for the two of them to report the results of the battle to Kant.

Because it was not a secret matter, the leader of the trade caravan, Jocelyn, did not avoid suspicion and leave. Moreover, to Kant, this merchant from the continent of Caradia could be considered half of his

own people, at the very least, he would not secretly collude with the aborigines of this world, much less betray Kant and sell the most important resources.

The four of them ate their food first. After all, because of this battle, they had not eaten their breakfast yet.

After they were half full.

"Hmm, we are almost done eating." Kant wiped the corner of his mouth and said, "Who will tell us about the results of our battle?" Looking at Firentis and Manide, the corner of his mouth curled into a smile. "I am quite looking forward to the results of this battle."

"I'll go first." Manide nodded slightly, stood up and bowed respectfully.

He organized his words, his voice was filled with self-satisfaction: "Lord Kant, in my opinion, this battle can be considered an epic-level victory. We captured 1,432 jackalan. According to the calculation of 50 denar per person, we received a total of 71,600 denar. To be honest, in my opinion, this is also a huge sum of money that anyone would be tempted by."

"Of course." Kant nodded with a bright smile on his face.

When the Jackals captives were escorted to the carriage of the trade caravan, he already knew the exact amount of the money. This huge sum of 71,600 denar had been mixed with the balance of the savings, turning into an even more terrifying number.

[Balance: 149,130 denar]

Just under 1,000 denar, Kant's savings would break into 150,000 denar.

Continent of Caradia.

It could open 15 of the most expensive and most popular velvet dye factories in any town.

And if that didn't prove the value of the money, then the cost of maintaining the Swadian cavalry pillars, the armored horsemen of the fourth level, the Swadian heavy cavalry, 5,000 men for a week.

And it was in this one week.

These were purely troops formed by armored heavy cavalry, not to mention the continent of Caradia.

Even on Earth.

Other than the modern and modern battlefields of any era, in ancient and modern Chinese and foreign field battles, these 5,000 Swadian man-at-arms would be enough to completely defeat the enemy corps' main force. They would be like a torrential flood, breaking the enemy's formation into pieces.

Because these 5,000 heavy cavalry could be said to be invincible in a frontal assault.

Even if there were 100,000 infantrymen, they would not be able to hold on. They would be directly crushed by the surging torrent until the formation collapsed.

Kant's smile became more and more brilliant.

Just thinking about it in his mind was a wonderful moment for him.

For this reason, he looked at the leader of the Trade Caravan, Jocelyn, and said with a smile: "Tonight, I will hold a celebration banquet. I hope you brought enough malt liquor this time. This time, I will let the soldiers drink as much as they want."

"It's completely enough." Jocelyn nodded affirmatively.

"Very good." Kant's smile was thick.

Nothing could soothe the hearts of the soldiers after the war better than alcohol.

If it was the custom in the continent of Caradia, not only would there be alcohol, but there would also be a sum of denar as a reward for these brave people. However, most of the time, it would be thrown into the hands of the tavern owner and the white breasts of those prostitutes, in the end, due to the various taxes of the Lord, it was returned to the Lord's treasury.

Of course, Kant also handed over the matters of purchasing to Manide to handle.

However, Kant turned his head and saw the solemn expression on Firentis's face.

He also frowned slightly. Next was Firentis, reporting on the losses of this battle.