

Oasis 61

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 61: Strange Jackalan

Kant narrowed his eyes. There was a hint of strangeness in his eyes.

The Jackalans were a lowly race, a backwater tribe that had not even developed civilization yet. How could there be more than 30 standard combat soldiers who wore full-body mail armor and held two-handed axes in their hands?

Looking at the multilayered mail armor as well as the two-handed axes that gave off a cold glimmer, it was obvious that they were not of inferior quality.

The weapons and armor even seemed a few levels higher than the mail armor and the two-handed battle ax equipped by the Jackalan chieftain that Kant's group defeated a while ago.

This was precisely what puzzled Kant.

30 beings that were not inferior to the Jackalan chieftain actually appeared in this salt mine. It was really strange.

"They have discovered us."

Riding on his warhorse, Firentis looked at the group of Jackalan below. His right hand was already gripping the hilt of his sword by his waist.

Kant also looked at him coldly.

However, he did not give any orders. His eyes swept over the group of Jackalans. His pupils shrank. Then, he frowned and said, "Look among these Jackalans. Is there one who looks stranger than the rest?"

"A strange one?" Firentis frowned.

The Jackalans below all looked very strange compared to the Jackalan tribe that they had destroyed earlier.

The usually savage and dumb Jackalan was actually carrying a huge sack as if it was a mine worker. With its heads lowered and drooping, it acted under the orders of its companions who wore mail armor and held two-handed battle axes.

The weapon in its hands was not the commonly seen spiked club too.

Instead, it was a rather thick and long pole style weapon.

No, it should not be considered a weapon. It was just a tool made from a long wooden pole, something like a rake. At a glance, one could tell that it was a tool used to collect raw coarse salt.

Firentis narrowed his eyes slightly.

He had indeed discovered a strange Jackalan.

“That’s right. That’s the one,” Kant said in a calm tone.

Firentis did not reply. He knew that his lord had not yet finished speaking.

“Let me take a closer look. Hmm, he’s wearing a linen robe.”

Kant continued in a calm tone. “It looks like fine linen. Based on the style, material, as well as the color, it should be similar to the linen robe I use to shade the sun in my room.”

“Yes, they are very similar.” Firentis nodded.

Kant chuckled and asked faintly, “Firentis, do you not think that this is very strange? ”

“Very strange indeed,” Firentis replied.

“I also think that it is very strange.”

Kant narrowed his eyes. “A group of lowly Jackalans wearing mail armor and holding two-handed battle axes in their hands. This is actually nothing, but why is there a well-dressed Jackalan?”

“Like us,” Firentis said, cutting straight to the point.

“Yes.” Kant lowered his head and chuckled. “The main issue here is that they have also occupied my salt mine.” He raised his head, his eyes already filled with killing intent. “Firentis will lead the team, the Swadian Heavy Cavalries are fully prepared.”

Although he spoke in a subdued voice, it was Kant’s order.

“Understood,” Firentis replied in a deep voice.

The 46 Swadian Swadian Heavy Cavalry units behind him who were already prepared had already lined up into two rows on the dune.

The weight of the armored warhorses and the fully armored riders caused the hooves of the horses to sink into the top of the dune. However, even the soft sand could not obstruct their charging path, nor could it become the protection of the Jackalans.

At the same time, Kant extended his hand and passed [Intimidation] to Firentis.

“You will be able to use this,” Kant said.

“Thank you very much, Lord Kant.” Firentis nodded and did not decline. He extended his hand and directly and accepted the mighty flag with a red background and a Golden Lion. This was called making the most of everything.

The 500-meter effect range was actually not large.

Kant stood on the dune and waited for Firentis to lead the Swadian Heavy Cavalry to charge down. The area of effect was close to the border.

Firentis would also not refuse in order to win.

At the same time, the system dialog box popped up in Kant’s retina.

[Ding... Side Quest assigned]

[Side Quest: Seize the Salt Mine]

[Quest Reward: Dromedary x 10]

[Introduction: This is a land of saline-alkali soil formed by the drying of the lake. It is a precious resource bestowed by God onto the desert. It is also a precious treasure bestowed onto you. Now, you intend to seize it from the hands of the Jackalans.]

As expected, it was a side quest from the system.

Kant was already familiar with these types of quests. It felt like a chain of quests.

There was a professional term for it, running in loops. [1]

Shaking his head slightly, Kant could not help but chuckle. Who cares? As long as he could get the rewards, anything was fine.

The current him was still too weak.

The sound of battle reached him.

Kant lowered his head and looked towards the edge of the salt mine located at the bottom of the dune.

30 Jackalans in mail armor attempted to stop 46 fully armored heavy cavalry units. It was no different from a mantis trying to block a carriage. They were easily pierced through by those three-meter-long lances and were all stabbed to death on the land filled with saline-alkali soil.

The standard equipment of the Swadian Heavy Cavalry unit was not only the full mail armor, but there was also a three-meter-long lance.

After the armored Jackalans were dealt with, the Jackalan who held the long wooden pole did not dare to continue resisting.

Waves began to spread outward from [Intimidation].

Fear and cowardice appeared in the hearts of these Jackalans, causing their morale to collapse, which in turn made them turn around and run.

However, before long, they were all stabbed to death by the heavy cavalry that had spread out.

“Come, let’s head over there.”

Kant said as he rode his horse slowly down the dune.

Behind him, the Swadian footmen holding their heater shields and spathas cautiously guarded him by his side. They strode forward and moved in haste in order to stay close to him as they followed.

[Ding... Through your tireless efforts, the enemy has been defeated.]

[Side Quest: “Seize the Salt Mine” completed.]

[Reward Acquired: Dromedary x 10]

[Introduction: Salt is an indispensable condiment in life, but it is also a luxury that only exists in the banquets of nobles. This white material represents a wealth that makes people smoke. Now, it belongs to you.]

The system dialog box popped up.

Kant glanced at the introduction that appeared on his retina. The card representing 10 dromedaries also appeared in his mind.

The reward was not bad.

Kant was gratified. After all, the most effective means of transportation in the desert, or the most reliable means of transportation, were these camels that were also known as the ships of the desert.

In particular, these camels called the dromedaries that only have one hump on their backs.

On Earth, the dromedaries were used as a means of transportation, and they made great contributions to the trade caravans across multiple vast oceans of sand.

The desert has rejected the survival of many livestock.

But that did not include camels.

The ability to withstand thirst, heat, cold, as well as the ability to withstand sandstorms, were all advantages of camels.

For Kant, the existence of these 10 camels meant that the transport of goods in the desert in the future would become a lot more convenient. Compared to draught horses and horse-drawn carriages which were more suitable in the plains, these camels were much, much better.

They walked down the dune.

Kant rode on his horse and continued forward.

The edge of the saline-alkali soil still reeked of blood.

Even the armor of the heavy cavalry units who rode on their horses was splattered with blood.

They made a charge on the dune and directly killed the 30 Jackalans who had dared to resist. These fresh patches of blood were not dirty, instead, they were medals of honor that were worth bragging about.

However, Kant did not speak.

Five Swadian Heavy Cavalry units walking on the ground came over, following Firentis in front of them.

“Lord Kant, this one was captured alive,” Firentis reported.

Kant turned his head slightly.

The strange Jackalan he saw on the dune earlier was walking behind Firentis with its head lowered.

Its movements were very honest-looking, unlike the Jackalan Kant had captured previously.

Perhaps this was due to the five heavy cavalymen who were following it on foot. They had already removed the warhammers hanging from their waists. They held them in their hands, ready to smash the Jackalan's head into pieces at any time.

"Well done."

Kant praised Firentis.

Then, looking at the Jackalan wearing a linen robe and behaving just as strange as its outfit, Kant asked with some interest, "Hey, do you know the common language of humans?"

"Of course." The Jackalan in front of him raised its head slightly before quickly lowering it again. "I know a little."

Note

[1] A gaming term in Chinese used to describe a phenomenon where players need to clear a long chain of quests.

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Chapter 62: Asage's Grievance

Asage was a little angry today.

No one would be able to maintain his cool after learning that the desert trade route that he worked so hard to reopen was facing destruction.

In particular, this natural salt mine.

It was Asage's most profitable resource at the moment. Thinking about the huge amount of money it spent on this trade route, on this salt mine, and to solve the livelihood issues of those lower-class Jackalans, it felt even more infuriated.

It also felt a little wronged.

From Mannheim Coast, across the Nahrin Desert before reaching this place...

Even the strongest Jackalan miner would need to spend 30 days to walk all the way to this place.

As long as it could transport the white and coarse raw salt back to the Kingdom of Grey Mane in the Mannheim Coast, the nobles and high-class Jackalans would buy these wonderful things that could season food. However, the most important thing was that it had not yet made a profit.

It had only been a year since it reopened this trade route and discovered this natural salt mine.

In order to solve the problem in the desert – dealing with the dumb low-class Jackalans – it had to use gifts to impress the only one who could communicate with him, the Jackalan shaman. Just hiring these low-class Jackalans as miners took him three entire months.

Moreover, it spent a lot of money.

Asage thought about it. For this trade route, it had sold everything it owned in the Kingdom of Grey Mane, which made its heart palpitate.

Three thousand silver coins in circulation in the Kingdom of Grey Mane had bought him a military map from ten years ago.

It had invested at least 500 silver coins every month in order to maintain the trade route and its trade caravan.

Now, it had to just give them up for nothing?

Asage's mouth full of sharp teeth snapped tightly together. Its eyes turned from green to red with anger.

"Damn these lowly good-for-nothing Jackalans who should just eat sand in the desert!"

An angry roar came from Asage's throat.

Asage stomped heavily on the ground and kicked the body of a Jackalan who was tying linen bags not far away. Then, it roared, "If you didn't provoke those humans, I wouldn't be in this desperate situation now!"

The Jackalan was kicked away and wailed like a dog.

Its eyes were filled with fear and anger, but when it glanced at its companion who was tied to a wooden stick and had died after being left in the sun on the dune, the anger and ferocity in its eyes were replaced with fear. It lowered its head and trembled.

Asage, a Jackalan who looked the same as the other Jackalans, showed no mercy and did not empathize with them at all.

"Lord Asage, calm down."

Behind them, a few Jackalans wearing mail armor and holding battle axes came over.

Using the Jackalan language similar to the common language of humans, the Jackalan advised Asage, "There's nothing more we can do now. We'd better hurry back. After all, the Grey Mane Kingdom's army has arrived. This salt mine is still yours."

"Yes, yes. Lord Asage, you bought the map from the king and successfully opened up this route to the human kingdom. It is enough to get you a great reward."

These high-class Jackalans who wore mail armor tactfully consoled Asage.

After all, Asage was their employer.

They looked at each other and understood what each of them was trying to say.

A relatively strong and bulky high-class Jackalan said, "Lord Asage, we'd better go back now and bring back news that the human kingdom has also started to set foot in the Nahrin Desert. I think His Majesty the King will gather many brave Jackalan warriors and return here to kill those small and weak humans and turn them into delicious meat jerkies."

"Go back? You cowards only know how to retreat!"

Asage lowered its head. Its eyes were filled with anger, but it did not dare to say it out loud.

Asage had been able to safely cross the Nahrin Desert and get to where it was by relying on the protection of these Jackalan Guards. Without these cunning and cowardly beings, it would have been extremely difficult for him to return to the Kingdom of Grey Mane.

Asage licked its lips and said, "In that case, let's go back."

"This is a wise decision, Lord Asage."

The Jackalan guards nodded quickly and smiles of relief appeared on their faces.

Asage looked at them coldly. It was furious. However, when it thought of the news from those low-class Jackalans, the anger in its heart seemed to dissipate as if a bucket of cold water had cooled it down.

Its green eyes were filled with fear.

The human kingdom's heavy cavalry forces had actually returned to the Nahrin Desert. Moreover, there were also many heavy infantries attached to them. They were all elite troops, and their combat strength was very high.

They had even destroyed the largest Jackalan tribe in the southern part of the Nahrin Desert. It was simply terrifying!

Although they were low-class Jackalans who were uncivilized, dumb, and were unable to join the Kingdom of Grey Mane, they had at least 2,000 people. Even the regular army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane, a fully armed group of high-class Jackalan warriors, would need to make a considerable amount of effort and suffer significant casualties if they wanted to destroy a tribe like that quickly.

However, the human kingdom forces had destroyed the Jackalan tribe so quickly.

"Could it be that these humans have discovered the fact that the Kingdom of Grey Mane had the intention to initiate an invasion?"

Asage gulped.

This piece of intel was part of the Kingdom of Grey Mane's strategic plan.

After the low-class Jackalans that had migrated into the desert 10 years ago informed the Kingdom of Grey Mane formed by high-class Jackalans that a human kingdom existed across the desert, the idea of an invasion was formed.

However, these humans had no reason to know that the Kingdom of Grey Mane wanted to invade and plunder.

"We must hurry up and return now. "

Asage finally made a decision in its heart.

Asage turned its head and looked at the bags of coarse salt that the low-class Jackalan miners carried on their backs.

As long as these white things were transported back to the Kingdom of Grey Mane, Asage would at least receive 1,000 silver coins. Moreover, if it were able to bring back news that the human kingdom had begun to set foot in the desert, it would definitely receive a reward.

Although the high-class Jackalans that formed the Kingdom of Gray Mane were not good at naval warfare and could not fight against the human pirates that came from the sea, in the inland and desert areas, the high-class Jackalan warriors who wore iron armor and held battle axes were the strongest. They could easily fight against three human warriors with the same equipment.

As long as they were the cavalry units covered in iron armor.

Asage added in its heart.

It calmed its mind.

Asage turned its head to look at the Jackalans who were preparing to leave. grabbed a whip and began to shout loudly, to make the tribeless low-class Jackalans that it hired carry the coarse salt that they had mined.

It could not lose these coarse salts that were already available.

Asage was busy all the way until the evening. Finally, the packing had been completed.

Water sacks, food, and coarse salt.

They could have left the desert and headed north toward the uninhabited Devil Desert.

There was no oasis or water there.

They could only endure and persevere by relying on their preparations.

Thanks to the strong physique of the Jackalans, they could bear the devilish zone in the Nahrin Desert. It took them 30 days to cross the desert to get to where they were.

The sun gradually set.

Dusk made the saline-alkali soil golden.

Asage was a little frustrated.

"I really don't know when I will be able to come back." It gently wiped the tears from the corner of its eyes.

Throughout its journey, it had invested nearly 10,000 silver coins. If it were not for the reputation and recouping part of its capital, Asage would have jumped off the cliffs of the Mannheim Coast.

"Lord Asage, let's go."

Behind Asage, 30 Jackalan guards wearing iron armor and holding two-handed battle axes comforted it, "The king will definitely reward you."

Asage sighed and said, "Let's get a move on then."

No matter how rich the rewards were going to be, could it be as much as 10,000 silver coins?

Asage did not believe that would be the case.

However, before Asage could walk more than a few meters forward, the low-class Jackalans behind it, who were carrying coarse salt on their backs, suddenly let out a series of frightened howls. They sounded extremely uneasy.

“What’s wrong with this group of low-class trash?”

Asage angrily turned its head towards these low-class Jackalans, it had no intention of treating them as its fellow countrymen.

But when it turned its head back, its pupils suddenly constricted.

Under the twilight of dusk and on top of the dune, multiple fully armed humans riding on warhorses awaited orders.

Although it did not seem like there were many of them, at a glance, each of them was wearing a piece of fine and exquisite armor. Asage instantly realized that they were probably the elite vanguard of the human kingdom that destroyed the Jackalan tribe!

“It’s over!” That was the only word in Asage’s mind.

On top of the dune, the armored human heavy cavalry had already raised their three-meter-long lances before pouncing down toward them.

The most straightforward killing intent accompanying their charge.