

Oasis 63

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 63: The Kingdom of the Jackalan

After dealing with the 30 Jackalan warriors in mail armor, what came next was very easy.

The low-class Jackalan holding the wooden pole and carrying the coarse salt sack on its back had no intention of resisting at all. It threw away the things it held in its hands and ran straight towards the depths of the desert.

Firentis did not have the troops pursue too far away.

Without fresh water and food, even if they had escaped, they would not be able to escape death in the end.

“Neigh...”

Tightening the reins, Firentis stopped his warhorse from moving forward.

Not far in front of him, ten Swadian Heavy Cavalrymen holding spiked warhammers in their hands rode their horses and were in the midst of surrounding a Jackalan. The Jackalan wore a linen robe and was seated on the ground with its head lowered. It looked like the Jackalan had surrendered.

“Sir Firentis, this thing can speak our language.”

A Swadian Heavy Cavalryman lifted the visor of his cavalry helmet and said curiously, “And it is quite good at it.”

“Is that so?” Firentis nodded.

He was actually not surprised that this Jackalan knew the common language of the human race.

When he led the Elite Desert Bandit and directly beheaded the Jackalan Shaman, that evil old Jackalan was speaking the standard human language. It meant that these Jackalans also knew the common language of the human race.

For example, this Jackalan, who wore a linen robe and looked quite decent.

It was Asage.

When the Swadian Heavy Cavalry launched their charge, it had already fled to a relatively safe shanty area.

It could only watch as all 30 of its guards were easily punctured by those three-meter long lances as if they were a bunch of hilarious chicks. Now, it was making sculptures on the sand. It had already lost the courage to face death calmly.

Compared to being captured by humans, it felt that death was more terrifying.

Besides, it had invested 10,000 silver coins in this salt mine. It was not worth it to die like this.

Regardless, Asage decided to speak. It spoke in the standard human language, "I am not a thing. Please don't insult me with a term like this. I'm not a low-class Jackalan, but a civilized high-class Jackalan."

"Oh, is that so? "

Firentis nodded. At the same time, he waved his hand to those Swadian Heavy Cavalrymen and said, "It doesn't matter. Bring it to Lord Kant."

"Understood. " The strong Swadian Heavy Cavalry grinned. The warhammer in their hands bounced on their iron gloves as they said impolitely, "Jackalan, do you want to stand up and walk, or do you want us to carry you? "

"There's no need to trouble you. I'll walk on my own."

Asage glanced at the spiked warhammer with a tinge of fear and unconsciously gulped.

It stood up and walked in front of soldiers obediently.

Just a dozen or so minutes ago, Asage clearly saw how these seemingly ordinary spiked warhammers easily cracked Jackalan skulls. It was just as easy as cracking a piece of fruit.

"A wise choice," Firentis praised with a smile.

However, the 10 Swadian Heavy Cavalrymen around Asage cautiously dismounted their horses and followed close beside it.

Their hands tightly clenched the warhammers. The moment any unusual situation arose, with their skills, they would be able to completely subdue and control this seemingly rational and intelligent Jackalan in the shortest amount of time.

In reality, Asage did not resist.

It was not that it was calm, but that it was genuinely afraid of the fierce-looking heavy cavalrymen around it.

It walked towards Kant.

The Swadian Footmen with their heater shield in their hands had raised their spathas vigilantly as it approached.

None of them had a friendly look while killing intent filled their eyes. This made Asage's legs go weak. It could not help but lower its head as it followed along. It did not dare to lift its head.

"Lord, we've captured it alive."

Firentis walked in front and reported to Kant, "That strange Jackalan from earlier."

"Well done." Kant nodded.

While examining Asage with his eyes, he asked with a calm tone, "Do you know the common language of the human race?"

"Of course."

Asage mustered up its courage and answered, "A little." However, no one knew just how frightened it actually was. Its heart pounded loudly as if someone was playing the drums while both its legs had gone so weak that it was about to fall to the ground.

Kant chuckled and said, "Relax, this is nothing."

Asage gulped and glanced at the Jackalan corpses around the area from the corner of its eyes. Its heart trembled even more. Asage was certain that no one would be able to relax after witnessing a massacre.

"It looks like you are different from your other Jackalan compatriots."

Kant smiled and continued to ask in a calm tone, "It gives me the feeling..." He paused and then continued, "As if you have your own civilization and you are not wild beasts like the rest of them."

"No, it should be different."

Asage was a little angry. It mustered up enough courage to retort, "I am a high-class Jackalan. I am completely different from these low-class Jackalans in the desert. They are still wild beasts, and I am a civilized race!"

"Oh." Kant frowned slightly and asked in surprise, "High-class and low-class?"

He really did not expect that Jackalan had such a class division.

"Yes." Asage swallowed its saliva. Seeing that the human noble in front of it was not angry, it could not help but explain in a low voice, "I am a high-class Jackalan from a place north of the Nahrin Desert, the Mannheim Coast. I am a merchant of the Kingdom of Grey Mane. There is a fundamental difference between me and those lowly Jackalans in the desert."

"But it looks like you are all similar," Firentis added.

Of course, Kant also had similar doubts.

No matter how he looked at it, this so-called high-class Jackalan was only slightly taller, stronger, and dressed in decent clothes.

There was not much difference between this Jackalan and the other so-called low-class Jackalan in terms of appearance.

They all had sharp teeth, beast-like heads, and grayish-brown fur that covered their bodies.

However, this made Asage feel a little proud. It mustered up its courage and said, "We have established our own Kingdom of Grey Mane on the Mannheim Coast. There is a fundamental difference between us and these retarded low-class Jackalans!"

"Mannheim Coast? Kingdom of Grey Mane?"

Kant frowned even more. These two names had never appeared in the academy library of the Dukedom of Leo.

Now that he heard this Jackalan mention it, Kant could not help but ask, "You said that you came from somewhere north of the Nahrin Desert? But according to my understanding, the Nahrin Desert is very large, and even birds can not fly through it!"

"You are talking about the Devil's land, right? That's right, only we, the Jackalans, can cross it!"

Asage gulped and regained some confidence, "I come from a place north of the Nahrin Desert, the Mannheim Coast, which is a lush coastal area. It takes 30 days to walk in the desert to get here!"

Kant's brows furrowed together.

Looking at the Jackalan, he asked solemnly, "Are you saying that your kingdom exists north of the Nahrin Desert?"

"Of course." Asage bared its teeth as it said with a stern expression, "That is the Kingdom of Grey Mane. I mentioned before that the kingdom was established by high-class Jackalans, and the troops are very strong. They can pass through the Devil's Desert that you humans can not pass through. If you don't let me go, the troops of the Kingdom of Grey Mane will pass through the Devil's Desert and plunder your human kingdom!"

"Oh, so that's how it is."

Kant nodded and exchanged glances with Firentis.

Asage looked at Kant's calm appearance and was instantly flustered. It realized that even though it had used all of its trump cards, the other party was still not afraid and had no intention to let it go.

Immediately, it became even more fearful, it said without thinking, "You'd better let me go quickly. Otherwise, in half a year's time, our Kingdom of Grey Mane's troops will officially arrive here and attack your human kingdoms. You won't be able to defend them at all. Our high-class Jackalan warriors are the strongest!"

"That's good, isn't it?"

Kant laughed lightly. Firentis also laughed at the side.

Both of them were laughing gently.

Asage became even more fearful.

"Bring it back and we'll have a lengthy discussion." Kant waved his hand and instructed the Swadian Heavy Cavalryman seriously, "Tie it up good. This is our friend after all."

"Understood." The heavy cavalrymen nodded.

Asage looked at the approaching heavy cavalryman holding a bundle of hemp rope in his hands in horror. Finally, it could not help but shout, "I'm willing to use 1,000 silver horns to redeem myself. Please, don't kill me! No! Don't!"

The response was the heavy armored boots of the heavy cavalryman.

Asage's face was full of despair after it was kicked to the ground. It thought about the humans who were turned into food after being captured in Mannheim Coast and felt sad about its future and fate.

"I hope they don't turn me into a stew." Asage looked at the sky in despair and prayed in silence.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 64: Kant's new threat

Asage's upper body was bound by a hemp rope, leaving only his two feet free for walking.

At the same time, 41 light infantrymen in chain mail walked over. Everyone put their hands on the hilt of the Germanic sword at their waists and looked at the Jackalan with an unfriendly expression. It was as if they could draw their swords to slash at it in the next second.

This made Asage lowered his head obediently as he was tied up, staying as a captive of Kant.

He only looked into the distance with a wronged expression.

This saline-alkaline land that was formed by the drying of the saltwater lake no longer belonged to him.

Asage's heart was filled with sorrow and despair. Tears welled up in his wolf eyes because he now understood that even he, a high-level Jackalan that was ought to be treated with dignity, had become a captive. He no longer had any freedom.

There were not many opportunities left for it to grieve in its heart.

With Kant's order, the temporarily occupied Salt Mine returned to its ownerless state.

This was because the heavy cavalry and light infantrymen of Swadia had already repacked their weapons and equipment under the leadership of Fatis and Kant. They walked in the direction where they came from.

They did not even collect the white and raw coarse salt on the saline-alkaline soil.

Even the coarse salt from Asage's gunny sack was casually piled on the edge of the saline-alkaline soil, with no intention of taking it away.

No one would steal these things that could not be eaten directly.

Those low-level Jackalan had already been defeated. Other than Kant who would send people to mine the salt mine again and he was two days away from here, no one else would appear here basically, let alone coming here to steal salt on purpose.

Kant was very relieved.

And he was in a relatively happy mood.

This was a high-grade natural salt mine, and it had been seized and occupied by him just like that.

As long as he arranged the logging site in the Senwaya Range, an unending stream of timber would be transported to the Oasis Lookout. In addition, a large amount of unprocessed white coarse salt would be transported there. With some boiling and filtering, it would be fine white salt that could only be enjoyed on the tables of aristocrats.

Basically, it could be considered a lucrative business, second only to the spice trade.

However, Kant's face had turned gloomy.

His mood did not become happy because of this good news.

On the contrary, in the depths of Kant's seemingly calm eyes, a solemn and dignified expression appeared once again, and he was somewhat at a loss.

The reason was very simple.

The so-called high-level Jackalan that he had just captured had actually brought news from the north of the Nahrin Desert. Moreover, it was not that friendly to him, because the country across the desert was a kingdom formed by high-level Jackalans.

He did not care about the so-called high or low-level amongst the Jackalans.

All he needed to know was one thing.

That was a Jackalan-established kingdom, not humans.

"This is really troublesome."

Kant's face was gloomy as he spurred his horse forward. He felt that the space between his eyebrows was faintly swelling.

The newly appeared Kingdom of Grey Mane, as well as the Mannheim coast opposite the desert had disrupted his strategic deployment directly.

Originally, he had wanted to rely on the Nahrin desert as a rear base to slowly plot against the Dukedom of Leo. Who would have thought that the large rear he had set up would end up becoming the center of borders between the two countries.

Moreover, there was a possibility that it would become the battlefield directly.

According to the captives, the Kingdom of Gray Mane to the north of the desert was hostile to the Dukedom of Leo.

It was understandable after thinking about it.

It would be a miracle if kingdoms with different races could become friendly to each other.

"Firentis," Kant said.

Firentis, who was behind Kant, gently knocked on the horse's belly. He was parallel to Kant. "I'm here, Lord Kant."

"Do you think what it said is true?" Kant asked.

Firentis pondered for a moment, but he still nodded. "Under our circumstance of lacking sufficient information, I would rather believe that it is true. After all, it has its own intelligence, which indeed set it apart from these low-level Jackalan in the desert."

Kant also sighed softly. "That's right."

The two of them subconsciously turned their heads and glanced behind them.

The Jackalan who was wearing a decent linen robe was no less than them.

If one looked carefully, one could see that the Jackalan's hair was smooth and glistening. It even had some care done. It was indeed different from those messy, dirty, and filthy Jackalan.

Most importantly, it had intelligence.

It knew fear and rules. Even if it was captured, it would lower its head and follow orders, instead of resisting.

After the Jackalans that Kant had captured recovered from fear, they thrashed around like angry wolves. After giving them a good beating and made them starve for a few days, they finally became docile.

Or rather, they only learned how to calm down when they became severely weakened by hunger.

"We can assume that what it said is true."

Firentis spoke with a grave tone, "But this means that we have a new enemy."

"That's right." Kant let out a helpless breath. "This is exactly what I'm frustrated about."

Being in the middle of the gap between the Dukedom of Leo and the unknown Kingdom of Gray Mane made Kant quite uncomfortable. Whenever he thought of this, his chest felt stifled, making it impossible for him to breathe normally.

No one would be willing to be in the same room as a greedy lion and a ferocious jackal.

And Kant was in this room exactly.

He happened to be right in the middle of the two. Although no major problems had yet to erupt, if there were any abnormalities between the two in the future, it would be fatal for Kant, who was stuck in the middle.

He was in an awkward position.

If the Gray Mane Kingdom really intended to cross the desert and attack the Dukedom of Leo, then the first thing they would have to do was to occupy the Oasis Lookout as an outpost base, to obtain the most precious water source in the desert, and to obtain strategic advantage and safeguard.

In this way, whether it was to attack the Dukedom of Leo or retreat, the Gray Mane Kingdom's troops would sufficient options to choose from.

As for the Dukedom of Leo, whether it was to defend or counterattack, they also could not leave the Oasis Lookout, which was like a bridgehead. As long as they could repel the attacking Gray Mane Kingdom, these Jackalans without secured water source would surely dig their own graves.

Therefore, whoever occupied this place was equivalent to attaining half of the victory in the war.

"To me, neither of them winning is good news."

Kant shook his head and his brows were solemn.

He was the Baron of the Nahrin Desert, so he had the final say in this area.

It was absolutely impossible for him to give up the Oasis Lookout that he had painstakingly built and hand over Dronnheim. They are Kant's bottom line and the only thing that ensures his survival in this world.

Kant's expression returned to calmness as he spurred his horse forward. However, his expectations were abnormally solemn. "Firentis, I think that the development of the Oasis Lookout should be accelerated after we have returned."

"Of course, Lord Kant." Firentis nodded and followed closely behind him.

The infantrymen and cavalry also hastened their pace.

At the very least, the current Oasis Lookout and the Nahrin Desert belonged to Kant.

If he accelerated his development and utilized the golden finger to grow his influence into a colossus, even the troops of the Gray Mane Kingdom and the noble families of the Dukedom of Leo would not dare to confront him directly. Then, Kant would become an unshakable existence.

At that time, he would not be bothered by the actions of others.

Instead, it would be up to Kant to give orders and everyone would have to be afraid according to his mood.

"There is still time."

Kant thought in his heart. This was his only advantage at the moment.

His mind spun quickly. "It is impossible for the Kingdom of Gray Mane to send troops over in a short period of time. It is also impossible for the Dukedom of Leo to know that I have developed so quickly in the Oasis Lookout in a short period of time."

After pondering for a moment, Kant had an idea. "Let's continue with the original plan. However, we need to speed up."

As long as there was salt, Kant would be able to obtain a large amount of wealth.

The Dukedom of Leo would not refuse the white salt that was much cheaper to enter the market. They would also not be stingy with the silver coins in their hands for procurement with the trade caravan that Kant intended to form.

46 Swadian heavy calvary.

41 Swadian light infantrymen.

And the following Swadian troops. As long as they had Denar, they would quickly appear in this world.

Even if the noble families of the Dukedom of Leo coveted Kant's salt mine and experienced a few head-on battles, Kant's army would cut off their outstretched claws and everything would be peaceful for the time being.

Most importantly, the relationship between Kant and Cameron, the Duke of Leo, had not been completely severed.