

## Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 16: Irreconcilable Differences

It was a very bloody and brutal battle.

Different races went at each other's throats for a place to live.

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Nearly 500 Jackalans gradually drew closer to them. Their beast-like heads had unmistakable anthropomorphic killing intent.

The Oasis Lookout was where the Jackalans had lived for generations. Humans taking over the oasis meant their home and lands had been robbed from them.

It was a conflict that would have no peaceful end.

Any race that wanted to survive in the desert either needed to drive away or kill the ones residing at any oasis found.

Kant wanted to live, so he had to annihilate the Jackalans.

Drondheim needed to be developed. The deaths of the Jackalans had to pave the way for that development.

It was that simple.

The law of the jungle was that of assimilation. In a desert, it was annihilation.

1

One only needed to look at the Middle East of Earth, which had two riverine regions surrounded by deserts. Regardless of how many glorious civilizations had been built before, if they went into decline and ended up being conquered by other races or civilizations, they were eventually wiped out from the river of history. The lineage of such

civilizations and people were broken, with only bits of historical ruins remaining behind to prove their bygone existence.

As such, Kant showed no mercy. Besides, he was the invader in this situation.

With things being as they were, there was no turning back.

Withdrawing was not an option.

The Jackalans sneakily moved forward. With more than 500 of them crowding the place, the oasis seemed to be overflowing with blackened beings, which inspired feverish confidence in those stupid yet brutal primitive beings.

1

Their confidence was backed by the advantage of sheer numbers. Their arrogance was fueled by the fact that they remained undiscovered throughout the ambush process.

However, none of the Jackalans expected that their cover had been blown. The humans, who had been soundly sleeping, were simply waiting for the Jackalans to show up. When the time came, they dropped their act and retaliated in an extremely ferocious manner.

The retaliation was efficient and effective.

The Jackalans were almost in a panic because of their failed plan.

The Jackalan warriors standing at the forefront were only able to have their green eyes grow wide as rows of pointy spears were thrust at them. Seething pain was felt in their abdomens before they were put to the ground by those weapons.

They were able to do little else but open their eyes and fang-filled mouths wide in vain.

1

The low-pitched noises they made were that of misery and despair as their lives were completely lost when they hit the ground.

The two 3-foot-long spears were lodged deep into their bodies, creating irreparable wounds. The spiked clubs they held were unable to do any damage to the humans holding the other end of the spears.

The cold sheen of the spearheads was stained red under the bright moonlight.

The Swadian infantry units, which were all armed with spears, served as the main force of the battle.

Their iron spearheads, which were meticulously forged by skilled blacksmiths, easily penetrated the bodies of the Jackalans. Further damage was done by the hands holding the spears. As they slightly twisted the sharp weapons, it caused internal organs to rupture and massively bleed. The spears were quickly pulled and thrust once again with full force.

2

Blood splattered all over the place. The thick stench of blood permeated throughout the cold desert.

The throng of spears had been an infantry tactic employed by the Kingdom of Swadia.

As the former strongest old kingdom found in the Continent of Caradia, before those in the mountains southwest of the Kingdom of Swadia revolted, the people of the Rhodok Mountains had been the best candidates to employ such formations.

However, even when the Rhodoks, who were known to be as stubborn as rocks, were lost, the Swadians were still capable of employing the legion of spears.

The adept skills gained from training enabled the soldiers to skewer the Jackalans inside out without breaking a sweat.

“All hail Swadia!”

Kant shouted as he brought his sharp blade down on the throat of a Jackalan who had fallen but was still alive.

He was boosting the morale of all the combatants on the field.

There was no voice comparable to that of a lord’s encouragement. It meant that everyone was still fighting alongside their lord and there were still ample compatriots left standing to fight.

It was also a sign that they had yet to lose.

“All hail Swadia!”

The Swadian Peasants shouted as well.

They closely followed by the sides of the infantry combatants. Their long scythes, which had been converted from farming tools, were being brought down left, right, and center like they were sabers and halberds. The left bloody wounds on the Jackalans that never wore armor.

More than 30 Jackalans died as soon as close-quarters fighting erupted.

However, Kant and his men never let that go to their heads. They remained determined as they advanced.

They also suffered casualties.

“No, save me... Ugh...”

The shrieks of Swadian Peasants were heard from the flanks.

Some of them were pounced on by Jackalans. Spiked clubs filled with iron nails were brought down hard on them. The peasants did not wear armor, so they were only able to rely on their bodies to resist the attacks.

The outcome was brutal.

“Huu... Help me...”

More of them were being brought down to the ground by spiked clubs of the Jackalans. Their wounds were rendered indistinguishable by the nails on the clubs.

However, most of the injuries were concussive damage dealt by the weight of the clubs, which went all the way into their bones. They no longer needed to worry about further damage. The Jackalans tore out their throats right after they were downed.

Seven Swadian Peasants fell and lost their lives.

“Hold the line! Hold the line!”

Kant’s eyes were bloodshot. Those peasants were an important part of his workforce. It was quite a waste to see them lost in the battle.

2

Then again, the casualties thus far were still considered tolerable.

Kant gritted his teeth and shouted, “Maintain tight formations and press on!”

“Aye!” The infantry units by his side responded loudly.

While there had been peasants lost, the main force of the battle still had firm control of the battlefield situation.

None of them had been injured.

On the contrary, the Jackalans no longer dared to press forward head-on at the advancing army formations. They began to scatter at the flanks, leaving behind more than 20 bodies.

Those Jackalans knew that without armor and shields, they had no chance of getting past the throng of spears.

Even if the Jackalans managed to make it to the flanks, the peasants still gritted their teeth as they brought their long scythes down onto the beasts.

They were doing it for their home.

They were doing it for their village.

They were doing it for their kingdom.

The Swadian Peasants were just as willing to put their lives on the line to defend what they held dear.

They had to put their lives on the line.

The brutal retaliation threw the Jackalans off guard. This was the opportunity Kant had anticipated. He planned to shock the Jackalans into fear by causing massive casualties in a short amount of time. It would cause the Jackalans to lose morale, which served as the key to their victory.

The courage of a single individual was not necessarily constant.

The Jackalans, being of creatures of flesh and blood, were not actually fearless.

They were very capable of fear.

The sudden retaliation did not give the stunned Jackalans any time to recover. Seeing their skewered compatriots lying on the ground, the lucky ones, who managed to escape the purge of the tribe before, seemed to have recalled all the fear they experienced the previous night.

There had been the sounds of horses galloping, shouting, killing, swords cutting through necks, and blood spraying.

All of that served to inspire massive fear.

Gallop... Gallop... Gallop...

The Jackalans retreated in fear, subconsciously dropping their crudely made spiked clubs, which were cobbled together with wood and nails. However, they remained oblivious to the terror that was about to appear.

The sound of horses galloping could be heard.

That was the sound they feared most when they escaped in the night before.

“Kill them all!”

Shouts were heard as six cavalry units seemingly emerged out of nowhere in the night.

Shortly after, heavy javelins appeared.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Sounds of things tearing through the air were heard right before the pointy javelins, which traveled over 40 feet, nailed six Jackalans, who had not managed to escape, onto the ground.

All six of those riders held their spears out and crashed into the flanks of the messy formation of the Jackalans like meteors. Their massive inertia sent several unlucky ones flying while the pointy spears penetrated several Jackalans. The weapons put them to the ground writhing in pain, and they were unable to do anything about it.

Those were the only cavalry units who served Kant—the Desert Bandits.

“All hail Swadia!”

The appearance of those six Desert Bandits boosted the morale of the infantry units around Kant. They quickly cheered, feeling their spirits rise.

The spears in their hands were covered in blood. The bodies of Jackalans were sprawled all over the place before them.

1

“Do it now!”

Kant looked at the fettered Jackalans, which all wore fearful expressions.

He realized that the Jackalans had recalled the appearance of the knights from the previous night, as well as their tribe members dropping off left and right around them. All of that caused them to lose morale, so much so that they wanted to immediately escape.

Forces dealt a crushing blow saw their morale quickly dissipate when met with the same trauma in a short period of time.

That was what the Jackalans were experiencing.

More than 100 Jackalans retreated in fear. Although they had been sneaking about in the dark of night, they did not know if other cavalry units were lurking about. They quickly retreated. In their haste to retreat, they were fully willing to drop the spiked clubs they were holding. They all succumbed to mass panic. None of them had an ounce of courage left for fighting.

The mass panic was so severe that the other Jackalans began to flee in fear.

Fear and low morale quickly spread.

More than 100 Jackalan bodies were left behind in the desert, but more Jackalans chose to flee in terror.

The battle ended very quickly.

“Stop pursuing them and come back.”

Kant gave his orders. He denied the Desert Bandits’ request to give chase on their horses.

He only had six Desert Bandits at his disposal.

Losing even one of them was too great a loss. Furthermore, the Desert Bandits only served as light cavalry units specializing in shock tactics. Their defenses paled significantly when compared to the dukedom knights, who were all well-trained and wore mail armor.



Kant stood at the edge of the oasis, watching the Jackalans disappear into the dunes. His expression became somewhat less harsh.

He had won the battle.

He shook his head and said, "Clean the battlefield up."

He looked at the peasants to the side, whom all wore sorrowful faces. He sighed heavily and said, "Calculate the casualties. Report to me once you're done."

"Understood." A Desert Bandit nodded, which meant that he took the assignment.

Kant stood where he was. A dialog box suddenly appeared on his retina.

However, his expression soon turned to one of worry. He was unable to help but clench his fists as he muttered, "We were lucky to have won this one."