

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 17: Troop Class Upgrade After the Battle

We were almost done for.

Kant breathed a sigh of relief, yet his expression remained glum.

...

That victory had truly been a lucky one. He understood just how incredibly fortunate he had been in that battle.

1

If luck had not been on his side, he might have ended up having to move away from the oasis.

Worse yet, he might have...

Without luck, Kant and the people of Drondheim would have been chased away from the Oasis Lookout by those Jackalans. They would have been forced to drift throughout the brutal desert, spending everything they had before finally escaping back into the Dukedom of Leo. He would have survived in disgrace, forcing him to live the rest of his life hiding his name.

The 500 Jackalans were more than enough to be called a battalion.

Even in the Dukedom of Leo, that number would have caught the attention of the lords of the local fiefs.

While the Jackalans were no doubt still at a primitive stage and had no civilization to speak of, so much so that they were not even able to produce iron tools, their feral and bloodthirsty temperament made them a terrible threat.

6

They were not all that much better than mere beasts.

However, it was fortunate that the Jackalans' feral temperament eclipsed their capacity for reasoning.

Beasts that were incapable of sophisticated thoughts would always be beasts.

Kant shook his head. The look of feeling lucky to have survived was in his eyes.

There were two main reasons his forces were able to crush the Jackalans in the battle. First, they had been able to deal out massive casualties against the enemy in a short time. Second, there had been a bloody massacre the day before. All of that served to shock the lucky escapees to the core.

It was an overwhelming victory in a psychological sense.

The Jackalans, which had been suffering severe psychological trauma, quickly grew fearful. Thus, they retreated and eventually ran away.

1

More Jackalans from elsewhere ran away with them.

That became the crumbling of the Jackalans' formations throughout the frontline.

By then, if some of them had been able to organize defenses to prevent the entire army of Jackalans from falling apart and stabilize the restless beasts, it would have been Kant's forces that fell apart next.

Luckily, for Kant, that did not happen.

The Jackalans had no military organization. As such, they had no concept of barrier troops and reserves.

The scale of victory in that battle eventually tipped in Kant's favor.

That was why Kant felt lucky.

That was also why he thought the battle was won because of luck.

Not only was Kant's forces severely outnumbered, but they were also lacking in more ways than one. His Swadian forces consisted only of entry-level units, which were actually low-quality troops.

1

Few of them could guarantee their fighting prowess.

For instance, the 10 Swadian Militia and 20 Swadian Recruits, who all wore leather armor and were armed with standard military equipment, as well as had been painstakingly trained and mastered killing techniques in the battlefield, would have served as effective combatants.

The fighting prowess of those people was practically guaranteed.

However, there had only been 30 infantry units in his line of defense.

The majority of his forces, the main combatants of his formation, consisted of the 50 Swadian Peasants. They were skilled at farming and most other menial labor. Some of them were even capable of working in workshops.

However, they wore no armor and had poor combat experience. They were not very capable of using that long scythes that had been modified from farm tools.

They lacked strength and nimbleness when compared to the Jackalans, and they performed poorly in combat. The only advantage they had over the Jackalans was that the long scythes they held were metal weapons. Those advanced weapons were capable of dealing effective damage against the Jackalans, which did not wear armor.

Then again, despite being armed with metal weapons, casualties among the Swadian Peasants remained high.

“F*ck!”

Kant slightly gritted his teeth.

The thick stench of blood still lingered around his nose, which made his head ache.

He turned around to carefully scan the battlefield.

The place was littered with dead bodies. Most of them were Jackalans.

Their blood-stained grey fur and beast-like heads were unmistakable. Although they wore ragged linen clothing, they still did not resemble humans. They looked more like beasts.

There were also quite a number of Swadians who wore linen robes and hoods among the bodies.

It was apparent that those peasants gave their lives in the intense battle to defend Drondheim.

“My Lord, the statistics are out.”

The Desert Bandit walked up to him quickly, wearing a serious expression.

The casualties were apparently heavy.

“Speak,” Kant said.

“None of the infantry units died. Six suffered light injuries.”

The Desert Bandit hesitated for a bit before saying, “As for the peasants, 36 suffered light injuries...” His tone was shifty and suddenly halted.

Kant frowned and said, “Go on.”

He knew that the Desert Bandit, who had been tasked with the calculations, was about to tell him how many died.

Kant was psychologically prepared.

“Yes, My Lord.”

The Desert Bandit gulped for a bit before continuing in a severe tone, “As for the peasants, 36 suffered light injuries and 15 are dead.”

“Fifteen peasants died?” Kant’s voice was slightly raised.

7

That somewhat exceeded his expectations.

Then again, it was within expectations for a battle.

“Huh...”

Kant clenched his fist and pondered for a bit with his head hung low. He nodded and said, “Give them a proper burial.”

1

“Understood.” The Desert Bandit nodded.

That was the least he could do after such a bloody battle.

They died for the sake of Kant’s fief. As their lord, be it in the game or reality, he was compelled to at least give them a proper burial.

“Clean up the battlefield, people.”

After he was done with the arrangements, Kant turned around and headed back into the council hall. At the same time, he ordered, “I’ll leave you in charge of the rest.”

“Rest assured, My Lord.” The Desert Bandit nodded.

Kant went inside.

The Desert Bandit was a sensible person. Although he was not someone capable of solving a lot of problems for Kant like a Tavern Hero, he had the capacity to shoulder some of Kant’s burden. That was especially so when it came to dealing with simple tasks in this world.

2

As for Kant, it was time for him to savor the fruits of his victory.

Suddenly, the reward from the system came.

[Ding... After a gruesome battle, the enemy was crushed.]

[Main Quest: Annihilate the enemy sneaking in the night is complete.]

[Reward Acquired: Hunting Crossbow distributed (available only to Swadian Militia)]

[Comment: It was an intense battle. The courage to do or die made the victory praiseworthy.]

The completion of the Main Quest brought him his reward.

He laid on the bed, which was on the Council Hall's second floor. He couldn't help but frown.

"Hunting crossbow distributed? What does that mean?"

Kant asked the system without making a sound.

"The reward permits your Swadian Militia to be equipped with hunting crossbows. From here on out, every troop member who is upgraded will be equipped with a hunting crossbow and quiver of bolts."

The system quickly answered.

However, Kant was baffled. "Is this the reward?"

"Indeed." The voice of the system continued without any emotional inflection, "You acquire more than just actual items when you complete quests, which includes armaments for your troop classes."

Kant nodded. "Not bad."

The Swadian Militia was Kant's only main infantry force. It was best to be able to enhance their combat prowess.

He seemed to have recalled that as well.

The Swadian Militia, a third-level troop class in the game back in his past life, had some of them equipped with hunting crossbows.

While the hunting crossbows were, per their namesake, crossbows used for hunting, they were still considered ranged weapons in warfare. The ability to shoot enemy troops and weaken them before crossing arms up close and personal was the best method.

2

[Ding... Your forces have upgradable units.]

There was more than one prompt from the system.

Kant willed the prompts open. It was an important dialog box concerning upgrading his forces.

[Upgradable Troop Class: Swadian Peasants x 35]

1

[Spend 10 Denars each to upgrade to Swadian Recruits]

Kant was startled.

Did every peasant who fought in that battle become upgradable?

With the 15 dead being taken out of the equation, there were 35 Swadian Peasants among his population. All of them were able to level up to become a first-level troop class. Although Swadian Recruits looked weak, this upgrade almost completely changed the fundamentals.

The peasants, who had once known only farming, were to be turned into trained recruits.

A peasant and a recruit were of totally different professions. Becoming a recruit marked the start of a true military career.

However, that was not all he heard from the system.

The dialog box from the system continued.

[Upgradable Troop Class: Swadian Recruits x 20]

[Spend 10 Denars each to upgrade to Swadian Militia]

1

Just like how it was with the peasants, the Swadian Recruits were able to be promoted to the militia.

Kant gulped.

He continued scrolling through the system prompts instead of rushing to make any decisions.

[Upgradable Troop Class: Swadian Militia x 10]

[Spend 20 Denars each to upgrade to Swadian Footmen/Swadian Skirmishers]

That was the true key to the upgrades.

The third-level troop class was the only troop class considered a main armed force in the system.

Those classes were two of the three pillars of the Kingdom of Swadia's military organizations.

The first was Swadian Footmen, which specialized in melee combat.

The second was Swadian Skirmishers, which specialized in ranged combat.

There was no doubt that the Swadian Footmen could continue to be upgraded to either Swadian Man-at-Arms. That eventually led to upgrading them to Swadian Knights. Such was the route of upgrades laid down by the system.

"Very good, very good indeed."

Kant lightly gulped.

Even if he were unable to get to the level of man-at-arms or knights, the current third-level troop classes would suffice.

Zero-level peasants working with a small number of first- and second-level troop classes enabled him to take on the Jackalans.

Now, Kant had acquired a third level of main force units, as well as a huge number of first- and second-level auxiliary troop classes. His forces had significantly grown in terms of fighting prowess. The leap was of different orders of magnitude.