

Oasis 37

Chapter 37: Persistence in Adversity

Sir Hobson chuckled and said, "This is an expedition funded by Duke Cameron."

He sensed what Kant was thinking and explained, "Scholar Hank is one of the most renowned scholars in the entire Dukedom of Leo. He came to some conclusions regarding the lost city, so Duke Cameron was willing to sponsor Scholar Hank to carry out this expedition."

"This will be a fruitful trip."

Scholar Hank nodded and said with a serious tone, "I've received an old manuscript that has something to do with the lost city."

"Huh?" Kant was somewhat startled.

He recalled that old manuscript he handled about half a year ago in the academy before he left.

He was unable to help but ask, "Was it that manuscript I saw?"

"Correct."

Scholar Hank nodded and said, "It was that manuscript."

He paused for a bit. Joy was seen on his wrinkled face. "I have you to thank for sorting out the materials. That led me to finally decipher the words written within. There was a line of utmost importance regarding the lost city."

"What was it?"

Kant eyed the scholar with a serious expression.

Even Sir Hobson, who was by the scholar's side, as well Captain Rowan, who took to staying mum behind them, was unable to help but stare at that renowned old scholar of the dukedom.

"When the sun rises again, the golden holy city shall blossom anew."

Scholar Hank spoke slowly and with a serious expression. He deliberately worded it slowly to allow all to hear him clearly.

It sounded rather mesmerizing.

The line itself sounded like a prophecy of sorts.

Scholar Hank paused for a bit and added, "That line was something written in the manuscript. After deciphering the line, I was certain that the golden holy city mentioned in the book was referring to the lost city."

"That's shocking to hear."

Sir Hobson sighed lightly. As someone who was learned in literary arts, he was able to tell how mighty those words had been.

As for Captain Rowan, he dared not say anything.

His status was far below the three before him.

“It is quite shocking.”

Kant nodded. Even he would have thought the line meant something significant.

He eyed the old scholar and sighed. “Master Hank, you might actually be able to find something after all.”

“I will.”

Scholar Hank’s face was covered in a beaming smile.

He was able to tell what Kant’s sigh meant, but he did not say anything else.

As someone who was at such an advanced age, it was not so much a matter of what was found but that he wanted to see it for himself. He was determined to embark on an expedition, even if it meant putting his life at risk, being laughed at by his peers, or eventually failing.

Wuuuuuuuu

Suddenly, the sound of the horn from the Oasis Lookout rang out behind them.

The 17 Desert Bandits immediately turned around.

Kant’s face froze. He quickly said, “Sh*t.”

“Baron Kant, are you in trouble?”

When he saw Kant’s troubled expression, Sir Hobson frowned. He quickly added, “The sound of the horn seems pressing.”

Horns were used to relay messages.

The same things were used in the Dukedom of Leo.

“Indeed.”

Kant nodded. With a rather serious expression, he said, “There are enemies inbound, and they have huge numbers.”

He worded it concisely.

In truth, Kant had no idea just how large the enemy forces were.

According to what was told by the system’s introduction and hearing how pressing the sound of the horn from the watchtower was, there was no doubt that there were many.

“Jackalans?”

Captain Rowan was unable to help but ask that given his prior experience.

As someone who fought alongside Kant before, he knew that the Oasis Lookout, which was vastly different from what it had once been, was an oasis they had taken from a Jackalan Tribe.

“It seems like it.”

Scholar Hank nodded and said, “Jackalans have lived in the Nahrin Desert since ancient times.”

1

Sir Hobson smirked and said, “If it is the Jackalans, I think that we could help.”

The group of retainer knights behind him consisted of a 50-strong heavy cavalry platoon. Even during battles fought back in the dukedom, such a force served as a main force. There were more than enough to take on 50 primitive Jackalans.

“You have my thanks, Sir Hobson.”

Kant realized that the system meant for him to ally with Sir Hobson’s forces.

The verbal agreement was made right there and then.

The system saw the side quest to was completed.

[Ding... You have finished the side quest through painstaking efforts.]

5

[Side Quest: Form an Alliance is completed]

[Reward Acquired: Rain of Arrows (500 Vaegir Marksmen) x 3 waves]

[Introduction: You made an alliance with the elite force, raising the probability of making it through the predicament. But remember, alliances are fleeting. The only one you can truly trust is yourself.]

2

A dialog box appeared on his retina.

A golden card hovered in Kant’s mind, seemingly waiting to be used.

Countless people were depicted on the card. They all seemed to be drawing their bows and firing ahead. Kant was able to tell what the card meant by coupling what was drawn with the description of the thing called “Rain of Arrows.”

“500 Vaegir Marksmen shooting in three volleys?”

Kant licked his lips. His eyes were filled with determination. This looks fine.

The Vaegir Marksmen were one of the two strongest troop classes available in the system.

2

The other comparable class was the Rhodok Sharpshooter, which was a class of terrifying crossbowmen known for their extremely effective range and devastating damage potential.

The Vaegir Marksmen class, on the other hand, was known for its very high rate of fire and extremely effective range, making them human machineguns on city walls. If they took effective vantage points and were provided with an ample amount of arrows, they were easily able to show their enemies what true terror was like.

In terms of scale, raining down arrows over a vast area was also what that troop class did best.

Even Swadian Knights, who were the best when it came to fighting on land and clad from top to toe in metal alongside their horses, needed to suffer a certain amount of casualties before they took down a huge force consisting of Vaegir Marksmen.

“Come to my village.”

Kant turned to Sir Hobson and Scholar Hank and said, “It’s a small place, but it’s still quite defensible.”

“We’ll do just that.” Sir Hobson nodded.

The 50 retainer knights behind him followed as well.

Those knights were all reserve units. If they performed brilliantly on the battlefield or possessed extraordinary powers, they would become knights envied by many. If those things happened, it brought them one step closer to becoming a noble.

Everyone left the dune and headed toward the Oasis Lookout.

The soldiers remained puzzled.

Those people, who were thought to be enemies just moments ago, suddenly became allies.

If one truly thought about it, one would have found the situation rather laughable. That was perhaps caused by miscommunication in terms of intelligence.

Then again, the true enemy was about to show itself.

The Swadian Militia members on the watchtower quickly descended. They looked rather serious and worried.

A militia member quickly went over to Kant and reported, “Lord Kant, a massive number of Jackalans has been detected on the northeastern side. The initial speculation is that they are about 2,000 of them, and they are moving very quickly. They will probably reach the Oasis Lookout in 20 minutes.”

“2,000 Jackalans?”

Kant’s brows slightly furrowed into a frown. He sounded rather parched when he had spoken.

That number was rather frightening.

Even Sir Hobson, as well as Scholar Hank, who was walking with a cane, looked serious.

The sheer number of Jackalans was no longer something that was easily compensated with superior quality.

Even those 50 retainer knights, who were all heavy cavalry units with formidable skills, were not equipped to easily penetrate the formations of the Jackalans.

The best tactic to take at the moment was to simply not fight at all.

In Kant's perspective, those Jackalans were heading straight for the Oasis Lookout. For him, avoiding a fight was not a sound option. If he chose to yield, that meant the Jackalans would once again take over the Oasis Lookout.

1

His Drondheim.

His fief. His village.

At the moment, it would have meant he lost everything.

[Ding... Side Quest assigned]

[Side Quest: Persistence in Adversity]

[Reward: Denars x 1,000, Reputation x 500, Honor x 1]

1

[Introduction: The darkening sky brings with it a brutal battle. Your ability to defend your village depends on your persistence. Please believe in yourself. The most excruciating of persistence shall create miracles.]

A dialog box was seen on Kant's retina.

It was none other than a newly assigned side quest.

Chapter 38: A Red Banner Emblazoned with a Golden Lion

A new side quest was assigned.

Instead of excitement, Kant's expression looked rather stern.

Sir Hobson, who had not been in the Oasis Lookout for long, looked even more serious than Kant was.

"2,000 Jackalans."

He frowned slightly. His eyes looked fierce. "The difference in numbers is just too great."

It was not 20 or 200 Jackalans they faced. It was 2,000 Jackalans. It was a terrifying number that could swallow up all 50 retainer knights right there and then.

From the looks of things, if both parties clashed head-on, it was a battle the humans were destined to lose.

Things looked grim.

“Are those forces all from some large-scale Jackalan Tribe?”

Scholar Hank, who was holding his cane, said, “If there are 2,000 Jackalans, that is not a number a small tribe could have easily amassed.”

The old scholar was not versed in militaristic affairs.

However, when it came to tactical analysis, his mind remained as that of a scholar.

“Indeed.” Kant nodded, not bothering to hide anything.

His mind blitzed about with thoughts. He truthfully said, “We found a largescale Jackalan Tribe north of the Oasis Lookout. That place had at least 2,500 Jackalans. If I’m not mistaken, these are definitely bastards from there.”

It’s definitely them.

The direction and numbers all indicated that they were from that Jackalan Tribe.

1

Worse still, they were moving out en masse.

They were determined to wipe out the human forces occupying the Oasis Lookout.

They’re out for revenge!

“We need to be careful with tactics.”

Sir Hobson was quiet for a while before saying, “We need to crush those Jackalans in the least costly way. We need to cut down on casualties that may occur on our side.”

“We need to be careful.” Scholar Hank nodded in agreement.

“You have my thanks.”

Kant pressed his hand against his chest and bowed solemnly.

The way the two men spoke meant that they intended to intervene in the matter.

In truth, they could have simply chosen to leave when facing an assault from 2,000 Jackalans. They would not have needed to consider what Kant’s thoughts were. They had no duty whatsoever to help Kant defend his territory.

Their mission was to escort Scholar Hank in the Nahrin Desert expedition.

“If the Oasis Lookout is taken over, I guess my expedition would end here.”

He sighed and gave a bitter smile.

He looked at Kant’s young yet determined face and felt pity for the young man. “Then again, I couldn’t bear to see the best student of mine lose his place without a fight.”

Sir Hobson nodded and said, "Furthermore, that's not to say that we've lost any chances of winning."

"We'll need to give all we've got."

Kant nodded solemnly. They did not say much, but he had taken what was offered to heart.

This was timely assistance in an hour of distress.

Seeing Kant's expression, Scholar Hank and Sir Hobson nodded.

At the very least, they both liked Kant.

"We shall lay out the battle plan."

After speaking, Sir Hobson looked at both Kant and Scholar Hank and added, "This is not a battle we can afford to lose."

They still had a decent fighting force.

The 50 retainer knights were 50 heavy cavalry units.

They were all well-trained, well-armed, and eager to fight.

Working with the troops currently garrisoning the Oasis Lookout, which was a force of about 200 units, it improved their chances of taking out those primitive, crude Jackalans.

Unlike the Jackalans, they were a fighting force from a civilized world.

They had proven that point 10 years ago.

A force from the Dukedom of Leo, consisting of 2,000 units, had overwhelmed the entire southern part of the Nahrin Desert back then.

Their deeds were clearly detailed in the records.

Back then, in the southern part of the desert and the Senwaya Range, there had been over a dozen large Jackalan Tribes. Furthermore, hundreds of smaller tribes were scattered around.

All of them had been wiped out without fail.

But things were different now.

They clearly had a disadvantage in terms of numbers, so they needed to carefully consider the plan to win the upcoming battle.

Their strategies needed to be sensible.

Their discussion proceeded quickly due to the enemy about to be at their door.

Before long, they arrived at a conclusion.

"In that case, your forces shall guard the oasis, Baron Kant."

Sir Hobson said, "I will lay low with the retainer knights behind the dune. When the fighting becomes intense, we will crush the enemy in the shortest amount of time and throw all of them into a panic."

“That is a good strategy.”

Kant nodded in agreement.

He trusted his Swadian infantry units guarding the ends of the street at the village. He knew there would not be any problems at all.

1

That was what Kant guaranteed to Sir Hobson.

“I will remain here.”

Scholar Hank nodded and tapped his cane on the sand beneath his feet. “While I may be old, I do think that I can still be useful somehow here.”

Kant nodded and said, “It is best if you stay behind.”

It was a gruesome, bloody battlefield waiting for them out there.

If he were to be caught in the middle of such intense fighting, Scholar Hank, who was 67 years old, would have easily been killed.

Kant, who respected the scholar very much, pointed at his Council Hall and said, “Master Hank, that building is comparatively safe. You can rest there and rid yourself of the weariness from the journey.”

Sir Hobson chuckled at Kant’s caution. “You have indeed underestimated Scholar Hank.”

“There is no need to worry about me.” Scholar Hank smiled and shook his head.

1

He held on tight to his cane. His seemingly drowsy, yellowed eyes looked spirited. “Kant, back then when I followed Duke Cameron into the battlefield, you hadn’t even been born yet.”

“Is that so...” Kant wanted to offer some words of comfort.

Scholar Hank looked so old that it seemed a strong gust of wind would have been able to blow him away.

Suddenly, news came from the watchtower.

“Lord Kant, enemy inbound!”

The militia member in charge of the sentry duty at the top of the watchtower looked out and anxiously shouted, “They are readying themselves behind the dune and getting into formation. They will probably strike at any given moment. Please get ready as soon as possible!”

The enemy had arrived.

It was an enemy force that consisted of 2,000 Jackalans.

“Let’s go.” Sir Hobson gathered the knights and rode out.

The 50 retainer knights, all of whom wore double-layered mail armor covered with a linen robe, quickly rode out with their leader.

The stars were dazzling.

The moonlight above was brilliant.

The militia members on top of the watchtower saw tightly packed Jackalans behind the northeastern dune getting ready.

Howls and screeches were heard throughout the desert.

They were so loud that they were even heard clearly at the Oasis Lookout.

“Here they come.”

Scholar Hank frowned slightly as he looked at the dune to the northeast.

He remembered what was written in the records. He said to Kant in a low voice, “If we can resist the first wave of the Jackalan assault, we will be halfway through winning the battle.”

“I understand.” Kant nodded.

The primitive Jackalans had no tactics or strategies to speak of.

They simply charged messily.

They retreated just as messily.

Kant’s Drondheim troops only needed to make it through the first wave of attack to ensure the battle fell into a deadlock state.

Afterward, Sir Hobson and his 50 retainer knights were prepared to charge the Jackalans, paving their way to victory.

Heavily cavalry charges were extremely lethal.

It was just like how Kant had previously tricked the Jackalans and made them panic. Their formations eventually crumbled, and Kant won. It was the same situation.

Herd mentality was a terrifying thing.

As long as a breakdown was seen in their ranks, those Jackalans, which had never been trained in battlefield tactics, would crumble altogether.

Whooo!

Croaked howls were suddenly heard.

A strong Jackalan holding a two-handed battleax was seen standing on a dune.

“It’s the Jackalan Chieftain.”

As he spoke, Kant felt rather parched.

That chieftain held his two-handed battleax high. All the Jackalans behind him raised their crudely made spiked clubs high and began to charge.

High-pitched, noisy screeches from the Jackalans were heard all over the place.

In the dark of night, nothing but bloodlust could be seen in their green eyes.

“Raise your weapons and be ready to take on the enemy!”

Kant took a deep breath. His expression looked extremely serious.

He held the banner in his hand high. The red banner with a golden lion emblazoned billowed in the wind.

Intimidation!

That was the strongest item Kant currently had in his possession.

That was where his confidence in winning the upcoming battle lied.

“This can’t be...”

Even Scholar Hank looked shocked and shaken as he stared at the golden lion on the red banner with a dazed expression. He muttered, “The banner is a sacred item!”

2

The Jackalans charged.

A mystical aura enveloped the area after they were within a certain distance of the Oasis Lookout.

Something happened on Kant’s side as well.

The Swadian troops guarding the ends of the street of Drondheim were very high-spirited.

The battle had begun.