

## Oasis 51

### [Lord of the Oasis](#)

#### Chapter 51: New Incident

The battle plan was ready.

Kant felt increasingly at ease as he continued to talk about the details of the plan with Firentis.

Everything was ready. Now, all that remained was to put the plan into action.

"It's so late already, huh?"

Kant stretched his stiff neck.

He looked outside the window. The night was extremely dark. It was only then that he realized it was past midnight.

"Indeed." Firentis nodded and sighed. "It looks like we got ourselves too into it."

The candle flame continued to sway and flicker.

The melted wax spread. There was only a stump left on the candle sitting on the table. It was obvious that three hours had passed since they lit the candle at nightfall. The candle seemed as if it could have been extinguished at any given moment.

It was quiet outside.

The construction noises made by the builders had long ceased since dinner time.

There were only the sounds of leather boots stepping on soft sand, which left prints on it and caused the sand to shift.

Swadian Militia members, who were organized into groups of five, carried their spears as they walked past the door of the Council Hall.

It was the periodic patrol the took place after nightfall.

The 10 Swadian Footmen, who wore infantry mail armor and carried their spears, remained vigilant inside the Council Hall.

"You best get some rest, Firentis."

Kant rubbed his eyebrows. He looked rather tired himself.

"Indeed, My Lord." Firentis' expression was one of exhaustion.

He stood up and bowed to Kant respectfully. Before he left, he said, "Lord Kant, I hope you rest early as well, for the sake of your health."

"Will do." Kant nodded and bode Firentis goodnight.

There was a room reserved specifically for Firentis in the Council Hall, which was right beside the storage room.

He was Kant's only general at the moment, which meant that he had perks and privileges befitting his status.

Then again, Kant had his reasons for making such arrangements.

If any unforeseen circumstances took place, Firentis was able to quickly head out and take care of things. His skill at commanding forces also enabled the damage from any untoward happenings to be confined.

"Stay sharp."

Kant stood up. He looked at the footmen taking shifts at guard duty and said, "Don't let your guard down."

"Yes, Lord Kant," the footmen solemnly replied.

"Right." Kant nodded and walked up to his room on the second floor. He slumped onto his bed and immediately fell asleep.

Since he had to get up early the next morning, he had not bothered to take off his clothes.

The battle plan had been put in place. The upcoming battle was going to be the most brutal battle that he had ever fought.

The resistance from more than 2,000 Jackalans was likely going to be every bit on par with the prior invasion.

The scale of the upcoming one had the potential to be even larger.

A fighting force that consisted of only 300 low-level troops was about to attack a Jackalan Tribe that had at least 2,000 Jackalans. If that were to be heard back in the Dukedom of Leo, those nobles who had been in battlefields before would have probably laughed at Kant for his perceived stupidity.

The expeditionary force sent by the dukedom 10 years ago had also been only 2,000 strong.

Then again, all of those units had been elites.

Almost every single one of them had been heavily armored heavy-cavalry units. They had been the main force pulled back from the frontlines. It was only due to those factors that they were able to decimate hundreds of Jackalan Tribes, reducing them to a mere fraction of what they had been. The remnants were frightened enough to retreat into the deeper parts of the desert.

At present, Kant intended to attack a 2,000-strong Jackalan Tribe with merely 300 low-level troops.

The notion itself was absurd.

Despite knowing the absurdity of the operation, Kant was still getting ready for it.

He was not a fool. He was simply confident with what he had at his disposal.

It was just like how Firentis had put it before. The Jackalan Tribe had seen multiple consecutive defeats, and their morale was as low as it could have been. With their chieftain ending up dead in the last battle, the Jackalans were now little more than frightened children.

Kant remembered something he had read in an ancient Greek poem. It alluded to the fact that a ragtag band of people could not be considered a fighting force.

From Kant's perspective, he saw them as little more than a ragtag band of walking trash.

In terms of strategy, he was behaving condescendingly.

However, he remained aware of the Jackalans' strength, tactically speaking.

The red banner with a golden lion emblazoned on it remained perched in the sand by the Council Hall's door. The banner billowed despite there being no wind around. It was the banner's own might that caused the phenomenon.

It was the Intimidation.

It was a product of both light and dark.

It was a mystical item that belonged to Kant.

It was a sacred item in the battlefield, which also served as Kant's true trump card in the upcoming battle.

It was because that banner was capable of decimating enemy morale and even causing panic in the ranks of the enemy that Kant had dared to make the decision to do what he was about to do. Even if the battle ended up killing every single unit in his fighting force, he was determined to bring the Jackalan Tribe down.

He and Firentis made calculations.

Killing 300 Jackalans resulted in significantly shaken their morale.

Killing 500 of them meant practically crushing the will of the entire tribe to resist.

Killing 1,000 annihilated any psychological defenses the survivors had, throwing them into mass panic.

Furthermore, killing the leader of the Jackalans, which was now the Jackalan shaman, ushered in the collapse of the entire Jackalan Tribe, preventing them from regrouping and retaliating ever again.

While accomplishing those feats was going to be difficult, victory was entirely possible as long as the plan was carried out in full.

Kant was feeling drowsy.

By the time he opened his eyes again, dawn had arrived.

It was early in the morning.

Kant felt rather stiff when he woke up, which was due to having slept in his full regalia.

He twisted his neck and moved his body about, cracking his joints as he walked downstairs.

Firentis opened the door at the same time.

"Good morning, Lord Kant."

Firentis wore a rather solemn expression as he bowed respectfully to his lord.

It was a gesture of respect that symbolized the status difference between them.

Kant had already gotten used to it all. He simply nodded and said, "Good morning, Firentis."

There were 10 peasants busily working in the kitchen near Firentis' room. From the looks of it, they were about to begin cooking. However, due to them having to prepare food for more than 300 people, breakfast would not be finished for another two hours.

"I will be off, Lord Kant."

Firentis took a look at the kitchen and reported to Kant, "I'm off to carry out the usual patrol and scouting."

"Yeah, be careful out there."

Kant waved a gesture of acknowledgment. However, he still reminded Firentis, "Keep an eye out for anything happening at the northeastern side. We'll get on with the operation in the afternoon."

"Understood." Firentis nodded and quickly walked outside the Council Hall.

The plan was scheduled to be carried that afternoon.

The 17 Elite Desert Bandits in the lair next to the Council Hall had been awake for some time. They were scrubbing down their horses in the stables, as well as feeding them with hay and water.

The Elite Desert Bandits waited for the horses to finish their meals before mounting them and riding toward the northeast.

My turn.

Kant looked calm on the outside, but he was feeling serious deep down.

He connected his mind to the system and said with a serious tone, "Begin recruiting Swadian Recruits."

However, a dialog box appeared just as he was about to start the recruitment.

Kant was slightly stunned. It was different from what he had expected.

[Ding... Incident triggered: Villagers Sharing a Common Enemy]

[The peasants who had once lost their homes and suffered did not want to lose the village they now have. They are enjoying a hard-fought peace and the happiness of living a busy, earnest life. They are unwilling to lose their hope, which is why they are willing to take up arms and fight for the lord who brought them hope, even if it means dying in battle.]

[Incident Reward: Swadian Recruits x 200]

[Incident Requirements: Extra payment of 200 Denars]

[Do you accept?]

It was an incident triggered by the system.

It was something that had branched out from a side quest.

Kant knew a thing or two about it. He had seen such incidents happen before.

That incident asked for Kant to accept 50 Swadian refugees from the Continent of Caradia. The reward he eventually acquired was having the refugees converted into 50 Swadian Peasants.

That incident had even unlocked the Reputation and Honor parts of the system.

It was something he was not about to forget.

The new incident being triggered caused Kant's heart to race.

"Yes, I accept."

Kant answered and made his choice without any hesitation.

To him, given the situation, it was the most logical arrangement and the best choice he could have made.

He only needed to pay an extra 200 Denars to recruit 200 Swadian Peasants. That meant he only needed to spend one Denar on each peasant to upgrade them into Swadian Recruits. Kant was not about to pass up on the offer.

He needed 2,000 Denars to upgrade for starters anyway. Adding the extra payment only bumped up to the total to 2,200 Denars.

It was a price Kant found affordable.

Paying 2,200 Denars brought him a significantly greater chance to succeed.

Swadian Recruits were a first-level troop class. They were weak in terms of combat capacity, but they were still a true fighting force and armed with decent fighting equipment. With the addition of armor, they were fully capable of fighting the Jackalans.

That was the greatest aid the system provided him.

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#### **Chapter 52: Inspection Before Departure**

"Confirm," Kant said as he verified his choice.

The Denar balance in his mind instantly dropped.

The Swadian Peasants, who had just woke up not long ago from their sleep in the sand pits and tents in the Oasis Lookout, were quickly wrapped in gushes of data streams.

The data streams left as quickly as they came.

However, all of them in the Oasis Lookout became stouter and their muscles bulged.

Their gazes also became sharper.

Dark-brown leather armor materialized beneath their loose, tattered linen robes.

Wooden shields, which were pieced together using planks, were seen on their backs. They now had shorthand axes strapped to their waist with linen cords, and two 3-foot-long spears in their hands. They wore reinforced and boots securely strapped to their legs.

All of them had become Swadian Recruits.

The 200 peasants had turned into the most basic, first-level troop class of the Kingdom of Swadia.

They were as much as cannon fodder as cannon fodders could have been.

Yet, such cannon fodders were the main element of Kant's fighting force for maintaining his line of offense.

While it would have been like throwing eggs at a stone wall to have those Swadian Recruits fight against the elite, heavily armed armies of human kingdoms, their crude armament, and basic military training allowed them to have no problems taking on the primitive Jackalans.

The Kingdom of Swadia never feared fighting battles with such a basic force.

The Continent of Caradia was thoroughly ravaged by the constantly warring states within it, yet anything related to the military always saw advancement by leaps and bounds.

Even the lowest recruits developed rather high levels of militaristic professionalism.

Having such a fighting force gathered to take on the Jackalans, which had no concept of tactics or strategies, head-on was entirely doable.

That was what Kant relied on.

Time passed.

The fragrance of food permeated the entire place.

Meals to feed 300 people were being prepared in the kitchen of the Council Hall.

Five huge basins of food were prepared.

There was bread and dried meat cooked using leftover heat from the charcoal, soup made from cabbage and flour, and dates for everyone.

While the food was simple, the meals contained a mixture of vegetables and meat. Not only were the meals hearty, but they were also very nourishing.

Everyone ate their breakfast in silence. It was as if all of them were anticipating the upcoming war. The atmosphere throughout the entire Oasis Lookout was solemn and serious.

Even the building foreman, who was skilled at sucking up to people of a higher status, chose to squat somewhere quietly with the builders.

Besides, they were just civilians entirely incapable of fighting.

Kant had no intention of conscripting them. While the builders might have appeared well-built, they were only slightly better than the peasants. It was absurd to think they could have fought like the escorts and sentries guarding the trade caravan.

While everyone was eating breakfast, a group of riders appeared at the northeastern dune.

Firentis and the 17 Elite Desert Bandits had returned.

“There was nothing out of the ordinary, Lord Kant.”

Firentis leaped onto the sandy ground after halting his horse. He looked rather relaxed as he said, “It seems like everything will be going well at the start.”

“Very well.” Kant nodded and said, “Come, let’s have breakfast.”

“Thank you very much.”

Firentis bowed respectfully.

He sat on the chair opposite Kant without refusing his lord’s offer. He dove right into the meal he had been given.

Breakfast was also being eaten outside the Council Hall.

After they were done putting their horses aside, the 17 Elite Desert Bandits went to eat with Kant’s troops.

The soldiers, who were squatting and eating breakfast with their compatriots around them, cared little about image. Things were dire at the moment. A meal capable of filling their stomachs was deemed sufficient. They saw no need to ask for anything more.

They were about to wage a war.

Everyone sensed the thick air of war throughout the oasis.

The killing intent was rife in the atmosphere.

Although Kant had yet to actually announce the news of attacking the Jackalan Tribe, everyone was psychologically ready.

It was a sixth sense developed through years of living with constant fighting.

There were no longer any peasants around. All the soldiers were getting ready, awaiting orders.

The farm work to be done in the Oasis Lookout was completed. As for daily watering with the irrigation channels to keep the jungle of Date Palm Trees quenched, the Swadian Recruits were more than able to handle it.

The Swadian Recruits, who had only been made soldiers not long ago, still had memories of the time when they were peasants as they sported their combat skills.

They quickly gathered around.

They got into formation.

Kant had given the order. His forces were being inspected. He gave them a pep talk before departing.

Firentis approved of it.

However, Kant was doing that because the system had sent a side quest.

[Ding... Side Quest assigned]

[Side Quest: Inspection Before Departure]

[Quest Reward: 100 Reputation]

[Introduction: Letting your troops know what they will be fighting for will enable them to fight with courage.]

It was actually a side quest.

The reward for it was merely 100 Reputation.

However, Kant would have ordered an inspection to be carried out with or without the side quest.

He was about to declare the start of a war.

“Everything is ready, Lord Kant,” Firentis gently said.

His forces were on the street before the Council Hall. They stood tall and straight and looked tall, neat, and serious. Their gazes were sharp and lacked a shred of fear. They were simply waiting for Kant to brief them and get the inspection done.

“Alright.” Kant nodded.

He sounded rather heavy. Yet, when he began speaking, everyone heard him loud and clear.

“We will wage a new war, a war against those Jackalans. We shall head out to conquer them this afternoon. We shall have those dirty, lowly, primitive creatures kneel before us.”

Kant began talking. He sounded very serious.

The expression of the troops gathering and waiting at the street looked just as serious.

All of them listened to Kant talk attentively.

“Just as how we wrestled the oasis beneath our feet from the Jackalans, we shall now continue to rob them of what they have. They do not deserve to live. Swadians and Sarrandians shall continue to grow in this very desert, becoming the sovereign of this new world. Under my leadership, we shall obtain new peace.”

Kant continued speaking. His voice sounded rousing and solemn.

It was encouragement given before waging a battle, and he did nothing to conceal their nature as invaders.

There was no compassion or mercy to be had between races. Both sides were only able to maintain peace as long as the fighting prowess of both parties was more or less equal and neither was capable of



trumping the other. Otherwise, it would have only been a matter of time before they went for each other's throats.

Kant had lived in this world for 16 years. He was more than used to how things worked.

He took a deep breath and solemnly said, "If we want to have a better life and a better future, then we need to fight for it. We shall kill all those Jackalans and make what is theirs ours!"

"All hail Swadia!"

The soldiers on the street furiously shouted, "Kill the Jackalans!"

Kant had a grin on his face. The speech had been a success.

Even Firentis, who was standing by his side, looked unfazed. He was not disconcerted by the speech that was filled with bloodlust and killing intent because he was not concerned for the livelihood of the Jackalans.

It was just like how a player would have brought Firentis along to kill monsters like bandits and whatnot back in the game.

He was practically declaring themselves to be the righteous ones.

[Ding... You have completed the quest through your efforts.]

[Side Quest: Inspection Before Departure is complete.]

[Quest Reward: 100 Reputation]

[Introduction: This is conquest. This is a massacre. There is no peace between races. One must remove one's enemies to further one's development. Such is the truth.]

A dialog box from the system appeared.

Kant grinned at the 100 Reputation that he just bagged.

The reward might have been peanuts, but it was still a reward.

He turned around and addressed Firentis. "Get the supplies ready. We leave at 2 p.m."

"Understood." Firentis nodded.

Kant continued boosting the morale of his troops. The inspection lasted 30 more minutes.

Everyone in the Oasis Lookout was excited.

It was a frenzy before the fight.

Everyone dispersed and continued to busy themselves with preparations for the upcoming battle.

Firentis was well-versed with making such preparations.

Bread, dried meat, dried dates—food with long shelf lives—were being loaded onto the three carriages that Kant had brought when he came to the Oasis Lookout.

Water sacks were all filled with crystal-clear spring water.

The water was enough to last everyone for three days.

When Kant and the riders had departed the Oasis Lookout the previous time, it had taken them an entire day to reach the Jackalan Tribe. These troops were about to march on foot. It was easily going to take them at least twice the amount of time to make the trip.

Before long, everything was ready.