

Oasis 53

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 53: Assault Before Dawn

It was now 2 p.m.

The temperature had slightly dropped. After Kant's forces were done with the preparations, they waited on the northeastern side of the Oasis Lookout.

Kant and Firentis took the lead on their horses.

The builders from Suno stood respectfully before them.

"Lord Firentis, you are a noble from Suno. I wouldn't have dared to be at ease if I had known it was you who was around."

Cold sweat was seen on the foreman's fat face.

After he realized that the general who stood side by side with the lord of the place was none other than someone of greater noble birth of Suno, his sweat was even more noticeable. He grew increasingly afraid. He gulped as he obediently stood like a sitting duck.

"Very well," Firentis nonchalantly said.

Firentis quickly frowned after seeing the foreman looking extremely terrified. He asked, "Do you know me?"

"Y-yes, Lord Firentis."

More cold sweat was seen on the foreman's fat face. "Well, everyone in Suno knows about you. Although you and your brother..." He immediately realized that he brought up a subject that should not have been broached. He immediately changed the subject and said, "Umm, nothing much. You're well known for the breadth of your intellect, Lord Firentis."

Firentis had heard what the foreman said but remained silent.

He looked glum. The foreman's eyes seemed to be filled with despair as he said, "I'm no noble lord of Suno."

"Well... umm..." Cold sweat continued to drip from the foreman's face.

He gulped. He thought that he still had the opportunity to make things right, so he blurted, "Lord Firentis, if you just return to Suno, I wonder how happy your father will be."

However, what he said simply made Firentis' expression more complicated.

There was no way that the foreman did not know that he said something wrong again.

"Lord Kant, I'll keep an eye on the forces."

Firentis turned around and said to Kant, "Excuse me for a moment." He rode away without waiting for Kant to reply.

By now, the foreman's fat face looked ashen. His legs seemed wobbly.

It was apparent that, as a commoner of Suno, the foreman greatly feared the noble clan that Firentis came from.

"It's best not to bring that up in the future."

Kant spoke with a calm expression.

He turned his gaze on Firentis. He felt rather exasperated and regretful about what had happened to the knight.

Firentis wandered the continent because he had fought over a temptress with his younger brother out of jealousy and accidentally killed his brother. Whenever a player had Firentis in their party while being close to Suno, Firentis told the player about his sad past.

It was where Firentis got his title as the Wandering Knight. He refused to return to his noble family. Instead, he exiled himself to wander the continent.

Kant frowned slightly and took a look at the sun above.

It was about time.

He told the foreman, "Keep a close eye on my village."

"Yes, My Lord."

The foreman quickly nodded and looked at the 30 builders behind him. True to his bootlicker nature, he said, "We will keep your village safe, even if we have to fight to the last man!"

After having offended Firentis, there was no doubt that he wanted to curry Kant's favor.

"Hehe."

Kant did little more than chuckle at what the foreman said. "It'd be great if you did that."

He commanded his horse to move and loudly shouted, "Let's head out!"

"Let's go!" Firentis led the way.

The army, which was already prepared, began to slowly march forward.

The army headed northeast to find the Jackalan Tribe.

Every single member of the village headed out.

"My Lord, we shall await your victorious return."

The foreman waved and followed respectfully. He was acting like a woman who was reluctant to let her lover leave.

However, his efforts were apparently in vain.

Kant and his forces never bothered to even turn their heads around.

The fat foreman did not care. Being entrusted with an additional task like that deepened his relations with the lord. From his perspective, it was absolutely a reward like no other.

There was also the problem of the oasis being invaded.

For now, that was not something that needed to be taken into consideration.

The Oasis Lookout was in the middle of nowhere in the Nahrin Desert.

The place was so barren that even lowly escaped slaves would not have thought of going there.

As for evil people like marauders and bandits plundering the place en masse, that was little more than a fantasy.

The only enemy to be had at the moment was that Jackalan Tribe, which was what Kant was leading a force to attack.

There was no problem leaving the builders in charge of looking after the place.

Kant found no problem with that.

The 200 Swadian Recruits followed behind the carriages in neat formations.

The 70 Swadian Militia members took the rear of the expedition.

The 25 Swadian Footmen headed out alongside Kant and the carriages.

The 17 Elite Desert Bandits were at the forefront of the formation with one additional Desert Bandit that had been recruited that week. All of the riders fanned out, serving as scouts to survey the situation up front.

According to Kant's estimation, the journey was going to take them two days.

Previously, they were able to travel quickly because they had ridden their horses. They had reached the Jackalan Tribe after riding for just one day.

However, the bulk of Kant's forces consisted of infantry units. It was impossible to hasten the march at all.

Then again, Kant did not mind. As long as they reached the tribe in the shortest amount of time possible and launched the attack right before dawn, just as they had planned, all would be well.

Besides, the march was not actually all that slow.

They were undoubtedly moving a lot faster than how it had been with Kant and his 30 Swadian Peasants when they first traveled to the oasis.

They continued moving forward in the dark of night.

At midnight, they set up camp and slept. They continued on their way when the sun, and subsequently the temperature, had yet to rise.

When the temperature was highest at noon, they only dug out pits in the sand to rest.

The process was repeated. Before long, they arrived at the part of the desert where the Jackalan Tribe had been located.

It was getting dark by the time they arrived.

It was evening.

Nightfall was moments away.

Kant sat still with his horse halted as he gazed at the Jackalan Tribe off in the distance. His expression gave him the appearance of being overwhelmed.

He turned around and said to Firentis, "That's them."

"Their numbers are great." Firentis nodded.

He was able to see the messy tents erected at the flatland-like place at the bottom of the dune. Many Jackalans went in and out, seemingly being busy with things in their tribe.

All of them were the enemy, and all of them were marked for slaughter.

The soldiers behind the two of them looked serious. While exhaustion was visible in their eyes, they still clutched their weapons tightly.

They were eager to start the fight.

"Everyone, stay concealed."

Kant's orders reached everyone's ears. "Let's take a break for the moment."

The attack, according to the plan, was not one to be launched in the evening.

The time of the attack was before dawn.

That was the time when the sky was at its darkest and all creatures were at their drowsiest with their brains at their foggiest state.

Be it alertness or reactions, they were all at their worst.

The soldiers quickly set up camp.

The wind was blowing whirling around then. They were behind the dune, which meant that they had no problems lighting up fires to cook food.

Furthermore, where they were was at least 3,280 feet away from the Jackalan Tribe. If anything out of the ordinary happened, sentries at the top of the dune would quickly notice. Be it to fight or retreat, Kant's forces were the one with the initiative.

The night gradually darkened.

Dazzling stars appeared in the silent, dark night.

Kant and his forces ate a small meal. They went to sleep without removing their gear. They were practically sleeping while holding onto their weapons.

They were waiting for the right time.

The sentries changed every hour, ensuring that everyone received ample sleep.

They were waiting for the bright moon above to gradually move westward.

They were waiting for the dazzling stars in the dark of night to eventually dim.

The dark right before dawn eventually came.

"Get up, get up, everyone."

All of the troops gently patted at their comrades. Bonfires remained burning in the sand pits behind the dune.

The Swadian infantry was wide awake by then.

Their expressions were all serious. Intense killing intent was seen in their eyes.

"Lord Kant."

Firentis fetched Kant's horse for him.

The 17 Elite Desert Bandits and the newly recruited Desert Bandit appeared behind him. All of them were leading their horses with their left hands while holding onto their flanged maces with their right hands. All of them waited for orders with serious expressions.

"We'll move according to the plan."

Kant nodded. The 295 Swadian troop members close to him were already ready.

"Understood." Firentis nodded and asked, "Is everyone ready?"

The Desert Bandits all nodded. They quickly checked their weapons. Eventually, each of them fished out two water sacks that were tied together. They all looked at Firentis and Kant and replied with subdued voices, "Ready."

"Let's move." Kant nodded and gave the order to begin.

"Let's head out."

Firentis and the Desert Bandits did not immediately mount their horses. They had instead moved elsewhere, taking a detour while leading their horses.

The target of their plan was different. They were to enter the battlefield from a different place.

Outside that dune, the huge, messy tents of Jackalan Tribe remained silently standing under the dimmed starlight and moonlight. The Jackalans did not have the slightest idea of the impending danger that was about to crush their tribe.

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Chapter 54: A Massacre in Fire and Blood

The night was cold and quiet.

Firentis continued leading his horse as he moved to the western side of the Nahrin Desert dune.

The 17 Elite Desert Bandits and newly recruited Desert Bandit walked with their horses in tow as well, following right behind him. Their eyes were filled with the thick, unmistakable killing intent.

All 19 cavalry units were to strike at the heart of the enemy and cut the head of the enemy's leader. It was an insane operation.

If luck was on their side and their mission turned out well, everyone would emerge happily.

If luck was not on their side, it meant that not only would they be unable to complete their mission, but they also all would be caught in a predicament.

However, none of them cared.

Firentis took a look at the night sky. The dazzling stars above began to dim. The bright moon was gradually disappearing. Only pitch black darkness was seen in the sky. It was as if it was all an attempt to prevent the coming of dawn.

"That beam of light shall eventually pierce through the darkness."

Firentis seemed to have recalled a song from a bard back when he was in Suno.

His heart raced, yet his teeth remained clenched as he nimbly mounted his horse.

"It's our turn now."

Firentis spoke in a low voice as he prompted his horse to move forward.

The 18 cavalry units, who were familiar with fighting in the desert, nimbly got onto their respective horses. They held onto their spears as they kicked the bellies of their horses, following right behind Firentis.

Gallops were gradually heard. However, the hooves simply made shallow prints on the soft sand. The sound of horses galloping did not travel far.

It was a given that they were not moving all that quickly.

The beast of burden that had become the most used to the desert was the camel. Horses were still more suited for traveling on flatlands.

Then again, those warhorses were still capable of bringing 70 percent of their usual speed to the operation. The sand, which was nothing like quicksand that could swallow anything heavy whole, was capable of sustaining their horses' weight.

After getting off of the dune, the horseshoes hit the soft sandy ground as they hastened.

The layer of sand there had been trampled solid by the Jackalans.

"It's beginning."

Kant took deep breaths and clenched his fists.

He stood at the top of the dune, keeping his gaze fixed at the western side of the dune. When he saw more than a dozen black dots appearing and moving at speeds far greater than that of what people were capable of at that Jackalan Tribe, the calm on his face was replaced by heaviness.

Everything was going according to the battle plan.

Everything was going smoothly as well.

However, it was not the time to let his guard down. Kant turned around to look at his troops, who were all standing by. He said in a low voice, "Heads up, people. Get ready to attack."

"Yes, My Lord." A unanimous reply was heard throughout the dune.

The Swadian troops also wore severe expressions. All of them eyed Kant, who was standing at the dune, with fervor. It was as if it was a tournament in which one was proud to participate in instead of a brutal battle that was waiting for them.

There was no turning back for any of them.

Everyone knew that very simple fact. All of them were determined to fight to their deaths without the slightest hesitation.

The Kingdom of Swadia never had a lack of warriors.

Firentis led 18 cavalry units. They charge the western side. They had entered the Jackalan Tribe.

They were like a howling gale.

As they zipped past the crude, dirty tents at great speeds, the riders held the reins tightly in their hands. Firentis and the cavalry units did not care about the tents. They took out the two water sacks that each held. They tore holes in the sacks and poured the contents all over the tents at their sides.

While the night was indeed dark, under the starlight and moonlight, one was still capable of somehow telling that it was brown liquid.

They seemed to have doused the tents at the flanks with rainwater as they charged forward.

However, the two Elite Desert Bandits at the very rear fished out two barrel-like items. They tore some linen cloth and stuffed it into the openings. Bits of gleaming red were seen within.

They were cans stuffed with charcoal.

Along with the cans, the two men threw the dried up water sacks in their hands without showing any change in their expression.

Charcoal dropped all over the place, coming into contact with the tents where the sacks had previously drenched. The charcoal pieces, which were lit with dim red colors, ignited sparks when it came into contact with the brown liquid before bursting into huge fireballs.

It was not spring water that was contained within the water sacks. It was the oil Kant had purchased.

Vrrooommmmm

The brown oil was lit and burst into fireballs within mere seconds, along with the tents crafted using tattered linen cloth.

The fireball spread to the adjacent tents, burning with increasing intensity.

The desert was dry without any water vapor around. Worse still, the tents were gathered messily without paying any heed to the possibility of catching fire. Flames danced along the route that had been splashed by the oil.

Owww

There were finally drowsy Jackalans emerging to see what was happening.

They emerged only to see fires burning brightly far away, as well as their brethren bursting out of the tents due to the fire. Before long, those burning Jackalans were reduced to charred meat.

None of them were able to tell how the fire had started.

However, some had survived the previous night raid. They frantically took their spiked clubs out of their tents. It was not ferocity seen in their eyes. It was extreme fear.

They had caught sight of the cavalry units charging straight for the center of their camp.

It was Firentis.

There were also 18 ferocious bandits from the Sarrand Desert.

The horses beneath the riders zipped past at great speeds. They no longer bothered circling the tents before them. They sent their horses crashing into the tents and trampling hard on the Jackalans who were still sleeping inside.

Firentis looked up and saw the larger tent, which was less than 328 feet away from where he was.

However, there were about 40 to 50 Jackalans in his way. They all held their spiked clubs high and intended to defend that huge tent with their bodies.

“For Lord Kant, kill them all!”

Firentis kicked the belly of his horse hard. He swung the sword in his hand without mercy.

Blood splattered everywhere.

Several Jackalans were sent flying by the charge. Two Jackalans had their heads cut off by the sword.

The 18 Desert Bandits followed suit with their spears held straight. The pointy spearheads pierced through the chests of the Jackalans, skewering several of them like kebabs as the bandits charged.

The Desert Bandits, who were all prepared to give their all, paid no heed to the spiked clubs swung at them.

They were ready to get injured just so they could kill more of the enemy.

As they charged in a frenzy, they gradually closed in on that huge tent. They were even able to see the Jackalan shaman, who held a staff in his hand, frantically escaping the huge tent.

Ooowwww

The Jackalan shaman was of advanced age. His coat of fur had turned from grey to white.

He was rather slouched as he held onto his staff. He stared at the burning tents, which had turned the entire western side of the tribe into a sea of flames. Countless Jackalans were running around screaming. That shaman yelled in anger, "Humans!"

It was a human language that was spoken from his mouth.

"Kill him!"

However, Firentis and the Desert Bandits were in no mood to communicate.

The sword and flanged maces were swung left and right, cutting and banging down any Jackalan that got in their way. Even though there were already three Elite Desert Bandits brought to the ground and killed by spiked clubs, they steadily charged at the Jackalan Shaman.

Their mission was to take the head of the leader of the tribe.

That leader meant none other than the Jackalan shaman.

"I shall tear your bones out and hang them on my body as jewelry!"

The eyes of the wrinkled Jackalan Shaman were filled with frenzy. His intelligence, which far surpassed that of the usual Jackalans, enabled him to be able to tell that his tribe was being attacked by human forces.

"Let the bloodlust of your ancestors shroud your hearts. Kill those human riders!"

He grabbed a fistful of colorful dust and scattered it at the Jackalans around him. He held his staff high and shouted, "Bloodlust!"

Ooowwww

The eyes of the stained Jackalans instantly turned bloodshot.

The Desert Bandits, who were still charging on their horses, took out yet another weapon to deal with the situation before the Jackalans were able to pounce at them—the javelins.

Zooooommm

The javelins tore through the air as they were thrown.

That old Jackalan shaman intended to dodge when he realized what was going on, but it was already too late.

Throwing weapons like javelins and tomahawks were few and far between in that world. There was no way the shaman was able to evade the javelins thrown by Elite Desert Bandits, who had become very accurate and lethal with their throws.

"Ooowwww... My impressive power, no..."

Four javelins were lodged deeply into the body of the Jackalan shaman.

The old shaman whelped and shrieked before gradually slumping to the ground with the staff still in his hand.

In his perspective, as a powerful, extraordinary spellcaster, there was no way he should have died so easily. Furthermore, he also had Jackalan warriors buffed with Bloodlust, which made them very agitated and had no fear of death, by his side.

“Let’s go!”

After seeing the Jackalan shaman fall, Firentis flicked his reins.

He swung his longsword hard at a Jackalan whose eyes were thoroughly bloodshot as he signaled his horse to continue charging. According to the plan they had laid out, they were to never return to the west side again. Instead, they were supposed to tear through the entire Jackalan Tribe as they headed east. That was where Kant was going to lead the charge with his forces.

By now, Kant had already launched the attack with his forces.

A rain of arrows shrouded the sky, enveloping the tents at the eastern side, as well as punching through the heads of Jackalans that emerged in panic.