

Oasis 55

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 55: A Battlefield enveloped in a Rain of Arrows

Kant stood at the top of the dune.

He looked calm, but glittering light was seen in his eyes.

In the distance, the fire spread wildly.

"Attack."

Kant gave his order in a subdued voice.

Footsteps were heard from behind. His Swadian troops, who had all been ready, began to march forward.

Shing! Kant drew the short sword strapped to his waist.

He walked to the forefront.

His forces, which consisted of 295 infantry units, were arranged in three roles.

All of them held their spears high and started to jog, increasing their speed as they went.

The Jackalan Tribe was about 2,000 feet away. There were many Jackalans with grey and brown fur leaving their tents due to the fire at the west. They stood where they were, seemingly feeling dazed and confused about what was happening to the west.

None among them understood the concept of fire-fighting.

Water was the most precious resource found in the desert.

These Jackalans hardly had enough to even drink among them every day, so there was no way there was water left available fire-fighting.

The scene created an opening for Kant's forces.

Due to the chaos taking place in the tribe, no one noticed that there was a force consisting of 300 human combatants moving quickly from the top of the dune in the east. As they closed in on the edge of the tribe, all of them had unmistakable killing intent in their eyes.

Flaapp

Kant unraveled the Intimidation banner in his hand.

The red banner, which had a golden lion emblazoned on it, billowed without wind.

The banner enveloped the area within a 1,640-foot radius.

The Jackalans, who remained watching the fire happening to the west feeling confused, were suddenly hit with an inexplicable fear. It caused their hearts to race as if they had met some unknown fear.

They soon came to realize what was happening.

Kant quickly brought his forces forward.

The Jackalans were still unaware of the ambush in the dark.

The smirk on his face was one of ridicule, yet the seriousness in his eyes had long turned into intense killing intent.

"Rain of arrows."

Kant shouted in a low voice, "First wave."

He connected his mind to the system. A golden card in his mind was immediately activated.

It had begun.

Projectiles whooshing above Kant's head were heard.

The night was dark. One was only able to tell that the noise was getting increasingly closer and louder.

In reflex, the Jackalans up front all looked up into the sky. Their beast-like faces continued to look dazed and confused about what was happening.

Their capacity for intellect was hardly different from an eight-year-old human child.

The attack unfolded before their green eyes. Countless thin, black shadows swamped the sky where the dazzling stars had been. As the whooshes became increasingly apparent, the arrows reflected in their eyes became increasingly numerous and tight.

Shooo, shoo, shoo, shooo, shoo, shooo...

The 500 arrows tore through the sky and came down in beautiful, mystifying arcs.

The pointy iron arrowheads were wedge-shaped, which gave them excellent armor-piercing properties.

The arrows were extremely lethal.

Such arrows were high-grade iron arrows from the Kingdom of Vaegir. They were used specifically by Vaegir Marksmen.

Arrows were steadily raining down from the sky onto their targets.

The arrows easily penetrated the Jackalans' coats of fur, killing the unlucky ones who were standing between the tents and unable to evade in them. The arrows made porcupines out of them. The Jackalans slumped to the floor and writhed for a bit before staying still altogether.

The rain of arrows caused the death of more than 200 Jackalans on the spot.

Vooooommm

As more Jackalans dropped to the ground, the Intimidation banner billowed with an even mightier force. Its invisible powers spreading out all over the place.

Fear had overtaken the Jackalans' minds.

A good number of them were survivors of the failed attack from a while ago. They had lived in extreme fear ever since. As they caught human forces lining up at the dark dune and coming at them from the corner of their eyes, they all felt as if their hearts had been tightly gripped.

The effect of the Intimidation banner continued to be at work, decimating the Jackalans' morale.

That was the main reason Kant had dared to assault the Jackalan Tribe with a force of such mediocre numbers.

As long as one was to be able to seize the opportunity and make good use of it, such a sacred item easily crushed an enemy before the battle was over.

This was the moment.

This was the opportunity Kant had sought.

"Kill them all!"

The Swadian troops moved forward side by side, moving increasingly faster as they went.

They leveled the spears in their hands, pointing them forward as they charged at the Jackalans struck down by the arrows. They charged all the way to the center of the tribe, which was already in chaos.

If Firentis and the Desert Bandits failed in their mission to cut down the leader, Kant and the infantry units would have been able to back them up.

Killing the Jackalan shaman was the most important part of their battle plan.

Kant held the Intimidation banner high as he charged quickly with his forces. He saw hundreds of Jackalans up front, who had all realized what was going on. With a calm expression, he ordered, "We'll meet the enemy head-on! Kill them all!"

"Kill them all!" The Swadian troops skewered away with their spears in a frenzy.

The three rows of troops held their spears straight ahead as they remained in tight formation. The formation did not look impenetrable, such as one with spears being drawn and thrust repeatedly, which was how it was when defending on the spot. As the troops charged with the spears in their hands, it looked more like a simplified cavalry charge.

Jab, jab, jab, jab, jab...

Still, the spearheads easily penetrated the Jackalans' bodies. The force used was enough that one spear went through several Jackalans in one go.

More than 60 Jackalans were instantly killed right before Kant's forces.

However, more Jackalans quickly pounced on them in a frenzy. It was as if they realized their hopeless state of being. Despite suffering from increasingly intense fear from the deaths of their brethren, they continued to resist with their spiked clubs.

Bang, bang, bang...

Heavy bludgeons were soon heard. More than a dozen Swadian Recruits were quickly brought to the ground due to lacking real combat experience.

More Jackalans with bloodshot eyes appeared and pounced on them.

It was especially so after they smelled the human blood. The Jackalans even closed in on the Swadian Recruits, who were not completely dead yet, with their beast-like heads. They chomped down on the exposed arms and thighs with their fang-filled mouths, tearing huge bits of flesh off and making the scene look even more brutal.

Jackalans never had a problem eating humans to begin with.

Forces from both sides clashed up close and personal. There were even Swadian troops who did not manage to get their spears out in time. It forced them to ditch their polearms and switch to single-handed weapons to fight.

Even Kant was under the protection of the Swadian Footmen, who wielded longswords and heater shields. They had only been able to steady themselves under the relentless charge of the Jackalans, which no longer feared death. Kant maintained a tight hold on the Intimidation banner, which continued to reduce enemy morale and enable Kant's forces to maintain their speed of advancement. As time passed, casualties began to pile up.

"For Swadia!"

The infantry units from Swadia shouted.

They were drenched in the dirty stench of blood. However, bodies of dead Jackalans continued to build as they advanced.

Although they had suffered casualties, things were even worse for the Jackalans.

More than 100 Swadians were dead, but that had brought about at least 300 dead Jackalan bodies lying on the ground.

Kant's forces gradually closed in on the center of the tribe. He was able to see more than a dozen riders charging about several hundred feet away. They headed straight for the huge tent as they rode.

The number of troops on Kant's side continued to dwindle as the Jackalans feverishly pounced at them.

"Rain of arrows!"

Kant extended his arm. Data streams immediately appeared in his eyes.

The sounds of projectile whooshing in the air were heard again. It was yet another volley from the 500 Vaegir Marksmen being brought to the world. It appeared as if the arrows were a rain to cleanse the world as they immediately struck down more than 200 Jackalans right before him.

He wiped the dirty blood off of his face and looked on with a menacing expression. He shouted feverishly, "Keep on killing them all!"

"Kill them all!"

At that moment, the remaining Swadian warriors by his side seemed to have burst with hidden powers. They brought down their swords, combat shovels, and hand axes wildly on their enemies as they continued to move forward with increasing speeds.

On the other hand, the Jackalans seemed to have been overwhelmed by the growing enemy morale. The bloodlust and killing intent in their eyes quickly subsided. Panic and fear were quickly seen taking over in their eyes.

Voommm

The Intimidation banner in Kant's hand seemed to have burst with a solid wave, enveloping Kant's surroundings.

"The Jackalan shaman is dead!"

A footman with good eyes pointed forward. He exclaimed with extreme excitement, "General Firentis has done it!"

Kant turned his gaze forward.

The Jackalan shaman, who had been holding a staff as he stood at the huge tent before, now had four or five javelins sticking out of his body. The shaman wobbled for a bit before slumping to the ground. His condition was unknown.

Judging from the effects brought about by the Intimidation banner and rapidly shrinking morale of the Jackalans, one could have easily guessed that the Jackalan shaman had been taken down. The enemy's leader was dead.

Owwwwww

More and more Jackalan howls were heard all over the place.

However, there were even more who cast their spiked clubs away and ran out of the tribe.

None of them dared to continue resisting. Their forces had been completely crushed.

We won, Kant thought. He looked at the Jackalans, who had their backs against him as they fled. He held the Intimidation banner high without any bit of mercy. In a subdued voice, he said, "Chase them down and kill them all!"

He saw fit to continue slaughtering the Jackalans while the odds were with him, annihilating the Jackalans once and for all.

Kant had no current need for many prisoners.

The reasoning was simple. Dead Jackalans needed no supervision. By now, Kant's forces had been reduced to less than 100 units.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 56: Spoils of Victory

Pfftt.

Blood splattered as the short sword was pulled out of the Jackalan's eye socket.

Kant flicked his forearm, splashing blood staining the blade onto the ground. He kicked the Jackalan that was kneeling and dead in front of him. His face looked rather relaxed and tired. "It's over."

The thick stench of things being burned permeated the air.

Even thicker than that was the stench of blood in the air, so much so that it felt as if it was solid.

Bodies were all over the ground where Kant stood.

Most of the bodies belonged to dead Jackalans. The occasional perished Swadian warrior was also seen.

Under the valiant and suicidal charge of Kant's forces, the battle was finally over.

At that moment, the ownership of the Nahrin Desert was finally decided.

The Jackalan Tribe was engulfed by the flames. Heatwaves swept all over the place, lighting up the dried, ragged tents around and turning the place into a sea of flames. Any Jackalan that did not manage to escape in time was quickly burned or suffocated to death in the flames.

This was the place where the Jackalans had lived for generations.

It was also the grave marking the end of their reign.

It was a totally different story for Kant.

The man stood at the edge of the flames, enjoying the scene of the roaring fire engulfing everything in its path. He sensed the heatwave dispelling the chill of night in the desert while lamenting the brutality of war.

He had been the victor.

He had been the one who had conquered the Nahrin Desert.

He was a noble and a baron of the Dukedom of Leo.

That was enough for him.

The Swadian troops who survived stood behind Kant. They watched the flames before them.

The roaring inferno before their eyes did not scare them. Instead, it made them feel rather warm.

They were all very tired from all that fighting mere moments before.

Their bodies were covered in blood and grime. Many limped along as they helped each other out. If one looked close enough, it was easy to tell that almost everyone had ended up injured. It was a testament to the extent of brutality witnessed in the battle that had just ended.

Kant's forces had taken the lead with their initial ambush.

However, when the Jackalans resisted, his forces were still severely devastated.

Casualties were high in their ranks.

"Two-thirds of us will be left behind in this place."

Kant turned around and made a rough count.

He let out a deep sigh. Less than 100 men were standing behind him, and all of them were injured.

He turned his gaze on the eastern horizon.

A beam of the dawn's light pierced through the thick darkness. A faint round white bulb gradually rose on the horizon.

Dawn was approaching.

Gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop...

The rushed gallops of the horses were heard coming from the great fire.

Firentis took the lead and led four or five Elite Desert Bandits out of the sea of flames. They pulled their reins when they came near their lord, ordering their horses to halt with a vocal command.

"You're back."

Kant nodded to Firentis. He looked rather relieved. "It's good to see you around again."

Firentis was his only general.

The general had been scalded by the flames as he emerged from the sea of flames. If it had not been for the fact that he was wearing an iron helmet, all of his hair would have probably burned off. Based on how the horses' manes were almost half-burned and injuries were everywhere on their bodies, the same would have happened to him. The wounds from both the fire and the spike clubs looked very harrowing.

Firentis expressed his gratitude in a very solemn manner. "Thank you very much for your concern, Lord Kant."

Firentis got off his horse and took a package from one of the bags hanging on the horse's back. He handed it to Kant and said, "Here are the belongings of that Jackalan shaman, My Lord."

"Huh?" Kant took hold of the package.

He opened it and found a staff that was broken in several places in it, as well as a book that looked rather old.

Kant's expression was serious.

The staff was made of some sort of thin wood. It had been snapped into several pieces after it was stomped on. Firentis had collected it in its entirety. The most eye-catching part was the top end of the staff, which contained a black gem that was about the size of an egg.

Kant had seen one of those back in the Dukedom of Leo. It was where the staff's power came from.

The royal mages in the castle all had similar staffs to aid with spellcasting.

The old book caught Kant's attention the most.

"What is this?" Kant was unable to help but frown.

He held the book in his hand. It felt rather soft. The cover of the book seemed to be crafted with a soft goat pelt. While the book had dirt and dust on it, it still made Kant's heart race. It was as if he was holding some incredible item.

At the same time, a dialog box from the system appeared.

[Ding... You have secured victory after fighting a bloody battle.]

[Main Quest: The First Powerful Enemy is complete.]

[Reward: 10,000 Denars, 1,000 Reputation, 10 Honor]

[Introduction: The act of defeating a powerful enemy was but a steppingstone. A new journey awaits, so please keep working hard. Believe in your abilities. None of your enemies will be as terrifying as your first powerful enemy. None will be able to stand in your way.]

It was obvious from the dialog box that the quest from the system had been completed.

Kant grinned.

He had expected this.

The Jackalan Tribe before him had been engulfed in flames. When the fire was extinguished, nothing but ruins would be left behind.

It was no longer a place where any Jackalan would live.

Even the ones that had survived the battle and made it out would not be able to survive long in the harsh conditions of the Nahrin Desert. Furthermore, the extreme heat and cold between day and night were enough to take their lives.

When he was still mulling over the aftermath of the battle, a new dialog box appeared on his retina.

[Ding... You have obtained stunning results due to having won the battle despite heavily outnumbered.]

[Evaluation Acquired: Epic Victory]

[Reputation acquired x 100]

[Honor acquired x 1]

The result of that battle was evaluated by the system to be an epic victory.

Kant grinned at the results.

He had crushed a Jackalan Tribe that consisted of 2,000 Jackalans with only 300 men. He won despite being severely outnumbered and at a disadvantage. That evaluation was well within expectation.

Kant turned around.

He saw his limping troops behind him. The grin on his face gradually disappeared.

Despite being an ambush, his forces had suffered heavy casualties.

Only 10 Swadian Footmen were left.

Only 31 Swadian Militia members were left.

Only 46 Swadian Recruits were left.

Finally, only five Elite Desert Bandits were left.

The total of his surviving units was a mere 92.

It was as if he had been robbed clean. All of the reward he gained from the last battle was gone in that one battle.

War had a way of burning through one's resources quickly.

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

It was a consolation and relief that his surviving forces were at least able to get upgraded.

All troop classes after the upgrade would become elites.

"Open the list of troop classes."

Kant connected his mind with the system. A dialog box immediately appeared on his retina.

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[Upgradable Troop Class: Swadian Recruits x 46]

[Spend 10 Denars each to upgrade to Swadian Militia.]

[Ding... You have surplus experience. Your forces can be upgraded consecutively.]

...

[Upgradable Troop Class: Swadian Militias x 31]

[Spend 20 Denars each to upgrade to Swadian Footman/Swadian Skirmisher.]

[Ding... You have surplus experience. Your forces can be upgraded consecutively.]

...

[Upgradable Troop Class: Swadian Footmen x 10]

[Spend 50 Denars each to upgrade to Swadian Man-at-arms/Swadian Infantry.]

[Ding... You have surplus experience. Your forces can be upgraded consecutively.]

...

[Upgradable Troop Class: Elite Desert Bandits x 5]

[Spend 40 Denars each to upgrade to Sarrandian Horseman.]

[Ding... You have surplus experience. Your forces can be upgraded consecutively.]

...

The upgrade routes of the troop classes were clearly shown on the system's dialog box.

However, Kant's heart was racing.

The fruit of victory was indeed sweet.

All of his troops were available for upgrades.

Better yet, all of them were able to be upgraded further.

Even if they were to not be upgraded to become troop classes of higher levels, the quality of Kant's forces would be enhanced.

Kant only needed to make it through the exhaustion period after the war to take in the fruits of his victory and gain a second explosive growth in his forces.

It was just like how it had been with the night invasion back then.

However, a new dialog box appeared on his retina before Kant had begun to upgrade his troops.

[Ding... Extraordinary things were discovered after a careful inspection.]

[Special Quest: Explore the Mysterious is complete.]

[Reward: 5,000 Denars]

[Introduction: You have received loot from the Jackalan Tribe, which contained mystical powers.]

Kant was slightly stunned by what he saw in that dialog box from the system.

Special quest?

After a short while, Kant finally recalled something of that sort.

It was a special quest given by the system when he scouted the place the week before.

Kant had forgotten all about the special quest because he had been preoccupied with invading the Jackalan Tribe. He only came to suddenly remember the quest when he was reminded by the system.

He lowered his head and looked at the broken staff in the package, as well as the mysterious old book.

Kant knew deep down that those two things were what the system was talking about.

The system gave him the answer he sought.

[Ding... Side Quest assigned]

[Side Quest: Help from the System]

[Reward: Upgrade the village]

[Introduction: This is a world with mystical powers at work. Items holding conceptual powers contain energies that the system desperate needs. Will you allow the system to absorb the items?]

[Remark: The system will be amplified after absorbing the items.]

[Will you allow the system to absorb the items?]

Kant was thoroughly dumbfounded.

That side quest from the system did not even give him any choice regarding the matter.

The reward offered was the upgrade of his village.

Furthermore, there was also the remark, which he had never seen before. All of that meant that the system was in desperate need of those items.

Kant nodded and made his choice without hesitation. "Yes, I will."

The system was the only help he had in that world and the only thing he was truly able to rely on. Boosting the system led him to prosperity. Losing the system led to his downfall. Kant was not foolish enough to hold anything back from the system.

Besides, the system was his cheat.

It was held in such great importance that Kant deemed the cheat to be more precious than his parents in that world.