

Oasis 39

Chapter 39: The Terrifying First Wave

The battle commenced.

The red banner billowed in the wind. The golden lion in the middle looked as if it was baring its claws and fangs.

That banner was none other than Kant's Intimidation.

It was his trump card.

As long as the enemy was caught within 1,640 feet of the Intimidation banner's effect, the first effect would come into play, cutting down enemy morale and striking fear of Kant into the enemy.

The Jackalans were, at the moment, Kant's main enemy.

That meant the Jackalans were about to be subjected to its effects.

Owwwuuuu, wuuuuuuu

1

Their howls sounded like they came from beasts. The shrill noises emanated from their fang-filled mouths.

That was the only language the Jackalans were capable of learning.

The Jackalans, in massive numbers, charged as the howls were heard throughout the place. They rushed at the houses of the Oasis Lookout, bringing about a raging charge.

The night was dark.

However, the Jackalans had night vision, which meant they were able to detect the human soldiers standing at the ends of the street.

Eight days ago, they had developed a new grudge against the Oasis Lookout.

It accumulated along with the old hatred from 10 years ago regarding the Dukedom of Leo.

The Jackalans, which had little intelligence to begin with, were fueled by all those emotions. They charged even faster with their spiked clubs in hand.

Their expressions had grown more terrifying and ferocious.

Roar!

The Jackalan chieftain roared as he charged to the front. His mail armor clanked about wildly as he ran at great speeds.

He was eager to get a taste of enemy blood.

The Jackalans behind him shared the same sentiment.

They had no strategies to speak of.

They had no concept of formations.

As primitive, foolish creatures, they only knew how to slaughter.

Suddenly, something else happened.

As they continued to charge, getting increasingly close to the Oasis Lookout, their minds began to waver.

The same thing happened with the Jackalan Chieftain.

His green eyes were filled with brutality and ferocity.

However, that was not all his eyes displayed.

There was also a hint of fear of the human soldiers.

They were now just 1,640 feet away from the Oasis Lookout.

1

The Intimidation banner had begun to work.

Its effects had been activated.

The Jackalans, which had been charging quickly at the humans, were all stunned for a bit after getting within a 1,640-foot radius of the banner. They continued to charge, but all their ferocity and wrath were lost.

Their morale was instantly diminished.

Worse still for the Jackalans, their method of combat needed strong, explosive morale more than anything else.

Once the morale diminished, bad things followed.

It worked the same with the Jackalans.

...

“For Swadia!”

Neat, high-spirited shouts were heard throughout Drondheim.

The soldiers standing ready at the eastern end of the street, stared down at the charging Jackalan troops with resolute expressions. Along with panic seen deep in their eyes, there was also psychological readiness for a grim future.

If they were not able to survive, they saw nothing else to do but give it their all.

The soldiers were at the eastern end of the street.

It was the location the 2,000-strong Jackalan forces were heading.

It was where a bloody slaughter was about to happen, as well as where the stench of blood was going to be thickest.

Only 30 Swadian Recruits were standing at the forefront of the street with their shields raised and spears extended from the cracks between the shields.

The tips of their spearheads gleamed.

Behind them stood 60 Swadian Peasants. They physically sealed off the 32-foot-wide street off in tightly packed formations. They raised their long scythes and faced forward, trying to form a tight defensive formation.

They were determined to make themselves into a force able to make the mouths of their enemy bleed with a single bite.

That was not the only formation put in place.

Kant had 35 of his best second-level troop class standing by at the rooftops.

Their loaded hunting crossbows were readied and capable of shooting bolts at any given moment.

Heater shields and heavy spears were laid down right beside them. They armed themselves with the combat shovel, which was better at fighting up close and personal.

They were doing so to prepare themselves against any Jackalan that managed to climb up to the rooftops.

These were all traditional Swadian houses. As such, they were about 9.8 feet tall. Even with the triangular roofs taken into account, the height was still within 11.4 feet tall. It was not that much of a barrier against the Jackalans.

3

“They’re here!”

Scholar Hank spoke with a deep voice, which turned Kant’s attention forward.

Kant narrowed his gaze on the enemy as he held his light crossbow. The Jackalans were close enough that he could smell their stench.

It was a stench that belonged only to the Jackalans.

As they rapidly charged, the Jackalans covered the 1,640-foot distance in no time.

Black shadows filled the place. It was as if they were floodwater overcoming a dam, threatening to engulf everything before them as it gushed. The Jackalans were about to break into the Oasis Lookout and flood the soldiers at the end of the street in mere moments.

Shoop, shoop, shoop, shoop...

The sounds of bowstrings being let loose and bolts streaking through the air were heard.

The triggers had been pressed.

Be it Kant or the militia members on the rooftops, they all attacked at the same time without being given an order.

Iron bolts were instantly seen flying toward the enemy.

Blood splattered among the Jackalans who were at the very front. The tips of the iron bolts easily pierced through their hide, tearing at the muscles beneath the layer of fat under their skin. It ruptured their blood vessels and left deep wounds on their bodies.

Oowwww!

1

Shrilled howls were heard. The eyes of the Jackalans shot at the front glittered with bloodlust.

The shots from the hunting crossbows had yet to cause lethal damage against the Jackalans.

Still, there were exceptions.

Four Jackalans who had likely been hit in vital areas. They slowed and dropped to the ground. They were quickly stomped on by the Jackalans charging from behind without mercy. Whimpers were heard before they were snuffed out.

The charge had been a success.

The four who dropped to the ground were but a casualty like a drop of water in the ocean to the 2000-strong Jackalan forces.

However, that was still like pouring oil into a pan.

Morale was at an all-time high.

The red Intimidation banner with a golden lion called billowed slightly in the wind. The eyes of the Swadian Recruits guarding the end of the street, who were already close enough to stare into the eyes of the Jackalans, glittered with excitement.

The fourth effect was activated.

Enemy casualties on the battlefield boosted the morale of the friendly forces.

“All hail Swadia!”

The recruits shouted. The ferocity derived from courage allowed them to give it their all, leaving them all with determined expressions.

The odds were further stacked against the Jackalans.

The Jackalans fiercely crashed into the formation at the end of the street.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang...

Sounds that resembled something heavily hitting wooden boards were heard. In actuality, it was the Jackalans frenziedly crashing into the spears and seemingly sturdy shields at the end of the street. They were using their bodies and spiked clubs to try and break through.

The Jackalans' charge was truly insane. Despite there being spears and long scythes right before them, they came crashing down without hesitation.

Crack, crack, crack...

The sounds of wood being snapped were heard.

The Swadian Recruits at the forefront painfully whelped.

3

The entire formation was right before Kant's eyes. The Swadian Recruits had backed up four or five steps before they finally stopped. The 12 Swadian Recruits at the front taking on the enemy head-on had already dropped dead to the ground.

The recruits were holding their shields steady with their left shoulders, extending their spears through the cracks between their shields with their right hands.

The peasants behind them helped by holding the spears of the recruits, enabling the weapons to stay steady against the enemy's power.

They still suffered massive casualties as the Jackalans tore at them.

Shields were cracked and shattered, and spears were broken. More than 20 Jackalans were brought down by the spears and long scythes, but the formation seemed to be on the verge of collapse.

The edge provided by sheer numbers had completely overwhelmed a strategy of superior quality.

If it had not been for the Intimidation banner, which continued to billow without any winds blowing, boosting the morale of the Swadian troops and urging them to advance, morale would have probably suffered a sharp drop among the troops holding the street after being dealt with such a horrifying charge.

All of them had been living people.

"In the name of Swadia, hold the line!"

Kant's voice was heard shouting throughout the street.

However, his voice fell onto deaf ears. The place was drowned with shouts and noises of slaughter by any remaining recruits and peasants, as well as howls from the Jackalans. All of those sounds drowned out any orders given by Kant.

The Swadian Recruits were struggling to keep the formation in place. They were no longer able to keep the spears steady. They dropped them just to keep their shields up and protect the peasants behind them.

Long scythes were brought down from above or thrust from behind in the formation.

However, none of that lasted for long.

The bodies of Jackalans piled up on the ground. At the same time, Swadians were being brought down left and right by the Jackalans' spiked clubs.

As the noises of the battle raged, casualties were incurred on both sides every single second.

Jackalans had even emerged before the militia members on the rooftops.

They had no choice but to cast their hunting crossbows away and fight up close and personal using the heater shields and combat shovels.

However, things did not look good for Kant's forces.

"Scholar Hank, we need to retreat further away."

Kant gritted his teeth as he saw the troops before him being dropped one after another.

The first wave of the Jackalans' charge had almost brought down his lines of defenses altogether.

He knew that his forces were not able to last long. The Jackalans probably only needed a few more minutes to render his puny line of defense in Dronnheim non-existent. The enemy, which had terrifying numbers, was about to massacre his forces using the flesh and blood of their brethren to pave their path to victory.

Chapter 40: Mystical, Supernatural Power

"Retreat? We don't need to retreat."

Scholar Hank held on to his cane. His wrinkled face looked calm.

He sported a deadpan expression.

His wrinkled looks showed not only his age but also his experience, which eclipsed that of most people.

This was not his first time seeing such a brutal battle. Furthermore, as a well-informed and knowledgeable scholar of the Dukedom of Leo, Hank had mastered mystical powers while he was looking into the record. They had required a lot of studying to obtain and included things like spells.

"Rock Hide."

He tapped the ground lightly with his cane. A brown glimmer swept away from Scholar Hank.

The Swadian Recruits, who had been struggling to hold the line, were shrouded by the brown light. It seemed as if they were covered with brown stone. Although the layer was thin, it allowed them to stand stubbornly as if they were constructs of stone.

1

Even though they were being hammered by the spiked clubs of the Jackalans, causing the layer of stone on their skins to crack, but were able to tough it out instead of just spitting blood and immediately dropping to the ground.

It was the work of a spell cast by Scholar Hank.

“Is this...”

Kant was stunned.

He extended his hand intending to drag the scholar away, but he immediately halted.

“Level 1 earth elemental magic, Rock Hide.”

Scholar Hank wore a faint smile. His eyes shone with pride as he elaborated, “I have gotten to expert level with this spell. It is capable of allowing the troops to withstand five heavy impacts from the Jackalans. It is equivalent to giving each of them fine-scale armor.”

2

“That is really something.” Kant subconsciously gulped.

The Swadian troops at the front were no longer backing away from the Jackalans’ fierce impacts. They had even stood their ground and regrouped. They formed a defensive formation and continued to strike with their spears and long scythes.

The troops, who had stabilized their line of defense and put the formation back together, were being caught in a momentary deadlock.

It was attrition warfare from then on out.

The place had become a mill of the flesh and blood. It was like a slaughterhouse grinding lives down.

The night sky seemed to permeate the stench of blood from the slaughter.

As long as a side was unable to keep up with the attrition and had fear strike their hearts, the momentary deadlock was bound to be broken. The side overwhelmed with fear faced slaughter by the winning side.

Fighting on battlefields was extremely brutal.

“I never thought...”

Kant slightly shook his head. He smirked and said, “Master Hank, you are actually a mage.”

When Kant was studying in the academy with Scholar Hank, he had always thought the old man was a high-level scholar and nothing else. Kant had never seen any signs that Scholar Hank was a mage.

Scholar Hank chuckled and replied, “While I’m indeed a senior scholar of the academy, I’m also an honorary mage in the Association of Mages.”

“I don’t understand. That’s like two different worlds to me.”

Kant shook his head and kept the smirk on his face. “I’m really surprised.”

He was well aware of the so-called Association of Mages.

For Kant, he only knew what he had seen in the records.

The true mage tower was on the side of the castle, which was forbidden ground for Kant. Despite being the youngest son of the duke, he was deemed unqualified to venture inside. Thus, he had been unable to learn more about the place.

Instead, he had chosen to learn in the academy.

“The Association of Mages is extremely strict with their selection of mages. That much is no secret.”

1

Scholar Hank was able to sense Kant’s dejection from the tone of his voice.

The scholar stayed silent for a while before offering words of comfort and saying, “Although the mages mastered supernatural powers, those powers acquired through years of study and experimentation. If you were to become a competent mage, it would require no less than 30 years dedicated to magical studies.”

“That many years, eh? That’s quite a steep cost.”

Kant smirked. Despite having an apparent desire for supernatural powers, that was not a cost he willing to bear.

It was especially so given that he had a cheat with him.

His capabilities were not all that different from those capable of supernatural powers.

1

For instance, there was the Intimidation banner in his hand. As the battle went on and a great number of Jackalans were being brought down by the long scythes and spears, the red banner became increasingly gleaming and the golden lion looked increasingly fierce.

Brrroooooommm

Faint rumbles of thunder were heard on the battlefield.

Glimmers of shock were seen in the unforgiving eyes of the Jackalan Chieftain, who was commanding his forces at the center.

He was not the only one. The other Jackalans behind looked up as well.

The rumble of thunder had grown increasingly loud, yet there was not a single dark cloud shrouding the dazzling stars in the sky above. All of the Jackalans were puzzled. They wondered where that rumble of thunder, which seemed to be so close to their ears, actually came from.

Owwuuuu!

Shrieks of fear were heard among the Jackalans. The howls were how such a primitive race communicated.

The Jackalans at the rear started to waver. Even those who were still tearing at their enemies up front, whose eyes were filled with bloodlust as they tore at the human forces, also retreated. All signs of ferocity and brutality in their eyes disappeared without a trace.

The reverence and fear spread throughout their ranks and were gradually seen in the eyes of all the Jackalans around.

They soon discovered where the rumble had come from.

The 50 heavy cavalry units, which were in the form of the retainer knights, came crashing down at them with their lances extended.

“Hobson’s knights.”

The face of that wizened scholar looked rather relieved.

He smiled faintly as he turned around to look at Kant. He held up his cane and said, “Given that the plan is ongoing, I shall cast a level 2 spell afterward, Baron Knight. You will need to do your part after that.”

“Of course.” Kant nodded.

That had been the plan to begin with. It was just that no one had expected Scholar Kant to cast magic.

1

However, there was no doubt that it was indeed due to the spells cast by the scholar that Kant’s forces, which consisted of low-level troop classes, had been able to hold their own against such ferocious Jackalans attacking in such huge numbers. It helped turn the tables around and gave his forces a chance at winning.

“Poison Mist.”

Scholar Hank’s eyes glimmered slightly as he pointed his cane forward.

A mysterious connection seemed to have been built. Dirt-yellow light was conjured. It quickly turned into a green liquid. As the scholar willed, the liquid slithered through the Swadian troops struggling to resist the Jackalans. It finally struck the enemy hard, spraying all about the ranks of the Jackalans.

Fiiizzzz!

Owwuuuuu, wuuuuuuuu

The green liquid splattered on the bodies of the Jackalans. Intense corrosion was soon seen taking place.

Smoke rose into the air. A thick stench permeated the place. It was a result of the corrosive chemical effect taking place when the green liquid came into contact with flesh and blood. All the Jackalans splattered by the liquid howled in pain.

However, those howls did not last for long.

The corrosive liquid only took seconds to eat past their skin and coats and makes its way into the muscles and vessels underneath. Jackalans were hardy creatures, but they knelt on the ground coughing up blood in intense pain all the same. Those that were hit were rendered dead within seconds of their first whimper.

More than 39 feet of the battlefield, which had been packed with ferocious Jackalans, had almost been instantly cleared away.

“Do not hesitate, Baron Kant.”

Scholar Hank patted Kant’s back and said in a low voice, “This is an opportunity like no other, so don’t waste it.”

“Sure.” Kant immediately came to his senses.

He raised the Intimidation’ banner in his hand high and drew the short sword by his side. He charged forward shouting, “Brave warriors of Swadia, press forward! With me!”

“Kill them all!”

The handful of Swadian Recruits left standing roared in anger.

The peasants, who had suffered severe casualties, responded in the same manner. All of them raised their long scythes and pressed forward.

Courage welled from their hearts.

Even the militia members on the rooftops, who had long been fighting against the Jackalans while armed with their combat shovels and heater shields, roared angrily. The deaths of their comrades caused intense hate to explode within them.

The forces, which had dwindled to below 100, had forgotten all about possible injury and death.

They pressed forward with their weapons held high under Kant’s orders. They charged head-on against the Jackalans flooding into the street. They slaughtered the Jackalans until the Jackalans were no longer behaving like an army. Some of those primitive race had even begun to fear and run from the frenzied human soldiers.

Two effects of Intimidation activated at the same time.

Effect 3 easily dispersed enemy forces due to panic and fear.

Effect 4 boosted the forces’ morale when the enemy suffered casualties.

Morale immediately skyrocketed.

The tables had turned in favor of Kant’s forces.

The situation quickly becoming in their favor was so apparent that it would have turned a coward into a roaring butcher.

Even common peasants would have become Swadian warriors eagerly charging into battle.

“All hail Swadia!”

“Long live Lord Kant!”

The remaining eight Swadian Recruits swung about with their hand axes.

The remaining 19 Swadian Militia members brought their combat shovels onto their enemies.

The remaining 53 peasants tore at their enemies with their long scythes.

It was like they had all become bloodthirsty lunatics. They charged at their enemies with wild abandon, bringing down all of the Jackalans flooding the end of the street. They were all willing to go as far as was needed to kill all those Jackalans invading their village, even if it cost them their lives.

Owwuuuuuu!

The chieftain, who was wearing mail armor, angrily howled.

However, the chieftain, who had initially been an intimidating and commanding presence, had no way to stop his forces from faltering. The fear spread throughout the entire Jackalan force, causing their formations to crumble. Many Jackalans were seen running away.

The most apparent ones were on the frontlines fighting against the humans. They were so severely slaughtered that they began to flee.

There were also the ones on the flanks.

Hundreds of Jackalans stared ahead in fear and shock. Their gazes were locked hundreds of feet before them. The threatening, imposing knights were charging, and they were coming for the Jackalans.

The dust kicked up by the knights seemed to have been enough to block the sky from view.

The hoofs hit the ground hard, bringing about intense tremor and noises that sounded like thunder. It caused the legs of the Jackalans to wobble in fear.

The human heavy cavalry forces from 10 years ago re-emerged in their minds.

Mass panic had taken place among the Jackalans, and many began to flee.