

## Oasis 57

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

#### Chapter 57: Swadian Man-at-Arms

Kant had naturally made the right choice.

As a transported one, he knew that the cheat was the only power that he was truly able to rely on.

He gently lowered his head to look at the package in his hand. Bits of data streams were seen spreading all over the broken staff, seemingly encroaching and taking the powers within. The black gemstone at the top of the staff gradually dimmed and looked washed out.

This was the staff that had once belonged to the Jackalan shaman.

Since he had seen that shaman before, Kant had some impression of that spellcaster.

“He was killed by the javelins.”

As he saw Kant continue looking at the broken staff, Firentis began to explain. “We have the boys from Sarrand to thank for that.”

He was talking about the Desert Bandits. However, as someone who had a distaste of the likes of bandits, Firentis did not like calling them by their troop class name. He turned around and added, “I have to admit, the Sarrandians’ javelins are possibly the most powerful weapon to be found in the desert.”

“You’re right. I think so myself.” Kant nodded in agreement.

When it came to throwing weapons, the Sarrandians were every bit on par with the Nords, who were adept at throwing axes. The Sarrandians relied on nothing but their trusted javelins to do so.

It was especially so in the case of the Elite Desert Bandits, who were ferocious criminals who had reigned supreme in the vast deserts of Sarrand. The speed at which they rode their warhorses lent inertia to the javelins they expertly threw. Killing a target within a 64-foot radius was considered a piece of cake for them.

Despite being called supreme beings, mages did not actually have as much defense against cold weapons as heavily armed infantry units covered in metal from top to toe.

Kant had looked into the matter when he was in college.

In many of the books that detailed epic battles, the mages, who wielded either supernatural powers or supernatural items, were illustrated in glorious light, yet the records also exposed their weaknesses.

They were of mortal flesh.

They feared blades. They feared horses and spears. They also feared bows and arrows.

Kant was able to get useful information out of the books.

The best way to deal with the mages was to simply gather a group of archers, rain arrows over the area, and shatter their mystical defenses. That enabled one to make short work of those wielders of mystical powers, who were unable to resist such onslaughts of conventional weapons from over 320 feet away.

Besides, no mystical powers were able to attack something that was more than 320 meters away.

No wielders of such powers were able to resist having their bodies being pierced by cold weapons.

That provided Kant confidence while arranging for the Elite Desert Bandits to take out that shaman. First, he relied on their fearlessness. Second, he relied on their eerie accuracy with the javelins.

The color of the gem in his hand greatly dimmed.

The data streams that covered the item rapidly grew.

The system was quickly absorbing the gem's power.

Those mystical powers were probably magic as told in the legends he had read about.

It was a pity that he had no mastery of the arts of the mages. In his perspective, letting the system take the loot was a way to bestow some value to those items.

"But this book..."

Kant frowned slightly. The old, brown book still caught his attention.

The book made him feel as if he was holding onto one of the oldest books there was to be found in the college's library, which were precious items accessible only by high ranking scholars. Every book was hundreds. Some were even more than a thousand years old.

Since the system was still not absorbing the book, Kant continued to look at it.

The cover was very dirty and stained by dust and all manners of other dirty things, which gave it a brown color.

If he paid close enough attention to it, he could vaguely make out lines.

There seemed to have been something written on the cover.

He threw away the staff with the gemstone, which was about to have its contents wrung dry. He opened to the book and began to flip through it.

That curiosity he had developed back in college compelled him to do so.

The book was not very heavy. It felt more like a thin notebook that would have been used back on Earth in his past life.

He found the inside of it to be just as dirty as the cover. While he was able to somewhat make out the symbols on the page, they were simply too dirty to be read.

The Jackalan shaman had intelligence comparable to a human grown-up, but the same could not have been said about his hygiene habits.

He flipped the page in a rather displeased manner.

As he expected it, the next page was just as dirty.

“What a damn waste.”

Kant was unable to help but coldly snort.

As he was about to continue flipping the pages, he was surprised to find that the old book contained only two pages.

He scanned the page closely and found it to be something that resembled papyrus.

The leather cover of the old book took up most of the book’s thickness. The pages were simply stuffed within for safekeeping.

“What a pity.” Kant shook his head.

If the system had determined the book to have mystical powers, it would have been of greater value than it appeared to be.

Kant was quickly reminded of Scholar Hank.

If his college teacher were present, that old man would have possibly been able to tell what that book had actually been.

Then again, when he thought about it, if the scholar had been present, he would not have agreed to let Kant allow the system to absorb the book. Kant would not have even been able to reveal that he was capable of upgrading his forces with seemingly nothing. That was his cheat and the only thing that he was able to truly trust.

He knew that it would have been a sin just being able to use such a cheat.

The system’s data streams quickly wrapped around the book, absorbing it in no time.

The gemstone on the ground was now nowhere to be seen. Only the empty cavity on the staff that used to house the gemstone remained. It was obvious that the gemstone had been completely absorbed by the system.

A dialog box from the system suddenly appeared on Kant’s retina.

[Ding... Your arduous effort allowed the system to fully absorb the mystical powers of those two items.]

[Side Quest: Help from the System is complete.]

[Reward: Upgrade the village]

[Introduction: You have helped the system absorb mystical powers and have earned a mystical reward. Your village can now be upgraded. Please choose your route of upgrades wisely.]

A golden card appeared at the bottom of the dialog box.

Kant was able to instantly tell that he was able to upgrade his village if he used that card.

However, he saw fit to do so only when he returned to the village.

At the moment, Kant needed to focus on upgrading his troops, who had all gained tremendous experience and were ready to be upgraded.

“Open the troop-class page.”

Kant willed the system in his mind and confidently said, “Upgrade all of them.”

He had just completed a main quest, which instantly gave him 10,000 Denars. He had quite suddenly become very rich.

[Ding... System Prompt]

[Current upgrades and further upgrades will cost 2,300 Denars.]

[Do you wish to upgrade?]

Kant replied without hesitation, “Yes, upgrade them all.”

There was nothing he had to hesitate about.

That was especially so since after Kant finished the system’s main quest, it left more than 10,000 Denars in his balance. Upgrading all of them made a minimal dent to his balance.

For him, the 2,300 Denars were nothing worth mentioning.

[Ding... Please select your troop class for upgrade.]

[Swadian Militias x 46 available upgrade: Swadian Skirmishers/Swadian Footmen]

Those were further upgrades available after the Swadian Recruits were upgraded.

Kant had nothing to hesitate about. He currently did not need ranged combatants, so he made his choice and said, “Swadian Footmen.”

For now, he needed warriors able to serve his main force on the battlefield.

The system provided another dialog box.

[Ding... Please select your troop class for upgrade.]

[Swadian Footmen x 41 available upgrade: Swadian Infantry/Swadian Men-at-Arms]

Kant slightly shuddered when he saw that.

The time had finally come.

He was about to get Swadian Men-at-Arms.

They were the strongest fourth-level troop class and the only one at a fourth level capable of wearing armor all over. Furthermore, their warhorses were clad in armor, which made them true heavy cavalry units. That allowed them to serve as kings running over enemies on the battlefield.

They were also the greatest troop class of the Swadian fighting forces. They were just one level below Swadian Knights.

Having those Swadian Men-at-Arms meant that he had the capacity for riders clad in armor to run over low-level troop classes at his fancy on the flatlands. That gave him a powerful force capable of mopping up many enemy forces with ease.

“Upgrade them to become Swadian Men-at-Arms!”

Kant was almost rushing into the decision.

With 41 Swadian Footmen leveling up to become Swadian Men-at-Arms, his forces were about to experience a leap like that of upgrading a peashooter to a cannon.

Both were Swadian troops and clad in metal armor.

However, the mobility afforded by the horses of the Men-at-Arms made them all the more precious.

In other words, those kinds of heavy cavalry units served as heavy infantry units after dismounting, yet a class like Swadian Footmen was unable to serve as cavalry units due to a lack of riding training.

Scrruuuffff

The dialog box on Kant’s retina instantly disappeared. The sounds of noisy warhorses were suddenly heard all over the place.

He grinned as he turned his head around to see the change.

The 41 Swadian Men-at-Arms were seen on their horses. Both entities were clad in armor. They were scanning around the place while holding their lances high. They all looked on with coldness in their eyes behind their helmets at the roaring flames burning before them.

The 46 Swadian Footmen, who were wearing mail armor, stood right behind the Men-at-Arms.

The Footmen served as the main force in maintaining the frontlines while the Men-at-Arms served as battering rams out to crush their enemies’ psychological defenses. The fact that they were stationed in the desert and had to ride their horses through soft sand did not change how invincible and powerful they were.

Kant turned around to look at the five Elite Desert Bandits who had become Sarrandian Horsemen.

All of them wore iron armor and held fine sabers. However, the desert horses they rode, which were unarmored, slightly paled in comparison to that of the Swadian Men-at-Arms, which were also a fourth-level troop class.

However, he knew that those five Sarrandian Horsemen were able to continue leveling up, which have made them the most fearsome troop class.

It was a fifth-level troop class that was even more suited to battles in the desert—the Mamlukes.

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

#### **Chapter 58: The Well in the Ruins**

The sky was getting increasingly brighter.

By the time dawn arrived, everything in the Jackalan Tribe that succumbed to the fire had burned to ash.

A thick burning stench permeated the place as black smoke billowed in the air.

Charred, curled bodies were seen strewn about. They looked as if they were poor victims of a great fire. For the Swadians who had been setting up camp not far away, every single one who died deserved it.

For the sake of the Oasis Lookout's safety, the Jackalans had to die.

It was a slaughter carried out between different races. For the sake of the survival of one's own race, the other one had to go.

It was truly that simple.

Inside a tent, Kant woke up. Given that he had not even slept for two hours, he was still very tired. However, it was not the time to rest. He still had many things to take care of.

He lifted the drape in the tent and went outside.

"My Lord."

Two Swadian Men-at-Arms were standing guard outside his tent. They bowed slightly and greeted their lord respectfully.

Clad in cavalry mail armor from top to bottom, the two men made quite a bit of noise when they moved. The warhammers strapped to their waists had a spike on one end, which enabled the weapon to easily punch through an enemy's armor and helmet. It was truly a formidable armor-piercing weapon.

"Yeah." Kant nodded.

The Swadian Men-at-Arms were his most elite troop class, but there were only 41 of them. Yet, these mounted units, who were clad in armor from top to toe, were effectively capable of serving as tanks. If they went on a frontal charge, they could easily run over up to 500 Jackalans.

Furthermore, he also had 46 Swadian Footmen right behind them. They also wore mail armor, which enabled them to fight with the Swadian Men-at-Arms as infantry units.

If there were 200 more Swadian Militia members behind and Kant struck the Jackalan Tribe with such a force, in accordance with the strategy that had taken place before dawn, the casualties would have been significantly lower. This current lineup of forces would have allowed him to easily crush the Jackalans' psychological defenses faster.

In the era of cold weapons, heavy cavalry units served as the key to making someone a king on the battlefield.

"Where is Firentis?"

Kant slightly frowned as he looked around the camp.

He asked the footmen, who were patrolling while holding their heavy spears, "Have any of you seen Firentis?"

"Lord Kant, he is currently patrolling the area with the Sarrandian Horsemen."

The footman who took the lead bowed respectfully and replied, "We found tracks of Jackalans. They seem to be the ones who managed to flee in the attack. They probably came back here to take a look thinking that we had all left."

"Is that so, huh?" Kant nodded and said, "Stay sharp, and keep your eyes peeled."

"Understood." The footmen bowed.

Kant waved and dismissed them, gesturing for them to continue patrolling. However, he took what that footman said to heart.

While the attack on the Jackalan Tribe had been a success, and better still an epic victory, Kant knew that the achievement was gained by crushing their forces instead of actually killing every single one of them.

Then again, having one's forces crushed and having one's forces entirely wiped out did not actually make much of a difference on the battlefield.

A group of scattered soldiers was hardly considered a fighting force, just like how cattle about to be slaughtered were no longer considered livestock.

Such beings were reduced to food. In his case, they were reduced to merit in combat.

Gallop sounds were quickly heard from the faraway dunes. Firentis led the remaining five Sarrandian Horsemen back to the temporary camp.

"Halt."

Firentis pulled his reins and bowed to Kant, saying, "Good morning, My Lord."

Kant nodded and replied, "Morning."

He looked at Firentis and the five Sarrandian Horsemen. A frown appeared on his face as he said, "Something tells me that you guys ran into those filthy primitive beasts when you were patrolling."

The linen robes covering their armor had blotches of blood on them, making the fact easy to tell.

Firentis did not bother hiding it and said, "Scattered groups of Jackalans were seen when the sun just came up. We drove quite a number of them off and prevented them from gathering again to ensure that they were not trying anything funny at our camp."

"Good work." Kant smiled and voiced his approval.

While the job was simple, it was still quite bloody.

Firentis and the Sarrandian Horsemen, who were once Desert Bandits, likely showed no mercy to those scattered Jackalans. The riders only had to hit those creatures harder to ensure they stayed where they were for good.

"Lord Kant." Firentis turned around and asked, "What should we be doing next?"

"Next?"

Kant frowned, thinking that the matter needed careful consideration.

Kant looked up at the blackened, charred ruins before him. Black smoke was still rising into the air. The disgusting stench of burned things wafted throughout the area. Kant said, "Let's search the battlefield."

While all of them were regular humans, they were still warriors with steely hearts.

They were used to the charred stench of war, especially since it was common throughout the Continent of Caradia. As such, none of them felt anything much about it. They had no problems continuing to search the burned ruins.

The sight of charred dead bodies was not something that would make them sick.

Only poor children had such reactions. The charred bodies were not all that different than burned chicken to the warriors.

Kant gave the order to search the battlefield.

The forces on standby immediately made arrangements. The 46 Swadian Footmen went up first. They stepped on the charred things and bodies, as well as flipped the still-burning ashes with their weapons about without paying any heed to the warm ruins. They need to find out if there was anything of value left behind.

The 41 Swadian Men-at-Arms led their horses as they gathered.

If anything unforeseen were to happen, the heavy cavalry units were able to quickly react. That was because of the experience they had gained fighting in many battles.

The search was a quick one.

There was no way anything of value in the Jackalan Tribe, which was already reduced to charred ruins, would have been spared by the fire.

There were only old broken urns, bones that somehow were capable of resisting the fire, rocks, and similar trinkets left in the ashes of the ruins. The search revealed that the Jackalan Tribe hardly even had iron items with them.

"Hey, what's this?"

However, several Swadian Footmen seemed to have found something interesting.

They stood at a site of the ruins that seemed more elevated than anywhere else. They flipped the ashes away with the heavy spears in their hand. They quickly discovered something solid getting in their way.

They looked at each other and put their spears aside. They brushed the pitch-black dust and ash off without paying any heed to the residual heat. The entire pile of ash seemed to have suddenly lost its support and collapsed, revealing a 6-foot-wide hole in the ground. Clear splashes of water were heard as the fallen debris collapsed.

There was water inside the hole.

The footmen were very surprised, especially considering where they were currently located.



They were in the Nahrin Desert. It was a barren, dry place where water was a scarce resource. Yet, splashes of water were heard from inside that hole. It was clear that the hole was an incredibly rare water supply point in the desert.

In other words, it was a well.

The footmen quickly relayed the news to the ones behind them.

A well was an important discovery.

The importance of the news was on par with having discovered a mountain pile of silver or gold coins.

Kant reacted calmly to the news. He had been expecting to find a well somewhere in there anyway. When he came to scout the place the first time, he had seen the Jackalan shaman arranging for members of the tribe to get their daily fill of water. He had long speculated that there was a well somewhere in the tribe's primitive camp.

While water was a scarce resource rarely found in a desert, that was not to say that there was no water in the desert at all.

Furthermore, given how there were hardly any plants found and water vapor at the surface was scarce, the underground water reserves were likely incredibly massive. That was why oases existed in deserts. They were peculiar environments made possible by underground water reserves emerging to the surface.

When Kant approached the well, a dialog box was suddenly seen on his retina.

[Ding... Side Quest assigned]

[Side Quest: Mysteries in the Well]

[Quest Reward: Posthouse x 1]

[Introduction: Gleaming water is seen in the well, but your eagle-like eyes seem to have discovered something at the bottom of the well. While you are unable to see what is down there, you are still able to sense a mystical aura emanating from it. You are determined to take it.]

The system had given him another side quest.

Kant frowned slightly and felt the introduction to be a rather exasperating one. Eagle-like eyes were something that he did not have.

Regardless, he walked up to the side of the well and peered inside. The water was indeed gleaming, and there seemed to be something reflecting light from the bottom of the approximately 16-foot-deep well.

Kant squinted to take a better look.

He actually found something at the bottom of the well.

He took a closer look and found that the thing seemed to be a golden disk. However, it remained obscure he could not truly make out what it was.