

Oasis 137

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 137: Self-destructing Formation

On the dune, 300 Jackalan pirates carried their two-handed battle axes as they walked forward.

However, their expressions were getting woeful.

This was because when they saw the city walls and arrow towers on the Oasis Lookout. Their mind had become irascible after the long journey, right now their anger had turned into flames that rose in the severely dehydrated chests.

Their eyes turned red when they looked at the stone buildings. Their emotions were almost out of control.

“This isn’t right.”

The pirate leader gripped his two-handed battle axe tightly.

The rage stirred within its head, it swung its battle axe and wanted to kill all the cowardly, stinky low-level races around him. Only then he could ease the anger and hatred in his heart.

These low-level Jackalans lied to them.

These low-level Jackalans that they found and gathered said that there was nothing in the Oasis Lookout. There was no arrow tower, no city wall, and no fortress.

“Howl –”

The angry howl came from the throat of the pirate leader, with a mournful and despairing hatred.

The surrounding Jackalan pirates also howled and raised their battle axes high. Even though their throats were dry and cracked due to the lack of water, they still let out this mournful howl, as if they were in a desperate situation.

This was a way for them to release the emotions in their hearts.

Once on the Sea of Stars, they would howl until they were done. With the resolution to die, they destroyed one powerful enemy after another.

Although the Jackalans were not good at fighting in the water, they still dared to risk their lives!

But now, no matter how much they howled and how mournful they were, the despair in their hearts completely engulfed the willingness to win the battle. Even if they risked their lives, they still had no chance of winning.

Oasis Lookout had long become the territory of the humans.

It was built of stone, with arrow towers and city walls. It was a fortress that could only be conquered with siege weapons.

This was not a merchant ship or warship.

It was not a ship deck that could be jumped onto using ropes and fought.

The towering arrow towers and upright city walls had already formed an absolute barrier. It made the exhausted Jackalan pirates, who had come a long way, felt extremely despair.

The expedition army of the Kingdom of Gray Mane had obviously prepared siege weapons.

After all, they had made up their minds to conquer the cities and fortresses of the human kingdom and establish a Jackalan-led colony.

However, these 300 Jackalan pirates didn't.

They were only the outpost of the expedition army and belonged to the advance party. They were here to scout the way.

Their mission was to contact the Jackalan tribe and prepare the food and water for the expedition army to reach the southern part of the Nahrin Desert. They would replenished the food and water in time to ensure that their combat strength would recovered in a short period of time.

It was that simple.

Although they still had a secret mission.

It was only to kill the Jackalan shaman and the chieftain to take control of the low-level Jackalan tribe that was not under their command.

It was definitely not like this because the Jackalan tribe had been burnt down by the humans and turned into ruins. Even the water wells had been buried. They needed to dig a huge pit that was seven meters deep and more than 20 meters wide to find water the size of a basin.

Not to mention the 3,000-man expeditionary force, even if there were 300 of them, each of them would dried up after a few sips.

This was a serious lack of water, and they did not have any supplies.

That was why the pirate leader decided to gather all the Jackalan who were still on the verge of death in the desert, or to recruit the small Jackalan tribe. They would use the advantage of large fleet to occupy the Oasis Lookout. After obtaining fresh water supplies, they would took the lead in setting up the outpost base and wait for the expedition army to arrive.

Otherwise, when the expedition army and arrived at the south side of the Nahrin Desert ran out of supplies, they would still be exhausted.

They could endured the lack of water, but they still need to drink water.

Originally, the Oasis Lookout was the motivation for them to come here, but now, they were in a deeper despair.

"We have failed."

The pirate leader said in a weak voice, his voice filled with sorrow.

Even if it had spent a lot of effort to gather all these inferior races and form a cannon fodder army of more than 3,000 Jackalans, facing such giant city wall, they could not do anything without siege weapons.

The pirates behind it were all silent, no one said a word.

But their eyes were filled with hatred, anger, and reluctance.

They were already prepared to die in battle, but they did not want to die in such a humiliating way.

“Fight with your life! We still have a chance. The followers of the storm monarch will not give up!”

Some of the Jackalan pirates raised their two-handed battle axes in anger and pointed their sharp axes at the fortress in front, they roared, “We’re going to die anyway. If we can break through the gate of the human fortress, we can win. That’s what we did when we broke into the fortress defended by the lizardmen. No one is a match for us in close combat!”

Their words made all the Jackalan pirates shake off their depression.

The pirate leader was the same.

It gripped the battle axe tightly, its eyes looking at the fortress a thousand meters away, as he growled, “Let these cannon fodder die, we must charge in too, this is the only way we can survive!”

“Roar! Kill, Kill, Kill!”, the savage nature of these Jackalan pirates surged out from their souls.

The surrounding low-level Jackalan looked at them in fear.

The native Jackalans of the Nahrin Desert didn’t have the slightest will to resist these high-level Jackalans.

Their intelligence was very low.

And the Jackalan from the Kingdom of Grey Mane were very strong.

These low-level Jackalan who were already on the verge of death and had no way to survive. Under the threat and enticement, they finally made up their minds to follow these obviously higher-level intelligent Jackalan shaman. They set off towards the Oasis Lookout, wanted to take back the water source that had been occupied by humans.

Slowly moving forward, the group of Jackalan moved forward in a mess. They climbed over the dune and arrived a kilometer away from the city wall.

Drondheim only had two city gates, on the east and south sides.

These Jackalan did not discover the city gates.

However, when many Jackalans scattered towards the two sides, they discovered a small lake on the west side of the city wall. These low-level Jackalans had not drunk enough water for many days, they were overly excited like they were gone mad.

If it weren’t for the high-level Jackalan pirates scolded and suppressed them, they would have already rushed over to drink the water.

“There are archers, don’t take risks.”

These intelligent high-level Jackalan clearly saw the archers in the arrow towers and attics.

They were experienced in this.

The lizardmen were good at using crossbows, while the elves were good at using bows. Without sufficient siege weapons, they definitely couldn’t attack the heavily guarded fortress, because the continuous crossbow and arrow attacks would still be capable to kill the strongest Jackalan.

But thinking of this, they became more and more desperate.

Their current weakness was that they did not have siege weapons.

If they had large shields covered with leathers to block the rain of arrows, they could go to the lakeside to drink water one by one.

But not to mention large shields, there were not even trees in the desert. It was impossible to make them. This was not the Mannheim Coast with vast greenery, where there were enough trees to be cut down by their two-handed battle axes and then cut into wooden boards.

“Lord, we can only attack the city gate of this fortress first.”

Some pirates suggested, suppressing the thirst for water from their drying throats. “This lake is a trap. I can see the human archers and crossbowmen, waiting for us to approach.”

“Then move.”, the pirate leader gritted his teeth and gave the order.

However, the low-level Jackalans who were extremely thirsty became impatient to the order.

Many of them even wanted to leave the team and run towards the lake.

Ever since the well was destroyed, these low-level Jackalan were already unable to endure their hunger and thirst. Although they continued to use their instincts to dig out the well and eat the corpses of their dead companions, they could no longer endure it.

They were a low-level race after all and did not have the intelligence of a high-level Jackalan.

Now that they saw the water, they became crazy.

“Roar!”

The roars could not be stopped. The low-level Jackalans could not hold it in any longer and ran towards the lake on the west side of the Oasis Lookout. Their eyes were filled with the desire for water and they did not notice that in the attic of the city wall. The Swadian crossbowmen already tightened their crossbows and the Vaegirs archers on the arrow tower had drawn their longbows as well.

“Huff Huff Huff Huff Huff...”

About 300 low-level Jackalans directly ran into the lake. The splashes of water wetted their gray fur. These brave Jackalan enjoyed the first bit of water.

They drank large mouthfuls of the clear lake water, enjoying the hard-earned moisture.

Behind them, even more low-level Jackalan were restless.

Even if the 300 Jackalan pirates held the line and used their two-handed battle axes to chop off a few Jackalan's heads, it would messed up the formation. The low-level Jackalans wanted to disperse on their own, and couldn't wait to go to the lake to drink water.

The physiological thirst for water had almost blinded the hearts of these low-level Jackalans.

"Damn it! All of you low-level races, stand where you are! Stand where you are!"

The pirate leader and his subordinates raised their bloody battle axes and threatened the low-level Jackalans who were about to collapse before they even made contact with the enemy. Their eyes were filled with bloodshot.

Of course, they knew that this was a human trap.

However, their hearts were filled with desperation. This was an obvious trap. The small lake was meant to lure the troops that were about to collapse due to the dehydration!

However, their endurance had become weaker, even if they had the blood of a low-level Jackalan.

When more Jackalan saw that their comrades were drinking water without restraint, they almost could not bear it.

The formation became more and more chaotic.

Even the low-level Jackalan at the back were staring at the front with red eyes.

No one noticed that at the top of the dune where they came from, dozens of human cavalries had gathered. They were silently watching the formation of these low-level Jackalans. It became more and more scattered and more and more chaotic, they were even about to completely collapse.

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Chapter 138: A Brutal Internecine

On the arrow tower and the city wall, the Vaegirs archers and the Swadian crossbowmen were ready to shoot.

The archers pulled the longs bows into full moon shape, and the crossbow was tightened. The iron arrowheads of the arrows and crossbow arrows were aimed under the city wall. On the other side of the 30-meter wide lake, there were low-level Jackalans kneeling on the shore, fighting for water.

The splashing sounds of water and the howls of the werewolves fighting.

There were also the anxious howls of those who had not drunk the water.

It was as noisy as a wet market outside the lake, but the city walls and arrow towers were completely silent.

Everyone was waiting for orders.

Kant's orders.

He stood on the top floor of the council hall, but moved from the north to the west. He stood behind the concave-shaped arrow-blocking wall, quietly watching the low-level Jackalans who had lost control and were fighting for water regardless of the formation.

When he saw they were all swinging their spiked club to fight each other for water, he wanted to laugh.

"This is the enemy we are prepared for."

Kant's lips curled into a smile, seemingly mocking and disdainful.

But in the depths of his eyes, there was a coldness as cold as winter. He clenched his teeth tightly, and his voice came out from the gaps between his teeth. "This joke is too funny."

Firentis and Manid looked not happy as well.

They had been busy for so many days.

They were careful, afraid that something would go wrong.

Even the most important agricultural foundation at the moment, the five acres of date palm forest, had been completely cut down.

In exchange for this.

A group of messy, low-level Jackalans without any tactics to speak of, knelt by the lake and drank big mouthfuls of water. They did not care about the archers on the city wall in front of them who were already aiming at them. They only knew that their throat was so thirsty that it was about to smoke, crazily filling their stomachs with lake water was their priority.

They weren't troops at all, and they weren't soldiers at all.

They were just a group of lowly beggars who had fled here and wanted to live.

They were trash, giving the order to shoot was a waste of arrows!

More low-level Jackalans broke away from their impetuous formation and ran over in a hurry. They buried their heads in the lake water and drank big mouthfuls of the cold lake water. Their stomachs were extremely bloated, and they were unwilling to give way to the Jackalan behind them.

Their physiological thirst for water had already made them lose their rationality.

They selectively ignored about the current situation.

They ignored the city wall on the other side of the lake. They didn't care about the human archers who had already drawn their bows and arrows. They only knew whoever obstructed them from drinking water, they used the spiked club in their hands to smash them, whether they were once the same race.

Fresh blood was flowing, and some Jackalans were even beaten unconscious. They slowly lost their breath as they were trampled.

The smell of blood became stronger.

The smell stimulated the ferocity of those low-level Jackalans who couldn't drink the water in time.

The spiked club swung wildly. These Jackalans were eager to drink the water didn't care about the lives of their companions. They only knew that if their companions fell, they would be able to take a step forward and drink the water, and they would be able to survive!

In just a short ten minutes, there was a crazy slaughter by the lake.

Those low-level Jackalans were red-eyed and treated their own kind as enemies that prevented them from surviving.

"Lord."

Firentis slowly opened his mouth and said calmly, "This battle has already ended."

Manide's expression was the same.

There were nearly five hundred Jackalans crazily killing each other for the sake of drinking water. Even if there were crossbowmen on top of their heads shooting at any time, they were still killing like enemies. In just a few minutes, more than 100 Jackalans had fallen in this chaotic battle, and their blood had dyed the lake red.

Yes.

The battle had indeed ended.

The expected fierce siege attack did not appear.

The well-prepared city defense fortifications and the soldiers who were united as a city were now useless.

It was like they had become a joke.

They stood on the top of their city walls and arrow towers, watching the group of low-level Jackalans killing each other. Moreover, from the large troops a kilometer away, more and more Jackalans were rushing over sake of drinking water. They didn't care at all and fought with the other remaining Jackalans. There were corpses and blood everywhere on the shore.

They all killed each other, as if they were blood feuds for generations.

Kant watched all of this coldly.

He snorted coldly and waved his hand forward, "All of you shoot."

He felt a little tired.

There was no need to continue watching. This group of low-level Jackalans had already lost the ability to attack the city. Even if they used the ant-climbing tactic and piled their corpses against the seven-meter-high city wall, it was impossible for them to climb into the attic.

Killing each other had already depleted the remaining trust of this group of low-level Jackalans.

"All of you fire!"

The messengers shouted and conveyed Kant's order.

The Ravenstern rangers stationed at the top of the council hall reacted the fastest.

They raised their heavy bows and looked down from the top of the council hall. They aimed at their preset targets and mercilessly fired a volley of arrows at the Jackalans who were still fighting by the lake.

The sound of arrows whistling through the air.

The archers on the city walls and on the arrow towers also received the order to pull the triggers or release the tightened bowstrings.

The rain of arrows poured down like a waterfall.

The air was filled with the miserable cries tearing apart by the arrows.

"Puff Puff Puff Puff Puff Puff Puff Puff --"

The arrowheads penetrated the flesh.

The Jackalans who were still fighting each others irrationally by the lake instantly fell to the ground at the same time.

Before the Jackalans could react, the archers who were shooting at a faster speed nocked their bows again. They shot another rain of arrows, pinning the remaining Jackalans to the ground like hedgehogs.

The shooting range was less than 30 meters, so there was almost no need to aim too much.

The power of the arrows and crossbows was also at its strongest.

These low-level Jackalans did not have armor on their bodies. They were all wearing tattered linen robe and animal skin. At such a close distance, their skin and muscles, even their bones could be penetrated easily.

They all let out miserable howls .

These Jackalans finally reacted.

They looked at the human archers on the city walls and arrow towers in horror and began to retreat.

But at this time, the Swadian archers pulled the trigger again.

The heavy crossbow bolts arrived in an instant.

The slow-moving Jackalan's back was pierced through. If it was unlucky ,the arrows directly pierced into its lungs. As it ran, the blood in its mouth surged up, its legs went limp and it knelt on the ground. It breathed in but did not breathe out, and his pupils were dilated.

Low-level Jackalans were not Kant's opponent.

"Firentis."

Kant's face was calm as he ordered, "Lead all the heavy cavalry and prepare to attack."

"Understood.", Fateh nodded.

Without hesitation, he turned around and left the council hall. He gathered the heavy cavalry troops under his command. As the south gate opened, the horses stepped on its horseshoes and stepped into the soft sand.

Behind Firentis, there was a Swadian heavy cavalry wielding [Intimidation] .

A golden lion in red background fluttered in the wind behind him. An eye-catching [Lion Knight Order Medal], with the same golden lion in red background but with the size of a palm, was attached on his chest

With the addition of the two great items, Firentis was full of confidence.

This was also the reason why Kant asked him to lead the heavy cavalry troops to attack.

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In the distance, the 300 Jackalan pirates were shocked by the intense rain of arrows and they were in extreme despair. They subconsciously slowed down their action on stopping the formation from falling apart.

They were not stupid low-level Jackalan.

All of them came from the Mannheim Coast and were famously known in the Sea of Stars.

They looked at the human crossbowmen on the city wall.

The sorrow in their hearts became more and more intense.

Even if the Kingdom of Grey Mane was preparing to set out from behind, the Jackalan expedition army with siege weapons would probably have to pay a certain price to gnaw on this fortress. With just 300 of them and the 3,000 not so smart low-level Jackalans, even if they pounced on mountains of corpses and seas of blood, they probably wouldn't be able to conquer this fortress.

Looking at those Jackalans who were killing each other just to drink water, they simply didn't have any confidence.

They were also thirsty.

Their throats were also smoking.

But their rationality made them understood that if they were to kill each other now, the final result would be death.

"We can't stay here any longer."

The Jackalan pirate leader spoke, its eyes filled with determination.

It turned around and looked at its pirate subordinates who had followed it for more than ten years. It slowly stepped back and said, "Let's go. We can't control these natives in the desert anymore."

The low-level Jackalans looked at the city wall in fear. Some of them even started to run away.

The seemingly huge army was on the verge of collapse in an instant.

But this was not an army.

The pirate leader could see everything clearly now. Even though its throat was smoking and the thirst in his stomach made it weak, its head still told it that the best thing to do now was to leave.

To stay away from the Oasis Lookout and the human troops in the fortress.

Or rather, to escape.

Tormented by thirst and hunger, they were unable to fight anymore.

Moreover, the cannon fodder that they had brought with them had already gone out of control. The scene of them killing each other just now had also given them a warning.

"We'll listen to your arrangements, Lord!"

The pirates nodded one after another.

Thus, they slowly retreated, completely ignoring the low-level Jackalans around them.

To them, these low-level races couldn't even speak the Jackalan's language completely, so they couldn't even be considered as their own kind. They were just a group of beasts that looked similar. Using them as cannon fodder was the right choice, but it was definitely impossible to see them as their own kind.

As the Jackalan pirates left, the low-level Jackalans who had lost their command were at a loss.

More and more low-level Jackalans began to flee.

However, there were even more Jackalans who gathered together. They looked at the sparkling lake water not far away from the city wall. Their eyes were filled with the desire to drink water. They had already lost their rationality.

Leaving just like that, these low-level Jackalans weren't willing to accept it.