

Oasis 149

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 149: Tupak 100-man team

Tupak was exhausted.

As it walked forward, one step at a time, it felt its legs were about to collapse.

The mail armor in its backpack and the two-handed battle axe on its shoulders were all reasons for its exhaustion. However, the most important reason was its throat was so thirsty that it was about to spit fire, which indicated that it needed to drink water.

Ever since it came to the south of the Nahrin Desert, he only drunk three mouthfuls of water, two of which were stinky urine.

When it passed through the Devil's land, its supplies were almost depleted.

All the water sack in its backpack had dried up. Even if the water sack was swollen, it was filled with stinky urine. However, the only water sack that was filled with fresh water was not allowed to be drunk at all.

This was the water sack that was only allowed to be drunk during the attack.

They lacked water.

Therefore, they could only use their lives to seize the water source from the enemy's hands.

Their mouths made the action of swallowing.

However, their throats were burning and painfully dried.

As they could not take in enough water, Tupak's mouth could no longer secrete saliva. Even the sweat on its body became very little. In the past two days, it even found that it could no longer urinate.

This was a dangerous signal.

If it didn't have enough water to nourish its body, it would die of thirst.

As a member of the Fang family, Tupak had seen similar records in the family library, and the low-level Jackalans who had passed through the Nahrin Desert and the Devil's land had also heard of the tragic consequences of lack of water.

They had fallen in the desert and been burned into dry corpses by the scorching sun.

If they were lucky, they would be buried in the desert.

If they were unlucky, they would become the food of the other Jackalan.

"No.", Tupak spat out this word softly and continued to struggle as he walked forward with his comrades in front of him. However, in its heart, it was unwilling to die in such a humiliating manner. He had been deeply educated to be brave, it would rather face thousands of enemies and die gloriously on the battlefield instead of dying like the low-level Jackalan who were eventually dried up and eaten as food.

This was also one of the reasons why he held on and continued moving forward.

At the same time, there was also the most important reason.

As long as they reached the Oasis Lookout, they would be able to drink enough spring water!

Sweet and clear spring water.

Tupak believed that his comrades that were marching in a long snake-like formation, were holding on because of this reason. Otherwise, when they saw that there was no support team at the natural salt mine, the ruined low-level Jackalan tribe, and the only water hole that was about to dry up, all of them would fall into mental breakdown.

However, everyone's hearts were still filled with hatred.

Under the commander's instructions, they all knew that all of this was done by those humans.

Destroying the support team and the low-level Jackalan tribe had left them in a desperate situation. If they did not use their two-handed battle axes to chop off the heads of those humans, their anger would not be appeased.

While his thoughts were running wild, Tupak suddenly noticed that the formation in front of him had stopped.

Everyone had stopped moving forward.

After climbing to the top of the dune, he stared blankly at the open space in front of him. A rectangular fortress was situated in the middle of the oasis. There were four arrow towers and a square tower in the middle. The entire structure was made of stone and wood.

"Roar --"

A howl was heard in front of him, causing Tupak to shiver involuntarily.

This was the howl of the chiliarch, the commander of thousand men. The entire expedition army of Jackalan soldiers were instantly startled awake. They held back their thirst and quickly moved forward. They formed four square formations of 500 people and quickly took off their linen robe, they took out their mail armor from the backpack on their backs and quickly put it on. Holding their battle axes, they became the once invincible Jackalan soldiers who fought war on the Mannheim Coast.

Tupak had also put on his mail armor and a layer of linen robe.

He held his two-handed battle axe with one hand while howling in the Jackalan language. He ordered the 99 Jackalan warriors under his command to quickly line up behind him and wait for the next order.

Tupak was a centurion, the hundred-men commander of the Jackalan army.

He was a subordinate under the personal command of the chiliarch, who led the troops and charge at the front of the 100-man team.

Only the most elite Jackalan warriors could be recruited in this 100-man team.

Not only was Tupak powerful, but he was also a member of one of the three great families of the Kingdom of Grey Mane, the Fang family. He definitely qualified as a centurion of this hundred-men team.

"Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong Dong"

The urgent bell chimes echoed.

Tupak raised its head to look at the fortress in the distance. Its eyes swept across the city walls and arrow towers. It vaguely saw some human footmen stood on top of it, they were holding crossbows or bows, making threatening gestures towards them.

"This is a massacre!"

Tupak let out an angry howl and raised his two-handed battle axe.

The hundred-men team behind him also started to howl.

Even the entire Jackalan team was howling in anger.

This was the anger towards the weaklings who provoked them.

Past experience had already proved that as long as they climbed up the city wall and fought in close combat, these humans were not their opponents.

Even the underage Jackalans were able to defeat the adult human sailors, not to mention these elite warriors who had been through many battles. They could easily kill several humans without getting injured at all!

"Howl --"

The chiliarch's howl was heard once again. It was an order that only the Jackalan troops understood.

The entire troop moved towards the eastern wall.

Tupak charged at the front, and very quickly it saw the southern side of the eastern wall. The city gate made of wood and iron sheet appeared before its eyes. There were also a large number of human soldiers defending on it, but no matter how it looked at it, it looked like these humans were just struggled, it was like they wanted to submit to the siege attack that were about to begin.

"Drink water!"

Tupak roared loudly.

It took out the remaining water sack from its backpack, which contained clean fresh water from the Kingdom of Grey Mane.

The elite hundred-men team behind it, as well as the other hundred-men Jackalan team, did the same. They took out the water sack, opened the cover, and gulped it down their throats. As their stomachs were filled with fresh water, all the strength in their bodies seemed to surge up, the bloodshot thirst for slaughter also slowly appeared in their eyes.

"Howl --"

The orderly howls of wolves simultaneously let out from the throats of all the Jackalans.

There was no way out.

They not able to return alive, and their voices were filled with sorrow and determination.

This was a howl that would only be let out during a battle to the death, and it belonged to their race's ancestor.

The blood in the Jackalan's body began to boil. They were extremely sensitive to the smell of blood and couldn't wait to enjoy the upcoming bitter battle.

"Charge!"

Tupak raised its two-handed battle axe and placed it on its shoulder. It led its hundred-men team forward in an instant.

Their speed became faster and faster, almost as fast as running.

However, this hundred-men team's formation wasn't scattered. Three rows of Jackalan formed a rectangular formation. They carried their two-handed battle axes and followed Tupak, the centurion. Their running speed became faster and faster, and they were getting closer and closer to the city gate.

The bloodlust in their eyes also became stronger and stronger.

They all knew that there was a lake under the west side of the city wall, but no one said anything.

No matter how thirsty they were, they still pretended that they did not know that there was a water source there, that they could drink, that they could live, and it was able to alleviate their extreme thirst.

Because they all knew, when they attacked the city, such a lake was equivalent to a moat. They had already abandoned all their siege weapons after crossing the desert, it was impossible for them to attack the humans on the city wall after crossing the moat.

That was the stupidest choice.

They only had a chance to survive by using their two-handed battle axes to smash that city gate!

"Roar --"

Tupak roared, its mouth full of terrifying sharp teeth.

The 100-men team behind him followed closely behind. They gripped the two-handed axes tightly. As long as they reached the city gate, their battle axes made of refined iron would be able to smash the city gate into pieces with their own powerful swing.

They were getting closer and closer to the city gate.

Five hundred meters.

Three hundred meters.

One hundred meters.

Eighty meters.

Fifty meters.

But at this moment, a dense buzzing sound suddenly appeared in Tupak's ears.

It raised its head and looked.

In its eyes, a rain of arrows instantly appeared from the top of the city wall and covered the sky and earth like a storm. The dense arrows and crossbow arrows surrounded them all almost at an instant.

"Why are there more arrows than the lizardmen's crossbow bolts..."

Tupak suddenly had some doubts in its mind. It had seen the rain of arrows before, but it was definitely not like this.

The lizardmen liked to use crossbows in conjunction with their lance arrays.

It was definitely not like this, where the arrows fell from the sky like a torrential rain.

However, Tupak was unable to continue thinking because a brown cone-shaped arrow had already shot into its eye socket and pierced straight through its neck, destroying its head and spine.

Now, it had fallen to the ground, just like the ancestors of the Fang family, dying gloriously on the battlefield.

In the surroundings.

The originally glorious elite hundred-man team, had all fallen.

All of them fell to the ground miserably under the wave of arrow rain.

Their bodies were covered in white arrow feathers.

And there were countless of arrows and crossbow arrows on the surrounding sandy ground, just like flowers that were sending the elite hundred-men team to their deaths, appearing in the Oasis Lookout of Nahrin Desert.

The strange and bewitching aura of death bloomed with the corpses of once living creatures.

"Roar..."

The Jackalan troops at the back were completely silent. They just watched the strongest elite hundred-men team, not even getting close to the city gate.

The sudden death surprised all the Jackalans.

It happened at the same time.

Some of the more experienced Jackalans thought of the elven rain of arrows.

Although they had never seen it before, they had heard of it.

It was so intense.

It was so unreasonable.

Using the most violent and fiercest arrow rain attacks to kill any enemy who dared to appear in front of them.

"Roar --"

The chiliarch roared in rage as it launched a general attack. This decisive command made all the hundred-men teams instantly understood what their commander was thinking. Even if the entire army was killed, they would still climb up the wall of the human city with their corpses. They would slaughter all of the humans inside and used the blood of those weak humans who only knew how to defend the city wall to pay tribute to their fallen comrades!

This was a siege attack that they could no longer turned back and they could only grit their teeth and fight!

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 150: The Long Prepared Fortress

When the Jackalan troops appeared within the range of the arrow tower, the Oasis Lookout was already prepared.

"Drondheim" had been waiting for a long time.

The troops were quickly mobilized. The archers all entered their preset positions, holding their longbows and crossbows, coldly looking at the expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane that appeared at the top of the dune.

100 Vaegirs archers were in charge of the arrow towers and the city gates.

50 Swadian archers were in charge of the shooting window in the attic.

The 500 Swadian militiamen, who were also holding hunting crossbow, all climbed up to the top floor of the attic.

Although the hunting crossbow that equipped by the militia with was less powerful, there were stones prepared beforehand at the top of the attic, which were almost half the size of a human head. If they were lifted up and heavily smashed down the city wall, the Jackalan's skull would not be able to withstand it, it was expected that their skulls would be cracked in an instant. If they were lucky, blood would flow all over their faces. If they were unlucky, they would instantly become a corpse whose head had been smashed.

"Get ready for battle. Get ready for battle."

Firentis walked quickly in the attic with a solemn look on his face.

He stared past the attic, the expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane on the sand dune in the distance, he subconsciously tightened his grip on the hilt of his swords. Firentis warned the crossbowmen who passed by, "Aim before you shoot. Try to cause the greatest damage!"

These words were actually things that they were well aware of.

But Firentis still reminded them before the battle.

As long as he could win this battle, win this crucial city defense battle, Firentis was willing to repeat his words hundreds of times.

He was a noble of Swadia. This was the most difficult battle after he followed Lord Kant.

If he had won the battle.

Firentis and his family would receive the glory that would honor them for the rest of their lives.

If he lost the battle.

Even Lord Kant's life would be threatened. Other than dying on the battlefield to prove his family's honor, there was nothing else he could do. This was also the best way for a noble to preserve his honor.

Firentis was still arranging the archers' battle plans.

There was some noise coming from the city wall behind him.

"Keep quiet!"

Firentis reprimanded, only to find Kant's figure appeared on the city wall.

At the same time, the 20 Ravenstern rangers who were originally stationed at the top of the council hall also arrived.

"Lord Kant, it's very dangerous here."

Firentis walked over and bowed, but there was worry in his tone. He advised, "The city wall is the line of defense of the soldiers, not the place where the noble should appear."

Kant smiled indifferently. "Noble?"

"Lord."

Firentis still tried to dissuade him. "Please return to the council hall."

The surrounding archers also looked worried. After all, this was an extremely dangerous front line city wall. If the enemy rushed up, the attic was only three meters wide and would definitely block the way out.

As a lord, he definitely couldn't risk his life.

"It's alright."

Kant looked outside through the attic window. "These Jackalans won't be able to rush up the city wall in a short time."

He noticed that the enemy didn't carry siege weapons.

Kant frowned, he turned to the 20 Ravenstern rangers and ordered, "You guys go to the east gate. I'll leave it to you to guard there. You'll be assigned to the archers and listen to Firentis's orders."

"Understood."

The 20 Ravenstern Rangers replied at the same time, they turned around and walked quickly towards the city gate.

“These archers’ support was very timely.”

Firentis nodded in thanks, while analyzing, “Those Jackalan expedition army didn’t bring any siege weapons. According to my deduction, their main direction of attack is our city gate.”

“That’s right.”, Kant nodded. This was what he had thought.

Crossing the Nahrin Desert, these expeditionary forces didn’t bring much supplies, let alone heavy and complicated siege weapons.

There were only two ways to attack a city.

Using two-handed battle axes to cut down trees, building simple siege weapons like wooden ladders and siege cones, or directly crashing into the city gate, using the strong bodies of these Jackalan and heavy two-handed battle axes to smash the city gate into pieces.

Of course, it was not impossible to stack the corpses up to the height of the city walls.

However, judging from the current thoughts of these high-level Jackalan, their plan was to use the battle axes to smash through the city gates!

“Howl –”

Wolf howls came from outside, urgent and decisive.

Kant and Fateh looked towards the dune. The Jackalans had already formed five square formations and were moving towards the east. It was as expected and clear, their target was the eastern city gates.

At the same time, a hundred-men team of Jackalan broke away from the main group and charged out, carrying their battle axes.

“There’s no diplomacy?”

Kant’s tone was slightly mocking, but his eyes were cold. “I still want to persuade them to surrender.”

Firentis laughed lightly and did not continue the topic.

Pulling out the knight sword in his hand, Firentis turned his head and ordered in a low voice, “All archers and crossbowmen, pay attention. Do not shoot freely. Stay alert and wait for the order to shoot!”

The low voice replied in one sentence, “Understood!”

“My idea is to wait for the enemy to get close before shooting.”

Firentis reported to Kant in a low voice, “The sudden burst of arrow rain killed and wounded all the enemy’s hundred-men team. This will affect the enemy’s morale.”

“You are the commander, you make the arrangements.”

Kant nodded.

All the archers gathered on the eastern wall.

There were only a few militia on guard on the other walls.

There were not many enemies, and Drondheim fortress did not have many soldiers. Therefore, in a siege, they usually gathered their troops to attack a city gate. Moreover, these Jackalans who lacked resources could not sustain the attack for long.

According to Kant's estimation, it would take at most three days!

"Shoot!"

Firentis's order appeared on the city wall.

The loud voice made all the archers react in an instant. They released the bowstring in their hands and pulled the trigger in their hands. They shot out the long prepared arrows and crossbow arrows!

"Hum Hum —"

The vibration of the bowstring instantly appeared in the attic.

The whistling sound outside was the shrill cry of the arrowhead tearing through the air.

A black shadow whizzed past.

From top to bottom.

Then, it heavily smashed into the hundred-man Jackalan team within a fifty-meter radius of the city wall.

The arrowhead easily pierced through the mail armor and deeply pierced into the muscles. On the sandy ground within the entire area, clusters of flowers bloomed with the tail feathers of the arrowheads. The three rows of Jackalan team who were originally running with large strides while carrying a two-handed battle axe, there were more than ten arrows or crossbows stuck on their bodies.

With a shooting range of 50 meters, even the militia with hunting crossbow rarely missed!

Not to mention the level 4 long-range troop class whose archery skills were even better.

And the strongest were still the 20 Ravenstern rangers. As A Level 5 troop class, they coldly pulled their bows and shot arrows, aiming at the glabella, eye sockets, and chest of the target with the arrowheads that could easily pierce through armor, and stabbed their arrows into the enemies!