

Oasis 151

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 151: The Beginning of the All-out Attack

"Hum Hum Hum---"

The bowstrings trembled violently and the arrows darted through the air.

Under the city wall, the arrow all over the ground bloomed like white flowers, mixed with the rich smell of blood, more and more demonic.

The strong and burly Jackal warriors were howling and striding forward.

The arrows all over their bodies made them like hedgehogs. Even if they tried their best to move forward, it was only the momentary recovery of consciousness just before death, finally in the continuous rain of arrows no longer hold on, heavy fell to the ground.

"Stop shooting!"

The voice of Firentis rang out the city wall..

In the arrow tower and the city wall, all the long-ranged troop class soldiers stopped pulling.

And that originally dense as a rainstorm of arrows also came to an abrupt end.

Orders were forbidden.

Just outside the city wall, the Centurion of Jackals, which had been lined up in orderly formation, was covered in arrows, and the fresh blood that seeped out had dyed the sand behind them red.

The scene was extremely tragic, but the soldiers on the city wall still looked indifferent.

This was a life-and-death battle.

Pity? It didn't exist.

They all understood that pity for the enemy was cruelty to themselves!

In just a short 50 meters, the 650 archers on the city wall with long-range bows and crossbows had already let the Jackal soldiers know what it meant to arrows shower. Looking at the silent Jackal army on the dune in the distance, these archers quickly checked the crossbows in their hands and made sure their weapons without any damage. They continued to take out their arrows and crossbows in the quivers behind them, prepared to shoot again.

Standing on the city wall, Kant clenched his fists, and his face was also extremely solemn.

He was somewhat mouth-drying.

It was the calm before the storm, and the Jackals from the coast of Mannheim were not deterred by such a dense shower of arrows, nor were they deterred from attacking by the stubborn resistance of the fortress of "Dronnheim".

Both sides were in the same situation.

Kant and "Dronnheim" had no way out.

The Jackals from the Kingdom of Greymane also had no way out!

"Howl ---"

The howl, almost mournful, was long, full of anger and despair.

More of the Centurals began to howl.

It was like walking in the night when you were confronted by hungry wolves. The howl was so gnawing at the heart that ordinary people's legs go weak and could barely stand.

This was a sorrowful song in despair.

Kant was breathing a little fast as he looked at the Jackals standing a thousand meters away, their heads raised and howling.

Even his compatriots in the desert of Nahrin, those low-level Jackals, were unable to cry out, because this was the grief of a civilized race, for the despair of the road ahead, and even if they were shattered to pieces, all wanted to be completely desperate determination!

These Jackals were indeed going all out!

They had no choice but to go all out.

In the southern part of the Nahrin desert, the Greymane kingdom had spent a huge amount of resources and resources to prepare the strategic layout, but it had already been completely destroyed by Kant.

For example, Asaiqi of the salt mine.

Wells of the lower Jackal tribe.

The lower Jackals scattered in the southern desert.

There was also a crucial sentry oasis that could be used as an outpost base and could be called an enclave!

Exiled by the dukedom of Leo to the Nahrin Desert, Kant, instead, appeared to release a real lion, occupying the sentry oasis, establishing the "Dronnheim" fortress, destroying the Jackal tribe, and killing Asaiqi.

Intentionally or unintentionally, he had easily solved the layout of the kingdom of Graymane.

It was less than three months since Kant had arrived at the Nahrin desert.

However, due to the difficulty of information transmission, the information could not be timely received by the Graymane kingdom, so the higher Jackals had no idea at all. The strategic plan they had struggled to make was easily erased by half, and it was vital to the southern part of the desert without the possibility of regrets.

Because of this ignorance, step by step they entered the current desperate situation.

They could not retreat at all.

Without food and water for the return journey, they retreated only to be dried up in the desert.

In fact, they had been planning this strategy from start to finish for nearly a decade, even as soon as the lower Jackals emerged within their sphere of influence and became aware of the human states to the south.

The reason why they could hide in Mannheim coast for so long, and give up most of the stars in the interests of the sea, was to across the desert, and come to this piece of human nations bordering the south desert edge, making the successful development of Greymane kingdom colonies and their retreat, off the coast of mannheim's, as well as vital home front.

The arrow would have to be shoot.

These expeditionary army Jackals had no choice but to attack and risk their lives.

This was the only way to survive!

"Roar ---"

The Centurion let out a furious roar, and the five square formations began to advance in an orderly manner.

The 2,900 Jackals, all of them battle-ready soldiers, now made a general assault, exhausted as they were, but the heavy infantry, once invincible on the coast of Mannheim and capable of crushing everything, still brought with it a soaring momentum.

Stepping step by step in the sand, the dull sound was like the slow gallop of heavy horsemen.

The faint sound of "Crash" could be heard endlessly.

It was the clear sound of mail armor colliding with each other when they walked, but it was not sweet. It was more like Death, shaking its little bells like a toy, waiting for the final harvest of life.

The probing attack had ended, and now it was a brazen all-out Attack!

"Everyone!"

From the top of the wall attic, Manide looked at the silver-colored troops slowly pressing over in front of him, with a quite grave face.

He was holding Kant's light crossbow in his hand, commanding the 500 Swadian militia standing at the top of the attic to fight. But now, he could not help stepping back, gritting his teeth, he shouted at the militia beside him: "Fire, get ready!"

The 500 swadian recruit raised the loaded crossbows in their hands and aimed them at the slowly approaching troops.

That strength of unity brought great oppression to their hearts.

Not to mention these militia.

Even the experienced archers of Vikia and Swadian in the attic of the city wall had a slightly changed face, they immediately gritted their teeth and wore a determined expression of readiness to fight.

"Coming." Firentis'breathing was also slightly hurried.

But at this critical moment Kant stood directly in front of him and took over his command of the wall.

At the same turning to him: "Firentis, go and command all of our cavalry troops to gather at the south gate. If you find an opportunity, or when the city wall is in danger, you will lead the Charge!"

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Chapter 152: Effective Use of Corpses

Kant's face was solemn.

Looking at the army that was slowly approaching, he said in a low voice: "Hurry up."

"But..." Firentis tried to dissuade Kant.

However, Kant said in a low voice: "Listen to my orders, Hurry Up!"

"I will obey your orders."Firentis gritted his teeth.

His face was extremely solemn. Looking at Kant's back, without a moment's hesitation, he turned around and walked down the city wall, running towards the open space where the heavy cavalry was.

This was a critical moment.

It was also not the time to hesitate.

The cavalry in the open space were all on standby.

Firentis mounted his horse, drew his knight's sword, and, watching the silent gaze of the cavalry, shouted to the east gate: "All cavalry, follow me!"

There was the rumble of hooves. The heavy cavalry of the "Dronnheim" fortress were moving quickly along the streets.

The peasant women with forks and cleavers were guarding the southern gate.

When Firentis rode up, they opened the gates of the city, they understood and immediately opened the gate, and the heavy cavalry and light cavalry filed out, forming up into a thick and square formation in the flat desert outside the city gate.

However, they did not charge. They just stayed put.

Firentis was waiting.

This was his plan with Kant, which, though not yet stated, they both understood.

The idea of defending the wall, of using the advantage of the wall to keep the enemy at bay, was impractical, or impossible. They could only use external support to alleviate the pressure on the city walls, and the cavalry unit led by Firentis was such external support.

Cavalry could not defend on the city wall because they were the strongest with warhorses.

But leaving the walls behind and using high mobility to give the enemy a sudden charge at a critical moment was as effective as coming down the walls on horseback.

It was even better for defending the city wall!

The defense of a city often did not depend entirely on the city wall.

The defensive fortress itself was a strategic defense. If they lost even the outside of the city wall, it was equivalent to lose the tactical initiative, and completely lose the ability of the tactical offensive, slaughtered by others.

This was the reason why Kant let Firentis lead the cavalry and leave.

There was another reason.

The city wall... could not stop the attack of the Jackals!

The stone walls of 5 meters high, 2 meters high reinforcement attic, seemed to be seven meters high, but in actual battles, as long as the Jackals came to the 5 meters high stone walls, they could climb over the windows of the reinforced attic and directly enter the attic of the city wall, using their two-handed battle axes to kill wantonly, did not need to climb up the 7 meters high attic and then jump into the fortress.

The arrows of the archers were not muskets. A single bullet could incapacitate an enemy.

In the era of cold weapons.

As long as the arrows did not hit their vitals, it was perfectly normal to fight like a hedgehog all over your body.

Fortunately, the 500 Swadian militia at the top of the tower had already piled up all the rocks that they had obtained from the city wall. As long as the enemy got close, they would be able to defend for a long time.

As long as they could suppress the attack of the Jackal expeditionary force, with the [detering the enemy] and the arrows of the archers, they could kill as many of the enemy as possible, reducing the strength of this siege force and weakening their offensive ability!

Just behind the city gate, behind the 50 Swadian infantry, a golden lion with a red bottom was standing in the middle of the street.

It fluttered even though there was no wind!

"It's all up to you." Kant exhaled slowly a muffled breath of tension.

This flag, by far, was his most useful war artifact!

"200 meters!"

The Ravenstern rangers spoke and reported the enemy's distance from the wall.

At the same time, the 20 rangers pulled out the cone arrows from their quivers and two arms forcefully pulled open the white heavy bows in their hands, pointing towards the distance. Without waiting for

orders, they directly released their fingers, and the bowstrings emitted a soft sound, the brown awl arrows disappeared in an instant. They could only see that in the distance, 20 undetectable black dots were rapidly across the arc, appearing 200 meters away.

"Whoosh Whoosh Whoosh Whoosh —"

The arrows tore through the air, and the shaft of the arrows swayed slightly to bring more force.

The Jackal warriors charging at the front seemed to have heard something, and their ears twitched slightly. When they looked up slightly, a black dot instantly appeared in their eyes and then grew larger and larger, almost taking up their entire field of vision.

"Puff —"

Then, it covered the salt mine. The brown feather at the end of the arrow was still swaying with the vibration of the shaft.

However, it was not the only one that fell. There were eight other Jackal warriors at the front, with arrows in their faces, gave a low, weak howl, and fell to their knees, tottering on their legs, but not quite falling.

The Jackal warriors behind them roared and supported their bodies.

But not fraternity.

On the city wall, in Kant's eyes, the nine jackals, shot in the eye, held high by their companions, like shields, across their faces, to ward off any arrows that might appear.

It was a cruel battlefield. If they wanted to survive, they even had to make use of the corpses of their companions.

No one thought that this was a cruel display.

Now it was the best choice of the Jackals, who had no shield and could only fend off the arrows in this way. Even the Jackals, who had been shot dead and wounded by the rangers of Ravenstern and could not continue to fight, did not mind being raised as physical shields.

In their eyes, they were also the honor of resisting injury for their peers, which was to create a victorious future!

"150 meters!"

There are archers Vikia Shouting.

Now that they were within their shooting range, the longbows in their hands were suddenly pulled open and the arrows in their hands were shot out. There was no need to aim at all, for a vast area was already covered by an army of 2,900 Jackals.

All you have to do is shoot it, and you would hit it 100 percent!

The whistling sound of the arrows did not stop. The buzzing sound of the bowstring vibrating filled the entire attic and arrow tower.

100 meters!

The Swadin crossbowmen began to shoot, pulling the trigger and shot out the iron bolt.

The whistling sound did not stop.

At 50 meters, the Swadian militia also joined in the shooting!

The rain of arrows was even more pouring.

Each wave would take away the lives of more than a dozen jackalan, as well as the light and heavy injuries of dozens of people.

The shrill whistling of arrows tore through the air. Death spread among the Jackals, who, at any moment or place, stumbled and fell under the blows of the arrows, but more often than not, were lifted up by their companions beside them, ready human shields.

The Jackal corpses held high above their heads effectively blocked the dense rain of arrows.

The corpses who were not afraid of the arrows were just like shields with excellent effects.

Finally, at the very front, the Jackals were getting closer and closer to the city wall, eventually came to the city wall, revealing their bloodshot eyes. They roared and threw the corpses filled with arrows above their heads at their feet, and then knelt down directly at the bottom of the city wall which was like a ladder, allowed the Jackals behind them to step on them and climb up!

Just like the human shield from before.

Now, these Jackals at the front were willing to be the human siege ladders!