

Oasis 153

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 153: Get Caught Up in a Mad Offensive

"Roar ---"

The Jackals were howl of despair, but the original bloodthirsty and murderous nature, aroused at this moment, was far more savage and tyrannical than their indigenous brethren, the lower Jackals.

And the wisdom brought by a civilized race!

The front row of Jackals knelt down and used their backs as stairs, while the back row of Jackals mercilessly stepped on the backs of their companions. Using this human flesh stairs, they frantically climbed towards the attic window at the top of the city wall like ants attached to ants, even on the left and right sides, the archer towers and the archers at the city gates had formed a crossbow rain of arrows, causing casualties to many of the Jackals who wanted to climb up, but, the Jackals who followed behind continued to climb up with bloodshot eyes.

In the current situation, with heavy losses, they also wanted to capture the outpost oasis, even if more than half of the casualties, but also to take this vital fortress!

"Howl ---"

The Centurion was hidden among the numerous Jackal warriors, all of whom had reached the base of the wall, and two of the jackal body steps of human flesh appeared!

All the Jackals were trying their best to climb up.

They had no way out!

As for Kant, he was undeterred by their frantic attacks.

Because he, who was exiled, also had no way out!

"Go and Tell Manide to throw all the stones down. Don't let the Jackals climb up!"

Kant was issuing orders loudly.

The Swadian crossbowman behind him, who was the messenger, put away the crossbow in his hand, turned and quickly climbed the ladder to the top of the wooden attic, where they shouted back to Manid about Kant's orders.

"Got it!"

Manide replied. The noisy battlefield was filled with angry howls and soldiers'abuse.

A cold sweat ran down his face as the battle raged, but the crossbow in his hand refused to stop, and he shouted to the Swadian militiamen: "Change rocks and don't let the Jackals come up, hurry up! The others don't hesitate. Keep shooting!"

Only a few people were needed to throw the rocks.

The other swadian militia still needed to fire fast with their crossbows.

Although the power was relatively small.

But within a distance of less than 10 meters, the power of the hunting crossbow in their hands was also enough to pierce through the mail armor of the Jackals and even hit a vital point, it could directly hit the target!

Looking at the layer of Jackal corpses under the city wall, they had some credit!

"Smash!"

20 Swadian militia carried a stone the size of half a human head.

Arrived at the edge of the city wall, looking at the noisy battlefield below, one by one the teeth of the mouth, eyes with bloodshot heads of ferocious beasts, the heart slightly trembling, but the hands of the stones were held high in the heart, heavy hit down.

In order to protect their homes, this group of peasant militia was willing to die!

Sentry oasis, "Drondheim" fortress was their homeland!

"Whoosh ---"

The stone was heavily smashed down.

That speed brought with it the faint sound of wind, crashed into the tide of the Jackals in an instant, smashing into the head of the Jackals who were still kneeling on the ground, building a human ladder, clenching his teeth as he endured the stomps of his companions.

Blood splattered, and brain matter burst out, red and white splattering everywhere.

As for the Jackal whose head had been smashed, was directly lying among the pile of corpses beneath him, staring eyes full of despair and disbelief, but the recessed skull made their staring eyes quickly open.

The stone was thrown down with more force than the cone-headed arrows of the Ranger of Livingston!

"Bang Bang Bang Bang ---"

A dozen stones fell, and even the stair of human flesh that had been piled up so hard that the jackals were scattered, laying a layer of corpses on the ground. Even the other jackals, for a moment, howled with rage, but the Swadian militiamen at the top of the walls' attic could not be shaken.

Instead, the militiamen took advantage of the opportunity to come to the edge and pull the trigger to bombard the Jackals below with a shower of arrows.

Dozens more Jackals fell.

More and more bodies piled up at the bottom, and the Jackals grew more and more frantic as the death toll rose.

Howls of despair and anger filled the air.

But the Jackals had not give up.

A new front row knelt on the pile of bodies again, becoming a human ladder for the back row to climb on their own, not caring at all about the rocks falling from above, and blowing their brains out in a matter of minutes.

They had fallen into a kind of madness that was fearless in a desperate situation.

"Crazy, crazy, crazy!"

Manide was cursing the Jackals at the bottom of the pile of corpses.

He pulled the light crossbow in his hand, and the arrow pierced the chest of a Jackal at the bottom. It pierced through the mail armor and seemed to have hurt his lungs, but the Jackal did not care at all. Instead, he looked up at him with a ferocious smile on his face, unexpectedly forcefully pulled out the arrow from his chest. The blood that splashed out had dyed the linen robe on his body red.

This was a demonstration of his fearlessness towards Manide, but also a fearlessness about death.

The price, of course, was that when the arrow was pulled out, the Jackal fell to his knees, limped on his legs, and became a staircase for the Jackals behind him, a new staircase filled with dozens of corpses!

It was because of this that Manide cursed the Jackals for being mad.

Because in this deadly charge, the bodies had piled up a slope, and even though the militiamen had hurled down the stones, and the arrows from the bowmen on either side of the arrow towers and at the gates, the Jackals could barely reach the garret windows by means of the slope of their companions' corpses!

"Wu —— Bang!"

The two-handed battle axe fiercely struck the windowsill, splashing the sawdust on the face of the crossbowmen inside.

The battle situation became more and more dangerous.

"Throw all our grease down!"

Kant's face was calm as he stretched out his hand and shouted a command in reply.

In the corner of the attic, there were four clay pots immediately carried by the Swadian crossbowmen and they fiercely smashed them out of the window, smashing down on a Jackal who had poked his head over.

The pots immediately shattered, and the amber-colored liquid inside instantly filled the entire staircase made of corpses.

"Torch!"

Kant's order continued to ring out.

It was clear and loud in this noisy battlefield.

The torches that had long been prepared were immediately brought over and were still burning as they were thrown out of the window. When they came into contact with the amber-colored liquid, a raging fire immediately rose up, and billowing black smoke with a fishy smell quickly began to spread!

The amber-colored liquid in the earthen jar was the oil purchased from the leader of the trade caravan, Jocelyn.

The oil was brewed from the fattest pigs.

The best inflammable substance!

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 154: A Renewed Offensive

The swadian crossbowman slammed down the earthen clay pot.

It smashed into the skull of the Jackal at the front and shattered into countless pieces.

The amber-colored oil splashed from the broken pot, but more oil splashed onto the corpse stairs made of corpses outside the city walls and howling Jackals clambering upward, trampling over the corpses of others.

The torches were thrown straight out of the window.

In a short moment, the corpse stairs that were covered in oil suddenly burst into flames.

The heat wave was extremely oppressive.

Flame spreading through the bodies on the linen robe and hair was help up the fire, produced crackling sound, and with the cans of oil, the fire more intense, the ladder, composed of external wall body was burning up the big fire, let those Jackals who were still climbing, under miserable cry started to recede.

The fear of fire was imprinted in the depths of the souls of living creatures, and even these Jackals.

The fire spread, and the raging flames created a billowing heat wave.

The Jackals with bloodshot eyes, who were originally surrounded underneath, suddenly regained a little of their sanity. They were cowering and too timid to climb up the flaming corpse ladder and retreated subconsciously.

The siege was defeated, and the Jackal attacks weakened.

One surge of energy led to another bust.

As the madness faded in their eyes, fear appeared in the hearts of the Jackals.

No one wanted to continue dying, let alone climb the still burning corpse ladder.

"Howl —"

A mournful wolf howl appeared. It was the order of the commander to retreat.

The entire Jackalan army was not able to continue the crazy attack. When the violent attacks after failure, temporarily away was a wise choice. Otherwise, the morale of the army would be severely

depressed after a long time, under the threat of death, the initial madness would turn into a hopeless situation, causing the entire army to collapse.

The expeditionary army began to retreat. In less than 30 minutes, they had left more than 600 of their comrades' corpse, and were retreating in tragic strides, their orderly formation beginning to show signs of disintegration.

The Jackal crazy offensive had dissipated.

The archers in the attic of the city wall suddenly felt the pressure they were facing instantly ease, and all heaved a sigh of relief.

However, these archers did not relax. The longbows and crossbows in their hands continued to shoot out arrows. Even the Swadian militia who were holding hunting crossbows at the top of the city walls continued to shoot out arrows, they chased after the retreating troops.

Now was the time to take advantage of the situation to kill the enemy!

The sound of the air being torn apart was still shrill.

The Jackal troops quickly retreated, but they still left behind over 30 corpses before finally leaving 200 meters away, well beyond the effective firing range of the human marksmen on the walls.

Kant looked at the Jackal troops who had returned to the bottom of the dune and started to reorganize their troops, and the solemnity in his eyes eased slightly.

This meant that the other side would not continue the attack for a while

At least, they had to stabilize their morale and encourage these Jackals who had fallen into a desperate situation before they could attack the city again. But even so, the troops who had already been defeated in the siege wanted to continue to enter the city and forget everything else, only knew how to climb up with all their efforts, even if they became corpses, they would still have to be used as stepping stones for their companions. Their crazy status was no longer possible.

There was something in the depths of Kant's eyes as he thought of the madness of giving one's life for the sake of death.

He turned his head slightly, and the red-bottomed golden lion fluttered behind him.

Kant noticed a certain fact.

In that group of Jackals crazy attack, this flag of battlefield artifact, actually failed to cut their morale, Whether it was the first round of morale reduction or the increase in the number of deaths to reduce morale, it was very difficult, as these Jackals who went into hysterics, there was a constant of morale, it was impossible to be cut.

Only when their attacks suffered a setback and they retreated backward did they finally succeed in reducing the morale of a portion of the Jackals. However, the reduction was not great at all. It did not even cause the enemy's troops to fall into a state of low morale.

"Falling into a state of madness will automatically stabilize the morale and cannot be cut?"

Kant quickly came to a conclusion and his guess was very accurate.

However, this accurate conclusion was not a good thing. He could not help but sigh.

Turning his head to look at the archers who were moving their arms and massaging their muscles, he felt a little more at ease. After all, he was gratified that his soldiers were fighting back without fear of their madness.

"Pass on the message, watch out. The enemy will not give us too long."

Kant instructed the messenger and turned to walk towards the stairs.

Instead of leaving the walls, he climbed to the top of the attic and, looking at the rows of Swadian militiamen sitting on the ground to rest, he found Manid, who was still busy, and asked: "How are things with you?"

"Everything is fine." Manide bowed, but still said solemnly, "It's just that there are not enough crossbows."

"So soon?" Kant frowned.

Manide sighed: "Yes, the militiamen had emptied their quivers in the last battle. After all, the militiamen had only 20 arrows in their quivers, which was not enough to sustain a high-intensity siege."

"I see." Kant nodded. Manide was telling the truth.

It was probably not just these Swadian militias.

Even the other crossbow would have had no more than a few in his quiver by now.

In the frenzied siege battle just now, the archers had played an absolute role. The 600 plus Jackals corpses below were almost all caused by these archers. Moreover, the retreating Jackals, most of the people had heavy wounds on their bodies. If not for the dense rain of arrows, such a situation would not have happened.

After pondering for a while, Kant said: "This problem is very easy to solve."

"That's Great." Manide heaved a sigh of relief.

Kant's solution to the problem was naturally the [Ammo Replenishment x 3] he had obtained from the lucky draw.

Mental communication worked in the system.

With his affirmation, the golden card in his mind suddenly scattered.

The number of suffixes also changed from three to two.

However, on the city walls, inside and outside the arrow tower, the data streams in the quivers of the Vikian archers, the Ravenstern rangers, the Swadian crossbowmen and militia began to spread. In the blink of an eye, it swelled up again.

The arrows were inserted into the quivers in an orderly manner, and the arrows were neatly arranged inside the quivers.

The archers' ammunition had all recovered.

But Kant frowned slightly.

Although all the arrows were restored to their former number, the strength of the bowmen had been greatly exhausted, especially in those who had to draw the bow. In the heat of battle, the constant drawing of the bow would strain the arm muscles severely.

At this moment, Kant somewhat missed the volley cards that he had used up completely.

After all, 500 Vikia marksmen could kill a lot of Jackals in an instant with three volleys of arrows.

"Howl —"

At this moment, the mournful howl of Jackals reappeared.

The Swadian militia who had been sitting at the top of the attic, were all back on their feet, their crossbows pointed at the outside world, their faces still cold and determined to defend their homes.

Manide held the light crossbow with a solemn expression: "This attack might be even crazier."

The Jackals howled.

These guys, who had been boosted by the morale, had completely turned into desperadoes.

The stairs of the corpses were still burning, but the foundation was still under the city wall, forming a slope. As long as they rushed up against the rain of arrows and continued to make the slope higher, the Jackals behind them could even climb into the city wall through the window.

There would be a fierce battle for the walls.

This was the most direct melee, but for archers who were not good at close combat, it was their weakness.

Fighting against a 2 to 3-meter-strong Jackal was like throwing a stone at a stone

"I already have plans."

Kant narrowed his eyes, with a hint of viciousness.

But he would not use this arrangement until the end. He turned and headed straight for the garret and told Manid: "If the walls below begin to fall, you and your militia should immediately leave the attic floor by the other stairs and fight the Swadian infantry behind the city gates!"

"Got it!" Manide nodded.

"Well." Kant turned around and walked down the stairs again into the attic of the city wall.

Not far below the dunes.

The Jackals, rearranged in formation, resumed their attack.