

## Oasis 155

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

#### Chapter 155: The Power of the Elemental Giants

In a very short period of time, the Jackal expeditionary force was completely reorganized.

Under the order of the commander, they rearranged themselves into five square formations and slowly pressed towards the city wall.

They did not wait.

Because these Jackals understood that the moment they set foot in the southern part of the Nahrin desert and lost their follow-up supplies, time had abandoned them and stood behind the humans.

The advantage of time had shifted.

Now, it was the humans who were in control of time. They had sufficient supplies and city walls.

They could not wait.

The more time dragged on, the greater the chance of death of these Jackal warriors who had once been invincible in the Mannheim coast. Now, they could only grit their teeth and attack while they still had some energy left in their bodies, besides fighting with their lives, the more time they waited, the weaker the Jackal warriors would become. In the end, they would become even weaker than human children!

The sun was hanging in the sky, releasing its mighty power, causing the scorching and terrifying temperature to sweep across the desert.

Noon was coming.

This was even more threatening to the Jackal expeditionary army who lacked water.

"Howl ---"

The commander's mournful howl appeared.

The five heavy footman phalanxes began to move forward at a faster pace and even began to run. Their targets were the two corpse stairs that were still burning, as well as the thick and heavy city gates that were wrapped in iron sheets and studded with iron nails!

The remaining Jackals were still in neat formation, their faces grim and desperate.

Kant's heart was beating faster.

But his face remained calm. He slowly raised his right hand and his voice was clear and loud: "Free fire, everyone!"

"Free fire!"

"Free fire!"

"Free fire!"

The squad leaders passed down Kant's orders.

But compared to Kant's calm face, their cold sweat and nervous faces revealed their unease.

Before, they had been able to support themselves, but with a small number of men, they felt great pressure, especially the archers. After the hasty shooting, the biceps in their arms had been severely strained, and now they became extremely sore. If they continued to draw the bow and shoot, they could not sustain themselves for a long time.

The only good news was that they had not suffered any casualties due to the Jackals' lack of siege equipment and ranged units.

"Start shooting!"

The Ravenstern ranger drew the heavy bow in his hand and gritted his teeth as he continued to shoot the cone arrows in his quiver.

These archers from the Misty Mountains were also beginning to feel tired and hands aching, but the bows were still perfectly drawn and the arrows were still deadly. At least six jackals fell in the first round.

Other victims were not killed on the spot, but still suffered mixed injuries.

They stepped into the range of the archers.

These Jackals could only choose to endure silently!

The Vikian archers and the Swadian crossbowmen also began to rain down their arrows.

The sound of arrows tearing through the air was incessant and the arrows and crossbows flying through the air could be seen with the naked eye, constantly hitting the formation of Jackals.

At the last 50 meters, the hunting crossbow of the Swadian militia also began to fire.

More and more Jackals fell under the dense rain of arrows.

Especially in the front row of those Jackals, full of arrows, mail armor on their bodies had been pierced through by the arrowheads, and bright red blood seeped out and dripped to the soles of their feet, leaving bloody footprints one step at a time, however, as long as their bodies were still able to hold on, they would still grit their teeth and let out low howls of encouragement, acting as a shield for their comrades behind them!

"Concentrate and fire!"

Kant's orders were being transmitted, and even if there were Jackal howls coming from outside, the archers could still hear them clearly.

This was the credit of the messengers.

As the orders were given, the archers' firepower instantly turned around.

They were no longer looking for the strength to kill the enemy. Instead, they poured all their arrows onto the two Jackalan corpses and piled them up on the slope, forming layers of rain of arrows that turned the Jackals who wanted to step on the stairs into hedgehogs.

"Howl ---"

The Jackalan's attacks became more and more ferocious.

With the shrill howling of the Jackals grew more and more violent.

The Jackals didn't even care if the rain of arrows in front of them became more and more concentrated and the burning flames were so painful that they strode on the corpse steps, howling up, or falling down, to form higher and firmer steps!

"Come on, push, smash!"

Manide's voice was a little hoarse, and sweat kept coming out of his face.

The light crossbow in the hand still pulled the arrow on the string, pulled the trigger to shoot at the bottom at the same time, still turned his head to urge loudly: "speed faster! Is your limp movement a sign that you have not eaten this morning? !"

The Swadian militia didn't answer. They gritted their teeth and picked up the stones, smashing them down.

With a few muffled sounds, two or three Jackals were smashed to the ground by the stones on the burning corpse stairs. Their limbs were twisted strangely. Although they didn't die on the spot, they couldn't stand up at all.

Moreover, the Swadian militia didn't stop, but picked up the stones with clenched teeth and threw them at the bottom.

This was a critical moment.

The Jackalan corpses had formed a 4-meter wide and 6-meter long slope.

The fire caused by the broken oil tanks, the arrows from the archers, and even the rocks thrown down by the militia couldn't stop the Jackals from climbing up the city wall.

The defensive terrain seemed to have lost its effectiveness.

Kant and the others, unable to clean up the body, could not stop the attack of the Jackals.

There were even a few times where if it wasn't for the fact that the Ravenstern rangers had swung his two-handed greatsword and forcefully cut down the Jackalan who were so close to him, the city wall and attic would have been broken in!

"The situation is critical."

This thought surfaced in Kant's mind and he was already aware that the situation was getting to a disadvantage.

The Jackal reckless attack almost chilled his heart.

Turning his head to look at the archers on the city walls, the high frequency of firing in a short period of time not only exhausted them, their hands ached, but even their spirits were a little depressed. After all, their spirits were kept in a state of high tension!

If the Jackals continued to attack like this, it was only a matter of time before the city wall fell.

"Damn it."

Kant secretly gritted his teeth and subconsciously touched his chest.

He still had a trump card.

But before he could make a decision, a muffled sound suddenly appeared by his ear and subconsciously looked down. At the nearby gate, the 50 Swadian infantry who had been guarding there were already shouting and pushing forward with their shields. With the howling of the Jackals, the figure of them appeared inside the gate.

Clearly, that muffled sound was caused by the Jackals breaking through the city gate!

"Lord Kant!"

The Swadian crossbowman who acted as a messenger at the stairway quickly reported: "The city gate has fallen and the infantry is organizing a resistance!"

"I see," Kant replied, a cold glint appearing in his eyes.

He walked quickly toward the stairs, and there was a loud and confused shout of death below.

A dozen Jackals were charging through the gates with their two-handed battle-axes, slashing deep marks in the thick fan-shaped shields of the Svadian infantry.

"Uh huh..."

The Svadian infantry, however, fell back half a step with a red face, and the left hand, which had been raised with a shield, was also abnormally drooped. Obviously, the damage caused by this heavy blow made it difficult for these 4th level heavy infantry to resist effectively.

The strength of the Jackal warriors was indeed far greater than that of humans.

This was a racial advantage.

But the well-armed Swadian infantry, undeterred, carried on with their shields, piercing their chainmail with their sharp hands and swords, leaving deep holes in their blood.

"No, the Jackals are attacking!"

In the attic of the city wall, there was the roaring of the crossbowmen and the muffled groans of the Ravenstern rangers.

Kant looked round at once.

At the position of the corpse stairs on the city wall, it seemed as if they had felt the breakthrough of the city gate and were inspired. They actually rushed up to more than a dozen jackalan, waving their two-

handed battle axes, in the narrow space, they fought with the Ravenstern rangers. However, looking at the exchange of the two-handed battle axes and the greatswords, one could tell that the rangers were constantly retreating. Obviously, still the strong and experienced high-level Jackalan had the upper hand!

"Continue shooting. Swadian crossbowmen, go and support the Ravenstern rangers!"

Kant gritted his teeth, but his orders still remained unruffled.

The Swadian crossbowmen with fan shields quickly went up to relieve the pressure on the Ravenstern rangers. In this short period of time, at least five rangers died in the attic because they couldn't block the Jackals' heavy axe, this made Kant's heart tremble. This was one of his few tier 5 archers!

With bloodshot eyes, Kant watched as more and more Jackals climbed down the corpse ladder.

He had already made up his mind.

Reaching out to touch the two thin pages on his chest, Kant's thought communication system said: "Summon Elemental Giants!"

[ Page of clear spring ] and [ Page of fertile soil ] were instantly activated.

As Kant's gaze passed through the window of the attic and landed outside the city wall, familiar spatial fluctuations appeared. Within the soil, seven earth elemental giants formed from soil and four water elemental giants that were slightly blood-red were shockingly there, elemental light flashed in Kant's eyes before turning into a hostile and violent emotion.

Right around the eleven elemental giants, a huge Jackal army was crowding towards the corpse stairs and the broken city gates, completely unprepared for the sudden appearance of these elemental giants!

PS: Sorry, I was late to update something today, there will be another watch later, 3 a day is a must, no less, just wait a little, sorry. I may have to attend the wedding tomorrow, so the update time will be pushed to the afternoon, but there will be no less than 3. Just a word in advance.

## [Lord of the Oasis](#)

### **Chapter 156: The Eruption of Intimidation**

"Bang bang bang ---"

The thick mud arm heavily smashed the surrounding Jackals.

The earth elemental giants used their powerful strength to rampage around the Jackal troops.

"Crash crash ---"

The water elemental giants' attacks were even more bizarre.

The body formed by the water current swept across the Jackals like acid, eroding their skins and muscles at once, causing the Jackalan to howl in pain as the battle axes in their hands hacked down, leaving only a brief gap in the bodies of the elements of the reddish-coloured water, which would soon heal.

As for the earth elemental giant, its body was full of holes, but also fearless of the Jackal's axe!

For a moment there was chaos outside the walls.

Even the Jackals in the attic of the city wall were killed, those had broken through the city gate were pushed back, the follow-up support unexpectedly did not keep up, and all of them were held back by the 11 elemental giants!

The direction Kant had released the elemental giants was near the stairs and the city gate.

This was also the position he had carefully considered when summoning.

"Don't be stunned. Pack up the corpses and continue firing!"

However, Kant waved his hand and quickly gave the order.

The Jackal corpses were directly thrown out of the city wall while the corpses of their own people were moved to the bottom of the city wall, but most of the archers still forcefully held their sore hands and continued to rain arrows down.

This was their way of fighting back.

And the attacks of the Jackals were not over yet.

"The time is near."

Kant gritted his teeth, breathing fast from the strong smell of blood and the stench of burning.

Looking at the Jackalan outside that was in a mess due to the elemental giants, who were fighting back brazenly, Kant subconsciously looked towards the south, where his true main force was hiding. Once appeared, they would be able to turn the tide of the battle in an instant!

But now was not the time to appear.

They had to wait.

Kant understood, and so did Firentis.

"Keep quiet!"

Firentis roared angrily, signaling for the restless cavalry to calm down.

Knight sword in the hand tightly holding, his face is very ugly, but still holding their emotions, shout a way: "Only the gates compromised, the wall was breached, not all lost. If we rush out now, we can only temporarily alleviate the situation and can't solve the real problem at all. All of you, wait quietly!"

These were his words to the restless cavalry, and indeed to himself.

They had been waiting for such a long time.

As long as they continued to wait, waiting for the enemy to be exhausted and unable to maintain the high intensity of their attacks, that would be the time for them to attack, to destroy the enemy's exhausted front line and end this tragic siege once and for all!

Even if more and more archers on the city walls were killed in close combat.

The Swadian infantry at the city gates were in a difficult situation.

The cavalry, who were the main force, still chose to wait because they were waiting for the final victory.

For the bigger picture.

Those archers and infantrymen were expendable targets!

"All fall back and enter the city walls and city gates in batches to form a joint defense!"

Manide, who was in the attic, also gave the order loudly.

Looking at the slightly skinny Swadian militia who were still wearing iron-scale armor, he could not help but give the order loudly: "For the sake of swadian, hold off the Jackals!"

"For the sake of Swadian!"

The militia shouted loudly with excitement and malevolence on their faces.

They had already understood Manide's arrangements.

Because entering the city walls and the city gates to defend was actually using their own bodies to block those Jackals, and to the militia who were at a disadvantage in terms of equipment and combat skills, was equivalent to death!

But they did not care, striding down the stairs to the attic.

Raising their wooden shields and holding their combat shovel, they charged forward, forcefully withstanding the two-handed battle axes of the Jackal warriors. Even if the wooden shields were easily split open, and their companions in front of them were directly hacked to death, they would fearlessly charge forward!

Jackals risked their lives for survival.

Then these swadians, too, could risk their lives for their homes!

"Lord Kant, let's leave the city walls."

Manide walked down from the attic, seeing more and more Jackals appearing at the city walls and city gates, he said to Kant very urgently: "We must go to the council hall and set up a defense!"

"No, there's no need for that yet!"

Kant turned his head, with a hint of malevolence in his face.

The eleven elemental giants that he had summoned outside the window were shattered bit by bit by the Jackal two-handed battle axes. Their elemental bodies completely collapsed and turned into elemental substances that declared their deaths.

However, these elemental giants also took away at least a hundred Jackal corpses.

This had even affected a large number of soldiers.

The opportunity was getting closer and closer. Kant was no longer willing to retreat to the council hall to set up a defense. If he left, the soldiers who had lost his encouragement would be broken through, and the defense of Drondheim fortress would also be broken through.

At that time, the charge of the cavalry would not have much effect.

"Lord Kant!"

Manide tried to persuade him: "You have to leave this place!"

"No Need!" Kant replied firmly.

The battle was in a dangerous situation, he definitely couldn't leave and the current defensive line was still not in danger!

500 swadian militia filled the gap and used their lives to hold off the attacks of the Jackals, even blocking the two corpse steps and the gate, bringing the battle to a standstill again..

The Jackals attacked even more frantically.

However, the strength of their attacks had unknowingly become much lighter.

The two-handed battle axes were still powerful.

But they could not break the wooden shield in the left hand of the Swadian militia with a single strike, which often turn into two or three strikes, and even, because of its slow movement, was nailed to the skull by the militiamen's mattock, causing casualties.

Even though the death rate of the Swadian militia was faster.

The death rate of the Jackals was also increasing!

Manide saw that Kant did not leave the city wall at all, and a determined look appeared on his face. With the light crossbow in his hand, he continued to shoot towards the outside of the city wall, slowing down the attack speed of the Jackals.

But he frowned slightly and suddenly realized that something was wrong with the Jackals.

"Their attack has slowed down," Manide muttered to himself.

"That's right."

Kant took over his words, and a smile finally appeared on his grave and serious face: "Our turn!"

"Whoosh Whoosh ---"

The flag planted in the middle of the road behind him instantly fluttered, sounded as if it was being blown by a strong wind.

The golden lion with a red background moved against the wind, and its power instantly spread.

The invisible area was divided, and the Jackals enveloped in this area suddenly had heart palpitations for unknown reasons. Originally, they were still fighting forward with his two-handed axe and howling



frantically, but now became afraid. Looking at the fierce battlefield in front of them and around, a chill appeared in their hearts.

They began to become afraid, and... cowardly...

They were already short of water and food, but now they felt even more thirsty and hungry.

The strength of their battle axes was declining.

Especially when they saw the death of their companions, not only did they lose the craziness of wanting to avenge their comrades, but they felt more and more terrified.

Their morale began to plummet in a short period of time.

Even the Swadian militia felt that the demoralized Jackals no longer had the terror they had before.

They became weak and powerless.

They also didn't dare to risk their lives, and even began to retreat.

"Howl ---"

Realising that their troops' morale was rapidly plummeting, the commander's shrill howling rang out.

Hearing this familiar howl, the surrounding Jackals seemed to have regained some of their courage.

However, on the city wall.

Kant, with his cold eyes, gritted his teeth and looked at a certain figure in the Jackal crowd, and raised his right hand to wave it forward fiercely, shouting angrily: "Do you know that my order is to take its life!"

"Got it!"

The remaining seven Ravenston rangers still had blood stains on their faces.

However, the heavy bows in their hands were directly drawn to their full, and the cone-headed arrows were mounted on them, and they directly loosened the fingers that hooked the bowstring to the Jackal referred by Kant, so that the cone-headed arrows turned into a deadly black shadow and instantly appeared on the seemingly ordinary Jackal more than 20 meters away.

A cone arrow hit the center of the brows.

A cone arrow hit the throat.

Two cone arrows hit the eye socket.

Three cone arrows hit the chest.

Then, the seemingly ordinary Jackal fell down, instantly dead, with no chance of survival.

[ To deter the enemy ]

The red-bottomed golden lion suddenly expanded, and the hunting sounds were violent and rapid.

However, in the eyes of the stunned Jackals, that figure's fall was as if the sky had collapsed. Their hearts were beating violently, and confusion filled their minds. Even the attack had completely subsided.

Because the chief commander of the thousand-man army had died.

From the Mannheim coast, the strongest captain of the thousand-man army of the Graynane Kingdom, the highest commander of the expedition army, had died.

Their general had died!

The confusion soon cleared, but instead of indignation, there was panic.

The remaining 1,500 or so Jackals were exhausted.

They looked blankly at the sturdy fortress in front of them. Those figures with blood on their faces were still stubbornly guarding the city walls and city gates. Even if they were stepping on the corpses of their human compatriots, they would use their lives to block their human soldiers, these Jackals suddenly felt a chill. Fear and unease filled their hearts.

They couldn't even hold the battle axes in their hands firmly.

"Rumble---rumble---"

The sound of rushing tides and breaking through the dam came from the south.

These bewildered Jackals stared at the men, mounted on the backs of a creature not found on the shores of Mannheim, all armored, horses and men, with their lances and spears raised, and thundered fearfully, as they slammed down upon the stolid Jackals of the south.

The neighing of horses, the screams of the Jackals, and the power to tear a square formation into two halves!

Firentis and his cavalry finally charged forward!