

Oasis 169

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Chapter 169: The Celebratory Tournament

“These cunning merchants from South County.”

Baron Dylan’s face was gloomy. “If I meet them again, I swear I will hang them!”

As a baron with real power, he was certainly qualified to say that.

He was even more qualified to do so.

In the laws of the Dukedom of Leo, it was clearly stated that if a merchant dared to deceive and scam a noble, they could directly hang the merchant on the gallows after they were caught. If the fraud was indeed true, there was no need for a trial at all.

With Baron Dylan’s anger, the atmosphere in the Lord’s Hall turned cold.

No one would be happy if they bought a fake.

It was a second-hand junk that had been used by others!

On the chairs on both sides of the long table.

The vassal knights who belonged to the Stone Pass and listened to Baron Dylan’s orders looked equally terrible.

Some of them even had a blush of humiliation on their faces.

They had never seen the market before, and they had praised the craftsmanship of this kind of wax candle, showing how knowledgeable they used to be. But now that Kant, who came from the top noble class, had exposed this matter, their cheeks were burning with shame.

This was no different from the country bumpkins they looked down on the most.

As knights, the noble reserve forces, they thought that they were more superior than those fat and greedy merchants who only knew about silver coins. Therefore, they were extremely embarrassed and angry, wishing that they could kill those treacherous Southern County merchants.

“Uncle Dylan, these are candles.”

Kant seemed to have sensed the cold atmosphere in the hall.

He shook his head slightly, with a sincere smile on his face, and said to Baron Dylan, “I don’t think you need to care. Those treacherous South County merchants will never come again, but to them, they have lost the wealthy noble who can buy real honey candles.”

However, Baron Dylan was still a little angry. “I don’t want to give my silver coins to these bastards who deserve to be hanged.”

“Don’t be angry.”

Kant shrugged and only advised him a little.

This baron from the Stone Pass was indeed qualified to do so.

But in reality, he could not do it.

Because there were power of the noble behind these merchants of Dukedom of Leo.

Just like how Baron Dylan had a trade caravan from his wife's family as a tool to amass wealth, the nobles of the South County had long formed an unspoken rule. Basically, they were the backers of the merchants of the South County, otherwise, how would these merchants dare to deceive the noble? Moreover, they scammed the Baron Dylan who held power. If they were not absurdly bold, then they had a very strong backer.

Baron Dylan grumbled for a long time, and Kant listened for the same amount of time.

It seemed that he realized that something was wrong with him, Baron Dylan suddenly understood. "We haven't started dinner yet, right? It's all my fault. I almost forgot about this matter. Those merchants from South County are just too despicable." ,he said and clapped his hands hurriedly. "Serve the dishes."

The servants who had already prepared by the wall immediately served the dishes for dinner.

Roasted fat quail, roasted antelope tail, sliced white bread covered with cheese, with a glass of ale, and for dessert, apples boiled in ale and covered with honey sauce, and a thick milk soup with various seasonings.

It was a marvelous dinner.

The servants left quickly after serving the food and were waiting not far away.

The aroma of the food filled the hall.

Kant also praised, "Thank you for your hospitality. This is really a sumptuous dinner."

"It was hastily prepared. I hope it suits your appetite."

Baron Dylan smiled and extended his hand, he said to Kant, "Thanks to you, the standard of our food can be improved. Otherwise, with those profiteers from South County, every time they come to trade, they would plunder all the great silver coins that we worked so hard to earn. You used to be the youngest son of Archduke Cameron in South County. You definitely know that those merchants are really too greedy."

"Yes, they are very greedy.", Kant lowered his head unnaturally.

His face seemed to be a little depressed, but there was a hint of hatred in his voice. "To be honest, I don't like them very much."

His words seemed to imply something.

Baron Dylan's expression was slightly stunned.

He immediately understood and quickly explained, "Oh, Little Kant, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that."

He was apologizing for his own gaffe.

“No, it’s okay, Uncle Dylan. This is the truth after all. I also don’t like those guys.”, Kant shrugged and smiled. He said to Baron Dylan, “But no matter what, I’m really touched that you can take care of me.”

“It’s what I should do.”, Baron Dylan nodded and smiled.

The welcoming dinner officially began.

Both sides were having normal conversation, but the atmosphere became cheerful.

However, most of the conversations were between Baron Dylan and Kant. There were more than 20 vassal knights on both sides of the long table, as well as the accompanying 10 Sarrandian horsemen were all eating their own food in silence. They listened to the conversation between the two people and acted as the background.

The night gradually darkened.

In the Lord’s Hall, the candles on the candlesticks had all been replaced.

As the plates were filled with residues, the dinner was about to end.

“It was a pleasure chatting with you.”

Baron Dylan laughed loudly, his mood seemed to be very good.

“The same goes for me.”, Kant lowered his head and smiled.

The conversation between the two ended with mutual flattery. After all, Kant was also a transporter who had come from the modern era. A few times of untraceable flattery and feigned curiosity made Baron Dylan talk even more lively on the topics.

The conversation was quite delightful and lively.

Timely flattery and inquiry could make the atmosphere more lively.

Of course, the dinner was about to end.

Baron Dylan glanced at the ten Sarrandian horsemen who were sitting on both sides of Kant. With a smile in his eyes, he asked, “Little Kant, are these ten brave men were the vassal knights who follow and protect you?”

“Oh, they are the people who protect me.”, Kant also answered with a smile, “But they are not knights.”

“Oh? I am very curious about that.”

Baron Dylan continued to smile and asked Kant, “They are very strong and have completely reached the level of knights. Could it be that such outstanding talents have not been conferred the title and become knights who own villages and fief?”

“There are no villages or any land in the Nahrin Desert that can be conferred.”, Kant shrugged, appearing to be very regretful and sad. “Uncle Dylan, you said that North County is a barren place. Then you definitely have not been to the Nahrin Desert. That is the real barren place.”

“Nahrin Desert, no, I’ve been there.”

Baron Dylan's face had a hint of nostalgia. "Ten years ago, your father, Archduke Cameron, took us to exterminate those Jackalan tribes, which was to go to the Oasis Lookout." As he said that, his face also had a hint of solemnity. "The battlefield lasted for two weeks, and we came back. The environment there was really too harsh. Maintaining the supply line of 2000 cavalries was almost as large as the scale of the war with the Silver Platter Kingdom."

Kant nodded, his tone still dejected. "That's right. It was simply hell there."

"I understand.", Baron Dylan opened his mouth to persuade him to stay. "Little Kant, you can stay at the Stone Pass. No one will say anything. In a place like the Nahrin Desert, other than wild beasts like the Jackalans, no one is willing to live there."

Kant shook his head. "There are still my people there."

However, there was a hint of interest on his face. He looked at Baron Dylan and sighed softly. "I also have my own guards. Although there are not many of them, it is absolutely no problem for me to resist the attack of those small groups of Jackalan." His tone paused slightly, he also said dispiritedly, "Moreover, I have promised father that I will become the lord of the Nahrin Desert. I will not hide in the Stone Pass like a turtle swimming in the Reninston River. I will hide my head whenever I encounter any difficulties."

"What a great ambition.", Baron Dylan seemed to be very happy, he nodded and said to the vassal knights on both sides of the long table, "He reminds me of Princess Sofia. Did you know that when I followed the princess, her personality was very tenacious?"

The vassal knights nodded awkwardly.

Especially the vassal knights who had ran away in the past two years, they lowered their heads and did not say a word.

Princess Sofia was a taboo topic in the Dukedom of Leo, the remote Stone Pass was the same. This Baron Dylan, who had once followed Princess Sofia, could speak without any restraints.

They were only lowly knights, how would they dare to speak recklessly.

Kant looked at Baron Dylan sincerely, as if he had found a bosom friend. He said in a moved tone, "Thank you for your understanding, Uncle Dylan. This makes my heart full of motivation."

"If you encounter any difficulties, come and find me!", Baron Dylan patted his chest, his tone was not shy. "When I followed Princess Sofia, I was still a cavalry of the guards. Before you were born, I was already fighting for your mother's loyalty by pulling out my longsword!"

"Thank you very much.", Kant's face was full of gratitude.

Baron Dylan nodded with a smile, as if he was a true elder.

The two of them chatted about some heartwarming topics.

Using the harmonious atmosphere, Baron Dylan said to Kant, "Little Kant, after the banquet at noon tomorrow, I will arrange a small-scale tournament in the afternoon. After all, we do not have many

entertainment activities in North County. This kind of tournament will be held when you come here, as uncle's welcoming ceremony."

As soon as he finished speaking, the vassal knights beside him immediately had a look of joy on their faces.

Many people were whispering to each other.

The tournament was also an activity that the Dukedom of Leo was passionate about. Being able to obtain the first place in the tournament would also be helpful to one's reputation. If a noble wanted to be conferred a knight fief, they would also consider this tournament.

After all, to be the champion of the tournament, one must be powerful.

As long as one showed proper loyalty, it was easy to gain the favor of the noble.

In the poor North County, the last tournament was held two years ago by the Viscount of the North County, Wayne, in his Logue Castle. At that time, the grand event attracted the attention of the entire North County.

It was said that the first ranked knight already had three villages as fief.

These vassal knights could not help but become restless.

Kant naturally understood the significance of the tournament, and his face was filled with emotion, he said to Baron Dylan, "Uncle Dylan, isn't this too wasteful? The cost of the tournament is not small. Even if it was a small-scale tournament, without 500 great silver coins, it would probably not be able to be held."

"Small-scale.", Baron Dylan nodded with a smile, as if he was very grateful to Kant. "It's your guards and my vassal knights. The tournament only limited to our Stone Pass. We won't invite the lord of other places."

"Then I'm really grateful.", Kant was even more moved.

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Chapter 170: The Raging Dark Tide

The matter of the tournament was thus decided.

As the banquet ended, the excited vassal knights brought them out of the official residence. In an extremely short period of time, the news spread throughout the Stone Pass, making those gentries, celebrities, and landlords hear about this news.

The tournament was not a small matter.

Even if it was a small-scale tournament, which was limited to the Stone Pass, it still made many people crazy about it.

The vassal knights were all rubbing their fists, intending to show off their skills.

Even those landlords and merchants with small assets had to prepare their families' most outstanding children to go on stage. After all, this was a performance stage. If Baron Dylan recognized their abilities, it would be possible for them to become knights.

Even the southern village of the Stone Pass had spread the news in the shortest amount of time.

However, the main character of tomorrow's tournament, Kant had already returned to his room, sat on the chair, but his expression was very calm.

It was the same room he had stayed in the last time he came.

The tables, chairs, and armoires were all new, but the biggest difference was that the bed was covered with a soft velvet quilt and a with a thick wool blanket. The overall layout was much more shabby than his first visit.

Baron Dylan had really earned a lot of great silver coins in this short period of time.

The profits of the table salt trade could be said to be terrifying.

Kant naturally understood.

Even the vassal knights who were once wearing the coarse linen robe had changed into brand-new soft clothes and thicker mail armors. From this, it could be seen that the table salt brought by Manid last time had greatly increased Uncle Dylan's appetite.

Otherwise, the atmosphere would not be so harmonious this time.

And he had even held a tournament for Kant alone.

One had to know that back then, when Kant was escorted through the Stone Pass from the Castle of Leo, this Uncle Dylan did not show up.

He did not even greet Kant as he should have.

It was like he did not know who Kant was, nor did he know about this matter.

This was the way of the world.

Kant curled his lips slightly. They could not be separated from the profits involved.

The so-called family and friendship were often weak in the front of profit. Moreover, this was a world where power was paramount. The so-called moral were just ridiculous principles to bound ordinary people.

For the sake of the title of nobility, even brothers in blood could turn against each other, and they could even poison their biological father.

It was all because of the profits involved.

At the banquet, Baron Dylan's various attempts to probe him were all temporarily suppressed due to the interests involved.

"Hehe.", Kant could not help but laugh mockingly.

Thinking of that scene, Baron Dylan sowed discord between himself and the South County, revealed the fact that Princess Sofia was Kant's biological mother, all of it was to let him, who was once his mother's follower, become Kant's reliance.

Obviously, it was for the natural salt mine that Kant controlled.

No problem, Kant would also cooperate.

With such a shield in front of him, attracting forces for him, why not use it?

Face? Dignity? The dignity of a noble?

Kant disdained it.

If even his own development was so weak, what was the point of caring about these things? He was afraid that those greedy nobles would have eaten him until there was not even a residue left. Where would he prove his dignity?

These were words that only the strong were qualified to say.

"Dang dang dang."

There was a knock on the door. At the same time, Manid's voice was heard, "Lord Kant, Can I come in?"

"Come in," Kant replied.

The door was pushed open.

Manid walked in and carefully closed the door behind him. He whispered to Kant, "Lord, it's all done. There are a lot of silver coins and they have been placed on the camels. Ten Sarrandian horsemen have been specially arranged to look after them."

"Well done.", Kant nodded.

"I plan to buy some iron tools to bring back tomorrow.", Manid said. "We are very short of these materials now, but there is a limit to the amount sold to us at the Stone Pass. It seems that they are afraid that we will melt the farm tools and turn them into weapons. We need you to negotiate with the Stone Pass."

"I'll take care of it.", Kant nodded and exhorted, "Buy more axes."

"Yes," Manid agreed.

The two talked about some common topics, but they didn't have a deep conversation. Manid took his leave and returned to his room.

He couldn't talk too much in other people's territory.

Even though their rooms were all connected.

But who knew if the soundproofing was good? Kant was very vigilant about revealing secrets during such conversations. In the films and television shows of his previous life, things like cubicles, secret rooms, and secret eavesdropping passages were quite common.

Walls had ears.

Kant naturally prioritized caution and could not reveal his power too early.

He needed to maintain a fragile balance.

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Kant's vigilance was reasonable.

After the two of them finished their conversation, until everyone fell asleep, a thin and small figure slowly squirmed in the narrow secret tunnel under the lower floor. Without making any noise, he quietly returned to a room at the corner of the official residence.

Soon, he left and came to another room in the mansion.

Baron Dylan was sitting there with two vassal knights, waiting for him expressionlessly.

The thin and small figure bent down and reported everything he had heard at the same time. Then, he quietly stood in the middle of the room with his head lowered, not daring to say anything.

"Well done. Go down."

Baron Dylan waved his hand, indicating that he could leave.

The skinny figure bowed and immediately turned to leave. It was very straightforward.

The door was closed.

There was no sound of footsteps outside the door.

Baron Dylan nodded in satisfaction and said, "These rats are still useful."

"Of course.", the two most trusted vassal knights nodded.

The rats were a spy organization at the Stone Pass. They had just developed in recent years. Initially, they were members of the trade caravan of Baron Dylan's wife's family. However, as their financial resources had increased recently, they had also recruited many capable people to help them. It could be said that these rats had given them a lot of useful information, which was very effective.

And today, Baron Dylan was very satisfied with Kant's secret surveillance.

"This little Kant is really young.", he chuckled as if victory was in his hands. "After we obtain more power, we will be able to control him."

"You are wise.", the two vassal knights flattered him.

"Haha.", Baron Dylan smiled.

However, there was a hint of hatred in the depths of his eyes. "His father assigned me here, but he did not expect that I would actually obtain the help of his son. I really want to see if he will regret it in the future."

Thinking back to the humiliation he had suffered in the past.

And the humiliation of not being able to integrate into the noble circle of North County, he was filled with resentment.

The vassal knight complimented, "Lord Dylan, now that you have the salt mine and the table salt trade, you will be able to develop quickly. You will definitely have the power to improve further."

"That's right.", the other vassal knight nodded.

If he had the table salt trade, he would have in control of great silver coins as well. There would be an endless income of great silver coins.

Baron Dylan smiled again.

However, he still rubbed his eyebrows, he instructed the two of them, "Be careful recently. Our table salt trade has attracted the attention of many noble families. As far as I know, Viscount Wayne of Logue Castle is very curious about why we have so much fine table salt. I think he has already sent a secret agent here."

"We will remain vigilant.", the two vassal knights nodded.

"Very good.", Baron Dylan nodded in relief.

He was very reassured by the two knights who had followed him from the very beginning.

At this moment, he said to them, "Don't look at the fief village. If I can obtain a better estate, or even contact the hidden forces of Princess Sofia, I can even overthrow the Dukedom of Leo. When the time comes, the richer South County will be our choice, not these barren North County territories!"

"We are absolutely loyal to you!", the two vassal knights immediately expressed their loyalty.

"That's right."

Baron Dylan pondered for a while, but he still said to them, "Perform well tomorrow and test out the cavalries that Kant brought. These guys are definitely not ordinary people. I reckon that they were once elite knights."

"What do you mean?", the vassal knight asked.

"It would be best if they could join us. If they don't join us, we can still show our goodwill now.". Baron Dylan lowered his head slightly, he said, "It might be the power of the Silver Platter Kingdom. After all, when Princess Sofia was still alive, she personally helped Cameron to become the Archduke. However, before the Silver Platter Kingdom could intervene, this princess died suddenly. Some hidden spies have yet to be activated."

The vassal knight nodded. "Understood."

Baron Dylan was reassured by them, but he still exhorted them, "Don't show any hostility at the moment. When we are strong enough that we don't need to rely on others or Kant, we will be able to shed all pretense of cordiality."

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A storm was brewing in the Stone Pass.

Even in a secret room in the city, the spies who had plotted against Kant were also discussing this topic.

The spy leader seemed to be digesting the information carefully.

After hearing the report, he made a decision in his heart. "Don't be rash."

The five spies looked at him in confusion.

The spy leader limped up and waved at them. "You can leave now. Remember not to be rash and continue to lurk. What happens next is not something you can get involved in."

"Yes.", the five spies left the secret room.

The leader of the spies pushed the door open and entered another room. He took out the crystal ball again.

As the light bloomed.

A mysterious connection appeared.

"Cherff, is there anything that you need to report to the Lord Count? I want to inform you that you have been using the magic crystal ball to communicate quite frequently recently. I remember that I once said that you can just send letters to report the ordinary things."

A cold female voice sounded from within the crystal ball.

The leader of the spies quickly replied humbly, "I have important news to report."

"Speak.", the female voice was still cold.

Swallowing his saliva, the leader of the spies quickly reported Kant's matter. He also pointed out that Baron Dylan had recently developed the table salt trade and his strength had increased rapidly. He also guessed the relationship between the two of them and the source of the table salt trade.

"Is that all?", the female voice answered coldly. "Continue to monitor. I will report this news to the Lord Count."

After the female voice finished speaking, the crystal ball immediately dimmed.

It was obvious that the other party had cut off the connection.

The spy leader's face carried a hint of humiliation. He snorted coldly and turned around to leave.