

Oasis 173

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 173: Boring Tournament

Kant swallowed his saliva and said, "A knight order led by 10 grand knights."

"What a pity.", his tone was still a little disappointed, but he raised his head and smiled. "Although I don't know about the silver light knights, I still have the help of others." After a pause, Kant's tone was still firm, he expressed his thought, "I think they are not inferior to the silver light knights."

Baron Dylan glanced at a corner of the viewing platform on the city wall.

Ten Sarrandian horsemen were standing there and talking happily.

It was like they formed a self-organized system, a circle that rejected outsiders. Even if there were landlords and merchants wanted to take their children to try their luck, they were rejected after a few words.

Before long, all the merchants knew that these seemingly gentle but actually cold horsemen were not so easy to get close to.

Baron Dylan understood in his heart.

He would replace the forces Kant had mentioned, as well as the ten Sarrandian horsemen who had obviously been trained by knights, into the forces left behind by Princess Sofia. He smiled lightly and his eyes were filled with fear and craze.

If he could return to the hidden forces.

And replace them.

Perhaps he would have his place in the entire dukedom of Leo!

It was precisely because Baron Dylan was one of the forces that Princess Sofia had brought back then, he knew the true intention of Princess Sofia was to subvert and control the political situation of the Dukedom of Leo. In fact, after gathering small half of the Silver Platter Kingdom forces, she was truly capable of changing the current situation of this country!

Or rather, they had the power to subvert the entire country!

After understanding this situation, Baron Dylan became even more passionate towards Kant.

However, he could not hide the greed in the depths of his eyes.

In Baron Dylan's eyes, Kant was just like a silly and sweet little child who knew nothing. He called him Uncle Dylan friendly and sincerely, as if he truly regarded this baron as the only person he could rely on at the moment.

However, there was an imperceptible mockery in Kant's smile.

He had lived two lives.

Kant was not a fool.

Just as the two of them were still talking, the tournament below finally began.

The chubby butler walked over quickly with a sheepskin scroll in his hand. On it, there were dense words written with a quill pen. He handed it to Baron Dylan, and reported, "Lord, everything is ready. The children of the gentries' family will start first. It was the first part of the tournament segment to warm up the audience."

"Just make the arrangements.", Baron Dylan waved his hand and did not take the sheepskin scroll.

Instead, he looked at the chubby butler, who had followed him for many years. He solemnly instructed him, "Don't embarrass me. This is a competition held to welcome little Kant. If anything goes wrong, I will be angry."

"Absolutely not!", the chubby butler immediately broke out in cold sweat.

"Hmph, that's good.", Baron Dylan's expression softened slightly.

Following the arrangements.

Many merchants and children of the landlords on the viewing platform quickly left. They walked down the stairs to the city wall and changed into their weapons and equipment for the tournament. They walked side by side to the square and respectfully greeted Baron Dylan.

Baron Dylan also waved his hand slightly, indicating that the tournament would start first.

The crowds below immediately cheered.

These competitors were wearing leather armor and holding wooden spears, shields, and swords. They quickly broke out into fight. As many competitors moved around, it could be seen that there were two teams of twenty competitors fighting each other. It seemed like they were simulating the attack of the military formation.

They fought back and forth, it looked quite hot-blooded.

The civilians below also let out deafening cheers, which quickly ignited the atmosphere.

This kind of tournament was one of the few grand banquets they had.

Baron Dylan also expressed his satisfaction, he smiled and turned to Kant and praised, "These children are the sons of merchants and landlords. It seems that in a few years, they will become experienced warriors. If some of them have strong awareness and training, they can even become knights' attendants. I think highly of them."

"I think they are very good.", Kant nodded in agreement.

"These are all very good young men.", Baron Dylan nodded proudly.

However, in Kant's eyes, these competitors below were fighting back and forth in groups, and then they scattered to find another opponents to fight one-on-one after a short while. There was no entertainment at all.

It was far inferior to the competition in Castle of Leo, not to mention the blockbuster in his previous life. They were not on the same level at all.

He turned his head and looked at the merchants and landlords around him. As well as those vassal knights, they were all watching with great interest.

With a slight frown, Kant could not tell what battle techniques these young people had. They were simply chopping each other with wooden swords and stabbing each other with wooden spears. Occasionally, they would hit each other with shield strikes. It was as if they were children playing house.

However, he did not show it on his face. He was still pretended to be quite enthusiastic.

Soon, as a certain team was defeated, the battle was paused for a moment.

The losers left the arena.

The winners raised their head arrogantly and stood on the arena to show their victory.

The civilians below burst into enthusiastic cheers. Even on the viewing platform, many merchants and landlords were talking excitedly about their children's actions just now. Of course, the families of the defeated deliberately did not speak a word.

Losing the battle was not something that people were willing to accept.

At this moment, Baron Dylan opened his mouth.

He swept his gaze over the merchants and landlords and smiled. "The winners will be rewarded with one great silver coin each."

"Thank you, the kind Baron Dylan!"

Immediately, there were people with smiles on their faces who quickly bowed to him.

Some people had bitter smiles on their faces.

Obviously, they were happy to be the family members of the victors. The ones with bitter smiles were the family members of the defeated.

In response to this, Baron Dylan continued to smile. At the same time, he continued, "In the name of little Kant, give the defeated a reward of 50 small silver coins as a reward for their unyielding performance in the arena!"

"Thank you, kind Baron Kant!"

The merchants and landlords who had bitter expressions on their faces before immediately revealed a joyful look. They immediately bowed to Baron Dylan and Kant to express their gratitude. The consolation prize was not low, and they were quite satisfied. The most important thing was that they would not lose their faces too much because of failure.

"Uncle Dylan, you are too generous.", Kant also bowed his head to express his gratitude. After all, these small silver coins were given to those people in his name.

Baron Dylan smiled proudly and shook his head. "Don't care too much, Little Kant. As long as you are in my estate, then it will be just like your home, as long as you are happy."

Kant continued to lower his head to express his gratitude.

He acted like a young noble who was deeply touched, as if he did not have any schemes or tricks. If one treated him better, he would be willing to open his heart.

The square below was filled with people.

Another two teams of competitors appeared. It was still those young people, but they were all new players. They continued to fight in a mess. Kant was speechless, but he still had a smile on his face.

The winners of the last two teams continued to fight to determine the final winning team.

This time, Baron Dylan was very generous. He had rewarded each of them with five great silver coins. It was almost equal to the income of these merchants and landlords for many months. The cheers became louder and louder.

The commoners below were extremely excited even if they were just watching the show.

The competition reached its climax.

At this moment, the butler walked over and said with a smile, "Lord Dylan, it's time for the knights to compete. I think it will be very exciting."

This was the real climax.

The vassal knights who had actual combat experience would be more fun to watch.

"Okay.", said Baron Dylan with a smile.

However, he also thought of something and turned to Kant. "My knights already know their level. Why don't you ask your guards to go as well?"

"My guards?", Kant was slightly stunned.

"That's right.", said Baron Dylan with a smile. "You brought 40 guards with you, so you can definitely select 20 people to form two teams."

Kant lowered his head apologetically. "That's not very good."

"There's nothing bad about it. I said it.", Baron Dylan smiled and patted Kant on the shoulder, he said earnestly, "Look at your guards. They are all strong and fit. They are more than enough to be knights' attendants. They can also play in the tournament, not fight on the battlefield."

"Then... Okay.", Kant nodded.

"This tournament will be even more exciting.", Baron Dylan smiled happily.

As the order was given.

The 20 Sarrandian horsemen, who were still waiting under the city wall, were immediately transferred to the arena outside. They also changed into leather armor, wooden swords, wooden spears, and

wooden shields. However, just by looking at their robust appearance and the imposing manner when they walked, one could tell that they were not at the same level as the children of the merchants and the landlords.

The true elite warriors, even the civilians below could see it.

The cheers were even louder.

At the same time, the vassal knights from the Stone Pass also appeared.

The 20 vassal knights also formed two teams, each of them rubbing their fists and palms. Looking at the Sarrandian horsemen, it seemed like they wanted to teach this group of outsiders a lesson. They all looked over provocatively, winking at each other, wanting to provoke the other party.

However, the Sarrandian horseman's face remained cold and calm.

This made the vassal knights a little angry.

Provoking the other party, but the other party completely ignored you. It was like they were looking down on you.

One by one, they whispered to each other, saying in a low voice that they would definitely teach these guys a lesson later.

"The first team of guards from Lord Kant will compete with the first team of cavalry from the Stone Pass!"

A servant on the viewing platform of the city wall loudly announced the rules.

His voice was loud and clear, and even the civilians below could hear him clearly. "You are not allowed to cause fatal injuries, and you are not allowed to make serious injuries that cause sequela. The tournament is based on the competition, and it can not be treated as a battle on the battlefield. I hope you can understand!"

"Understood.", the 20 Sarrandian horseman calmly replied.

"Don't be long-winded. Let's begin!"

However, the knights were a little impatient. Their status was higher than these servants.

Thus, their tone was not polite at all.

Seeing this, Baron Dylan frowned slightly.

However, he still smiled and said to Kant, "Your guards are really not bad. They are just like well-trained knights. Compared to my vassals, the difference is really too big. They are more like a real noble knight and a group of wandering knight."

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 174: Complete Silence On the Scene

It was obvious that Baron Dylan was drooling over Kant's Sarrandian horsemen.

Completely obedient to the order.

This motto may look simple and comprehensible. However, for these troops in the era of cold weapons, as long as they could follow this motto, they could be considered as elites. This was because this motto represented discipline, a discipline that should be strictly obeyed in military operations!

"They are all good.", Kant seemed to be smiling modestly.

However, this deepened Baron Dylan's guess that Kant had a force behind him to help him.

If there was no force to help him, then how could these 40 completely obedient knight-level guards follow an exiled baron, who had lost the love of his family and was struggling to survive in the desolate desert?

If he went to seek refuge with any noble...

He would be able to obtain even more!

"It really makes me drool. What kind of great power does the legacy of Princess Sofia have?", this thought arose in Baron Dylan's mind. His eyes were filled with fanaticism and stared straight into Kant's eyes.

Then, two teams were ready at the arena which located at the bottom of the city wall.

The 10 vassal knights on the left and the 10 Sarrandian horsemen on the right.

They were not riding horses.

Instead, they were walking for the sake of convenience. After all, the size of the entire arena was not large. If all 20 of them were to ride horses, they would not be able to display their powers. If they wanted to watch the horsemen charge at each other on horses, involved only two competitors were the best choice.

"It's about to begin.", Baron Dylan's eyes were filled with satisfaction.

Although these vassal knights looked undisciplined, they were indeed had capability and worth kept by him.

There were many monsters in the Senwaya Range. Even the low-level Jackalan tribe would attack from time to time.

Usually, they relied on these knights to lead their teams to deal with the monsters. If they did not have some ability, they would have died in the Senwaya Range. If they were able to live until now, their ability could not be underestimated.

Kant was silent.

He also had some doubts about his ten Sarrandian horsemen.

After all, they were all level-4 troop class.

If the level-5 Mamluke was here, he might still have a chance. After all, these level-5 troop class were the strongest force that Kant could have at the moment. Compared to the Level-4 troop class, they were qualitatively better!

"You don't seem to have confidence in your guards?"

Baron Dylan smiled and comforted him, "Don't worry, this is just a tournament."

"Of course.", Kant smiled and shook his head.

Just below, as both sides were ready, the servant responsible for the shouting repeated the rules.

Then, he raised the flag in his hand and waved it down heavily.

"Begin!"

The battle officially began.

The originally hyped crowd was very focused on the two teams in the arena.

Even the retired rookies were watching solemnly. This was a competition of the true knights. As long as they learned a few useful techniques from watching, it would be of great help to them in the future, and it would be more beneficial to their growth!

However, the expected collision did not happen.

The ten Sarrandian horsemen stood shoulder to shoulder, holding shields in their left hand and spears in their right hand. They carefully moved forward in formation, but their speed was not fast.

It was just like the most common formation of the long lance soldiers.

It made the vassal knights who had spread out and rushed forward a few steps, a little stunned. They had no concept of formation to begin with. In their impression, in such a tournament or even on a real battlefield, only footmen would form a formation like this. These knights usually led their troops to charge at the front to show their bravery. They used their powerful combat skills to lead their troops to tear open a hole in the enemy's formation as the final breakthrough point.

However, in a battle on foot, charging forward in a mess was not that heroic, especially when the enemy had formed a formation like a tight turtle shell.

If they charged forward, it might not be optimistic.

"Hey, are you guys violating the rules? Why are you all gathered together? Come out and fight us one on one! Are you guys cowards? If you're so timid, people will look down on you!"

The vassal knights used insulting tone to provoke the Sarrandian horsemen.

However, the ten Sarrandian horsemen did not move.

They continued to move forward slowly, holding ten two-meter long wooden spears in their hands as they slowly approached the scattered vassal knights. There was no expression on their cold faces, as though they did not care about the insults.

"Fight! Fight! Don't dawdle!"

There were people shouting from below. There were many of the residents were waving their fists fervently.

Obviously, these knights moving forward slowly and testing each other was not what they wanted to see.

Even on the city wall, many merchants and landlords were frowning.

Even Baron Dylan smiled and said to Kant, "Little Kant, it seems that your soldiers are very cautious."

"I don't know much about them either."

Kant timely showed his ignorance.

But he still smiled and said, "But when they killed the Jackalans, they were very powerful. Basically, ten people riding horses could chase after hundreds of Jackalans, and they could even win."

"Well.", Baron Dylan nodded and didn't say anything.

In his opinion, his vassal knights could also do it, so it wasn't a big deal.

However, at this moment.

The ten Sarrandian horsemen under the city wall seemed to have come to an agreement. They immediately rushed forward for about 10 meters within few steps. Meanwhile, the vassal knights were still standing in a mess, each holding a wooden sword and a wooden spear, they were not prepared at all. They could only retreat in shock, but they could not dodge the ten wooden spears that were thrusting straight at them.

The tip of the wooden spears was not made of iron, but was made of wood. It did not have a sharp edge. However, it still caused a little pain when it stabbed someone's body.

Moreover, the attacks of the Sarrandian horsemen were caught off guard and were not noticed by the vassal knights at all. They hurriedly let go and retreated to both sides. However, there were still two or three people who were unable to dodge in time. They were stabbed in the back of their waists or stomachs by the tip of the spears and announced their lose.

"Lost?"

They did not react in time and just stood in the arena in a daze.

Even the people around them did not react in time.

On the city wall, Baron Dylan still had a smile on his face, but this smile was frozen on his face. Looking at the vassal knights who had been completely scattered and chased by the Sarrandian horsemen in the arena, his face suddenly turned red.

Kant did not say anything. He just looked down quietly.

Soon.

The vassal knights who had been defeated were all declared defeated.

"Lord Kant's guards have won!"

The servants hesitated. They looked at the vicious gazes of the vassal knights, but they still helplessly said this result. After all, it was the vassal knights who had been defeated, not the Sarrandian horsemen.

"This isn't fair!"

The vassal knights flew into a rage out of humiliation.

One after another, they shouted, "How can they fought like this on the arena? They should show off their strength in a fair way!"

They were all saying similar words as they raised their heads to look at the viewing platform.

"That's right, this isn't fair!"

"Request for a rematch! They can't do this!"

"We want to watch an exciting match, not something as boring as this!"

"Cheating, this is cheating!"

The audience made up of civilians also protested, saying that the Sarrandian horsemen was cheating. In the arena, it was impossible to compete like this. It should be like a real man, fighting head on head!

Baron Dylan also turned his head slightly to look at Kant.

Hearing the people shouting for the rematch, his expression recovered a little. He teased, "Little Kant, your guards seem to treat the arena as a battlefield."

"I'm not sure either.", Kant still did not know anything. He scratched his head and said, "Maybe they don't know."

"Then let's fight one-on-one.", Baron Dylan smiled and made the decision.

He did not have any intention of letting Kant choose.

Soon, this decision was made, and the people below immediately cheered.

The vassal knights also issued a challenge.

However, the Sarrandian horsemen remained expressionless, just like the everlasting Sarrandian Desert. No matter how the wind blew, they waited.

In the arena, two people appeared once again.

They were a Sarrandian horseman and a vassal knight. Each of them held a wooden shield and a wooden spear, with a wooden sword in their arms.

"Hey, I will crush you under my butt!"

The vassal knight was provoking him.

However, the Sarrandian horseman did not care at all. The vassal knight in front of him lowered his body slightly and blocked the wooden shield in front of him. The wooden spear in his hand was like a poisonous snake hiding behind the shield.

The skills of the Sarrandan people had been honed on the battlefield and in their families.

They were the tribe in the desert.

If they stayed desert forever and ate dust, then the heroic acts of conquering or expelling other races and monopolizing the resources of the oasis would have long disappeared in history. They would not be ruling the Sarrandan Desert like they were doing now, or spread their forces toward the continent of Caradia.

"Begin!"

The servant immediately waved down the banner.

The people below were all shouting, cheering for their vassal knights.

"Defeat the outsiders!"

"Go! Let him know how powerful the Stone Pass is!"

"You are the strongest Lord Knight!"

The cheers were very hyped and joyous.

It caused the vassal knight to have a confident smile on his face.

This was the confidence that came from killing several powerful demonized creatures in the Senwaya Range.

"Look at my spear!", he shouted as he quickly thrust forward. The spear in his hand seemed to be ready to pierce through the Sarrandian horseman at any moment.

However, the Sarrandian horseman still lowered his body.

He looked at the rapidly approaching spear.

He immediately turned around and raised the shield in his left hand diagonally, blocking the direction where the spear was coming from. Borrowing the force of the spear, he raised it upwards, while the spear in his right hand was placed flat on his waist and stabbed into the abdomen of the vassal knight.

It took less than 10 seconds.

The citizens who were cheering and demanding to beat up the Sarrandian horseman were like ducks being choked by the throats now.

Their faces were flushed red, their eyes were wide open and they did not make a sound.

Even the viewing platform suddenly became cold and silent.

After a long while.

"This... is impossible!". Finally, a merchant opened his mouth with a shocked expression.

He recalled that this vassal knight once killed a demonized creature with ease. He stabbed that demonized creature from its mouth to its spine with his spear. He even stabbed the demonized creature from its butt, it howled for quite a while before it died miserably! But now this defeated vassal knight was just standing on the ground in shock.