

## Oasis 81

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

#### Chapter 81: Elated Asage

At the Oasis Lookout.

Asage stood by the lake, staring blankly at the small lake.

It did not remember that there was a small lake here.

But it did not think too much of it.

Asage felt a cold sensation from behind that caused a chill to run down its spine.

It was because it knew that two elite cavalry cavalymen in fine armor were right behind it. They were definitely following it without any expressions on their faces. In addition, beside their armored large hands were the spiked warhammers hanging from their belts.

"Gulp." Asage gulped.

The more it thought about it, the more afraid it felt. The cold sweat on its forehead had even dampened its gray fur.

Asage did not know when those sharp warhammers would ruthlessly smash into its head and easily pierce through its skull, sending it to its death.

"Hey, what are you standing there for?"

A Swadian Heavy Cavalrymen behind it looked unhappy.

Staring at the two-meter-tall Jackalan, the feeling of raising his head to look up made him feel very bad. He lifted his leg used his chain-mail boots inlaid with iron to kick the leg of Asage. "Enjoy and savor your free time."

"Uh..."

Asage knelt on the ground but did not dare to resist. "Yes, yes, yes. I'll go. I'll go."

As it spoke, it walked slowly along the lakeside, but its eyes were filled with sorrow.

It was time for a walk.

Kant had arranged it so that it was able to move around the village.

As the interrogation and investigation over the truth of the so-called Kingdom of Grey Mane had not yet been completed, Asage, the high-class Jackalan, was still guaranteed basic dietary requirements and a certain degree of freedom.

Just like right now, it had half an hour for a walk.

Compared to cruel torture tactics, giving one a bit of hope was often more effective in breaking down a person mentally and having them reveal everything they knew.

However, escaping was definitely impossible.

Asage had been under strict supervision ever since it was captured and brought to this Oasis Lookout.

Moreover, as the only outsider, not only was it locked up in the basement of the council hall every day, even its free time would never exceed half an hour.

Although there was enough food and water, it was being watched closely.

If it really dared to escape...

Asage glanced at the two strong and burly human warriors behind it and could not help but tremble in its heart.

Back then, it was exactly these guys who rode down the dune on fully-armored warhorses and easily nailed the Jackalan warriors it had hired to the sand. The miserable state of being annihilated in an instant had awoken it from its dreams recently.

It was just a merchant. These fighting and killings... they were the most terrifying.

"What will happen to me, Supreme Storm Monarch? Please give me hope."

Asage could not help but pray sorrowfully in its heart.

The Storm Monarch was the god with the most extensive influence on the Mannheim Coast. It was also the religion of the high-class Jackalan in the Kingdom of Grey Mane. It could ensure the safety of seafarers and protect regions where it was located from being affected by disasters.

Asage prayed in its heart, but it could not help but sigh. "This is the south of the Nahrin Desert. Even the power of the Storm Monarch cannot reach this place."

The Nahrin Desert used to be a forbidden area.

The many races and countries on the Mannheim Coast would not venture deep into the Nahrin Desert.

Ignoring those like Asage who went around the extremely hot Devil's land to reach the extreme south of the Nahrin Desert and discovered an astonishing amount of natural salt mines before being captured miserably...

The truth was that the Kingdom of Grey Mane had not been inside the Nahrin Desert for a long time too.

It started ten years ago.

The low-class Jackalan tribes that moved to the Nahrin Desert and had narrowly escaped death were discovered by the Kingdom of Grey Mane.

Then, after further studying the desert, they learned that there were human kingdoms in the south of the Nahrin Desert, and there were many of them. These human kingdoms had even sent troops to slaughter the low-class Jackalans in the desert.

On the Mannheim Coast, the Grey Mane Kingdom, which was a middle-class force, could not sit still anymore.

They urgently needed to open up a new battlefield and plunder enough things to make their country stronger.

The other two countries on the Mannheim Coast had grown their wealth rapidly in recent years since the establishment of their maritime trade. Even their military strength grew rapidly. This really made these high-class Jackalans somewhat fearful.

One was the Lizardmen Kingdom and an Elf Republic.

Asage gulped.

According to its understanding, the Kingdom of Grey Mane was about to send troops to plunder those human countries.

Even the low-class Jackalan tribes could enter the human countries and wreak havoc for three years. Would it not be even easier for the high-class Jackalans, who were much better equipped, to easily defeat the human countries' armies, plunder wantonly, and even conquer new estates?

"When the time comes, I'll be saved." Asage suddenly felt elated.

"Quickly, go!"

However, a force came from behind, causing it to stagger forward a few steps.

Its elated heart turned into fear again. It walked quickly, not daring to resist the two Swadian Heavy Cavalrymen behind it at all. It did not dare to even look at them with hatred.

Right now, its life was still in the hands of others.

...

Senwaya Range, Stone Pass.

Kant narrowed his eyes slightly.

He did not find any troops on the six-meter-high city wall in front of him.

He raised his head and glanced at the two sides of the tightly shut city gate. There was also not a single person in sight on the seven-meter-tall wooden arrow tower.

"The defense is lax." Kant's lips curled into a mocking smile.

Even if there were only Jackalans in the Nahrin Desert and they were not worth paying much attention to, such lax defense was enough to showcase the management level of the owner of the Stone Pass, Baron Dylan.

"Lord, do you want to knock on the door?" A Sarrandian Horseman behind him asked.

"Knock on it. Make it louder." Kant nodded.

The Sarrandian Horseman nodded. He gently kicked his horse's abdomen and urged his horse to quickly reach the outside of the Stone Pass' city gate. After dismounting his horse, he raised his leg and kicked heavily on the wooden city gate. One after another, creating multiple heavy "Bang! Bang!" sounds.

The sounds were very loud, and the wooden gate shook continuously.

"What's going on? Are the Jackalans attacking?"

"This vibrating sound! Is the Jackalan tribe charging in?!"

"Set up the defenses! Set up the defenses! We can't let those Jackalans in!"

A mixture of noises immediately came from inside, but no matter how one listened to it, it sounded a little panicky and unprepared.

After a long while.

More than 30 soldiers in leather armor and holding long lances appeared on the city wall.

Each of their faces was filled with fear and panic. Kant, who was below, even saw many young and tender faces. Moreover, he felt that they were just like him, children who had just reached adulthood at the age of 16 or 17!

"Is this the garrison at the pass?"

Manid could not help but say, "It is just like a group of militia."

"These are all peasant recruits. They are not much stronger than our Swadian new recruits. They are used as cannon fodder."

Kant naturally understood the military configuration of the Dukedom of Leo.

However, looking at those abject soldiers on the city wall, he could not help but snort, "It's such a crucial pass, yet they still use these peasant recruits as the key forces guarding the city wall? This is just too careless."

"Damn... Damn it, who are you people?"

On the city wall, the soldiers also realized that Kant and his group were not Jackalans.

The confidence of also being a human appeared. They shouted loudly without much fear, "Do you know that this is the Stone Pass, an estate belonging to Baron Dylan?"

Just as these peasant recruits were talking, new troops walked up the city wall.

These were warriors who wore leather armor ingrained with iron and chain mail. They looked much stronger, and the weapons in their hands were standard military weapons such as iron swords and spears.

Obviously, the new reinforcements had arrived.

Moreover, more than ten archers had gone up the city wall and the arrow tower. They looked at Kant and the others coldly.

"This is more like it."

Kant shrugged and ordered Manid, who was next to him, without any fear, "Tell them that Baron Kant of the Nahrin Desert wants to enter the Stone Pass. He also wants to meet with Baron Dylan to discuss important matters."

"Understood." Manid nodded.

At the same time, he urged his horse to take a few steps forward and looked at the garrisoned soldiers on the city wall. Then, he said loudly, "This is the noble of the Dukedom of Leo, the second son of King Cameron, one who was conferred the title of Baron in the Nahrin Desert, Baron Kant. He is preparing to enter the Stone Pass. He also wishes to meet with Baron Dylan to discuss important matters!"

Revealing his identity and conveying his intentions early on was already a gesture of goodwill.

There was a brief silence on the city wall.

The militia formed by the soldiers and the recruited peasants was not qualified to deal with matters that concerned the nobles.

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#### **Chapter 82: The Cold Baron Dylan**

Kant did not wait for long.

About ten minutes later, a burly figure wearing mail armor appeared on the city wall.

His slightly messy hair casually draped behind his head. His face was covered with sword scars due to his injuries. It was obvious that he was a person born out of a battlefield. His eyes were as sharp as an eagle's.

He was the Lord of the Stone Pass, the Baron of North County, Dylan.

Below the city wall, Manid looked up at the baron who was also sizing them up. His expression was slightly solemn.

Manid, who came from a merchant family, naturally knew how to read people's expressions.

And now, he was looking at this Baron Dylan who stood atop the city wall. There was a hint of doubt in his eyes. The reason was that, from his appearance, he did not seem like the kind of self-indulgent person addicted to the pursuit of pleasure, and who did not know how to develop his estate.

It was obvious that he was in his 30s, which was also the time when one was at his strongest and most energetic.

However, that was exactly the case.

Manid's brows were tightly knit together. He swept his gaze over towards the peasant conscripts beside him who still had a hint of panic on their faces.

He had clearly witnessed what had occurred earlier on the city wall. In the beginning, the level of vigilance was undoubtedly poor. Manid who came from the continent of Caradia felt that in that chaotic continent of his, this seemingly sturdy stone pass would fall within a day.

“Don’t overthink this.”

Kant seemed to have noticed Manid’s thoughts.

The corners of Kant’s mouth curled into a strange smile. He naturally understood why this Baron Dylan was acting in such contradictory ways.

This actually originated from ten years ago, it was earlier than when the Dukedom of Leo conquered the Nahrin Desert and massacred the Jackalan tribe. When Kant had just turned five or six years old. It was a battle that the Dukedom of Leo continued to brood about, even to this day.

In fact, Kant’s fall and exile to the Nahrin Desert were also related to that battle back then.

“Whew.” Kant took a deep breath and did not continue overthinking it.

He kicked the horse’s belly and urged his horse forward. When he was about ten meters away from the city wall, he raised his head and said, “Uncle Dylan, it’s very nice to meet you again. How have you been recently?”

As soon as he said that, the entire place fell silent. The answer that should have appeared did not appear.

There was a slight commotion behind him.

The five Sarrandian Horsemen and the ten desert bandits were somewhat indignant.

The reason was that even if they did not know proper etiquettes and only knew how to kill, they knew that the silence of Baron Dylan, who was on the city wall, and his lack of an answer were the equivalent to a serious lack of manners. One could even argue that it was an extreme contempt towards Kant.

This person was their lord.

If it were not for Manid, they would have already started cursing the Sarrand region.

However, Kant did not care.

A gentle smile appeared on his slightly young-looking face, and the light in his eyes was extremely sincere.

Looking at Baron Dylan on the city wall, he lowered his head slightly and continued to speak politely, “Last month, I was conferred the title of the Nahrin Desert. Unfortunately, due to my tight schedule, I did not meet you. Now that my estate has settled down, I have come here in the hopes of meeting you. After all, in my heart, excluding my mother, Uncle Dylan is the person who treated me the best.”

There was still pm;u silence. No one spoke or responded.

However, Baron Dylan, who had a cold expression on his face, finally spoke. “Open the city gate.”

Upon hearing his order, the soldiers behind him immediately reacted.

As the clinking and clanging sounds of the winch began to fill the air, the city gate, which was made of thick crude wood, slowly opened as the iron chains and ropes attached gradually moved, revealing the pass behind the gate, as well as hundreds of spear-wielding soldiers who had gathered around behind it.

Baron Dylan turned his head and walked down the stairs.

At the same time, without turning his head, he ordered without any expressions, "Who called about an attack from the Jackalan? Find all of them and give each of them ten lashes. If something like this ever happens again in the future, I will have him directly hanged."

"Yes!" A few soldiers in iron armor immediately responded.

With an unfriendly yet blank expression, he pointed at a few peasant conscripts, took out a horsewhip from behind his back, and lashed out fiercely.

"Crack, crack!" Sounds of whipping filled the air.

Streaks of blood instantly swelled up on their skin.

Along with mournful cries, Baron Dylan, who had walked down from the city wall, got on his horse and left. There was still no compassion on his face.

At the Stone Pass, he had always been known for being cold-blooded and cruel.

"Lord... Dylan. "

His butler trembled as he waited beside the horse. He gulped and finally mustered enough courage to ask, "Baron Kant has arrived outside. Do you need me to prepare a banquet for tonight?"

"No need," answered Baron Dylan who had already mounted his warhorse and was about to leave. Then, he said bluntly, "Just prepare more food."

"Yes, yes, Lord Dylan." The butler nodded and left.

Meanwhile, Baron Dylan snapped his horsewhip and urged his horse to leave the city gate quickly.

The soldiers clad in iron armor from before followed behind him. They rode on their warhorses and tottered carelessly on the narrow and filthy streets, causing the peasant men and women wearing simple and crude clothes to rush to both sides of the streets to avoid getting hit. Meanwhile, they also had to bow to the baron at the same time.

However, for Baron Dylan, seeing these peasants only made his expression grimmer.

He snapped his horsewhip and the warhorse ran even faster.

Outside the city gate, Kant and his cavalymen finally began to slowly walk in.

They were not riding on their warhorses. It was a formality to enter the city.

Leading his warhorse, Kant walked at the front. He looked at the middle-aged man walking over to welcome him. He glanced at the fine linen robe donned over his body and immediately understood that this person was probably Baron Dylan's butler.

He frowned slightly. Kant's face did not reveal the slightest bit of dissatisfaction. He was still calm.

"Honorable Baron Kant, Baron Dylan has entrusted me to offer you the most sincere greetings and welcome."

The slightly chubby butler wiped the cold sweat off his temples. He bowed deeply and placed his hands on his chest in a very respectful manner. Indeed, he was bowing to Kant in the most respectful manner. There was not even the slightest flaw in his manners.

It was indeed the most sincere greeting and welcome.

As for whether it was commissioned by Baron Kylan, Kant understood it very well.

When he passed by this place the last time, he replenished his supplies, including food and fresh water, and then rested in the place. However, even after staying for an entire day, this Uncle Dylan of his did not even invite Kant to visit him at his official residence.

“Yes, I’m very happy to see Uncle Dylan.”

Kant had a brilliant smile on his face. He narrowed his eyes, just like a big boy without any schemes.

This made the butler feel relieved.

The butler extended his hand and gestured for Kant to come inside the city gate. Then, the Butler said respectfully, “Please follow me, Baron Kant. Baron Dylan is waiting for your arrival at his official residence. At the same time, he has prepared a wonderful feast for you. He intends to speak to you in detail.”

“Lead the way.” Kant nodded.

The butler’s smile became even brighter and more respectful after seeing how easy it was to talk to Kant.

He led the way and welcomed them into the Stone Pass.

Kant led the horse in front, while Manid and the cavalrymen followed behind. They looked curiously at the fortress built in the middle of the canyon and blocked the passage.

There were also many other curious gazes.

This included the soldiers who wielded spears and were lined up messily on both sides of the street.

There were also the wives of farmers and their children dressed in shabby clothes outside their narrow shacks in the distance.

In particular, when they looked at those walking in the front, Kant and Manid, both of whom were young and handsome, as well as the five Sarrandian Horsemen and the ten desert bandits who looked neat and tidy, their eyes were filled with admiration.

To them, only nobles and knights would dress like this.

Otherwise, they were rich people.

As for themselves, they were just the lowly poor who were sheltered in the stone pass.

Kant could not help but frown under these gazes.



Although the streets under his feet were made of stone, dirty water flowed through the cracks. There was even a faint stench coming from the slum areas on both sides of the street. Every step they took, the bottom of their cowhide boots would generate a “Splashing” sound.

Obviously, dirty black mud also covered the stones of the street.

It made him frown even more.

It was really too filthy.