

## Oasis 85

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

#### Chapter 85: A Gift from Kant

A strange atmosphere filled the hall.

However, it was unusually quiet.

The dozen or so burly men who had just entered subconsciously glanced at each other.

Fear filled their eyes.

The calm sitting posture of the five Sarrandian Horsemen and the fact that Kant's words could so easily make them so obedient particularly made them secretly clicked their tongues.

Such elite level discipline was nowhere to be seen in their remote and barren northern county.

The scene remained quiet.

Kant did not continue to say anything else.

He sat in his chair, together with Manid and the five Sarrandian Horsemen, on the seats for the guests.

After all, they were guests, to begin with.

"Ahem."

A dry cough sounded outside the door.

Baron Dylan walked in with the butler.

He looked around in the hall, at the strange atmosphere and then at his dozen or so subordinate knights who were usually unruly and wild. Seeing how they had become so quiet, he could not help but snort coldly.

"Since everyone is here, let's begin," said Baron Dylan indifferently to the butler.

"Yes." The butler immediately nodded.

At the same time, he quickly walked out of the hall and closed the door gently.

He went to prepare dinner.

Baron Dylan went to his seat and sat down.

The dozen or so tall and strong men on both sides bowed their heads to greet him.

These men were subordinate knights who were either attached to or conferred by Baron Dylan. They were the ultimate force that maintained the entire stone pass as well as the small castle. They were also the main generals during the wars.

"Uncle Dylan."

Kant also stood up from his seat. He placed his hand on his chest slightly and said, "It has been a while."

His movements were very elegant.

Moreover, his voice was calm. He really looked like someone from the younger generation who had not seen his uncle for a long time.

"Yes, it has been a while."

Baron Dylan nodded. His face was cold and expressionless. "Also, Baron Kant, I think it's best for you to address me as Baron Dylan at this time. We are at the same level."

It did not sound like a reprimand. Only a reminder.

Nonetheless, it immediately attracted the muffled laughter of his vassal knights on both sides.

Clearly, in their eyes, their great lord and baron had just helped them with a strong retort in response to their earlier embarrassment.

His words were indeed unreasonable.

Even Manid's face turned slightly stiff.

Not to mention the five Sarrandian horsemen, their faces were flushed red.

They could not tolerate these words that were close to insulting Kant.

Kant was able to tolerate it.

He was already dissatisfied, but for the sake of his development, he did not care.

As one whose soul had been transported, he did not place too much emphasis on class or status in this world. As for the so-called self-respect and pride, he also felt that it was especially laughable when people prioritized them when they did not have the strength to back them up.

If Kant had 1,000 Swadian knights in formation waiting outside the Stone Pass, the situation would probably be different.

In short, it was just a difference in strength.

Kant stood up.

He still spoke respectfully and sincerely, "Uncle Dylan, I still remember the shortsword that you gave me as a birthday gift when I turned six years old. It is still stored in my box."

"Is that so?" Baron Dylan narrowed his eyes slightly, his face also showing some emotions.

Kant nodded and smiled, "Of course."

Seeing Baron Dylan's expression relax, Kant continued and said, "Uncle Dylan, I came to visit you this time but I bear no good gifts. I hope you will like these things."

Beside him, Manid brought a package out.

It was a thin linen bag. Inside it was a relatively new urn.

Everyone's eyes were on it, curious to know what was inside.

Kant did not let down everyone's curiosity. He directly opened the urn, placed it on the table with both hands, and said, "This is fine white salt. As a baron, Uncle Dylan, only white salt like this which is as beautiful as snow can match your status."

After saying this, the vassal knights on both sides of Baron Dylan exclaimed.

They were not ignorant.

This urn was the size of a human head. If it was filled with fine white salt, then its value would be very high.

It was a kind of salt that only high-ranking nobles could eat.

Although these vassal knights were also nobles, they could only eat brown salt that had a bitter taste, at most. It was still a lot better than the poor people who could not even afford salt.

At least they could still have salt in every meal.

"This gift is very expensive."

However, Baron Dylan frowned slightly. Although his face was moved, it became solemn.

He looked at Kant and asked directly, "Such expensive white salt is really too valuable. Baron Kant, did you encounter any difficulties?"

"No, Uncle Dylan, this is just a token of my regard."

Kant shook his head. A sincere smile still on his face.

Seeing that his question was not answered, Baron Dylan snorted coldly. Then, he nodded and said, "In that case, I'm very grateful for your gift. If you encounter any difficulties, let me know and I will try to solve them for you."

Kant bowed slightly. "Thank you very much."

At the same time, the servants brought dinner.

The dishes could be considered common. In fact, the quality was lower than the food at the Oasis Lookout.

Roasted pork, roasted sausages, and roasted birds.

Stewed mutton with chickpeas, cabbage soup, and an unlimited amount of lager beer.

Plates filled with the food items were placed in front of everyone while others were put inside wooden bowls.

Finally, the butler personally distributed a plate of salt.

"Let us begin."

Baron Dylan announced the start of dinner.

Immediately, the dozen or so vassal knights began to gorge on the food.

Knights who only knew slaughter knew nothing about elegance or manners. Those were things that only knights who had noble backgrounds paid attention to. Knights who were promoted through civilian-military merits never paid attention to this.

Sometimes, when they were short of money, they would even act as bandits and rob trade caravans.

The fundamental meaning of being a knight was military force, not philanthropy.

Eat and drink. The atmosphere of the entire dinner was very strange.

Normally, a dinner would have conversations, banter, and laughter; however, this dinner ended in silence accompanied by the sounds of people drinking and eating.

Baron Dylan did not say much from the beginning to the end,

Occasionally, he would speak but it was always with his vassal knights, and these conversations usually did not last very long. The atmosphere of the entire dinner was extremely stiff and cold. It caused the butler waiting on the side to break out in cold sweat.

Dinner ended.

Desserts were served.

These were wild apples from the Senwaya Range. The desserts were made by first cooking the apples before having honey poured on them.

If one were to talk about the taste, at least Kant was having a hard time eating them.

Manid and Kant exchanged glances the entire time. They both understood each other's thoughts, which was to wait for dinner to be over.

In fact, Baron Dylan thought the same.

And finally, dinner was over.

Those rude vassal knights thanked Baron Dylan before leaving.

However, before they left, with their faces flushed pink after drinking light beer, some still stared provocatively at Kant and his group. Even under the cold glares of the Sarrandian horsemen, they showed no fear.

A few knights were even looking at the exquisite Sarrandian Horsemen's chain armor under their long robes with drooling eyes.

In the Dukedom of Leo, a full set of iron-made equipment was not cheap.

A set of armor that could save one's life on the battlefield was the goal of every soldier and knight. However, apart from extremely wealthy nobles, a group of country bumpkin knights of the common class could never obtain this.

Their fiefs in the village could only support their daily lives.

The barren land could not produce too much food and economic crops to sustain their splurges.

"Baron Kant, tell me, what's your reason for finding me?"

After everyone left, Baron Dylan did not wait for the servants to tidy up. He said, "Is it because your estate was attacked by the Jackalans again, and you want me to help you defeat them?"

Baron Dylan took the initiative and looked at Kant. "But you must know that I am not Sir Hobson from the Lion Fort. If you want me to help you solve your Jackalan crisis, this urn of white salt is far from enough."

On this, Kant smiled. "No, Uncle Dylan. I remember that your wife is the daughter of a merchant?"

Baron Dylan's expression turned ugly. His wife did not belong to a noble family, but a merchant. She was a laughing stock in the aristocratic circle. Although he was a warrior baron, he still had the status of a noble.

Baron Dylan snorted coldly and said, "Baron Kant, do you want to use your noble bloodline to humiliate me?"

"No, no, no. "

Kant had a sincere smile on his face as he looked at the cold and cruel Baron Dylan. Instead, he said gently, "I don't have a Jackalan crisis, nor do I have any intention of humiliating you. I just want to start a long-term trade agreement with you, Uncle Dylan."

### Lord of the Oasis

#### **Chapter 86: Confirmed Trade Cooperation**

In the Lord's hall.

On the wall, the burning pine oil torches that were used for lighting crackled.

The leftovers of the food were still on the table.

The slightly plump butler's face was covered in a cold sweat. He stood beside his master, Baron Dylan, with his head lowered. He understood that at this moment, he should maintain the most humble and respectful attitude.

However, in reality, no one cared about him.

In front of Baron Dylan, the jar of white salt that Kant brought was placed on the table.

Manid was the one who put it there.

Through the opening of the seal, Baron Dylan could see the white substance in the jar under the dim light. It was fine white salt, the best seasoning, a luxury item that only a noble could afford, and it was the most popular ingredients used by the mages in the Mage Tower who possessed extraordinary powers to cast a spell.

Slowly sticking his fingers into the jar, Baron Dylan grabbed a small pinch of white salt and scattered it in front of his eyes like an hourglass, "This is good stuff. " He spoke with a level and cold voice, but there was a slight tremor in his voice.

“That’s right, Uncle Dylan, as you can see. ”

Kant sat on the chair with a smile at the corner of his mouth. “This is the deal I want to offer you. ”

Baron Dylan did not answer.

Instead, he narrowed his eyes. A terrifying look appeared in his eyes, just like the expression he had when he was risking his life on the battlefield. He took a deep breath to calm himself down and slowly said, “Kant, what exactly do you mean? ”

“A long-term trading,” Kant said.

Baron Dylan raised his head and looked at him directly. “I am asking you what exactly do you mean.”

### Feeling the awe in his eyes, Kant did not feel the slightest ripple in his heart. He still said calmly, “Uncle Dillard, my aunt’s family is a grain merchant from the northern county. The trade routes include the southern county and the eastern county. I think this is your advantage. ”

Baron Dylan did not answer. He kept staring at Kant.

He suddenly realized that the Baron Kant sitting in front of him was no longer the shy and polite child he met before.

“Table salt trade. ” Baron Dylan muttered.

“That’s right. ” Kant nodded.

“You found a salt mine in your territory?” Baron Dylan continued to ask.

“Yes.” Kant chuckled, he was not going to keep it a secret.

Such a straightforward answer kept Baron Dylan quiet for a moment before he raised his head to look at Kant, “How many cans of this white salt can you give me every week? I need an accurate number.”

“Ten cans,” Kant said. “And I can guarantee that you will have them every week. ”

Baron Dylan looked deeply into his eyes and finally nodded, “Okay.”

“May we have pleasant cooperation, Uncle Dylan. I know that you are my closest and most trustworthy uncle.”

Kant smiled.

He was a smart man. Although Baron Dylan was a warrior who came from a commoner background, his humble background did not affect his intelligence, whether it was his business or political mindset.

Being promoted from a commoner to a knight and then to a Baron was already an unimaginable dream for ordinary people.

Baron Dylan did it.

Looking at the Baron who was kind to him when he was young, Kant’s heart did not waver. He still looked at him sincerely and said, “The only person I can trust is you.”

This was the truth. Kant did not lie.

Baron Dylan narrowed his eyes. He looked at Kant and nodded expressionlessly, "I was your mother's old subordinate."

"I know," Kant nodded.

He had been in this world for so many years, and he was not completely ignorant.

However, the status was no longer of much use to him now, because his mother had passed away due to illness 15 years ago. The subordinates she brought to the Dukedom of Leo had had their power completely suppressed by the local noble families.

For example, Baron Dylan, who had made an important contribution in winning a losing battle, was sent to the arid and barren Stone Pass to become a baron there. If he was a local nobleman of the Dukedom of Leo, he would probably be on the fertile plains of the South County. It was even possible to carve out an area for him to build a village. The difference between the two was obvious.

This was also why Kant came to him.

He had been born a commoner and had gone through a lot of hardships, but in the end, what he got was unequal treatment and a barren piece of land.

No one in his position would feel that their efforts were proportional to their returns.

Of course, Baron Dylan was indignant.

Staring at the Baron who was already in his middle age, Kant did not reveal any deep emotions. Instead, his gaze was sincere as he said, "Uncle Dylan, this might be the beginning of our success."

"That's right," Baron Dylan nodded. He finally looked squarely at Kant.

He narrowed his eyes slightly and asked in a deep voice, "This business is worth joining, but I want to know the details first." He paused and stared at Kant, "For example, how much is the price of each jar of white salt?"

"50 Great Silver coins. It's 150 Great Silver coins cheaper than the white salt that's currently on the market."

Kant spoke, but Baron Dylan started breathing heavily after hearing his answer.

Instinctively clenching his hand tightly, Baron Dylan narrowed his eyes and looked into Kant's eyes. He continued in a deep voice, "I don't understand why you set the price this way."

In the market of the Dukedom of Leo, the price of white salt was 200 Great Silver coins.

In the barter system, a jar of white salt had a value equivalent to three years' worth of crops produced by all the villages in the barren lands of the North County and all the fields cultivated by the free people and serfs.

Back then, Kant had used 20 Great Silver coins to make the elite cavalry of the Lion Fort work for him.

Now, who would ignore the profit of 150 Great Silver coins per jar of table salt?

A smile curled Kant's lips.

However, his expression remained sincere, "What I mean, of course, is to sell this white salt to you at the price of 50 Great Silver coins per jar, my most respected Uncle Dylan. "

"This..." Even though Baron Dylan was mentally prepared, he was still dumbfounded.

10 jars of white salt per week, 150 Great Silver coins per jar of white salt.

1,500 Great Silver coins per week.

6,000 Great Silver coins per month.

72,000 Great Silver coins per year.

Even the richest territory in the Dukedom of Leo, the City of Lion's Heart, which was built on the banks of the Resniston River and under the direct command of the king, was a very prosperous trading city, and it could only earn 50,000 Great Silver coins per year through various taxes.

In addition to the maintenance fees and personnel expenses, it was already good enough to have a net profit of 30,000 Great Silver coins.

But now, Baron Dylan could easily earn 72,000 Great Silver coins a year.

It was extremely profitable.

Baron Dylan clenched his fists tightly.

He looked at Kant and suddenly lost his rational mind.

Breathing heavily, Baron Dylan smile, "My most generous little Kant, you know, on my honor and your mother's name, I swear that we will be the best partners. "

"Of course, Uncle Dylan," Kant smiled, he was extremely sincere.

However, there was a flash of coldness in Baron Dylan's eyes, but he forcefully suppressed it.

The salt mine in the Nahrin Desert.

This was indeed a resource worth coveting.

However, he needed to determine where it was located and whether it could be completely controlled by him.

Although he was the Lord of the Stone Pass, Baron Dylan knew his power. He was considered the weakest among the lords in the North County, not to mention the wealthy South County and the East County, which had already stopped any interaction with other counties. Only by gathering resources can a lord become more powerful.

The dinner was about to end.

Baron Dylan had a smile on his face. He turned his head and glanced at the butler beside him who was sweating. He was satisfied with the way he stood with his head lowered. This was an honest man who was intimidated by him.



Looking at Kant, he asked, "My dear little Kant, no one else knows about the table salt trade, am I right?"

"No, no one else knows."

Kant nodded and shrugged with a smile, "But, Uncle Dylan, when your trade caravan starts to operate, I think many people will know about it. There might be a lot of problems."

"It doesn't matter. Everything will be resolved." Baron Dylan lowered his head and smiled, his face gleamed with excitement.