

Oasis 87

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 87: The Country Bumpkins of the North County

The dinner went great.

Kant and Baron Dylan exchanged a few more words before parting with each other in the dead of night.

The maid led them to the rooms that had been arranged beforehand in the official residence. Manid, the five Sarrandian Horsemen, and the desert bandits who did not attend the dinner were also placed in rooms that were close to Kant's room. They were given rather good treatment.

However, the torches in the Lord's Hall were still burning, causing the entire space to be filled with the choking smell of smoke.

Baron Dylan sat quietly on his chair.

Excitement gleamed in his eyes.

Two burly figures pushed the main entrance's door of the hall open and entered. As the light shone on them, it was clear that they were the two of the vassal knights from before. They were also Baron Dylan's right-hand men.

"Lord Dylan." The two of them came over and bowed respectfully.

"Yes," Baron Dylan nodded.

He pointed at the chair beside him and said, "Sit down. You two were in the next room, you should have heard."

"Yes, sir." The two of them did not refuse. They sat down and nodded at the same time.

While Kant and Baron Dylan were talking, the two vassal knights were in the next room.

After all, Baron Dylan needed protection. Even though guards were guarding the door, the five Sarrandian Horsemen in the Lord's Hall still gave everyone in the hall the creeps.

It was the pressure of facing elite soldiers.

However, Baron Dylan was not thinking about this. Instead, he was thinking about the jar of the white salt that was placed on the table in front of him.

"Is there a salt mine in the Nahrin Desert?"

Baron Dylan asked faintly, "If I remember correctly, we have been stationed at the Stone Pass for almost ten years. How come we never know anything about it?"

The two vassal knights looked at each other and lowered their heads in shame, "I'm sorry."

"There's no need to apologize." Baron Dylan shook his head.

Squinting, he had got a dangerous look in his eyes, “Even if there is a salt mine, it would probably be very deep inside the Nahrin desert. After all, when we went into the desert to kill the Jackalan tribe, there was no salt mine around the Oasis Lookout.”

The vassal knights nodded and waited for Baron Dylan to continue speaking.

Baron Dylan went on, “But this is an opportunity. I didn’t expect little Kant to survive in the Oasis Lookout. He even found a salt mine. It seems like he is doing great.”

Thinking of the Sarrandian Horsemen who were fully armored, Baron Dylan narrowed his eyes and said, “Could it be that Princess Sofia’s forces are still secretly supporting him?”

“That’s impossible.”

The two vassal knights narrowed their eyes slightly, and there was a solemn look in their eyes.

They knew Baron Dylan. Both of them came from the civilian class as well. They had been following Baron Dylan for more than ten years and were trusted by him on the battlefield. Otherwise, they would not have been treated as trusted aides by Baron Dylan.

“It’s possible,” Baron Dylan snorted coldly.

Thinking of the unequal treatment he had been subjected to since he came to the Stone Pass in the North County, he was enraged.

Clenching his fist, he slowly said, “Let’s wait quietly. Time will prove everything.” He paused, his voice was low, “But our fate must be held in our own hands. With the money from the table salt trade, I can recruit more knights and buy more armor. By then, even Viscount Wayne who rules the North County will be afraid of our strength.”

“We will follow your orders.” The two vassal knights nodded with a determined look on their faces.

In the room, Kant was resting quietly.

Manid had just left.

They chatted for a while, but due to the poor soundproofing of the room, they did not talk too much.

They only talked about today’s trade briefly.

In other’s territory, they absolutely could not reveal any secret information. Who knew if there were any secret agents of Baron Dylan right next to these rooms?

Kant did not harbor any so-called sincerity towards this uncle Dylan.

As the saying goes, only children care about right and wrong. To noble families, profit is the only eternal thing.

Now Kant had offered profits that Baron Dylan could not refuse, and at the same time, he had also revealed a small part of his strength. The cooperation between the two parties had basically been established.

Kant was not sure about how long that would last.

But at the very least, both parties would remain in a friendly and peaceful atmosphere for a year, the honeymoon phase.

A year later, Baron Dylan, who had tasted the sweetness, would become stronger as a result of this trade and might want to continue sharing Kant's profit, which had already given him enough benefits. By then, he would realize that Kant, who was originally just a little snake, had become a terrifying dragon.

In a year, with the help of the system, Kant wouldn't stop developing his territory, would he?

This gave Kant his confidence!

There was a proverb in the Dukedom of Leo, "A lion is strongest when it is an adult."

Even a sand gazelle would dare to kick a lion cub with its hooves, let alone a hyena. This was because they knew that lion cubs did not have sharp claws, fangs, or a strong body.

Only by relying on the protection of the adult lions could they survive.

Kant and his "Drondheim" were like a lion cub. They were hungry for all the nutrients and would seek protection from all the adult lions.

For this, they were willing to sacrifice some of their food.

But once a grown lion had developed sharp claws and a strong body, who would dare to plunder its food?

No one would dare.

This was the law of the jungle, the survival of the fittest.

He drifted off to sleep.

But Kant remained vigilant.

The night passed peacefully.

When Kant woke up the next morning, he, who was sleeping on the soft bed, could not help but stretch.

He must admit that the room in the official residence was set up very well, especially the soft bed. Kant, who was used to sleeping on a hard bed, felt that his waist was a little sore.

Of course, the quality of the sleep was very satisfactory.

When he walked out of the room, Manid and the cavalry also stepped out.

The maid led them to the Lord's Hall, where breakfast would be served.

The vassal knights of the Stone Pass were the first to arrive at their seats. They laughed and talked about all sorts of things, but the topic was none other than women and wine, or how heroic they used to be on the battlefield.

After Kant entered, the noise in the hall stopped.

But they continued to reappear along with the sound of discussion.

However, some vassal knights here occasionally looked at Kant and his associates with an unfriendly expression, especially at the chain armor under the linen robes of the five Sarrandian Horsemen. Their eyes were filled with envy and some sort of evil and greed.

“Humph!” Kant snorted.

Kant settled into his seat while Manid and the horsemen beside him also sat down according to yesterday’s arrangement.

They talked softly and stayed out of the vassal knights’ business.

The truly capable vassal knights had long been conferred with titles and left. They had their own fief around the Stone Pass. Those who remained here were all boors who did not have much ability and only knew how to fight.

Moreover, just by looking at their boorish appearances, they were no match to the five Sarrandian Horsemen.

“No wonder he is called a country bumpkin knight.”

Kant’s lips curled into a mocking smile. The interesting news that he had heard in Lion Fort crossed his mind.

The North County was a barren place, and that causes the knights’ equipment and the soldiers to be of low quality. They were considered the troops of the lowest quality in the entire Dukedom of Leo. Every time they started a war with the enemy, the lord and troops of the North County were second-rate cannon fodder.

That was why they were called a bunch of country bumpkins from the North County, the brainless boors.

Kant could even make an inference.

Looking at the unfriendly expressions on these guys and the way they drooled over the five Sarrandian Horsemen beside him, Kant estimated that he would encounter a small accident after leaving the pass.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 88: The Power Structure of Knights

Kant did not wait for long.

The arrival of Baron Dylan marked the official beginning of the breakfast.

As the butler waved his hand, well-trained servants brought the breakfast. It was rather similar to last night’s food, except that there was no light lager to get drunk on. Obviously, this kind of drink was not available for breakfast.

However, compared to last night’s coldness, today Baron Dylan was more friendly and kind towards Kant.

It was impossible to refuse such ample benefits.

The change made the vassal knights who had ulterior motives look pale.

They exchanged looks with each other when they thought no one was looking and saw the indignance in each other's eyes, as well as the greed for the hidden chain armor on the Sarrandian Horsemen.

The poor Stone Pass would not give them such excellent armor.

But because of the change in Baron Dylan's attitude, they didn't seem to have a chance at having it.

The sound of people chewing and swallowing the food filled the hall.

The food on the table soon disappeared.

The breakfast was announced to be over. After expressing their gratitude to Baron Dylan, they left the hall.

Many tasks were awaiting those vassal knights.

The area around the Stone Pass was protected by these knights. They faced problems such as the invasion of Jackalan, the discovery of demonized creatures, and the appearance of a bandit gang everyday. These knights would lead the soldiers to solve those problems.

Baron Dylan asked Kant to stay with him for a private conversation. He was brought to the room next door by the butler.

It was a guest room. The tables and chairs were arranged in a very orderly manner.

Many animal heads that had been tawed were hanging on the wall. They were baring their teeth. They seemed to be game animals.

They were the ornaments that were used to show off their owner's power.

"Alright, you can go." Baron Dylan waved his hand, telling the butler who was leading the way to leave.

The door was closed by the butler. Only Kant and Baron Dylan were in the room.

When he saw Kant looking up at the head of a wolf-like animal on the wall, Baron Dylan said with a proud smile, "That fellow is a magical creature that appeared in the logging field in the west of the Senwaya Range five years ago. His strength is probably similar to that of a Grand Knight. He injured two of my vassal knights and killed at least 20 soldiers."

"What a powerful monster." Kant was stunned. He glanced at the head and then said with a smile, "But Uncle Dylan, it ended up hanging in your room."

"Hahaha."

Baron Dylan looked very happy. He sat on his chair and said, "I killed it myself. I almost lost an eye." He pointed at the scar on his right cheek, "A close one."

Kant smiled and nodded. His voice was also filled with emotions, "You are very brave. "

His compliment on the spoils of war further accentuated Baron Dylan's bravery.

Kant was licking the baron's shoes in such a way that the baron did not notice that Kant was sucking up to him.

However, Kant was also a little surprised. Although Baron Dylan talked about the incident like it was not a big deal, two vassal knights were injured and 20 soldiers were killed in the battle with this Grand Knight-level demonized creature, it was definitely a thrilling experience.

"There are many demonized creatures like that in the Senwaya Range."

Baron Dylan sighed heavily, "It's still very difficult to be a baron here."

Kant shrugged.

Difficult?

It must be at least simpler to manage compared to Kant's territory in the Nahrin Desert. Kant could only rely on that small oasis.

Baron Dylan also realized that his complaint did not seem reasonable. He shook his head and did not dwell on this topic. Instead, he asked Kant, "My dear little Kant, when can you start supplying table salt?"

"It can start at the beginning of next month," Kant replied.

A smile appeared on Baron Dylan's face, "That would be great. Are you handling it yourself?"

Kant shook his head, "No, my business manager dealing will be connecting with your trade caravan. His name is Manid. He is the one who was sitting on my left-hand side during breakfast. "

"Oh, good. Very good." Baron Dylan nodded.

Of course, he did not remember Manid's name, nor did he care who was dealing with him. As long as he could see the table salt at the beginning of next month, it would be enough for him.

Those will give him Great Silver coins that symbolized wealth!

The extremely huge profit of 72,000 Great Silver coins a year made him extremely excited, even when he was sleeping last night.

The serious matter had been settled.

Kant and Baron Dylan continued to chat in the room for a long time.

Most of the time, Baron Dylan was pointing at the spoils of war in the room, showing off the monsters that he had killed before.

All of them were of the rank of a Grand Knight.

Kant also showed his admiration and respect for Baron Dylan.

The two of them chatted happily.

Baron Dylan's cold and indifferent attitude towards Kant was basically gone. He was like a real uncle, telling his nephew stories from the past.

The atmosphere was very joyous.

Of course, deep down, both Kant and Baron Dylan knew that only a fool would believe everything they said to each other.

Their relationship was built on profits.

However, Kant was still surprised by Baron Dylan's physical strength.

After all, in this world with magical powers, one could obtain great power by only training his body.

And this was how the Knight Class was structured.

Although they could not really control magical powers like the mages, the small amount of magical power that the knights used during physical training still changed these knights a little.

For example, they became stronger than ordinary people.

For example, they had better eyesight than ordinary people.

For example, they could react faster than ordinary people.

These were all the benefits that knights obtained after training with a small amount of magical power.

It was independent of the noble system. Knights were divided into levels of physical strength.

Knights, Grand Knights, Extraordinary Knights.

They became knights after a long period of training. They had lots of different fighting skills and strong physique.

Grand Knights needed to contain their magical strength. They needed a grand knight as a mentor in order to move to a higher level. After being promoted to a higher level, their stats would be three times that of ordinary knights. They were extremely powerful and could fight against a hundred people on the battlefield alone.

Extraordinary knights were known as the strongest knights. Their exact strength was unknown.

It was said that this kind of extraordinary knights actually possessed the mystical powers of mages. They also had extremely strong bodies. They were could easily change the situation on the battlefield. They were extremely powerful.

At least Kant, who had seen mages, had never seen an extraordinary knight.

Whether it existed or not was another story.

"Uncle Dylan, since we have sealed the deal, I will return to my territory."

Kant said goodbye to Baron Dylan.

"You want to go back so soon?" Baron Dylan expressed his wishes for Kant to stay.

Kant replied respectfully, "I still have to deal with too many things in Oasis Lookout. After all, there are too many Jackalan tribes in the Nahrin Desert and they are extremely ferocious. I'm afraid that something will happen if I am away for too long."

"That's a pity." Baron Dylan sighed softly.

However, an idea came to Baron Dylan's mind, he said caringly, "Little Kant, if the Oasis Lookout needs reinforcements, I think I can help. I'll lend you 100 infantrymen and two of my vassal knights to help defend your territory."

"Thank you for your concern, Uncle Dylan."

Kant smiled and declined tactfully at the same time, "I can still defend my territory. Many soldiers are helping me."

Only God knew what this Uncle Dylan's real intention was by sending his troops over.

The entire Oasis Lookout might end up having to listen to his orders. Especially after they found the salt mine, they would want to lay their hands on the Oasis Lookout's matters. At that time, the territory would have a different owner.

Baron Dylan nodded with a straight face, "That's good. Safety is the most important thing. "

"Of course." Kant nodded with a smile.

The two continued to chat for a while, and then Kant left after bidding farewell.

Baron Dylan walked Kant out of the official residence. Manid, the five Sarrandian Horsemen, and the 10 Desert Bandits had all packed their things and were ready to return to the Oasis Lookout.

After saying goodbye, Kant spurred his horse and led his troops on the journey back home.

The mission was completed.

As long as the table salt trade was established, an endless stream of Great Silver coins would end up in Kant's hands.

Kant would not completely rely on these cold silver coins. He would use them to get more useful materials, such as food and tools, which would be the driving force for the development of the Oasis Lookout.

Oasis Lookout, which did not produce enough crops, could not self-sustain.

Therefore, one of Kant's plans was to use this table salt trade to open up the market of the Stone Pass.