

# **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead**

## **#Chapter 103 - 0103: Brothers Discuss Collaboration - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 103 - 0103: Brothers Discuss Collaboration**

Chapter 103: Brothers Discuss Collaboration

“Liszt, look, I’ve planted ten acres of black tulips!”

Greater Elf Xiangxiang, flying amidst the sea of tulips, with rows of yet-to-blossom tulips trailing behind her. Under the glaring sun, the rows of tulips looked somewhat droopy.

In the middle of the day, it’s not just people who feel lethargic, plants do, too.

Only the elves remained so effortlessly spirited and lively.

“Woo wah!”

“Woo wah!”

Two Little Minor Elves followed behind Xiangxiang, uttering some nonsensical noises. Elves are not social creatures, but elves of the same kind can play together and even share knowledge about different plant species with each other. These two Tulip Lesser Spirits were Xiangxiang’s entourage.

Tulip Castle always hoped that these two Little Minor Elves could break through their constraints and evolve into new Greater Elves.

“Planted at the end of June, and it hasn’t even been two months, they’ve already formed buds,” Liszt strolled between the rows, looking at the buds of black tulips about to bloom, feeling excited, roughly in another month, these tulips would turn into one Gold Coin after another, flowing into his pocket.

Xiangxiang held her pretty head high, proudly saying, “Of course, these are the tulips I planted. Every single seed has sprouted under my care.”

That expression clearly said, “Hurry up and praise me.”

Liszt smiled and praised, “Xiangxiang is incredible.”

“Hehe, I am incredible!”

Xiangxiang rolled twice in the air.

“Woo wah!”

“Woo wah!”

The two Little Minor Elves mimicked Xiangxiang’s movements and also did somersaults in the air.

“Liszt, these black tulips are growing very well, filled with abundant magic power, and they have no obvious attribute distinctions. They are more outstanding than the two magic potions controlled by Tulip Castle. Magicians have already come to place orders,” Frank, the family tutor of Levis, accompanied Liszt.

“They will become the new cornerstone of Tulip Castle, further strengthening the family, and brother will rely on them to continue father’s legacy and become a Sky Knight.”

“I completely agree with you, Levis has exceptional talent, and there is no doubt he will become a Sky Knight.”

By that time, Xiangxiang had been causing a ruckus for a while, flying up to Liszt and saying with a grin, “I will help Levis break through, and when that time comes, I want to carry him flying, just like I did with you when you were little!” When Liszt and the others were children, Xiangxiang loved to grab them and fly up into the sky.

Watching the little tykes scream in fright.

But once they got used to the high altitude and stopped crying, Xiangxiang lost interest in flying with them.

A sprite with a rather wicked sense of humor.

Liszt recalled these scenes and felt a warm fondness; Xiangxiang loved to play and cause trouble but never intended to harm them. Because of the contract, she had become very close to the bloodline of the Tulip Family.

“Memories are deep-seated, it’d be best if you could scare Levis into crying again.”

Xiangxiang said with regret, “Ah, now I can’t scare Levis into crying anymore, and once he becomes a Sky Knight, it will be even harder to make him cry. By then, he would be able to conquer the skies.”

The reason they are called Sky Knights is that they have mastered Advanced Dou Qi. When they release their Dou Qi, they can briefly soar into the air. Even though they can’t fly as freely as birds, a short leap ensures they can quickly strike anything or anyone within several hundred meters.

After touring the black tulip fields, Levis had already seen most of the nobles off.

Those who remained were those with a good relationship with him.

Liszt was also getting ready to leave; he did not plan to stay overnight at Tulip Castle, so he directly called Levis to the study to discuss matters.

“Liszt, is there something that can’t wait until evening to discuss? There are still many people in the living room that I need to entertain.”

“Brother, I don’t plan to stay here overnight. After discussing matters with you, I’ll head back.”

“So urgent?”

“There’s a lot going on in the town that’s waiting for me to handle.”

“Alright, what did you want to talk to me about? You’ve already visited the Black Tulip plantation with Teacher Frank. As for the slave ships, we’ll have to wait at least another month before they return.”

“It’s not about those things; I have something else to discuss with you.” Liszt wanted to talk about seafood, but he felt that saying it outright wouldn’t have much impact.

He needed to lay the groundwork first, to whet Levis’s appetite before discussing the seafood investment.

After some thought, he began, “I’ve come up with a new magic potion.”

“What?” Levis exclaimed in surprise, “You have a new Tulip magic potion?”

“Not Tulips, mushrooms. Flame Mushrooms, a kind of magic potion mushroom.” Liszt was very pleased with Levis’s expression. “How about a partnership, dear brother?”

“Partnership! We’re blood brothers, the best partners, aren’t we?”

“Of course.”

“So how do you propose we partner up, the same way as with the Black Tulip? A personal partnership with me?”

“I don’t like the idea of allowing Lady Marie and that kid Lidun to have all the benefits, so it’s still a partnership with you, brother. However, this time, I only plan to sell the finished Flame Mushrooms to you. You’ll be the Flame Mushroom vendor, not involved in their cultivation.” Liszt laid out the planned partnership.

Flame Mushrooms, he intended to turn them into a specialty of Fresh Flower Town, not directly selling the cultivation technique.

“That’s not right, how many Flame Mushrooms can Fresh Flower Town produce? You should sell me the cultivation technique, and I’ll handle the production. Wouldn’t it be great to share the sales profits?”

“I’m in desperate need of Gold Coins to buy serfs; otherwise, I’d be open to profit sharing. If you can give me five thousand Gold Coins right away, I could even sell you the cultivation technique for Flame Mushrooms outright, without any subsequent profit sharing. You would only need to help sell the Flame Mushrooms I produce in the future.”

“Five thousand Gold Coins?” Levis sighed, “I can’t even come up with a thousand right now, let’s stick to selling the finished product.”

Without much haggling, the partnership was thus agreed upon.

Liszt then asked, “Brother, have you found the Saltpeter Mine yet?”

“No, I’ve searched every city, and no one has discovered such a mineral. You really are a lucky guy... Why do all the good things happen to you?”

“Maybe it’s because good people get good rewards.”

“Haha.”

“By the way, brother, I have another business proposition I want to partner with you on.”

Levis’s eyes sparkled: “What kind of business?” His suddenly matured younger brother had already brought him many surprises. Just the Black Tulip and Flame Mushrooms alone had increased his chances of becoming a Sky Knight by twenty percent, filling him with confidence in becoming a potion maker.

“The seafood business. I’ve prepared to set up caravans in every city on Coral Island to sell seafood. But fishing isn’t a skillful job, sooner or later someone would compete for that hard-earned money. So, I’m planning to give you a twenty percent stake, and you help me get an exclusive seafood selling ordinance on Coral Island.”

He planned to monopolize the seafood business and legalize it, directly cutting off the possibility for others to compete.

“The seafood market is not small, I’ve heard you’re making quite a few Gold Coins a day?” Levis said casually.

“I don’t know where you heard that, but I’m not even making one Gold Coin a day right now. Perhaps when all the cities start selling, I could make two Gold Coins a day?” Liszt played poor and then threatened, “If you don’t help me, I’ll have to ask Father for help. I just want to earn some hard-earned cash to buy white bread to eat, brother.”

Perhaps the Earl really didn’t hold Liszt in high regard.

But if Liszt truly pleaded, the Earl would probably not refuse, after all, it was a business Liszt had developed.

“Fine, but I want a thirty percent stake. The ordinance can come out tomorrow. Father left me in charge of all of Coral Island’s affairs while he’s away,” Levis said with a smile, drawing on his cigar.

Greed!

Liszt inwardly despised him but said aloud, “Alright, thirty percent it is.”

As he spoke, he took a handkerchief out of his pocket, unfolded it, and gently placed the fist-sized Black Pearl that was wrapped inside it on the table: “Brother, take a look at what this is.”

#### Chapter 104: – Within the Book Lies a Beauty as Jade

“What is this?” Levis picked up the Black Pearl and weighed it in his hand, “Is there Magic Power inside? It feels like there’s Water Attribute Magic Power.”

“Indeed, there is Magic Power, it is a pearl.”

“A pearl?” Levis shook his head, “Don’t think I haven’t seen pearls before. I have handled numerous pearl decorations that have passed through my hands. I once took a boat trip over Tranquil Lake on Blue Dragon Island and even personally dug out pearls from Pearl Oysters. Those were white and not nearly this big.”

“This is a Black Pearl, excavated from another kind of shell, the Tridacna.”

“Tridacna? Is it also a product of Fresh Flower Town?” Levis caught on to the key point, the produce from Fresh Flower Town was just too abundant.

“Actually, it was a giant Squid carcass that the Sea Waves brought in, and inside the carcass, there was a Tridacna, and inside the Tridacna, the Black Pearl was found.

Brother, whether it is a pearl or not, what do you think of its value? A Water Attribute Magical treasure, it is more precious than White Pearls.”

“Are you giving it to me?”

“Don’t be so greedy, I have already given you your birthday gift. This Black Pearl is a personal treasure that I carry with me, it helps me calm my restless emotions—the effect is tens of times that of White Pearls. I want to know if you’re interested in buying it. You know, I am of Fire Attribute Dou Qi, whereas you are of Water Attribute Dou Qi.”

“That is true, compared to White Pearls, the sensation of this Black Pearl is much more comfortable to me. How much are you planning to sell it for? A White Pearl of the same size on the market would go for a few Gold Coins. I’ll give you ten Gold Coins for it, how’s that?”

“Ten is too few.”

“It’s not few, Liszt. No matter how much it calms the emotions, it’s still just a decoration.”

“Perhaps Magicians could craft it into Magic Equipment. It has outstanding Magic Power storage, suitable for crafting Magic Equipment. My Fresh Flower Town doesn’t have any Magicians, but I’m sure you have contacts with some. Why not have a Magician craft a piece of Magic Equipment for you?”

Levis shook his head: “If its Magic Power were richer, it could indeed be crafted into Magic Equipment, but it doesn’t have enough Magic Power, and it would be difficult to craft into effective Magic Equipment.”

“Cough, in fact…”

Liszt finally revealed his true intentions, gesturing with his hand the size of a Sea Bowl: “I have another Black Pearl this big, and it is filled with rich Magic Power, absolutely suitable for crafting Magic Equipment. Water Attribute Magic Power naturally suits you, brother.”

“A larger Black Pearl? That big?” Levis was no longer passive.

A fist-sized Black Pearl was indeed a rarity, at most an interesting decoration, but a Sea Bowl-sized Black Pearl was a different story. If there really was a pearl that big, plus it was filled with dense Magic Power, it would definitely be excellent material for Magic Equipment. Those Magicians, craving for such rarity, would pay a high price for the chance to study it.

“Five hundred Gold Coins, I’ll sell you the Black Pearl.”

“I need to see the Black Pearl first.”

“Fine.”

Liszt called Servant Thomas to fetch the Sea Bowl-sized Black Pearl that Marcus had brought. Moments later, the slightly irregularly shaped colossal Black Pearl was laid on the desk in the study.

Running his hands over the massive Black Pearl.

Levis’s eyes shone continuously.

More knowledgeable than Liszt, he understood the value of such a treasure, so he made his offer: “One hundred Gold Coins, I’ll take it. This novelty, despite having dense Magic Power, can’t guarantee real developmental value. I can’t risk buying something unusable.”

His reasoning was sound.

Liszt himself could not be sure that the Black Pearl could really be crafted into Magic Equipment.

But some haggling was still in order, and after several back-and-forths, the Black Pearl was sold at the price of two hundred eighty Gold Coins. Additionally, the fist-sized Black Pearl that he also had with him was included as part of the deal.

After the trade.

Counting the Gold Coins with satisfaction, Liszt said with a smile: “Brother, once you have crafted the Magic Equipment, let me know. I would like to see what uses it has... This is also my first encounter with a Black Pearl.” Once its uses are confirmed, the remaining Black Pearls could be appropriately valued.

“No problem.”

As he was preparing to leave the study,

Liszt suddenly remembered something and asked, “By the way, brother, has Tulip Castle acquired any new books recently?”

“Not at all. When did you start to like reading so much? I’d rather drink until dawn than stay in that study, looking at all those dizzying words.”

“There’s a lot of interesting knowledge hidden in books.”

“Knowledge?” Levis scoffed, “Liszt, are you thinking of switching careers to become a magician? That’s not a good idea. I deal with those magicians often, and they’re all a

bunch of bizarrely behaving maniacs, always talking about knowledge and exploration. The knight's honor is only ever taken on horseback!"

Liszt hastened out of the study.

There's a golden house in the book, there are beauties in the books. As a cultured man, he didn't want to stoop to the other's level.

The collaboration was confirmed.

Liszt took leave of Levis and left Tulip Castle.

However, he didn't head straight back, but took the path towards an independent castle next to Coral City—that was Lady Penelope's residence, and during a trip to Coral City, he couldn't fail to visit his grandmother.

The castle was covered with climbing ivy.

It added an ancient air to the castle, along with an inexplicably eerie touch.

There was a platform on the second floor of the castle, filled with various flowers and plants. Besides socializing with nobility, Lady Penelope's life revolved mostly around these flowers and plants.

Watering the plants while chatting, "You came out from the castle so soon. Didn't Levis keep you for dinner to continue celebrating?"

"I declined. There are many matters in Fresh Flower Town that cannot do without me."

"A competent landlord always keeps himself busy. As long as a person is busy, he will feel fulfilled, effectively preventing a fall into degeneracy. Your father has been busy alongside your grandfather since he was a child, which is why he was able to become an earl before turning thirty."

Lady Penelope turned around and continued watering the flowers, "It's just too bad that since marrying two troublesome daughters-in-law, he has never been able to advance further... I just wish your brother would be a bit clearer in his mind, but that little rascal is also muddled. The youngest daughter of Marquis Roderick is quite a handful."

Marquis Roderick, one of the seven marquises of the Grand Duchy, served in the Blueblood Knight Order, deputy commander.

No wonder Levis is still unmarried; it turns out he has set his sights on a marquis's daughter.

“Cousin Meioubao is deeply in love with the Little Princess, and brother harbors affection for Marquis Roderick’s daughter. It seems they both have quite the intentions.”

“You’re the same.”

“Me?”

“Don’t think that because I’m old, I can’t hear news about you, Asina Salmon, right? Li Vera told me, she’s a very cute girl, utterly admiring you, and yet you rejected her. She is a viscount’s daughter. Although selling fish might be rather crude, having gold coins can just as well buy white bread, can’t it?”

“Heh heh.”

Liszt didn’t want to say much.

Lady Penelope continued to ramble on about “young people not understanding things,” but soon she shifted her attention to one of her flowers.

“Oh, heavens have mercy, my Dragon Hollyhock is really going to die!”

## Chapter 105: I’ll Take the Sick Dragon Hollyhock

Dragon hollyhock, said to be a close relative of the eggplant, bears small, edible, black berries that are quite tasty. When he was younger, there were many wild dragon hollyhocks growing in the fields and Liszt loved to eat them.

He wasn’t sure if the dragon hollyhock in Lady Penelope’s flowerpot was the variety he was familiar with.

But upon hearing that the plant was sick, he immediately stepped forward out of habit and used the Eye of Magic to take a look at the dying dragon hollyhock. At that glance, he seemed to see a faint trace of magic power flowing, but it was just a flash and soon disappeared.

Which made him extremely surprised.

The presence of magic power meant that this dragon hollyhock was no ordinary plant.

“Could it be about to give birth to an elf bug?” Liszt thought excitedly, but he kept his composure and continued to examine the dragon hollyhock.

This dragon hollyhock was on its last breath, its leaves yellowing and its roots showing black spots. It had a few buds that looked like they were about to wither away.

However, under the scrutiny of the Eye of Magic, he soon discovered the magic power flow again, very faint and sporadically visible. It was so subtle that one wouldn't notice it without careful observation.

He was almost certain: "It's highly unlikely to be a magic potion plant; it's very possible that the dragon hollyhock is about to give birth to an elf bug."

"Poor dragon hollyhock, I don't know what disease it has caught, but it's been a week, and it hasn't been revived. Watching it wither day by day, just like I grow older day by day, is truly distressing," Lady Penelope kept prattling and spraying the dragon hollyhock with clear water.

"Grandmother, you are in good health and there are no signs of aging," Liszt said in a light-hearted tone, "Since you feel sad watching the dragon hollyhock, why don't you give it to me to take care of? Maybe the climate in Fresh Flower Town will revive it. If it doesn't, I will bring you a new pot of dragon hollyhock."

"I am pleased that you think so, Liszt. Take good care of it."

"Of course."

Just like that, a pot of dragon hollyhock possibly harboring an elf bug was in Liszt's hands. Anxious to arrange for the dragon hollyhock, Liszt quickly took his leave and met with his retainer knights, hastening back to Fresh Flower Town.

By the time he reached Fresh Flower Town,

It was the afternoon, with the sun about to set.

The sky was streaked with a red glow, a saying goes: 'No travel with a morning glow, a thousand miles with an evening one.' It would be another splendid sunny day tomorrow.

Without taking a break, Liszt immediately ordered Goltai: "Teacher Goltai, mobilize all the serfs to search for dragon hollyhock. Dig them up and bring them to the horse field. Remember to dig them up with the soil attached to the roots to avoid damaging them."

Taking advantage of the lingering daylight, he quickly found a few wild dragon hollyhocks near the horse field.

He then moved the sick dragon hollyhock out of the flowerpot and planted it beside the wild dragon hollyhocks. He ordered people to bring manure, which was poured near the roots of the dragon hollyhock. As each wild dragon hollyhock was excavated and planted around the sick one, they formed a small dragon hollyhock field.

“My Lord, we’ve gathered all the dragon hollyhocks we could find before nightfall. The sun has set now, and the serfs can no longer see to find more. I will have them continue the search tomorrow,”

“That will be fine.”

Candles and lanterns shone.

Goltai curiously looked over the dragon hollyhock field and asked, “What’s the use of these dragon hollyhocks?”

Many knew that the berries of the dragon hollyhock were edible, but they were too small and produced too little to be of significant culinary value. Thus, no one cultivated them, and most of them grew wild at the edges of fields. Typically, only children would enjoy searching for the berries of dragon hollyhock.

“There may be significance, but it’s too early to be sure. Regardless, have all the dragon hollyhocks you can find tomorrow transplanted here.”

“As you wish.”

Back in the castle.

Waiting for dinner.

Liszt leaned back in the chair in the living room, opened a fragrant coconut fruit, and sipped the coconut milk, relishing its taste and relaxing his body. Riding all day, despite his strong Earth Knight constitution, had still left him with a hint of fatigue. However, his mood was good, and he felt a tad excited.

The worries about the seafood market were resolved. With the seafood sales from Coral Island alone, he could support his lavish noble lifestyle.

The sales channel for Flame Mushrooms was in place, just waiting for the serfs to solve the cultivation technology issues. There was still a month to go before the harvest season for the Black Tulips.

The sale of the Black Pearl had brought in two hundred and eighty Gold Coins, nicely alleviating the castle’s financial strain. He was ready to buy a few more horses and several carriages to expand the caravan, aiming to establish the seafood business in every small city as soon as possible, reaching a scale of daily sales over three Gold Coins.

Of course, these were all predetermined plans.

What truly excited him were the Dragon Kui Elf Bugs.

Apart from the four Elf Bugs the Earl gifted him at the feudal ceremony, and one more as a reward for discovering the Black Tulip, the remaining Peanut Bugs, Tomato Bugs, and Fragrant Coconut Bugs were all found through the Smoke Mission.

Only this potential Dragon Kui Bug was a personal discovery, which gave him a great sense of achievement.

It proved that even without relying on the Smoke Mission, he could still find opportunities of his own—although it seemed that without the Eye of Magic, it would have been very difficult to discover the secrets of the Dragon Kui, and the Eye of Magic, after all, was brought by the Smoke Mission.

In the end,

it seemed he still relied on the light of the Smoke Mission.

“No matter how you put it, this is a good omen... Maybe in the future, I can often casually use the Eye of Magic to look for Elf Bugs that might be hiding in any plant!”

In his original perception, Elf Bugs were extremely rare. The Tulip Family, working on Coral Island for twenty years, had only obtained a little over a hundred Elf Bugs, which indicated a very low chance of encountering them.

But in Fresh Flower Town, this small place, in just half a year, three Elf Bugs had already been discovered.

Put a step outside, and he has brought back a Dragon Kui Elf Bug.

This could no longer be described as mere good luck.

“It can probably be confirmed that actually, the gestation rate of Elf Bugs is not low, but due to environmental restrictions, a large number of Elf Bugs may have been ‘miscarried’.”

Without the Smoke Mission,

the Peanut Bug would have died long ago, and the helpless serfs could not have provided the nutrition needed by the Peanut Bug.

The Tomato Bug might have had a chance to gestate, but it might also have been directly picked by John Bian Dan, taking the biggest tomato and unknowingly eating the unborn Elf Bug.

As for the Fragrant Coconut Bug, it’s hard to say, but with its high position and the threat of the Fruit Thief Monkeys, it might also have been doomed.

Even the current Dragon Kui Bug, without the Eye of Magic to spot its traces, was destined to die, with no chance of emerging into the world.

“Now that I have the Smoke Mission and the Eye of Magic, the Elf Bugs I can discover will surely keep pouring in. With these Elf Bugs, farming and accumulating wealth are bound to happen!”

After dinner, Liszt summoned the three leaders of the trading team to the castle.

He assigned them the matters of the seafood trade.

Coral City, Birch City, North Valley City, Elm Forest City, Serpent Spear City, and Shattered Stone City make up the six cities of Coral Island, and trade routes have been opened to five of them, with only Shattered Stone City being too far away for trade.

Fresh Flower Town was situated at the northeastern tip of the island, and Shattered Stone City at the southwestern tip, more than a hundred kilometers apart.

“Tomorrow, Tulip Castle will issue a seafood sale decree, which only we from Fresh Flower Town can obtain,” Liszt said with his hands clasped behind his back, looking out at the night scene through the window.

The nights of Fresh Flower Town were still without many lights.

Against the pitch-dark background, the stars were unusually bright, shining brilliantly.

A faint Milky Way was visible across the sky, suggesting that this Different World still belonged to the Milky Way Galaxy.

He continued, “The seafood market is my exclusive domain, so make sure to take advantage of that. I want you to set up a fishing team near Coral City, catch seafood directly from the nearby beaches, and sell it externally.”

## Chapter 106: A Tour of Inspection of the Territory

The East Coast is only a few kilometers long, and although there is an abundance of seafood distributed along it, overfishing could exhaust the area’s resources in no time.

Liszt was unwilling to engage in such destructive practices.

He planned to implement a fishing moratorium in Fresh Flower Town, or at the very least a closed season during the hottest period of summer when fish are breeding and growing vigorously, to ensure the protection of marine resources.

Of course.

The closed fishing season was just a temporary measure. Once Thorn Ridge was conquered and a dock was built in Deepwater Bay, he would promote nearshore fishing. The seafood resources by the coast were meager and had to be protected, but the marine resources off the coast were more than enough for the entire Coral Island.

Now, without docks, fishing boats, or fishermen, they could only develop the coastal fishery.

“Isaiah, I entrust you with the supervision of the establishment of Coral City’s fishing team; I hope you can prepare everything as soon as possible. For each trade route’s maintenance and the selection of responsible persons, Old Geronte will assist you from the side. Spread them out quickly. I will provide fifty Gold Coins for warehouse rental and the purchase of carts and horses.”

“Yes, Baron.” Isaiah took the command.

Soon, they discussed the construction plan for the caravan.

It was divided into two parts.

One part was to form the “Fresh Flower Caravan,” stationed in Coral City, with Old Geronte as the caravan leader and Abagon as the deputy leader.

Old Geronte mainly managed the “Coral City-Birch City” trade route, the “Coral City-Elm Forest City” trade route, the “Coral City-Shattered Stone City” trade route, and the “Coral City-Serpent Spear City” route.

Abagon was in charge of the “fishing team” and the “Castle Procurement Team,” where the procurement team would buy whatever the castle needed and take it back.

The other part was to establish the “Thorn Caravan,” with Sherlock as the caravan leader, focusing on the regular commerce between Fresh Flower Town and North Valley City.

Each caravan had its focus.

But both were important: one specializing in the seafood business to provide Fresh Flower Town with Gold Coins, the other focusing on everyday trade to supply Fresh Flower Town with all kinds of life necessities.

Waking up early.

Exercising the body, practicing Dou Qi.

Liszt wasn't as diligent as he used to be when he had the archery tasks, leisurely times often lead to subtle degeneration, and the luxury of the nobility erodes the fighting spirit.

"Douson, release magic!"

After walking the dog and watching the servants smash the Rock Spikes to pave the road, he felt: "Still, the life of cockfighting and dog walking is more enjoyable."

The progress on "Douson Avenue" has reached sixty meters; it should be completed smoothly by the end of the year.

Well-fed and well-trained, Douson, though still not a fully grown Fierce Earth Dog, was already stronger than its mother had been, casting magic both quickly and accurately, and executing Liszt's commands to the letter. It had become a very good combat assistant, a loyal guardian.

"Ga ji!"

"Ga ji!"

From the castle windowsill, the shrill cries accompanied by a familiar melody welcomed Liszt back. It was Juan Fu singing at the top of its lungs. The Wind Falcon's feathers were turning darker, and they had grown longer than when it was a chick, its longing to fly stronger every day. As a result, Liszt tied its feet with a rope.

He hadn't yet decided how to train Juan Fu.

It was likely he would kill it for its meat to avoid any trouble.

After securing Douson, Liszt went to the Dragon Kui Field. The wild Dragon Hollyhocks he had planted the previous night were a bit wilted, not yet well adapted to the new soil environment. The Dragon Hollyhock that possibly harbored the Elf Bug was even worse than it had been yesterday; it seemed far weaker.

On the brink of wilting.

He used his Eye of Magic to observe carefully, noticing the bud of the Dragon Hollyhock was still flickering with Magic Power: "I hope it doesn't die; otherwise, it's all been for nothing."

I have done everything I could, now all that's left is to leave it to fate.

In the town, there were many wild Dragon Hollyhocks that were being transplanted one by one. It took a whole day, but almost all of the town's wild Dragon Hollyhocks were moved to the Dragon Kui Field, covering a whole acre. The serfs kept watering, fertilizing, and weeding, striving to use the most careful care to ensure the Dragon Hollyhocks would survive.

"Lord, you really should take a look at the Thorn Cordyceps Shrubbery yourself, the Thorns there have undergone a transformation overnight, they've already grown to half a person's height," Blair said, gesturing with his hands to indicate the rapid growth of the Thorn species.

In just a few days, the Thorn seedlings were rapidly becoming Thorn trees.

But he was also a bit puzzled, "However, my lord, I can't think of any use for them; they don't bear fruit and can't be used for timber. Perhaps we could plant Thorns along both sides of the fences lining the roads at Thorn Ridge. That way, wild beasts, even Magical Beasts, would likely detour and not dare to tread carelessly."

"It's indeed a use... let's first cultivate the shrubbery," Liszt could not think of a better use either.

After that, he inspected the situation of the Fragrant Coconut Tree Cordyceps and the cultivation of the Flame Mushrooms.

The Fragrant Coconut Tree Cordyceps were still gestating, with not much happening.

The cultivation of the Flame Mushrooms, however, brought him a pleasant surprise.

"Your wisdom and insight are truly astonishing, my lord. After your guidance, the serfs in Mushroom Hamlet mixed the Fragrant Mushrooms with the Flame Mushrooms, and the Flame Mushrooms have successfully grown! I don't understand it, but the Flame Mushrooms really do require Fragrant Mushrooms to grow alongside them," Goltai excitedly pointed at the Flame Mushrooms that had started to develop from the mycelium into fruiting bodies.

The admiration from his subordinate gave Liszt a sense of achievement.

He replied with a mild smile, "Once we find out the reason, the next step is to cultivate Flame Mushrooms on a large scale. Teacher Goltai, we need to expand Mushroom Hamlet as much as possible. If the ingredients for cultivating the Flame Mushrooms are not sufficient, have the Caravan procure them from outside."

He spoke with emphasis, "I need Magic Potions!"

“As you wish, I will squeeze every bit of strength out of the serfs to cultivate an ample amount of Flame Mushrooms. The beautiful red mushrooms will bring unimaginable wealth to Fresh Flower Town!”

“It’s necessary to squeeze, but their treatment can’t be scant. Tell all the Mushroom Hamlet serfs that as long as they can cultivate enough Flame Mushrooms, the taxes on the accompanying Fragrant Mushrooms will be halved directly!”

“My God, those contemptible serfs will be ecstatic, you truly are the embodiment of benevolence,”

“Of course, I am a benevolent landlord, but,” Liszt’s tone changed, “you must also tell those serfs that if anyone is lazy, if anyone carelessly damages the Flame Mushrooms, I will make them understand that nobles are not only generous and benevolent but also wield whips that can flay their skin.”

Goltai nodded, “Certainly, it’s very necessary for them to understand this point!”

People are not machines, uniformly diligent; there are always some who are idle and lazy. After barely scraping by, they don’t want to do a bit more work.

Liszt did not like such commoners—his thinking had become that of a qualified nobleman.

Watching the figure of Lord Landlord leaving, Crooked-neck Bob felt downhearted.

“A Nalda’s reward, my God, it was actually that old man Nash who got it! That old bachelor, how could he possibly cultivate the Flame Mushrooms before me!” he muttered resentfully.

It wasn’t a grievance aimed at Liszt; he did not have the courage for that.

He was cursing Nash, simply because once the cultivation of the Flame Mushrooms succeeded, Liszt bestowed awards based on merit, and the first to research the appropriate ingredients was Nash.

As a result, Liszt awarded Nash a Gold Coin.

Everyone in Mushroom Hamlet envied and resented Nash, especially Bob, who had been determined to win this reward.

After swearing for a moment,

Bob put aside his resentment and clenched his fist, “Lord Landlord said, at the first harvest of the Flame Mushrooms, whoever’s Flame Mushrooms are the biggest, best,

and most plentiful, can still get a reward! This time, I, Bob, must get the reward and show everyone that I grow the best Flame Mushrooms!”

## Chapter 107: Correcting the Attitude of the Knight Squad

Another day.

The sun rose in the east.

In the horse field, Liszt shouted, “Multiple Phantom Arrow!”

Six arrows emitted a fierce whooshing noise as they chased one another in the sky, colliding in an instant, then scattering in disarray, without formation.

Only two arrows had struck the target a hundred meters away.

“Failure,” he shook his head. It was the expected result — another failure. His current level of archery was not sufficient to wield the essence of “Multi-Arrow” — Multiple Phantom Arrow.

Having not touched bow and arrow for several days, his skill had even regressed slightly.

Just as sailing against the current, if you do not advance, you will fall back, and the practice of Dou Qi techniques was the same. Fortunately, he was already quite adept at the most basic part of “Multi-Arrow”, the Double Arrow.

On the battlefield, for an Earth Knight to effectively execute the Double Arrow, that was enough.

Glancing over at a distance, Marcus was training the Knight Squad. Just yesterday, another young member had developed Dou Qi, becoming one of his Retainer Knights. Out of twelve members, half had become Apprentice Knights with Primary Dou Qi. Once all of them developed Dou Qi,

It would be time to set out to clear Thorn Ridge.

“Before this winter, we must take Thorn Ridge!” Liszt didn’t disturb Marcus’s teaching. He handed his gear to a Retainer Knight and rode back to the Castle at a leisurely pace.

Take a bath.

Prepare for breakfast.

Butler Carter stood to the side and reported, "My lord, Baker Reynard and Mrs. Abbie have successfully created a new type of bread in town. Would you like to try it now?"

"Oh? The bread is ready? Bring it quickly."

The new bread did not resemble the meat floss bread he had envisioned, but was round like a bun. The surface was cracked, revealing a creamy filling oozing from within.

"What kind of bread is this?"

"It doesn't have a name yet; it's waiting for you to name it, my lord. Mrs. Abbie said it's made with flour, eggs, and cream... separated into inside and outside parts. The outer part is a bit more of a hassle to make, but the baked cracks are quite attractive," explained Carter, detailing the process of making the new bread.

Liszt had already picked one up and taken a bite.

Instantly, the creamy taste mingled with the bread's aroma in his mouth, tantalizing his taste buds, far more delicious than plain white bread.

This taste, this appearance.

Liszt directly said, "Mr. Carter, tell Mrs. Abbie and Reynard to call it — Pineapple Bread!"

"Pineapple Bread, a very vivid name."

"From now on, replace the white bread in my breakfast with Pineapple Bread, but there's no need to change my lunch and dinner. Contact Sherlock, let Thorn Caravan try to collaborate with Reynard and see if they can market Pineapple Bread in North Valley City," Liszt instantly planned the sales strategy for Pineapple Bread.

After some thought, he continued, "Also, tell Reynard and Mrs. Abbie that as a reward for inventing the new bread, give each of them... ten silver coins, and tell them to continue to innovate. The more varieties of bread flavors, the better."

He had initially wanted to award each person a Gold Coin.

Having recently made money from selling Black Pearls, he felt flush with cash and generous.

But a reward of a Gold Coin would be on a par with the rewards for discovering the Elf Bug and cultivating Magic Potions, which would be too extravagant. It was just bread to satisfy a craving, not worth too much of a reward.

So he amended it to ten silver coins.

Carter left.

He slowly savored the Pineapple Bread, very satisfied that he hadn't been overly generous: "You never know how expensive household supplies are until you run a household. Even the Lord's house doesn't have endless supplies."

Gradually,

A wisp of smoke appeared before him, twisting and writhing, forming into a strand of Serpent Script.

"Complete the task, reward: Sunken Ship Treasure."

A moment later, the text dispersed, and the smoke regathered to set forth a new mission: "Mission: Captain Kostor has been quite troubled lately. Since he began teaching the Knight Squad in sailing, the instruction has proved challenging as the young knights look down on the knowledge of sailing. Please correct their attitudes. Reward: Mutated Thorn."

"So, the Sunken Ship Treasure is finally within reach... The Knight Squad unwilling to learn about sailing? It seems that the rewards from the task and the new mission might be linked. Probably, only Captain Kostor could locate the Sunken Ship Treasure." He shook the bell and called his butler, who hadn't gone far, back.

"My lord."

"Send someone to bring Captain Kostor here, I have some questions for him."

"Yes, my lord."

About half an hour later, Kostor hurried to the castle: "Apologies, Lord Landlord, I was diving near the shore and got delayed."

"Diving?"

"I've been training my aquatic abilities and underwater fighting skills. Even though I am not a knight, I still desire to be able to fight."

"How's the Knight Squad's learning progress with you recently?"

"This..." Kostor hesitated.

"Speak your mind."

“Your Retainer Knights have a very unfriendly attitude toward the study of sailing. They are not even keen on learning to swim, let alone instructing them in sailing. They always have the saying ‘Knights rely on warhorses, not sailboats’ on their lips. Moreover, Mr. Marcus occupies much of the knights’ time.”

Liszt immediately understood.

Although Marcus had been subdued by him and started to follow and show loyalty, understanding that the sea could also yield wealth, deep down he still esteemed the glory of knights and the charge of warhorses, thinking that vessels were merely a means to transport them to land battles and there was no need to learn sailing.

Thus, he passed his views to the Retainer Knights and even encroached on Kostor’s teaching time.

Regarding Marcus, Liszt sighed slightly — changing a person’s identity is simple, but changing a person’s mindset is somewhat difficult.

Fortunately, he could exercise the authority of a landlord.

He immediately summoned Marcus and the whole Knight Squad to assemble at the entrance of the castle.

Liszt began to lecture them, “Starting today, all of you will spend half of your time learning about sailing with Captain Kostor. Within three days, you must learn how to swim. Those who can’t will receive fifty lashes. A week later, I will quiz you on your sailing knowledge, ten lashes for every question you fail!”

The young men wanted to speak but stopped themselves.

Liszt did not pay them any heed but called Marcus into the study: “Teacher Marcus, you should know why I have summoned you.”

Marcus solemnly said, “My lord, I do not believe that knights need to be distracted by learning to sail. Indeed, we need to travel by ship across the ocean to the mainland. Let common sailors handle the vessel while we knights concentrate on fighting; the Coral Island Knights have always operated in this manner.”

His words were sensible.

Knights are part of the land forces, and Liszt was asking them to serve as a navy, naturally, they were unwilling.

However, Liszt had his own thoughts, “How many of these Knight Squad members do you think can become Earth Knights? Or when will they become Earth Knights?”

“I think, by the age of twenty, some people should be able to become Earth Knights, Philip and Zavier possess noteworthy talents,” Marcus answered.

“Only two... I have worked hard to train them, and I can only reap two Earth Knights. So, can they form a Knight Squad and head to the mainland battlefield?”

“Ready to fight to the death for you, my lord!”

“I appreciate the sentiment, but that would be a foolhardy act borne out of impetuosity. Fresh Flower Town is still developing. I have purchased a large number of serfs; in the future, I will select vigorously, choosing suitably outstanding youngsters for training. But now, what I need are instructors with various basic skills, not experts in combat who are useless for anything else.”

“What do you mean?”

“Teacher Marcus, some members of this batch of the Knight Squad will become the backbone of the Knight Order, while others will steer ships in the future, transporting my knights to the mainland to compete for mines... Division of labor, each performing his own duty. Do you understand what I’m saying now?”

Liszt’s expression was indifferent, but his eyes were stern.

Marcus took a deep breath, knelt on one knee, lowered his head, and responded earnestly, “Marcus has misunderstood your will, my lord, and passively resisted your arrangements for the Knight Squad. I await your punishment!”

## Chapter 108: The Highly Poisonous Purple Thorns

With a month’s pay docked, Liszt administered a simple punishment to Marcus.

His main goal was to assist Kostor in completing the Smoke Mission, so he required the members of the Knight Squad to learn to swim within three days. Swimming would definitely involve going into the sea, which could potentially lead to contact with the Sunken Ship Treasure—he was very eager to find out what the Sunken Ship Treasure contained.

Was it filled with Gold Coins, or dazzling jewels?

Or perhaps it hid a Dragon Egg.

“However, one wonders, do Dragons really hatch from Dragon Eggs?” The origins of Dragons in the Knight’s Novels were diverse and conflicting; there has never been an accurate answer.

He had asked the Earl, but even the Earl didn’t know where Dragons came from.

It remained an unsolved mystery.

The Knight Squad soon started their swimming lessons, but Liszt did not go to inspect; it was not too late to come back once there was a clue about the Sunken Ship Treasure.

He was on his way to the Thorn Cordyceps Shrubbery, where the reward for the new mission was the Mutated Thorn. He wanted to check if he could obtain the reward early—the previous Rapid Growth Thorn was not a Magic Potion, but this time, the Mutated Thorn was very likely to be one!

The thorns were as tall as half a person, and they covered a large area.

But, disappointingly, after deploying the Eye of Magic Power, he did not detect any traces of Magic Power.

“No Magic Potion... Perhaps because the mission is not yet complete, so the Magic Potion has not successfully mutated?” He summoned the Smoke Mission and found it was still incomplete.

Which meant that the attitudes of the young men had yet to be corrected.

“Ideological education alone is not enough; it seems I must make a trip to the seaside to see exactly who is resisting the nautical teachings.” He turned to Servant Thomas and said, “You return to the Castle and bring my whip, then come find me at the seaside.”

“Yes, Master.”

Ideological education by mere words is not very effective.

One has to use the whip, so that they may unite spirit and flesh in excruciating pain and remember the lesson.

Crack!

Crack!

With a dark expression, Liszt whipped two young Knights who feared the water ferociously—the inhabitants of the small coastal town on the island were actually afraid to get into the water.

Faced with the choice of whip or seawater, the two young Knights eventually chose the seawater.

Under Kostor's instruction, when they started to paddle with a doggy stroke, Liszt summoned the Smoke Mission and finally saw a change.

"Complete the mission, reward Poisonous Mutated Fast-Growing Thorn."

"Mission: The newly planted Dragon Hollyhock seems to be ill-adapted to the soil of Fresh Flower Town. Despite being well-nourished, it cannot quickly absorb the nutrients. Its gentle Magic Power is trickling away; it may be dying soon. Please help it gather Magic Power. Reward: One Elf Bug."

The Dragon Hollyhock was added to the Smoke Mission.

Liszt was sure that it was indeed gestating an Elf Bug, but the problem was severe: "It is not adapting to the local soil and is unable to absorb sufficient nutrients; its Magic Power is fading, which suggests that the Elf Bug is at risk of miscarriage... How can I help it gather Magic Power? It is not a Douson that can release Magic by being stimulated."

He was stumped by this problem.

At this moment, Kostor, who was teaching the Knight Squad how to swim, suddenly swam back from the sea and began shouting loudly, "Lord Landlord, Lord Landlord, I've discovered a sunken ship!"

He hurried over to Liszt: "A sunken ship! It's the wreckage of a sunken ship, buried halfway in the sand, just a short distance ahead in the sea!"

"A sunken ship?" Liszt's thoughts were reeled back in and quickly reacted, "Captain Kostor, salvage it."

"I need manpower to assist."

"I will have Goltai support you. How long will it take for you to bring it up?"

"Please rest assured, the location of the sunken ship isn't very deep—when the tide goes out, it's only about five meters deep. At that time, I can dive and wrap up the wreck so the people on shore can pull the ship out of the mud directly."

"When will the tide go out today?"

"It should be after three o'clock in the afternoon."

"Get ready."

The countdown for the Sunken Ship Treasure had begun; a weight was lifted from his heart.

Unable to salvage for the time being, Liszt returned once more to the Thorn Cordyceps Shrubbery. He was searching for the poisonous mutated fast-growing thorns—the reward for the Smoke Mission.

“Mutated and poisonous, does that mean these thorns are toxic?”

“They can be referred to as Rapid Growth Poison Thorn.”

Still not a Magic Potion.

Sort of disappointing.

But Liszt felt that perhaps the reward was much more than that, “This seems to be a chain mission—a chain mission about the evolution of Thorn Bugs. It started with the reward of Rapid Growth Thorn, and now a Rapid Growth Poison Thorn has appeared. This thicket of thorns is becoming more and more interesting.”

Returning to the shrubbery, he didn’t use the Eye of Magic again.

He had used the Eye of Magic to search for Magic Potions in the morning; now, he wanted to find the toxic thorns. Faced with a large expanse of thorny shrubbery and not knowing what the Rapid Growth Poison Thorn looked like, he felt at a loss where to start.

He could only mobilize his Retainer Knights, “Look for thorns that are out of the ordinary. Remember, do not touch them carelessly; they could be poisonous.”

The six Retainer Knights took the order and began searching in the thicket.

Liszt, along with his personal servant Thomas, also searched.

This search took several hours.

They searched the shrubbery three times back and forth, eating meals delivered by servants—of course, Liszt himself didn’t search for long, as he had long since hidden in the shade of a nearby wild fruit tree, enjoying ice cream brought by a servant, watching others work.

Finally, under the scorching sun in the afternoon, a serf sent to find the distinctive thorns discovered a particular thorn bush.

This thorn bush blended into the thicket, not bearing the usual small spines on a green stem, but having a stem with purple stripes. The purple stripes lent it a touch of mystery, and each small spine was also purple, growing upon the purple stripes.

“Could this be the Rapid Growth Poison Thorn?”

Liszt decided to test it.

He had someone bring over a rabbit raised in the Castle and then used the small spine on the purple stripe to cut open a wound on the rabbit. The spine broke off instantly, releasing a purple liquid that mixed with the rabbit’s wound.

A moment later.

The rabbit convulsed and fell to the ground, dead.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk, my Lord, this thorn is highly toxic; the rabbit didn’t last even a quarter of an hour. If it were a human who got scratched by such a spine, I’m afraid they wouldn’t survive either,” remarked Blair, who had been responsible for recording the growth conditions of the Thorn Cordyceps Shrubbery, in astonishment.

Liszt was satisfied with the experiment, “Reward this serf with ten silver coins.”

The serf left with many thanks.

The other serfs also left with thanks; although they did not receive a reward, each got a copper coin for their work—earning a copper coin for less than two hours of easy labor was such fortunate work.

Looking at this plant of Rapid Growth Poison Thorn, Liszt had already thought of how to use it, “Blair, I have a new task for you.”

“At your command.”

“Cultivate a batch of Rapid Growth Poison Thorn vigorously. In the future, I want to plant it along the paths of Thorn Ridge and decorate my castle with formidable hedges.”

Blair took the order, “As you wish.”

Chapter 109: Five Large Trunks

East Coast.

The tide had receded, leaving the beach, soaked in seawater, with plenty of shells, starfish, crabs, and other seafood behind. Fishermen had already started to harvest the seafood.

Liszt sat on his Li Dragon Horse.

He watched a large group of people busily working on the sandy beach with bare feet, connecting ropes and twisting almost all the ropes from the town into one thick cord.

Captain Kostor had dived to locate the sunken ship and tied the rope around the dragon bone of the wreck.

After swimming back, he gestured to everyone, "Pull! It's ready to pull!"

Dozens of serfs, like the Volga River boat trackers, stepped heavily and instantly tensed the ropes tight. Under Teacher Goltai's command, they shouted and mustered their strength: "One, two, three!"

One, two!

Three!

The shouts came in waves.

The rope tightened against their shoulders, relaxing and tightening with the rhythm of their bodies. They pressed their feet deeply into the sand with each step, leaving firm imprints. Among them were old men past their prime and young boys, all engaged in the same task. Their clothes ragged, skin darkened by the sun, hair plastered to their foreheads, sweat dropping steadily.

They really resembled the Volga boat trackers.

But they were not.

Liszt had seen Repin's famous painting "Burlaks on the Volga" in his Chinese textbook. The boat trackers in the painting, who dragged ships along the river all year round, were depicted as numbed by life's hardships. Yet, the temporary workers from Fresh Flower Town had smiles on their faces, even under the scorching sun.

Because for this job tracking the boats, each person could earn a copper coin.

The generous and kind Lord Landlord had come from the grand Tulip Castle to this place, bringing them plenty of food and the clinking of copper coins, and even silver coins and Gold Coins!

Life had never felt so hopeful.

“One, two, three!”

“Work harder!” Goltai shouted, “You lazy bunch, didn’t you eat anything?”

At sea, Captain Kostor continually dived and resurfaced, calling out loudly, “Give it more strength, the body of the ship has been pulled out! A little more force, and we’ll have the bow out!”

A few cycles of the chant settled.

Then Kostor shouted, “Success! The sunken ship has been successfully pulled out from the mud and sand!”

With the ship now pulled out, the boat trackers worked with even greater ease, dragging the battered sunken ship effortlessly onto the beach. This ship, covered in green algae, was barely recognizable in its original form, with only one mast remaining, and even that was broken. The hull was riddled with holes, and crabs occasionally crawled out from inside.

“My lord, the sunken ship has been hauled up!” Goltai exclaimed excitedly.

Captain Kostor also approached, “An old-style schooner, by this form, it should be a hundred-year-old vessel. Lord Landlord, it must be a ship from the Duchy of Sapphire. A hundred years ago, only the Grand Duchy had the capability to build schooners.”

Liszt rode around the wreck on horseback, “A hundred-year-old shipwreck, then, is it a merchant ship? Or a warship?”

“It should be a merchant vessel, the cabin is sealed for transporting goods.”

“Well, what are we waiting for? Teacher Goltai, have people dismantle this hundred-year-old merchant ship. I want to see what’s left in its cargo hold.”

“As you wish!”

Building a ship is hard, but dismantling it is swift. Moments later, the cabin was smashed open. Patrol Members crawled inside and pulled out some fabric soaked and spoiled by seawater and debris of grains. It seemed to be a merchant ship that dealt in textiles and food, its fate unknown as it rested at sea’s bottom.

“Can it be that sunken ship treasure is simply these few things?” Liszt expressed disbelief.

And sure enough.

A Patrol Member suddenly cried out, "There are chests, here are several chests, intact and undamaged, the locks are still unopened!"

"Hurry up and move the chest out!"

"Give me a hammer; the chest is stuck in the ribs of the ship, and I have to break the wood to get it out."

After some effort, a total of five large chests were dragged out of the sunken ship's hold and placed on the sand. Captain Kostor circled the chests, sizing them up for a few moments before coming to a conclusion: "Lord Landlord, these seem to be made of redwood, solid and durable, and have obviously been treated for waterproofing. There must be valuables inside."

Liszt smiled, "In that case, have them transported to my castle... Right, everyone involved in the salvage operation will be paid double. Captain Kostor who discovered the sunken ship, thus, he will be rewarded with a Gold Coin."

He had not yet seen what was inside the chests.

He started handing out rewards directly, aiming to encourage his subjects to discover and explore, to bring him more good things. At the same time, the Gold Coin was to encourage Captain Kostor to recruit more Sailor Apprentices, to see if he could indeed build up a qualified crew.

The five large chests, each as big as a desk, were neatly placed in the castle's hall.

The locks appeared to be cast from brass and had rusted over time.

Carter stood guard over the chests, preventing the servants from getting close.

As a result, the maids and manservants could only crowd at the entrance of the hall, curiously eyeing the chests.

"Debbie, what do you think is in there, could it be mermaids?"

"Maybe it's a Siren, there are Sirens at sea."

"The chest is quite old; even if there were mermaids or Sirens inside, they would have turned to bones long ago."

"That might not be the case. I've heard that mermaids can live for hundreds of years!"

"I bet it's all Gold Coins inside, no, Dragon coins! A whole chest full of Dragon coins could buy the whole of Fresh Flower Town."

“Jim, use your brains to think about this, even if you sold the entire Fresh Flower Town, including you and me, it wouldn’t fetch a few Dragon coins! A chest full of Dragon coins could buy the whole of Coral Island!”

Carter turned around and scolded the chattering servants, “Have you forgotten the etiquette of the nobility? Do your own jobs and pay no attention to what doesn’t concern you, understood?”

Mrs. Morson also came downstairs from the upper floor and cast a glance at the female servants, her gaze settling on Maisie: “The cleanliness of the lord’s study is unacceptable, there are still crumbs in the corners. Maisie, this is your negligence, you need to clean it again.”

“Yes, Mrs. Morson.” Maisie nodded in response and hurried to get her cleaning tools.

After the reprimands from the two butlers, the servants dared not misbehave and went back to their respective posts. Only Carter and Morson were left in the hall.

“Has the master not returned yet?”

“The master went to the Dragon Kui Field; the Dragon Hollyhocks there are not doing well, he is trying to find a solution.”

“I have seen that Dragon Hollyhock, and indeed, it’s not in good shape. Mr. Carter, do you think it can survive?”

“I believe it can,” Carter replied with a faint smile. “Because the master will save it. The glory of knighthood watches over Fresh Flower Town and, even more, over the master.”

Liszt did not know that his butler trusted him so much.

At that moment, he was staring at the Dragon Hollyhock, which was nearly devoid of life, frowning, pondering how exactly to help it gather Magic Power: “The mission says ‘Moisture-like Magic Power’ is being lost, does it mean that the Dragon Kui needs more Water-Attribute Magic Power? In our town, only Marcus and I possess Attribute Dou Qi, but it is Fire Attribute and Wind Attribute.”

Suddenly.

An idea flashed through his mind.

He thought of the Black Pearls; in his Gemstone Space, there were fourteen Water-Attribute Black Pearls: “Perhaps, I can grind the Black Pearls into powder and sprinkle it at the base of the Dragon Kui, allowing it to absorb the Water-Attribute Magic Power itself... I’m not sure if this is the right approach, but it’s the only plausible method for now.”

Better to try and fail than to do nothing at all. He immediately took out a fist-sized Black Pearl, ground it into powder, and buried it at the base of the Dragon Hollyhock.

“Whether it lives or dies, let’s leave it to the fate of the Dragon Kui.” He mounted his horse and hurried back toward the castle, where five chests filled with treasures waited for him to open them.

## Chapter 110: Vanishing Alchemy

The chests varied in weight.

The lock was very sturdy.

But this could not stop Liszt from using just one sword imbued with Dou Qi to cut through the copper lock of the lightest chest. The lock broke, and the chest opened.

No one else was in the hall; Butler Carter had sent them all away, and he himself had stepped outside—there might be valuable treasures inside the chest; as a servant, he should not be concerned.

Too many people, too much chatter. Liszt was very pleased with Carter’s actions.

Even though he trusted Carter’s loyalty, he couldn’t trust that all servants were loyal; in case they saw treasures that weren’t meant to be seen, and talked about them outside, that would invite trouble.

Wealth should not be flaunted.

This principle must be understood.

“This chest is very light, quite different from the others, what could it contain? Or is it empty?” Liszt reached out and slowly lifted the lid.

Immediately, a blinding light nearly dazzled his eyes—the chest was filled with intensely reflective white metal ore, which scattered the light coming in through the window all over the place.

He blinked.

Getting used to the scattered light, he then took a closer look at the white metal ore in the chest. He took out a piece and weighed it in his hand. It hardly had any weight, but the feel of it was definitely metallic, cool and extremely hard.

“This is...”

He had never seen such a light metal before; in his knowledge, metals were generally very heavy.

Of course, he also knew of one metal that was very light, lithium, lighter than water by half, able to float on the surface. But even lithium was heavier than the metal ore in his hand now. It felt as if he wasn't holding a piece of metal ore, but a piece of foam.

He squeezed hard, but the metal ore did not budge.

When he tried to cut it with a sword, he could not make a dent in it, only a faint scratch.

“It's definitely not foam, and it's not plastic,” he looked at the ore in his hand, recalling the knight novels he had read, the corners of his brows lifting slightly, gradually breaking into a smile, “I think I have guessed what this metal is. It's as light as nothing, hard as iron... It's a magic metal—mithril!”

In this world, metal was the same: gold, silver, copper, iron, aluminium, and so on.

But there were also several special metals, which had an affinity for magic power, were very good conductors of magic, and were essential materials for making magic equipment.

To date, there were three known types of magic metals—mithril, fine gold, and mountain copper.

Mithril as light as nothing, fine gold indestructible, mountain copper unbreakable.

These three kinds of magic metal also originated from dragons, and it was said that the Neverfall Empire had a Mithril Dragon. In the knight novels, the “Silver Knights” who often appeared to follow the protagonist into battle were all equipped with a set of brilliant mithril magic armor that made them swift as the wind.

“Mithril is very valuable, more precious than gold—a chest full of mithril ore is worth at least one dragon coin!” Liszt couldn't help but lick his lips.

The treasure's reputation was well-deserved!

He quickly used a Space Gem to store all the mithril ore, leaving behind an empty chest. Just this chest full of mithril ore could be considered a rich haul. However, he had no intention of selling it; he would keep it to craft equipment when he needed it in the future.

Touching the Crimson Blood Sword at his waist, he felt that it must contain a small amount of mithril—the magic conduction ability exceeded that of ordinary fine steel weapons.

Even without a Dragon Gem embedded, a weapon alloyed with mithril was at least a magic weapon.

“Now, let’s see what’s inside the second chest,” Liszt lifted his sword and gently severed the rusty copper lock, lifting the lid.

A foul odor assaulted him.

He nearly retched.

Inside were neatly stacked books, and the stench of the aged paper and binding was overpowering.

Holding his breath.

Liszt saw the book on top, inscribed in handwritten Serpent Script—Rudolf’s Alchemy Diary.

“An alchemy diary?”

His gaze flickered slightly.

The alchemist probably belonged to the profession of legend, possibly equivalent to a chemist, or perhaps a Taoist alchemist? Legends said they could turn ordinary stones into gold through magical alchemy, and whoever mastered the mystery of alchemy could possess wealth to rival nations.

In knight novels, alchemists appeared quite frequently.

It’s just that many who claimed the title of alchemist in reality never showcased any real alchemical skills—they were merely swindlers, tricking others for food and drink.

Liszt, who had studied physics, didn’t quite believe that the art of alchemy existed.

Of course.

In this Different World, where magic existed, who knew if alchemy were real? Like now, he had just seen a diary boldly claiming the title of “Alchemy.”

“Could it really contain records of alchemical techniques? Is this the rhythm of bestowing upon me the art of alchemy? Am I about to ascend to the peak of life so soon?”

Liszt felt his heart rate begin to accelerate.

The career of an alchemist shouldn't be much less than those top-tier existences such as Dragon Knights, Dragon Domain Landlords, Archmages, and Dragon Slayers—as having money meant one could do whatever they wanted.

However, just as he was about to touch the book,

the seemingly clear script in “Rudolf’s Alchemy Diary” suddenly shattered and dispersed into powder. Liszt’s fingers passed right through the dust, grabbing at nothing.

“I...”

A string of curses almost escaped his thoughts.

In the blink of an eye, the entire box of books turned to dust. A light touch was all it took for them to crumble, rendering any lettering unrecognizable and their forms forever lost.

The wind blew in from the window, whisking away the powder along with a foul smell.

Stunned for quite a while, Liszt finally regained his composure, clutching his chest, almost vomiting blood: “My alchemy!” The thick leather-bound books had decayed with age.

The diary that contained the secrets of alchemy had also turned to ashes.

His heart was in agony.

Even though he doubted the existence of alchemy, the slim possibility that it might be real had slipped through his fingers, and the sense of loss struck a heavy blow to his spirit.

The chest that should have been filled with treasures of knowledge had turned into a pile of useless slag.

A sigh escaped him.

He forcibly suppressed his discomfort: “Forget it, fortune comes to those who have it, and those who don’t, it’s not meant to be. Who knows if the diary really contained alchemy. It was an unexpected find anyway, and losing it won’t shake my determination. A box of mithril ore is valuable enough.”

After comforting himself, he cautiously drew his sword and opened the third chest.

Inside were books as well.

Lying on top were the covers of five books.

Liszt learned his lesson and did not touch them directly, instead carefully memorizing the covers of each book.

“Beast Guide of the Steel Ridge Kingdom,” “Close Encounters with the Multi-horned Magic Rhinoceros,” “Tales of the Glittering Gold Tower,” “The Colorful Mushrooms of the Red Monkey Forest,” “The Rainy Night Thriller at Fox Manor.”

The covers of these books were not written in Serpent Script by hand, but printed, clearly commercially published works.

“Glittering Gold Tower? Red Monkey Forest? Fox Manor?”

He had never heard of these places, but he could be sure that all three locations were within the Steel Ridge Kingdom. Only Steel Ridge and its vassal states used Serpent Script. Including the aforementioned Rudolf who wrote the alchemy diary—they must all be from the Steel Ridge Kingdom.

He cautiously reached out to touch the books, hoping to turn a page.

But it was still a failure. As soon as the books were touched, they immediately turned to powder and could not be preserved.

“What a shame, two boxes of books, a wealth of knowledge, all gone.” Liszt shook his head, turning his gaze to the last two chests, “Are these two chests also filled with books?”