

The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 137: The Galloper Island Discovered by the Rat - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 137: The Galloper Island Discovered by the Rat

Chapter 137: The Galloper Island Discovered by the Rat

“A treasure?”

Liszt got excited as soon as he heard it.

He immediately called over Kostor, who was waiting in the castle, “What kind of treasure is it?”

“Lord Landlord, it’s a sailing route to an island. During the trial voyage of the Fresh Flower Vessel, I discovered a cave not far from the dock, which contained human skeletons. Upon examination, it was found that they were horse traders who had become trapped in the cave and died. Before their deaths, they left the location of their horse trading—it’s on that island!”

Horse traders?

Liszt quickly associated this with the Smoke Mission—the tracks of the Li Dragon Horse Herd.

He abandoned his plans to continue researching the new magic cast by Douson and immediately said, “Take me to the cave, I want to investigate personally!” As he prepared to depart, he took the opportunity to summon the Smoke Mission and discovered that it had undergone changes.

“Mission completed, reward: tracks of the Li Dragon Horse Herd.”

“Mission: The Magical Beasts have been completely exterminated, Fresh Flower Town has never been safer. As the landlord, it is time to make a big move for Fresh Flower Town to achieve leapfrog development, what does it matter if the environment is destroyed, please level the Thorn Forest. Reward: Mutated Thorn variant.”

The Magical Beasts were completely exterminated.

The Thorn Bug chain mission also resumed.

Liszt felt that today was truly a day of celebration, only lacking magpies chattering on the branches. And soon enough, he understood how the mission was completed—

Retainer Knight Sean, bringing a dead Shadow Snake to the castle. The Shadow Snake had killed three serfs.

“The lumberjack site was in chaos for a while, but under the suppression of Teacher Marcus, Consultant Gao Ertai and other nobles, the serfs were put back to work in lumbering,” Sean reported the scene at that time.

The burning bonfires did not scare the Shadow Snake away.

It attacked three serfs in succession and was ultimately killed by Marcus with a bow and arrow. Afterwards, the serfs were thrown into panic, and although they were suppressed, their work efficiency inevitably wavered.

“Sean, tell Teacher Marcus to continue to strengthen the protection of the lumberjack team.” Although the Magical Beasts had been exterminated, Liszt could not clearly tell others, so he could only continue to reinforce protection, “Also, tell Consultant Gao Ertai to give ten silver coins to each family of the deceased serfs.”

At that moment, silver coins were the best way to console them and the best way to encourage the serfs to work hard—they were more persuasive than any threat or words of encouragement.

“Yes, my lord,” Sean took the order and left.

Liszt put on his Magical Beast Leather Helmet and armor, accompanied by his personal servant Thomas and Rom Barrel, who had been notified to come as a retainer—after all, the landlord could not go out without retainers.

“Lord Landlord, actually you can also reach the cave by land, but it requires crossing over mountains and climbing a steep cliff. Taking the Fresh Flower Vessel is the most convenient option,” Kostor said as he bowed to Liszt, starting to command the launch of the Fresh Flower Vessel.

Raising the anchor, rowing, hoisting the sails.

Changing direction, they sailed slowly on the sea. With the experience of a previous voyage, the young sailors performed quite well. They greatly increased their previous travel speed, reaching the vicinity of the cave in about twenty minutes. They put down a canoe, and Kostor led Liszt and the others into the cave.

The cave was very damp, almost level with the rising tide of the sea surface, so it was occasionally pushed in by the seawater.

But deeper inside, it was dry.

It was now the afternoon, with the sun already behind the mountains, so the light no longer shone inside, making the cave seem somewhat dark. Thomas lit the prepared wax candle lanterns early, adding brightness to the cave.

“Lord Landlord, here’s the wreckage of a small boat. Looking at its design, it seems to be a tender carried by a large ship. Washed repeatedly by the seawater, only a little bit of the wood is left,” Kostor said, as he turned the boat wreck over, and the wreck fell apart, scattering the wood chips on the ground.

Then, he walked to a few skeletons: “Three sets of human skeletons in total. I’ve checked them, and they are relatively intact, without losing too many bones. They had weapons with them, bone swords. The bones are very hard, but not in the shape of a Knight’s Sword, so they should be a group of rats.”

Knights, as the name implies, were mounted warriors.

Knights were the main force in warfare, a component of the army; wars between landlords were essentially charges between knights. However, not all who practiced Dou Qi chose to become a knight—knighthood was a product of the nobility system, and there were still some who chose to remain outside this system.

These people were smugglers, outcasts, members of a despicable class.

They did not obey the rule of the landlords, did not engage in production, were free and loose, and took part in professions that went against the nobility system—thieving, robbery, smuggling, pimping, or accepting employment for assassination, slave trading, and so on.

These people were naturally referred to as—rats.

But they called themselves—rangers.

“Rats, huh.” Liszt wasn’t particularly moved; he was no stranger to rats, as he often had to work with them when he and Levis were involved in slave trading.

The nobility reviled and belittled these people as rats, but that didn’t stop them from cooperating with rats. After all, there were many dirty deeds that nobles couldn’t undertake personally, so they needed the rats to do it for them. The pirates that roamed the Duchy of Sapphire were also considered rats—essentially disguised nobles.

Or one could say.

Rats were just another skin of the nobles—ordinary people couldn’t afford the nutrition needed to practice Dou Qi, only nobles could breed rats.

Liszt believed that the Tulip Family also had their own rats.

Being the second son of an earl, he simply wasn't privy to that information.

"Is there anything else preserved that shows their identity?" Liszt picked up a bone sword and asked.

This bone sword should have been forged from the skeleton of a magical beast, with a more curved shape, vastly different from the long, straight knight's sword, and was more suitable for close-quarter combat.

Due to long-term natural corrosion, the bone sword no longer had any traces of magic power.

"Their clothes and bundles have all rotted away. The moisture here is too great; nothing could be preserved. Only these serpent scripts etched into the cave walls have survived," Kostor pointed to the walls of the cave and said.

Thomas brought the candle lantern up close.

Illuminated the serpent script on the cave wall.

The script was blurred, divided into two major segments, with only parts recognizable.

"I am heavily injured, close to death, Sweet... as a traitor... a mole, the Green Light... attempted to scuttle... they took away the galloper, but he underestimated me... I killed him. Can't make it out of here... cliffs are too steep, the horse... the message on its back, you might still come in time."

"Gallop... Island... nautical chart... my family, tell Morrie, I love her Casper of the Iron... ."

The? represents the individual serpent characters that are unclear, while the "... " indicates entire segments of the script that are illegible.

With some guessing and deduction, one could barely make out the content of these two passages.

After pondering momentarily, Liszt understood the gist—there was a mole among the horse merchants, seemingly called Sweet, who scuttled a large ship intending to take the gallopers. Casper turned the tables and killed him, but Casper got severely injured, and before dying, he sent the horse away with a tied message on its back.

Then he left a nautical chart.

Considering the rewards from the Smoke Mission, Liszt realized, "Clearly, these rats discovered the island where the Li Dragon Horse Herd lived. They must have been rats

working for the Tulip Family... My Li Dragon Horse is that galloper sent away by Casper!"

With this realization, his gaze couldn't help but turn to the nautical chart next to the serpent script.

The carvings on the nautical chart were very deep, obviously, Casper had applied a great deal of force while inscribing it. Even as the serpent script nearby was nearly eroded beyond recognition, the nautical chart remained clear.

Chapter 138: Black Horse Island Fiefdom Conquest

Understood the significance of the treasure.

Liszt suppressed his excitement and asked calmly, "Captain Kostor, can you understand this nautical chart?"

"Lord Landlord, this nautical chart is a standard one and there are no overly complicated contents. It seems that the rat himself was not proficient in navigation, so I can fully understand the routes on the chart," Kostor said confidently. The twisted, abstract, and bizarre symbols on the nautical chart posed no challenge to him.

"So, is the island where the galloper horses live far from Coral Island?"

"Judging from the nautical chart, the island is about one hundred and thirty kilometers north of Coral Island. With the Fresh Flower Vessel's speed of 5 knots, it would take approximately fourteen hours to reach Galloper Island, barring currents and storms," Kostor calculated, using his fingers before replying.

Liszt's math was not bad.

From Kostor's explanation, Liszt estimated roughly that one knot was less than two kilometers per hour, making the Fresh Flower Vessel's speed about nine kilometers per hour.

That's even slower than the speed of riding a bicycle.

He vaguely remembered that the narrowest point of the Taiwan Strait was only one hundred and thirty-five kilometers wide. This meant that the distance between Coral Island and Galloper Island was the width of the Taiwan Strait.

"Captain Kostor, when can the Fresh Flower Vessel set sail for Galloper Island?"

“Lord Landlord, if it’s just about setting sail, the sailor apprentices are already competent enough, as Galloper Island isn’t that far and falls within the coastal navigation range. However, the sailors lack experience and would be helpless in the event of a storm, which makes the likelihood of an accident quite high.”

“How soon can we set sail if we train intensively?”

“If Lord Landlord allows me to recruit thirty sailor apprentices and we train every day without fail, within a month, I can make the Fresh Flower Vessel sail to Galloper Island!”

Liszt made a quick decision: “I will have Consultant Goltai fully support you. In one month, we head for Galloper Island... Give the island a name; call it Black Horse Island.”

Kostor was excited, “I am honored to serve you, Lord Landlord!”

“Make a copy of this nautical chart, then erase the drawings on the cave walls.”

After completing these tasks, the Fresh Flower Vessel returned home.

Nighttime.

The castle’s evening banquet summarized the day’s work; it had become routine. Liszt was not a stingy landlord and didn’t mind his subordinates freeloading in the castle—it was also a method of winning people over.

“My lord, if the clue left by the rat is real, we must take control of Black Horse Island as soon as possible to prevent other powers from occupying it. Then we must quickly earn military achievements, obtain a fief, and mark Black Horse Island as your territory. Horse resources are more important than any resource!” Marcus spoke seriously.

Considering the Duchy of Sapphire had many deserted islands, meritorious landlords could choose their own deserted islands as fiefs.

Without being granted a fief, all the deserted islands in the Sea of Azure Waves theoretically belonged to the Sapphire Duke—they could choose to operate them in secret, which was an unspoken rule. However, once the Duke designated a deserted island as a fief for a certain landlord, they were obligated to vacate it immediately.

But such secret operations of deserted islands were rare.

Firstly, nobles didn’t lack land for farming, what they lacked were elves and metals; secondly, it was very difficult to ensure that the management of a deserted island would remain a secret. Once operated to a certain extent, the Duke might forcibly grant the island as a fief. In principle, all produce from the island would become the property of another landlord.

Therefore, the secret operation of a deserted island was more trouble than it was worth.

For example, ever since the Tulip Family obtained Coral Island, they had been cultivating it for twenty years, and still, a third of the land remained uncultivated.

In Fresh Flower Town, before Liszt's arrival, much of the land was wasteland, uncultivated—up to the present, many places were still wasteland, not to mention Thorn Ridge awaited development.

“The information must be kept secret, everyone who knows must be severely warned, else Black Horse Island will surely be taken by other lords,”

Goltai spoke just as seriously.

He and Marcus were very clear about the importance of warhorses to nobles, especially the Li Dragon Horse breed with its exceptional bloodline, which played a crucial role in enhancing a knight's power on the battlefield.

It could be directly said.

During a charge on the battlefield, an Elite Earth Knight on a nag might not necessarily defeat a Common Earth Knight mounted on a Li Dragon Horse.

“Then, the information is limited to those present, as well as Captain Kostor, Rom, and my servant Thomas,” Liszt said agreeably, “When the sailor training is complete, they and their families will move directly to live on Black Horse Island... of course, first we need to see what the conditions on Black Horse Island are like.”

Goltai spoke optimistically: “Black Horse Island, able to breed such godly steeds as the Li Dragon Horse, must be a flat, green island. I think its area is definitely large, maybe even enough to accommodate an earl.”

Liszt cut off a piece of Magical Beast Meat, swallowed it, and seemed to mention in passing: “No matter its size, it is destined to be my island... Consultant Goltai, you must actively cooperate with Kostor in training the sailors, meeting their needs as much as possible.”

“I understand!”

Preparations to secretly approach the Li Dragon Horse Herd of Black Horse Island began.

The work of the Lumberjack Team remained flamboyant, with hundreds of people collectively felling trees, and despite the limitations of their tools, meaning individual efficiency might not be high, overall progress was swift.

In just five short days, about a third of the trees at Thorn Ridge to the north were cut down.

A large area of Thorn Forest around the docks had been completely cleared, with only a few wild fruit trees remaining.

To complete the new Smoke Mission, it would take roughly half a month more, and there was no use in hurrying. Since Goltai became a consultant, his enthusiasm for work soared, taking initiative so much that Liszt often found himself with nothing to do. As a result, training Juan Fu became his current research topic.

Juan Fu's feathers grew increasingly stiff, and its inner Magic Power more abundant. If it weren't for the chain tied to its legs, it might have already been learning to fly.

"Old Geronte, is there really not a single falconer to be found on the vast Coral Island?"

"Lord Landlord, I have had the people of the Fresh Flower Caravan inquire in every city and even small towns, and indeed, no artisans skilled in falconry have been found," replied Old Geronte, the captain of the Fresh Flower Caravan, who had come to the castle to report.

"Keep looking."

"Yes, Lord Landlord."

After sending off Old Geronte, Liszt rubbed his forehead. Although Juan Fu's "caw caw" was annoying, it was still a Magical Beast raised from a young age, and it would be a pity to just keep it around to slaughter for meat.

But he did not dwell on Juan Fu for long.

The Dragon Kui Manservant, who took care of the Dragon Kui, reported good news upon returning: "Master, the Dragon Kui Elf Bug has been born!"

Rushing to the Dragon Kui Field, Liszt saw the pitch-black, glossy Dragon Kui Bug, which resembled a black gemstone—very interesting.

With just a simple lure of Jade Powder, the Dragon Kui Bug bit onto Liszt's finger, completing the contract.

His ninth Elf Bug finally settled in the castle.

Yet the good news did not stop there. As he returned to the castle, a knight who had rushed from Coral City brought him important news—the Coral Island Caravan had returned, and Levis's family tutor, Frank, was asking him to come to Coral City to receive five hundred serfs.

Chapter 139: Five Hundred Serfs Arrive

The arrival of the serfs invigorated the small-town officials, as there was currently a shortage of labor.

Liszt had made preparations to head to Coral City to take charge of these five hundred serfs. Although the weather was still somewhat hot at the end of summer and the beginning of autumn, the sun was no longer so scorching, and wearing the noble's Flack-Abbieye could still be tolerated.

He no longer needed to ride a horse.

The castle had just purchased a brand-new four-wheeled carriage. The servants carefully adorned it, attaching a flag on top embroidered with a purple-black tulip.

The Tulip Family had their own flag, a bright red tulip. It represented the kind of tulip that had birthed their first Tulip Bug, but sadly, despite evolving into a Little Minor Elf, it had died of old age. The current Tulip Great Elf was bred from a Magic Tulip.

Now that Liszt had been enfeoffed, he was no longer a formal member of the Tulip Family, so the red tulip flag was no longer suitable for use.

So, he had chosen the Black Tulip as his own flag.

The flags of the caravans of the Fresh Flower and Thorn merchants bore the Black Tulip.

On Coral Island, this was probably already familiar to everyone. Seeing a Black Tulip flag meant it was Liszt, the third son of the Earl's family, the Baron of Fresh Flower Town, who had recently garnered much attention.

Black Tulip.

That was the name of this brand-new carriage.

The coachman driving the carriage was One-Eyed Barton. There weren't many horses, so his workload was light. He took the opportunity to drive the carriage, which also allowed him to visit Coral City and see the world.

"My lord, following your instructions, I've selected the healthiest Dragon Hollyhock plant, dug it out with the soil, and placed it in a pot. Look, it has green fruits and ripe black ones, and it continues to flower. The lady will surely like it."

"Very good, water it and put it in the carriage," Liszt signaled.

The Dragon Kui Bug originated from Lady Penelope's Dragon Hollyhocks, so to show some appreciation, Liszt prepared a new pot of Dragon Hollyhocks for the old lady.

It was an act of reciprocity.

It was also an opportunity to show off his abilities, given that the old lady always found fault with him—for being too handsome!

“My lord, are you taking Douson with you?”

“Take Douson around for a spin; it's now my loyal guard, and the Earth Knights are no match for it anymore,” Liszt said proudly.

He was very satisfied with Douson.

The Bloodline Fruits weren't wasted; it could now release several Rock Spikes at the same time. At its most, it had managed to release six Rock Spikes at once.

After synthesizing the opinions of Marcus, Goltai, and others, everyone agreed that Douson was now an Intermediate Magical Beast! It might be weaker compared to those capable of crushing the Coral Island Knights like the Purple Sand Crocodile, making Douson somewhat of a rookie. But an Intermediate Magical Beast was still an Intermediate Magical Beast.

It had transcended the shackles of a Low-Level Magical Beast, able to cast two spells—Rock Spike and “Multiple Stone Spikes.”

Moreover, it had room to grow; after all, it was only seven months old. It might comprehend more magic as it continued to grow.

With Douson, he could virtually do as he pleased on Coral Island.

Carter, observing the majestic and robust Douson, teased, “Taking it away is good, so it doesn't keep hovering around the Earth Matron. Mr. Marcus said the Earth Matron is almost due to be pregnant, and they shouldn't mate anymore.”

“Indeed, Douson is presently growing, so it shouldn't exhaust itself,” Liszt said seriously. “Additionally, concerning the Earth Matron, from now on, she must be provided with ample nutrition... If it's confirmed she isn't pregnant, we will cut off the supply and wear down her ferocity, as necessary.”

Having starved for so many days, eating only occasionally, and still being overpowered by Douson made for a rather difficult existence for the Earth Matron; her fierceness was gradually being eroded. When Liszt and others approached, it no longer chose to roar but was left only with fear.

No matter how smart a Magical Beast is, it is still ultimately a kind of wild beast.

The tactic of boiling a frog in warm water was entirely capable of instilling fear in the Earth Matron towards Liszt and others. Even if it regained its strength in the future, it would not dare to rebel against them — just like circus lions, whipped by their trainers from a young age. They don't dare to escape, nor to rebel, completely lacking the demeanor of a king of beasts.

Given the Earth Matron's swift compliance, Liszt was struck with many inspirations.

Gradually, he started to form a vague plan, which he intended to implement on Juan Fu. This Wind Falcon that kept getting fatter with each meal was about time to experience some hardships.

He dressed himself and the carriage was prepared.

Goltai also arrived with Isaiah, Blair, and Rom Barrel, along with a few clerks. They came to join in the reception of the serfs.

At the same time, Marcus arrived, "My lord, don't you need the Knight Squad to follow?"

"No need, Teacher Marcus, the work of the Lumberjack Team is equally important."

A brief farewell.

The caravan set off.

Even with the robust physique of an Earth Knight, Liszt still found riding in a carriage far more comfortable than on horseback. All the windows were open, and the breeze blew through as they swayed and jostled on the journey, nearly lulling him to sleep. During the trip, Douson also tried to get into the carriage for some comfort, but Liszt kicked him out resolutely.

"A dog that doesn't run alongside the carriage wheels but wants a ride, where's the sense in that!"

The main reason, however, was that Douson was simply too big. Once inside the carriage, Liszt would have no room to stretch his legs. Moreover, the dog's weight was close to eight hundred pounds, which left the two nags pulling the carriage panting heavily once he boarded.

Leaving the road of Thorn Ridge, they entered the ubiquitous dirt roads of Coral Island.

The dust was immense.

Douson, running behind the caravan for a while, turned into a dust shaker, prompting Liszt to hurriedly put on a mask and draw the curtains of the windows. At around ten in the morning, the caravan smoothly arrived at Coral City.

“Consultant Goltai, you go with Blair and Isaiah to discuss the handover with Mr. Frank. I’ll go visit my grandmother first.”

“As you wish, my lord.”

They then parted ways, with the carriage continuing towards the independent small castle beside Coral City. When the servants of the castle saw the Black Tulip banner fluttering on the carriage, they knew who had arrived, and the butler quickly led the servants to greet them at the door.

“Master Liszt, I am so pleased to see you.”

“And my grandmother?”

“The old lady is inside the castle, chatting with Miss Li Vera. Earlier today, Miss Li Vera arrived at the castle to keep the old lady company.”

“My sister is here too?” Liszt wasn’t surprised.

Because he had already noticed a carriage parked at the entrance to the castle, bearing a flag with a special design, that was Li Vera’s carriage. The design on the flag, which she had created herself — supposedly an abstract combination of a hot spring, birds, Tulips, and a Baroness — was lost on Liszt.

As he entered the castle, he spoke to the manservant Tom, “Take good care of Douson, and don’t let it injure anyone indiscriminately.”

“Understood, my lord.” Tom, holding Douson’s leash, seemed a bit tense. It was Thomas’s job to look after Douson before.

Today, Thomas had to stay close to Liszt, so the task fell to him.

His strength was not enough to restrain Douson, he could only barely manage.

Fortunately, Douson was well-trained and obedient. If Liszt commanded it not to wander, it would not.

“Look, look, who has come.” When they saw Lady Penelope, there was no need for Liszt to greet her first, as the old lady had already called out, “Li Vera, I told you, this boy must have some private dealings with that boy Levis. The caravan has just returned, and he couldn’t wait to get here.”

Chapter 140: Sherry of Bull Horn Academy

“Grandmother, you have a pair of eyes that can see through everything,”

Liszt said with a smile.

The dealings between him and Levis were not particularly secretive, and it wasn't difficult for those who wanted to know to find out about them. At least the Earl was definitely aware of their slave trade plan, and as he wished, he could find out about anything happening on Coral Island anytime.

Li Vera, watching the increasingly extraordinary Liszt, was very dissatisfied, “Liszt, the Fresh Flower Caravan's seafood business has reached my Falcon Town!”

“Then congratulations, Sister, the residents of Falcon Town can enjoy delicious seafood now,” he replied.

“I will organize the serfs to harvest seafood themselves. Although you and Levis have monopolized the seafood market, other landlords will also organize their serfs to harvest seafood. Your good business won't last long!”

Liszt, sitting in his chair, didn't mind Li Vera's childish provocation, “Seaside towns, of course, can harvest their own seafood since they have the right to do so. But Coral Island is so large, and not every small town is beside the sea, nor does every stretch of beach have abundant seafood.”

In fact, the Fresh Flower Caravan no longer had to work hard to catch seafood.

They simply cooperated with the landlords of the coastal towns, allowing these landlords to catch the seafood, and then the Fresh Flower Caravan would buy it and sell it to the cities. Each small town's specialty seafood was different, and the Fresh Flower Caravan held the most complete variety of seafood, enabling them to buy at low prices and sell at high ones.

As the nobles and commoners of Coral Island gradually grew accustomed to having seafood on their tables,

revenue had risen from the initial estimate of three gold coins a day to four coins a day.

After paying Levis his share and covering the caravan's expenses, more than three gold coins a day were pure profit. With the seafood market, Liszt was able to join the ranks of Coral Island's wealthy.

This was a profit that made people envious.

Li Vera was green with envy but understood that Liszt had confidence—he had already satisfied Levis. On Coral Island, the two most influential people were the Earl and Levis. The Earl was Levis's father and obviously would not compete with his son's property, and Levis, having received shares, had issued seafood permits.

Now, no one could take away Liszt's lucrative business.

She had no choice but to awkwardly change the subject, "You came over early in the morning, what for?"

"I came to bring Grandmother flowers," Liszt said with a slight smile, then turned to his personal servant Thomas, "Go bring the potted plant from the carriage."

"Yes, Master."

Soon, a potted Dragon Hollyhock was brought in by Thomas.

"Ah, it's Dragon Hollyhock," Lady Penelope realized, "This is the Dragon Hollyhock I gave you. Have you taken good care of it? That's not right, it's not the same plant I gave you... Did that Dragon Hollyhock die? What a pity, it still couldn't escape wilting."

"Grandmother, don't be sad. That Dragon Hollyhock is still alive and well, and moreover, very healthy, much healthier than the average Dragon Hollyhock," he responded.

"What do you mean?" Lady Penelope beckoned her servant to place the Dragon Hollyhock on the balcony, "Stop beating around the bush, Liszt, just speak plainly. Talking in this convoluted way reminds me of Melissa. I have convinced myself that you have your father's shadow, despite having Melissa's face."

Lady Penelope, the depth of her grudge against Melissa, was still profound.

Liszt had no memories of his mother nor knew the tone of her voice when she was alive, but he could guess that his way of speaking appeared somewhat "mysterious" and maybe even a bit distant. This was unavoidable since, after all, he was not the original Liszt and couldn't invest too much emotion.

So, he continued to smile, "The Dragon Hollyhock you gave me wasn't sick, it was just nurturing an Elf Bug. Now, the Dragon Kui Bug has been born."

At the news of the Elf Bug, both Lady Penelope and Li Vera were taken aback.

Lady Penelope was sincerely pleased, having forgotten her annoyance at Liszt's manner of speech, she heaped praise upon her grandson, "The glory of the knights favors you, Liszt, you are the luckiest of the Tulip Family. Take good care of the Dragon Kui Elf Bug, receive it as a gift from me."

“I am deeply moved by Grandmother’s gift, and I will prepare a thoughtful present for you on your birthday this year,” Liszt expressed.

Seeing that Li Vera was about to speak.

Liszt, who had no interest in the adolescent girl, had already stood up, “Grandmother, I’ve arranged to meet with Mr. Frank, so I won’t stay here any longer. I hope to have lunch in the castle at noon.”

“Go on, lucky boy, I’ll have the kitchen make your favorite pan-fried egg pancakes,” she said.

“Mr. Frank.”

“Baron Liszt, you look even more mature now, but still as handsome as before,” said Frank, whose hairline was already close to the center of his head and had an unsightly red nose, “My Sherry, just back from Bull Horn Academy, has been talking nonstop about wanting to see Brother Liszt.”

“Sherry is back?” It took Liszt a moment to recall that Sherry was Frank’s younger daughter.

In his childhood memories, Sherry was his little follower, only a year younger than him, which meant they could play together. But then Liszt went to the Knight Academy, and Sherry was sent by Frank to Bull Horn Academy, and they had not met since.

As for Bull Horn Academy, it is located on Iron Hoof Island.

Iron Hoof Island is the fief of the Marquis of Bull, a member of the Sapphire Lineage. His ancestor was the Sapphire Duke’s favorite youngest son, who, having just come of age, was made the Earl of Bull; after the establishment of the kingdom, the island was directly granted as a fief, and he was promoted to Marquis.

The Bull Marquis Family built the Bull Horn Academy, originally to train maids for The Court.

Gradually, nobles big and small sent their daughters to Bull Horn Academy to learn — noble ladies with a Bull Horn Academy education were highly sought after for noble marriages. These ladies were deemed cultivated for studying etiquette, needlework, household management, music, and reading and writing at the academy.

Of course, not all noble ladies went to Bull Horn Academy, Li Vera being one of them.

He couldn’t be sure if it was just an illusion.

Liszt always felt that Frank couldn't help but bring up Sherry every three sentences, as if he were trying to sell her to him.

"Perhaps, I have now become the most sought-after eligible young noble on the island," he thought to himself, but he had no thoughts about Sherry at all; in his memories, Sherry was a little chubby girl.

After Frank had pushed the agenda for a while and saw that Liszt did not respond enthusiastically, he gradually returned to the main topic.

"Your officials and servants are taking inventory," he said.

Five hundred serfs were gathered in small groups on a plot of land not far from the harbor. Most of them looked sickly, it was unclear whether they were ill or simply seasick.

Goltai and others, along with the clerks, were counting the number of serfs and calculating the ratio of men to women, as well as the number of craftsmen. After a rough tally, they quickly returned to Liszt's side.

"My lord, a total of four hundred and seventy-six serfs..."

Frank casually explained, "Serfs are transported from far away, and it is inevitable that some get sick or fail to acclimate during the journey. The fleet initially purchased five hundred and ten serfs, and we lost a total of thirty-four people."

He sighed inwardly.

Liszt nodded in acknowledgment—he was well aware that the trade of serfs inevitably involved death.

"Teacher Goltai, have the Fresh Flower Caravan cooperate to move these serfs to Fresh Flower Town for settlement as soon as possible," he instructed.