

# **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead**

## **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 171 - 0171: The Continuous Growth of Ambition - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 171 - 0171: The Continuous Growth of Ambition**

Chapter 171: The Continuous Growth of Ambition

“Secretary...”

Liszt felt a sense of loss, as he did not have a secretary.

He was unable to realize the privileged class’s ideal of a leisurely life “the secretary handles the affairs, and if there is nothing to do, one does the secretary” without either shame or agitation.

In fact, he didn’t even have a personal maidservant—under the societal system of enforced monogamy, regardless of nobles having mistresses everywhere and illegitimate children being born in bunches, this system was still observed.

It was not an official system.

It was a social convention that had become customary.

To ensure the continuity of monogamy, female nobles could only have female personal maids, and male nobles could only have male personal servants, to prevent the disruption of monogamy under the guise of personal servants.

He had explored the origin of this social trend, eventually surmising that it probably stemmed from the queenly system of the Moon Empire.

This long-vanished empire, much like ancient Rome in Europe, had cultural and institutional influences that deeply affected the entire European continent, even though the Roman Empire was destroyed by barbarians. The Moon Empire, being the strongest empire of its time, had cultural influences that persisted as well.

Most countries now incorporate the Moon Language into their own languages, to a greater or lesser extent.

Including the classification of knights and the relationship between landlords and vassals, all were derived from the Moon Empire. The queendom was also preserved.

Many countries have had women serve as kings. The Duchy of Sapphire had yet to see a queen, but the monogamous system was inherited nonetheless.

“The Moon Empire... I wonder what it was like,” Liszt mused.

As a small town landlord with quite some free time, Liszt enjoyed reading knights’ novels. Countless times he had come across references to the Moon Empire—knights would always encounter relics of the empire in some places, then acquire treasures, and immediately become overwhelmingly powerful, challenging the heavens, the earth, and the air.

Due to the lack of a tradition of recording history,

most of the information about the Moon Empire was passed down orally.

This method of information transmission had a high distortion rate of 99%, making the Moon Empire a legendary kingdom in tales, infinitely beautiful and amazingly prosperous. It became much like how Europeans regarded ancient Greece or how Confucius spoke of the ancient sage kings—adorned in all manner of praises, these legends replaced truth to become what people recognize as authentic history.

“It’s troublesome not to have historical records... I really fear that after reading too many knight novels, I might start believing their nonsense,” said Liszt, shaking his head.

He stopped pondering these confusing matters.

His study of history was meant not only to satisfy his curiosity but more so to learn from the past about power play and to deliberate on the great trends of the world... However, he figured it was best to steer clear of nonsensical histories.

He returned to his regret about the lack of a secretary.

He felt he needed to expedite the training of a group of female Retainer Knights as his personal guards; otherwise, his future speeches and guidance would lack atmosphere and passion.

After inspecting the buildings in town, he returned to the castle.

He entered the study directly, took out thick parchment and a quill, and prepared to reorganize his planning thoughts for Fresh Flower Town.

“If Fresh Flower Town is to be developed into an economy primarily based on the initial processing of agricultural products, then the current layout of the town must be re-planned, and trade routes also need to be adjusted. Land transportation is nowhere near as efficient as sea transportation, and sailing directly to Coral City by sea saves much more in terms of transport capacity,” he noted.

He first drew a rough map of Coral Island.

In the study of the Earl at Tulip Castle, there hung a map of Coral Island, which overall looked like a twisted figure “8.”

In the northeastern corner was Fresh Flower Town, and in the narrow part in the middle of the “8” lay the deepwater port, beside which Coral City was built.

From Fresh Flower Town to Coral City, due to the terrain, it was impossible to take a straight line. The route had to pass through North Valley City and Elm Forest City, forming a “z” shape and wasting a lot of time.

“Fresh Flower Town is in a remote location, so the dock must be built quickly to open up sea transportation; land transportation should be supplementary, and a checkpoint could be set up at the entrance to Thorn Ridge. In this way, Fresh Flower Town’s main areas would be divided into the dock, the small town, and Thorn Ridge, each responsible for trade, processing tasks.”

He wrote several pieces of Serpent Script in the workshop district of the small town.

They were plans for workshops to be constructed—sugar refinery, spice workshop, textile workshop, leather workshop, paper mill, tofu workshop, and dried Tulip flowers workshop, as well as a shoemaking shop, bone craftsman shop, and so on.

At the dock, he also wrote about workshops planned to be built—brick factory, cement factory, pottery kiln factory, salt drying field, glass workshop, and others.

Near the Thorn Ridge checkpoint, there were also plans for workshops—woodworking workshop, abattoir, horse market, and so on.

Some of these workshops lacked enough craftsmen to support them, while others were waiting for technology development, but in Liszt’s plans, these were all things that could be achieved through hard work.

However, soon.

He lost interest in writing again.

“Kostor has already reported that the Fresh Flower Vessel is ready to sail at any time. Now we are just waiting for Granney to finish making the Calming Sea Pearl, and then we can explore Black Horse Island.”

Once Black Horse Island is seized, future efforts would focus on it.

The importance of Fresh Flower Town would undoubtedly decline a lot. Especially when he earned military accolades and turned Black Horse Island into his fief, he would surely

need to hand over Fresh Flower Town, much like the Tulip Family gave up their original lands to settle in Coral Island.

“Once I have enough financial and material resources to solve the issues of paper, cement, tofu, glass, and other technologies, by that time, I fear I will already be Viscount Black Horse Island.”

The birth of the Thorn Minor Elf was imminent, and once there was a Minor Elf, a steady stream of financial power would ensue, making it effortless to arm a Knight Squad.

Charging into battle and establishing achievements wouldn't be difficult at that time.

Instead of laboriously researching technology, it may indeed be better to focus solely on accumulating Minor Elves.

The Lycra Family and the Shattered Stone Family both obtained the title of Viscount by relying on their respective Minor Elves. As the son of an Earl, as long as he made achievements in battle, the Earl had no reason not to grant his son the title of Viscount. At that time, Black Horse Island could be marked as his own territory—nobles can exchange their merits for barren islands.

If he managed to perform outstandingly in battle and caught the eye of the Grand Duke, it was not impossible that the Grand Duke himself would grant him his fief.

Becoming a direct vassal of the Grand Duke would be more impressive than being a vassal of a Marquis or Earl. His rise in rank would be much faster—the rulers always prefer to promote new nobles to counterbalance the old ones.

“But if I become a vassal of the Grand Duke, I'll have to become independent of the Tulip Family, won't I? Then perhaps I will be Viscount Liszt Thorn of Black Horse Island?”

Of course, this possibility was small—just a Baron, and it would take a significant accomplishment to be noticed by the Grand Duke. Besides, with his background as a vassal of an Earl, the Grand Duke generally would not overstep boundaries to win over another's vassal. Especially since the Earl and the Grand Duke had a good relationship, he would not be recruited lightly.

“No matter what, Black Horse Island is going to be mine, and the Li Dragon Horse Herd must not be touched by anyone!”

To get Black Horse Island, one must achieve merits and receive a title.

Liszt set down his quill and looked out of the window. In the distance, on the horse field, a few horses grazed leisurely on the grass: “The battlefield is a place where people

die... When the time comes, I'll see if I can find a position like Levis, acting as a liaison, working in logistics, and picking up some military honors."

He paused.

With a determined tone, he spoke to himself, "But, the Knight Squad must be trained as quickly as possible, I must also accelerate my Dou Qi cultivation, and Douson's training must be intensified!"

Once a person has ambition, many thoughts begin to change unconsciously.

removing ads for as low as **\$1!**

## Chapter 172: The Final Link of the Thorn Bug

Having just transmigrated to this world, Liszt felt he needed to keep a low profile, content to be a rural baron and solve the basic problems of food, clothing, and shelter.

As the quality of his life improved, his class stance underwent a betrayal, and he began to flock to the noble knight system, but he didn't want to go to battle; he only wanted to focus on development.

Now, Fresh Flower Town was fast developing, and the Thorn Minor Elf was about to be born. His thoughts changed again, the impulse for glory, the longing for an island of his own, steadily deepened. The idea of not wanting to go to battle was replaced by the desire to engage in combat, manage logistics, and mix in the pursuit of military achievements.

He was becoming like a true noble.

Being swallowed by this world, or rather, actively integrating into this world, into the knight system.

"Some people are proletarian warriors, committed to the liberation of all mankind for their entire lives. I admire such people, but I will never imitate them," Liszt's mind was still clear. Integrating into the world was not passive; it was the result of his active choice, "My life goal is to ride dragons, to become my own master."

He wanted to be a king, not a vassal.

With the existence of the Smoke Mission and the modern knowledge in his head, coupled with the societal system's ascending channels, he had enough confidence to achieve his grand life goals.

He walked to the window. Juan Fu, who used to like "cawing" messily on the window sill, was no longer there. A feeling of nostalgia flashed in his eyes, then passed.

He then set his sights on the distance.

Just as Juan Fu didn't want to be a pet, he also didn't want to be a servant, not even for the king.

He could accept being corrupted and decayed by the noble life, but he would not allow his knees to kneel to anyone other than heaven, earth, or his parents.

The road is tortuous, the future is bright: "First set a small goal for myself, find a secretary, cough, no, become a viscount!"

The knight system of this world has a medieval style, with its core revolving around landlords, vassals, and land. Although the social customs and cultural production have a huge gap compared to medieval Europe on Earth. The production forces are centered around dragons and elves, also different from Earth's production forces.

But essentially, it's a deformed European medieval serfdom.

An economic system established by feudal landlords on their lands, exploiting serfs in a very cruel manner — serfs and freemen possess virtually no means of production, because the real means of production, dragons and elves, are firmly monopolized by the nobility.

This system, the exploitation is very strong.

But compared to the Dark Ages established by the barbarians on the corpse of the Roman Empire, and the serfdom of western Tibet with the legend of "The Drum of A-Jia", this world's feudal serfdom is much milder.

At least serfs and commoners have a slim chance of climbing upward.

Dou Qi is like the ancient Chinese imperial examinations — most people can't afford to take the exams, but there are always a few civilians who can change their fate by relying on the exams. In this world, most people can't get enough to eat and have no spare nutrition to cultivate Dou Qi, but there will always be landlords who select civilians with good physical quality to train.

With Dou Qi, after a few generations of accumulation, it's not difficult to cultivate an Earth Knight.

Fight for a few more generations, with a bit more opportunity, and one could compete for a noble title — the Tulip Family followed such a path to success. Judging from the surname "Tile" of the ancestors, it can be inferred that they were probably freemen or serfs, in any case, they had nothing to do with nobility.

The great-great-grandfather had superhuman strength and was chosen by the nobility to be trained as a Retainer Knight, serving the newly established Sapphire Family.

Accumulating merits in several wars, he was ennobled as an Honored Knight, thus stepping into the noble class. From there, it was a few generations of hard work, by the great-grandfather's generation becoming a baron, the great-grandfather's generation becoming a viscount, and ultimately, in Li Weiliam's generation, becoming an earl under the Sapphire Duke.

The surname was also changed to the noble "Tulip".

"However, when it comes down to it, it's all about mutations!"

As the saying goes, the rich rely on technology, and the poor rely on mutation — Dou Qi, a mysterious existence, requires nutritional accumulation. Without nutrition and still wanting to become stronger, one would need to resort to physical mutation.

For example, the superhuman strength of the Tulip Family's great-great-grandfather is a kind of mutation — it was probably just more physical strength, which later generations contrived as superhuman strength.

"Now, I no longer need to rely on mutation; I can rely directly on technology."

Technology is nutrition; technology is a magic potion.

Arriving at the Flame Mushroom Processing Workshop, Liszt saw the magician who was smoking: "Mr. Elkeson, has my Flame Mushroom Magic Potion already been made?"

"Sorry, not yet, but I'll be able to finish them soon, you won't have to wait too long," Elkeson replied.

Having the leisure to smoke instead of working annoyed Liszt slightly, but he didn't show it: "Do you have any finished magic potions? Give me those first."

"Yes."

He quickly carried out a large box, inside which were magic potions wrapped in cloth strips.

Liszt unwrapped the cloth from a magic potion to reveal a crystal tube as long as a thumb and as thin as a little finger, containing a light red viscous liquid.

Such a small tube would sell for at least one gold coin.

“Baron Liszt, you can try its effects. Although I am not the designated magician for creating magic potions for Tulip Castle, I am still confident in my potion-making skills,” Elkeson said with a flick of his cigarette ash, proudly.

Liszt nodded.

He opened the stopper of the crystal tube, observed it for a moment with the Eye of Magic, and then tilted his head back to drink the entire magic potion in one gulp. Like jelly, it poured straight into his mouth without a single drop left.

It dissolved upon entering his mouth.

He immediately felt a flame-like magic power rise in his belly and surge toward his limbs and bones. The entire surge lasted a full three minutes before gradually subsiding. Liszt’s eyes gleamed; he felt the total amount of his long-stagnant Dou Qi jump up by a large margin.

He couldn’t help but exclaim, “That was exhilarating!”

“I’m glad you’re satisfied.”

“Mr. Elkeson, I won’t disturb your work then. If you have any needs, just let me know, and I will try my best to fulfill them,” Liszt said, then, leading Douson and carrying a box of magic potions, returned to the castle.

Starting today, the path of potion jars officially begins.

A day later.

After being away on business for several days, Marcus finally returned to Fresh Flower Town.

And he brought the news Liszt cared about most: “My lord, I have accomplished the task without dishonor!”

“How did it go, did you find new species of Thorns?”

“I’ve contacted both Tulip Castle and Shattered Stone Castle without finding any new Thorn species. Only Beer Castle on Beer Island has them. Viscount Trik said he is always ready to welcome you to Beer Castle for a visit, and Sir Aubrey has sent a letter for you as well.”

Aubrey was Trik’s son and the heir to Beer Castle. He had established a good relationship with Liszt through the seafood business.



Upon hearing there were new Thorn species on Beer Island, Liszt let out a long sigh of relief: "In that case, it looks like I need to take the Thorn Bug to Beer Island."

However, Marcus replied, "You certainly can go, but it's also not necessary. I have already brought the new Thorn species back, and we can plant them directly in Fresh Flower Town."

Liszt was greatly touched by such considerate actions; this was what a qualified subordinate looked like, knowing how to relieve their leader's worries: "Is that so? Then let's plant them quickly. The Thorn Bug's Fat Pupa Stage is more than half over; it urgently needs assimilation!"

A short while later.

Not far behind the castle, the new Thorn species was already planted. After watering and fertilizing, Liszt placed the Thorn Bug on it.

removing ads for as low as **\$1!**

Chapter 173: Waa Waa Little Minor Elf (First Update, Please Subscribe)

The Thorn Bug in its Fat Pupa Stage had already grown to three times the size of the other Elf Bugs, and its once glossy skin gradually dimmed as if it had aged.

And indeed, that was the case, because the Fat Pupa Stage meant evolution, as well as death.

Within just a month or two, if it could not break through its own constraints and evolve into a Little Minor Elf, it would use up its remaining vitality and turn to dust.

"It has already sensed the pheromones of the new variety of thorn!"

Liszt picked up the Thorn Bug from the Jade Box, deeply connected by the Mind Connection, and could profoundly feel the Thorn Bug's emotions at that moment.

Those were complex emotions filled with excitement, anxiety, fear, and courage—emotions that ordinary Elf Bugs definitely would not possess. It was only during evolution that it could grow.

The new variety of Thorn was just a Thorn that exhibited a variation in the color of its branches and leaves, and wasn't much different from the common Thorns.

Regardless,

When the Thorn Bug landed on a branch of Thorn, its originally sluggish movements suddenly quickened, as it swiftly climbed along the trunk of the Thorn.

It had no legs, only small fleshy protrusions, but however it climbed on the trunk, it would never fall off.

This magical creature was capable of defying physical laws, moving through the air. Especially when it wanted to climb from one Thorn to another, it did not need to touch the ground at all but instead wriggled through the air effortlessly, bridging the gap between two Thorns to collect the pheromones from the next Thorn.

After arranging for the Retainer Knights to stand guard and patrol, Marcus had already hurried over.

He looked anxiously at the Thorn Bug, “My lord, can the Thorn Bug... succeed?”

“Of course, it can!”

Liszt’s lips suddenly curved into a handsome arc, smiling as brightly as the March sun, “Don’t worry, Teacher Marcus, the Thorn Bug has already succeeded... I can feel the restlessness inside it, that’s a brand new power brewing, it’s evolving!”

In fact, this was imperceptible.

The reason he was so certain was that the Smoke Mission was emerging right before his eyes.

“Complete the mission, reward one Thorn Minor Elf.”

Due to Marcus’s interruption, the Smoke Serpent Script quickly dissipated, as if nothing had appeared before him.

Sometimes, Liszt felt that there was no smoke at all; the reason others couldn’t see it was simply a projection of “fate” in his mind—otherwise, the Smoke Dragon must have visited Earth, or else why would they display it in the form of missions, in a style familiar to Liszt.

Just like the Formless Dragon couldn’t be seen, and only those with “integrity and courage” could see it.

The smoky form of the Smoke Dragon was likely similar to the Formless Dragon, both being a special existence beyond Magic Power. The other Immortal Dragons, Jade Dragons, Twilight Dragons, probably exist in some special forms as well.

This also made it easy to explain why the Sacred Dragon was just a legend—people couldn’t see their true form.

Even the common Tri-Element Dragons, and the Elves.

Were also special existences in themselves.

At this moment, the skin of the Thorn Bug turned grey at a visible rate, its shine completely faded, and its once firm skin was now covered with wrinkles, as if it had arrived at the end of its life in an instant.

But its emotions were intensely exhilarated, filled with indescribable joy and happiness.

Using the Eye of Magic, Liszt could see the Chaotic Magic Power inside it bubbling like boiling water, then the bubbles burst, and some unseen changes occurred. As if blown up by the boiling bubbles of Magic Power, the Thorn Bug's body continued to grow.

The bigger its body became, the more its appearance decayed and aged.

The more tumultuous its excitement surged.

The surge was so stimulating that Liszt felt a wave of excitement himself, almost wishing to burst into song.

Marcus, beside him, couldn't experience this excitement, but seeing the Thorn Bug inflate like a balloon, his eyes shone keenly, clenching his fists tight, sweating for the Thorn Bug's evolution.

Time seemed to stretch on endlessly.

But the wind only needed to brush through Liszt's forehead a few times, stirring his pale golden, slightly curled hair, before the Thorn Bug had already inflated into a thick, gray, and large insect as wide as a calf.

The setting sun dyed the clouds at the edge of the sky red.

In the distance, the barking of Douson could be heard, followed by the Earth Matron in the Dog Prison, responding with barks of her own.

The castle bathed in the afterglow of the sunset, as if it had been coated with a layer of golden brilliance, making it hard to distinguish the windows from the rock walls; only the silhouette of a spire's rooftop was clear.

The tranquility of twilight, at this moment, was especially distinct.

Liszt continued to use the Eye of Magic, staring intently at the Thorn Bug; he had witnessed the birth of Little Minor Elves in Tulip Castle before. But those memories had grown distant, and since he was just a boy then, they weren't deeply imprinted. Now, the clear process of the transformation of the Elf Bug into a Little Minor Elf unfolded before his eyes.

Suddenly, as if understanding each other telepathically, Liszt whispered two words, “It’s here.”

That moment.

There was the sound of paper being torn—ssla.

The gray, withering outer shell of the Thorn Bug split open, and then a delicate, fair little hand emerged from beneath the skin of the Thorn Bug, followed shortly by a palm-sized white Little Minor Elf who burst through the Thorn Bug’s skin and jumped out. In the blink of an eye, the white Little Minor Elf opened its translucent wings at its back and flew up into the mid-air.

“Wow!”

“Wow!”

The crisp shouts, like those of a three-year-old child, echoed in the air, circling around Liszt. The flight wasn’t fast, but the movements were graceful and agile, tumbling countless times.

“Wow!”

“Wow!”

One could feel that cheerful mood, even without any Mind Connection, just by listening to its shouts.

Liszt’s gaze was firmly locked on the figure of the Thorn Minor Elf, and a warm smile spread across his lips. He finally had a Little Minor Elf that was bound to him by contract, blood, and a shared heart.

He did not disturb the Thorn Minor Elf’s emotional release.

He could feel the little creature’s joy after successfully evolving.

Turning his attention to the ground, he knelt down and touched the shed skin of the Thorn Bug gently with his hands. The molt swiftly turned to dust and dissipated with the breeze, leaving not a trace behind.

He didn’t see clearly how the Elf Bug had evolved into a Little Minor Elf beneath that skin. It was just a surge of magic power, followed by a transformation into a Little Minor Elf; so brutally simple and operating beyond logic.

When he came to his senses again.

The Thorn Minor Elf had finished expressing its emotions and landed on his shoulder, holding onto his hair with one hand to stabilize its body, and gazing at the world with large, curious eyes as it looked back at Liszt, who had turned his head to see it. Its eyes were very large, unlike human eyes—black and shiny, as if it wore cosmetic lenses.

“Wow.”

“Come here.”

Liszt reached out his hand, and the Thorn Minor Elf immediately climbed onto it, hugging one of his fingers.

Upon closer inspection, one could see on top of its round little head a tiny sprout of a thorn; a normal thorn, signifying that it had been born from an ordinary Thorn Bug.

Its little hands and feet were chubby.

Very exquisite.

As if they could pinch out water.

Underneath was bare, with no distinction of gender.

“Teacher Marcus, how is my Thorn Minor Elf?” Liszt said with a proud smile.

Marcus expressed sincere admiration, “Beautiful!”

removing ads for as low as **\$1!**

Chapter 174: Opportunity in the Eyes of the Earth Knight (Second Update, Please Subscribe)

The importance of Little Minor Elves goes without saying; even in Tulip Castle, acquiring a Little Minor Elf is a festival worthy of grand celebration.

Therefore, after the birth of the Thorn Minor Elf, Liszt quickly gathered officials like Goltai.

To have a meeting in the castle.

“Waaah!”

“Waaah!”

“Waaah!”

The Thorn Minor Elf, flying chaotically around the living room, undoubtedly attracted everyone's attention. It was bold and not at all afraid of people. With Liszt's indulgence, it seemed determined to turn the entire castle inside out to inspect its new home. And the little thing was quite fierce.

Thomas, who had been serving tea, blocked its path, and the little one immediately bared its teeth at him and waved its palm, apparently ready to slap him right there.

To give Thomas a big smacking.

Although the anticipated smack didn't happen because Thomas dodged just in time, it still held its head high and strutted about in front of Thomas, blustering for a while.

As if to say, "I rule my domain, wretched slave, open your dog eyes wide!"

In fact, it was nearly so. Liszt could sense its thoughts; the Thorn Minor Elf was indeed expressing its discontent toward Thomas. Because of its contract with Liszt, it had taken the castle as its own home. Apart from Liszt, everyone else was an unwelcome presence.

These unwelcome people, however, had no self-awareness and were lavishly praising the Thorn Minor Elf in the living room.

"Its beauty is like the stars in the sky; I can think of no better words to describe it!" Goltai exclaimed with animated gestures. "Its arrival just proves what I'd said before, that Fresh Flower Town is not only a place blessed with the glory of knights, but also the birthplace of knightly glory!"

"It's not only a Little Minor Elf, but also one that brings endless wealth. Rapid Growth Iron Thorns, Rapid Growth Magic Thorn, under its care, will be trees laden with Gold Coins."

Marcus spoke succinctly: "The Thorn Minor Elf will carry the journey of your glorious path, Lord!"

Praise was unceasing.

The Thorn Minor Elf indeed deserved such praise—it could cultivate a type of Magic Potion, a type of lumber, its strategic value was almost as significant as the Little Minor Elves associated with food crops.

Liszt beckoned with his hand.

The Thorn Minor Elf that had been flying all over the place obediently landed on Liszt's shoulder, yawning: "Waaah." It was probably tired from playing.

Liszt swept a glance over his sycophantic followers and slowly began to speak, "There will be plenty of time for praise in the future. Now, I want to know how we are to hold the celebration."

"Lord, please entrust the hosting of the festivities to me, I am best at this," Goltai said without reluctance.

"Then tell me, how do you plan to celebrate?"

"Every time Tulip Castle obtains a Little Minor Elf, it invites the nobles to a banquet. As the Baron of Fresh Flower Town, a blood of the Tulip Family, you can invite the nobles from North Valley City to the banquet. Also, family members within Tulip Castle and the Baron of Falcon Town should be invited," Goltai began by determining who should be invited.

Then he continued, "To celebrate the Thorn Minor Elf, all the commoners in the territory should participate. I think we should give them a day off... um, never mind, we should not give a day off. It's the busy harvest season now, and all the projects are short of workers, giving lazy serfs a holiday is simply unforgivable."

And so, a holiday for the commoners vanished in a flash.

Work while celebrating, that will do.

Upon hearing this, Blair added, "Perhaps, we should give each serf a copper coin, as a token of Lord Landlord's care."

"Is it really necessary to treat serfs like that?" Goltai, who always held the common class in contempt, didn't think highly of the idea.

Liszt settled the matter firmly, "That's decided then, each serf will receive a copper coin, freemen will enjoy a day off, and as for you all, on the day of celebration, wages will be doubled."

"Double the wages, hmm, that's a good idea." Goltai quickly nodded and praised.

"Thank you, my lord, for your generosity!" Karl, Rom, and others quickly expressed their gratitude; they liked following a lord who was generous.

With a slight smile, Liszt was pleased with his subordinates' reactions.

Throwing money around wasn't merely an act of pretense at generosity; in a deeper sense, he was using the distribution of money to stimulate the circulation of goods in Fresh Flower Town.

As a modern soul from the 21st century, he had, more or less, become acquainted with many theories about economics.

After all, he could feel the effects of inflation every day, with rising prices, currency devaluation, ever-increasing salaries, yet finding oneself further from affording a house. It was through these direct experiences that he slowly began to understand and pay attention to the country's economic policies, learning about concepts like stimulating consumption.

The purpose of stimulating consumption wasn't merely for the sake of consumption itself, but to stimulate demand, which in turn could drive the development of various industries.

As the saying goes, money only produces actual value when it is in circulation.

If Liszt were to hoard all the Gold Coins like other lords, storing them in his own warehouse, then his territory would never move beyond the primitive agricultural stage. The tenants would never go hungry, but they also wouldn't be well-fed; let alone think about purchasing goods or wanting to start small businesses or side jobs.

With money in hand, there comes the desire to consume, and only then can the territory begin to thrive.

Ultimately, the territory would transition from a primitive agricultural stage to one of handicraft and processing industries, thus ushering in a continuous stream of wealth—not without negative impacts, of course. Once the tenants had money, their hearts would itch with desire.

They would not be as blindly loyal anymore.

But Liszt believed, as long as he firmly controlled the military machine of the Knight Order and periodically culled a few of the pigs that got rich first, there would be no ripples in his territory—after all, it was a world ruled by personal strength, where wealth only had meaning under the protection of power.

“Consultant Goltai, please continue,” Liszt said.

“As you wish, my lord,” Goltai tempered his excitement to appear less money-loving, “The last, and most important point of the celebration, is that you should announce the recruitment of followers during the festivities!”

Liszt's brow raised, mulling over the suggestion, “Recruit followers?”

“Yes, everyone is aware of the importance of elves to nobles. Having a Little Minor Elf signifies that you, my lord, will undoubtedly advance further and achieve more glory.



Now is the perfect opportunity to gather followers—there will always be people like myself, like Marcus, like Blair, like Isaiah, who wish to follow in your footsteps!”

Why celebrate the acquisition of a Little Minor Elf?

Partly, of course, it is joy, but on the other hand, it's to boast, to show off the Lord's formidable strength, and to attract knight vassals. In this world, though the noble and freeman classes have nurtured many Earth Knights, only a minority can secure fiefs and noble titles. The rest tirelessly seek opportunities to become nobles.

“With the Thorn Minor Elf, I am the opportunity for these Earth Knights,” Liszt realized in an instant. With the birth of the Thorn Minor Elf, his influence was bound to soar.

He would leap from being a country Baron to the future Viscount of The Guardian City!

A Viscount, who either owns his own island or city, has already become a high-ranker among nobles.

removing ads for as low as **\$1!**

Li Vera, mounted on her fast horse, clad in full armor, was training a unit of young female Retainer Knights on the lawn near the castle.

In a blink of an eye, a Knight rushed over quickly.

“My Lord!”

“What's the matter?”

“A messenger from Fresh Flower Town has arrived at the castle to convey an invitation from the Baron of Fresh Flower Town.”

“An invitation?” Li Vera's expression changed as she recalled the scene of her humiliation by Douson, “Let him wait, we continue training!”

In front of the castle of Falcon Town, Zavier Dung waited patiently.

He was not in a hurry; before coming, Lord Landlord had told him that he might receive some cold treatment in Falcon Town—Liszt was well aware of his sister's temperament—so he just quietly groomed his own ride, a young mare of only 3 years old.

She was of no exceptional breed, just a common nag, not fit for the battlefield.

But he cared for the young mare deeply, for a horse to a knight was an even more important partner than a wife. Perhaps once he advanced to an Earth Knight, Lord

Landlord might reward him with a new horse fit for battle, but he would never forget this mare that grew up with him.

Snort.

The young mare let out a loud snort.

Zavier immediately became worried, he touched the young mare's belly, wanting to confirm whether she was pregnant or not. Just a few days ago, Lord Landlord's Li Dragon Horse forcibly raped the young mare while she was grazing in the pasture. He felt deep sympathy for his own young mare, she was still just a child!

But in Fresh Flower Town, the Li Dragon Horse held a status comparable to a noble, allowed to do whatever it wished; only Liszt had the right to interfere, while Xavier could only watch helplessly as it assaulted the young mare.

"I hope you're not pregnant, you're too young, not suitable for producing foals," Xavier murmured softly, "When Lord Landlord calls me to battle and I gain honor, I'll buy you, keep you at home, for my future son to ride!"

The average lifespan of a common war horse is between 30 and 35 years. Uncommon war horses, like magical beast breeds or dragon breed horses, can live to be over 60 or even 100 years old.

The prime age for riding and charging into battle for ordinary war horses is from 5 to 15 years old, the golden decade.

Beyond that, they are considered old horses.

Zavier believed that his child should be born in the near future—he already had a girl he loved. When the child grew up and could ride a horse, the young mare would still be in her golden decade, perfectly able to follow his child until the child himself went to battle and changed horses.

Thinking of these things filled Xavier with enthusiasm.

He firmly believed that under Lord Landlord's leadership, he had a bright future to look forward to; Fresh Flower Town was the birthplace of a knight's glory, and Lord Landlord was the Son of Glory.

"That Retainer Knight who delivered the message looked at me and my horse with disdain. I know he rides a fine war horse, Falcon Town is a wealthy town, but he knows nothing about Fresh Flower Town. The town is merely the starting point of Lord Landlord's journeys; he will own a city!"

Zavier looked at the advancing group of knights in the distance, guessing it must be Lord Landlord's sister, Li Vera Tulip, and her Retainer Knights.

Falcon Town possesses a Tulip Lesser Spirit, while Fresh Flower Town similarly boasts a Thorn Minor Elf!

A moment later.

The group had arrived in front of Xavier.

The one leading was a female in military attire, Xavier had seen her once before and immediately bowed respectfully: "The messenger from Fresh Flower Town, Xavier, sends his greetings to Baron."

"Liszt sent you, did he? What does he plan to invite me to?" Li Vera looked down her nose at Xavier, "I hope it's an important invitation; my time is very precious, and I have no interest in attending some boring backwater gathering."

Zavier still answered respectfully, "Lord Landlord will be holding a ceremony for the birth of the Little Minor Elf on the 5th of November, two days from now, to celebrate the birth of the bonded Little Minor Elf."

"A celebration for the birth of a Little Minor Elf?" Li Vera was taken aback, her complexion changed dramatically before she repeated, "A celebration for the birth of a Little Minor Elf, he has a Little Minor Elf? How is that possible! He only has a few Elf Bugs, how could he have birthed a Little Minor Elf?" Her tone was thick with skepticism and an envy she herself hadn't noticed.

"It is a Thorn Elf Bug that evolved into a Thorn Minor Elf."

"A Thorn Minor Elf?" Li Vera's visage, somewhat twisted at first, smoothed out slightly, "So it is the Thorn Bug that has evolved. It's indeed worth celebrating, at least he can monopolize the hedge business on Coral Island. Hedges cultivated by the Little Minor Elf will certainly be more suitable for making hedges."

"Baron, Fresh Flower Town doesn't just have thorns that can be used for hedges." Xavier, remembering the Lord Landlord's instructions to make it clear to Li Vera, couldn't help but speak with pleasure, "There are also thorns of ironwood quality, and thorns of Magic Potion quality, both are newly mutated species."

Ironwood!

Magic Potion!

Upon hearing these two terms, Li Vera's recently recovered complexion started to twist again.

She wanted to say, how could it be!

This series of blows was hard for her to accept. Yet she was after all a well-educated noble, and her expression only flickered for a moment before she regained composure, replying indifferently, "Tell Liszt I will be on time for the Little Minor Elf birth celebration... Morris, you are in charge of receiving this knight."

After speaking, she went straight into the castle.

After changing her clothes and drinking a glass of milk, she still felt somewhat suffocated.

Sitting in the chair, she was lost in thought.

Since she was very small, she had disliked, or rather envied, Liszt — how could someone be so handsome, is there any justice! Only as the gap between Liszt's talents and hers widened did she start to find some psychological balance. As a woman who advanced to Earth Knight before adulthood, she was confident enough to face Liszt's good looks.

But all that changed after Liszt was granted his fiefs.

First, Liszt was promoted to Earth Knight, which, though late, wasn't by much. At least it was much earlier than many people, including the Earl, had anticipated.

Then, he discovered the Black Tulip Magic Potion, added an Elf Bug to his collection, as well as a divine horse and a young Fierce Earth Dog.

His luck was simply explosive.

The key was, Liszt began to meet her gaze as an equal.

There was an underlying sense in that look, almost as if a father was regarding an inept son, which made Li Vera uncomfortable. She always thought of giving Liszt a lesson, resulting in the humiliating incident when she was pounced on by Douson — her pride in her strength was no longer regarded by Liszt.

"Riding on the coattails of a dog!"

She bit her lip and cursed internally.

But she had to admit that she could no longer interact with Liszt in the way she used to — with Liszt now having a Thorn Minor Elf, he was almost on the level of a prospective Viscount. Although she also had a Little Minor Elf, the likelihood of a woman going into battle was extremely slim; she would probably just remain a Baron for life.

“Thankfully, it’s Liszt, not Lidun!”

Mrs. Phoebe,” she called, after massaging her face and taking a deep breath, her expression finally back to normal.

“Miss, I’m here.”

“Prepare a gift for me; in two days, I’m going to present it to Liszt at the celebration.”

Mrs. Phoebe inquired, “In what kind of standard should it be prepared?”

“The same standard as for Levis’s birthday.”

“As you wish.”

“Old madam, you look even younger than when I last saw you,” Goltai exclaimed with exaggerated praise.

Lady Penelope replied happily, “No, I’m old, I’ve already heard Greg calling me from another world, to roam Tahiti City with him once again.”

Greg Wafers, the father of the Earl, grandfather to Liszt, and Viscount of Tahiti City.

In his hands, the family acquired their first Tulip Lesser Spirit, and began to collect various kinds of tulips, thus breeding more Tulip Spirits. Greater Elf Xiangxiang was later cultivated, thereby founding the Tulip Family lineage on Coral Island.

Yet, in the end, Greg died on the battlefield.

The very Tulip Lesser Spirit he had contracted with also perished.

Fortunately, he had contracted only that one Tulip Lesser Spirit as a memento. The other spirits were transferred to Li Weiliam upon coming of age, thus ensuring the Tulip Family lineage did not end.

Just as now, Li Weiliam had already transferred the spirits to Levis—preparing himself for the possibility of sacrifice on the battlefield.

As the future Earl, Levis’s participation in battle was more of a formality. The heirs of nobility need to prove to the world they are worthy of inheriting the title. Otherwise, followers yearning for noble glory might become disillusioned with a leader who offers no prospect of such honor.

Being the contract holder of all the spirits of the Tulip Family, his safety was of course a top priority.

For if he were to die, those spirits and the cordyceps would also perish; even if by some miracle any survived, they would be greatly weakened—likewise, spirits couldn't be repeatedly released from contracts and transferred to others without causing significant harm to their vitality.

An Elf Bug, in its lifetime, can only be released from a contract once.

That is to say, it can only contract with two people.

A Little Minor Elf can only be released from a contract three times over its lifetime.

That is to say, it can only contract with four people.

A Greater Elf can only be released from a contract seven times over its lifetime.

That is to say, it can only contract with eight people.

A Dragon Elf... information about this is not commonly known to the public and is monopolized by the great nobles.

Elf Bugs have a ten-year lifespan, which makes them particularly suitable for enfeoffment to one's followers. Little and Greater Elves, due to an increased number of allowable contract transfers, are more suited for family inheritance. But contracts must nevertheless be conserved, typically only transferred upon the coming of age of an heir, with the father's approval.

Lady Penelope mentioned Greg whom Goltai had never met.

Still, he followed her lead in conversation, "I believe that even though the old senior may miss you in another world, he would surely want you to stay here, to continue watching over the Tulip Family's lineage as they grow strong and healthy."

With those words,

The old lady was very pleased, "That's right, I must refuse him, I want to see the Earl's four children grow up strong, they're all such worrisome youngsters."

"In fact, it's because you care so much that you feel they need worrying about—as members of the Tulip Family lineage, each of them is outstanding among their fellow young nobles!" Goltai praised liberally, "The Baron Liszt I serve is no exception, the glory of knighthood constantly shines upon him!"

Lady Penelope sighed, "Liszt is indeed a fortunate young man, he has grown up."

"'Fortunate' doesn't suffice to describe the Baron, he has inherited the Earl's excellent qualities and is destined to be a distinguished and great landlord. I've come to visit you

today at the Baron's behest, to invite you to the Little Minor Elf's Birth Celebration held the day after tomorrow in Fresh Flower Town."

"Little Minor Elf's Birth Celebration?"

"Yes, a Thorn Bug evolved into a Thorn Minor Elf. It not only brought us joy but also endless wealth, as we now have Magic Medicine Thorns and Iron Wood Thorn. If you witnessed it with your own eyes, you would surely fall in love with this Little Minor Elf, its beauty is dazzling!"

Even Lady Penelope, who had weathered many storms, was still astonished by the news, "Is this true, Goltai? Liszt has his own little Minor Elf, and it can even cultivate Magic Potions and Iron Wood Thorn?"

"It's true!"

"This is indeed a pleasant surprise, worthy of the Tulip Family's offspring," Lady Penelope laughed heartily. "I've started to take quite a liking to Melissa now; her children have never disappointed me."

"Lady Melissa has brought the glory of the Long Taro Family to Coral Island, and the Baron has combined the honor of two noble families into one," he said.

Goltai was proficient in the art of flattery, especially when dealing with an elderly lady; all it took was praising her grandchildren.

After chatting for a full half-hour, Goltai took his leave.

His next destination was Tulip Castle—where, this time, his flattery found no occasion to shine. After handing over Liszt's invitation to Lady Marie and briefly inquiring about the reason, the temporary mistress of Tulip Castle sent him on his way with a smile.

One could not discern what she was thinking upon hearing the news.

"No wonder she's the Earl's wife, her composure is beyond my grasp... The task Liszt entrusted to me cannot be completed," Goltai shook his head as he left Tulip Castle.

Liszt had instructed him to observe Lady Marie's expression closely after delivering the message.

Goltai understood what Liszt was looking for, but the result was disappointing—Lady Marie showed no sign of surprise, shock, jealousy, or anger.

Fortunately, this task was just a bit of Liszt's mischief.

It wasn't mandatory.

Moments later.

He showed up at the home of Levis's family tutor, Mr. Frank. The two tutors were not strangers to each other. However, Goltai's position had previously been much lower; he had only been a family tutor for a baron in the countryside, while Frank was the future Earl's tutor.

Now, things had changed.

After stating his purpose and feeling that Frank was finally treating him as an equal, the conversation became much more polite.

"Consultant Goltai, please convey my regards to Baron Liszt. On November 5th, I, along with my wife and Sherry, shall attend the Little Minor Elf's birth celebration in Fresh Flower Town," Frank said.

"Of course, on behalf of the Baron, I thank you for your attendance," Goltai replied.

"Then let's have a simple lunch here today. It's been many years since we last drank together. I have a bottle of Juniper Wine that I've treasured for a long time."

Having missed out on a meal at Tulip Castle, Goltai had planned to find a meal here and so did not decline: "Wow, Juniper Wine! Although I'm in a hurry to get back and invite other nobles to the celebration, it seems my legs can't carry me any further at the moment. Thank you for your hospitality, Mr. Frank!"

At lunchtime.

Frank's family and Goltai were seated separately as host and guest.

At the table, the bright young girl Sherry occasionally asked about Liszt, "Uncle Goltai, has Baron Liszt named the Thorn Minor Elf yet?"

"It doesn't seem so, perhaps he will announce the name of the Thorn Minor Elf during the celebration."

"Can his Wind Falcon fly now?"

"I'm sorry, the Wind Falcon has already returned to the blue skies. The Baron does not wish to restrain its proud spirit."

Frank's wife exclaimed in surprise, "Letting go of a Magical Beast just like that? Isn't that a waste? It must be worth a lot of Gold Coins!"



Goltai had also quietly criticized the decision to release a veritable fortune's worth of Gold Coins, but outwardly, he appeared unconcerned, "Fresh Flower Town is no longer what it used to be; a few Gold Coins are of little consequence."

removing ads for as low as \$1!

Cloudy weather, a hint of autumn coolness.

The autumn harvest in Fresh Flower Town had been completed. This year, with the improvement brought by the Elf Bug, the wheat yield was bountiful, resulting in a fifty percent increase compared to previous years. The farmers of Little Wheat Village beamed with radiant smiles—taxes were reduced, yield was up, and with plenty of grain stored, there was no need to worry about hunger in the upcoming winter.

Those who planted oats and rye were also pleased, as the use of manure, pond mud, and wood ash as fertilizers increased the yield by ten to twenty percent over last year.

Today, the serfs in the town were still toiling, yet their faces were adorned with joyful smiles. It was the celebration of the great Lord Landlord's acquisition of the Thorn Minor Elf. Everyone supported and adored this scion of the Tulip Family because, under his leadership, Fresh Flower Town had its first glimpse of a hopeful future.

Moreover, there was a copper coin festival bonus.

"Praise the Lord Landlord, praise the Thorn Minor Elf, Fresh Flower Town will be even better tomorrow!"

"With the Thorn Minor Elf, the Lord Landlord will win even more glory, and the honor of the knights will favor Fresh Flower Town! My nephew Philip has already become a Retainer Knight for the Lord Landlord, and he will follow him to achieve many honors!"

"Will Philip become an Earth Knight?"

"Certainly."

"That's not guaranteed; he's just a serf. The title of Earth Knight is but a pipe dream for him."

"Bob, that's just jealousy speaking because your son got eliminated. You're envious of Philip! Philip and Zavier have already won the Lord Landlord's favor. Their future is bright!"

If they had the leisure to quarrel, it proved that these serfs weren't busy enough—there was still room to push them further.

Meanwhile, the castle servants were too busy to even speak.

Butler Carter wiped the sweat off his forehead with his handkerchief over and over. After successfully hosting the sea festival banquet, he had experienced a grand event, but he was still extremely nervous.

Today there was no food brought from Tulip Castle by any earl.

All of the banquet ingredients had to be prepared by the castle itself. For this, he had made extensive purchases of ingredients two days prior, and bought all kinds of food available in North Valley City. Liszt never skimped on the castle's expenses, so Carter felt confident relying on the castle's wealth to make this banquet a success.

"Mrs. Abbie, free up a cauldron for Lucas as soon as possible; he needs it for two dishes."

"Tom, let Jim handle the water-fetching. Take Parker and John and tidy up the lawn at the castle gates right now; guests will be arriving soon."

"Mrs. Morson, I need your help. The dining room setup is not up to standard. The master does not advocate for us to use the symbol of the Black Tulip, so the curtains must be replaced with the red Tulip emblem that we brought from Tulip Castle... we are one family with Tulip Castle."

"Jessie, Jessie, where are you? I need you to run an errand, go tell Bob the baker about today's bread quantity and variety. Here's the list I've written, give it to him."

"We will have many guests today, and their horses will stay around the area. Barton, make sure to take good care of them."

The bustling of the castle servants did not affect the master of the castle, Baron Liszt.

He got up as usual, and then he took his dog for a walk.

Juan Fu had flown away, and Douson was now his only pet. Holding a cane made from Rapid Growth Iron Thorns, he strolled along Douson Avenue.

Pointing the tip of the cane towards the sides of Douson Avenue, which were close to completion, he casually spoke, "Douson, Rock Spike."

Pfft.

A sturdy Rock Spike burst forth from the earth.

The cane pointed to the other side and another Rock Spike appeared.

He continued to point, and Douson kept on releasing Rock Spikes, almost instantaneously without pause. Soon, two dense rows of Rock Spikes adorned both

sides of Douson Avenue, resembling trees standing in a line—one after another, creating a rather aesthetic look.

Importantly, after the festival, workers would shatter these Rock Spikes to pave the road.

“Good morning, my lord!” Goltai, dressed in festive attire with a ruff circling his neck, looked as though everything below his head was stuffed into a jar.

“Good morning, Consultant Goltai.”

“Your Douson seems to have grown a bit more.”

“It hasn’t reached adulthood yet, and it looks like it will continue to grow.” Liszt patted Douson’s shoulder, becoming more and more satisfied with the Fierce Earth Dog.

He was no longer able to easily reach Douson’s head.

With his own height, using the continental standard leather tape measure, Liszt was measured to be one hundred eighty-five centimeters tall.

The straight stretch length from head to tail of Douson was four meters twenty-six; the shoulder height of the forelimbs was one meter forty-one, and the rear limbs were one meter twenty-five; in a natural state, the head height was one meter ninety-seven.

Compared to the common tigers on Coral Island, Douson was obviously three sizes larger.

Ordinary humans weigh around one hundred thirty kilograms, the tigers of Coral Island about five hundred kilograms, and Douson’s weight had already reached one thousand three hundred kilograms.

In terms of canines, Douson was truly a giant.

“It will continue to grow, good heavens, will it become the largest Magical Beast on Coral Island?” Goltai said in an exaggerated tone, sounding surprised.

In fact, he was just coordinating with Liszt to show off Douson.

Knowing full well that the other party was just buttering him up, Liszt still willingly fell for it, “It might not become the largest Magical Beast. You must know that the weight of the Thunderfang Boar is several times that of Douson. But compared to the sole Purple Sand Crocodile, if Douson fought with it, it could probably end in a draw.”

The Purple Sand Crocodile had thick skin and was resistant to beatings and had rich magical tactics, while Douson only knew Rock Spike, but was quick on its feet.

Of course, as both were Intermediate Magical Beasts, without a real comparison, no one could guarantee which one was stronger. Time, location, and people would all affect the outcome of the battle—the Purple Sand Crocodile was just a dumb Magical Beast, while Douson had the backing of Fresh Flower Town.

Goltai praised, “Being able to fight with a Purple Sand Crocodile is already an incredible achievement. Originally, the Earl couldn’t even kill the Purple Sand Crocodile. Granted, it’s because the Earl did not value the Purple Sand Crocodile much, but it’s enough to show the horror of an Intermediate Magical Beast. Douson will be Fresh Flower Town’s strongest guardian!”

“It’s just that it has a big appetite.” Liszt complained with a smile.

In the past, one meal for Douson was enough for his seven meals; now, one meal for Douson was enough for his seven days of meals. The key was that Douson was picky, it wouldn’t eat ordinary food at all, it had to be chicken, fish, meat, eggs, and occasionally some tomatoes or wild fruits to supplement vitamins.

If you switch to a countryside noble.

They simply couldn’t afford to raise Douson.

Even Liszt had some regrets, “I should not have cut down the forest on Thorn Ridge at the beginning. It should have been kept as Douson’s cafeteria, preserving those wild animals and Magical Beasts.”

This was but a happy worry.

After a while, Isaiah, Blair, Marcus, and others gradually arrived at the castle, each changing into festive attire, Flack·Abbieye.

Even the two magicians put on tailcoats to attend the celebration.

Liszt took a bath and also changed into his own Flack·Abbieye.

Noble clothing was very intricate, and under Thomas’s care, it took him a full quarter of an hour to get dressed properly. The clothes felt a bit tight, but thankfully the weather had turned cool and he didn’t feel too stuffy.

“My lord, Flack·Abbieye was born to be designed for a noble like you. It accentuates your exalted elegance,” Thomas praised sincerely.

Indeed, that was the case.

When the nobles of North Valley City arrived one by one, standing amidst the gathered nobility, all wearing Flack-Abbieye, Liszt seemed to stand out in any crowd, having the effect of being the center of attention.

Handsome in feature, tall in stature, noble in presence, and with a gently mild smile.

Men felt shamed upon seeing him, while women wept.

removing ads for as low as **\$1!**

On the castle's front lawn, one carriage after another had stopped, along with a large number of horses.

Goltai, as the greeter, stood at the castle entrance, engaging in warm conversation with each noble attending the celebration. Only the important guests would be received personally by Liszt.

Such as his grandmother, Lady Penelope.

"Grandmother, you've had a long journey, I apologize for making you come from such a distance," Liszt embraced Lady Penelope gently.

"The birth celebration of the Little Minor Elf is something the Tulip Castle hasn't celebrated in many years; of course, I had to come," said Lady Penelope, still vigorous, dressed in a black gown and black hat. "It's just that the road is too long, the carriage ride nearly rattled my old bones apart."

"How could that be, your body is so strong, even horse riding wouldn't be a problem," Liszt said with a smile as he handed Lady Penelope's arm to Mrs. Morson, "Help the old lady upstairs to rest, and be careful of the staircase steps."

"Please rest assured, milord."

Mrs. Morson immediately, together with Lady Penelope's attendants, supported the old lady upstairs to rest.

Liszt watched his grandmother enter the castle and then withdrew his gaze to look at Li Vera, who had accompanied his grandmother, "Dear sister, it's been a long time, thank you for coming."

"It hasn't been that long," said Li Vera, dressed in glorious noble lady's finery with heavy makeup, looking a bit more beautiful than usual.

She evaluated Liszt, her eyes flashing with many complex expressions.

In the end, she still smiled warmly, and with the normal concern of a sister for her brother, she said, "Congratulations on acquiring a Little Minor Elf, it will bring you countless glories, but you also need to strive on your own and not let down the knightly glory of the Tulip Family."

Slightly surprised,

But Liszt quickly responded, returning her warmth with a gentle smile, "I understand, glory should be earned on the battlefield, and I believe that before long, I will join my father and brother on the battlefield."

After speaking, he and Li Vera shared a gentle embrace.

Then, laughing and chatting, they entered the castle together.

In the castle's drawing room, many nobles were already engaged in eager conversation. Since many nobles were on the battlefield, most of those present were noble ladies, who naturally engaged in cheerful socializing upon seeing Li Vera. Liszt didn't speak much, mostly just being a quietly handsome man.

But he was always the center of attention.

Not just because he was good-looking.

Once, on Coral Island, he was the Earl's son who was overshadowed by Levis, Lidun, and even Li Vera, almost invisible. But over the past half year, even the most reclusive noble would often hear the name Liszt, associated with news of seafood, magic potions, magical beasts, and so on.

Everyone understood that Liszt's rise could no longer be stopped.

Now was the time to foster good relations, if not now, then when?

"It's a pity my daughter is still too young; otherwise, I would have introduced her to Liszt today to see if sparks fly," a noble lady said, her gaze hotly fixed on the quietly picturesque Liszt, her heart fluttering with the wish that she could take her daughter's place and claim him first.

Liszt felt the noble lady's gaze but offered no response.

If he wished, he could probably woo away half the noble houses on Coral Island, or at the very least, offer them a figurative 'hat.'

After about half an hour of such polite socializing, Goltai ushered in another group of nobles: Mr. Frank, his wife, and a bright young girl.

“Mr. Frank, lady, thank you for coming,” Liszt stood up to greet them with a smile, then turned his attention to the young girl, “And who might this be?”

“Brother Liszt, I’m Sherry, little Sherry,” replied the girl with a sweet smile, instantly reminding Liszt of the little pest he remembered from his former life, the chubby tagalong. It’s true what they say, a girl changes vastly as she grows; the chubby child from before had now turned into a graceful beauty.

“You’ve changed so much, I almost didn’t recognize you... Sherry, long time no see.”

Sherry blinked her eyes and asked boldly, “So do you think I’ve become prettier, or uglier?”

“Of course, you’ve become prettier.” Liszt replied with a slightly exaggerated certainty to the young girl. She reminded him of the princess played by Elle Fanning in the “Sleeping Curse,” even their hairstyles were similar, only that Sherry’s hair was a bit browner, whereas the princess’s was more golden.

This was not the right occasion for reminiscing.

After greeting each other, Sherry followed her parents to take a seat and skillfully began chatting with the surrounding nobles. Liszt engaged in the conversation for a bit before he had to go outside to welcome the newly arrived guests.

A knight squad, surrounding a luxurious carriage flying the Red Tulip Flag, undoubtedly signified the arrival of Lady Marie of Tulip Castle and Lidun.

They waited for the carriage to arrive at the castle gate.

Liszt stepped out the door, his face adorned with a standard noble smile, “Thank you for coming, Lady.”

“This is your festival, and had your father not been on the battlefield, he would have surely come to celebrate with you personally,” Lady Marie returned with the same standard noble smile.

Lidun had grown a bit taller since the last time they met.

But he was as thin as a pole, with a rather ordinary appearance. When it came to looks, there were very few on Coral Island who could match Liszt and they could be counted on one hand.

With a face full of acne, he looked up to Liszt, “Brother Liszt, where is your little minor elf?”

“It’s sleeping; you’ll see it soon enough.”

“I’m so envious, brother. You have your own little minor elf, and it’s a Thorn Minor Elf, too. Did it evolve at Thorn Ridge? I’ve heard there are many thorns there.”

Hearing Lidun’s words,

Liszt’s eyebrows slightly raised.

Incorporating Thorn Ridge was considered a smudge on Liszt’s record—after all, it was taking advantage of the Earl. He didn’t know if Lidun mentioned Thorn Ridge and the Thorn Minor Elf innocently or on purpose.

But it was better to sever that line of thought.

He responded with a smile, “It evolved in the grazing field next to the castle. I’ve obtained some new species of thorns from Beer Castle, and they triggered the Thorn Bug’s evolution.”

After a casual explanation,

he said, “Now that all the guests have arrived, Lady, Lidun, please proceed to the second floor; the celebration banquet is about to begin.”

The dining room on the second floor.

The nobles gathered together, sitting in their designated places according to their titles and statuses, chatting freely while waiting for the drinks and dishes.

Goltai, serving as the host of the banquet, stood up and clapped his hands.

As the noise gradually subsided, he began with a passionate tone, “Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for your presence to celebrate with Fresh Flower Town and our Baron Liszt the birth of the Thorn Minor Elf. Before the feast begins, let us welcome the star of today—Thorn Minor Elf!”

As soon as he finished speaking, Butler Carter walked in excitedly, holding a box made of jade pieces.

When he opened the box, the sleeping Thorn Minor Elf awakened instantly. It rubbed its eyes and fluttered its wings to start flying, accurately landing on Liszt’s shoulder. Drowsy and seemingly not fully awake, it humanly yawned.

“Oooh.”

It spoke, emitting a crisp voice.

removing ads for as low as **\$1!**



C 179

The Thorn Minor Elf's entrance was not as shocking as one might expect. In fact, the sleepy little fellow paid no heed to these nobles but merely sat on Liszt's shoulder, nodding off.

It had just been born, full of curiosity about everything, and stayed up late causing a ruckus last night, which left it a bit out of sorts.

But this didn't prevent the nobles from praising the Thorn Minor Elf with loud applause, casting looks of envy, jealousy, admiration, and desire at Liszt and the little elf on his shoulder.

The applause clearly disturbed the Thorn Minor Elf.

It suddenly flew up, facing the clapping crowd with a fierce expression, waving its fists, and cried out loudly, "Wah, wah, wah!"

Obviously, this didn't intimidate anyone; instead, the applause grew more vigorous.

The lively little elf clearly delighted the crowd more than a dozing one.

"It's so beautiful."

"A beautiful creature."

"I swear I can see it shimmering with the glow of gold coins."

"The glory of the knight shines upon the Tulip Family; Baron Liszt inherits the nobility of the earl!"

"Exquisitely beautiful, just as cute as those little elves at Tulip Castle."

Seeing that its intimidation was ineffective and these humans were still buzzing loudly, the Thorn Minor Elf became furiously angry. It stretched out its little pink fists and opened its chubby little palms, letting out a loud "Wah!"

Suddenly, streaks of light flashed by.

Heading towards the people.

The light rapidly landed on many people's clothes, sprouting green, tender shoots at a visible pace, which started to grow and branch out.

"Oh, my goodness!"

“It’s seeds from the elf!”

“The Thorn Minor Elf has sprinkled seeds on our clothes!”

The nobles quickly stood up, slapping off the tender shoots from their clothes, causing chaos at the banquet for a moment.

Just then, Liszt suddenly spoke, “Come back, little one!” Instantly, the Thorn Minor Elf pursed its lips and, somewhat reluctantly, flew back to him, landing back on Liszt’s shoulder.

The growth of the shoots on the nobles’ clothes also ceased.

Which they removed with their hands,

Soon cleaning them off entirely.

Since she was close to Liszt, Lady Penelope wasn’t sprinkled with seeds. She laughed at the minor elf, “Such a mischievous little one, reminds me of the earl’s elves, a few of them are just as naughty.”

“I like such little elves; they’re wilder, more enterprising.” Li Vera chimed in. Her clothing had been sprinkled with a few seeds, but she quickly slapped them off without damaging her garment.

“If I had a minor elf, I’d be willing to be fooled by it every day,” a baron from North Valley City quipped, shaking his collar.

“Minor elves won’t fool their own masters; they just like to play.”

“Mischievousness shows that it’s full of life.”

After Liszt and the others tidied up their clothes and sat down again, he smiled apologetically but insincerely, “I’m very sorry, it has just been born and is still a little temperamental about being disturbed by strangers. I have restrained it now; please forget the earlier prank and let us continue the banquet.”

The nobles all expressed that they didn’t mind.

Whether they truly didn’t mind was not important.

Goltai cleared his throat and continued presiding over the celebration, “Our mischievous protagonist, as everyone has already seen, is without a doubt a vibrant Little Minor Elf, a treasure bestowed upon Fresh Flower Town and Baron Liszt by the glory of the knights!”

“So, what is its name?” asked a noble lady suddenly.

“What’s its name…” Goltai looked towards Liszt.

Liszt took over the topic, “It’s called Jela, this name signifies—the rise of Thorn, the prosperity of Thorn begins with it.”

“Jela?”

The crowd savored the name.

“Good name, it fits the temperament of the Thorn Minor Elf very well.”

“Indeed, it’s a good name, albeit a bit feminine, but since Little Minor Elves have no gender, any name would do.”

“Jela, is this how it’s written… Je…la, such strange Serpent Script, but it’s quite interesting, a name full of character.”

Everyone thought the name was fine, even if they found it unpleasant internally, they would still outwardly consider it fine.

Only Lady Penelope complained, “Jela? It sounds like names such as Marie, Melissa, can you change it, Liszt?”

Sitting beside her, Lady Marie revealed a smile that was both awkward and politely restrained.

Liszt too felt embarrassed; Melissa was his mother, and this old grandmother really did spare no one’s dignity. He could only say, “Grandmother, Jela likes its own name.”

“Wah!”

The Thorn Minor Elf, sensing Liszt’s call in his heart, cried out to him.

“If you like it, then that’s fine,” said Lady Penelope without insisting further, perhaps she was just taking the opportunity to express some opinion of her own.

The introduction of the Thorn Minor Elf Jela heightened the atmosphere of the celebration.

It was also about time for dinner, and after Carter sought confirmation, he signaled the servants to bring out drinks, pouring a glass of red wine or fruit wine for each guest.

Liszt picked up the red wine in front of him, looked around, and slowly began, “Thank you all for attending the naming ceremony for Fresh Flower Town’s Little Minor Elf…”

The birth of the Little Minor Elf signifies something we all understand, especially one backed by a Magic Potion... My father and brother are already on the battlefield, extending the glory of the Tulip Family.”

The nobles watched the young, handsome baron.

Listening intently.

Liszt’s speech was mediocre at best, lacking literary grace, but he was simply sending a signal: “I, Liszt Tulip, as a bloodline of the Tulip Family, enjoy the family’s protection and am also obliged and determined to seize glory for the family!”

He paused.

Then, raising his voice, he said, “Fresh Flower Town may be just a small town, but with the Thorn Minor Elf, the Black Tulip, the Flame Mushroom, and the Rapid Growth Magic Thorn, everything is within sight. And I will recruit a group of followers to help me manage Fresh Flower Town and form a Knight Squad to charge into battle!”

After a moment of thought.

He added, “Fresh Flower Town has the capability to seize glory from the battlefield, have you seen the Fierce Earth Dog at the Castle gate? It... has eaten the Bloodline Fruit and evolved into an Intermediate Magical Beast! And it, it’s utterly loyal to me; it will become my most important partner on the battlefield!”

Intermediate Magical Beast!

This was the first time Liszt had publicly announced the bloodline level of Douson.

In an instant, he heard the surrounding nobles sharply inhaling through their teeth at the dinner table. An Intermediate Magical Beast did not hold as much value as a Little Minor Elf, this was common knowledge. But, if such a beast existed as a pet, it was a different matter entirely.

At the very least, its importance was equivalent to half a Sky Knight and could be considered a weapon on the battlefield!

The significance of this Intermediate Magical Beast was nearly on par with that of a Little Minor Elf.

“Douson is an Intermediate Magical Beast?” Li Vera exclaimed in disbelief, then breathed a sigh of relief. Any shame she felt for being humiliated by an Intermediate Magical Beast silently dissolved away.

removing ads for as low as **\$1!**

If the Thorn Minor Elf and its backing Rapid Growth Magic Thorn represented Liszt's potential to strive for a Viscount title, achieving it either in his generation or the next, then with the assistance of an Intermediate Magical Beast, the Viscount title was no longer just potential, but a certainty he would bear.

The envious grew more envious.

The admiring grew more admiring.

Those with fervent looks were almost emitting flames from their eyes.

In the face of such intense emotions directed at him, Liszt suddenly felt that it was very much worth enjoying. A thought emerged in his heart, "No wonder everyone tirelessly aspires to nobility; the noble system under knight rule isn't just a system, it's also a societal atmosphere."

It was like China during the imperial examination era, where everything was considered lowly except for scholarly pursuits.

In this world, everything was considered lowly except for knighthood.

In that moment, Liszt truly felt that he, like the people of this world, had begun to harbor a desire and ambition for noble glory.

Of course.

Blind ambition was not a good thing.

He spread the word that he was ready to recruit followers and left the rest to time. When his speech was over, everyone raised their glasses together, and then the banquet officially began. Dish after dish was brought forth by the manservants; though there weren't many expensive ingredients, it had all the essentials like chicken, fish, meat, and eggs.

There were also peanuts from the peanut processing workshop, various types of bread developed by the bakery, fruit wines and rice wines brewed by the Brewing Workshop, and many kinds of seafood cooked in different styles.

And with more or less guidance from Liszt, Mrs. Abbie had concocted several special dishes—green vegetable and egg soup, tomato and egg stir-fry, tomato and egg soup, onion and egg stir-fry, green bean and egg stir-fry, seafood and egg stir-fry...

"Grandmother, please try this tomato and egg stir-fry, Mrs. Abbie's dish is very appetizing," Liszt suggested to Lady Penelope.

Looking at the plate, no longer filled with various peculiar pies and sauces, he was very satisfied.

Chinese people place importance on food, and he was no different. When he first arrived, constrained by his inability to cook and the belief that nobles shouldn't enter the kitchen, he suppressed his own culinary cravings. It was only after he started the seafood trend and encouraged Reynard to invent new bread that he gradually "guided" Mrs. Abbie.

He had now successfully led Mrs. Abbie to understand "stir-fry" and "egg soup," two forms of Chinese dishes.

Therefore, Mrs. Abbie, through continuous exploration, found the right ingredients for stir-fried eggs and egg soups and unabashedly fiddled with all sorts of permutations of them.

So much so that a few times, Liszt's lunch was entirely made up of stir-fried eggs and egg soups.

"Regrettably, the oil and salt proportions still lack finesse, not as delicious as the stir-fried eggs back home," after tasting the tomato and egg stir-fry, Liszt recalled his life before traversing worlds, a faint sadness surfaced in his heart.

The road to guiding Mrs. Abbie was still long.

Stir-fried eggs might be tasty, but stir-frying isn't limited to eggs, and Chinese cuisine boasts dozens of cooking methods like stir-frying, deep-frying, quick-frying, sautéing, pan-frying, braising, stewing, steaming, and many more.

Liszt didn't know how to cook, so he couldn't replicate all these culinary arts, but he did understand the basics of stir-frying and boiling.

He was also quite familiar with hot pot, and this winter in Fresh Flower Town wouldn't be complete without introducing it.

"And tofu!"

"I must invent tofu. Mapo tofu is my favorite!"

Tofu did not exist here; there were only beans, mostly peas, with soybeans present but not abundant. These beans were hard to digest and eating too many led to flatulence, so they were generally food for commoners.

Liszt had tried boiled beans a few times and found them quite unpalatable.

He wanted to invent tofu, but while he knew how to eat tofu, he was clueless about how to make it. He only knew about “soaking beans in brine” and using gypsum to make tofu, the process supposedly involved grinding beans into soy milk and adding brine or gypsum, then it would coagulate into tofu.

As for why it turned into tofu with just a touch, he didn’t understand.

Then, what exactly is brine, and how is it related to braised pig’s trotters? He was familiar with plaster, as it is used for setting broken bones, but what was its natural occurrence?

Consequently, the production of tofu was indefinitely delayed.

He could only bear with it for the time being.

Having scrambled eggs to eat was already progress. One shouldn’t always aim for large strides; taking too big a step could lead to straining oneself—he consoled himself in this way.

“Hmm, indeed a delicacy. Is it called scrambled eggs with tomatoes?” Lady Penelope was highly satisfied with the dish.

Liszt smiled, “If you like it, you can send your chef to learn the recipe from Mrs. Abbie. There’s no secret about this recipe as far as you’re concerned.”

“Baron Liszt, could we also send a chef to learn?” a noble asked.

“Of course, as long as Mrs. Abbie agrees,” Liszt used Mrs. Abbie as a shield. These nobles wanted to learn how to cook for free, which was not possible. They must exchange money for recipes.

There’s no such thing as a free lunch.

The fresh dish earned unanimous praise, and the celebration for the birth of the Little Minor Elf concluded perfectly. After the luncheon ended and they’d rested for a moment, it was time for the nobles to head back home.

As they passed by Douson’s kennel.

They couldn’t help but take an extra look at Douson.

“My God, it’s so big. Only an Intermediate Magical Beast could have such a size, right?”

“As a Low-Level Magical Beast and the King of Thorn Ridge, the Fierce Earth Dog is already powerful. If it became an Intermediate Magical Beast, how strong would it be!”

“Are the stone pillars on the sides of the road its handiwork?”

“The grace of knightly honor shines upon us; the rise of Fresh Flower Town is imminent.”

“It’s unbelievable. I’m standing in front of an Intermediate Magical Beast; it feels like I’m going mad.”

Douson was indifferent to the crowd, not even sparing them a glance, just lying on the lawn, lazily basking in the Sun, a half-eaten bone resting beside its mouth.

On Douson Avenue.

The carriages were taken away one by one.

Lady Penelope kissed Liszt on the forehead, “You’ve done well, not letting your father down. I remember how fond he was of you when you were little. When he returns from the mainland and sees Fresh Flower Town now, he will be relieved.”

Liszt smiled faintly, “I will continue to do my best.” He didn’t quite understand the father-son relationship between the Earl and his predecessor, probably because he had never been a father himself.

Li Vera approached and patted Liszt’s shoulder, “I hope there will come a day when I can take pride in being Liszt’s sister.”

The girl was no longer caught up in her teenage fantasies, and he felt somewhat out of place: “I think that day will come.”

The last to leave were Frank and his family.

“I was planning to give you the first batch of earnings from the Black Tulip today, but considering today is a day of celebration, let’s make it tomorrow instead. Send Goltai or someone over to Coral City, to check the books. I’ve done my calculations, and you should get two hundred and ten Gold Coins from this batch of Magic Potion.”

“I will have Consultant Goltai follow up on this matter.”

After a moment’s thought, Frank asked, “So, what do you plan to do with the Magic Potion in the Thorns? Will you continue to partner with Levis?”

“I haven’t decided yet. I’ll let you know once I’ve thought it through,” Liszt replied.

“Of course, whether to cooperate or not is up to you,” Frank said, stepping aside, “Sherry might have a lot she wants to talk to you about. I’ll get on the carriage first.”



removing ads for as low as **\$1!**