

## **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead**

### **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 181: 0181: The Big Wolf Dog with its Tail Between its Legs (9th update, additional update for 1400 subscriptions) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 181: 0181: The Big Wolf Dog with its Tail Between its Legs (9th update, additional update for 1400 subscriptions)**

Had Liszt been a bit more libertine, he could have perhaps convinced Sherry to stay the night in Fresh Flower Town.

However, he was, after all, a gentleman of integrity.

They merely chatted about their childhood, mostly with Sherry talking and him listening, since the memories of his predecessor had become blurry, and many details had faded from his memory.

A little while later.

Sherry proposed to take her leave, "Brother Liszt, may I visit Fresh Flower Town again?"

"You're very welcome."

"If Brother Liszt visits Coral City, you can come and find me anytime. I'm now helping Mother with some needlework at home and have a lot of free time."

"Sure."

"Then I'll head back first. My parents are waiting for me in the carriage."

Liszt kept a smile on his face, "Be careful on the road."

As Sherry turned and walked towards the carriage, and when she almost reached it, she turned her head back, wanting to see if Liszt was watching her.

However, what she saw was Liszt by the dog kennel, seemingly frolicking with that huge Fierce Earth Dog. What should have been a frightening Intermediate Magical Beast acted just like a little dog, circling around him.

She suddenly felt a sense of loss.

With the coachman's assistance, she got into the carriage.

"Sherry, how was your chat with Liszt?" asked Frank's wife as the carriage set off.

"I don't know, Mother. Brother Liszt was very polite in his speech. It's hard to describe, but it felt as if we were meeting for the first time, without that familiar feeling," Sherry responded.

"After all, you haven't seen each other for several years, and now you both have grown up."

"Perhaps," Sherry's spirits lifted again, "Brother Liszt is still as handsome as he was when we were kids, and his smile warms the heart."

"Then seize the opportunity well," said Frank's wife with a smile, "Possessing the Thorn Minor Elf and an Intermediate Magical Beast, Liszt is the most outstanding young man on Coral Island."

"I will," Sherry nodded confidently.

Here, whether a man pursues a woman or a woman pursues a man, it was all the same; there was no issue of men taking the initiative and women being passive.

Seeing the relaxed smiles of his wife and daughter, Frank also wore a smile, but there was a touch of regret in his eyes. After serving the Tulip Castle for many years, he understood that the people of the Tulip Family were not the kind to remain contented; Li Vera was more arrogant than the male nobles, and Levis was dead set on marrying up to Marquis Roderick's daughter.

Marie and her son Lidun vied for Levis's resources without restraint.

In the past, he had thought Liszt was the weakest and the Earl had been disappointed in him. However, the Liszt of now was gradually showing a firmer temperament.

With the Thorn Minor Elf and an Intermediate Magical Beast, he immediately began to recruit followers, revealing his ambition.

Would such a noble take an interest in his daughter? Frank was somewhat worried. He had learned from Levis that back on Red Crab Island, Liszt had even rejected the daughter of a Viscount, let alone Sherry, who was merely the daughter of an Honored Knight.

Fortunately, seeing how outstanding his daughter was reassured him.

"Perhaps Sherry can win Liszt over. He's young and has not seen much of the world, always cooped up on Coral Island. Sherry is a graduate from Bull Horn Academy,

intelligent too... Even if things don't work out with Liszt, there are still many nobles on Coral Island who would pursue her," he contemplated.

With that thought.

He felt at ease, "We'll stay overnight in North Valley City. I have a few old friends I've been wanting to catch up with."

After all the guests had left,

Fresh Flower Town regained its tranquility, and the castle's servants began to clean the trampled grass.

Liszt released Douson's chain, and it dashed around the paddock, chasing the horses. All the horses turned tail and fled at the sight of Douson, except for the Li Dragon Horse, which didn't fear Douson in the least.

It even dared to kick Douson with its hind hooves.

Douson didn't dare to mess with the Li Dragon Horse because it knew Liszt had forbidden it from bullying these horses.

Mounting the Li Dragon Horse, he called out, "Douson, follow!"

Then a man, a horse, and a dog, accompanied by a few Retainer Knights, galloped toward the Fresh Flower Farm. The ordinary Tulips on the farm were not expanded in scale; just barely planted. The majority of barren land was being prepared to plant Black Tulips to try to fill the area affected by the Tulip Cordyceps with Black Tulips.

In the wasteland, a simple building came into view.

Douson, excited, bolted toward the structure, where the sound of dogs barking echoed inside. This was the newly built dog park, where twenty female wolves, a breed of excellent pedigree and large stature—useful as guardians and protectors—were housed.

However, upon their arrival at Fresh Flower Town, their fate had immediately plunged into misery.

"Lord Landlord, Old Difo sends his greetings," the serf in charge of the dog park said after bowing. He then opened the large gate for Liszt to lead Douson inside.

The dog park was vast.

Inside, there were rows of doghouses and iron cages, each containing a large wolfhound.

Apparently sensing Douson's scent, the wolfhounds, originally barking cheerfully, one by one tucked their tails and hid deeper in their cages.

Yet, Douson was excitedly bouncing around.

Old Difo, intimidated by the formidable Douson, carefully opened the door to the first cage. Douson couldn't wait and charged in, mating with the female wolfhound amid her pitiful screams for over ten minutes. Compared to the female, Douson's size was like a Tibetan Mastiff to a Pomeranian.

But, Mother Nature, as the creator, had endowed creatures with richness in creativity, diversity, and adaptability.

The female wolfhound was highly adaptable, or it could be said that everything about Douson had grown except for that... The eye-watering scene came to an end.

Douson maintained its position for a quarter of an hour before happily withdrawing.

Leaving behind the wolfhound sprawled in the cage, her face bearing an expression of utter despair.

"Old Difo, make sure you feed it more and pay careful attention to whether it's pregnant. As soon as it is, go to the castle and notify us immediately, understand?"

"Old Difo understands," he assured. "Please rest easy, Lord Landlord, Old Difo has raised dogs for many years. With just these eyes, I can accurately tell which one is with pups."

"Very good."

Leaving the dog park,

Liszt took Douson to the Dog Prison to get intimate with the Earth Matron. The Earth Matron's belly showed no change, but her pregnancy was certain, as confirmed by Old Difo and a few other professionals.

After being released, Douson did not trouble the Earth Matron but played with her instead.

Perhaps due to being of the same species, Douson treated the wolfhounds with indifference after the deed, showing no attachment, but it maintained an unwavering enthusiasm for the Earth Matron.

Liszt squatted next to the Earth Matron, reaching out to stroke her black fur.

The Earth Matron showed no reaction, having surrendered to its fate, forgotten its magic, and begun to enjoy a life where no wind or heavy rain disturbed it, no need to hunt for itself, indulging in daily eating, drinking, and sleeping.

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Liszt had observed the simply tamed Earth Matron.

For some reason, he thought of the unruly Juan Fu, feeling a vague regret. Perhaps if he had not been softhearted and had persisted a little longer, Juan Fu would have submitted. After all, Juan Fu and the Earth Matron were nothing but Magical Beasts, and as Magical Beasts, there was no dignity to speak of.

In a trance,

Wisps of smoke appeared before his eyes, coalescing into a sequence of Serpent Script.

“Mission: Autumn has come, can Winter be far behind? Fresh Flower Town, soon to be blanketed in Ice Snow, will fall into isolation. Wheat, as an indispensable staple, cannot be lacking. Please stockpile a hundred tons of wheat to steady the hearts of the serfs through the winter. Reward: The goodwill of the serfs.”

Stockpiling a hundred tons of wheat wasn't difficult.

With the help of Little Wheat Bugs, this year's harvest in Little Wheat Village was bountiful, reaching a yield of nearly two hundred and forty cattles per mu, totaling five hundred mu of wheat with a harvest of a hundred and twenty thousand cattles, which translated to sixty tons.

“Just purchasing an additional forty tons will complete the mission. The Thorn Caravan and the Fresh Flower Caravan are already buying up newly harvested wheat from everywhere.” Liszt came back to his senses and looked at the simple mission but couldn't guess why there was such a reward as “the goodwill of the serfs.”

He even disdainfully thought, “Do I need the goodwill of serfs? As long as they work diligently to build my territory and indulge my luxurious lifestyle, that's enough.”

Compared to other Landlords, his treatment of serfs was already quite merciful.

Other Landlords could beat serfs, or even kill them without seeing any rebellion. Therefore, in Fresh Flower Town, his position as Lord was very secure. Under the Knight system, Nobles didn't need popular sentiment, just matching strength to gain everything.

The mission reward, however useless it seemed.

But to get to the next mission, Liszt still had to complete it—even if it were an easy task, he would have stockpiled winter supplies even without the mission.

Thinking this, he waved his hand lightly, erasing the Smoke Mission.

His gaze returned to the Earth Matron. Since the Retainer Knights were outside the Dog Prison, he directly took out a piece of jerky from the Space Gem on his chest and fed it to the Earth Matron.

Douson, seeing the jerky, wanted to snatch it without any regard for its relation to the Earth Matron.

“Back off,” Liszt ordered Douson away, watching as the Earth Matron wolfed down the jerky. After enjoying the jerky several times, the Earth Matron surprisingly wagged its tail at him.

It seemed that it was becoming domesticated.

“Dogs really are the friendliest to humans. Compared to the undomesticated and pointlessly kept Juan Fu, Douson and the Earth Matron are much better. Adding a litter of Little Fierce Earth Dogs in the future will be perfect... When I go to battle, I’ll unleash the dogs. With Douson leading the charge, it will be a sight most splendid to behold!” He could already envision rows of Rock Spikes and their violent output.

After walking the dogs.

On his return to the Castle, Butler Carter had already led the servants in tidying everything up, and the gifts from the guests had been accounted for and stored away in the Castle’s vault.

Nobles usually gave food or iron as gifts, as these resources were scarce, making them ideal for gift-giving.

However, the bits and pieces acquired from gift exchanges wouldn’t make one rich—after all, Liszt would have to give gifts in return when other Nobles held events in the future.

“My Lord, do you need to check the accounts?”

“No need,” he replied.

Liszt was not a miser who counted his wealth and possessions every day. After chatting briefly with Carter, he returned to his upstairs study to calm his mind, preparing for today’s potion consumption.

He opened the Flame Mushroom Magic Potion and downed it in one gulp.

Suddenly, magical power spread like fire.

Taking advantage of this force crashing everywhere, he kept circulating his Dou Qi, allowing his body to expand and accommodate the magical power, then nurturing his own Dou Qi.

He likened this process to filling a cup with rocks.

A common Earth Knight cultivates by filling the cup with small stones, but no matter how full it gets, there are always gaps. An Elite Earth Knight relies on constantly shaking, rubbing the rocks together to make the gaps tighter. An Elite Earth Knight using the drug regimen fills the cup with Magic Potion instead of sand.

He was now repeating such a process.

The difficulty wasn't great, but it required a continuous supply and persistent patience.

"Once you start taking a Magic Potion, don't stop, at least not intermittently. Otherwise, the Dou Qi created by the Magic Potion will continuously recede, eventually falling back to the level of a common Earth Knight. But you can't take it too frequently either. You have to find the right balance for your body, a push-and-pull."

This was the wisdom the Earl had imparted to his sons, how to take drugs properly to make the most of them.

The Earl himself had taken drugs for a full ten years to break through the shackles of his body, transforming his Intermediate Dou Qi into Advanced Dou Qi. This precious experience would be the Tulip Family's most core secret, not to be disclosed to anyone but direct descendants.

He quietly refined the magical power of the Magic Potion, assaulting his own Dou Qi.

Liszt simultaneously compared his own experience with the secret teachings of the Earl to authenticate each other. He needed to find the right balance for his body.

The Earl had said, "Everyone has a different way of taking Magic Potions. You need to judge according to your own body and grasp the balance."

If you exceed that balance, you not only waste the Magic Potion but also damage your body.

If you don't reach that balance, you waste time and increase the body's resistance to the potion, a loss-making deal.

“Not every wealthy Elite Earth Knight can become a Sky Knight by relying on Magic Potions... otherwise the Nobles would never see a day of decline... A clever mind, sharp senses, and a fearless heart are all qualities a Sky Knight must have.”

The predecessor had etched these words deeply in his heart, hinting at a fierce tiger lurking within.

But what the predecessor lacked most was probably insight, so everything turned out to be a boon for the current Liszt.

The festive days passed, and life in Fresh Flower Town continued.

The carts that transported wheat were filled with the new harvest and brought to the granary not far from the Castle. To fulfill the task he called “securing the serfs,” he had Karl Ironhammer lead the Patrol Team to extensively proclaim — this year’s harvest is bountiful, the Lord Landlord loves his people, stocking up on wheat, no worries for winter.

In previous years, winter was an indelible grey memory for the residents of Fresh Flower Town.

This year, the residents of Fresh Flower Town enjoyed the most comfortable living they ever had, already full of hope for the winter, not to mention Liszt’s proclamation, leaving no single serf fearful of the upcoming cold season.

“This year will be easy to get through, Maggie, don’t worry,” Mrs. Harriet, a farmwife from Barley Hamlet, said to the frail little girl at the table.

The little girl Maggie was a serf purchased from the Eagle Kingdom.

Having studied Serpent Script with Old Geronte, she was still not very proficient, so she was somewhat confused: “Mrs. Harriet, what?”

“Full, tummy,” Harriet kindly patted Maggie’s little head, pointed at the bread, then at her stomach, and said with a smile, “Lord Landlord is kind, this winter, everyone can have a full tummy, we will have a very happy winter without hunger or Magical Beasts.”

She spoke while using gestures and successfully made Maggie understand.

The little girl nodded incessantly and replied in still-imperfect Serpent Script, “Lord Landlord, kind, great, Maggie praises Lord Landlord!”

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Chapter 183: Maggie Has an Older Sister Who is a Magician (First Update)  
After lunch,



Maggie diligently took care of cleaning up the plates, her slight body bustling about like a Little Minor Elf.

“Let me do that, Maggie. You should go take a nap now. You have to follow Lord Rom for training this afternoon, remember to perform well in the training class,” Mrs. Harriet said, fond of Little Maggie. She didn’t have a daughter and genuinely treated Maggie, who was staying at her house, as her own.

Because Mrs. Harriet spoke so quickly, Maggie could only understand a few words in Serpent Script like “nap,” “Lord Rom,” and “training.”

But she was smart and guessed at Mrs. Harriet’s intention, promptly replying in Serpent Script, “Training with Lord Rom is easy, Maggie is happy, three meals! Fresh Flower Town, great!”

She communicated successfully through a combination of speaking and gesturing.

Mrs. Harriet smiled wistfully, “Fresh Flower Town wasn’t always like this. Back then we could only eat twice a day, and in winter, just once. It was Lord Landlord who brought us everything, making Fresh Flower Town great, now we can eat three meals a day.”

In times of scarce resources, eating twice a day was the norm for commoners, while three meals a day was the standard for nobles.

When Maggie was in the Eagle Kingdom, living in the countryside, she and her family also ate twice a day. Being able to have three meals a day in Fresh Flower Town was a huge blessing.

She was still young and hadn’t been assigned farm work yet. All she had to do every day was attend training classes and textile classes. The training classes taught some basic physical combat skills, and the textile classes were taught by serfs who were dyers and spinners, passing on dyeing and textile skills.

Maggie learned earnestly.

Because she knew skills were very precious. In her hometown, learning a skill cost a lot of money before someone was willing to teach it.

Compared to the intangible prospects of building up strength and developing Dou Qi, she preferred to become a spinner.

By the time she finished her textile classes and returned to the house where she was staying with Mrs. Harriet, dinner was just about ready. But compared to other days, the atmosphere at home seemed more solemn.

Harriet’s husband sat on a stool with a serious expression.

Mrs. Harriet's estranged son and daughter-in-law also rushed over.

It wasn't until the bread and seafood were served that Maggie understood what day it was—through the gestures of Harriet's daughter-in-law—it was the anniversary of Harriet's daughter's death.

Mr. and Mrs. Harriet once had a young daughter, but she fell ill in winter and, coupled with not having enough to eat, died three years ago. She was only slightly older than Maggie at the time of her death.

This was also why Mr. and Mrs. Harriet were willing to take in Maggie as a lodger.

The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Harriet even invited Lord Grantaire from the town to their house. Through Grantaire, they communicated with Maggie, "Maggie, Mrs. Harriet wants to form a contractual mother-daughter relationship with you."

"Ah..."

Maggie was caught off guard and didn't know how to respond.

Old Geronte said gently, "What's in the past has already happened, don't think too much about it. Now that you've come to Fresh Flower Town and your family has died, why not form a contractual mother-daughter relationship with Mrs. Harriet? It would be convenient for support, and they can even help you buy back your serf contract, restoring your Freeman status."

This was incredible news.

Since the Harriet family ran the town's general store and had no worries for food and clothing, they were among the wealthier ones. By forming a contractual relationship with them, Maggie knew she would have a promising future.

But for some reason, she felt somewhat reluctant, "Lord Grantaire, I have relatives... I still have a sister."

Old Geronte furrowed his brow; he had checked Maggie's personal information and had not found any of her relatives among the serfs. According to Maggie herself, her parents had been killed by mercenaries.

"You still have a sister? Where is she? Why didn't you mention her before?"

"I... My sister left home several years ago," she said she'd come find me after she learned magic... My sister will come back for me.

Learn magic?

Could it be that she was chosen by a Mr. Truth to become a Magic Apprentice?

This thought flickered through Old Geronte's mind, but he didn't take it seriously. Even if Maggie's sister had become a magician, the likelihood of her traveling the great distance to Coral Island to find her sister was slim to none.

Besides.

She might have died in one of the explosions already. The profession of a magician comes with a high probability of explosions.

He assumed Maggie was just a bit shy and embarrassed, so he told her to take a few days to think about it. The Harriet couple and their family didn't bring it up again, continuing the previous amiable atmosphere.

But Maggie couldn't calm down for a long time.

Meanwhile.

In the Eagle Kingdom, many miles away, war raged on.

The Steel Ridge Kingdom launched a major invasion, forcing the Eagle Kingdom to resist. Dragon Knights roamed everywhere to support the battlefield. Meanwhile, in the hinterlands of the Eagle Kingdom, the Duchy of Sapphire's troops, like locusts, desperately scoured the coastal border castles, plundering wealth and minerals.

Against this backdrop of turmoil, a warship flying the Red Tulip Flag slowly approached the harbor. The lighthouse at the harbor also flew the Red Tulip Flag.

Needless to say.

This was naturally a stronghold that the Tulip Family, had taken on the coastline of the Eagle Kingdom.

The Tulip Family's servants had already met with the ship's crew to sort out the goods, all special products of the Duchy of Sapphire. They were fighting and robbing on one hand, and trading and smuggling on the other, without any delay. The entire seaport bustled with people busily loading, unloading, and transporting goods non-stop.

"Is this the Tulip Family's sea vessel?" In a shabby tavern on the dock, a female mercenary with a scarf covering her face looked out the window, holding a wine glass, and asked.

She was speaking Wind Language.

In front of her was a sly-looking fellow who greedily glanced at the mercenary's chest bulging against her leather armor and replied sleazily, "Of course, this dock and most of the surrounding castles have already been occupied by Sea Wave Sword Saint Li Weiliam. The Red Tulip has become a nightmare for many nobles."

"Are Li Weiliam's ships always engaged in slave trading?"

"Heh, the Sapphire People are all a bunch of serf traders. It'd be strange if they weren't trading slaves."

"When will the fleet return?"

"That depends on how fast you mercenaries can catch serfs. If you're quick, maybe you can trade a bunch of serfs this month."

"For your troubles." The female mercenary casually flicked her fingers, and a shiny silver coin flew into the air, spinning before landing neatly on the table.

She left without looking back.

The sly fellow grabbed the silver coin in an instant, licked his lips greedily, picked it up, held it in his palm, and laughed brightly, "If you need more information, my lord mercenary, just come to Old Fort Tavern and ask for me, Three-Eared Goldie... Eh, where did she go all of a sudden?"

By the time he looked up, the female mercenary was nowhere to be seen in the tavern.

But he didn't care, fondling the silver coin in his palm with satisfaction. Earning a silver coin for a few words was a solid deal.

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Chapter 184: Baffling Goodwill (Second Update)

"I wonder how father and brother are faring in the Eagle Kingdom's wars, and how much profit they've gained this year," Liszt thought, having finished one session of the "Fire Dragon Drill" and the "Flaming Wave".

He picked up his bow and arrows and began to practice the "Multi-Arrow" again.

After beginning his life of taking potions, he, an Elite Earth Knight, had been feeling his blood surge with enthusiasm these past few days, almost desperate to charge into battle and demonstrate his formidable strength.

It was as if someone had suddenly struck it rich.

While reason dictated that he should keep a low profile, emotionally, he definitely wanted to show off a bit.

“Once I delve into the Dou Qi Manuscript a bit more, I must challenge Marcus to a fight—armed with the Crimson Blood Sword and my Li Dragon Horse, even if my experience falls short, and my Dou Qi circulation techniques are inferior to Marcus, I can still fight and win!” Confident in his equipment to compensate for what he lacked in strength, his confidence was boundless.

Of course, any such duel had to be carried out in private.

If Liszt happened to lose by a mischance, as long as the parties involved kept silent, it would naturally not affect his image.

Thinking this way, his emotions in his training intensified even further. Placing his hand on the bowstring, he shot out two sharp arrows side by side. Guided by his Dou Qi, they collided in midair, altering their flight path slightly, and shot straight toward two targets a hundred meters away, ten meters apart from each other.

Bang Bang!

Two crisp sounds.

Liszt looked up to see that the arrows had hit dead center in the thick targets a hundred meters away, one arrow in each target, with uncanny precision.

His vision had greatly improved thanks to his long-term use of the Eye of Magic.

Combined with “Multi-Arrow”, he could effortlessly hit any target he aimed at; not to mention piercing a leaf at a hundred paces, even a thousand paces was not too difficult. The only issue was that at such a distance, the Dou Qi infused into the arrows would dissipate in midair, and the arrows would have to rely solely on their kinetic energy to fly.

Both their attacking power and their trajectory would be greatly diminished.

“Many Earth Knights practice the “Multi-Arrow”, but few have the talent of a Divine Archer. Marcus is one, but I have even more talent.” In Fresh Flower Town, Liszt enjoyed comparing himself to Marcus to gauge his own strength. “With my proficiency in the Double Arrow alone, I’ve definitely surpassed Marcus!”

Sweating with exertion, he continued to practice “Multi-Arrow”.

He had not yet mastered the Ultimate Mystery Multi-Shadow Arrow, but he had achieved a transcendent mastery of the most basic Double Arrow.

Drip Drip.

The sound of the merchant caravan's wagons approached from afar, transporting the newly purchased wheat past the castle and straight to the granary. Officials had already gathered a large group of serfs waiting for work to start transferring the wheat into the storage.

Every face bore a smile.

Although the food stored in the castle was Lord Landlord's private stock, when the castle had food, the serfs naturally benefited—at the very least, the Lord would not levy the serfs' meager winter reserves.

In previous years, the knights who collected taxes in Fresh Flower Town were like vampires at the end of fall, almost wishing to drain the serfs of all their grain.

The caravan transferred all the wheat into the storehouse.

"There must be a hundred tons of wheat, right?"

Liszt had just finished practicing the "Multi-Arrow" and watched as the caravan began its return journey. A thought crossed his mind, and he summoned the Smoke Mission on horseback.

"Mission completed, reward: the goodwill of Serf Maggie."

The goodwill of Serf Maggie?

That sounded like a female serf.

Befuddled, Liszt turned to Servant Thomas riding behind him and instructed, "Go find out if there's a serf named Maggie... Don't make a big deal out of it, just inquire about her situation."

Thomas immediately set off to make inquiries.

Liszt walked towards the castle, all the while continuing to speculate about the content of the mission reward, "What exactly does the goodwill of a serf mean? Could it be that there is something amiss with this serf, or perhaps she has some talent that I'm supposed to unearth... The name is feminine, so it's a female serf, or perhaps..."

A thought suddenly struck him.

In an excited moment, he considered, "Is it possible that the Smoke Mission noticed how attentive I have been to my secretary these past few days and is now telling me

that there is a beautiful female serf in Fresh Flower Town who I could take on as a secretary?"

That idea seemed far-fetched.

But what if it were true?

Luckily, he still had some sense about him and reined in his thoughts when he saw the new mission.

"Mission: The sailors have been thoroughly trained, and the captain is full of ambition. The Calming Sea Pearl is about to be completed, and the only large ship in Fresh Flower Town, the Fresh Flower Vessel, is gearing up for its maiden voyage across the vast ocean towards the stars. Please personally complete the Fresh Flower Vessel's first voyage. Reward: Li Dragon Horse Herd."

The mission reward was not unexpected.

Black Horse Island had already been assessed to be home to the Li Dragon Horse Herd.

But the content of the mission made Liszt somewhat irritably surprised, "To personally undertake the maiden voyage? Even with the help of the Calming Sea Pearl, it's dangerous for Kostor and his crew to take to the sea. How irresponsible of the Smoke Mission to ask me to risk myself like this!"

His original intention was to have Marcus and the others make a trip to Black Horse Island first to scout the danger.

He would set off only after ensuring safe sailing and landing on the island.

Upon further consideration, he relented, "Actually, I don't have to go. My subordinates could discover the Li Dragon Horse Herd and claim the reward in advance, and the mission would change regardless... But I'll make the trip anyway. If I prepare properly before sailing and minimize the risk, there shouldn't be any problems."

The group of refugees from Little Papa Island had managed to drift to Coral Island, a thousand miles away, under Kostor's command. The Taiwan Strait, which only separated Coral Island from Black Horse Island, should not be difficult to navigate with a trained crew.

Having made up his mind,

Liszt no longer hesitated and quickly found Kostor, "Captain Kostor, I am prepared to accompany the journey to Black Horse Island. During this time, make sure you and my Retainer Knights coordinate well."

“Please rest assured, Lord Landlord, I will definitely ensure your safety!” After expressing his stance, Kostor asked, “Lord, may I know when the Calming Sea Pearl will be completed?”

“No later than three days.”

“Then, please have your Retainer Knights spend as much of the next three days as possible training on the Fresh Flower Vessel, to ensure they can protect you at the first sign of danger.”

“That’s settled,” Liszt suddenly thought, “How about I take Douson on the voyage as well? What do you think?”

Kostor pondered carefully before responding, “Douson is a land-based Magical Beast. On its first voyage at sea, it’s certain to get seasick. Even with three days of continuous training, it might not overcome seasickness.”

“Let’s try it out first and see if Douson gets seasick.”

He had never before considered embarking on the maiden voyage to Black Horse Island himself, let alone taking Douson along. But Douson was definitely meant to follow him into battle in the future as the most suitable bodyguard. So, regular sea voyages were essential, and it was only right to start training early to prevent seasickness.

Not being one to be indecisive, the very next day, Liszt led Douson onto the Fresh Flower Vessel.

Once aboard, Douson’s curiosity was apparent as it clattered about on the deck, jumping here and there, each leap making the Fresh Flower Vessel tremble on the sea surface.

A creature weighing over a ton had such formidable power.

However, Douson was afraid of water and would not dare get close to the ship’s side. Whenever Liszt pulled it closer to the rail, Douson refused to move, its eyes not daring to look down at the sea from the ship’s side.

Especially when the Fresh Flower Vessel left the makeshift dock made from a few planks of wood tied together.

Out at sea, with the ship riding the wind and waves, Douson’s normally lively nature deflated, lying morosely on the deck, not daring to budge.

It also kept whining intermittently with, “Woo woo... woof woof... woo woo...”

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## **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 185: 0185: Castle Maid Training Plan (Third Release, Celebrating 1/10 for Alliance Hierarch Q Wood) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 185: 0185: Castle Maid Training Plan (Third Release, Celebrating 1/10 for Alliance Hierarch Q Wood)**

Chapter 185: Castle Maid Training Plan (Third Release, Celebrating 1/10 for Alliance Hierarch Q Wood)

This chapter is a bonus chapter for Alliance Hierarch “Q Mu Tou,” temporarily adding one more, with the rest to be filled up to ten later.

Wobbling eastward and westward, with every step came a triple sway.

This was the picture of Douson after disembarking, gold dog eyes clouded up, just short of vomiting.

“Even an Intermediate Magical Beast can get seasick, and quite severely at that,” Liszt was helpless about this as Magical Beasts after all live on land.

The sailing vessel rocked and swayed, and even him, having just crossed over, got seasick the first time he went out to sea.

However, the powerful recovery ability of magical beasts soon made itself known. By the time he led a dizzy Douson back to the Castle at a slow pace, Douson’s seasickness had clearly subsided. His legs no longer wobbled, his eyes no longer blurred, and his barks grew louder—even though his spirit was still a bit lacking, all other aspects had recovered.

“Whether or not he can overcome the seasickness, take Douson with us after tomorrow when we go out to sea,” he said.

The Fresh Flower Vessel had a speed of 5 knots and would need 14 hours to reach Black Horse Island, plus at least an additional hour or two to find a place to dock.

Therefore, after the maiden voyage, camping on Black Horse Island was definitely in store.

Without Douson, Liszt felt insecure; should there be an Intermediate Magical Beast on Black Horse Island, a recovered Douson could at least put up some resistance. Coupled with his and Marcus’s assistance as two Elite Earth Knights, even if they couldn’t handle it, they could still escape—Douson had become the root of his confidence.

Walking along the soon-to-be-completed Douson Avenue.

Horse hooves sounded from behind.

Thomas, who had been inquiring about the serf Maggie's information, had returned with the thick parchment from the administration office that recorded identities: "Milord, we have ascertained Maggie's identity. She is a serf from Eagle Kingdom who recently joined Fresh Flower Town. She has no kin and no surname, and is currently boarding with the family of the general store owner."

Liszt took the thick parchment, keenly capturing the key point: "Boarding—she's a little girl?"

"Yes, Milord. Maggie is just nine years old this year."

On the thick parchment, it was clearly written—Maggie, nine years old, a serf without relatives, boarding with a general store owner's family, currently being trained in the girls' group and participating in needlework classes organized by the administration office.

After reviewing the record.

He casually handed the thick parchment back to Thomas: "Return it to the administration office."

Without saying anything more, his mood was as listless as Douson at that moment.

He had thought that the Smoke Mission was very considerate, preparing to reward him with a beautiful female secretary. He had even figured out under what pretense to recruit the secretary, but it turned out to be just a nine-year-old girl.

"What is this supposed to mean, am I to raise her?" Liszt tied Douson to his kennel and walked into the Castle alone, heading directly to the study.

The study was where he pondered his problems.

"The Smoke Mission can't be this simple. After all, it's a product of the Smoke Dragon, and everything involved is about fate. There must be more to Maggie..."

The Formless Dragon Chain Mission, the Thorn Bug Chain Mission; many seemingly chaotic missions and rewards often have this or that kind of connection.

Therefore, he naturally wouldn't consider this nine-year-old serf Maggie to be a reckless reward from the Smoke Mission: "The information is too scant, continue to monitor Maggie. Oh right, Mrs. Morson has complained to me before that the workload of the

maids in the Castle is too great, especially with banquets being held every day, we need to recruit more maids.”

A thought flickered in his mind: “Perhaps we could recruit Maggie as a maid and train her from a young age?”

No matter what involvement she had, keeping her close would definitely bring a day of revelation. Even if there was no involvement, she could still be cultivated as a future secretary candidate.

He rang the bell.

He called Mr. Carter and Mrs. Morson over.

“My lord, do you have any instructions?”

“Mrs. Morson mentioned to me that we are short of maids in the castle. So, are the male servants sufficient?”

Carter and Morson exchanged glances and said, “The daily life of the castle can just be maintained by the servants, but during celebrations like the Little Minor Elf’s birth festival, we indeed fall short of hands... Moreover, my lord, the castle doesn’t yet have a name. With the glory of knighthood in store, we all know you will bestow a name upon it sooner or later.”

Mrs. Morson added, “A castle with a name requires numerous servants to maintain it, especially those who are diligent and skilled. It is quite difficult to recruit such a staff in short order—best to train our own.”

“Yes, we should indeed train a group of servants ourselves,” Carter said with a smile, his face full of contentment, “My lord, you need more people to serve you; the glory belongs to you.”

Living in a castle alone.

Fifteen servants attending to him, and yet the two butlers still complained of a shortage of hands.

In the past, Liszt couldn’t have imagined such a luxurious life where fifteen people couldn’t keep up with the care of one person.

However, now, he very much agreed with the butlers’ opinion, “Indeed, we should train a batch of servants ourselves. Currently, Fresh Flower Town lacks neither food nor clothing, and the castle is certainly not short of Gold Coins and revenue. Hence, the training of servants will be entrusted to Mr. Carter and Mrs. Morson, with the first batch provisionally set at twenty internship positions.”

Subsequently.

He also gently hinted, "I came across a little girl named Maggie, who seemed quite pitiable and was very polite. If she is willing, Mrs. Morson, please offer her an internship position."

"As you wish, my lord."

Feasts, every single day.

Liszt informed everyone that the Fresh Flower Vessel would likely stay for a few days on Black Horse Island to search for the Li Dragon Horse Herd, "The Fresh Flower Vessel will probably stay at Black Horse Island for a couple of days, looking for the Li Dragon Horse Herd."

"My lord, I wish to accompany you to Black Horse Island," Goltai immediately proclaimed his loyalty loudly.

Liszt rejected him straight away, "This is just a scouting trip. When we decide to develop Black Horse Island, even if Consultant Goltai didn't want to go, I would send you there to arrange matters on my behalf."

"I am always at your service, my lord!"

"How's the development of Fresh Flower Town going these days?"

"Very smoothly. It's expected that before the first snow of winter, Fresh Flower Town will have completed all the roadworks and house construction. I believe the serfs will have a comfortable winter this year."

"Are preparations for winter clothing and blankets in place?"

"The administration hasn't prepared any, but the caravans passing through Fresh Flower Town have begun selling blankets and winter clothing. I've checked in the market, a piece of winter clothing sells for 12 copper coins. As long as the serfs aren't lazy, they can afford it. A blanket sells for 25 copper coins, a serf family could probably afford a couple."

After saying that, he added, "Actually, you needn't worry about these serfs freezing to death. They are rough and tough. As long as they have something to eat, even if you throw them in a snow pit, they wouldn't freeze."

But Liszt didn't see it that way.

"Consultant Goltai, do you know how much I spend to buy a serf?"

“Ah... twenty silver coins.”

“Since you know it’s twenty silver coins, do you now see them as twenty silver coins? What’s more valuable, a few dozen copper coins or twenty silver coins?” Liszt asked reproachfully in a harsh tone.

He didn’t care whether Goltai looked down on serfs or believed in equality for all—that was just for deceiving children. But the value of serfs and the value they could create had to be appreciated. Thus, he admonished, “This winter, for every serf that freezes to death, twenty silver coins will be deducted from your salary.”

“Oh no, my lord...” Goltai exaggeratedly clasped his head, “Rest assured, my lord. I will take good care of every serf, ensuring they all get through the winter safely, without a single one freezing to death!”

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Chapter 186: Setting Sail for Black Horse Island (Fourth Update, 10,000 Coins Reward Celebration 1)

This chapter comes with a bonus update as a reward for “Only truly invested when you pay to read.”

Little Wheat Village.

Grandini Studio.

Grandini, who had not bathed in five days, held in his color-stained hands a basketball-sized black sphere. His eyes were bloodshot, yet his gaze burned with intensity as if it could set someone aflame, “Success, I, Grandini, have successfully created a piece of magic equipment more precious than any gemstone equipment!”

He lifted the Calming Sea Pearl high, as if a scientist had brought Frankenstein to life.

“Its magic power coverage spans one hundred and eighty-two meters, and within this range, all the wind is silenced by the water attribute magic power. It should be called the Eye of the Storm, no, the Storm Dominator!”

Then, the next moment.

Waiting impatiently, Liszt snatched the Calming Sea Pearl from him, “Mr. Grandini, I am grateful that you have completed the Calming Sea Pearl for me. I will personally test its effects. Please have a good bath and sleep, and when you wake up, I’ll hold a dinner for you in the castle.”

Having said this, he motioned for Thomas to hand over a handkerchief and carefully wiped the greasy Calming Sea Pearl.

Grandini gazed longingly at the Calming Sea Pearl, his tone filled with regret, “It’s just one step away from matching a Little Elf Soldier. If only you hadn’t been so reluctant to part with that Wind Falcon, I could have made it the finest piece of magic equipment. It’s a pity, you’re too short-sighted.”

“Heh.”

Liszt really wanted to punch him just to shut him up.

But he still instructed with the dignity of a noble, “Take good care of your teacher, Charley, and remind him to attend the banquet tonight.”

“Understood, Baron.”

Elkerson had completed the magic potion and left for Coral City with a flourish—the task of testing the Calming Sea Pearl fell to Marcus with his Wind Attribute Dou Qi.

“Are you ready?”

“Ready!”

“Then let’s begin, Teacher Marcus.”

“Yes, my lord!”

Within the range of the Calming Sea Pearl, Marcus was not prevented from releasing his Dou Qi.

However, once he executed a Dou Qi technique, its power swiftly diminished; within less than a meter from his body, the Wind Attribute Dou Qi dispersed completely.

When Marcus cast “Multi-Arrow,” the Dou Qi attached to the arrows dissipated even faster.

“This is a troublesome piece of magic equipment. Within the range of the Calming Sea Pearl, I feel like I can only exert one-tenth of my full strength. The suppression is very strong,” said Marcus, furrowing his brow. He did not like this feeling.

Liszt’s mouth curled into a slight smile as he analyzed, “If you’re up close, it can’t prevent you from exerting your strength. It only weakens long-range Wind Attribute magic and Dou Qi.”

“Half of my strength lies in ‘Multi-Arrow,’ and it’s as if it completely nullifies my ‘Multi-Arrow,’” Marcus said.

Karl Ironhammer, who was participating in the experiment, asked curiously, “Lord, Mr. Marcus, why can the Water Attribute Calming Sea Pearl silence Wind Attribute magic? I’ve always thought that Water Attribute magic should counteract Fire Attribute magic.”

“The counteraction of magic is a complex subject of magical knowledge.”

Liszt was in a good mood and decided to clear up Karl’s confusion—actually, all of this was recounted by Grandini, and he himself hadn’t quite understood, but that didn’t prevent him from relying on his good memory to relay this knowledge.

“It’s not as simple as water being able to extinguish fire in reality, so Water Attribute magic can extinguish Fire Attribute magic. All magic originates from chaotic magic power, displaying various different attributes. By manipulating the structure of the magic power, you can achieve a counteractive effect.”

Then, he saw a look of befuddlement in Karl’s eyes, who, however, seemed to understand and couldn’t help but nod involuntarily, “I see.”

The experiments continued.

After three hours of exploration, Liszt had completely figured out the silence attribute of the Calming Sea Pearl.

Within a radius of one hundred and eighty-two meters, the wind, including wind attribute magic power, was directly silenced. However, the further away, the greater the attenuation. At the edge of the range, the silencing effect was much weaker. Using Marcus as a reference, at the edge, his Dou Qi could reach three meters from his body, but at the center, it couldn’t even reach half a meter.

No matter if he was employing the Ultimate Mystery Technique or ordinary moves, they would be silenced by the Calming Sea Pearl.

The surface of the Black Pearl was inscribed with magic runes, as long as one activated the Dou Qi to touch the magic runes, it would produce a confining effect, confining the silencing effect of the Calming Sea Pearl.

When using it, by touching the magic runes again, the confining effect would be lifted.

When the Calming Sea Pearl was placed in a pond near the castle, the previously rippled water surface, under the breeze, quickly became calm, with not a single wave visible.

It was only when Karl stirred vigorously with his longsword that the surface of the pond became rippled again.

“It cannot silence the movement of the water flow, therefore, during a storm, navigation will still be dangerous,” Marcus analyzed.

Liszt nodded, “That’s right, but by eliminating the influence of the storm, we can focus on dealing with the sea waves, reducing the risk of the ship capsizing.”

Overall, he was satisfied with the effects of the Calming Sea Pearl, “Today it’s too late, but tomorrow morning, taking the Calming Sea Pearl with us, we will set off for Black Horse Island!”

The next morning arrived early.

Grandini Truth, along with his apprentice Charley, had gathered with the Fresh Flower Caravan early on, getting ready to leave Fresh Flower Town.

“I hope we have the opportunity to collaborate again, Mr. Grandini,” Liszt earnestly saw Grandini off to the mainland. He didn’t like Grandini’s attitude, but he admired the other’s knowledge—truly teaching him a lot about magic without reservation.

“I hope for another collaboration too, Baron Liszt,” Grandini, having washed his hair and changed his clothes, regained the demeanor of a magician, put on his hood, hiding the expression on his face, “Then, I hope the next time we meet, you have already obtained the noble title you desire.”

The carriage started with a clatter.

The caravan left.

The sea voyage was also about to begin.

Butler Carter loudly reminded, “Thomas, remember to take good care of the master’s daily life and don’t be negligent in the slightest.”

Before Liszt, Thomas always showed humility, “Rest assured, Mr. Carter, I will diligently fulfill my duties to the best of my abilities.”

Carter turned to Liszt, bowing deeply, “Baron, may you return safely and successfully.”

“I will, Mr. Carter.”

Liszt, leading Douson, set off toward the dock under the watchful eyes of the servants, accompanied by Marcus, Thomas, and the Retainer Knights.

The day had not yet fully broken, and a streak of red emerged along the pale dawn sky.



Upon arriving at the dock, they found Goltai, Blair, and others, already waiting there. Captain Kostor was busy with his sailors, making the final preparations for the sailing.

Without any unnecessary chatter.

Liszt, along with the Retainer Knights, boarded the Fresh Flower Vessel, and after consulting with him, Kostor arranged for the sailors to take their positions. Moments later, hoisting the Red Tulip Flag representing the Tulip Family, the Fresh Flower Vessel, under the waved goodbyes of Goltai and other officials, slowly drifted from the dock, propelled by its oars.

Navigating towards the depths of the azure Sea of Azure Waves.

Once the ship had entered deep waters, Captain Kostor immediately bellowed, "Set sail!"

Flap!

The sails caught the wind, and with the gusts billowing, the Fresh Flower Vessel cut through the sea, leaving behind frothy twin wakes.

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Chapter 187: Speculation on Alchemy (Fifth update, 10,000 coin reward celebration 2)  
This chapter is an additional reward for "Snow Broken Thousand Blades" reaching ten thousand rewards.

"Sir, Douson has adapted well and is no longer afraid of the rocking of the ship. It can now walk freely on the deck," at the bow, Marcus looked at Douson, his eyes shining.

It was an expression filled with longing.

An Intermediate Magical Beast, paired with a Thorn Minor Elf, would undoubtedly propel Liszt to the position of Viscount. And he, following by Liszt's side, charging into battle, the title of Honored Knight was within easy reach as well.

The aspiration to nobility of his family's previous generations weighed on Marcus, who in turn placed his hopes on Liszt.

Liszt's reliance was on Douson and Jela.

Liszt did not respond, only tentatively pointed at the sea and gave an order, "Douson, Rock Spike!"

Douson opened its mouth and spat out.

Suddenly, a not so thick pillar of rock appeared on the sea surface, which had barely emerged before it sank into the sea and disappeared.

“Woof woof!”

To its own Rock Spike, instantly submerged, Douson expressed confusion.

Liszt patted its large head and then turned to Marcus, “Creating something from nothing, albeit restricted by the environment, the Rock Spike is much smaller than on land, but the change in the nature of the magic power it represents is still awe-inspiring. I’m beginning to believe in the Triangle Theory that Granney mentioned.”

Mind, Magic Power, and Matter, the three could be converted.

In his heart of hearts, he was not enthusiastic about this theory, but there was no better theory to explain it.

However, Marcus clearly was not one to explore the mind: “Dragons can produce metals and gemstones, Elves can increase plant yield, these are natural laws. Douson can create rocks, just like Magicians can conjure fireballs. I think that’s natural.”

“Then do you believe in the existence of Alchemists?”

“Alchemists?” Marcus thought for a moment and said seriously, “I don’t know, but I do not wish for their existence. The glory of a Knight can be obtained from a charge into battle. Gaining by alchemical means without working for it would only lead to our downfall.”

Liszt sighed.

Marcus was clearly not the right person to talk to, as his mind was solely focused on the glory of Knights and the honor of Nobles.

“I believe that Alchemy does exist, the method of turning stones into Gold Coins sounds simpler compared to creating something from nothing...” he said briefly, having already lost the interest to chat.

Just gazing at the green waves on the sea, his thoughts wandered.

“All the material for making Gold Coins comes from Golden Dragons that produce gold. If someone could master the secret of how Golden Dragons infect gold, perhaps they could grasp the secret of Alchemy.”

At that thought, he remembered the two boxes of books he had collected when salvaging the Sunken Ship Treasure.

Included was a book about Alchemy.

Unfortunately, upon touching it, the book turned directly into ashes, which was a great regret for him. It made his heart ache whenever he thought about it, and at times, he wondered if keeping the book in a Gemstone Space and then reading it would preserve it—the Gemstone Space could stop the decay of matter, maybe the pages could be turned.

Upon further reflection, it seemed unlikely.

Putting a candle in it, the flame would be distorted upon contact; putting in a book, upon touching it, would it not still shatter?—perhaps it was possible to scrape off the decayed pages layer by layer to obtain some content.

Too bad he hadn't thought of that at the time.

Suppressing his regret about Alchemy, his thoughts jumped to the Dragonbone Stabilizer stored in the Gemstone Space.

This bone from a Dragon Breed Magic Beast, originating from the sunken ship, could not be set in the Fresh Flower Vessel due to the lack of a Shipbuilder, thus failing to exert its effect of driving away Sea Monsters.

“Once I have enough money, I'm going to build a brand-new, epoch-making longitudinal sailboat, and then I'll embed this Dragonbone Stabilizer into it.”

The morning sun had already climbed high.

The sea breeze was blowing, with a force of about three or four levels.

It was a northwest wind, perfect for the Fresh Flower Vessel to sail downwind, and its speed had already surpassed 5 knots.

After everything had stabilized, Kostor came out of the captain's cabin and reported to Liszt, “The ship's speed has reached 5 and a half knots. If we maintain this, in thirteen hours, the Fresh Flower Vessel will arrive at Black Horse Island.”

“You're the expert in this area, so I'll leave everything to you. Just ensure a safe voyage. If we encounter a storm, remember to use the Calming Sea Pearl. I am going to rest now, keep me informed if anything happens.”

The Fresh Flower Vessel was only a medium-sized merchant ship.

So the cabins were not spacious. Thomas set the fruit he had brought on the table, excused himself, and left to see Douson.

Liszt was the only one left in the room. He took out a Flame Mushroom Magic Potion from his Space Gem and started his daily task of potion consumption.

Upon ingesting the potion, the searing Magic Power spread out, assaulting his limbs and bones.

Silently, he circulated his own Dou Qi, guiding this magic force evenly throughout every part of his body. Compared to the people of this world, he had a much clearer understanding of his body's structure, including those meridians which could accommodate the circulation of Dou Qi—ancient Chinese culture had always spoken of meridians.

Liszt had once studied meridians, but on Earth, they were considered unproven.

Here, meridians were real, the pathways and channels for the circulation of Dou Qi.

As Magic Power stimulated growth, Dou Qi was produced, and the total amount of Dou Qi inside his body increased little by little, everything going exceptionally smoothly, which immersed Liszt in the process.

He couldn't help but feel, "I really am a genius."

"According to the experience taught by the Earl, coupled with Levis's verification, Elite Earth Knights often feel various discomforts in their bodies during the early stages of consuming potions. This is due to the aftermath caused by the shock of Magic Potions on the body, requiring a long period to adapt and find the balance point."

Suddenly opening his eyes, he mused to himself, "Why don't I feel that way? Taking the Flame Mushroom Magic Potion works quickly, but why isn't there any discomfort in my body?"

He quickly deduced why his cultivation was progressing so smoothly.

"I know the theory of meridians in Chinese medicine, and by drawing upon it, I can more easily master the details of the circulation of Dou Qi meridians and find the balance point... These two theories of meridians indeed have many similarities."

"I understand the structure of the body clearly, and I can adjust the way Dou Qi circulates at any time according to the structure of the body."

"Moreover, my mental strength is probably stronger than that of an ordinary knight, after all, I am a transmigrator. My soul has absorbed the soul of my predecessor and even has an unclear relationship with the Smoke Dragon. Therefore, my control over Dou Qi is as easy as moving my arms, without any obstructions or stagnation."

Knowledge is power.

The Earl, Levis, and others probably only knew about the heart, liver, spleen, lungs, kidneys, bones, muscles, and fat in their bodies. This world's research on the microscopic level doesn't exist at all; they don't even know what bacteria and cells are, let alone atoms or electrons.

Nobody cares about medicine or physics; they all focus on Dou Qi and Magic.

"It's not entirely nonexistent. Magicians are somewhat like a variant of scientists, only their research is focused on Magic Power," Liszt smiled slightly, "And me, with the knowledge of two worlds combined, plus decent innate talent, it isn't too much to call myself a genius."

It was as if he could see Sky Knights beckoning to him.

After basking in his pride.

With the rationality of an adult, he quickly calmed his heart and continued cultivating his Dou Qi.

Until there was a knock on the door, and Thomas called from outside, "Milord, it's time for lunch. Would you like to dine now?"

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Chapter 188: The First Night on Black Horse Island (First Update)  
Sailing is extremely boring.

Liszt had to maintain the dignity of a noble and couldn't mingle with the sailors or retainer knights, so after lunch, he took a nap and continued to practice Dou Qi in the afternoon.

He practiced for the entire afternoon.

The Fresh Flower Vessel arrived around half-past one in the afternoon at the location marked on the sailing map, but Black Horse Island was nowhere to be found, forcing them to continue searching at sea.

It took nearly three more hours to pinpoint the exact location of Black Horse Island.

"This sailing chart is off by a whole ten kilometers, those rats' knowledge of sailing must have gone to the dogs!" Kostor gnashed his teeth in fury.

Had it not been for good luck, they might not have found Black Horse Island even by nightfall.

“Don’t complain, the fact that we found Black Horse Island is fortunate,” Liszt was quite optimistic, even feeling somewhat unsatisfied; he was growing increasingly fond of the sensation from indulging in medicine and cultivating, “Are we now looking for a place to land?”

“Yes, my Lord, Black Horse Island is, after all, an undeveloped wasteland, and we need to find a suitable spot to land. The island’s outline is much larger than I imagined, possibly as large as Beer Island. This area is all beach, making it difficult to land.” He pointed toward the island’s horizon outside the window.

“As big as Beer Island?”

“It’s just my estimate, but it should not be too different.”

Liszt was pleased with such conjecture; the size of Beer Island was just right for a viscount’s fief. If it were too large, it would be divided and shared with other nobles; too small, and it would be a disadvantage. Not too big, not too small—just right.

They circled half of it.

Just as the sunset began to plummet towards the sea level, they finally found a suitable landing spot. The Fresh Flower Vessel approached slowly, dropped anchor, lowered the lifeboats, and except for a few sailors tasked with guarding the Fresh Flower Vessel, everyone else took the lifeboats ashore. The shore was piled with rocks, similar to the dock at Fresh Flower Town.

Looking around, the vegetation on the island was not lush, with only a few sparse trees in the distance.

Mostly weeds.

Some hares and deer in the distant weed patches watched Liszt’s group warily, especially the tall and formidable Douson.

From a distance, they could not sense Douson’s intermediate magical beast aura, but its appearance alone indicated that Douson was not to be trifled with.

“Teacher Marcus, we will first explore along the coastline. We have about an hour before it gets dark. Once it’s dark, we’ll return here and spend the night on the Fresh Flower Vessel,” Liszt instructed.

“Yes!”

No horses were brought along, so everyone was on foot, except for Liszt, who could ride on Douson.

Douson's large frame made riding it more comfortable than a horse.

Many knights, especially powerful ones, were no longer limited to riding horses and had switched to various strong dragon breed beasts and magical beasts. For instance, the bearer of the Dou Qi Secret Technique "The Eye of Magic", Steve Vulture, rode a Dragon Breed Magic Beast Vulture, soaring through the skies.

The personal combat strength of a Sky Knight was superior to a knight's charge, so their mounts accentuated individual combat capabilities.

Ordinary knights relied on shoulder-to-shoulder charges to form a powerful surge of Dou Qi; hence their mounts emphasized uniformity, making horses the most suitable.

Although riding a dog might not sound very elegant, Liszt did not seem out of place at all on Douson's back. On the contrary, having an intermediate magical beast as a mount made everyone envious, subtly elevating his image even further.

Grasping Douson's black fur, he secured himself in place.

Liszt's mind went blank for a moment, and during that brief interval, he summoned the Smoke Mission.

The smoke coalesced, forming Serpent Script: "Mission complete, reward Li Dragon Horse Herd." Unquestionably, once the Fresh Flower Vessel had moored, the long sea voyage was already completed; it didn't require a return voyage to be considered complete.

For a moment.

The smoke shifted and changed.

A new task was immediately issued.

"Task: You have set foot on new land, and as a landlord determined to pioneer and develop, how can you allow Black Horse Island to be so neglected and unmanaged? Please establish a temporary outpost on Black Horse Island and station one hundred serfs there. Reward: A few decayed bones."

"A temporary outpost?"

"A few decayed bones?"

Liszt quickly recalled a previous Smoke Mission about specters, in which the reward was a piece of a broken skeleton.

It was eventually identified as a Dragonbone Stabilizer made from the bones of a high-level dragonkin magical beast.

“So, what are these ‘few decayed bones’?” He didn’t bother guessing too much. Regarding the Smoke Missions, Liszt could sometimes become quite lazy, for as long as he could complete the tasks, the rewards would always arrive in his hands by coincidence. “Establishing a temporary outpost is already in the plan; it’s a giveaway question.”

The team walked only a few miles.

They found that the rocky coast had disappeared, replaced by a sandy beach.

“The spot where we anchored likely belongs to the transition area between east and west, with most of Black Horse Island’s east side being sandy beaches and the west side consisting of rocky cliffs,” Kostor, who often sailed out to sea and had visited many islands, could deduce the situation of the entire island from its details. “Looking towards the center of the island, there are no undulating high mountains, mostly gentle slopes.”

He squinted his eyes, taking a careful look into the distance, and added, “My lord, I’ve noticed that Black Horse Island is quite round.”

“Quite round?”

“Yes, the topography of this island is continuous, at least the side we are on is continuous; what’s on the opposite side is yet to be known. Perhaps we could sail around the island tomorrow to fully observe the shape of Black Horse Island.”

Liszt looked up at the sunset already vanishing at the horizon and said, “Then let’s wait until tomorrow. The current situation is unclear; let’s return to the Fresh Flower Vessel for now.”

That night passed without incident, and nothing unusual occurred either.

Liszt wasn’t very accustomed to sleeping on a ship; the repetitive sound of sea waves crashing and the mixed snoring of sailors and retainer knights in the cabin made it difficult for him to fall asleep.

Douson stood guard outside his door.

Dogs snore too, so Douson’s snoring, resembling bubbles, wasn’t unusual.

Liszt himself never snored and liked a very quiet environment for sleeping. Unable to sleep, he simply sat up and took out a crystal lamp, placing it on the table.



The crystal lamp, purchased from Granney, was very convenient for carrying and use, equivalent to a flashlight.

With the light on, he continued to take out objects to fiddle with from the Gemstone Space—there was the Crimson Blood Sword, worn at his waist during the day and stored in the Gemstone Space at night; bows and arrows, a set of Fine Steel Knight Equipment, and three Fine Steel Knight's Spears for emergencies; Mithril Mine, crystal, jade, all neatly piled up.

There were also the Black Pearl, Dragonbone Stabilizer, telescope, drift bottle, and Smoked Grass.

Plus a large pile of food including plenty of milk, eggs, roasted meat, vegetables, fruits, bread, and various seasonings. In the Gemstone Space where materials remained static and unspoiled, food could be kept for as long as desired.

With these supplies, he could be thrown onto a deserted island and live comfortably for months—he even packed a few bars of Fresh Flower Soap.

Also, the thirty Flame Mushroom Magic Potions completed by Elkerson were in the Gemstone Space as well.

“Not easy at all, accumulating little by little, I've built up a substantial foundation.” He rearranged his possessions with satisfaction, put the Space Gem close to his body, lay on the bed, and began counting sheep.

He didn't know how much time had passed when he finally couldn't resist fatigue and fell asleep.

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Chapter 189: This is the Li Dragon Horse Herd (Second Update)

Circling the island,

it turned out just as Kostor had speculated,

Black Horse Island is an irregularly shaped oval island.

There are no natural harbors for sheltering from the wind,

and the most suitable place for a seaport is the Rock Pier where they docked last night.

However, it is difficult to dock large ships there,

because the water is not deep enough for a medium-sized merchant ship like the Fresh Flower Vessel, it was a bit of a struggle.

When the sun began to release its heat,

everyone gradually ventured deeper into the hinterlands of Black Horse Island in search of the Li Dragon Horse Herd.

The island had few trees and the hills were not very steep, so the view was wide-open, allowing clear visibility for great distances. Marcus used his monocular telescope all the way,

searching for traces of the herd without expending much effort, and soon found what he was looking for.

“My lord, this is horse dung, the Li Dragon Horse Herd is nearby!” he exclaimed excitedly,

bending over to use a stick to turn over a clump of small black ball-shaped objects in the bushes.

Knight’s familiarity with horse dung certainly surpasses knowing how many moles are on their wife’s body.

Liszt was just as familiar with horse dung, and upon hearing that, he looked up at the gentle hill in front of him: “They should be on the other side of the slope, let’s go around.”

Douson the Dog took the lead, carrying Liszt, and stepped into a delicate trot.

Marcus and the others, without mounts, could only follow with a jog.

A moment later, the group successfully crossed over the weeds and came to the other side of the hill.

No telescope was needed to see a herd of black wild horses on the distant slope, leisurely grazing, quite contented.

“The Li Dragon Horse Herd!”

“They’re all black, they must be Li Dragon Horses!”

“Don’t rush over there, first observe carefully and count how many horses there are,” Liszt said calmly,

pulling out a telescope and looking towards the Li Dragon Horse Herd.

Through the lens,

horse after horse, no less majestic than the Li Dragon Horse at the castle, seemingly unaware of their presence,

was simply busy eating grass and frolicking about.

One, two, three... there were exactly thirty-seven black horses.

Though a small herd, it was a significant discovery for Liszt,

because every single black horse here might be a Dragon Breed Horse!

After Marcus had counted the horses, his excitement was hard to contain: "My lord, there are thirty-seven in total,

nine of which are foals, and the remaining twenty-eight are enough to arm two squads of knights!"

"Teacher Marcus, you can now have one of them,"

Liszt said.

"Thank you, my lord!" Marcus could hardly wait to go capture and tame a black horse,

but to avoid startling the herd, he said, "There must be a horse king among these wild horses, my lord,

it should be up to you to tame the horse king personally, then the rest of the Li Dragon Horses won't run away."

The term "horse king" is a colloquial way to refer to the leader among a herd of wild horses.

Typically, the bravest stallion leads and protects the herd.

Taming the horse king would lead the other horses to naturally follow its lead,

effectively meaning the entire herd would be tamed.

"Are you sure which one is the horse king?" Liszt asked eagerly,

as the horse king would naturally belong to him; only a landlord is entitled to ride the king.

“It’s simple, we scare the herd, and the one leading them will be the king,” Marcus suggested.

The task of intimidation went directly to Douson,

and upon his appearance, the aura of an Intermediate Magical Beast immediately spooked the Li Dragon Horse Herd.

Then they stopped grazing and turned to run.

“Did you see clearly which one it is?”

“I saw clearly, my lord, the horse king is that black horse with a hint of violet on its forehead.

It has the longest mane and is the tallest among them, I feel it’s even more majestic than your Li Dragon Horse,” Marcus said.

“Let’s first survey the terrain around us,

and once the herd has calmed down, we shall encircle them and I shall personally tame the horse king!” Liszt declared.

The Li Dragon Horse Herd was already a sitting duck, requiring no excessive vigilance.

The location he was in was slightly to the south of the center of the island, on the north slope of the highest hill, which served as the grazing ground for the Li Dragon Horse Herd. The pasture was extensive, stretching from this hill to another, including the valleys in between—all sparsely wooded grasslands.

“This is a natural pasture, where I have found four types of high-quality forage, my lord, please look...” Marcus was like a connoisseur when it came to pastures.

“This is Sheep Grass, most suitable for sheep; it’s not abundant, but very nutritious; this is Needle Grass, horses’ favorite food, although its growth here is a bit weak; this is Alfalfa, which can’t grow without Elf Bugs; and this is Ice Grass, an excellent forage, but unfortunately it’s also not thriving, with plants tending to be short.”

The grasslands on Black Horse Island have the potential to become a top pasture, with a very rich variety of forages. However, the land is barren and lacks Elf Bugs for care, resulting in generally poor growth of the forages.

This is likely why the Li Dragon Horse Herd only numbers thirty-seven, as the pasture can’t support more wild horses.

The team continued to explore.

They made their way to the northeastern part, almost to the center of Black Horse Island, and climbed the highest hill, barely able to glimpse the full expanse of the island. The oval-shaped island lacked great undulations, with the highest hill being the one beneath their feet, estimated to be no more than three hundred meters above sea level. There were also three other shorter hills.

The four hills were distributed in a “□” shape, forming the topography of the island.

“Let’s mark these down for now: Sheep Grass Hill, Needle Grass Hill, Alfalfa Hill, and the Ice Grass Hill beneath our feet,” Liszt irresponsibly named the four hills.

Standing atop Ice Grass Hill, one could see that on the slopes of Needle Grass Hill, the Li Dragon Horse Herd had once again started to graze leisurely. The range of the grassland stretched from Sheep Grass Hill to Needle Grass Hill and bisected Alfalfa Hill. From Alfalfa Hill to the slopes of Ice Grass Hill, miscellaneous trees became more frequent and pastures gradually decreased.

“Cut down all these miscellaneous trees and cultivate forage, to expand the scale of the Li Dragon Horse Herd.”

Liszt already envisioned a magnificent scene of Li Dragon Horses racing back and forth between the four hills in the future. Of course, now was not the time for daydreaming; he and Marcus discussed briefly, planning how to tame the lead stallion.

It wasn’t rocket science.

They simply divided the Retainer Knights and sailors they had brought into four groups, approaching the Li Dragon Horse Herd from four directions to induce a situation where the horses could neither advance nor retreat, causing panic and breaking their formation. Then Liszt would charge directly at them, mount the lead stallion, and begin taming—taming a horse was a piece of cake for an Elite Earth Knight.

Thus.

An hour later.

Liszt was hugging the neck of the lead stallion, letting it buck and jump wildly, carrying him in a frenzied dash all over the hillside.

A contest of strength between man and horse.

He even had the mind to hum a song, “Spin, leap, I close my eyes...”

After another half an hour, the lead stallion showed no sign of slowing down, still running wildly over the hills. Compared to his initial taming of Li Dragon Horses, the stallion was evidently stronger and more patient.

But the outcome was still submission.

In time, the lead stallion lowered its proud head, allowing Liszt to ride and command it.

“Congratulations, my lord, for obtaining an even more majestic steed!”

“Indeed, it’s stronger and taller than the Li Dragon Horse,” Liszt took the handkerchief from Thomas, wiped off his sweat, and threw it back, unable to hide the excitement in his voice. He kept stroking the lead stallion’s neck, “See the purple-red hair on its forehead? Does it not resemble a flash of lightning?”

With a slight smile,

He declared, “This lead stallion of the Li Dragon Horse Herd shall be called Lightning!”

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Chapter 190: Reluctant Farewell to the Black Blood Treasured Horse (Third Update, 10,000 Coins Reward Celebration #3)

This chapter is an additional update as a reward for the “Jiangshan has talented people” event.

Lightning was undeniably a stallion.

In order to find out how old it was, Liszt forcefully pried open its mouth, allowing Marcus to observe the teeth.

A normal stallion has 40 teeth, including 12 incisors, 4 canines, and 24 molars. Mares do not have canines and only have 36 teeth.

To determine a horse’s age, the main focus is on the incisors.

“Incisors are divided into corner teeth, intermediate teeth, and canines; corner teeth are the very central incisors, canines are the outermost incisors, and intermediate teeth are those between corner teeth and canines. The stages of incisors are divided into two, a milk teeth stage, also known as baby teeth, and a permanent teeth stage,”

While observing, Marcus also lectured Liszt and the Retainer Knights, not forgetting his duty as both a family tutor and a Knight Squad instructor.

Within the first year, a foal grows its milk corner teeth within 1-2 weeks, milk intermediate teeth within 3-6 weeks, and milk canines within 6-8 months, with the milk teeth not fitting together when closed.

At two and a half years, the milk corner teeth fall out, and permanent corner teeth grow in. By three years, the upper and lower permanent corner teeth make contact, or as the saying goes—they have evened out.

At three and a half years, the milk intermediate teeth fall out, and permanent intermediate teeth grow in. By four years, the permanent intermediate teeth have evened out. At four and a half years, the milk canines fall out, and permanent canines grow in. By the age of five, the permanent canines have evened out.

Pointing to Lightning's neatly aligned incisors, he said, "Lightning's incisors are in an orderly contact; these are all permanent teeth, so its age is over five years old. After five, we need to determine its age based on the black spots in the middle of the teeth."

The black spots vary in depth and the time they take to wear away, which can determine the age of a horse from 6 to 11 years old. Once the black spots are completely gone, the changing shape, size, and location of the indentations on the incisors can indicate the age from 13 to 18 years old.

"If Lightning were an ordinary warhorse, its age would be around 8 years old," Marcus concluded after his observation.

But he added, "However, many superior warhorses are mixed with the bloodlines of Magical Beasts or Dragon Breed Horses, so there might be some discrepancies when estimating age through teeth. Considering Lightning's Magical Beast lineage to correct the error, it could be as old as 10 years, or even older."

The development of Magical Beast and Dragon Breed Horses is not much different from that of ordinary horses, but the strengthening of their bloodlines improves the condition and wear resistance of their teeth.

The speed at which the black spots wear away and the indentations disappear correspondingly slows down.

Marcus didn't know that the Li Dragon Horse carried the bloodline of a dragon and guessed it to be ten years old. Liszt silently adjusted this estimate according to his knowledge of Dragon Breed Horses, deducing that Lightning's age must be twelve years old.

It was a horse in the prime of its youth and strength.

"I'll get accustomed to riding Lightning, Teacher Marcus, and you should also select a group of Li Dragon Horses to tame," Liszt smiled as he looked at the herd loitering not far away, reluctant to leave the king of horses.

Marcus took a deep breath, knelt on one knee, "Thank you, my lord!"

The value of a Li Dragon Horse, in his estimation, would probably exceed a hundred Gold Coins, which was an immense favor. He couldn't help but treat the matter with solemnity—if he knew that these were Dragon Breed Horses, with breeding potential that could be valued in Dragon coins; even if gelded, they could still be worth a fortune.

He would probably have to prostrate himself in full gratitude.

After accepting Marcus's gesture of kneeling, Liszt said indifferently, "The bloodline of the Li Dragon Horses is strong. Before they go into battle, they will be kept as breeding horses and continue to expand the herd."

"It's only right!" Marcus deeply concurred.

Then, with trembling legs, he walked towards the Li Dragon Horse Herd, ready to tame a Li Dragon Horse that would be his!

The Retainer Knights, meanwhile, looked on enviously at Marcus. They were not yet qualified to ride such prized steeds and could only ride nags.

A gentle breeze blew, and the sunlight was warm.

Riding on the steady back of the horse, Liszt let Lightning wander as it pleased.

His thoughts had already leapt to another matter: "Li Dragon was the name of my mount in the castle, and I thought there was only one, so I named it 'Li' according to its pure black color. Now that there are so many Li Dragon Horses, is Li Dragon supposed to be the name of one horse or a group of horses?"

Ultimately, his affection for Li Dragon prevailed.

"Let Li Dragon be the name of an individual horse, just like my Fire Dragon Horse... The herd now should have a new breed name... The Sapphire Duke has the Blue Blood Treasure Horse, so maybe I could have a herd of Black Blood Treasured Horses?"

All were Dragon Breed Horses, none nobler than the other.

"However, it seems that Blue Blood Treasure Horses aren't actually blue... Nevermind, Black Blood Treasured Horse still sounds very good, just like Sweat Blood Treasure Horse, it immediately suggests the name of a top-tier horse."

Thus, the pure black Dragon Breed Horses acquired an official name.

Li Dragon will still be Li Dragon, but it was foreseeable that in the future, Li Dragon's status would greatly decline, giving way to Liszt's new mount—King Lightning!



Strictly speaking, Lightning could no longer be considered pure black, as it had a small tuft of purplish-red hair on its forehead.

The size of a palm, shaped like the symbol of the Flash.

It added much prestige.

Whether it was because of Lightning's high intelligence or not, after being tamed by Liszt, it seemed to realize the close relationship between Douson and Liszt. Hence, its fear of Douson quickly vanished. Even if Douson stood next to it with its mouth wide open, emitting a dull roar, it didn't flee.

It even raised its head and snorted disdainfully at Douson.

Lightning stood at least four meters tall, while Douson was only one meter ninety, half the height, and had to look up to make eye contact with Lightning. This undoubtedly made Douson feel humiliated, and, coupled with the resentment of having its master "stolen," Douson wished it could bite this black horse to death, but it could not.

Just like it wanted to bite the Li Dragon Horses, but dared not to.

"Woof woof!"

"Snort!"

A dog's bark, a snorting noise, who knows what they were communicating.

The initial reconnaissance of Black Horse Island, after taming King Lightning, had already concluded.

Liszt and Marcus, each riding a Black Blood Treasured Horse, together with Retainer Knights and sailors, hurried back to Rock Pier. Unexpectedly, the herd also followed to the vicinity of the pier.

Still yearning for their King.

"The Black Blood Treasured Horse Herd has been found, and the voyage's mission is complete. We will set sail for home tomorrow," Liszt ordered. "Henceforth, the development of Black Horse Island will be put on the agenda, starting with the establishment of a temporary base here. While we still have some daylight, let's clear the area around the pier first."

"Yes, my lord!"

Once the temporary base was established, the sailors and their families would be relocated to Black Horse Island to prevent news of its existence from leaking out.

Once knowledge of the Black Blood Treasured Horses got out, it would likely draw the covetous glances of others.

Once they discovered the value of the Black Blood Treasured Horses, they would certainly spare no effort to seize them. Only after Liszt earned his military exploits and could obtain the title of Viscount and his own land, would Black Horse Island's existence be appropriate. For the current stage, Black Horse Island would develop slowly under the secretive support of Fresh Flower Town.

Time, like a fleeting steed, passed by in a flash, and an evening went by.

The next morning, after galloping around the pier on Lightning, Liszt reluctantly let Lightning return to the herd—he did not plan to take the Black Blood Treasured Horses with him.

Marcus did the same, releasing the “Black Fiend” he had tamed.

Lightning and Black Fiend quickly integrated into the herd, but they would lift their heads, looking towards the sea, watching that sailing ship slowly turn around and eventually disappear on the horizon.

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