

## **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead**

### **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 191: 0191: Traveling with the Giant Beast (Fourth Update, 10,000 Coins Reward Celebration 4) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 191: 0191: Traveling with the Giant Beast (Fourth Update, 10,000 Coins Reward Celebration 4)**

Chapter 191: Traveling with the Giant Beast (Fourth Update, 10,000 Coins Reward Celebration 4)

This chapter is an additional reward for “Fantasy Reaper 11” reaching its milestone.

The water shimmered, and a gentle breeze blew.

Today was not a day for strong winds, so the speed of the Fresh Flower Vessel was not fast. The sailors in the paddle room had started to row, speeding up the journey.

Having a manservant bring a stool, Li Si Te sat at the bow of the ship, enjoying the seascape.

Douson lay at the ship’s side, a voyage that allowed it to successfully overcome its fear of the ocean. From the initial terror at the sight of deep blue seawater to now gazing idly at the waves, its adaptability was astounding.

In the near future.

It would become a qualified sailor, no, a water dog.

Dogs usually know how to swim, and the Fierce Earth Dog was a dog too, so Li Si Te was certainly going to make it learn to swim.

The waves tumbled.

The Fresh Flower Vessel was moving away from Black Horse Island.

There were scattered small islands around Black Horse Island, which perhaps could not really be called islands, but just barely coral reefs—a single wave could submerge them completely.

Some of the islets had trees growing on them, while some were just sand and stone.

“The scenery is truly beautiful, with the azure sea, blue sky, seagulls, and sandy beaches, but there are no Fragrant Coconut Trees. If it were on Earth, Black Horse Island and the nearby reefs could definitely be developed into a resort not inferior to the Maldives... Unfortunately, the Duchy of Sapphire is an archipelago in itself, and the local nobles are islanders with no interest in enjoying beach scenery.”

The nobles were all busy raiding the Eagle Kingdom.

“I wonder how much wealth the Earl and Levis have plundered... And when will the Tulip Fleet return to port? With the expected number of serfs, the return should be quite swift.”

Thinking of a thousand serfs.

Li Si Te's heart swelled with heat.

With more than two and a half thousand serfs in his land, there were not enough hands to even cultivate the fields of Fresh Flower Town, and now there was also the need to develop Black Horse Island, further increasing the shortfall of labor. This shortage stalled many of his ideas, restricting him to slowly farming and slowly accumulating Gold Coins, preventing him from becoming rich overnight.

“Magic Potions are needed to sustain my use; with the amount I'm consuming right now, relying solely on Flame Mushrooms isn't enough. Even adding Rapid Growth Magic Thorns is insufficient, and the earnings from Black Tulips also have to go towards buying Magic Potions.”

“Without the substantial income from Magic Potions, there aren't many profitable businesses... The seafood business can only be maintained for another half year before it probably needs to be wrapped up. Any noble with a bit of sense is secretly fishing for seafood, just not selling it publicly... And I have no idea when Fresh Flower Brew will be ready.”

The current new moneymaking project is the soap produced by the Soap Making Workshop.

Bunier Zhen Dan is rushing to improve the manufacturing process, preparing for large-scale production and early market entry—Li Si Te hopes that Fresh Flower Soap will dominate the Coral Island market within three months, and then, through cooperation with Tulip Castle or the Beer Castle, he could tap into the outer island markets.

With the quality and cost of Fresh Flower Soap, if handled well, it could become a pillar industry of Fresh Flower Town.

“First make money with Fresh Flower Soap, then use that money to buy serfs. Once I have a large number of serfs, I can create more industries, earn more money, and then

buy even more serfs... After full preparation, I'll gain recognition on the battlefield to elevate my nobility, growing stronger continuously like a rolling snowball."

He began to daydream.

Viscount, Earl, Marquis, Duke, and then Dragon Riding!

But right after indulging in fantasies of Dragon Riding, as the Fresh Flower Vessel rocked, everything suddenly seemed lackluster: "Indeed, it's poverty that limits my imagination. The meaning of life, the goal of struggle, is still just Dragon Riding, with no other pursuits."

At that moment.

From nearby, an alarmed shout of a sailor rang out: "Leviathan!"

"It's a Leviathan!"

"My God, we've encountered a Sea Monster!"

"We are going to be eaten by Leviathan, argh!"

"Woof Woof!"

"It's all over!"

Leviathan?

Upon hearing this, Liszt did not react immediately, not knowing what Leviathan was.

But soon after, Kostor's loud roar reached his ears, "Don't panic, don't panic, just do your job! This is not Leviathan, it's just a large Sea Beast, they are very friendly and never harm sailing ships!"

Perhaps Kostor's words had a calming effect.

The sailors were no longer in a panic.

Thomas also calmed down from his disarray and hurried to Liszt's side, "Lord, we have encountered a large Sea Beast!"

"I saw it."

Liszt had already stood up, calming down Douson, whose fur was bristled and who was barking incessantly, and looked towards the left side of the Fresh Flower Vessel. There,

a sea beast with huge pectoral fins emerged from the sea surface, tumbling once on the sea before diving back in, stirring up wild surges of waves.

It was some kind of whale, he recognized it immediately.

It was a Sea Beast, not a Sea Monster, as the Eye of Magic had not observed any signs of magical power.

The large Sea Beast was similar to the Humpback Whale he had read about in “Man and Nature”. Those huge pectoral fins, if they slapped against the Fresh Flower Vessel, would probably disassemble it on impact.

However, it did not approach the Fresh Flower Vessel but was moving forward, parallel to the ship, not too far away.

“My lord!” Marcus rushed over eagerly, followed by the Retainer Knights, who had felt the danger and come to protect Liszt.

But this was not a danger.

Liszt quickly suppressed his nervousness facing the colossal creature, put on a carefree demeanor, and gestured towards the Humpback Whale, “It’s magnificent, and vast, such a close encounter with a large Sea Beast is rare, Teacher Marcus, gentlemen, let’s sit down and watch together.”

“Lord, do you want to take shelter in the cabin first?” Marcus asked worriedly.

“This is a Sea Beast, don’t worry, Captain Kostor has told us about the Sea Beasts, they are very friendly,” Liszt said with a smile, calm and graceful.

He earned admiring looks from the Retainer Knights — as expected of the Lord Landlord, graced by the glory of knighthood, the embodiment of courage!

Reassured by Liszt’s comforting words, Marcus bowed respectfully, his body relaxed, and, joining Liszt, began to marvel at the rare and spectacular scene before them.

Traveling with a giant beast!

However, the companionship was brief. The Humpback Whale seemed to lose interest in the Fresh Flower Vessel, or perhaps it had just come to the surface to breathe. Following a roll over the sea, its huge body submerged into the water and completely disappeared.

After the wave passed.

The sea surface became calm again.

Douson's bristled fur relaxed, his Kryptonian dog eyes darting around the sea as if still searching for the sight of the Humpback Whale.

Captain Kostor left his cabin in a hurry and hurried to the deck, breaking the still lingering atmosphere of the Humpback Whale's grand silhouette, "Lord Landlord, that was a large Sea Beast, often spotted by sailors at sea. They are actually very friendly and rarely attack ships, sometimes even escorting them."

"I know, it certainly showed no hostility," Liszt acknowledged Kostor's words, and asked, "I know that the gigantic creatures that appear at sea are called Sea Beasts, but what exactly is Leviathan?"

Just now, he had clearly heard many sailors shouting about Leviathan.

Kostor replied, "Leviathan is a type of Sea Monster, just a legend among sailors, said to be a large Sea Serpent that preys on ships, but I have never seen one... and thankfully so, otherwise I wouldn't have lived to see the Sun rise again."

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Chapter 192: Zambrotta's Tour of Countries (Fifth Update, 10,000 Coins Reward for Celebration of Number 5)

This chapter is a bonus update, courtesy of the "My Horse Feeds the Sheep" reward.

On land, beasts with magic power that can release magic are called Magical Beasts. In the ocean, there are also marine animals with magic power that can cast spells, which are known as Sea Monsters.

Without marine experts to categorize sea creatures, there is no classification for whales and sharks. Large animals encountered by ships at sea are all referred to as Sea Beasts. Leviathan is clearly not a Sea Beast; legend has it that Leviathan is a giant Sea Serpent that can unleash storms and sweep through passing vessels.

The appearance of the humpback whale provided a topic of conversation for the otherwise dull voyage.

In the afternoon.

The Fresh Flower Vessel smoothly returned to port, docking at a simple pier. The round trip took three and a half days, and when he returned to the Castle, Consultant Goltai greeted him with two strangers.

"Sir, Rondo Waterpot and Lasse Steelyard are both Earth Knights, and they wish to follow you," Goltai introduced. "Rondo is the progeny of Sir Layden, while Lasse graduated from the Knight Academy. Though they are young, they both have excellent knightly talents and ambition."

Sir Layden was the Knight Captain of the Tulip Castle, often safeguarding Levis.

Rondo being Layden's progeny means he is illegitimate. Otherwise, he would have been introduced as Layden's second or third son.

As for Lasse, graduating from the Knight Academy without any mention of his family background meant he was evidently a commoner.

"Rondo, Lasse, since you are both Earth Knights, why haven't you joined the Knight Squads of the various landlords and followed the Earl into battle?"

Liszt looked at the two men with interest, not expecting to have followers so soon.

Rondo, a handsome young man, politely replied, "I am superfluous in my family and not given much attention, without the right to participate in a Knight Squad." He did not conceal his status as an illegitimate child, openly admitting it.

Lasse followed, "The Earl selects Knights for battle and I was eliminated because I had just broken through and my combat strength was inadequate. But rest assured, Baron, I will train diligently, master my Dou Qi Manuscript, and strive to become a qualified Knight for battle."

The way he spoke was full of confidence, and his attitude was proper.

Upon first impression, Liszt thought both men were acceptable, but he wouldn't recruit followers lightly, saying immediately, "A Knight chooses a Landlord to follow loyally, just as a Landlord chooses Knights to fight alongside. I hope that in the time to come, we can build a friendship."

"We are willing to accept the Baron's assessment!" Rondo and Lasse replied together.

Liszt nodded, "Since you both follow me as Knights, I won't assign you to work in administration. You will serve as assistants, helping Marcus train the children and youth of our territory."

He directly entrusted Rondo and Lasse to Marcus—hands-on management was not his style. Those above needed only concern themselves with the overarching issues, leaving the physical labor to those below.

Having dealt with the followings of the Earth Knights.

Goltai then reported, "Sir, I also received a letter these past two days. It's from Zambrotta, do you remember him? He used to be Lidun's private tutor. He was punished by the Earl, stripped of his title, for condoning Lidun's beating of innocent commoners."

After Goltai's reminder, Liszt remembered.

Zambrotta was also an Honored Knight and had been employed as Lidun's private tutor some years ago, often coming and going through Tulip Castle. Lidun's beating of commoners was not a serious issue; it was Lidun's failure to learn from his mistakes that infuriated the Earl. As a result, Zambrotta was stripped of his title in anger.

"What did Zambrotta write to you about?"

"He just mentioned some past events, but between the lines, he revealed his thoughts. He is likely considering coming to Fresh Flower Town, hoping to secure an official position."

Fresh Flower Town was indeed short on officials, but Liszt would not recruit haphazardly, "Do you understand his character?"

"I haven't dealt with him much, so I don't know much about his character. However, I am aware that he has one exceptional talent. Hmm, he has traveled around the Steel Ridge Kingdom and its seven subordinate states, always able to recount many astonishing local customs and rare occurrences," Goltai explained.

Traveled around eight countries?

Upon hearing this, Liszt felt intrigued and replied, "Is that so... Consultant Goltai, continue to communicate with him, and should he be willing to come work at Fresh Flower Town, I won't be available, so you will be responsible for receiving him."

After all, Zambrotta had been directly stripped of his title by the Earl.

To be stripped of a title is a grave offense, second only to exile, in the punishment of nobles. As the Earl's son, it wouldn't be appropriate to disregard the Earl's wishes and recruit such a person as an official for his own territory. He could only employ him privately, benefitting personally while also preserving his father's reputation.

In one day, he would have three more subordinates.

Liszt was in a good mood, seeing that many were looking favorably upon him, indicating that his advancement to Viscount was a natural progression.

"By the way, Consultant Goltai, work closely with Teacher Marcus and build the temporary stronghold on Black Horse Island as soon as possible, without delay," he added.

"Rest assured, the importance of Black Horse Island will always be my top priority," Goltai responded.

“Also, ensure that the news of Black Horse Island remains a closely guarded secret, understood?”

“Understood.”

After dealing with official business, Carter came to report on the Castle’s affairs.

“My lord, during the three days of your absence, Mrs. Morson and I have selected twenty children, ten boys and ten girls. They have already started their internships in the Castle, mainly working in the afternoons, training during the day, and residing with host families at night,” Carter reported.

After finishing, Carter asked, “Would you like to meet them?”

“I’m free anyway; have them come over to meet me and report their names,” Liszt said casually. In fact, he was mainly interested in finding out what kind of little girl Maggie was, the one particularly mentioned in the Smoke Mission.

The junior servants, training downstairs, were brought up in line by Carter and appeared before him.

“I, I’m called Poly, my, my lord.”

Soon, Liszt met Maggie in the study.

“My name is Maggie, my lord.” The little girl who spoke was shorter than her peers, quite cute, with a few freckles on her face.

Seeing her, he knew that even if she grew up, she would likely be just an average-looking girl.

Such physical attributes did not meet the standards of the secretary Liszt sought.

He inevitably felt a bit disappointed, but he also confirmed that, since she was not being groomed as a secretary, there must be other clues tied to Maggie that would be involved in the subsequent missions of the Smoke Mission.

So he smiled warmly and said, “I hope you enjoy living in the Castle, little Miss Maggie.”

“Yes, I’m enjoying life here very much, my lord,” Maggie replied, her little face blushing, somewhat shy. Perhaps she had never seen such a handsome noble lord smiling so kindly.

She waited until Carter told her she could leave.

Exiting the study, her heart was still thumping rapidly.

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### Chapter 193: The Changing Heart of a Young Girl (First Update)

“The master is a real noble!”

In the kitchen, Eileen Four Fingers, the kitchen maid, proudly said to Maggie, her apprentice, “Little Maggie, you will fall in love with this castle. I have never seen a noble more gracious than our master. His grace is innate, a kind of grace we can only look up to!”

“Yes, Sister Eileen,” Maggie nodded earnestly in agreement.

In reality, Eileen had spoken too quickly, and Maggie had only understood part of it—about the master being noble.

“Don’t add too much flour, or the pineapple bun won’t taste good,” Eileen stopped Maggie from pouring more flour. “Our kitchen has many kinds of new bread, all invented in collaboration between Mrs. Abbie and Boss Reynard—bread that the master likes.”

She then whispered in Maggie’s ear, “Every day Mrs. Abbie makes bread of various flavors, and if the master doesn’t eat them, we get to have some.”

Maggie exclaimed in surprise, “Ah, the master, servants eat, good bread?” Her Serpent Script was halting and she had to use gestures to make herself understood by Eileen.

“Humph, you’ll come to understand the master’s kindness and generosity in time,” Eileen asserted.

Indeed, Maggie came to understand that very night when she got a small piece of the pineapple bun during dinner. The Lord Landlord had entertained two guests that evening, prompting the kitchen to bake plenty of bread. When there was an abundance left over, each servant got a small share.

Compared to the dark bread, this distinctive white bread was simply the most delicious food Maggie had ever eaten in her life.

“Little maids, little manservants, come along, be careful of snakes on the road after dark,” called out a Patrol Member, who was responsible for escorting the young apprentices back to their host families after dark.

Following behind the Patrol Member, Maggie felt incredibly safe.

She knew the warnings about snakes were just to scare the children.

Savoring the delicious taste of the pineapple bun, she silently praised the master over and over in her heart. Then, she suddenly remembered she had eaten her pineapple bun and had forgotten to save some for Mrs. Harriet’s

family. Although her boarding was a mandatory arrangement by the town administration, Mrs. Harriet's family had been genuinely kind to her.

"Should I... sign a contract of mother and daughter with Mrs. Harriet?" Maggie wondered, returning to an issue she had been troubled by for several days.

As a nine-year-old girl, whose parents had been killed by mercenaries, she naturally longed for a new family in her grief.

But, deep in her heart, she still held on to memories of her sister—a sister ten years her elder, tall and with curly hair. She always remembered when her sister left home, saying, "Maggie, when I come back, I'll teach you magic. We'll be magicians together, magicians who can cast fireballs!"

At that time, her sister was fifteen and their parents had forced her to marry a lame old man from the village.

The very next day, she had decisively run away from home.

Her sister had always been the idol she admired the most.

"Maggie, you're back," Mrs. Harriet greeted her warmly as she arrived back in town, unaware of how long the walk had been.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Harriet, you don't need to, pick me up every day," Maggie managed to communicate.

"It's no trouble, come on in," Mrs. Harriet invited her.

Night fell.

A crescent moon formed in the sky. As Maggie lay in bed, she thought of Mrs. Harriet's family's kindness, of the castle's delicious food, and somehow, her sister's features from her childhood started to blur and become distant in her mind, and certain decisions quietly rose to her heart.

"If Mrs. Harriet asks me again, I'll agree to it... She's like my mother."

The morning air was refreshing, Liszt greedily took a few extra breaths.

Then he began his daily practice and dog-walking routine before inspecting his territory—he didn't like to socialize, and several nobles from North Valley City had sent him invitations to birthday banquets and noble gatherings. He generally just sent gifts in return, without attending in person—a form of keeping a low profile.

After all, the designated heir to Coral Island was his brother, Levis.

It wasn't convenient for him to get too close to other nobles.

The Li Dragon Horse, holding its head high, trotted on the gravel path, unaware that its status was on the verge of collapse. Perhaps it would understand when Black Horse Island came into existence that a king is a king, be it yesterday or tomorrow—your lord is always your lord.

“The town lacks stonemasons to carve and polish stones; otherwise, we could pave the roads with stone slabs, just like those at the castle.”

Accompanying Liszt was Isaiah, who was also acting in his capacity as the administrative officer, reporting on the progress of various projects in Fresh Flower Town.

“Paving with stone slabs is a massive undertaking; the manpower of the town should be allocated to more pressing matters.”

“Yes, my lord, the autumn harvest has already been completed, as have the road construction and building projects. I am arranging for the serfs to focus on reclaiming the wasteland in each territory. Once the next batch of one thousand serfs arrives, we should be able to take over these fields smoothly. By next spring, we can begin sowing directly.”

“How’s the expansion of the Flame Mushroom greenhouses going?”

“An additional 20 acres have been expanded, bringing the total to 50 acres. The serfs have mastered the cultivation techniques for Flame Mushrooms, and the current yield has doubled from the initial levels. In a month’s time, with the new greenhouses producing, we can expect the yield to double again,” Isaiah happily replied.

But he also expressed his confusion, “Only, my lord, are the revenues from the Flame Mushroom Magic Potion Workshop directly recorded in the castle’s books, bypassing the town administration?”

“They bypass it, but issues regarding the taxation and welfare of the Mushroom serfs will be uniformly arranged by the town administration, and subsidization will then be handled by the castle.” Flame Mushroom Magic Potions had all gone into Liszt’s stomach, and to date, nobody had discovered he had become an Elite Earth Knight.

Isaiah didn’t ask further; it was normal for the landlord not to want anyone to meddle with magical potions.

The group, without realizing it, had arrived at the Thorn Garden.

The Thorn Cordyceps had grown into a four-meter-tall Thorn Tree, lush and eye-catching. Two-thirds of the surrounding area was encircled by Rapid Growth Magic Thorns, and one-third by Rapid Growth Iron Thorns. Only a

small area was left to the common Rapid Growth Thorns as a token of remembrance.

Whether new varieties of thorny mutations would be born was still an unknown.

Without waiting for Liszt to ask, Isaiah spoke up, “My lord, the Thorn Garden originally spanned 180 acres, but with Jela’s birth, I’ve already had people fence off 800 acres for the Thorn Garden’s expansion. According to the current ratio, one-third will be Rapid Growth Iron Thorns, and two-thirds will be Rapid Growth Magic Thorns.”

He then pointed toward Thorn Ridge, “The Rapid Growth Spiky Thorns and Rapid Growth Poison Thorns have already started being transplanted towards the edge of Thorn Ridge. Due to a shortage of serfs, currently, only fifty serfs are responsible for transplanting the thorns. I’ve calculated their workload; by the onset of winter, we should be able to complete the transplanting for one-third of the path with thorns.”

“Don’t rush the work with Spiky Thorns and Poison Thorns; just plant as much as we can.” With Iron Thorns and Magic Thorns at his disposal, Liszt no longer placed much value on Spiky Thorns and Poison Thorns.

Especially the Spiky Thorns.

They were of little use, except perhaps for preventing the intrusion of chickens, ducks, and geese.

The Poison Thorns were highly toxic and could be extracted to create poison. This poison could then be applied to bladed and pole weapons or arrowheads for use in warfare.

**The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 194: 0194:  
Highly Acclaimed Fresh Flower Soap (Second Update) -  
Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 194: 0194:  
Highly Acclaimed Fresh Flower Soap (Second Update)**

Chapter 194: Highly Acclaimed Fresh Flower Soap (Second Update)

“Wah!”

“Wah!”

Having completed his inspection of the territory, Liszt saw Jela teasing and provoking Douson. This lively and active Little Minor Elf, who enjoyed flying in and out of the

castle, had an extremely domineering temperament. Anyone who dared to block its path would get punched.

It could also spread seeds.

This must be some sort of “wood” or “nature” magic, able to rapidly make seeds germinate and then entangle someone. What sprouted seemed to be Rapid Growth Spiky Thorn; the huge wooden spikes could pierce someone to death—of course, it had never pierced anyone, as Liszt forbade it from spreading seeds at will.

The magic looked terrifying, but it could only deal with ordinary people.

A knight with Dou Qi could easily activate their Dou Qi to destroy the germination of the seeds.

Therefore, a Little Minor Elf’s combat power was generally very weak, almost negligible—even an ordinary person, in a fit of rage, could take it by surprise and kill it.

However, Jela did not consider itself weak at all, its domineering temperament remained unchanged, and then, it naturally encountered another creature with a fiery temper—Douson.

The first time Douson saw Jela, it was very curious and wanted to lick the smooth and shiny Jela with its tongue.

Unexpectedly, this enraged Jela, who waved its hand to scatter seeds, giving Douson quite a fright. Not knowing how to activate its internal magic, it could only watch helplessly as the thorns bound it, yelping in pain. But after all, it was an intermediate-level magical beast with thick skin, so it didn’t sustain any injuries after the pain.

After shaking off the thorns, it chased Jela around everywhere.

One small creature and one large creature thus became enemies, tearing into each other on sight, with no possibility of peaceful coexistence. A few days later, Douson was the first to submit, as its magic couldn’t harm Jela, and it couldn’t fly, so it could only be kited by Jela—of course, it might have been letting Jela win, knowing that Jela had a good relationship with Liszt.

Nevertheless, Jela did not let it go, always finding ways to tease and toy with it.

Scattering a handful of seeds, inducing sprouting, Jela gave Douson a taste of bondage art.

When Liszt returned.

He saw Jela teasing Douson once again, covering Douson in thorns that rapidly sprouted and twined around Douson's body, quickly turning the big black dog into a big green dog.

Douson, however, had no reaction.

It just called out weakly to Liszt: "Woof, woof."

"Jela, stop it!" Liszt glared at the Thorn Minor Elf, and only then did it reluctantly suspend the growth of thorns, landing directly on top of Liszt's head.

Yawning, it decided to go to sleep just like that.

Liszt, unforgiving, pulled Jela down, handing it to Thomas: "Put it in the jade box, and send it to the Worm Room to sleep."

"Wah!"

"Wah!"

Jela was unwilling.

Liszt glared again, using mental communication to let it understand that resistance would mean a beating. Finally, the Thorn Minor Elf obediently lay in the jade box, ready to sleep—after all, most of their time was spent sleeping, since their true form was a Cordyceps.

Removing the thorns from itself.

Douson lay on the ground feeling aggrieved, expressing its pitiful state to Liszt.

"An intermediate magical beast that can't even defeat a minor elf is simply useless!" Liszt kicked it lightly and said, "Off you go, go whine to your wife... But first, let's take you to the dog field."

In the dog field, after a vigorous session, Douson successfully regained its lively nature.

But Liszt felt somewhat regretful.

The dog field manager, Old Difo, shook his head and said, "Lord Landlord, I'm afraid Douson doesn't have the capacity to impregnate these female dogs. Normally, several female dogs are in heat and should get pregnant easily, but there's been no sign."

"If there's no sign, then leave it be, take good care of them."

Ordinary low-level magical beasts typically can breed with their wild counterparts. By the intermediate level, however, genetic mutations have generally led to reproductive isolation.

At least Douson should have become reproductively isolated from wolves and dogs.

“Good thing we have Earth Matron around.” Seeing Douson getting cozy with Earth Matron, any regret Liszt felt in his heart quickly turned to anticipation.

Looking forward to the future army of Fierce Earth Dogs, “The question is, will the offspring of Douson and Earth Matron be intermediate magical beasts or low-level magical beasts?”

This thought reminded him that ever since he arrived in Fresh Flower Town.

The town had entered its breeding season—after the townspeople’s lives stabilized, more and more chose to have children; Earth Matron was pregnant, the dairy cows were pregnant, the Fire Dragon Horses were pregnant, even the Fruit Thief Monkeys were pregnant; Goltai’s lover Freya was showing more and more, and he heard Marcus was busy quarreling with his wife.

It seemed he was the only one still single.

He shook his head.

Liszt stopped dwelling on it and continued to train Earth Matron, tempting her with dried meat to follow his commands.

The study, bright with the glow of the crystal lamp.

A few knight’s novels lay on the desk as Liszt absentmindedly flipped through them, occasionally jotting something down on a piece of thick paper.

A knock on the door.

Carter came in with a cup of milk tea: “Master, Mrs. Morson’s brewed milk tea, I have placed it on the desk for you.”

Liszt, without looking up, continued to scribble, “All right.”

“Mr. Bunier wishes to update you on the progress of the Fresh Flower Soap production.”

“Let him in.”

Moments later, Bunier Zhen Dan entered the study, led by Carter. Knowing that Liszt disliked idle talk, he spoke directly after bowing, “Lord Landlord, I have completed the

revamped production process for the Fresh Flower Soap, and we can start mass production. With the current pace of the Soap Making Workshop and enough raw materials, we can produce fifty bars of Fresh Flower Soap a day.”

“Then what are we waiting for? Start tomorrow and produce at full capacity,” Liszt ordered.

After sending Bunier away, Liszt summoned Sherlock from the Thorn Caravan, “Have you tried the Fresh Flower Soap from the Soap Making Workshop yet?”

“Not yet, Lord Landlord.”

“It’s very effective. You can try it once and summarize its benefits. I will give you a batch of Fresh Flower Soap to distribute for free to all the nobles of North Valley City, so they understand the benefits of Fresh Flower Soap. Afterward, work together with Abagon to devise a sales strategy for it.”

“Rest assured, Lord Landlord, Sherlock knows what to do.”

Liszt sipped from the freshly brewed second cup of milk tea, “I have high hopes for the Fresh Flower Soap. I hope you can break into the market quickly, completely edge out the ordinary soaps until we monopolize Coral Island’s soap market.”

Sherlock hesitated, as if he wanted to say something.

Liszt gestured for him to speak freely.

“Lord Landlord, the soap business has always been a major industry under Baron Henderson of Serpent Spear City. Selling Fresh Flower Soap will inevitably impact Baron Henderson’s business. Should we give him a heads-up?”

If Liszt remembered correctly, Baron Henderson had gone to the battlefield along with the Earl.

Even if the other party hadn’t joined the battle, Liszt saw no need to be concerned about him. As the son of an Earl, conducting legitimate business was his prerogative, and no one could justifiably complain. If Baron Henderson went bankrupt as a result, that would be due to his lack of business acumen in managing his territory and could not be blamed on Liszt.

And if Henderson did blame him, Liszt wouldn’t be afraid; he dared to come, Liszt dared to unleash Douson.

Of course.

Leaving no room for survival might be going a bit too far.

After all, Henderson had made contributions to the Tulip Family before. Liszt thought it over and decided he could develop Henderson into a raw material supplier for Fresh Flower Town, “Sherlock, coordinate with Abagon, and once Fresh Flower Soap has crushed Henderson’s business, tell him when he has nowhere to turn, that he can specialize in providing soap powder for Fresh Flower Town.”

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Chapter 195: Annals of the Dragon War in the Wild (Third update, 10,000 coins reward to celebrate 6)

This chapter is a special update as a reward for \*GGQ\* reaching 10,000 donations.

Administer a beating, then offer a sweet date.

This kind of maneuver was not taxing for Liszt, as the resources of this world were vast, but those currently within his grasp were limited and required competition.

On Coral Island, if Liszt didn’t vie for resources and channels, he wouldn’t be able to develop.

Kindness was a word for the civilians, but plundering resources was the essence of nobility. Clearly, Liszt was now well-adapted to the identity and modus operandi of a noble.

After reminding Sherlock, he put the matter aside and didn’t pay it any more heed—with mithril, crystal, and jade in his hands, as well as the Black Pearl, selling even a little could exchange for a pile of Gold Coins.

With Gold Coins in hand, the world is mine.

There was no need to focus on the trivialities of a minor business or two.

Carter took away the empty milk tea cup and closed the door; the study was completely silent. The light from three Crystal Lamps converged, making it as bright as day.

He opened the Knight’s Novel and continued his grand writing endeavors, until Carter knocked on the door again, reminding him the night had grown deep.

“I’ll go rest now, Mr. Carter. You should rest early too. Good night.”

“Good night, Lord.”

He shook the stack of thick vellum on the desk, which was filled with his own Serpent Script writing—a thick pile. He closed the Knight’s Novel, slid it back onto the shelf, and organized his stack of papers.

Looking at the densely written minuscule characters made with a quill pen, he felt a profound sense of achievement.

As a visitor from a civilized world, he always felt something was missing amidst this cultural and historical desert. Therefore, he decided to take up the pen himself and write a truly epic masterpiece—he had the idea before to compose a grand work on sociology but never acted on it.

Now he had truly started writing.

Of course, he wouldn't write something like "Das Kapital", a sociological treatise.

He planned to compile a chronological history based on the various nations' histories and customs mentioned in the Knight's Novel.

Confucius revised and organized the recorded major events of the State of Lu's historians into the Confucian classic, the Spring and Autumn Annals, which influenced Chinese values for thousands of years. He himself became a revered sage, a symbol of Chinese culture, whether he was denounced or revered.

Having fantasized about riding dragons, Liszt felt he should strive for even loftier ideals.

Dragon Knights only enjoyed a century of glory; their descendants might rely on dragon's blessings for a few generations, but eventually, both their names and they themselves would be obliterated. If he were to write an otherworldly version of the Spring and Autumn Annals, he could truly influence for thousands of years and continue to do so.

Of course.

A historical record like the Spring and Autumn Annals, which is based on historical materials, was impossible for Liszt to replicate—there was no concept of history here, not even a single history book.

Compiling a history based on the contents of Knight's Novels was more like writing Homer's Epic. Most of Homer's Epic came from adapting myths, folk tales, and street songs, but it did not prevent it from being hailed as a monumental work of Greek civilization.

It quite seemed like it was on the way to being praised as proper history.

Perhaps years later, when Liszt and his dragon had vanished into smoke, this world would have greatly advanced, undergone various transformations, and someone would regard the history book he was writing now as real history.

Inventing history?

That was exactly what Liszt was doing, and he was doing it with an exhilarating sense of audacity that felt like calling a deer a horse.

“It’s a pity there’s so little material. Even if I copied all the fabricated stories from Knight’s Novels, it wouldn’t fill the vast void of history... This book will most likely become my lifetime series.”

He even began to doubt if he could maintain his enthusiasm for writing a book for more than three minutes.

After all,

weaving stories, no, recording history was an extremely brain-consuming task.

“Now this book doesn’t have a name yet, I need to think of one that will be passed down through the ages... Actually, ‘Dragon Lance Chronicles’ would be best, as it fits perfectly with the dragons and knights with their long spears characteristic of this world,” Liszt mused thoughtfully. Unfortunately, an archmage named Odom Truth had already written a storybook called “Dragonlance History: Dragons of Autumn Twilight”.

That book was a record of different types of dragons and had nothing to do with history.

So he came up with names like Dragon History, Elf Dragon History, Chronicles of Dragons and Elves, History of Dragon Knights, and Chronicles of Knights, to name a few.

But each was rejected in turn.

Until another name emerged in his mind.

“Dragon War in the Wild...”

He savored these four words, feeling a strong connection. Confucius revised the historical materials of the State of Lu and named it the “Spring and Autumn Annals” because the materials were recorded based on the four seasons. In this world, battles involving slaying dragons occurred often, and inter-state conflicts mostly centered around dragon battles.

“Dragon War in the Wild”, such a title for a book held a very poetic and sophisticated ring to it.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

Picking up his quill, he began to write the title on thick parchment. After finishing, he placed all of the pages into the Gemstone Space to prevent them from deteriorating with

time—since white paper was not yet ready to be developed—knowing that this parchment wouldn't last long and after all, this history book was part of his life's work.

He held back his ambitious desire to continue creating history.

Standing up, he stretched and left the study.

In the days when Liszt was engrossed in compiling history,

under Bunier's leadership, the Soap Making Workshop was operating at full capacity every day, churning out Fresh Flower Soap. Perfumed soap and tallow soap had been forgotten in a corner. Expensive soap powder and cheap pig pancreas were continuously refined and mixed, then pressed into pink, fragrant blocks of Fresh Flower Soap.

The finished Fresh Flower Soap was quickly delivered to the Thorn Caravan.

Sherlock was a very innovative merchant. Old Geronte had risen to be an official, Abagon took over the vast Fresh Flower Caravan, and only he remained with the Thorn Caravan. Not willing to be outdone, he put a lot of thought into selling the Fresh Flower Soap, aiming to make a name for himself in one fell swoop.

He wanted to demonstrate his capabilities to Lord Landlord.

For this purpose, he specifically hired a carving artisan from North Valley City—an advanced profession of carpenter responsible for intricately carving patterns into wood.

He requested the carving artisan to etch a tulip on the face of the Fresh Flower Soap, along with the words "Fresh Flower Soap" in Serpent Script.

The back was inscribed with a small line of Serpent Script: "Specialty Fresh Flower Soap from Fresh Flower Town, a masterpiece by Master Soap Maker Bunier."

Then, he had the town's Carpenter's Shop make soap boxes for the Fresh Flower Soap. Each box was painted with a Black Tulip and the name of the Fresh Flower Soap.

With such packaging, the grade of Fresh Flower Soap immediately elevated several levels.

"This way, the Fresh Flower Soap is no longer just a bar of soap, but a product that represents status; I believe the nobles will surely love it!" Sherlock presented the exquisitely packaged Fresh Flower Soap for Liszt's inspection. As expected, it received high praise and commendation from Liszt.

Lord Landlord even called him "a natural-born merchant."

Excitement continuously swirled around Sherlock, as he could hardly wait to take this batch of exquisite Fresh Flower Soaps, flying the flag of Liszt, to visit the nobles of North Valley City.

“Respected Baron Gelta, the distinguished craftsman Bunier from Fresh Flower Town has created a perfect bathing soap, its cleaning effect far surpasses any other perfumed soap on the market. We hope you will appreciate its charm, and here is a piece of Fresh Flower Soap presented to you as a gift, we hope you like it.”

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Chapter 196: The Unforeseen Incident Caused by Fresh Flower Soap (Fourth Update, Celebratory 10,000 Coins Reward for the 7th)

This chapter is a special update for “Wounded Feathers” due to reaching the reward goal.

Soap is a standard accessory for nobles, but the degree of importance they place on it varies. Nobles like Liszt who care about personal grooming can’t do without soap; those less fastidious don’t even care whether they have soap or not.

Gelta was obviously among the less fastidious, which was evident from the almost greasy state of his hair.

After accepting the Fresh Flower Soap, he simply opened the box to take a look before instructing his butler to deliver it to the bathroom, then left to go hunting on horseback.

Time quickly moved on to evening.

Gelta didn’t return to the castle for dinner, opting instead to drink with some knights; his wife also didn’t come back for dinner. Both husband and wife were accustomed to living it up outside. It wasn’t until the moon rose that his wife finally excused herself from her high society engagements and, yawning, returned to the castle.

“Has the lord returned yet?”

“The lord has not yet returned, madam,”

“All he knows is to drink all day long, never mind, Liya, go run a bath for me,” the lady complained and instructed her maid to prepare bath water for her.

A moment later, she entered the bathroom.

But she soon started shouting loudly, “Liya, Liya, damn it, where is my soap!”

Liya rushed in, flustered, “Madam, the soap is in the wooden box to your left,” she said as she lifted the wooden box with a Black Tulip painting, opened the lid, and revealed the pink Fresh Flower Soap inside.

“When was the soap changed?” The lady frowned, her tone revealing anger.

She had grown accustomed to using that kind of soap with a rough surface, made of soap flakes, and felt uncomfortable at the sight of this new kind of soap for the first time.

Most importantly, she was upset that her preferred items were replaced without her permission.

Liya quickly explained, “It was the lord, today the lord received a new type of soap from Fresh Flower Town, and he had it changed to this Fresh Flower Soap.”

“From Fresh Flower Town?” The lady was taken aback and picked up the Fresh Flower Soap, envisioning the handsome face that could even make women jealous, “Baron Liszt’s town, right? That young man always likes to fiddle with new things... Alright, you may leave.”

Leaving the bathroom, Liya breathed a long sigh of relief.

In the bathtub, with steam swirling around, the lady held onto the Fresh Flower Soap, seemingly lost in thought, her eyes gradually becoming hazy. She dipped the soap in water and started applying it to her skin, surprised by how the soap that should have felt rough and scrubby was exceedingly smooth and instantly created lots of lather.

Women love bubbles when bathing.

She couldn’t help but touch the skin where she had applied the Fresh Flower Soap. She was over forty, her skin gradually sagging and pores starting to enlarge.

But in that moment, under the smoothness of the Fresh Flower Soap, it felt as delicate as a baby’s.

The sensation was enticing, as she continuously stroked and rubbed her skin, the feeling was exceedingly delightful, and the rising bubbles added a hint of romance to the atmosphere.

After rubbing herself countless times, she began to scoop water to rinse off the foam.

Leaving her skin clean and clear.

There were candles lit in the bathroom, not very bright, but she could still see that her skin was whiter and clearer than usual after a bath. Especially that clean texture, an

effect she never achieved with regular soap, as though before she only managed to clean the surface.

Now with the Fresh Flower Soap, it seemed to cleanse the deepest layers of her skin.

“This is an unprecedented comfort!” she exclaimed, holding the small piece of Fresh Flower Soap, growing fonder of it the more she looked at it, “Much better than regular soap; I like this feeling.”

She could have finished bathing in just half an hour before.

This time, she had the maid add hot water twice, and she bathed for a full hour.

When she had rinsed off her body and wrung out her hair, even the personal maid who helped her into her nightgown felt the difference, “Madam, you look... much younger tonight, absolutely beautiful.” Whether the madam was beautiful or not was debatable, but when Liya touched the madam’s skin, she felt its firmness.

It usually felt loose, but today it had become firm.

The contrast was quite striking.

The madam was in a good mood, “It’s magical, isn’t it, Liya? You would find it hard to believe that a bar of Fresh Flower Soap made me feel young again.”

“Is this Fresh Flower Soap really that magical?”

“Of course, it’s magical, just like everything in Fresh Flower Town, full of wonders. Seafood, Intermediate Magical Beasts, Thorn Minor Elves, and those fried eggs and egg soup, as well as all kinds of bread. As many nobles have said, Fresh Flower Town is a place blessed with the glory of knights.”

Liya had accompanied the lady to Fresh Flower Town and had tasted those novel foods, “Fresh Flower Town is indeed a different place.”

After having her hair done, the lady touched her face and admired herself in the crystal mirror for a while before she got up and left the bathroom.

She called for the butler and instructed, “Remember, when the master comes back, have him use the Fresh Flower Soap for his bath as well.”

“Yes, madam.”

Gelta came back very late, still slightly drunk, and had a bath with the help of a manservant. The servant, following the lady’s orders, used the Fresh Flower Soap for him.

But he had no patience, and after only hastily scrubbing himself a few times, he rinsed off.

Entering the bedroom, he saw his wife poring over the thick ledger, checking the estate's income from the small town. He felt a bit dazed, as his wife, who was both old and unattractive, seemed to him to be radiating beauty that night.

He shook his head, trying to shake off the illusion.

"Let's look at it in the morning, let's go to sleep early." He lay down on the bed, gave a reminder, and then glanced again, noticing his wife's arm, which looked much fairer and softer.

He couldn't help but reach out and touch it.

Instantly, the loose impression he had was replaced by firmness under his touch, which made him let out a strange "hmm." His body seemed to be stirred, perhaps by the alcohol, and he found himself feeling a longing he hadn't felt in a long time. His hand then naturally climbed up the sagging peak.

"I'll sleep once I've finished this... What's the matter?" The lady was surprised by the sudden fondling, as it wasn't the day for their monthly tax payment.

"Nothing." While Gelta said it was nothing, his body didn't stop, as he laid himself over his wife.

Despite feeling puzzled, the lady didn't push her husband away but instead threw away the ledger and began to respond to Gelta's advances—a spontaneity that had become rare with the passage of years.

A few minutes later.

All went quiet.

Gelta rolled off, laying on the bed, exhausted beyond words, took a few heavy breaths of air, and then fell into a deep sleep. Beside him, the lady sighed with lingering enjoyment, covered her husband with a blanket, and while still riding the aftershocks, busied herself for a while, dealing with her sorrows and troubles.

After calming down, she touched her now firm skin and a smile appeared at the corner of her mouth, "We need to always keep Fresh Flower Soap in the bathroom."

She turned off the candle.

She too covered herself with a blanket and fell into a deep sleep.

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Chapter 197: The Battle between Abagon and Sherlock (Fifth Update, 10,000 Coins Reward for Celebration of 8)

This chapter is a special update sponsored by "Xuanzong".

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"Lord Landlord, the response to the Fresh Flower Soap has been very strong, and many nobles have expressed their desire to purchase it,"

Sherlock frequently traveled between North Valley City and Fresh Flower Town. As a merchant under Liszt, with the birth of the Thorn Minor Elf, his status had risen along with the tides, making him a heavyweight figure in the business circles of North Valley City.

Upon receiving feedback, he reported to Liszt at the first opportunity.

Merchants are adept at reading people and Sherlock knew that the young Lord Landlord might not be keen on power and mundane affairs. However, he was very keen on having complete information and disliked being kept in the dark by anyone. Therefore, he always looked for opportunities to report to Liszt.

"It seems that Fresh Flower Soap has already brewed a strong initial momentum. Go ahead and proceed. I look forward to seeing Fresh Flower Soap dominate the soap market of Coral Island,"

"As you wish, Lord Landlord!" Sherlock responded loudly, "Sherlock is willing to devote all his strength for the wishes of Lord Landlord!"

Liszt looked at the heavily sycophantic Sherlock and felt rather pleased: "Do not disappoint me, Mr. Sherlock."

Hearing himself addressed as 'sir,' Sherlock was even more exhilarated: "Please rest assured, Lord Landlord!"

After he left the castle, he was full of ambition.

He knew that with the Fresh Flower Soap, he would soon secure a position in the heart of the Lord Landlord not inferior to Abagon's, and he might even rival Old Geronte.

"I need hands, to spread the word! To let the reputation of the Fresh Flower Soap permeate across all six cities on Coral Island, as well as every small town below... First, those soap-selling caravans must understand that Fresh Flower Soap can be cheaper

but of better quality. For every piece of Fresh Flower Soap they sell, they can earn more profit,”

Obviously, Fresh Flower Soap could not be given away in large quantities for free, so Sherlock, in his eagerness to spread its reputation and monopolize the market, decided to lower the wholesale price.

No advertisement is as potent as allowing the merchants to make more money,

“What? Fresh Flower Soap, better than ordinary soap, for just one silver coin plus fifty copper coins?” exclaimed an itinerant merchant in surprise.

“That’s right, you buy soap from Baron Henderson for one silver coin and eighty copper coins, and resell it for just twenty copper coins. But by selling Fresh Flower Soap, you’ll earn fifty copper coins per piece, which is equal to the profit of selling two and a half pieces of the other soap. You can do the math yourself,”

“But is Fresh Flower Soap really that good?”

“The nobles of North Valley City have already used it, and each one is singing its praises. You can inquire about it with confidence. Additionally, I have a piece of Fresh Flower Soap here that has been used. I can let you try it out,”

Of course, the itinerant merchant would not take Sherlock’s word for it blindly, so he poured some clean water and tried the Fresh Flower Soap.

The abundance of lather, the smooth texture, the efficient cleaning ability, and the skin-tightening experience after use all convinced the itinerant merchant that Fresh Flower Soap was indeed superior to ordinary soap.

Replacing ordinary soap with Fresh Flower Soap would doubtless be successful.

With a winning ticket in hand, Sherlock added: “If you’re considering placing an order, you’d better make a decision quickly. The soap-making workshop in Fresh Flower Town has a limited output, and when everyone starts fighting over Fresh Flower Soap, we might raise its price,”

The prospect of a price rise eliminated the itinerant merchant’s last hesitation.

He clenched his teeth and nodded: “Well then, Captain Sherlock, I’d like to order five pieces... no, ten pieces of Fresh Flower Soap!”

With a snap of his fingers, Sherlock noted down the itinerant merchant’s order on a thick piece of paper: “A wise decision.” He then collected a deposit from the merchant and arranged to deliver the goods in three days.

He rose and left.

Clutching the thick parchment tightly in his hand, he had written down a total of seven orders, belonging to seven peddlers from North Valley City who mainly operated trade routes around the small towns near North Valley City.

Together, these seven peddlers had placed orders for fifty-eight bars of Fresh Flower Soap.

Many nobles, bypassing the peddlers, ordered Fresh Flower Soap directly, such as Baron Gelta's butler, who ordered a whole eight bars of Fresh Flower Soap from him.

"Captain Sherlock, we've had a perfect start, Fresh Flower Soap will become a luxury that nobles will chase after! They won't be able to do without Fresh Flower Soap in the future!" his deputy said excitedly.

Sherlock smiled modestly, "According to the usage of soap, North Valley City can sell three hundred bars of soap a month. Serpent Spear City, Shattered Stone City, Elm Forest City, and Birch City are about the same, making it a total of one thousand five hundred bars of soap. And in Coral City, where there are the most nobles, Honored Knights and prospective knights, as well as those wealthy freemen, at least two thousand bars of soap will be used up in a month."

That is to say, Fresh Flower Soap would dominate the soap market.

In Coral Island, three thousand five hundred bars of soap could be sold in a month, plus at least three hundred bars on Beer Island, and with the usage in Fresh Flower Town itself, the monthly shipment would be close to four thousand bars.

"Four thousand bars of Fresh Flower Soap!" Sherlock thought of such a scene and could no longer contain himself, breaking into a wide grin, "One bar of Fresh Flower Soap for one silver coin plus fifty copper coins, that's a total of..."

He couldn't do the mental math.

So he simply calculated with his fingers and finally came to a monthly sales amount of six thousand silver coins. And the cost of Fresh Flower Soap was only forty copper coins, meaning that he could make a profit of four thousand four hundred silver coins a month.

With Fresh Flower Soap dominating the market, it would be entirely possible to raise the price to one silver coin plus eighty copper coins, which was the original wholesale price of the soap.

As for the cost, it only needed to crush Baron Henderson and press down the price of soap powder to further reduce it.

He roughly estimated that it could be reduced to thirty copper coins.

That meant the net profit for one bar of Fresh Flower Soap was one silver coin plus fifty copper coins, giving a total monthly profit of sixty Gold Coins.

He could earn two Gold Coins a day.

“Compared to the seafood business at its peak, where I earned nearly four Gold Coins in net profit a day, Fresh Flower Soap is slightly inferior, but this business has much lower labor and material costs... and, the Fresh Flower Soap business is dominated by me! No matter whether it’s Thorn Caravan or Fresh Flower Caravan, they all have to work with me!”

With this confidence, Sherlock met with Abagon, who had rushed over from Coral City, discuss how to dominate the market on Coral Island.

But Sherlock had never expected that Abagon also came prepared.

The fellow from Little Papa Island gave him a sidelong glance, “Sherlock, your vision is too narrow, dominating the Coral Island market isn’t that big of a deal. Leveraging the superiority of Fresh Flower Soap, we could slowly phase out regular soaps without much effort. In my opinion, we should turn our attention to the outer islands and commoners!”

“Outer islands? Commoners?” Sherlock was taken aback.

“Fresh Flower Soap can be turned into a special product of Coral Island, it can be sold to remote islands with the help of Tulip Castle and Beer Castle’s channels. At the same time, I’ve consulted Bunier, Fresh Flower Soap is generously made. But by reducing the amount of materials used, we can produce a regular soap with lesser effects, which can be provided to commoners at a low cost.”

Abagon smiled triumphantly, giving Sherlock a challenging look, “I’ve already reported to Lord Landlord, and Lord Landlord supports my ideas and plans!”

A strike to the heart!

Sherlock felt a bit dazed.

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Chapter 198: Forcibly Cultivating Corn Grass (First Update)

“Abagon is much bolder than Sherlock and has a vision and spirit of struggle,” said Liszt as he considered his plans for cross-sea trade. “Once Captain Kostor is skilled in navigation, I intend to have Abagon take charge of it.”

In the castle's study at night.

Liszt and Butler Carter each held a glass of red wine, savoring it slowly while casually discussing the past, present, and the future.

Carter's hair had turned even whiter, but his spirit was much better than when he first arrived in Fresh Flower Town: "Lord, isn't it a bit too soon to engage in cross-sea trade?"

"For now, we are just utilizing the external trade channels of Tulip Castle and Beer Castle, while simultaneously building our own channels for Fresh Flower Town. It's not an urgent quest to take over these channels," Liszt replied with a slight smile. "Fresh Flower Town is only temporary. In the near future, I will have my own city or island."

He took a sip of his red wine and continued, "I can't always be under the protection of the family wings. My father may not mind, but Levis, Lidun, they will always have something to say."

"So your sight is set on much more, my lord. Please forgive my shortsightedness."

"Looking ahead is one aspect, but doing well in the present is also important. I need you to remind me of this often, Mr. Carter."

The master and servant flattered each other in a harmonious atmosphere.

After a while, the conversation turned to Fresh Flower Soap.

Carter expressed his amazement: "I was very surprised to hear your conversation with Mr. Abagon; I didn't expect Fresh Flower Soap to be so popular and capture such a vast market."

"Its popularity is not surprising," Liszt responded calmly.

In truth, the technical content of Fresh Flower Soap was not that high, and its cleaning capability wasn't extraordinary. However, adding certain substances from pig pancreas and wood ash indeed gave the Fresh Flower Soap many appealing qualities—smoothness, lather, and a tightening effect on the skin. It was enough to outshine ordinary soaps with mediocre cleaning effects.

Those accustomed to ordinary soap would find a huge contrast when they switched to Fresh Flower Soap. Cleaned well, one's whole being would naturally shine anew.

For the nobles, this was enough reason to ditch their regular soap for Fresh Flower Soap.

As for the fact that using Fresh Flower Soap also stirred their husbands' desires, apart from Lady Gelta, others probably didn't realize it.

Naturally.

Under deliberate promotion by the Fresh Flower Caravan, the reputation of Fresh Flower Soap began to spread from North Valley City to the entirety of Coral Island. Coral City, always the barometer of fashion, was particularly influential.

The cost to produce Fresh Flower Soap wasn't low; it wasn't feasible to give a bar to every noble for a trial. Abagon hadn't adopted Sherlock's strategy of casting a wide net but instead targeted his approach precisely.

...

"Miss Sherry, this is a gift from Baron Liszt, my lord, for you—two bars of Fresh Flower Soap made in Fresh Flower Town. It surpasses normal soap and suits your stunning beauty and noble temperament perfectly," said the gift bearer.

"Ah, is it from Brother Liszt? Thank you!" Sherry exclaimed joyfully as she accepted the gift and noticed an accompanying sheet of thick paper.

On the thick paper was written in Serpent Script by Liszt himself.

"Dear little Sherry, I am busy with many affairs in Fresh Flower Town and cannot come to see you in Coral City. Thus, I send you these two bars of special Fresh Flower Soap, wishing beauty to always be by your side—yours, Brother Liszt."

...

"Esteemed madam," Abagon greeted Lady Penelope respectfully.

"Abagon, the leader of the Fresh Flower Caravan, right? Did Liszt send you?" Lady Penelope said as she met with Abagon.

"Baron Liszt misses you greatly, and he sent me to bring you two bars of Fresh Flower Town's special Fresh Flower Soap, hoping you would like it," Abagon said respectfully. "The Baron mentioned that if you enjoy it, you need only send word to the caravan, and we will provide Fresh Flower Soap for you free of charge."

"Special Fresh Flower Soap? Just a kind of soap?" Lady Penelope wasn't like the young girl Sherry; a flicker in her eye and she understood everything. "That boy is getting shrewder, no wonder he looks like Melissa, that woman. Such cunning truly befits the grandson of Marquis Merlin."

Abagon gave an awkward smile without responding. It wasn't his place to comment on a noble, especially his own lord.

Lady Penelope said, "Alright, I've accepted the gifts. If they truly are good, I'll speak well of him. At the very least, this old face of mine still knows many people."

"Once again, I bid you farewell, Abagon takes his leave."

...

The Fresh Flower Soap was undoubtedly completing its assault on the soap market.

For Sherlock and Abagon, it was a matter of great importance, but for Liszt, it was just another way to make money. He simply gave some instructions to his subordinates and then put it out of his mind.

Now, he had a new task.

This very afternoon, the smoke had changed. "Complete the mission, reward: five decayed bones."

Without guessing, it was clear that Marcus and his people on Black Horse Island had finished building a temporary stronghold and had settled in a hundred serfs.

A new task was immediately born.

"Mission: To feed the herd of horses, a large number and variety of grasses are needed. Black Horse Island is currently not suitable for planting more grass, so why not cultivate Corn Grass in Fresh Flower Town to increase nutrients for the Black Blood Treasured Horse herd? Please cultivate 100 acres of Corn Grass. Reward: one Elf Bug."

A mission rewarding an Elf Bug was definitely one to be completed, as each Elf Bug was a treasure.

But upon seeing the content of the mission, Liszt frowned deeply and called over the steward of Barley Hamlet, "Gejir, how many acres of Corn Grass do we have planted in Barley Hamlet right now?"

"Lord Landlord, we have a total of thirty acres of Corn Grass," he replied.

"If Corn Grass is planted now, can it sprout and safely overwinter?"

"This..." Gejir hesitated a bit, "Lord Landlord, Gejir has not taken care of Corn Grass during the winter and does not know if it can overwinter."

"Then how many Corn Grass seeds have you harvested?"

“The seeds have all been handed over to the administration, probably several hundred pounds. A lot of the Corn Grass was directly cut down for grazing, and only a small part was used for seed saving.”

Liszt looked at the weather outside. It was nearly late autumn, and the weather was no longer warm.

Such climate was not suitable for planting crops, but with the Smoke Mission at hand, it could not be ignored. Otherwise, it would be hard to ensure the birth of an Elf Bug—he was certain in his heart that this was a Corn Grass Elf Bug, but whether it could be cultivated was hard to say and depended on the progress of the mission.

No matter how difficult, he had to force the duck onto the perch and continue.

He immediately ordered, “Immediately plough seventy acres of land, expand the Corn Grass fields to a hundred acres, Gejir, hurry.”

“Yes, Lord Landlord, Gejir will arrange for everyone to start ploughing the new fields right away,” he responded.

The task began here.

Meanwhile, Liszt also took the time to inspect the Corn Grass fields of Barley Hamlet, constantly using his Eye of Magic, trying to find signs of an Elf Bug being nurtured.

As long as he found signs of the Elf Bug, even if the mission failed, he was confident he could nurture the Elf Bug into existence.

Unfortunately, he saw no signs of magic, this Corn Grass field was just ordinary Corn Grass, without a single plant appearing special in any way.

He sighed and consoled himself, “I just hope that in this weather, the Corn Grass can sprout and let me complete the mission.”

...

The next day, the Fresh Flower Vessel returned home.

Marcus brought him a new piece of news concerning the rewards for the missions.

After sending the servants away and closing the doors of the study, he spoke gravely, “Baron, we found the remains of an unknown animal in a valley on the island. Most of the bones had shattered, but five large bones remained. Each as thick as a person’s height and half-buried in the rocks in the ground.”

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## Chapter 199: Maybe the Bone of the Dragon (Second Update)

“What do you think those bones are from?”

Liszt asked curiously. A normal person’s height would be around one meter seventy, meaning the diameter of each of those five bones exceeded one meter seventy.

It could be imagined how long they must be and how large the skeleton they formed.

Marcus glanced at the room door as if ensuring no one was eavesdropping behind it, then spoke carefully, “I think they might be dragon bones!”

“Dragon bones!”

Liszt was suddenly startled, but then he suppressed his surprise and excitement, voicing his doubts, “If they are dragon bones... was there any sign of mineral deposits in that valley?”

“Well... it seems no mineral deposits have been discovered. We’ve excavated the bones, dug several meters deep until rock stopped us, and found no ores like metals, nor any signs of crystals or gemstones.”

“Is that so? Dragons can infest their surroundings. If the remains were of metal dragons or gemstone dragons, Black Horse Island would likely become a minefield. Since it hasn’t turned into a mine, these bones should not be from a metal dragon or a gemstone dragon.”

Marcus speculated, “Perhaps they are the remains of elemental dragons?”

“Elemental dragons are also unlikely. I’ve talked with Elkerson; he has seen a book written by an archmage, which mentioned that the magic power of elemental dragons lingers for a long time, similarly infesting the surroundings. The Windhowl Valley in the Neverfall Empire was formed after a battle with a wind dragon, and to this day the winds still roar.”

After several such discussions.

The species of the bones in life had half the possibility of being dragons ruled out.

“Could they be left by a super dragonkin magical beast?” Marcus proposed another possibility, “I’ve only heard of high-level dragonkin magical beasts, but an advanced magical beast, no matter how large, wouldn’t likely have a bone diameter of one meter seventy... thus, I speculate it’s a super dragonkin magical beast, but that seems to be a creature of legend.”

The classification of magical beasts: low-level, intermediate, advanced, and super.

In fact, the distinction between advanced magical beasts and super magical beasts is quite vague. This is because there haven't been enough observations of individuals, and no standard as to whether the categorization should be based on combat ability or size. Basically, humans do not wish to provoke powerful magical beasts.

Moreover, it's rumored.

In the Duchy of Sapphire, not a single super magical beast exists.

The mainland is infinitely vast, and it's only in knight's novels that super magical beasts frequently appear. Even the Earl, who invades the Eagle Kingdom every year and is well-travelled, has never heard of a super magical beast residing anywhere in the Eagle Kingdom.

Let alone a super dragonkin magical beast.

At the level of a super magical beast, the bloodline is already incredibly powerful, and the chance of being infected by dragons seems purely theoretical.

After much discussion, the two of them were unable to come to any conclusion and could only guess what creature those five massive bones might have belonged to.

"Tomorrow I'll go to Black Horse Island myself to see what is so peculiar about these five bones!"

...

When he said he would go, he went.

After instructing the town officials to ensure the serfs in Barley Hamlet cultivated the corn grass,

Liszt took a ship directly, taking Douson and Marcus with him, heading for Black Horse Island. A half-day's sailing went smoothly, bringing them to their destination.

A simple dock had already been constructed out of wood, floating on the water's surface and swaying slightly as they walked on it. As for Douson, he had to be transported by wooden boat due to his excessive weight that the floating dock couldn't bear.

Upon landing, they saw a row of brand-new wooden houses erected not more than a hundred meters from the dock.

There were serfs clearing away rocks and weeds in the area.

A very rudimentary base.

But it signified that Liszt had now firmly planted one foot on Black Horse Island.

Without delay, taking advantage of the time left, he headed straight for the valley where the five large bones had been found. En route, he happened to meet with the herd of Black Blood Treasured Horses. The Horse King was somewhat unfamiliar with Liszt, but once Liszt mounted it, they quickly became accustomed to each other. Carrying Liszt, they continued to sprint and loop back throughout the journey.

On the way, Marcus took the opportunity to report to him the findings from the past few days' exploration of Black Horse Island.

"There are no Magical Beasts on the island, or at least none have been found yet, only some small carnivorous and herbivorous animals. The largest animal is the Black Blood Treasured Horse. The vegetation is also quite monotonous; trees are rare, consisting mostly of miscellaneous ones that no one recognizes, with few branches."

He pointed to a tree by the road.

This was the miscellaneous tree he mentioned, with a very straight trunk and branches high up, which were not lush. It bore neither flowers nor fruit, was not very tall, and its leaves were already turning slightly yellow, seeming to be a deciduous tree.

Utterly ordinary.

Marcus continued, "There are many weeds on the island. Apart from the forage in the grasslands, the rest are common weeds which the Black Blood Treasured Horses do not eat. Removing them would be the best choice."

Finally, he added, "My lord, I am currently drawing a map of Black Horse Island, but it has not yet been completed."

Liszt suddenly asked, "Have you chosen a place for building the castle?"

"Not yet, the island lacks defensive terrain. There are no high hills, nor steep terrain. It is not possible to build a castle as precipitous as Tulip Castle, and it may not even compare to the terrain of Beer Castle. I think, if we are to build a castle, it can only be built on flat ground, with thickened walls and a moat excavated for protection."

Not every castle can rest against a cliff; most are built on flat ground.

Liszt was just casually inquiring.

Soon, under the setting western sun, the group arrived at the valley where the five bones had been located, situated between Ice Grass Hill and Needle Grass Hill.

Because the weeds were deep and the bones buried deep as well, they were hard to spot.

“I was riding Black Fiend to survey the terrain when I found these remains and these five bones,” said Marcus, patting his mount, Black Fiend, and walking into the center of the valley where the weeds had been cleared.

Behind him was a newly dug large pit, with a huge grey-white broken bone diagonally embedded deep into the ground at the center of the pit.

Around it were four more bones poking out a section and numerous bone fragments scattered all around.

It was as if some creature had perished here and, over time, weathering had caused most of its bones to decay, leaving only these five bones still erect—though they must have decayed too, for the reward of the Smoke Mission explicitly mentioned that these were five decayed bones.

Dismounting.

Approaching the large pit and stepping on the rocks at its bottom, Liszt advanced step by step towards the bone.

The closer he got to the bone, the more he felt his own insignificance, as if standing before a giant stone column. He reached out and touched the bone’s surface; it was as hard as rock. When he knocked on it, it emitted a sound similar to that of stone.

He used his Eye of Magic to examine the five bones and the scattered bone fragments.

No trace of magical power was found.

“This bone must have fossilized, right?”

But he quickly shook his head in denial—fossils were fused with the rock, and this bone clearly had a part that was exposed to the outside.

“Teacher Marcus, have you tested the bone fragments on the ground?”

“They are hard, suitable for making fine Bone Utensils,” Marcus replied succinctly. The term ‘fine Bone Utensils’ was enough to illustrate the quality of the bones, indicating they were at least of a quality corresponding to that of Low-Level Magical Beast bones.

Clang, clang, clang!

Liszt knocked on the bone again. For a moment, he was left shocked and confused, clueless as to what use the reward of the five bones from the Smoke Mission could be for him.

“Could it be that it knows my territory is short on iron and wants me to break these down to take back and forge a batch of fine Bone Utensils?”

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Chapter 200: Flying Dragon, Sub-dragon, and Dragon Beast (Third update, 1/12 congratulations to Alliance Hierarch Ear Big for attracting attention)

This chapter includes an additional update as a reward for the Alliance Hierarch “Big Ears Attract Wind”.

We still owe a total of twenty additional updates to the Alliance Hierarch, as well as other promised updates, which I, Old White, have taken to heart and will fulfill gradually!

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The remains of the five unknown creatures, which were huge skeletons, certainly had unusual uses that Liszt had yet to discover. He wanted to collect the bones and put them into the Space Gem, but unfortunately, the bones were too large to fit. Besides, they were stuck in the rocks and couldn't be pulled out.

“Teacher Marcus, remember to arrange for someone to extract them if possible, or to protect them on site if not.”

“Understood.”

“Also, send people to pick up the bone fragments scattered around here and transport them back to Fresh Flower Town using the Fresh Flower Vessel... I'm planning to open a Bone Craftsman Shop in Fresh Flower Town.”

Marcus nodded and replied, “These bone fragments are indeed suitable for crafting fine bone utensils. Given the number of fragments here, the serfs of Fresh Flower Town will no longer lack farming tools for the fields, and both the Patrol Team and the Bug Guard Team can be allocated additional bone weapons.”

Speaking of bone utensils.

Liszt suddenly remembered that he had a Dragonbone Stabilizer in his Gemstone Space. According to Kostor, the Dragonbone Stabilizer should be made from the bones of a high-level Dragonkin Magical Beast.

“Teacher Marcus, do you recall the Dragonbone Stabilizer?” he patted the huge bone and continued, “The Dragonbone Stabilizer is said to be made from the bones of a high-level Dragonkin Magical Beast, but it is vastly inferior to the bones before us. I believe the gap between a Super Dragonkin Magical Beast and a high-level Dragonkin Magical Beast cannot be this vast.”

This invalidated the previous conjecture.

Marcus apparently also remembered and frowned, “With dragons and Super Dragonkin Magical Beasts ruled out, what exactly are these five bones remnants of?”

In the short term, this was bound to be an unanswered mystery.

As the sun was about to set, the group had to leave the valley and return to their temporary base. At night, without having to sleep on the ship and with Douson taken away by Liszt, they could have a quiet rest.

However, lying on the hard wooden bed.

Liszt didn’t fall asleep immediately; he continued to ponder over the bones.

“Five decayed bones indicate a very ancient era and that they came from an extremely strong creature. Other than dragons, the only creatures that fit the profile of extremely strong beings are the legendary Super Dragonkin Magical Beasts. According to the classification by enthusiasts of magical creatures, Super Dragonkin Magical Beasts only rank below dragons.”

In many a Knight’s Novel, Super Dragonkin Magical Beasts frequently make an appearance.

But they have another name—Sub-dragon.

The other high, medium, and low-level Dragonkin Magical Beasts are collectively called—Dragon Beasts.

Even some Knight novels consider dragons to be a type of Magical Beast too, forcefully categorizing them as—Flying Dragons. They lump Flying Dragons, Sub-dragons, and Dragon Beasts together into one species.

This undeniably degrades the noble lineage of dragons, so this kind of Knight’s Novel is unpopular and part of a niche category. Liszt does not approve either; he dreams of riding a dragon, and now to be told that dragons are merely Magical Beasts, would be tainting his lofty life aspirations.

Such Knight novels ought to be banned!

“So, if not dragons or Sub-dragons, what exactly are these five bones from?” His mind was cluttered with thoughts and various ideas kept surfacing.

Then he paused for a moment to analyze their veracity.

“Sub-dragons are Magical Beasts, whose existence is questionable, so I should exclude them first... Among dragons, I’ve ruled out Gemstone Dragons, Metal Dragons, and Elemental Dragons, but that still leaves Sacred Dragons... Could it be the Smoke Dragon?” he suddenly associated with his own golden finger, the Smoke Mission connected to his fate.

He had always believed that the Smoke Mission was the product of a Smoke Dragon.

But he was more inclined to think that as a child he had come into contact with a Smoke Dragon and then got infected by it, only now, a new idea arose, “What if the Smoke Dragon is dead, and its magic power infected me, creating the Smoke Mission? And what if it died on Black Horse Island, and also infected a group of Black Blood Treasured Horses?”

The idea wasn’t without logic and reason.

But upon further thought, there were some details that didn’t make sense. After all, the bones had decayed, and it could have been thousands of years since then; it made no sense that suddenly a kid on the neighboring Coral Island would get infected. In his former memories, besides Red Crab Island and Beer Island, he had never visited any other islands.

Let alone the recently discovered Black Horse Island.

Moreover, descriptions of the Smoke Dragon generally speak of it as a puff of smoke, without mention of bones or flesh. Upon death, it would likely dissipate completely.

It made no sense for it to leave behind such skeletal remains.

“It shouldn’t be the Smoke Dragon, nor the Formless Dragon which is quite small... Immortal Dragon? Unlikely, since Immortal Dragons are immortal and can’t die... Twilight Dragon? Jade Dragon?”

He still couldn’t figure it out.

After one night.

As day broke the next morning, he mounted Lightning and returned to the valley to examine the bones.

The serfs settled on Black Horse Island also quickly formed a team and arrived to collect every piece of bone fragment on the ground, carefully packing them up and transporting them to the temporary base. Marcus led another team to start digging out the other four bones to see if they could excavate them and catch a glimpse of the full skeleton.

These bones, although not fossilized, indeed had lost some of the properties of bones.

Douson, who loved eating bones, showed no interest whatsoever in the bone fragments on the ground. He followed behind Liszt, eyeing the majestic horse Lightning with drool dripping to the ground.

Lightning, the horse king, contemptuously ignored Douson, leisurely grazing on the grass roots on the ground.

A short distance away, the herd of Black Blood Treasured Horses grazed on the hillside, periodically lifting their heads to look in Lightning's direction, still regarding him as their leader.

"My lord, we've hit a layer of rock halfway through digging up the second bone and can't dig any further," reported Marcus as he came over.

"It seems that beneath the soil of Black Horse Island, there's all rock," Liszt said as he walked toward the new pit and jumped to the bottom, stepping on the solid rock.

He crouched down, brushed the dirt off the rock with his hand, wanting to get a clearer view of the type of rock it was.

However, his understanding of rocks was not deep and he just felt that these stones were rather hard and seemed to have numerous tiny holes on them, like bubbles.

"Bubbles?" Suddenly feeling like he was onto something, he grasped at the fleeting inspiration.

He then instructed the serfs who were preparing to dig up the third bone, "Expand this pit; I want to see more of the rock." He didn't believe that the rock layer was one solid piece, there must be a fractured part that they could pry open to study closely.

As expected.

After the serfs enlarged the bare face of the rock at the bottom of the pit, Liszt saw the fissures between the rocks.

But as the bottom of the pit was continuously expanded and the dirt removed, revealing more and more of the rock surface, he startlingly discovered that these rocks actually had a regular pattern, resembling the size of a washbasin in hexagonal shapes. Moreover, there was a variation in the height of the rocks, as if they were stepped terraces sticking together.

“This...” Liszt finally caught the inspiration he’d had before, “These are basalt columns!”