

# **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead**

## **#Chapter 201: 0210:**

### **The Fallen Fire Dragon (Fourth Update, Alliance Hierarchy additional update 3/22) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 201: 0201: The Fallen Fire Dragon (Fourth Update, Alliance Hierarchy additional update 3/22)**

Chapter 201: The Fallen Fire Dragon (Fourth Update, Alliance Hierarchy additional update 3/22)

Before Liszt transmigrated, he was quite obsessed with the American drama “Game of Thrones,” which featured an impressively majestic architecture—the Wall.

With the help of Giants, humans built this wall spanning 300 miles long and 700 feet high made of ice and snow.

Initially very interested in the Wall, he looked up a lot of information and knew that the Wall’s prototype was a cliff formed by basalt columns in the western part of Iceland. Thus, he learned about the grand spectacle of basalt columns that only nature could form.

Ireland’s Giant’s Causeway, America’s Devil Tower, Scotland’s Fingal’s Cave, and the columnar jointing forest at Gaozi Mountain in Nanjing’s Luhe are all typical basalt columns.

It’s hard to believe that these neatly arranged columns originated from volcanic eruptions.

When volcanoes erupted magma, which then cooled and formed basalt with air pockets, it progressively contracted, and cracks created very regular geometric shapes. In most cases, they would form hexagons, as if they were machined by someone.

“These are basalt columns, without a doubt!”

As the excavation of the large pit continued, the appearance of the basalt columns was unveiled bit by bit. One after another, the orderly hexagonal columns revealed their true faces.

Kostor, who followed behind Liszt, suddenly exclaimed, "I remember now, my lord, I remember! I've seen this type of rock on an island!"

"What island?"

"An uninhabited desert island I came across on my way to Deep Throat Island. The entire island was dense with columns, the same shape as the ones here."

Kostor's words corroborated Liszt's judgment.

The rocks under their feet were indeed basalt columns, a geological structure formed by volcanic eruptions. Looking back at the huge skeleton, he suddenly thought of a possibility.

He pondered silently, "Perhaps my previous judgment was wrong, these are not the remains of just any dragon, maybe these are the remains of a Fire Dragon!"

A Wind Dragon could form Windhowl Valley, with its perennial gales.

Naturally, a Fire Dragon could form a volcano.

"If it was a Fire Dragon that fell here in its last moments, with its magic power, it would certainly have caused a volcanic eruption, and the body of the Fire Dragon would have been engulfed by the volcano. As time passed, perhaps after tens of thousands of years, the magic power of the Fire Dragon gradually dissipated, and the volcano died out. The upper layer gradually weathered away or was buried by wind-blown soil, forming what is now Black Horse Island."

Black Horse Island does not look like it was formed by a volcano.

But Liszt felt it made a lot of sense that this place might have been deep sea originally, but due to the Fire Dragon's fall and the constant volcanic eruptions, layers upon layers built up, finally breaking through the seawater to emerge above the surface.

"If I were to dive right now, to look at the base of Black Horse Island beneath the seawater, I might find a huge volcanic shape. What's exposed of Black Horse Island is just a part of the volcano crater."

"Quite a resemblance indeed, the 'mouth'-shaped distribution of Ice Grass Hill, Needle Grass Hill, Alfalfa Hill, and Sheep Grass Hill form a low-lying valley, fitting the structure of a volcano crater. The position of the bones, between Needle Grass Hill and Ice Grass Hill, not far from the volcano crater, suggests that perhaps the remains of the Fire Dragon were brought out by a volcanic eruption."

With this thought,

even if the Eye of Magic didn't observe any Fire Attribute Mana,

Liszt started to feel the Fire Attribute Dou Qi within him become restless, as if the Fire Attribute magic power here was very active.

Of course, it was an illusion. After calming down, he did not find such a sign, and the restlessness of the Dou Qi returned to calm.

"I might be overthinking it. After tens of thousands of years of erosion, probably nothing is left of the Fire Dragon except for these few bones."

Dragon!

Fire Dragon!

Liszt stood up, stepping on the basalt columns, and approached the bones.

He reached out and touched the rough surface of the bone, his heart filled with too many complex and inexpressible emotions that he wanted to vent, "I am fated with dragons, Formless Dragons, Smoke Dragons, Fire Dragons; common folk rarely witness one, yet I have encountered them one after another. It seems my life is destined for dragon riding in the skies."

Unfortunately, it wasn't a Metal Dragon or a Gemstone Dragon that had fallen here, leaving no metal or gemstone deposits behind.

But on second thought, it's reasonable, for if it were a Metal Dragon or Gemstone Dragon, without continuous volcanic eruptions, Black Horse Island would probably be nothing but a patch of silt at the bottom of the sea. No matter how rich the deposits, Liszt wouldn't be able to touch them.

Everything one sees has a reason behind it.

He then thought, "If the Fire Dragon has fallen here and it wasn't killed, then the existence of the Valley of Dragons could probably be ruled out... 'Dragonlance History: Dragons of Autumn Twilight' records that old dragons will all fly to the Valley of Dragons." There was nothing but oceans here, no Valley of Dragons.

At that moment,

Marcus, who was in charge of supervising the work, came up with an idea, "Baron, I'm wondering, since there are five bones embedded in these rocks, does it mean that there might be more bones that are also embedded in the rocks? Maybe the parts exposed above ground have decayed into fragments?"

“That makes sense. It seems we need to thoroughly clean up this area... the Burial Ground.” Liszt suddenly felt that the name he’d impulsively come up with had style, “This place will be called the Burial Ground. If the workforce has some free time, they should level the ground directly to see how many bones they can collect.”

The bones of the Fire Dragon, even though decayed, were still very hard and made excellent materials.

The upcoming Bone Craftsman Shop wouldn’t lack appropriate raw materials.

...

Having figured out the origin of the bones in the Burial Ground, Liszt felt there was no need to investigate further. So, the next morning, he set out from Black Horse Island under the glow of the rising red sun.

Of course, he took a bunch of bone fragments with him on the way back.

He needed to continue pondering what else these bones could be used for besides making bone utensils—using Dragon Bones to make farming tools for serfs seemed like a tremendous waste.

After returning to Fresh Flower Town, he met Elkeson True again.

The Magician had come to Fresh Flower Town to prepare the next batch of Magic Potions for Flame Valley.

Inspired, Liszt handed him a bone fragment, “Mr. Elkeson, I’ve recently discovered some ruins and found a few bone pieces. Could you help me study them to see what creature they belong to and what uses they might have?” The bones, decayed for tens of thousands of years, even if they exposed the secret of the Dragon Bones, were not a matter of concern.

What was important was to understand their function.

Elkeson took the bone fragment and nodded, “Rest assured, when I have time, I will study it. Also, Baron, I’ve brought the batch of writings by Magicians that you asked me to procure. There are fifty-six books in total. As for the Knight’s novels, you can have the merchant convoy purchase them.”

Liszt greatly thirsted for knowledge.

He wanted to write ‘Dragons Fight in the Wild,’ a chronicle, and needed a wealth of information to plagiarize... cough cough, I mean, a wealth of information to reference. Magicians, in their pursuit of truth and rejection of lies, tend to write books with more genuine content, which also spans a broad range and holds great reference value.

“Thank you very much. I will have Mr. Carter pay for the books as soon as possible.”

“I’m not in a hurry. I trust your reputation,” Elkeson said with a smile.

## **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 202: 202: Alchemy is a Hot Research Topic (Fifth Update, Alliance Hierarch Extra 4/22) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 202: 202: Alchemy is a Hot Research Topic (Fifth Update, Alliance Hierarch Extra 4/22)**

Chapter 202: Alchemy is a Hot Research Topic (Fifth Update, Alliance Hierarch Extra 4/22)

Magic books are different from knight novels.

Knight novels are stories created by destitute nobles in order to earn a living, aimed at a wide audience, and strive to be interesting, refreshing, and bizarre.

Magic books closely resemble research papers, primarily consisting of magicians’ research reports and experimental notes.

The majority of magic books are quite unreadable, some even disorganized and logically chaotic. Moreover, the printing quality is relatively poor, and many magic books are even circulated as handwritten manuscripts — as not many people are willing to buy them, naturally, there’s no money to pay the publisher for printing.

The fifty-six magic books sent by Elkeson.

Twenty-one of them are manuscripts.

“‘Rudolf’s Alchemy Diary of Eighteen Venoms from Red Viper Island Snakes — Slite Truth,’ does this kind of book really have any reading value?” He flipped through the manuscript in his hand and felt a bit cheated — such a book actually cost two silver coins, “Well, let’s consider it a manual on snake venom.”

After flipping through a few pages, he lost patience and stuffed the book into the Gemstone Space.

He continued to open the next manuscript.

“Fredo’s Fireball Technique,” a book about how to release the Fireball Technique and improve the process of casting it. The author, Fredo Truth, was only a Magic

Apprentice, and the only spell he knew was the Fireball Technique. The book recorded over one hundred attempts he made in various casting directions to expand his Fireball Technique.

In the end, he succeeded in improving the Fireball Technique — allowing it to be conjured by rubbing the back of the hand.

He called this improvement a groundbreaking progress, believing that he would inevitably usher in the era of magic.

Unfortunately, this was a secondhand book, with another magician's review at the end. This magician disdainfully left a comment, "When you advance to be a magician, you will understand that any part of the body can serve as a medium for casting spells, the only difference is that casting with the palm is faster."

"So, is this book just a negative example?" Liszt was quite speechless and chucked it directly into the Gemstone Space.

Flipping back and forth, most handwritten magic books contained rather eccentric experimental material with little value, better suited for propping up a table leg.

When he flipped to the last manuscript, his eyebrows instantly raised.

The book was titled — "Kennedy's Alchemy Diary."

"Another alchemy diary!" Liszt immediately thought of the Sunken Ship Treasure he had obtained, "In that box back then, there was also an alchemy diary, which seemed to be called 'Rudolf's Alchemy Diary', and it also had a handwritten Serpent Script cover. It seems that was also a handwritten magic book."

Composing himself, he began to read through the diary.

The author was a newly advanced magician who tried many methods to guide Magic Power, attempting to turn a rock into gold under the influence of Magic Power. For this, he even melted down his own seven Gold Coins to observe the differences between the gold and the stone, but he still failed to discover the method of transmutation.

Thus, this too was a book of continuous failures, a negative example.

Closing the book, Liszt stood up and went to the Flame Mushroom Processing Workshop to find Elkerson: "Do all magicians like to study alchemy?"

Elkerson put down his work and explained, "Baron Liszt, the Triangle Theory is a recognized truth among magicians, so we always hope to find the most direct evidence to prove the validity of this theory. Transmutation is the best evidence."

“Why?”

“Because the process of transmutation can be divided into two phases. First, the physical rock is transformed into spirit by the aid of Magic Power, and then, the spirit is converted back into the physical form of gold through Magic Power. Hence, transmutation would strictly verify the correctness of the Triangle Theory, which is one of the lifelong ideals we magicians pursue.”

“In that case,” Liszt felt a bit conflicted, “has the research on transmutation ever been successful?”

“I do not know, but many magicians believe that in ancient times, there were real alchemists who could transmute rocks into gold.”

“Why must one choose to turn stones into gold? If the goal is to verify the triangular theory, couldn’t the same be done by refining other things?”

Elkerson smiled, “Baron Liszt, your understanding might be slightly off. Alchemy is just a generic term. Turning stones into gold is just the popular amongst them. As magicians conducting experiments need a lot of money, we all like to research turning stones into gold in hopes of amassing sufficient wealth.”

With a somewhat helpless shrug, he continued, “But that doesn’t mean no one has tried to refine other items; it’s just that there has never been a success story... When I had just advanced to the rank of magician, I also chose to research alchemy, but in the end, I gave up.”

I roughly understood what alchemy was all about.

Feeling somewhat disappointed, Liszt went on to ask, “So, do many magicians write an alchemy diary?”

“Yes.”

“Alright then, continue with your work, I won’t disturb you further.” He was just about to leave when he turned back around, “The bone fragments I gave you, have you looked into them?”

“I haven’t had the chance to study them yet.”

“Study them as soon as possible, I’m very curious about these fragments.”

“Of course, as soon as I have some free time.” He shook the crystal tube in his hand, indicating that he needed to make the Flame Mushroom Magic Potion first.

...

Upon returning to the castle, Liszt felt a pang of melancholy.

The frustration that had sprouted from the decay of “Rudolf’s Alchemy Diary” dissipated. It turned out that magicians all liked to fuss with alchemy and write alchemy diaries.

If it had truly been perfected, it wouldn’t be disseminated in the form of handwritten copies.

That magician would instantly become an untouchable, hallowed figure in the hearts of all magicians, on par with the sun. Even Dragon Knights would likely come to blows over him.

The knot in my heart unraveled.

There was certainly a feeling of relief throughout my body, but this also suggested that alchemy was probably nothing but a fairytale dream.

The endless stream of magicians tirelessly researching alchemy without getting any useful information showed the difficulty of the art—overnight riches remained a dream.

For me, it also meant the shattering of a dream.

After a moment of internal conflict, I quickly adjusted my mindset, “Forget it, I’m not a magician, why obsess over learning alchemy?” He casually tossed “Kennedy’s Alchemy Diary” into the Gemstone Space.

He continued flipping through the next magic book.

The manuscripts were all read, only printed books remained.

There are three possibilities for a magic book to be printed. One is that the author is wealthy and pays for the printing himself; another is that the book is valuable, and magicians are willing to buy it; and the third is that the book is interesting, and nobles are willing to buy it.

“Wild Elf Bug Market Selling Prices,” “The Blind Wind Blade Wolf King,” “How to Safely Pass Through Midoro Mangrove Forest,” “Observations from the Highland White Tower — Carrick Truth”...

Clearly, these magic books were of much higher quality than the manuscripts.

Liszt held “Wild Elf Bug Market Selling Prices” with great interest. The author was a magician living in the capital of Steel Ridge Kingdom, the City of Steel, which had a large wild elf trading market. Every day, magicians would go to the market to observe those wild elves.



“Interesting, a single Venus Flytrap Spirit Worm is actually priced at three thousand six hundred gold coins, because the City of Steel is overrun with mosquitoes and flies, with Venus Flytraps in high demand.”

#### Chapter 203: Liszt's First Battle (First Update)

The price of Elf Bugs generally fluctuates around one or two thousand Gold Coins, with some of the less valuable ones going for just a few hundred Gold Coins, and the higher-priced depending on the species.

The highest on record in the books is the Red Holy Fruit Elf Bug, fetching a price of five thousand eight hundred Gold Coins. The reason is that the Red Holy Fruit is a highly valuable Magic Potion ingredient, and to expand its cultivation, one must rely on the Red Holy Fruit Elf Bug. Considering that Elf Bugs only live for ten years, achieving such a high price is inconceivable.

If there is a market for Elf Bugs, there simply isn't one for Little Minor Elves.

They are treated as family heirlooms, passed down from generation to generation.

Even the least valuable weed Little Minor Elf wouldn't be sold by anyone, for their sheer beauty alone is considered priceless.

In summary, “Market Selling Prices of Wild Elf Bugs” is a book of Magic that holds referential value.

The next dozens of printed Magic Books are also good and have referential value. He planned to read them slowly, in no hurry, as “Dragons Fight in the Wild” couldn't be written in a day. He remembered his identity, as a Landlord who aspired to Dragon Riding, not as a Noble brought so low as to live off writing novels.

Practicing Combat Skills, taking drugs to enhance Dou Qi.

Walking the dog, Douson, and visiting the Earth Matron.

Inspecting Thorns, and examining workshops.

Only after his daily itinerary was completed would he pick up his pen to write history. Occasionally inspired, he would also return to his study room to jot down his ideas.

These days, his energies were mostly spent on the Corn Grass fields.

The serfs from Barley Hamlet were busy tilling the fields and sowing Corn Grass seeds, while Liszt would continuously hover around the already thriving Corn Grass, employing

the Eye of Magic to observe signs of Elf Bugs breeding. He believed that once any Elf Bugs were breeding, he would be the first to know.

...

By the end of November, it seemed that a cold wave had struck, causing the temperature in Fresh Flower Town to plummet suddenly.

The servants in the castle had switched to newly tailored work outfits.

The male servants continued to wear traditional tailcoats, exemplifying gentlemanly elegance.

The female servants, however, had ordered the latest popular Coral City version of the improved maid outfit—with a headband known as a “Katsushika,” a black long skirt with a loose fit, covered by a white cinched one-piece apron, paired with white stockings and two black round-toed leather shoes.

Simple yet not plain, cheeky yet adorable.

Liszt liked it very much.

Watching the maids every day with their brooms, rags, and dusters cleaning was a pleasure. Especially the former kitchen maid, Little Lily, Lily-Bathing Basin, who, due to her outstanding performance in the kitchen, Mrs. Morson had promoted to maid cleaning upstairs, often working in front of Liszt.

Her previously scrawny body, with the improvement in living standards, had blossomed. At the flowery age of sixteen, her charm fully unfolded. With a protruding front and curvy back, coupled with a decent face, Liszt couldn't help but show his respect.

Sometimes, he had very beastly thoughts.

In the castle, he was the only master; he could do whatever he wished—why not pounce?

But he managed to quell his restlessness, channeling that urge into the drive for training his Dou Qi. “Fire Dragon Drill” and “Flaming Wave” were deeply memorized, each move executed without hesitation. His proficiency in “Multi-Arrow” also gradually improved, mastering the Double Arrow realm completely, and he was not far from mastering the Triple Arrow realm.

The Multiple Arrow realm was just slightly out of reach, and as for the Ultimate Mystery Multi-Shadow Arrow, he was almost complete.

“When I finish the Multi-Shadow Arrow, that will be the moment when ‘Multi-Arrow’ fully surpasses Marcus,” Liszt said, holding his bow and arrow with a sharp gaze, staring at the target a hundred meters away. With three arrows clamped in his left hand and three more in his mouth, he calculated, “Wind speed... humidity... gravity acceleration... attachment force of Dou Qi... Calculations complete, shoot!”

The whistling generated wind.

The three arrows were like three parallel rays of Light.

His hands moved continuously, plucking the three arrows from his mouth and again placing them onto the bowstring, drawing the bow and releasing.

Six arrows followed one after another, weaving in and out of each other due to different speeds, quickly intertwining and performing complex collisions, simultaneously changing direction, altering the angle of flight.

Then, six arrows, as if released at the exact same time, hit the dead center of the target, sinking in steadily, the arrowheads completely disappearing.

“No misses!”

Liszt suddenly started, then instantly beamed with joy, “No misses, I’ve mastered the Multiple Phantom Arrow! My archery, has surpassed that of Marcus! I, Liszt Tulip, have now ascended to the rank of a Divine Archer!”

After the surprise had faded, a unique sense of unbeatable loneliness arose—he had become a combat force of another level in Fresh Flower Town, an uncommon Earth Knight.

Even across the entirety of Coral Island, he was among the top ten knights.

“I’m afraid Levis is no match for me now, he’s just a pampered Elite Earth Knight. Although I’ve never been on a battlefield, my archery is exceptional.”

Divine Archer, a title which signified his combat power far exceeded that of a regular knight.

However, considering Levis was gaining experience on the battlefield, he decided to still use Marcus as a benchmark. An Elite Earth Knight like Marcus represented the majority of knights who couldn’t afford Magic Potions, with their only means to increase combat power being to continuously refine their combat skills.

“My Dou Qi quantity already far surpasses Marcus, my archery is ahead of him, and I also have the Crimson Blood Sword to amplify the power of the Dou Qi Manuscript.”

With a ringing sound, he drew the Crimson Blood Sword.

Liszt looked up at the sky at a forty-five-degree angle and murmured softly, "Such a Marcus, I would take on ten of him."

Marcus was still away at Black Horse Island, unavailable for a match, but there were still two Earth Knights in Fresh Flower Town, Rondo Waterpot and Lasse Steelyard.

"Join me for a real combat training session, Rondo first."

"Yes, Baron!" Rondo replied solemnly; he was older than Liszt and thus not very nervous. On the contrary, he looked somewhat relaxed.

After all, in everyone's estimation, it had only been a little more than half a year since Liszt had broken through to become an Earth Knight. Granted, with the support of Douson, his prestige was immense, but his own combat ability was probably quite limited, even if mounted on a divine steed. Nothing to fear.

"Are you ready, Rondo?"

"Baron, I am ready to begin at any time!"

"Then, Lasse, you be the judge!"

"Yes, Baron. Rondo, please listen to my command," Lasse announced loudly. "In the name of a knight's honor, ready, begin!"

At the command, Liszt and Rondo, a hundred meters apart, each steered their mounts and began their charge. At this moment, Rondo was relaxed; he wasn't lacking in real combat experience. On the other side, Liszt was somewhat tense; it was, after all, his first time in a combat practice, and his body was a bit stiff.

Taking a deep breath.

He swung the Knight's Spear, and as they were about to brush past each other, he thrust out forcefully: "Fire Dragon Sweep!"

Boom thud!

Flames suddenly surged on the Knight's Spear, the move fierce. It collided violently with Rondo's Knight's Spear, and then the flames dissipated, with both spears rebounding off each other. Rondo swayed slightly in the saddle, but quickly steadied himself. Liszt didn't sway, but his hand holding the Knight's Spear almost twisted from the recoil.

Because of his nervousness, he hadn't controlled his strength properly, and half of the recoil was due to his own excessive force.

“A mistake.” He understood clear as day, annoyed by such a rookie blunder, but it did much to dissolve his nervousness, “Rondo’s strength is much weaker than I expected, or rather, my own strength far surpasses his!”

An Elite Earth Knight against a Common Earth Knight should indeed exhibit an overwhelming momentum.

Realizing this.

He let go of any nervousness and bellowed, “Again!”

The Li Dragon Horse, in tune with his heart, spun around and, as one with Liszt, charged towards Rondo once more.

Chapter 204: Both of You Come at Me Together (Second Update)  
Boom thud!

The Knight’s Spear collided again, Rondo felt his hands starting to tremble, the force transmitted from the spear was unexpectedly immense, and there was a scorching heat.

Just two clashes, and he had already understood that he had underestimated the young Landlord of Fresh Flower Town.

“Is this the disparity of bloodlines, he’s only sixteen, and I am already twenty-one, yet I can barely withstand his two thrusts,” Rondo thought with a chill in his heart, and even a sense of despair was rising.

As an illegitimate child, the only thing he took pride in, was his Noble bloodline. But this very point of pride, in front of Liszt, had no reason for pride at all, the other was the son of an Earl, with the bloodline of a Sky Knight, and also the grandson of a Marquis.

“Once more, once more!”

Liszt’s shout snapped Rondo back to reality, he quickly pulled his horse back, restrained the trembling of his arms, and braced his spear for the attack.

The easy-going attitude was gone, replaced by nothing but caution and bitterness.

As an Earth Attribute Earth Knight, Rondo had always been adept at defense, for someone of his same level, defeating him in a short time was somewhat troublesome.

But facing Liszt, he seriously doubted he could block the third spear thrust.

And indeed, it was true, when the two Fine Steel Spears collided, he felt an overpowering force hit him, followed by a high temperature like raging fire, forcing him to lose grip on the spear.

Clang!

The Knight's Spear flew high into the air, and Rondo himself was sent flying, the sky spinning violently above him. His mind hadn't caught up by the time his body heavily slammed onto the ground, causing his internal organs to be violently shaken, with a breath stuck in his chest. Staring dazedly at the sky, he didn't stand up for quite a while, not understanding how he was defeated in just three thrusts.

On the other side, Liszt shook his head.

He felt Rondo's strength diminishing with each thrust, and by the third, it was barely withstanding the hit. He hadn't even used half of his strength yet he had sent Rondo flying; if he had put in his full effort, the thrust would have pierced a hole through Rondo's body, skewering him on the spear.

Since the fight had not been satisfying, he turned his gaze towards Lasse: "Lasse, your turn!"

Lasse's scalp numbed, he watched clearly how Liszt sent Rondo flying with three thrusts, understanding that he was no match, but he had to accept the challenge: "Lasse challenges Baron!"

The two riders crossed paths.

Dou Qi burst forth, fiery flames surged, and in the midst of the flaming Dou Qi, Lasse was sent flying like a kite with its string cut, following in Rondo's footsteps.

And moreover, Liszt had only put forth the first thrust.

"I..." Lasse lay on the ground, wanting to say something, opened his mouth, but no words came out.

After a moment, both Rondo and Lasse recovered from the shock, and looked towards Liszt with eyes no longer on the same level, only respecting the strength of the more powerful. Liszt's bloodline was more noble than theirs, his status higher, and his strength greater; apart from reverence, they had no other choice.

"I am stronger than I imagined, all this time I've underestimated myself."

He was inwardly pleased.

On the surface, Liszt did not reveal this, a grown man's soul knows how to restrain his emotions. He merely stated indifferently: "Since leaving the Knight Academy, I have yet to engage in real combat training, neither of us showed our full strength just now. This time, you two come at me together, let's train once more!"

"Yes, Baron!" the two replied in unison.

A two-on-one battle began, with double the attacks coming his way, Liszt was initially thrown into disarray. But the gap in strength was too clear, after two rounds of charges, he adapted to the double attacks, wielding the Fine Steel Knight's Spear, creating flames that filled the sky.

Clang!

“

Clang!

After the two strikes, Rondo and Lasse were sent flying again, crashing heavily onto the ground. Neither was adequate enough to pose a threat to Liszt.

Once they got up, Liszt did not show any joy of victory; he still wore his standard noble smile, "Today's training ends here. You two have just arrived at Fresh Flower Town and lack sufficient members to practice with. For now, hone your own Dou Qi. If you wish to enter the battlefield, you indeed fall short."

Both had somewhat harbored the mentality of picking up beans, thinking that due to the lack of people in Fresh Flower Town, pledging allegiance early would allow them to pick some achievements.

However, today's training made them realize that without sufficient strength, no good outcomes await them anywhere they go. Putting aside their frivolity, they responded earnestly, "Yes, Baron!"

They had not yet chosen to pledge loyalty, nor had Liszt accepted them.

Whether a relationship of following and fealty could be established in the future depended on their performance—based on their current one, Liszt really did not think much of the two.

Of course, he did not outright reject them.

He planned to wait for Marcus's return and test his own strength against him. Marcus's combat power was clearly at the level of Coral Island's elite knights—the Earl specifically assigned him to protect Liszt and to serve as his family tutor, valuing this very aspect.

Thus, Marcus could be used as a benchmark.

...

The session dispersed.

Everyone returned home.

This battle-

might not have been very satisfying, but the process was invigorating. After bathing, Liszt leaned back in the living room chair, recalling the details of the fight, thinking about what could be improved. Being good at summarizing and deducing allowed him to better identify and improve upon his deficiencies.

As he reminisced, he might have been somewhat distracted.

Smoke Mission silently emerged and quickly caught Liszt's attention, "Mission completed, reward: one Corn Grass Elf Bug."

A reward without surprise, a Corn Grass Elf Bug without surprise.

"It seems that the task of tilling one hundred acres of Corn Grass has been completed. Quite good, the Corn Grass Elf Bug, my tenth Elf Bug... no, still the ninth, as the Thorn Bug has already evolved into a Thorn Minor Elf."

He waved his hand.

A new Smoke Mission had already been posted.

"Mission: Haven't had enough of grilled meat and seafood? As a noble landlord, how can your dietary nutrition lack poultry, fish, meat, and eggs? With this year's abundant harvest, please raise over a thousand chickens in Fresh Flower Town to provide enough eggs and chicken meat. Reward: Special ore vein."

"Hmm?"

"Special ore vein?" Liszt was overjoyed, "The reward is an ore vein? The last rewarded ore was a super small Saltpeter Mine; this time it is a special ore vein. I wonder what kind of ore it will be... Right, could it be related to the Basalt Columns?"

He made the connection that it probably had to do with Black Horse Island's main body formed by the Basalt Columns.

Whatever the special ore vein was, it could be buried within these Basalt Columns.



No matter what it was-

As long as it was an ore vein, it had to be secured: “Raising chickens, just one thousand chickens. Distributed among the serf families, each household raising about ten chickens is enough!”

## **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 205: 0205: The Household Chicken Farming Initiative (Third Update, Alliance Hierarch Supplementary Update 5/22) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 205: 0205: The Household Chicken Farming Initiative (Third Update, Alliance Hierarch Supplementary Update 5/22)**

Chapter 205: The Household Chicken Farming Initiative (Third Update, Alliance Hierarch Supplementary Update 5/22)

Liszt, who possessed the Eye of Magic, could not miss any Elf Bug that was born.

The Corn Grass Elf Bug was no exception to his observation. On the edge of the corn grass field, he discovered a faint trace of magic power on the tassel of an inconspicuous corn grass.

“Finally found you. Grow up quickly and work for me.”

Once Liszt confirmed it, he immediately called over Worm Affairs Officer Rom Barrel and told him, “This corn grass is brewing a Corn Grass Elf Bug. Remember to arrange for Bug Guard Members to watch over it day and night, and don’t let any mistakes occur.”

“Please rest assured, my lord. Rom will personally take part in the vigil and ensure the Corn Grass Elf Bug is nurtured smoothly without any disturbance!” Rom replied with joy. Witnessing the birth of new Elf Bugs had become a daily routine in Fresh Flower Town—truly a place blessed with knightly glory.

Liszt also ordered the steward Gejir from Barley Hamlet, “Don’t forget to fertilize and water this Corn Grass Bug diligently. If there are any signs of disease or wilting, inform me immediately.”

The nurturing of an Elf Bug, given sufficient nutrition and meticulous care, normally takes ten to fifteen days. The vast majority fail to reach maturity due to various reasons, such as lack of discovery or inadequate nurturing, resulting in difficult births or even miscarriages.

But in Fresh Flower Town, such problems did not exist.

“One Little Minor Elf, nine Elf Bugs, the number of my Domain Elves is about to catch up to Li Vera.” He thought with pleasure that surpassing her was only a matter of time.

When Li Vera was granted her fiefdom, she received a Tulip Lesser Spirit and twelve Elf Bugs. Over the next three years, one of her Elf Bugs died, but two more were born in her territory. Thus, she now had thirteen Elf Bugs. The upkeep of these Elves kept Falcon Town prosperous.

However, the potential of Falcon Town is far inferior compared to Fresh Flower Town.

There were no monopoly businesses that generated cash flow, such as seafood or Fresh Flower Soap; nor a diversity of Magic Potions—she only had the Tulip Magic Potion, which was a share from the Black Tulip profits given by Liszt. And without Intermediate Magical Beasts or Dragon Breed Horses, even her cultivated Knight Squads were ordinary.

Fresh Flower Town held the reins to the Black Blood Treasured Horses, and any Knight Squads it would form in the future could definitely rival elite forces like the Coral City Knights.

Of course, Li Vera was not Liszt’s target.

He had no interest in comparing himself to a woman, what concerned him more was when he could surpass Levis, “Levis broke through to become an Earth Knight before reaching adulthood, his talent praised by all, but I have caught up with him, equally an Elite Earth Knight! Now, my goal is the same as his, to advance to a Sky Knight!”

His path of enhancing through Magic Potions was progressing smoothly, filling Liszt with boundless pride: “Becoming a Sky Knight for me is within easy reach... The Earl is called the Sea Wave Sword Saint by the people of the Eagle Kingdom, and I, in the future, shall be known as the Flame Sword Saint!”

In a charge, Knights primarily use lances while on horseback.

During a duel, they mainly rely on swords.

Sky Knights don’t need to charge with large troops; one person with a sword can sweep through an ordinary hundred-man Knight Squad, hence they are called Sword Saints.

Now.

The future Flame Sword Saint, Liszt Tulip, was on his way to the office to convene a meeting with the town officials.

“Consultant Goltai, and everyone else, I plan to promote chicken farming among the households in Fresh Flower Town,” he said bluntly, not bothering to make excuses for his intentions. “The Smoke Mission demands it, so I’ll just give the order. Anyway, no one dares question me. Within the next half a month, the scale of poultry farming must reach a thousand, no, fifteen hundred chickens!”

Raising chickens is no easy task, with a non-negligible mortality rate, something to keep in mind.

After a pause, he continued, “The chicken farming is for the castle, with the castle subsidizing the chick feed. Once grown, the chickens will be taken back by the castle. However, during this period, the eggs laid by the hens will be purchased by the castle at market price as compensation for the farmers’ efforts in raising chickens. Do you have anything to add?”

“My lord, if that’s the case, it seems the households would have no incentive to raise roosters, should we only raise hens?” Isaiah asked, knowing that hens could lay eggs even without roosters.

But without roosters to mate, the eggs laid by the hens wouldn’t hatch into chicks.

Liszt didn’t hesitate and immediately provided a solution, “Set a standard. Any household willing to farm chickens must keep nine hens to one rooster. Those who can may try to hatch chicks on their own, and these chicks will belong to the households themselves. Of course, you’ll need to review if the households are equipped for chicken farming, those without the proper conditions are not permitted to raise chickens.”

Winter is coming. If they can’t even build a simple coop, raising chickens would just lead to them freezing... If a household is willing to keep chickens indoors with them, then there wouldn’t be a need for a coop, and an exception can be made.

After a brief discussion, the chicken farming initiative was launched.

With fifteen hundred chickens spread over households, only a hundred and fifty are needed, making it easy to pick out households suitable for chicken farming. At the same time, Fresh Flower Caravan and Thorn Caravan also received notices to purchase chicks, and even fully-grown chickens, from large cities to be delivered to Fresh Flower Town.

“Within half a month, before the winter snow comes, reaching a thousand chickens won’t be a problem,” Goltai counted on his fingers, “In previous years, Fresh Flower Town typically begins to cool down and snow around mid-December, continuing sporadically for two months, until the middle of February of the following year when the temperature starts to rise again.”

Liszt swirled the red wine in his cup, which was during a banquet in the castle, “Not just Fresh Flower Town, but half of Coral Island will experience snowfall, though Fresh Flower Town, located at the northeasternmost edge, will be affected the most severely.” He surmised that the snowfall was likely brought on by a minor cold front.

On Earth, temperatures often plummet with the arrival of a cold front.

It was not clear in this world, but the general principle should not be too different. Coral Island is an island, deeply impacted by cold fronts, even if they are only minor ones.

“By the way, Consultant Goltai, how is the preparation work for winter cold prevention proceeding?” he asked.

“Oh, you can rest assured. For the sake of my meager salary, not a single serf in Fresh Flower Town will freeze to death this year—I swear on the knight’s honor! If even one perishes from the cold, I’ll personally run to the Eagle Kingdom to fetch another serf!” Goltai exaggerated.

In doing so, he was trying to inject some humor and lighten the atmosphere of the banquet.

Ever since Liszt gradually turned banquets into working meetings, the raucous mood typical of noble festivities had seldom appeared, with everyone accustomed to discussing work over food and drink.

This is probably related to Liszt’s preference for quiet.

While Goltai enjoyed liveliness.

Elegantly slicing his steak, Liszt remained unaffected by Goltai’s antics, maintaining his usual quiet demeanor, “Cold protection is only one part of the winter strategy. This winter, we cannot allow the serfs to idle. We must continue to launch projects and transform the infrastructure of Fresh Flower Town.”

The genes of an infrastructure maniac had already deeply penetrated Liszt’s soul—If you want to get rich, build roads first!

**The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 206: 0206: Fire Attribute Condensation Core Vein (Fourth Update, Alliance Hierarch additional update 6/22) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 206: 0206: Fire**

## **Attribute Condensation Core Vein (Fourth Update, Alliance Hierarch additional update 6/22)**

Chapter 206: Fire Attribute Condensation Core Vein (Fourth Update, Alliance Hierarch additional update 6/22)

Elkerson still took the time to analyze the bone fragments Liszt had given him.

Of course, he wasn't a scientist after all, just a magician whose enthusiasm for socializing was greater than his desire for exploring truth. After tinkering with the fragments for a few days, he returned them to Liszt.

"Baron Liszt," he said with a bow, "based on my judgment, these are remains of a skeleton from a gigantic creature, ancient in age. The magic power that was once attached to the bones has completely dissipated... Therefore, they can probably still be used to craft bone utensils, with a hardness quite decent, not much less than iron tools."

He gracefully performed a bow: "Additionally, thank you for your generous hospitality. I have already finished making the next batch of Flame Mushroom Magic Potions, so I bid you farewell."

"Alright then, don't forget to continue purchasing magic books for me when you come next time."

"That won't be a problem."

Elkerson left as if floating on air, probably back to Coral City to live it up—a magician is human too, not bound by marriage but free to visit brothels and continue their quest for the truths of life.

On the apple table laid several portions of snack pastries.

Douson was lying on the edge of the table, dog eyes fixed on the pastries, wanting to eat but not daring to reach out.

Swinging on the apple tree was the beautiful Minor Elf Jela, white as snow. With Liszt watching by, she didn't bind Douson but instead dozed off in boredom on the tree.

Occasionally, as leaves fell, she would woosh out to chase after them, amusing herself.

Leaning against the chair under the tree, Liszt twirled a piece of Fire Dragon Bone fragment in his hands, looking rather disappointed: "It seems they really can only be used to make bone utensils, for the serfs to use in farming... Sigh, such precious Dragon Bones reduced to farming, what a waste of natural resources!"

Butler Carter approached and reported: "My lord, a total of twenty carts of bone fragments have been neatly stacked in the warehouse. Do you need to count them personally?"

"No need, Mr. Carter, I trust you to handle this sort of matter for me."

Carter smiled modestly: "Thank you for your trust, my lord. It's my honor to serve the castle."

"Don't forget to assign the task of finding a bone craftsman to Abagon and Sherlock. The Bone Craftsman Shops are starting to take shape, but we are still waiting for the craftsmen to arrive. Also, help me keep an ear out for any signs of competition between them. I don't want conflicts to arise between the two trading crews over the sales of Fresh Flower Soap."

"You can rest assured, I will keep a close eye on Abagon and Sherlock."

Liszt nodded, musing to himself: "Merchants need control. Once given too much power, they forget themselves, which is not good."

He was beginning to dislike merchants. Indeed, well-behaved farmers were the type of populace a lord favored most. Active merchants always had ambitions that swelled from time to time—due to the limited supply of Fresh Flower Soap, in an effort to restrict the other, they even bribed Bunier, oppressing their opponent.

They had cast aside Liszt's instructions for them to cooperate.

Punishment was necessary. He planned to coax Old Geronte out of retirement to consolidate the two trading crews and cut down on their independent autonomy.

And he was ready to promote a few natives from Fresh Flower Town to take up key positions in the trading crews.

To supervise and limit Abagon and Sherlock.

"If only I had the Three Corpses Brain God Pill, one pill for each of them, and without any need for political maneuvers to restrain them, they would obediently listen," he thought nostalgically. In Sun Moon Cult's techniques of controlling subordinates, fear of force wasn't as effective as medication. "Without the Three Corpses Brain God Pill, if only I could learn the Sky Mountain Child Granny's Life and Death Symbols as well."

His mind raced with possibilities; the martial arts books had internal energies, and this world had magic power. Could it be possible to develop magic or Dou Qi to achieve the effects of the Life and Death Symbols or the Three Corpses Brain God Pill?

At the very least, magical contracts in some sense did have the property of partially controlling life and death.

He pulled out a piece of thick parchment.

On it he heavily wrote down a few Serpent Scripts: "Life and Death Control Magic, Dou Qi, or Contracts, Development Plan!"

Then he stuffed the thick parchment into the Space Gem, it was merely a thought for now, without the ability to develop, perhaps when the ability was possessed, it would not be too late to develop.

The Fresh Flower Vessel brought back an entire half ship of bone fragments on this voyage.

These were just a small part of the fragments cleared from the Burial Ground, and they filled up a newly-built large warehouse, with such an abundant supply of raw materials, an immense number of bone utensils could be crafted. The primitive farming civilization of Fresh Flower Town would leap to a new level of civilization once the farming tools were in place.

In time, a single serf would be able to till more farmland, utilizing all the spare wastelands of Fresh Flower Town.

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By the time the last batch of bone fragments were delivered to the town by the Fresh Flower Vessel, it was already close to mid-December.

A bone craftsman from Coral City, Blaice Bone, finally agreed to head over to Fresh Flower Town to oversee the Bone Craftsman Shop, to craft bone utensils for Fresh Flower Town and to teach apprentices, lured by a hefty sum.

Coming along with him were his family members. His wife, two sons, daughters-in-law, and a newborn grandson. This whole family possessed the bone craftsman heritage skills. Of course, they weren't exquisite, that's why they couldn't compete with the other Bone Craftsman Shops in Coral City and were willing to come to the small rural town.

"Blaice, work diligently for me, and the rewards you receive will far outweigh your contributions," Liszt met with Blaice, "Your two sons are already set in their ways, with no potential for growth, but your grandson, when he grows a bit older, I can make an exception and have him train with the knights and become one of my Retainer Knights."

Offering a chance for a leap into nobility was an unbeatable move.



Sure enough, Blaice knelt down excitedly, “I am willing to work for Lord Landlord, giving my utmost effort.”

“Very well, in the future, you’ll feel proud of the choice you’ve made today.”

He had successfully sweet-talked Bone Craftsman Blaice.

Isaiah brought more good news—the scale of chicken farming in Fresh Flower Town had officially surpassed a thousand, and upon hearing the benefits of chicken farming, the farmers eagerly signed up, all knowing the value of eggs.

But the chicks were not easy to buy, most of them were gathered one by one from rural farmers, barely managing to gather a thousand before the coming of winter snow.

“Mission completed, reward: Fire Attribute Condensation Core Vein.”

The Smoke Mission promptly followed up with the reward for the mission, a type of ore vein that Liszt had never heard of.

“Fire Attribute Cores, what kind of gemstone is that? It sounds very valuable, seems like it’s related to that perished Fire Dragon? It should be on Black Horse Island, most likely Marcus and his team discovered this Fire Attribute Condensation Core Vein underground while they were excavating the fragments.”

Fire Dragon, Fire Attribute Cores, Liszt couldn’t help but connect the two.

However, in the information on dragons, Elemental Dragons do not produce minerals, and he had never heard of Fire Dragons producing such a Fire Attribute Condensation Core Vein.

“When Marcus returns, I’ll ask him what kind of vein they found; if they haven’t found it yet, we must send someone to search for it and excavate immediately... I always feel like the Fire Attribute Cores will be very important to me, after all, my Dou Qi is of the Fire Attribute!”

In the midst of his racing thoughts.

The smoke before him changed, forming new Serpent Script.

**The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 207: 0207: The Thief Who Spied on the Landlord (Fifth Update, Alliance Hierarch Added Update 7/22) - Read The Mighty**



## **Dragons Are Dead Chapter 207: 0207: The Thief Who Spied on the Landlord (Fifth Update, Alliance Hierarchy Added Update 7/22)**

Chapter 207: The Thief Who Spied on the Landlord (Fifth Update, Alliance Hierarchy Added Update 7/22)

Looking at the content of the Smoke Serpent Script before him, Liszt furrowed his brows deeply.

“Mission: The female monkeys at the Fruit Thief Monkey Training Grounds are about to give birth, and the farmers’ summarized techniques for picking Fragrant Coconut Fruits will come in handy, but natural breeding isn’t as fast as wild capture. Please expand the monkey troop to thirty. Reward: The thief peeping at the landlord.”

There was no issue with the mission itself, and expanding the monkey troop wasn’t difficult; monkeys could be purchased from other regions. As long as there was enough money, there would always be hunters capturing and selling monkeys.

But the reward puzzled him, “A thief peeping at the landlord; what is this supposed to mean?”

He had always considered Fresh Flower Town on Coral Island to be an idyllic paradise under the protection of the Tulip Family’s bloodline, unworried that anyone would target Fresh Flower Town.

Yet the reward for this mission pointed directly at Liszt himself.

There was a thief plotting to spy on him.

“Is this a warning that a thief means to harm me?” Liszt shook his head, doubting this possibility, “Clearly, the Smoke Mission wouldn’t be so straightforward. Perhaps, this is like the chain mission with the Formless Dragon? Ostensibly rewarding the invasion of a Formless Dragon, but in reality, rewarding me with a Space Gem.”

From his exploration and understanding of the Smoke Missions, this possibility was very likely.

“Regardless, the security and defenses of the territory must be strengthened. The essence of the Smoke Mission is a reward for me, but if a thief does mess things up, I’ll still have to bear the loss... Smoke Missions are just one of fate’s choices; without proper preparation, I fear it won’t do.”

He notified the caravan to purchase monkeys.

He also called Karl and Rom to command them to tighten management over the Patrol Team and Bug Guard Team, paying strict attention to all movements within the territory.

Marcus was overseeing the work on Black Horse Island, so for a while, he had the two Retainer Knights, Philip and Xavier, maintain the patrol and security of the castle.

He also instructed Butler Carter to keep an eye on everyone entering and exiting the castle, whether servants, territory officers, or clerks; they all had to be watched closely.

If anyone suspicious attempted to infiltrate the castle, they were to report to him immediately.

“My lord, have you perceived something?” Carter, puzzled by Liszt’s orders, appeared somewhat anxious.

Liszt nodded, “The development of Fresh Flower Town has been rapid, changing its appearance in less than a year. Were it another territory, I too might be tempted by unsavory ideas. The winter snows are about to fall, and I do not wish any unpleasant incidents to occur at this critical time.”

“I understand. I will ensure the servants are firmly instructed to guard the castle’s safety.”

“Hm.”

Liszt absentmindedly responded.

He walked to the window, looking out at the gloomy sky.

The temperature was already dropping, the cold wave had arrived, and the sunny days of Fresh Flower Town were coming to an end, to be replaced by the annual long stretch of over two months covered in ice and snow.

His gaze shifted toward the distant fields, where there were Dragon Kui Fields.

On the edge of the Dragon Kui Fields, a group of serfs bustled about, working. They were constructing an ice cellar—a difficult task, requiring considerable architectural skill to build a cellar underground suitable for storing ice blocks. More importantly, the construction would consume large amounts of gold coins.

Liszt dared to construct an ice cellar because he had a profitable business, giving him confidence.

For this purpose, he contacted Tulip Castle and had a master craftsman architect come to oversee the construction of the ice cellar. This architect, named Mbappé Sui Shi, was

a distant relative of Viscount Jonas Shattered Stone of Shattered Stone Castle and the one who oversaw the grand construction of Tulip Castle.

Upon arriving at Fresh Flower Town, he immediately took interest in Douson's Rock Spikes.

"Baron Liszt, with Douson's Rock Spikes, the difficulty of constructing an ice cellar will be greatly reduced, as will the speed of construction. They are natural supports for the cellar."

The Rock Spikes released by Douson now reached a height of two and a half meters each, tapering upward and wider at the base, with the thickest diameter being about forty centimeters. It could release at least two hundred Rock Spikes a day, making it not an exaggeration to call it a mini Rock Dragon.

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Douson Avenue had long been completed, and Rock Spikes continued to be produced daily, nearly piling up into a mountain.

Therefore, when Liszt decides to build a new castle in the future, there will be no shortage of materials—speaking of which, the basalt from Black Horse Island is also good construction material.

"This year, I'll build three ice rooms for your cellar, which should be nearly enough. If you want to continue expanding, you can wait until next year, with money, you can build as large an ice cellar as you need. Tulip Castle's ice cellar has a total of twenty-five ice rooms," Mbappé Shattered Stone was not very concerned about this minor project.

He only occasionally came to supervise the work, with the serfs and his apprentices doing the labor.

An ice room is a room within an ice cellar used for storing ice blocks, with a standard ice room capable of storing three hundred cubic meters of ice, equivalent to the size of a one hundred square meter house.

Three ice rooms, storing nine hundred cubic meters, plus a little remaining saltpeter, next summer the people of Fresh Flower Town won't need to worry about ice.

It was when Carter brought him a cup of coffee,

that Liszt took his gaze away from the window, sat back in his chair with a self-deprecating smile and said, "Mr. Carter, don't you think we're like squirrels preparing for winter, gathering food and hiding it away at the arrival of autumn to last through the winter days?"

Carter responded playfully, "I think squirrels are very clever animals. While other animals can only go hungry in winter, they can hide in their burrows, eating a little of the food they've worked hard for every day. Such a life is actually what the commoners in the town hope for."

He continued, "Your arrival has made Fresh Flower Town prosperous, bringing them the life they desired."

Liszt quite enjoyed listening to this kind of flattery.

Indeed, he was no longer pure-hearted, with all interests starting from himself, from his noble status, but he believed he had truly improved the lives of the commoners in Fresh Flower Town.

It was only right for the townspeople to thank, respect, and revere him.

If they didn't have any of these three feelings, they would be ungrateful wretches.

"They are my subjects, and as their landlord, leading them to a happy life is what I should do," Liszt stated indifferently.

His expression was very calm.

There was no pride, no pity for the world, just the nobility that a noble should display.

Even an ugly noble couldn't pretend to such nobility, but on Liszt's handsome face, it exuded immense charisma.

Carter immediately became excited, "You have inherited all the nobility of both the Tulip Family and the Long Taro Family; may the glory of the knights always be with you."

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The touching performance continued within the castle.

Out on the vast sea around Coral Island, several sailboats bearing the Red Tulip Flag were catching the wind and breaking the waves.

Inside the cabin, the stench was overwhelming, crammed with ragged, yellow-skinned, thin serfs. These serfs appeared lifeless, lying weakly on wooden planks, not moving for a long time.

"Mealtime, mealtime!" the sailor's shouting approached from afar.

The serfs, who were just now listless, quickly changed their demeanor, scrambling out of the cabin.

A young female slave, around eight or nine years old, didn't stand steady and was knocked down by a nearby serf, falling and unable to get up.

As she watched everyone else squeeze out of the cabin to get their food, tears welled up in her eyes and soon rolled down her dirty cheeks.

Suddenly,

a somewhat rough but delicate hand touched her face.

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Chapter 208: Captain Swann the Female Mercenary (First Update)

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Wiping away the slave girl's tears with a thumb, the owner of the hand spoke in a hoarse voice, “Get up.”

The slave girl lifted her head and saw a face covered by a bandana, with disheveled hair and a dirty bandana, but the eyes that were exposed shone so brightly she could hardly keep hers open.

She was clad in a leather armor that had seen better days; its edges frayed from wear. A large sword, its hilt wrapped in tattered cloth, hung on her back. As she squatted down, her pressed chest touched her knees, nearly stretching the worn edges of the leather armor to their breaking point.

After helping the slave girl wipe her tears, she stood.

Tall in stature.

Her somewhat scruffy attire revealed a wild and extraordinary temperament, which quickly reminded the slave girl of the group that had stormed into the village, killing, looting, and separating her from her family to be sold on the serf market. The serfs in the marketplace said that the group was a band of infamous mercenaries.

And the woman before her looked just like a mercenary.

“Ah.” Startled, the slave girl seemed to muster some strength, struggling to rise from the ground, and she stammered an apology, “I'm, I'm sorry, my lord, I didn't mean to fall.”

The female mercenary looked at her, and her hoarse voice came forth again, “You did nothing wrong; why apologize.”

“I...” The slave girl didn't know how to respond and felt like crying again in her panic.

“Come with me.”

The female mercenary spoke in an unquestionable tone and turned to leave the cabin, with the slave girl hesitantly following. She bowed her head, not even daring to glimpse the mercenary’s retreating figure.

The female mercenary seemed to be heading towards the canteen.

On the way.

She suddenly said in her hoarse voice, “A girl must learn to be strong, especially when walking alone.”

The slave girl didn’t know how to respond, but it seemed the female mercenary didn’t expect an answer as they quickly reached the canteen. The mercenary pushed through the crowded serfs, bringing the slave girl to the serving window and shouted, “Fatty Jack, get her a plate of food!”

“Ah, right away, Captain Swann.”

In the midst of speaking, the female mercenary had already turned, ready to leave.

The slave girl stood woodenly at the window, unsure whether to get food or follow the mercenary. It was not until Fatty Jack served her a semi-liquid meal on a wooden plate, stuffing it in her arms, “Here you go, I don’t know what got into Captain Swann’s head, helping serfs get food.”

Holding the fragrant food, the slave girl felt tears coming on again, this time tears of happiness.

She had never had such a full plate of food in her daily life.

In a voice as faint as a mosquito’s, she whispered a thank you, not sure if it was to Fatty Jack or to Captain Swann.

But as she squatted in a corner of the deck, eating the mixture of beans and flour, she etched the name “Captain Swann” deep in her heart—she didn’t understand the Serpent Script spoken between the mercenary and the sailor serving food but remembered only the way Fatty Jack had pronounced the mercenary’s name.

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“Does Captain Swann have a soft spot for little slave girls?”

On the foredeck, the female mercenary was enjoying the sea breeze, when the second officer approached and inquired with self-presumed grace.

“And if I do, is that a problem?”

“Of course not. On the contrary, such actions are heartwarming. It’s clear that behind Captain Swann’s toughness, there lies a woman’s tender heart.”

The female mercenary didn’t take up the conversation, just continued to gaze out at the seawater, lost in thought.

The second officer, not willing to give up, added, “I’ve seen you help several little slave girls like that. Do you see a reflection of yourself in them? People always reminisce about their past selves. Did you have a childhood like that? Sorry, I don’t mean to bring it up, just want to understand you, Captain Swann, better.”

A moment later.

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Just when the second mate thought he had failed to strike up a conversation, the female mercenary, gazing at the seagulls above the ocean, slowly began to speak, “I have a sister, I haven’t seen her for four years. If she’s still alive, she’d be about the same age as that little female servant.”

“Hm, I see, being separated from family is indeed...”

He didn’t get to finish.

The female mercenary suddenly changed her tone, impatiently saying, “Now that I’ve satisfied your curiosity, can you piss off?”

“Ah, don’t be like that, Captain Swann, I know you’re not in a good mood,” the second mate said, reaching out his hand to pat her shoulder, “I just want to comfort you, or maybe, lend a shoulder for you to...”

But before his hand could touch her shoulder.

The female mercenary swung her elbow abruptly, sending the second mate flying two meters away: “Piss off!”

“You!” The second mate was angry.

What met him was the female mercenary’s icy stare and her hoarse voice: “If you don’t want to die, don’t bother me. A few corpses thrown overboard at sea—I doubt the captain would care.”

Swelling with anger, the second mate had to swallow it down, rubbing his chest, reluctantly walking down from the deck.

After he entered the sailors' quarters, he was immediately teased by a bunch of disheveled sailors: "Look at that, Spike, a prime example of biting off more than you can chew!"

"Ha-ha, you really thought you could hit on Captain Swann with that pockmarked face of yours, hilarious."

"Don't lose heart, Spike, you held out two minutes longer than Fox."

"Fair's fair, Spike didn't make it past five minutes, you lost the bet, pay up!"

"To celebrate Spike's glorious failure, I've decided to take another swig of watered-down juniper wine, ha-ha."

...

The crude laughter of the sailors filled the cabin.

The female mercenary didn't hear it; she lay on the railing of the deck, looking at the ship ploughing through the waves, her thoughts drifting far away: "Coral Island... Fresh Flower Town... Little Maggie..."

Meanwhile.

At the place she was longing for.

Inside the castle, Butler Carter, with his grizzled hair, approached the landlord who was composing the historical epic "Dragons Fight in the Wild" and said, "My lord, there's something that you would be happy to hear."

"What is it?" asked Liszt, who was writing about the "ancient battle between the evil Fire Dragon and the mighty Dragon Knight on the Sea of Azure Waves," without even raising his head.

"The castle's trainee maid, Maggie, has just entered into a contract of mother and daughter with Mrs. Harriet from the grocery store."

Upon hearing it was about Maggie.

Liszt finally put down his quill, reluctantly, and asked with raised eyebrows, "So, what does the Harriet family plan to do? Take Maggie back and end her training?" Maggie was a clue involved with the Smoke Mission, and he had gone through the trouble of concocting excuses just to bring Maggie closer to him.

He wasn't willing to let Maggie go that easily.



Carter's answer eased his mind: "Of course not, my lord. Working at the castle is an immense honor for commoners. The Harriet family wouldn't pass up such an opportunity."

"Then, Mr. Carter, please convey my congratulations to Maggie. By the way, will she be coming to train this afternoon?"

"She didn't ask for leave, so she should be here for her normal training."

"Hmm, add a piece of grilled steak to her dinner."

"As you wish."

## **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 209: 0209: The First Snowfall of Winter in Fresh Flower Town (Second Update) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 209: 0209: The First Snowfall of Winter in Fresh Flower Town (Second Update)**

Chapter 209: The First Snowfall of Winter in Fresh Flower Town (Second Update)

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December 13, early morning.

For the monkeys at the Fruit Thief Monkey Training Ground, this year's first snowfall came along with new members. The monkeys ordered by Lord Landlord hadn't been delivered yet, but the three pregnant female monkeys had already given birth in succession, producing a total of four infants, one of which was twins.

Perhaps Fresh Flower Town really is a place blessed with the glory of knights, for all four baby monkeys survived.

They could just see Fresh Flower Town's first snow, mixed with the howling north wind.

"Squeak, squeak!"

"Squeak, squeak!"

The troop of monkeys celebrated the arrival of the flying snow in their own language. When the snow fell, the Fragrant Coconut Trees would stop growing, and the Fragrant Coconut Fruits would no longer ripen—they knew this very well, as they stole the Fragrant Coconut Fruits all year round. No more ripening of the fruits meant that they wouldn't have to work this winter.

What a pity.

Such a thought was laughable. Early in the morning, Jiggs, the steward of the training ground, took out fake Fragrant Coconut Fruits and began the day-to-day training.

“Lord Landlord will buy more monkeys, and when they arrive, this group of Fruit Thief Monkeys will serve as a model for the new ones. So, everyone, you must train well and make the Fruit Thief Monkeys exemplary!” Jiggs shouted loudly, enjoying his leadership and authority at the training ground.

The other fruit farmers had to listen to him.

“The female monkey I train can’t be trained today; she needs to feed her children.”

“Then you’ll clear the snow.”

“Why clear the snow? Every year we don’t clear it and just stay inside where it’s better,” one of the fruit farmers said dismissively.

Jiggs immediately snapped, “Straighten up your attitude! Consultant Gao Ertai has already decreed across the town that all farms and workshops must clear the snow in front of their doors and work areas, and after that, clear the accumulated snow on the nearby roads! You fool, do you dare to disobey even the orders of Consultant Gao Ertai?”

The fruit farmer certainly didn’t dare disobey, but he complained about Jiggs, “Why didn’t you say so earlier? If you had, I wouldn’t have let the snow accumulate in the training grounds!”

Complaints aside, he honestly took the broom he had made at the farm and started sweeping the snow.

It was only a night’s snow, so it wasn’t too thick, and could be swept away with a broom.

Just like at the Fruit Thief Monkey Training Ground, as soon as dawn broke, all of Fresh Flower Town began a massive campaign of snow clearing. Patrol Members knocked gongs and drums, going from house to house urging the serfs to wake up and clear the snow—the roads had to be cleared first to avoid delaying the carriages and postponing the construction projects of the domain.

This winter was destined to be anything but peaceful.

In the Castle and the administrative offices, there had already been several meetings to plan the construction projects for the winter.

...

“Ah!”

Stretching, Liszt felt a bit reluctant to leave his warm bed.

It had started snowing the night before, and the temperature had dropped to the point where thick clothes were needed, so he had already covered himself with a quilt—although an Earth Knight is somewhat resistant to heat and cold, no one would foolishly endure the cold when they could have a warm bed instead.

But still, he managed to resist the allure of his cozy bed with his strong will, got up, and opened the door.

Outside, the male and female servants were already waiting early.

Servant Thomas was there to help him dress, while the maid was responsible for cleaning the room.

“Good morning, my lord,” Thomas said, holding the armor and bowing.

Little Lily, carrying a bucket and holding a duster and mop, also bowed to Liszt, “Good morning, my lord.”

“`

“Good morning,”

Liszt had already gotten used to having someone help him get dressed, and after carefully grooming himself in the mirror, he hurried out of the bedroom to walk his dog.

Before he even left the house, he heard the “woo woo” sounds of Thorn Minor Elf Jela, who had flown out from the Worm Room and followed him out the door.

Liszt smiled and patted Jela’s tiny head, “Jela, I’ll take you to see the snow.”

“Woo woo!” Jela’s large eyes shimmered with curiosity, for it had never seen snow before. This was the first time it had witnessed snow since its birth.

As soon as they exited the castle gates, it flew around excitedly, occasionally playing with the snow accumulated on the ground, trees, and windows.

“Woof woof!”

Douson stood at the entrance of his doghouse, equally excited, barking away. It was also his first encounter with snow. However, he must have had enough of it last night; probably it was because he saw Liszt that he knew he could run around and play, which made him excited.

He unleashed Douson.

The Intermediate Magical Beast raised as a guard dog darted off in a flash, wagging its tail and playing crazily in the snow.

Thump!

A small snowball hit Douson's head, with Jela mimicking Liszt and throwing a snowball. But its hands were too small, and the snowball even smaller, hitting Douson without him feeling a thing.

Seeing Douson ignoring him, Jela was immediately furious, ready to scatter seeds.

But Liszt, connected through mind connection, sensed its emotions and immediately stopped its actions, "Jela, play with the snow, don't scatter seeds everywhere."

If it had the energy to be naughty, he might as well take it to Thorn Ridge to plant trees.

Then he himself made an extra-large snowball and hurled it, hitting Douson squarely on the forehead. The hit left Douson stunned, looking around, not knowing who had struck him. A few seconds later, his attention drifted and he began to roll in the snow again.

The snow was thin, so when he pressed his body onto it, the snow melted away, revealing the alfalfa underneath.

He said he was rolling in the snow, but he was actually rolling in the grass.

A childish behavior, but considering he wasn't even a year old, it was quite normal for him to be immature.

Leaving Douson and Jela to play in the snow, Liszt started his daily Dou Qi cultivation routine. A day's planning is in the morning, and a lifetime's planning is in diligence; refining Dou Qi is a meticulous process. To become a flying Sky Knight and achieve sainthood through the sword, he needed to sweat diligently.

After completing the Dou Qi cultivation session, he returned to the castle for a bath and changed into his formal noble clothes.

He asked the servants to move the dining table next to the window, leisurely eating breakfast while enjoying the view of the servants shoveling snow. This tranquility, only found in the countryside, was something he couldn't enjoy before crossing through, of course, the bustling charm of modern civilization was also something this backward world couldn't compare with.

Sometimes he would introspect and ask himself, if given the choice now, would he prefer to return to his original life or stay and be a noble.

In the first two months after arriving in Fresh Flower Town, he would have chosen to return.

Now, he would unhesitatingly choose to stay and continue the unfinished business of dragon riding.

“It’s just that I kind of miss the soy milk and fried dough sticks, as well as the rice porridge and steamed buns... Wait, why don’t I ask Mrs. Abbie and Reynard from the bakery to ‘invent’ steamed buns?”

Both are wheat flour-based food, after all, wheat flour doesn’t just make bread.

Steamed buns, dumplings, flower rolls, potstickers, wontons, noodles, pancakes, fried dough sticks, sweet rice balls, siu mai, ramen – these are all common wheat flour foods. Although Liszt was originally from the south and didn’t eat much wheat-based food, compared to having bread every day, dumplings and steamed buns were definitely more to his taste.

Having realized this, he couldn’t help but recall a classic quote from Sister Xianglin.

“I am so foolish, truly...”

## **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 210: 0210: The Girls in Pursuit Line Up (Third update, Alliance Hierarch additional release 8/22) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 210: 0210: The Girls in Pursuit Line Up (Third update, Alliance Hierarch additional release 8/22)**

Chapter 210: The Girls in Pursuit Line Up (Third update, Alliance Hierarch additional release 8/22)

“Steamed buns, ferment the flour, knead it with water into dough, then steam it in a pot.”

After breakfast, Liszt took a piece of thick parchment and began organizing the methods for making dough-based foods as he remembered them.

Most dough foods were very simple, and even though he didn’t eat them much, he knew the basic methods: “The most important part of making dough is fermentation, which is good since bread also requires fermentation, so what’s left is a matter of creativity.”

But on closer reflection,

It might not just be a matter of creativity.

Here, despite the existence of magic and Dou Qi, food preservation was a serious constraint. Bread had a long shelf life, especially the dark bread eaten by commoners, which could probably last for half a year. However, steamed buns and filled buns would probably start to mold if left uneaten for two days, and even if commoners could think up such delicacies, they would be reluctant to make them.

Leaving food uneaten would be a significant waste.

“Knights on campaigns should still rely on bread as their main food, as it’s convenient to carry and doesn’t spoil easily... At the very least, they should bring some biscuits or pies; they can’t possibly rush to the battlefield carrying dumplings or dough sticks,” he concluded, then felt he might be taking it for granted, “Flatbreads, noodles, and cornmeal mush have a pretty long shelf life too. Just add water, and they can be eaten anywhere.”

Thus,

In the end, it was poverty that limited the locals’ imagination.

He continued to write with his pen, documenting the limited dough-based dishes he remembered.

“Buns, ferment the flour, wrap it around a vegetable filling, then steam it in a pot.”

“Dumplings, ferment the flour, roll the dough into strips, cut them into small pieces, use a rolling pin to roll out dumpling wrappers, wrap them around a vegetable filling, then boil them in a pot.”

“Noodles, ferment the flour, keep pulling the dough, and stretch it into long strands.” He didn’t finish writing this entry; he suddenly felt that this method seemed similar to making pulled noodles, “There should be a difference between pulled noodles and noodles... Ugh, I can’t think of any, forget it, let’s combine them into one entry.”

After writing down these recipes, Liszt thought it over; introducing too much all at once would be a bit ostentatious.

So he picked the simplest steamed bun and planned to give some pointers to Mrs. Abbie and the baker Reynard, to have them “invent” it. With steamed buns, filled buns would be easy to make.

Of course.

Dough food was not Liszt’s favorite, and he was just preparing to make it to improve the taste variety. So, to say he was enthusiastic wouldn’t be quite accurate; his true loves

were authentic Sichuan and Huaiyang cuisines. Unfortunately, these cuisines required high precision in knife skills, ingredients, and seasonings—beyond what Liszt could provide.

Teaching Mrs. Abbie to make fried eggs and egg soup had already been quite challenging.

Right away, he ordered someone to summon Reynard and Mrs. Abbie, telling them that he had acquired the method for a type of dough food from abroad and described the general appearance of a steamed bun to them.

“Mrs. Abbie, Reynard, research steamed buns when you have the time.”

“Just leave it to me, sir,” Mrs. Abbie, with the demeanor of a star chef since she “invented” several new types of bread along with fried eggs and egg soup, was brimming with confidence. “The method sounds very simple, and I’ll be able to steam the buns in no time.”

Reynard, too, was quick to nod in agreement: “I’ll do my best to assist Mrs. Abbie.”

He had heard from others that Mrs. Abbie had invented egg soup and fried eggs, and that chefs from Coral City were learning to cook from her. Consequently, he greatly admired her and was willing to assist, eager to cooperate with Mrs. Abbie in culinary research.

...

Having instructed them about the steamed buns,

He read some books and wrote some letters.

The brief morning hours were quickly passing by.

Just when Li Si Te thought it was going to be another leisurely day, a knight rushed over from Coral City, “Baron, the Tulip Caravan has returned. Sir Frank requests that you send someone to Coral City to take care of the business exchange.”

He didn’t explicitly say the serfs had arrived.

But Li Si Te understood naturally, “I will send someone immediately, you go rest first.”

“Thank you, Baron.”

A moment later, Goltai hurried over, and upon receiving instructions from Li Si Te, he immediately organized how to take over the serfs. This time was different from the last; the temperature had just dropped with fresh snowfall, and without care, the serfs could

freeze to death. Fortunately, they were prepared, commandeering the caravan's carts and loading up a heap of items to combat the cold, ready to set out for Coral City.

Li Si Te had planned to go personally, but he was preoccupied with the mineral deposits of Black Horse Island, estimating that Marcus would return by ship this afternoon, possibly bringing news of the Fire Attribute Condensation Core Vein.

He handed over the three hundred Gold Coins he had saved up these days to Goltai, "Consultant Gao Ertai, I bought this batch of serfs with two hundred and ten Gold Coins, a total of one thousand individuals. A loss number not exceeding one hundred and fifty is acceptable, but any more than that, and compensation will be needed."

"I will explain the details to Frank," Goltai assured.

"Those three hundred Gold Coins are for buying a new batch of serfs; try to lower the price of the serfs as much as possible. War will definitely bring an influx of serfs, and I believe there is still room to push the price down further. How the negotiation goes is up to you."

"Rest assured, Baron, I am acquainted with Frank, and even if I can't find his bottom line, I won't let him take too much advantage... By the way, may I use...something to my advantage?" Goltai hesitated, embarrassed to speak outright.

Li Si Te prompted, "Say what's on your mind."

"Your charm is unmatched on Coral Island, and many noble ladies see you as an ideal marital match. I can tell that the Frank family is very eager to gain your favor. Perhaps I can use this to our advantage to bargain down to the baseline price and buy more serfs."

While nobles are certainly graceful, it is normal for them to use every available resource for their benefit.

Thus, Goltai came up with this scheme of "beauty trap."

However, Li Si Te couldn't overcome his own moral reservations and rejected the idea outright, "Frank is a noble who discerns right from wrong, and I believe he has his own code of conduct; therefore, do not involve Sherry. Do your best in the negotiation. A difference of a few or even a dozen Gold Coins is tolerable."

He was indeed short on liquid assets, but not on fixed assets; there was no need to be unscrupulous.

Especially in matters of the heart, he hoped to retain a sense of purity.



“Sigh, in my last life, I was still single at thirty, full of worries. Now in this life, scarcely sixteen, girls line up to pursue me, giving me the same headache.”

...

As Li Si Te had surmised.

When the snow stopped in the afternoon, the Fresh Flower Vessel returned from the sea.

Besides bringing back half a ship of Fire Dragon Bone Fragments, Marcus also brought information about the Fire Attribute Condensation Core Vein, “Baron, this is a rock I unearthed from the crevices of a stone pillar while digging for bone fragments. It’s very strange; I faintly sensed the presence of Magic Power in it.”

He handed over a piece of red-brown irregular rock.

The surface of the stone was smooth, and on the fractured face, one could see regular concentric patterns, similar to the shell surface of a clam. Overall, it had a glass-like texture, and the edges even exhibited a degree of transparency, although nowhere near as clear as a gemstone or crystal. The rock felt lighter than average when held, and upon close inspection, numerous bubbles could be seen within it.

Such shape and characteristics immediately made Li Si Te think of a type of volcanic lava—Volcanic Glass.