

# **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead**

## **#Chapter 211: 0220: Fire Dragon Magic Power in the Bubble (Fourth Update, Alliance Hierarch Additional Update 9/22) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 211: 0211: Fire Dragon Magic Power in the Bubble (Fourth Update, Alliance Hierarch Additional Update 9/22)**

Chapter 211: Fire Dragon Magic Power in the Bubble (Fourth Update, Alliance Hierarch Additional Update 9/22)

Volcanic glass is a natural glass formed during a volcanic eruption.

Liszt was not quite clear on why it forms into glass; otherwise, he would have figured out the glass long ago. As for the reddish-brown stone in his hand, whether it was volcanic glass was merely his speculation.

Not being an expert, it was difficult to make a judgment.

“Smoke Mission says this thing is a Fire Attribute Core, Marcus says he felt traces of magic power, I need to check it carefully, to see if it really possesses Fire Attribute magic power.”

He immediately used the Eye of Magic.

His pupils swirled like a vortex, the profound gaze sweeping over the reddish-brown stone. Suddenly, the stone changed, becoming points of red light within his field of vision. The light seemed faint but exuded a luxurious texture, markedly different from ordinary Fire Attribute magic power.

“This...”

An idea suddenly leaped into Liszt’s mind: “Could this magic power be remnants of a Fire Dragon’s?”

Given he had already deduced that Black Horse Island was created by a fallen Fire Dragon, it was not surprising that the stone, enshrouded in magic power, contained that of the Fire Dragon.

He even considered the possibility that the volcano formed by the Fire Dragon was an active one, erupting frequently.

After all, a dragon's magic power lingers long.

But if rocks encapsulated this magic power, losing its influence, the volcano would assuredly become extinct. It was highly probable that these stones, called Fire Attribute Cores, with bubbles trapping the magic power inside, were encapsulating the Fire Dragon's magic power, causing it to be unable to drive the volcano's eruption.

"Fire Dragon magic power!"

Liszt felt like he was about to strike it rich. Anything related to dragons held immense value. Although Fire Dragons were Elemental Dragons and not Metal Dragons or Gemstone Dragons, let alone Sacred Dragons, they too possessed the miraculous ability to infect their surroundings. Hence, the remnants of their magic power were extremely valuable.

He subdued his excitement.

Nonchalantly, he inquired, "Teacher Marcus, is this kind of ore widely distributed across Black Horse Island?"

"I am not very clear on the exact quantity on the island, but there are many of these stones scattered in the crevices of the stone pillars in the Burial Ground."

"Mine them, mine all of them. Your feeling wasn't wrong, and I too have seen the magic power it harbors." Because Marcus was unaware that this was the product of a Fire Dragon, Liszt chose to keep it a secret. "I believe it will be a batch of good forging material, useful for crafting equipment or something else."

However, he had underestimated Marcus's intelligence and deductive power: "Stones containing magic power, sir, don't you think they resemble gems produced by dragons?"

His eyebrows rose, then relaxed again.

Liszt feigned surprise: "How did you come to think of Dragon Gems? These stones don't look at all like gems."

"Sir, perhaps they are not the gemstones of Gemstone Dragons, nor the metal of Metal Dragons, but stones left behind by Elemental Dragons. Those five massive bones, if they were not left by dragons or Super Dragonkin Magical Beasts, I really can't think of any other creatures that could have left them. Add to that these stones filled with magic power, they must surely be a dragon's remnants!"

At this point, Marcus grew increasingly certain that his deduction was correct: "Maybe many years ago, a Dragon Slayer killed an Evil Dragon, and it happened right here on Black Horse Island!"

This series of deductions.

Made Liszt feel rather conflicted. Having a shrewd subordinate should have been a boon, but having his own sense of intellectual superiority challenged was somewhat disappointing.

Since Marcus had already guessed the answer, after some thought, he decided not to keep the secret any longer: “Do you truly believe that this is an Elemental Dragon?”

“Yes, my lord,” Marcus replied, his eyes gleaming with inspiration. “And I’ve thought of something else: the Black Blood Treasured Horses on the island are extraordinarily splendid, thought to be of magical beast lineage—but why couldn’t they be of dragon lineage? Living on Black Horse Island, in long-term contact with the remnants of Elemental Dragons, they might have been infected and turned into Dragon Breed Horses!”

Once the floodgates of his imagination opened, they could not be shut, and even the secret of the Dragon Breed Horses was guessed by him.

Taking a deep breath, Liszt spoke gravely, “Teacher Marcus, you must understand what this would mean for us if it were true.”

Marcus pondered seriously for a full two minutes before declaring aloud, “My lord, it means that you are indeed the ‘Son of Glory’ as Goltai believes, and that the knightly honor will forever shine upon you! As your follower, I am deeply honored and hope to follow in your footsteps to achieve great deeds!”

His tone was filled with exhilaration.

After speaking, he knelt on one knee and performed the solemn ritual of a knight swearing fealty.

Seeing this response, Liszt suddenly felt that he was sometimes too cautious. The knightly system in this world was deeply entrenched, and the indoctrination of knightly honor was as powerful as the call for civil liberty—the authority of the landlord was nearly unshakeable—especially for someone like Marcus, who was fervent about nobility.

Upholding the landlord’s authority was to uphold his dreams and beliefs—the future him would also be a Noble Landlord.

Thus, many secrets could actually be shared with subordinates.

However, adhering to the idea that caution could do no harm, Liszt still hoped to keep many secrets to himself—such as the Space Gem, the Smoke Mission, or how much money he had.

The corners of his mouth curved into a slight smile as he said lightly, "May the light of knightly honor shine upon us both."

The act was over, and it was time to return to serious matters.

Liszt spoke in a deep voice, "I feel that the stone contains Fire Attribute Mana; it might be the product of a Fire Dragon. However, considering the decayed state of the bones, I fear that the Fire Dragon might have died thousands, if not tens of thousands of years ago, making it hard to say how much benefit remains."

"Indeed, but determining that the Black Blood Treasured Horses are Dragon Breed Horses is a tremendous gain. We have not given them enough attention!"

"The Black Blood Treasured Horses certainly require more attention. The task of breeding them I leave to you, Teacher Marcus."

"I am at your service, my lord!"

"Also, we shall call this type of stone 'Volcanic Glass.' Its extraction work will also need to be followed up closely," Liszt decided, thinking Fire Attribute Cores was too much of a mouthful and irresponsibly coined a new name. "I will research its uses as soon as possible to evaluate its worth."

Marcus nodded in agreement, then suddenly asked, "My lord, wouldn't it be a waste to use those dragon bone fragments for making farming bone utensils directly?"

"I also think it's a waste, but I had the magicians research it. They have decayed for too long, devoid of any magic power, and their miraculous properties have long dissipated, leaving only their hardness as a benefit."

"Those five pieces of dragon bone should still retain some of their miraculous properties," Marcus suggested.

"Hmm, we shall protect them and research them at a later time," Liszt agreed.

"As you wish."

The matters of the Fire Dragon and the Volcanic Glass having been discussed, Liszt recalled another previous thought: "Teacher Marcus, I have sparred with Rondo and Lasse, and their strength was slightly lacking, unable to truly test my power. In Fresh Flower Town, only you can validate my strength."

Marcus exclaimed in surprise, "My lord, have you already honed your Dou Qi Manuscript?"

“In fact, I have not only mastered the “Fire Dragon Drill” and “Flaming Wave”, but I have also successfully cultivated the Ultimate Mystery Technique Multiple Phantom Arrow of the “Double Heavy Arrow”!” Liszt said with pride and high spirits. “Teacher Marcus, how about a real battle?”

## **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 212: 0212: Dugu Seeking Defeat (Fifth Update, Alliance Hierarchy Added Update 10/22) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 212: 0212: Dugu Seeking Defeat (Fifth Update, Alliance Hierarchy Added Update 10/22)**

Chapter 212: Dugu Seeking Defeat (Fifth Update, Alliance Hierarchy Added Update 10/22)

Bang thud!

Clang crash!

The fine steel-forged knight's spears, accompanying the charge of two elite earth knights, bent and deformed. Every collision sparked flames and emitted piercing sonic booms, as if they would break at any moment.

Even if they didn't break, the two spears were on the verge of being scrapped and needed to be remelted and recast.

Liszt's fire attribute Dou Qi enveloped him like a war god in flames, while Marcus's wind attribute Dou Qi coiled around him like a drifting cloud.

Lasse and Rondo, watching from a distance, saw the collision of fire and fog.

The fog was on the defensive, the fire on the offensive, and the sky was alight with fiery clouds.

“Marcus is an elite earth knight, but the Baron has managed to match him blow for blow, each charge overpowering Marcus—I can't believe it!” Rondo exclaimed, eyes wide with shock.

Lasse smiled bitterly, “I knew the Baron was strong, that I couldn't take a single charge from him, but I didn't expect him to be this powerful. Not even Marcus is his match.”

“Perhaps, this is what talent is,” Rondo sighed, “The Earl who founded Coral Island was a knight of formidable talent himself, and his offspring—Sir Levis, Baroness Li Vera, and

Lidun—have all shown exceptional talent since childhood. We thought the Baron was the least gifted, but it seems he was just biding his time for a sudden burst.”

“Maybe it also includes hard work. Every morning, we see the Baron training with his Dou Qi in the horse field.”

At this point, the two looked at each other and fell silent—what is there to say when those more talented than you are also working harder?

At that moment, the two distant figures charged for the sixth time.

The flames remained fierce, but the clouds became thinner. As the knight’s spears collided, the explosive flames overwhelmed the feeble fog. Two horses, one black and one yellow, crossed paths. Marcus was thrown from his mount and crashed heavily to the ground, his knight’s spear breaking in two.

Neigh!

The Li Dragon Horse reared, letting out a shrill whinny.

Liszt, holding his bent knight’s spear in one hand, panted heavily. Six consecutive charges had drained him significantly, even with the physique of an elite earth knight.

But his spirits were lifted, and he gasped out, “Teacher Marcus, I have won.”

Marcus struggled to his feet, confused for an instant, then his gaze steadied, and he breathed heavily as well, “Sir, your strength surpasses my imagination. Even though your charging experience still needs improvement, all that’s left is refinement over time. May victory always be with you from now on!”

“I had an advantage with the horse,” Liszt said modestly.

“Even without the Li Dragon Horse, I wouldn’t have lasted long; my Dou Qi volume is far behind yours,” Marcus said. He seemed about to ask something, then swallowed his words—likely wondering if Liszt had become an elite earth knight.

Marcus didn’t ask, and Liszt didn’t plan to tell.

Dismounting, he signaled to his retainer knights to take away the damaged spears and spoke to Marcus, “I’ve proven my capabilities in battlefield charges, but I hope to spar with you using longswords tomorrow.” Charging was more about competing in Dou Qi, while sword fighting relied more on combat skills.

Marcus nodded, “Why not make it at dusk? I’ll have recovered my Dou Qi by then, and I need to go out to sea early tomorrow.”

“All right!”

During the conversation, Rondo and Lasse had approached, congratulating Liszt.

Through this battle, Liszt understood the gap between an earth knight and an elite earth knight. Assessing the abilities of both men based on Marcus’s strength, he had a clear understanding: “My battle with Teacher Marcus was enlightening; in the future, you two should consult with him often.”

“Yes, Baron!”

“Let’s go have a cup of milk tea together.” Liszt led the way towards the apple tree. Four cups of milk tea were quickly served, freshly brewed with cow’s milk.

The cows were now producing a lot of milk, yielding several buckets a day.

Aside from catering to banquets and Liszt’s personal consumption, a cup of fresh milk was awarded to children who trained earnestly in knightly lessons. Even so, there was still plenty of milk left every day, and the serfs at the dairy farm would mix flour with milk to make powdered milk.

The powdered milk, once entirely seized by Tulip Castle, now all entered Liszt’s castle to be stored.

Whether eaten during the low season for milk production or sold, it represented an income.

...

In the afternoon, the sun came out briefly before hiding again, and then the heavy snow began to fall like goose feathers.

Such conditions would continue throughout the entire winter.

Thanks to the nutritional supply from the milk tea, Marcus’s Dou Qi recovered faster than expected, so the practical swordfight was held earlier than planned.

Liszt didn’t use the Crimson Blood Sword, as using it would probably have allowed him to completely overpower Marcus.

He chose a Fine Steel Longsword, a two-handed sword, and Marcus was equipped with the same—however, Liszt still donned Magical Beast Leather Armor, while Marcus could only wear ordinary leather armor.

The Landlord and his followers certainly couldn’t enjoy the same treatment.

There was no idle talk.

Nor did they let Rondo and Lasse watch on this time.

The two faced each other at the far end of the riding ground, swords in hand against the backdrop of the falling snow, each as determined as ever. Liszt, who aspired to become the Flame Sword Saint, no longer felt stage fright in these training bouts. He unleashed his Dou Qi, seemingly without any cost, each strike with the full force of his intentions.

“Dragon Flight!”

Puh-chi, his Fine Steel Longsword thrust upwards, sending forth a jet of flame, as if a Fire Dragon were soaring.

“Wind Whirlpool!” Marcus spun his Fine Steel Longsword, Dou Qi swirling around it, creating a whirlpool with the motion of his blade that engulfed Liszt’s Flame Attribute Dou Qi.

Clang!

The Fine Steel Longsword, stripped of its Fire Attribute Dou Qi by Marcus’s blade, was struck with the still-encircling Wind Attribute Dou Qi, releasing it in an instant and nearly knocking Liszt’s sword out of his hand.

He held on tight, just barely maintaining grip.

“Huh!”

“That was close!”

Liszt’s palms sweated, realizing that sword fighting felt completely different from charging into battle—Marcus in front of him was like a hedgehog, tightly guarded, leaving nowhere to attack, and would counter-thrust whenever he had the chance, causing him significant discomfort.

Thus, they continued to exchange blows, clashing over twenty times.

Neither able to overcome the other.

Marcus, with his seasoned experience, focused primarily on defense, occasionally sneaking in attacks during the transition between Liszt’s old and new Dou Qi streams, making it excruciating for him.

However, Liszt’s foundation was strong, with a high total amount of Dou Qi and a quick recovery rate, so he barely managed to hold on.



One fierce, the other cunning.

The number of exchanges neared thirty, and then both their Dou Qis could no longer keep up with their consumption. After ten more exchanges, they ultimately ended up in a draw.

They both leaned on their Fine Steel Longswords, gasping for breath in the midst of the heavy snowfall.

“Teacher Marcus, did you go easy on me?” Liszt suddenly asked, feeling that it was somewhat exaggerated for someone with almost zero swordfighting experience like himself to have fought Marcus to a draw.

Before the swordfight, he was proud and thought that he would resolve the battle with Marcus within ten minutes.

At the beginning of their exchange, Marcus’s sneak attacks had startled him, and he was afraid that one careless move would lead to Marcus turning the tables on him.

As the battle wore on, he found he couldn’t prevail over Marcus, but Marcus’s counterattacks also lost their sharpness and seemed unable to turn the tide against him, which led to a stalemate.

He felt that toward the end of their exchange, Marcus had held back.

But Marcus shook his head, his breaths choppy, making his words come out staggered: “In the first ten exchanges, my lord... With your relentless and uncompromising attacks, I indeed had... I indeed had the opportunity to defeat you. But my lord’s rate of improvement is astonishing. Later on, I couldn’t find any opportunity for a sneak attack.”

“Really?” Liszt suddenly felt his waist wasn’t sore, his legs weren’t aching, and even his breathing steadied—indeed he was a prodigious talent with an amazing aptitude!

Chapter 213: Volcanic Glass Experiment (First Update)  
Charging and sword fighting with Marcus benefited Liszt greatly.

Though one could improve on their own by working behind closed doors, it was also essential to match moves with others—the lack of real combat experience made it difficult to determine the advantages or disadvantages of the techniques developed in solitude.

And such real combat also gave Liszt a clearer understanding of his own strength.

“Know yourself and know your enemy, and you will never be in peril.” He believed that if he were to cross swords with Marcus again, whether in a charge or a sword battle, he could completely overpower his opponent.

“An Elite Earth Knight on a potion regimen completely crushes one who focuses on combat skills. Having money really does let you do as you wish.”

Therefore.

The biggest takeaway from these days of continuous combat was not how to fight technically.

It was that one must always make money for potions.

“Before long, the Rapid Growth Magic Thorns will be ready for harvest. I’ll have Elkerson turn them into Magic Potions to augment the Flame Mushroom Magic Potion, speeding up my potion regimen!” His eyes were ablaze with understanding of the essence of knightly practice, “And the Magical Beast meat—I must eat several pounds a day even if it means borrowing money!”

Knock knock knock.

Carter’s voice came from outside the door: “My lord.”

Putting his thoughts aside, Liszt tucked the thick paper with “Potion, Meat, Milk” written on it into the Magic book he had been reading lately and replied, “Come in.”

“The merchant caravan has returned, bringing with it child serfs among the serfs. Mr. Isaiah asks for your instructions on how to deal with this batch of serfs.”

“Have him arrange it according to the original plan.”

“Yes, my lord.” Carter took out a letter from his chest and handed it to Liszt, “There’s also a letter from the caravan, written by Consultant Goltai.”

Goltai did not return with the caravan; there were still many serfs waiting outside who needed him to arrange accommodation for the night.

So he sent a letter with the caravan, providing an update on the handover of the serfs.

Reading the letter, it detailed the number of serfs. There were originally one thousand serfs ordered, including two hundred craftsmen, but only eight hundred thirty-six serfs and one hundred forty-four craftsmen survived the journey to Fresh Flower Town. The loss was much greater than the quota Liszt had given.

“Frank has guaranteed that he will compensate us with one hundred additional serfs and twenty craftsmen on top of the next sale.” The letter recorded the outcome of Goltai’s haggling with Frank.

This was followed by a transaction of three hundred Gold Coins.

Frank did not agree because he had received a letter from Levis. It mentioned that the war would cease with the onset of winter, and the Earl was gathering the resources plundered, ready to retreat back to the country. Frank wanted to wait for Levis’s return before deciding whether to continue the serf trade.

“The Earl is coming back?” After reading the letter, Liszt couldn’t help but calculate the time.

It was December, and the Earl had left in September. He had been out campaigning for nearly three months, which wasn’t very long compared to the years when he would even spend holidays abroad.

“I just don’t know if this year’s harvest will be rich. As the Eagle Kingdom is a major producer of iron, if we can plunder more iron ore, I can buy a batch for weapon forging... aiming to equip a Knight Squad as soon as possible and, perhaps next year, follow the Earl to the battlefield to scavenge some spoils.”

...

Liszt dined alone that evening.

The town officials were busy taking in the children serfs, placing the ones without family directly into the homes of Fresh Flower Town’s serfs.

Children with relatives were temporarily placed in new houses in the residential area, waiting for their parents to arrive before arranging their living situation.

The food was distributed to the serf’s homes early on, then prepared by the serfs, and delivered into the hands of these children. Extra clothing and bedding were borrowed from the serf’s homes to keep these children warm. These items would be returned to each serf’s household once the castle procured new clothes.

There were also many children who had caught colds or were struggling to adapt to the new environment, necessitating the assignment of old and stable serfs to take care of them, to prevent any deaths.

The snow fluttered on this night, but Fresh Flower Town was destined to be bustling.

Tomorrow would be just as busy, as over eight hundred serfs, looking to integrate into the life of Fresh Flower Town, would need time. The biggest barrier among them was

the language issue, as the here spoke Serpent Script, while most of the new serfs spoke Wind Language—fortunately, an earlier group of new serfs had already learned basic Serpent Script and could facilitate communication.

After dinner, Liszt went for an inspection of the town.

Seeing the emaciated children shivering in the cold wind, being directed by the officials to greet him, he felt uncomfortable—this was a direct clash of two worldviews.

A sigh in his heart.

After showing his face, he went straight back to the castle, with no mood to linger.

Upon returning to the castle, he went straight upstairs, where he happened to see the maid, Little Lily, bending over to clean. Her improved version of the maid's uniform stretched her skirt, revealing a pair of straight white pantyhose over her long legs. Under the cover of her skirt's hem, there was a round curve, worthy of respect.

Hearing the footsteps, Little Lily quickly turned around, stood in the corner of the wall, and let Liszt pass: "My lord."

"Carry on," said Liszt, regretfully retracting his gaze and entering his study to stabilize his emotions for three minutes before picking up a piece of volcanic glass from the table.

He had studied it for a while before his noon rest.

No matter how he circulated his Dou Qi, he couldn't penetrate the volcanic glass to come into contact with the mana locked within the bubbles. This Fire Dragon Magic Power was trapped in the bubbles as if utterly solidified, not allowing a hint to escape.

However, after some exploration, he nonetheless discovered something.

The Fire Attribute Mana surrounding the volcanic glass was distinctly more agitated, as though drawn by the Fire Dragon Magic Power inside the bubbles. This resembled a magnetic field—despite being separated by the volcanic glass, unable to make contact, it could still cause the Fire Attribute Mana to become restless. That's why Marcus could sense its magic power.

"Based solely on this characteristic, it seems suitable for manufacturing magic equipment."

He mused silently: "If there were a large number of volcanic glasses aligned together, could they form a magic array? Then could it incite a riot of Fire Attribute Mana within the magic array, creating an environment rich in Fire Attribute Mana? If a magician were placed inside, could they effortlessly conjure fireballs?"

This seemed somewhat pointless.

So, he was more inclined to smash open the volcanic glass and release the Fire Dragon Magic Power within. However, once released, the consequences of this distinctly Fire Dragon Mana were uncertain.

“Could it infect the surrounding environment, for instance, starting a large fire?” He couldn’t be certain, but obviously, his study was not the right place for such a release, as the bookshelves held many decorative books, too valuable to be burned.

Daytime would be better.

Armed in armor, he could find an open space to release the Fire Dragon Magic Power.

But then he thought that might be overreacting—just a few bubbles in a piece of volcanic glass, how much mana could they store, how strong a reaction could they produce.

After a moment of indecision, he chose not to smash the volcanic glass.

He contemplated several possibilities and potential uses, leaving the verification for the following day.

Chapter 214: The Insanely Cool and Awesome Little Fire Dragon (Second Update)  
The next morning dawned.

Having completed the Dou Qi cultivation class, Liszt continued his research into volcanic glass.

He first took a piece of volcanic glass to the wasteland near the castle and smashed it. As the glass shattered along with the bubbles, the Eye of Magic observed the Fire Dragon Magic Power directly escaping.

The very next moment, Liszt was greatly startled.

The escaping Fire Dragon Magic Power coiled together and right before his eyes, it condensed into the form of a tiny dragon! Its wings spread and flapped up and down, its figure ethereal as if it could be dispersed by the wind at any moment, zigzagging back and forth in the air, truly resembling a small red dragon in flight.

“This...”

Liszt had never imagined that the magic power of a dragon could undergo such a mysterious transformation.

He quickly remembered what Granney Truth had explained about the triangular theory, saying that he believed dragons and elves originated from the combination of magic power and matter.

Now that he thought about it, there really seemed to be such a possibility, or even more likely, that dragons purely originated from magic power—the essence of the Fire Attribute magic power gave birth to essence, and the essence then condensed into a Fire Dragon—otherwise, it was impossible to explain why, after so many years of evolution, the Fire Dragon’s magic power could still form a small Magic Little Fire Dragon.

After some thought.

While the Magic Little Fire Dragon was still drifting in the air, untouched by the snowflakes that were unable to extinguish its light, Liszt directly reached out with his hand, covered in Magical Beast hide, toward the Magic Little Fire Dragon.

As soon as he touched it.

Boom!

With an explosive sound, the Little Fire Dragon burst on the spot, turning into a ball of flame that instantly blew his glove to shreds. A sharp pain in his palm, his skin singed by the splashing flames, almost charred the outer layer. Even though it didn’t char, it still left two painful blisters in his palm, burning intensely.

“Hiss, quite powerful,” Liszt used his hand to burst the blisters, gritting his teeth, and circulated his Dou Qi to soothe the pain from the injury—Knight’s Dou Qi has the effect of warming the body and healing wounds.

The Eye of Magic hadn’t been dismissed.

He was still observing.

The exploded Fire Dragon Magic Power quickly condensed again, forming a new Magic Little Fire Dragon. Judging by its size, it had hardly changed from the previous one.

This unscientific situation caught Liszt off guard.

He felt that this Magic Little Fire Dragon was like the persistent winds of Windhowl Valley and would remain lingering indefinitely in the wasteland near the castle.

If a Serf were to accidentally touch the Little Fire Dragon while passing by, there might instantly be an explosion. While not excessively dangerous, it could still char the skin or cause a body full of blisters.

“Wait until I find something to absorb the Fire Dragon Magic Power.” He glanced at the shattered volcanic glass on the ground; it seemed that during the volcanic eruption, the high temperature had burned the dragon’s magic power encapsulated in liquid magma. Now that it had cooled and solidified into glass, it was unable to encase anything.

Suddenly.

He thought of something, “Why don’t I have a Crystal Craftsman carve the volcanic glass into a bottle or a jar? Then use it to capture Fire Dragon Magic Power and store it? This volcanic glass obviously has an effect in blocking Fire Dragon Magic Power; it’s a natural storage container.”

With this thought, his worries dissipated.

He resumed his study of the flying Magic Little Fire Dragon.

The flight trajectory of the Little Fire Dragon was not fixed, but it seemed bound by some invisible limits, keeping it within a certain range. That range seemed to be where the first Little Fire Dragon had been crushed by Liszt, the area where the Fire Dragon Magic Power burst and spread.

Dismissing the Eye of Magic.

The Little Fire Dragon immediately disappeared from view.

Upon invoking the Eye of Magic, the Little Fire Dragon naturally appeared, slowly flapping its wings to fly. It made turns and flew back and forth within a fixed range, its demeanor utterly carefree.

Liszt used the Fine Steel Longsword he carried to touch it, and the sword passed directly through the Little Fire Dragon—or rather, the Little Fire Dragon passed directly through the sword. There was no collision or reaction between them.

“Why is there no reaction?”

After a moment of thought, he considered a possibility and immediately began to circulate his Dou Qi, imbuing the Fine Steel Longsword with it, and touched the Little Fire Dragon once again.

Boom!

A sudden explosion.

Sparks flew in all directions, visible without the need for the Eye of Magic.

Moments later, everything calmed down. In the view provided by the Eye of Magic, another Little Fire Dragon appeared. This time, its range of movement was limited to the scope of the new explosion—a circle with a radius of fifty centimeters. Its size and the total amount of its magic power remained unchanged.

There was no visible loss.

“It really defies science. Why is there no decrease in energy after exerting effort, and the magic power is still so plentiful? This shares a curious similarity with the properties of the Dragon Gems.” Gems produced by dragons also possessed seemingly infinite magic power, but even infinity would eventually run out one day.

This Little Fire Dragon might explode thousands or hundreds of times before being completely extinguished.

“Right, can it fly underground?” As soon as he thought of it, Liszt waited for the Little Fire Dragon to fly as close to the ground as possible before he reached out with the Fine Steel Longsword to touch it.

Boom!

It exploded again.

This time, the center of the explosion was only ten centimeters from the ground. When the new Little Fire Dragon formed, it indeed flew toward the ground. The moment it touched the earth, the remaining snow on the surface melted instantly, and the damp ground dried up at a rate visible to the naked eye.

Soon, the Little Fire Dragon flew out from the ground again, flew for a short while, and then dove into the earth once more.

As it was only the size of a palm, each time it could only dry a small spot, but after several times, the dried area underwent further changes.

The parched soil gradually turned black and appeared scorched.

He lured the Little Fire Dragon away with an explosion, dug up the scorched earth, and tapped on it, finding it as hard as a brick.

“A brick?” In an instant, a stroke of inspiration struck from above, entering his mind, “The Magic Little Fire Dragon is essentially firing bricks; I could completely use it to bake bricks, pottery, and porcelain. Once I have plenty of Fire Dragon Magic Power, this will be countless times more powerful than a high-temperature furnace!”

And it caused no smoke pollution, nor did it require physical fuel.



An idea that came in a flash made him ecstatic. Black Horse Island must have a fair amount of Volcanic Glass scattered about. If he could concentrate the Fire Dragon Magic Power together and build a kiln with Volcanic Glass, he could continuously produce bricks. The same could be done for pottery and porcelain.

“They say that baking bricks and ceramics requires different temperatures, which I can completely control by separating the Fire Dragon Magic Power,” he mused.

“The magic power of an entire Fire Dragon can ignite a whole volcano, and a portion of the Fire Dragon Magic Power can be used to bake bricks!”

His thoughts diverged, and more ideas emerged, “It’s not only for baking bricks, I could completely use the Little Fire Dragon to build a furnace for boiling steam and then invent a steam engine... It seems a bit difficult to make a steam engine, but wouldn’t it be easy to boil water or heat a kang with it in minutes?”

“This is not like being rewarded with a mine, it’s like being given a pile of energy!”

Considering the nearly forty Smoke Missions he had seen so far, the value of Volcanic Glass was second only to that of the Space Gems. If utilized and developed properly, it could even surpass Space Gems.

He forcibly suppressed his excitement and watched the flying Little Fire Dragon intently, clenching his fists tightly.

Then another possibility occurred to him, “Maybe the magic power of the Fire Dragon could... infect creatures, spawning new Dragon Breed Beasts?”

## **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 215: 0215: A Row of Footprints towards the Castle (3rd update, Alliance Hierarch extra 11/22) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 215: 0215: A Row of Footprints towards the Castle (3rd update, Alliance Hierarch extra 11/22)**

Chapter 215: A Row of Footprints towards the Castle (3rd update, Alliance Hierarch extra 11/22)

How dragons infected beasts and magical beasts was something Liszt didn’t understand.

But there definitely were strict conditions for infection, otherwise nobles and kings who owned dragons would have had their nations teeming with dragon breeds by now. In reality, though, the Sapphire Duke only had one breed of dragon horse, the Blue Blood Treasure Horse, and he cherished it so much that he wasn't willing to let its bloodline flow outside.

Therefore.

Judging from this, acquiring a dragon's bloodline must be quite difficult.

However, he had a hypothesis that the cows on the dairy farm might have acquired a dragon's bloodline, mutating into dragon breed cows. This made him feel that perhaps acquiring a dragon bloodline wasn't that hard; a Formless Dragon just had to visit a dairy farm and it could infect the animals with dragon bloodline.

"So how difficult is it to acquire, after all?"

"Can Fire Dragon Magic Power even infect a dragon's bloodline?"

"If it can, which animals should I try to infect with the dragon bloodline?"

There were already dragon breed horses like the Black Blood Treasured Horse, and the cows were probably already dragon breed cows, so other animals like chickens, ducks, geese, pigs, sheep, and monkeys didn't seem to have much value for infection.

"Maybe I can infect Douson, turning Douson into an Intermediate Dragon Breed Magical Beast?" He thought this idea wasn't bad, and that Douson deserved to be nurtured.

Of course, this was just a thought. The study of Fire Dragon Magic Power was still in its initial stages, and without thorough research, its best use for now was as kindling for the kiln. Otherwise, with the explosive effect that came with Fire Dragon Magic Power, Douson might get roasted instead of turning into a Dragon Beast.

After locating the Little Fire Dragon, Liszt picked up shards of volcanic glass and returned to the castle.

The volcanic glass that Marcus had brought back was not in large quantities, but it was not insignificant either; it was all piled up in his Gemstone Space. If all this volcanic glass were smashed, it could probably condense into a Magic Little Fire Dragon the size of a washbasin—Liszt always liked to use washbasin-sized as an adjective for some reason.

He planned to have someone carve and piece together the volcanic glass to make jars.

To facilitate the extraction and storage of Fire Dragon Magic Power at any time.

This magical dragon magic power was indeed very valuable; any waste would be a significant loss.

“I need to find the crystal craftsman Brad for work again... I should find an opportunity to trick him into coming to Fresh Flower Town to work for me exclusively.” Unfortunately, craftsmen like Brad can live comfortably on their skills and are not willing to settle in a small rural town.

All morning, it kept snowing.

Wrapped in his cloak, Liszt traversed between the castle and the wasteland where the Little Fire Dragon was, attempting various researches. But he wasn't a magician, and his means of research were limited; after much racking his brains, he did not glean much useful information. The only certainty was that he found volcanic glass could indeed block Fire Dragon Magic Power.

He discovered that when the Little Fire Dragon hit the volcanic glass, it would immediately disintegrate but would not cause an explosion.

The reason for the explosion was the physical reaction caused by Fire Dragon Magic Power coming into contact with other types of magic power. Without any magic stimulation, the Little Fire Dragon could maintain its fire dragon form indefinitely, scorching its surroundings as if it were a continuous and inexhaustible heat source.

Within a fifty-centimeter range of the Little Fire Dragon's activity.

The Ice Snow melted, the ground dried up, and it had been scorched into scorched earth, cracking open.

“A mysterious Fire Dragon, no one knows how many years it has been dead, but its magic power still holds such extraordinary strength; if not for seeing it with my own eyes, who would believe it,” he mused, and it brought to mind a technology from Earth, “Isn't this like controlled fusion? Commonly known as artificial Sun, whoever masters controlled fusion would have an endless supply of energy.”

He even thought that all dragons were equivalent to artificial suns with a lifespan of a thousand years.

They continuously produced energy.

The snow on the ground was roasted by the Little Fire Dragon, melting and vaporizing, creating a unique scene amidst the heavy snowfall. Liszt's thoughts drifted back from the artificial sun, and upon seeing this, he couldn't help thinking, “If I dig a pool, can I create a hot spring?”

Winter and hot springs are a perfect match.

Unable to resist the impulse, he immediately decided, "I'm going to create a hot spring in the castle, right inside the bathroom!" The bathroom had a large bathtub, and by partitioning a small section and placing the Little Fire Dragon in it, it would be equivalent to continuously adding hot water. No longer would servants need to carry up buckets of hot water from downstairs.

He rushed back to the castle to design the indoor hot spring construction plan.

He planned to implement the hot spring within a week.

By the time he drew up the first draft of the hot spring bathtub, Goltai had already brought the serfs back to Fresh Flower Town, but sadly seven serfs died on the way due to illness and cold. Including the previously mentioned children, only eight hundred and twenty-nine arrived in Fresh Flower Town, among them one hundred and forty-two craftsmen.

The deaths due to freezing were regrettable, and considering the weather, Liszt could only sigh.

Regardless, with the addition of these more than eight hundred serfs, the total population of Fresh Flower Town finally surpassed the three thousand mark. Just in terms of population, it was no longer a barren small town, achieving the population level of a medium-sized town. To reach the prosperity of Falcon Town, with a population of over four thousand, slave trading had to continue.

"This damn weather, it's practically freezing people into ice cream," Goltai complained loudly after greeting Liszt, "If it weren't for the sudden drop in temperature, those who died could have had a chance to live and see the thriving land under the knight's glory in Fresh Flower Town."

"Stop complaining; just endure a few more days and strive to settle these serfs properly... there will be Juniper Wine at the dinner."

"Of course, it's my duty." His complaint was more of a merit-seeking gesture toward Liszt, who promised Juniper Wine at the dinner, which immediately energized him.

He scolded the town officials and clerks loudly, making an already chaotic scene even more disorderly.

Then he re-entered the fray, displaying his managerial skills by reassigning tasks to each official, specifying the duties of clerks and patrol members, ensuring that no one could slack off—admittedly, as a noble, he had some insights on how to command his subordinates.

The castle's servants also participated in arranging the new serfs.

Mainly, the kitchen would prepare a large amount of simple food to feed the serfs, and Mrs. Morson and the maids, in their spare time, would mend clothes, which would also be given to the serfs to keep them warm.

At this time.

Jessie led the team with several male assistants, carrying buckets of food mixed with flour, beans, and minced meat, walking along Douson Avenue towards the town.

When passing by Douson's kennel, Jessie cheerfully greeted, "Good afternoon, Douson."

Douson usually looked down on these servants, being loyal only to Liszt. But after Jessie's greeting, Douson suddenly popped its head out of the kennel, sniffing around with its nose, looking here and there, as if it had detected something. However, all it saw were a few familiar humans.

Just lowly servants tasked with shoveling its excrement.

Therefore, shaking its head, it retracted back into the kennel—when it was cold, the kennel lined with a quilt was warmer.

Neither it nor the servants noticed that on Douson Avenue, cleared of snow and freshly covered again, a mysterious set of footprints appeared, stretching towards the direction of the castle.

## **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 216: 0216: Face-to-Face Peeping (4th Update, Alliance Hierarch Extra 12/22) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 216: 0216: Face-to-Face Peeping (4th Update, Alliance Hierarch Extra 12/22)**

Chapter 216: Face-to-Face Peeping (4th Update, Alliance Hierarch Extra 12/22)  
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The footprints continued to the castle entrance, then disappeared.

No one noticed this, not even the Retainer Knights patrolling around the castle in the heavy snow.

In the castle kitchen, Mrs. Abbie's voice was so loud that it could be heard even in the great hall. Butler Carter was wiping the fixtures and ornaments on the walls and shrugged when he heard the noise.

"She is always so rude, why can you tolerate her?" Thomas asked mockingly while arranging the hall's stools.

Carter didn't like Thomas, not only because Thomas disrespected his authority as the butler, but also because Thomas always enjoyed speaking ill of others. He replied gravely, "Because she is Mrs. Abbie, because the master loves the delicious food she makes, and so do the servants."

"I guess that's true, if she didn't have those cooking skills, she would have been fired by the master long ago."

"Not necessarily, the master is a noble gentleman of kind quality, he would offer Mrs. Abbie a new position."

"The master is too kind to the servants if you ask me. Jessie, Tom, Eileen should all be sent away, they are just useless."

"You had better not let the master hear that. Everyone is doing their job, they have done no wrong, and they should not be called useless."

Thomas snorted disdainfully, "Any other person would do better than them!"

Just then, Mrs. Abbie's soprano voice came from the kitchen, "Damn it, Eileen, where are the vegetables I asked you to wash? If you delay the master's dinner, I will 'kiss' your butt with my boot!"

Then Eileen's loud rebuttal followed, "I'm washing the beans, which you instructed!"

"Oh, is that so, can't you be a bit more swift and wash both the beans and the vegetables?"

"Do you know how many beans there are? Maggie, tell Mrs. Abbie, I think her eyes have gone blurry!"

"Good heavens, are you trying to rebel, Eileen!"

The quarrel in the kitchen provided material for Thomas, who hummed disdainfully, "This is what you call everyone doing their job? The fact is, useless is as useless does."

Carter ignored him and simply said, "Have you set up the tables and chairs upstairs? Today's dinner will be earlier, don't delay it."

“Aren’t Tom and Jessie in charge of setting up the tables and chairs?”

“They are responsible for delivering food to the town, so I’m entrusting this task to you.”

“Heh!”

Thomas laughed mockingly but went upstairs anyway. Being just a valet, he had to follow Butler Carter’s orders.

However, the argument in the kitchen did not stop. Mrs. Abbie was still in full blow-dryer mode, continuously roaring, while Eileen was still huffing and puffing with retorts. But the work in the kitchen proceeded in an orderly fashion, not stalling due to the quarrel, with even the trainee maids sticking to their tasks unfazed.

Everyone had gotten used to the strange relationship between Mrs. Abbie and Eileen, sometimes they were like enemies, other times like mother and daughter.

Maggie had gotten used to it, too.

She wielded a broom, responsible for sweeping up the rotten vegetable leaves on the floor, which could be given to the serfs to feed the chickens.

“Maggie, do you want some?” The argument had just stopped when Eileen, who was in charge of washing vegetables, suddenly pulled out a handful of shriveled peanuts from a corner and offered them to Maggie as if nothing had happened.

“No thanks, Sister Eileen, I have some, haven’t eaten yet.” She also pulled out a handful of shriveled peanuts from a corner.

There was a peanut processing workshop in Fresh Flower Town that bought a lot of shelled peanuts every day. The plump peanuts were suitable for making various peanut snacks and peanut butter to sell to trading caravans. The leftover shriveled peanuts were then divided and given to castle servants as snacks.

Working in the castle certainly came with some perks that ordinary people couldn’t enjoy.

Eileen put the peanuts back in her pocket and said, “The peanuts taste the best when fried. After the dinner party, once Mrs. Abbie leaves the kitchen, we can fry them ourselves.”

“Mrs. Abbie wouldn’t allow it.”

““

“As long as she doesn’t find out, don’t worry, I’ll scrub the pot clean, and she won’t notice.”

“But, Mr. Carter, if she finds out, she will, punish you.”

“It’s no big deal, it’s just using the pot to fry some peanuts. Mr. Carter won’t blame me. He’s like the landlord and never treats us servants harshly, even though I’m just a kitchen maid.”

“Well, okay then.” Maggie licked her lips, having taken a liking to the delicious snack of fried peanuts after trying them once, which was much tastier than the dinner the servants ate every day.

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The bathroom.

Liszt stood beside the bathtub, constantly measuring the area of the bathtub and the bathroom with a measuring tape.

After collecting the data, he went straight to the study, took out some thick paper and began to sketch and design what he called the bathtub hot spring.

The Little Fire Dragon was not a safe energy source.

One must ensure that it can be used for heating while also taking safety precautions; it was a mentally taxing design that the blacksmiths and carpenters of Fresh Flower Town definitely lacked the brains and insight to create.

“It seems to be the three laws of thermodynamics or some kind of law that determines the three properties of heating water—convection, conduction, and radiation. Radiation I won’t need for now, but conduction and convection are the most suitable methods. With conduction, as long as one part of the bathtub is heated, the whole bathtub’s water can be warmed up.”

Thinking and thinking.

His brain felt a bit messy; the content from junior high school physics had mostly been returned to the teacher.

But he did know one thing, whether it’s heating from the bottom of the bathtub and allowing the water to convect, thus hot water rises and cold water falls. Or heating the water from the side of the bathtubs so that the temperature continually transfers to the other side, there needs to be a tank isolated from the bathtub to heat the little dragon.



“I can’t let the Little Fire Dragon heat all the time, after the bath, I need to put it away so the volcanic glass tank must be crafted by the craftsman immediately... When carving, how to release the bubbles inside is a troublesome issue.”

He propped his hand on the desk, bored, and tipped his chair back on two legs.

Then he casually picked up a piece of volcanic glass.

Activating the Eye of Magic, he prepared to observe the Magic Power within the bubbles again, considering how to work with the craftsman to extract the Fire Dragon Magic Power.

However, after he activated the Eye of Magic, his gaze fell upon the study by the Window, and he was startled.

His hand shook, and the volcanic glass was thrown away, the chair toppled over as well.

Fortunately, his reflexes were quick, and with a twist, he stopped his falling body and steadied himself against the desk.

Then he forcibly directed his gaze to the volcanic glass on the ground, rather than looking at the Window—the place where a Magic Power-formed figure appeared, leaning against the wall. It was clearly a full-chested woman, arms folded across her chest, and her gaze seemed to be fixed on Liszt.

The sudden appearance of a Magic Power figure in his study, where he thought he was absolutely safe, had the potential to scare someone to death with its surprise.

Thankfully, Liszt managed to disguise his surprise with the commotion of his awkward fall.

He didn’t alert the Magic Power figure, which only changed its position and continued to lean against the wall, watching Liszt.

“What is this? What is this thing?” Liszt bent down, cautiously picked up the volcanic glass, and forced himself to stay calm, pondering what this suddenly appeared Magic Power figure could possibly be.

By the time he straightened up.

The panic that followed the scare had swiftly settled, and his brain had regained its cunning, immediately recalling the reward from the Smoke Mission—the Thief that spies on the Landlord.

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## **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 217: 0217: Yet Li Si Te had already seen through (5th update, Alliance Hierarch bonus update 13/22) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 217: 0217: Yet Li Si Te had already seen through (5th update, Alliance Hierarch bonus update 13/22)**

Chapter 217: Yet Li Si Te had already seen through (5th update, Alliance Hierarch bonus update 13/22)

A thief.

A female thief with a sizable chest.

A thief capable of invisibility or similar magic.

She stood by the window of the study, leaning against the wall, spying on him. After the initial panic had subsided, Liszt began to think about how to respond.

Based on his understanding of the Smoke Mission, or rather, the fate represented by the Smoke Dragon, he knew that handling this situation well could reap a reward.

After all, the thief's prying appeared in the form of a reward from the Smoke Mission.

"But how should I respond, directly expose the thief's disguise?" he asked nonchalantly as he adjusted the chair, preparing to sit back down. "That's not good, it's too awkward to just expose her. What if she lashes out... Her strength is unknown, better to play it safe, and stabilize her first."

The other party was a female thief. Although he couldn't see her face clearly, her figure was very graceful.

Of course, her figure wasn't important. What Liszt saw was her relaxed stance.

She did not seem poised to attack.

It was as if she had come just to see a handsome man.

"The good Lord provides, inheriting Melissa's looks certainly attracts attention. This thief might simply be admiring my beauty," he even had time to muse.

The female thief, drawn by his handsomeness and demeanor, would suddenly emerge from the shadows, see the error of her ways, and confess everything to him.

As sleazy as that thought was, it was not outside the realm of possibility.

Although he did not know her purpose, at least for now, the female thief's inaction gave Liszt ample time to prepare.

However, just as he had sat down and was about to consider his next move, a slightly husky female voice suddenly reached his ears, "Who would have thought that in such a rural castle on this island, someone would be able to see through my form."

It was the female thief speaking.

Liszt almost didn't react in time—he had been discovered? But his response was quick, and he immediately stood up alertly from the chair.

He looked towards the window, following the voice: "Who's there!"

"Baron, your acting is not very convincing, even worse than the farcical actors I've seen perform in Coral City," the female thief's magical power flowed, and in the next moment, her body slowly became visible.

A type of magic similar to the Invisibility Technique had been dispelled.

Tattered leather armor, a greatsword as tall as a person, disheveled hair, a tight chest. She wore a scarf that covered most of her face, only revealing a pair of bright eyes.

This attire made Liszt think of the typical antagonist side character from a Knight's Novel—the mercenary.

Mercenaries were a middle class in society, usually knights in decline who would work as mercenaries for landlords, merchants, and the like in exchange for compensation. They had a bad reputation since most mercenaries were notorious for committing all sorts of crimes such as robbery and murder.

Compared to the lower-class rats, they were only a notch more legitimate.

Liszt also knew that the slave trade couldn't do without mercenaries, as knights were meant for charging into battlefields; capturing serfs was something mercenaries were most skilled at.

The female mercenary had revealed her true self.

This disrupted Liszt's train of thought, but with the soul of an adult, his ability to stay composed was still quite adequate. Touching the Crimson Blood Sword lying on the

desk, he felt his mood completely stabilize—after all, as an Elite Earth Knight, his strength was already formidable.

Unless the opponent was a Sky Knight-level mercenary, the Crimson Blood Sword was merciless.

“Was my performance really that bad? I felt that my movements and expressions just now were very natural,” Liszt smiled, showcasing his handsome and charming side, “Please have a seat, uninvited lady. Would you like something to drink? Red wine, coffee, or perhaps milk tea?”

The charm offensive was in play.

The female mercenary sat down calmly, clearly an intruder, yet she behaved as leisurely as if she were the host: “I’m not thirsty at the moment, but if you’d like something to drink to calm your nerves, please go ahead.”

Liszt was a bit puzzled: “Do I look nervous to you? In fact, I’m quite relaxed right now.”

“Your performance indeed surpasses many, but there are still quite a few flaws,” the female mercenary crossed her legs, her attire rough-looking, but the trousers tied with cloth strips and fitted with kneepads hugged her legs, accentuating their length and straightness beautifully, “As an Earth Knight would not lose control of their body to the point of knocking over their own chair.”

Liszt suddenly realized: “So I was exposed right from the start.”

“Actually, I’m more curious about how you saw through my Invisibility Technique. I’ve infiltrated many castles, and I’ve only been exposed in front of a Sky Knight, never seen through by an Earth Knight.”

“Are you a professional thief?” Liszt responded with a question instead of an answer, as he wouldn’t reveal the secret of the Eye of Magic.

The female mercenary countered with her own question: “Do you intend to capture me?”

“Sneaking into my castle, peering into my study, don’t you think you’ve already infringed on the authority of a landlord, and on the sacred legality of my territory?”

A landlord has absolute control over their territory, a system followed by all nations.

“I walked in through the castle’s main gate and have been generously standing in front of the window,” said the female mercenary. Then, in a light tone, she added, “And I don’t think offending a Baron is a problem. Many Barons felt offended by me, and in the end, they were all killed by me.”

A casual statement, as if it was just small talk.

But Liszt could feel that she was quite relaxed when speaking, as if stating something that was a matter of course. He did not suspect whether the other party was lying or narrating; everything seemed natural.

It could also be that her acting skills were just too good.

He raised an eyebrow, his smile unaffected: "Then tell me, what brings you here? Braving the heavy snow to come to a small town, you must be in need of something."

"I originally planned to kill the landlord who trades serfs in this rural area and take someone away with me." The female mercenary was quite straightforward with her intentions, "But seeing that you don't commit atrocities in the town, killing you would unjustly involve innocent civilians. I've decided to change my plan and just take one person away."

It sounded like he had narrowly escaped a disaster.

But Liszt certainly didn't believe that with his diligent training, as an Elite Earth Knight armed with the Crimson Blood Sword and the Eye of Magic, he would be easily defeated.

The total magic power within her didn't seem outstanding in his eyes, nowhere near the level of a Sky Knight.

Moreover, judging by her attire and distribution of magic power, she was clearly one who practiced Dou Qi, not a magician. Perhaps relying on the Invisibility Technique for surprise attacks had killed many Earth Knights, giving her an inflated confidence.

During these thoughts.

He spoke up in response, "Whom do you want to take away?" No sooner had he asked this than a flash of insight crossed his mind, suddenly reminding him of someone—the little maid Maggie practicing in the kitchen.

The rewards from the Smoke Mission had included goodwill from the serf Maggie, and this had sparked his interest, guessing there would surely be follow-up tasks involving Maggie. Now, the sudden arrival of the female mercenary led him to link these two tasks together; this thief spying on the landlord must be after Maggie.

And furthermore.

Liszt had probably guessed her identity—there was a record in the serf registration documents that Maggie had a magician sister who had run away from home.

So, he had already speculated on what the so-called Smoke Mission would ultimately reward him.

#### Chapter 218: Deserving of an Oscar (First Update)

If a thief suddenly emerged, even if she were a woman, Liszt would find an opportunity to eliminate her—how could he let someone who threatened his own life to grow fond of him?

But as the reward for the Smoke Mission.

Eliminating her would be like throwing the reward away, after all, the Smoke Mission had already given a “hint”—the serf Maggie.

The apprentice maid Maggie was the key to unlocking the reward, the key to having control over this female mercenary or female magician. As for how to use the key to open the treasure chest, it certainly wasn't about capturing Maggie and threatening the other party. The best way would likely involve love.

“Maggie has already formed a contract of mother and daughter with Mrs. Harriet from the general store; counting that, this female mercenary is practically half a Fresh Flower Town's person!”

Since she was one of his own people, Liszt's mood suddenly brightened.

And he began contemplating how to best play his cards—Maggie and his personal reputation.

At this moment.

The female mercenary had already stated who she wanted to take away, “I want to bring a maid from the castle with me, does the Baron agree?”

“A maid from the castle?” Liszt pretended to ponder for a moment before speaking, “There are sixteen maids in the castle, which one would you like to take away?”

“Eileen.”

“Eileen Four Fingers?” Liszt looked at the female mercenary in surprise; he hadn't expected her to play mind games with him. If he hadn't already speculated, he would have been fooled, “Why take Eileen away? Give me a reason to agree to it.”

“She's just a maid, what reason do you need. Baron, if you want to test whether my sword is sharp, I don't mind letting you find out.”

“My sword hasn’t rusted either.” Liszt stood his ground as he met the bright eyes of the female mercenary.

He was half performing, half confident.

With Douson, with the Crimson Blood Sword, as an Elite Earth Knight.

As long as she was not a Sky Knight, she would have no advantage over him.

With confidence, he could perform at ease—show the Landlord’s affection for his people, his own tough side, display the nobility image that met the common people’s expectations—in a knight system, equality does not exist, brave and merciful Lords are the incarnations of justice.

The worn leather armor of the female mercenary clearly indicated her lower social status.

A moment later.

She indeed took a step back, “Eileen is my sister, is that reason enough?”

“Your sister?” Liszt smiled, “If it’s true, I will call her over for you to identify in person. I have no opposition to family reunions. In fact, you could have approached me directly as her relative. Eileen applied for the maid position herself in Coral City, it’s her own choice to stay or leave.”

“She doesn’t know she has a sister like me.”

“Sorry, that reason does not hold. Eileen’s parents are in Coral City working the fields for Tulip Castle. I don’t think she would suddenly have a thief, mercenary, or magician for a sister. Therefore, until Eileen confirms it herself, I cannot let you take her away.”

“What if I insist on taking her away?”

“It seems my actions have led to a misunderstanding.” Liszt suddenly placed his hand on the hilt of the Crimson Blood Sword, speaking earnestly, “Serfs work for their Lord, and the Lord protects the safety of his serfs. This is the knightly honor I live by. I don’t allow, and you shouldn’t think of taking away anyone from Fresh Flower Town!”

This series of actions was full of momentum, the words spoken with passion, resonating with conviction.

Paired with his handsome face, the sense of justice was overwhelming.

Of course, there was the suspicion of trying a bit too hard—a Lord with such a strong sense of justice seemed somewhat grandiose and empty.

Across him, sitting on the chair, the female mercenary's bright eyes were glinting, not responding to Liszt's righteous rebuke for a moment. Just when Liszt was about to feel awkward, she finally spoke slowly, "You're different from the other Lords I've killed, Baron. I will stay in Fresh Flower Town for a few days to see what makes you different from the other Lords."

She then stood up, roughly one meter seventy-five tall, quite tall.

Liszt narrowed his eyes.

He felt that whether he let her go out or stopped her from leaving would not be a good solution—the key point, he couldn't gauge the other party's strength.

It certainly wouldn't be weak.

If the strength was insignificant, the Smoke Mission wouldn't need to be so formal in considering her as a type of reward.

As she arrived at the door of the study, ready to open it, Liszt stood up and followed her, "I don't know why you are targeting Eileen, but I must warn you not to attempt to harm Eileen. Do not have any ill intentions in Fresh Flower Town, and, leave your name."

"Swann." The female mercenary smiled, unconcerned with Liszt's threat.

It wasn't a standard female name; probably an alias, Liszt guessed.

Thomas, who was arranging the living room, saw Liszt follow a female mercenary out and was stunned. He then came forward to greet, "Master."

Liszt said, "Thomas, escort this uninvited guest, Miss Swann, out of the castle. Also, inform Consultant Goltai that she can be accommodated in a new house in town."

Feeling that such an enticement was too deliberate, he added, "Her board and lodging costs should be the same as for the foreign merchants."

Although Thomas was puzzled about how such a woman in that attire appeared in the castle, he still respectfully accepted the command, "Yes, Master. Miss Swann, please follow me."

After Swann left the castle with Thomas.

Butler Carter, filled with confusion, asked, "Master, I haven't seen Miss Swann enter the castle, I've been dusting in the hall the entire time."

"She climbed over the wall to get in," Liszt stood at the doorway, watching Swann's figure disappear down the road, "I will tell you about her origins when the time is right."



For now, pay more attention to the servants in the castle, especially the maids. If they have any grievances, they should be resolved promptly.”

Carter, of course, did not ask further, “As you wish, Master.”

“By the way, Mr. Carter, call Eileen to my study, I have some questions for her.” Since the female mercenary claimed she came for Eileen, he had to act accordingly.

Eileen hurriedly came to the study.

“Master, did you call for me?”

“Eileen, how many siblings do you have in your family?”

“I have two younger brothers.”

“No sisters? Or any cousins?”

“No, Master.”

“Are you sure you don’t have any, like a sister who was given away to someone else when she was a child?”

“I wouldn’t know about that, but my mother was only seventeen when I was born, so I don’t think there would be another sister.”

Therefore, the possibility that Swann was Eileen’s sister was essentially eliminated; she was just being cunning. Liszt felt a great relief, his tone became even more amiable, “How is the work in the kitchen going?”

“Everything is going well, Master.”

“Good to hear, if anything comes up, you can report directly to Mr. Carter. You should take good care of the young maids in training in the kitchen, as their elder sister, don’t let them be mistreated.”

“Of course, I will.”

With the conversation over, he sent Eileen away.

Liszt carefully went over his response after encountering Swann, feeling that there were a few details that were not well managed, with some small flaws, but overall, he had handled things quite well.

There was no inappropriate enthusiasm, no deliberate hostility.

The courage and benevolence that needed to be shown were also displayed, achieving an amiable demeanor as if bathed in the spring breeze.

Worthy of an Oscar... or at least a Golden Rooster.

#### Chapter 219: A Choice in Line with Interests (Second Update)

The mercenary Miss Swann will stay in Fresh Flower Town for a few days to observe.

This is a good sign, indicating that she has already taken a liking to Fresh Flower Town and to Li Si Te (Liszt). The following few days will be crucial for solidifying that good impression.

Of course, there is also the possibility that the good impression could turn into a bad one.

But the probability is small.

Li Si Te (Liszt) is confident about this point: "The current Fresh Flower Town is clean and sanitary, with wide roads, and the commoners have houses to live in, clothes to wear and food to eat, and even a little surplus; the Patrol Team is no longer a gang of riffraff, and while it may not be safe enough to leave one's doors unlocked at night, at least there are no thefts occurring."

Although the town is rural and not bustling, it has seen significant improvements under nearly half a year of governance.

This undoubtedly adds many favorable impressions.

"Trafficking serfs is indeed a disgraceful act, but practically all nobles traffic in slaves, and it's not just me doing it. Moreover, the serfs who come to Fresh Flower Town do not suffer; they are allocated houses, clothing, and food, and even land, and their quality of life might have even improved. This, at the very least, won't be a mark against me,"

Such is the nature of the social system.

The mercenary Miss Swann claims to have killed many a baron, though it's hard to tell truth from falsehood. But she must understand that what Li Si Te (Liszt) has done already makes him one of the better nobles.

"And there's an even more important point. Maggie's life in Fresh Flower Town is very good, and she has regained a sense of family... She and Mrs. Harriet have formed a mother-daughter contract, which is nothing short of a stroke of genius!" Thinking of this, Li Si Te (Liszt) felt there was no reason he couldn't keep the well-built female mercenary around.

In law and morality, a contract mother and daughter are no different from a real mother and daughter.

If the mercenary Miss Swann wants to take Maggie away, she must first sever their mother-daughter relationship. But the key is, would Maggie be willing? Li Si Te (Liszt) had been paying close attention to Maggie and knew that Mrs. Harriet truly treated her like a daughter. The heart of the young maid had already melted.

Maggie is not a cold-hearted little girl. If she knows gratitude, she will surely not want to make Mrs. Harriet sad.

“Therefore, I need to discreetly send someone to give Mrs. Harriet a hint. When the critical moment comes, she should retain Maggie. Then, using Maggie’s influence, retain the mercenary... On Eileen’s side, we must also continue to strengthen the feelings, letting the maids feel the love of the castle and the warmth of the large family atmosphere.”

Finally.

Using his experience from the many failures he had with pursuing girls in the past, he made the most important decision: “Women are emotional creatures, and maybe Fresh Flower Town has a myriad of advantages that the mercenary doesn’t quite appreciate. However, a warm-hearted initiative out of pure goodwill could make her see things differently.”

At that evening’s banquet, only Goltai and Isaiah came along, with others continuing to organize the new serfs.

Without waiting for the dishes to be served, Goltai asked, “Lord Landlord, what exactly is Miss Swann’s status? I have arranged for her a new residence in the noble living area. Is that appropriate?”

“She may be an enemy, or she might become a friend; it all depends on her choices,” Li Si Te (Liszt) did not directly disclose her identity. He continued, “Consultant Goltai, pass the word to Karl and Rom, tell the Patrol Team to keep an eye on her movements, prohibit her from approaching the Flame Mushroom Processing Workshop, the Soap Making Workshop, and the Brewing Workshop. The Bug Guard Team needs to safeguard the Cordyceps, especially those in the Thorn Garden.”

“Your words have confused me a bit,” Goltai shrugged, “but I will heed your wishes and remind Karl and Rom as instructed.”

Li Si Te (Liszt) then turned to Isaiah and said, “With the arrival of new serfs, their clothing, food, and housing need to be properly arranged. I will have the merchant convoy make an urgent purchase of more quilts and cotton clothes. Do not worry about

spending money, the most important thing is to take good care of the serfs' daily needs, to make them feel that the winter in Fresh Flower Town is as warm as home."

Goltai patted Isaiah's shoulder and winked, "Yes, it's important to make the serfs feel the warmth of home. And Miss Swann, she should also witness this scene and feel the warmth of Fresh Flower Town."

Isaiah was no fool; he quickly grasped the essence, "Of course, with a benevolent Lord Landlord like yourself, Fresh Flower Town is a warm home for all the commoners here."

Liszt smiled as he raised his cup, "Cheers."

"Cheers."

...

He went to sleep in the night.

Using the Eye of Magic, he carefully checked the castle once more, making sure there were no mercenary women lurking. Liszt then led Douson to the castle hall and let it sleep there.

And watched with his own eyes as Carter locked the castle gates.

Only then did he lock his bedroom door and lay down on the bed. He couldn't fall asleep, his mind preoccupied with thoughts of the female mercenary, Swann. He had complex feelings about this "thief who peeped at the landlord."

Due to the Smoke Mission, he naturally felt that subduing her would fulfill the reward's intent.

But the information revealed in Swann's words had not failed to impact his senses—claiming to have killed many barons, this was a clear stance against the nobles.

Liszt was also a noble, and his "arse decided his head," he would never allow anyone who tried to shake the rule of nobility to exist.

"Swann is Maggie's sister, so she should be from the Eagle Kingdom, and the barons she killed should also be from the Eagle Kingdom. I hope this is the case... If she killed people from the Sapphire Kingdom, then I should definitely not leave her alive... Actually, I've been too hasty."

He turned over and continued to think.

“I should investigate her background first and then decide whether to subdue her. The Smoke Mission has already influenced my judgment, I need to contain this dependency!”

He originally thought the Smoke Mission was the conspiracy of some puppet master behind the scenes, unable to resist such a manipulator.

But now, guessing that the Smoke Mission was the doing of the Smoke Dragon, a mere grasp of destiny, that gave him the right of independent choice.

“One’s destiny should be in one’s own hands, not becoming a puppet. Accept what benefits me, discard what harms me.”

His restless thoughts slowly smoothed over, “No matter how beautiful the face beneath Swann’s veil, as long as she doesn’t align with my interests, I absolutely cannot keep her! Even if for Maggie’s sake, she wouldn’t harm Fresh Flower Town or threaten my rule, I must send her away.”

Of course, all these were assumptions.

Having seen her for the first time, it was hard to judge whether this person who claimed to be Swann was telling the truth or not. Her identity and background were also hard to guess.

Learning from Maggie, her sister went to study magic; from Swann’s attire, one could infer that she was a mercenary trained in Dou Qi; yet she was capable of Invisibility Technique, which, though the principle was unclear, must be a sort of magic; moreover, the description in the Smoke Mission referred to her as a thief.

So whether she was a knight or a magician, it was unknown.

Whether she was a mercenary or a thief, also unknown.

Touching the Crimson Blood Sword beside his bed, Liszt had completely calmed down, “Let things take their course, I can’t decide whether she comes to Fresh Flower Town or not, but I must decide whether she can stay or not!”

The Crimson Blood Sword was not for decoration—it could truly kill and draw blood!

**The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 220: 220: The Enemy Army Has Surrendered (Third Update, Alliance Hierarch Additional Update 14/22) - Read The Mighty**

## **Dragons Are Dead Chapter 220: 220: The Enemy Army Has Surrendered (Third Update, Alliance Hierarchy Additional Update 14/22)**

Chapter 220: The Enemy Army Has Surrendered (Third Update, Alliance Hierarchy Additional Update 14/22)

Swann strolled through the streets of Fresh Flower Town, the snow had stopped last night.

The roads had been cleared of snow, revealing the gravel pathways beneath. Compared to the stone-paved roads she had seen in big cities, these gravel paths were rudimentary. Yet for a small town to have such a road was impressive. In most countries, the majority of small towns would have nothing but dirt roads.

The Patrol Team, with smiles on their faces, maintained order among the new serfs and began to distribute clothes.

The garments were thick cotton, not shoddily made.

Before long, various serfs from different households began to transport ready-made food to the residential area, providing it to the new serfs through a team organized by the town officials.

There were ample quantities of food, and although it was only beans and black bread, each person received a kind of shellfish.

She had asked around, and this was seafood, a delectable food given to Landlord Li Si Te by the sea. Last night, she had tasted the seafood; it was not bad, reportedly Fresh Flower Town relied on seafood to feed everyone abundantly. Seeing the healthy complexion on the commoners' faces, she knew it was true.

Unlike the pallor often found on rural serfs, here, the serfs had rosy cheeks.

They all wore thick cotton clothes, smiled as they worked, and were even paid a copper coin or two in wages. Such a life was hard to believe in a rural town.

Soon, she arrived at Little Wheat Village.

The crowing of chickens was constant, and she could see serfs feeding the large and small chickens with leftover breadcrumbs and some wheat bran.

She also passed a pig farm, where there were more than a dozen fat pigs.

Everything indicated that this was a prosperous town—not just the castle and town were affluent, but the rural villages were as well.

“Such a tranquil countryside.”

She suddenly remembered her hometown, which was also in a small town, like Little Wheat Village, only more dilapidated. The local landlord levied excessive taxes, demanding so much that the serfs couldn't eat their fill. Her own family was the same, not getting enough to eat, and her parents decided to marry her off to the village's lame old man.

She was only fifteen at the time.

The lame old man was over fifty already, his wrinkles deep enough to trap flies, and he looked as if he could die at any moment.

After summoning her courage, she ran away from home the next morning. As she was about to leave the village, she happened to hear a serf who was going to the fields to work singing a local folk song.

“My old home is in this village, I am a native of this place, don't look at the village being so small...”

At that moment, her tears flowed freely, yet she was resolutely without regrets.

In the blink of an eye, four years passed.

So much had changed, and so many were gone.

When she finally had the ability to rewrite her own future, she heard that the Steel Ridge Kingdom was about to go to war with the Eagle Kingdom, so she set out on the journey home to bring her family away.

However, upon returning to her hometown, she found it devastated.

Her hometown had not been destroyed in the war but was instead massacred by a group of mercenaries. Her parents' corpses had been gnawed on by wild dogs. But she also received a clue that her little sister was still alive. Thus, she pursued her from the Eagle Kingdom to the Duchy of Sapphire.

In this remote island's small town in the countryside, she finally found her sister.

“Good morning, Captain Swann.” Suddenly, a stammering greeting pulled Swann out of her memories. She turned to look and saw a young slave girl.

She kind of remembered that the little slave girl had fallen on the boat, and she had taken her to get a meal: “It's you.”

The little slave girl had changed into cotton clothes, a bit large, but they looked very warm. Her face had also been washed, and although still pale, her vigor had returned.

After greeting in Serpent Script, she immediately switched to Wind Language, her tone becoming more lively, "Captain Swann, are you a noble of Fresh Flower Town?"

Swann then asked, "Do you like Fresh Flower Town?"

"Mhm, I like Fresh Flower Town, Mr. Brown and Mrs. Brown are good people, and I also met Oniya, she is just like me, a serf who came over from another continent by boat. She has already started training in Dou Qi with the knights. Do you know about Dou Qi? Ah, someone as important as you must have trained in Dou Qi."

"Women slaves can also train in Dou Qi?"

"Yes, Oniya asked her instructor, Lord Rom, and all the girls can go to class. In a few days, I'll be able to train in Dou Qi too. Mhm, I want to be as strong as Captain Swann."

"Don't you want to go home?"

"Home?" A trace of confusion crossed the young slave girl's face as she lowered her head, seemingly recalling something, "But Leah doesn't have a home anymore."

But quickly, she raised her head again: "Mr. and Mrs. Brown said that Leah should consider Fresh Flower Town her home."

Captain Swann paused, then smiled and said, "Then consider this place your home."

...

While having breakfast.

Liszt habitually summoned the Smoke Mission.

He was supposed to restrain his reliance on the Smoke Missions, but they were truly useful, and he couldn't help but think about them every day.

One must grab at the tail of fate with all their might when given the chance.

An opportunity not taken is simply wasted.

However, this time, the Smoke Mission underwent a long-absent change, forming misty Serpent Script that was no longer the usual familiar phrases, but one that had appeared only once before.

"The mission has changed."



Following that, the new Smoke Mission was released.

“Mission: In Fresh Flower Town, covered in ice and snow, workers toil and sweat daily but cannot get enough hot water for bathing, making them susceptible to catching colds. The landlord should consider this, and please construct a bathhouse for both men and women. Reward: A new variety of Flame Mushroom.”

The monkeys had not yet been bought.

Clearly, the mission had not been accomplished, but now it was changing.

Liszt recalled the mission from ‘Philip, Descendant of the Sun’s Diary,’ where he hadn’t facilitated a contract of father and son between Fi’el and Jessie, not until now. But he had found Fi’el’s Tanners’ Shop and obtained the diary that was supposed to be a reward, and the mission then changed.

This time, it was likely the same reason that led to the mission’s alteration.

“The Smoke Mission’s prompt is that the mission has already changed, not that it has failed. Could it be that the thief it rewarded me with has already fulfilled her role?”

He contemplated a possibility, that Swann might already have given her loyalty.

Yet it felt too fast; regarding this female mercenary who knew Invisibility Technique, he had had his fair share of doubts. Her value was unquestionable—just the Invisibility Technique alone was worth recruiting her for. However, the potential threats were also real: killing nobles, unknown origins, all crossed his red lines.

Thus, he was prepared for a long battle, never expecting that she would surrender so quickly.

To the point where he exclaimed, “Ah, I thought it was a boss fight, but it turned out to just be a cutscene. Is it you, little Swann, getting antsy, or is my charm, old Liszt, just too great?” He picked up a mantou newly “invented” by Mrs. Abbie, spread it with beef sauce and mustard, and took a bite.

Quite dry, quite hard.

Not as fluffy and soft as a real mantou, it still needed improvement.

“Regardless of whether Swann has pledged her loyalty, the original plan will continue, the investigation into her background also needs to speed up... The construction of the two bathhouses needs to start immediately. I had just designed a bathtub hot spring when the Smoke Mission catches up with the times and prompts me to build a bathhouse.”

The bathhouse was definitely going to be built because the mission's reward was a new variety of Flame Mushroom, and without thinking, it had to be an enhanced version of the Magic Flame Mushroom.