

## **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 221: 0221: The Strategy of Retreating When the Enemy Advances (4th Update, Alliance Hierarch Extra 15/22) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 221: 0221: The Strategy of Retreating When the Enemy Advances (4th Update, Alliance Hierarch Extra 15/22)**

Chapter 221: The Strategy of Retreating When the Enemy Advances (4th Update, Alliance Hierarch Extra 15/22)  
Riding Douson.

When Liszt arrived at the clearing in Barley Hamlet, he surveyed the children of all ages as they attended knight training classes.

He did not ride a Li Dragon Horse because Douson provided him with a sense of security. Moreover, it added to the Lord Landlord's imposing image, imprinting nobility in the hearts of these children—riding an Intermediate Magical Beast, the Lord Landlord was unbelievably strong, and it was incredibly fortunate to be able to farm the lands for the Lord Landlord.

Allowing an assistant to continue instructing the girls, Rom saluted Liszt, "Good day, my lord!"

"Good day, Rom."

Then Rom began to report on the training progress of this group of girls, distinguishing between those with talent and those without it, which was basically evident from the training.

The so-called talent consisted of two aspects: physical and mental qualities.

Talented children were certainly those who were tall, well-built, and able to endure hardships. As for intelligence, that was of secondary importance—after all, Liszt was merely cultivating female serfs who could farm and do heavy labor, not real female knights.

"Rom, pay close attention to the health of the girls. When training in the snow, take care not to let them catch a cold. After working up a sweat, bring them back immediately," Liszt instructed.

Rom replied, "There's a resting room nearby with a stove. Whenever they rest, we bring them in to warm up by the fire."

Liszt nodded.

Although it is true that training in the heat of summer and the cold of winter may be beneficial, these were still little girls, and their training should not be too harsh.

He thought of a plan and said to Rom, “This wasteland is still too rudimentary. I plan to turn this area into what I’ll call Knight’s Square this winter, used specifically for knight training in the future.”

“Rom supports the lord’s decision. Having a specialized Knight’s Square will be convenient for both the instructors and the children, making the training more professional,” Rom responded.

Along with a dining hall and classrooms, future cultural classes will be held here as well,” Liszt considered further. He wanted not only serfs who could farm but also clerks who could read and write.

The upcoming large-scale development of Black Horse Island would require many talents, and relying solely on purchasing them would not assure a complete talent pool. Therefore, it made sense to start cultivating them now.

After discussing the construction of Knight’s Square for a while, he quickly turned his attention to Maggie, who was training alongside the girls.

The nine-year-old maid servant Maggie was diligently performing her exercises with meticulous attention to detail.

Last night, Liszt had called for Old Geronte and talked with him for a considerable time, mainly about Maggie. He asked Old Geronte to interact more with Harriet’s family, subtly hinting at messages like “the Lord Landlord holds Maggie in high regard,” “the way mother and daughter on contract get along is very good,” and “I hope you can continue to love and care for each other.”

In essence, he was indicating to Harriet’s family that Maggie’s importance could not be overlooked.

Then they would naturally know what to do to retain Maggie—if Swann intended to forcefully take Maggie away, this would be a foreshadowing. If Swann had no such desire, the foreshadowing would not cause harm. If Liszt chose to expel Swann but Maggie remained, this could prevent retaliation.

He was intently watching Maggie.

Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, Liszt saw Swann approaching.

He turned his head and nodded distantly to Swann as a greeting, neither warm nor overly courteous, simply natural.

Swann came straight over, and as she drew near, Douson sniffed the air with its nostrils and suddenly began to growl deeply at Swann. Had it not been for Liszt's soothing presence, it might have pounced on her directly.

"An Intermediate Magical Beast, the Fierce Earth Dog, a rare variant bloodline—the Baron's lands abound with surprises," Swann said, seeming unafraid of Douson.

Some of her actions were deliberately enigmatic, but the mixture of truth and deception made it difficult for Liszt to discern, "Diligence in managing a territory naturally reaps rewards. Miss Swann seems to have extensive experience. Could you evaluate Fresh Flower Town for me? Compared to other small towns in various countries, how does it fare?"

"Far from prosperous, but it has potential. The variety of goods in the territory is rich, and I've heard you have a Little Minor Elf that produces Magic Potions. The development of Fresh Flower Town will soon arrive."

"Not soon, but already underway," said Liszt, quite proudly. "When Fresh Flower Town was granted to me, it was extremely poor, with less than two thousand hungry people, especially in winter, when they could only starve. Now, Fresh Flower Town has over three thousand five hundred people, all well-fed and unique across Coral Island."

Swann sneered, "But half of that population consists of serfs that you've trafficked. If you hadn't bought them, they might still be living peacefully in their hometowns."

"If I hadn't bought them, someone else would have. The ones who disrupted their peaceful lives are not me, but those incompetent landlords who cannot protect their people. A knight has spears and swords and enjoys the support of the people, so naturally, they must also protect their safety. Once they come to Fresh Flower Town, I take the responsibility for their protection."

Without trade, there would be no killing.

Liszt directly switched the concept, turning it into without killing, there would be no trade.

"But are you certain that you can protect these people, and that they won't be sold into serfdom once again someday?" Swann asked, her gaze burning into Liszt.

Was this a test?

It seemed like a routine from before joining sides, a thought flashed through Liszt's mind.

He chuckled softly, "I can't guarantee that I am so powerful as to be fearless, but in the Duchy of Sapphire, it's not difficult for me to shelter Fresh Flower Town. My father is Coral Island's Count, my grandfather is Marquis of Red Crab Island, my mount is an Intermediate Magical Beast, my Longsword is a Gemstone Weapon, and I have a Little Minor Elf that produces Magic Potions."

He looked off into the distance, his handsome face shining brightly in the sunlight, radiant as the blazing sun, "There is no one better suited to bring them peace and tranquility than I am."

His words were full of conviction.

However.

The female mercenary was not so easily fooled, "Maybe one day you'll fall in battle, and without their landlord, the fate of Fresh Flower Town might not be any better than those territories where serfs have been abducted."

Liszt continued to smile, "That's why I must accumulate strength and practice diligently every day. My talent may not be outstanding, having only become an Earth Knight after coming of age, but six months later, I am already capable of defeating an Elite Earth Knight in direct combat. I will continue to recruit knights to form a Knight Squad and safeguard Fresh Flower Town!"

"Really, I detest the hypocrisy and belligerence of nobles," Swann remarked with a touch of melancholy in her calm demeanor, "Although you're also a hypocritical Noble, at least you do not indulge in the vices of the nobility... Small towns like Fresh Flower Town on overseas islands may indeed enjoy a bit of tranquility."

Before Liszt could speak,

She regained her composed tone and went straight to the point, "Baron, I hope to take my sister with me, or rather, to buy her freedom with twenty silver coins."

"You are mistaken in two aspects," Liszt, seeing her retreat mentally, knew it was time to advance. He spoke earnestly, "First, I do not buy or sell any of the commoners of Fresh Flower Town. Second, I have inquired with Eileen, who has no sister, and have sent people to Coral City to ask her parents. I am more inclined to believe her parents."

"I'm not talking about Eileen!"

Liszt exclaimed, "What?"

She admitted with less confidence, "I'm talking about a female serf you bought. She is my sister, which is why I've come from afar to Coral Island."

The moment for confrontation had arrived.

A triumphant smile appeared on Liszt's lips, quickly hidden as he assumed the moral high ground and bore down, "My spear and sword target my enemies, and my kindness and patience are reserved for those around me! You, a liar spying on the Castle, a Thief—why should I believe you?"

## **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 222: 0222 Have you heard of the Dragon Wraith? (Fifth update, Alliance Hierarch additional update 16/22) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 222: 0222 Have you heard of the Dragon Wraith? (Fifth update, Alliance Hierarch additional update 16/22)**

Chapter 222: Have you heard of the Dragon Wraith? (Fifth update, Alliance Hierarch additional update 16/22)

“

The strategy of advancing when the enemy retreats is that when you have the moral high ground and the other person doesn't, you can make a fuss—of course, to a certain extent, otherwise if the other party gets annoyed, they might just strike.

"If I have offended you, Baron, I apologize," Swann's expression was concealed by the mask, unclear, but her eyes were somewhat evasive and unable to make direct eye contact with Liszt, "but I must take my sister with me, if I'm not mistaken, you do not oppose family reunions."

"Do you really have a sister who was sold to Fresh Flower Town, or did you come here with bad intentions?" Liszt sensed the right moment to offer an out.

Swann took the opportunity: "Do you really think I would come to such a remote town on such a remote island in such a remote island country with bad intentions?"

Liszt pointed to several restrooms on the training ground: "Let's talk in the restroom."

Servant Thomas added some wood to the stove in the restroom, stood up to leave, and together with Douson, stood outside the door. Inside the room, only Liszt and Swann sat by the hearth.

“Fresh Flower Town is my territory, and you are the first unwelcome visitor to the castle. I will, for the time being, believe that you came to find your sister, then why did you sneak into my study to spy on me?”

“As I said before, I was planning to kill the landlord who sold serfs, and then take my sister away,” Swann said calmly, seeing the disbelief on Liszt’s face, she added, “Don’t look like that, once I release my full strength, even your father, the Sea Wave Sword Saint Li Weiliam, can’t hold me.”

Liszt was truly astonished: “Are you a Sky Knight? Or a Grand Magician?”

If she really was that powerful, his so-called strategy was nothing more than walking a tightrope. He glanced at Douson outside the door and managed to calm himself down.

“Neither,” Swann suddenly smiled lightly, with a mocking tone, “Have you heard of a Dragon Wraith?”

“Dragon Wraith?”

Liszt had not heard of it.

Swann smiled again, this smile full of mockery, but it felt like self-derision.

She restrained her smile and continued, “I saw my sister in the kitchen. She seems happy here, praising you in private. So, I went upstairs to see what kind of landlord could earn such genuine admiration from his people. I was planning to just take a look and leave, but you saw through my Invisibility Technique.”

The other party indeed harbored murderous thoughts about him, though they were abandoned.

Liszt felt a bit uncomfortable inside, not knowing if the other person was lying. Fortunately, as an adult soul, he was able to keep his emotions in check and responded generously, “So, it was all a misunderstanding, which has now been resolved? Then, which female servant of the castle is your sister?”

“Maggie, she is training outside,” Swann replied.

“So it’s the young girl Maggie,” Liszt breathed a sigh of relief. At least now, it seemed they were genuinely having a meeting. He called out to the door, “Thomas, tell Rom to bring a young girl named Maggie over.”

“Yes, my lord.”

After a short while, Rom had already brought Maggie in.

Maggie, curious, glanced at Swann, then saluted Liszt, "My lord, do you have any orders for me?"

Liszt waved his hand to dismiss Rom and then gave Swann a look, signalling whether she wanted to speak or if he should.

Swann nodded, indicating she would speak.

Taking a deep breath, she reached out, pulled down the mask from her face, revealing a beautiful visage. In Liszt's opinion, it warranted an eight and a half out of ten. The face and features were delicate, the main drawback being a few freckles that marred the aesthetic.

Such a face couldn't be considered a surprise, but it definitely didn't shatter any illusions.

As soon as Swann removed her mask, Maggie's eyes widened as if she couldn't believe it.

It wasn't until Swann began to speak, using Wind Language, "Maggie..."

"

"Sister!" Maggie also called out in Wind Language.

Then the two sisters embraced each other tightly.

The scene was very touching.

But Liszt was at a loss for words, "Can someone translate for me? I understood Maggie's call for 'sister,' but what did Swann say?"

Watching the elder and the younger sister, as if they had endless things to say, all bursting out in Wind Language. He regretted not bringing Old Geronte along; without a translator, he had no clue what they were saying.

But soon.

Maggie suddenly hesitated after Swann said something, stammering.

Liszt quickly interjected, "Maggie, what is your sister saying?"

"Sister, she hopes, that I go back home with her," Maggie explained in Serpent Script haltingly. "But, Lord, Mrs. Harriet is now my mother."

Swann also switched to Serpent Script, “But I am your true sister, your kin sister. Mrs. Harriet is just your contract mother.”

“I...” Maggie stammered again, unable to speak.

Liszt immediately shouted towards the door, “Thomas, go invite Mrs. Harriet and her husband over.”

Then he said to Swann, “You are Maggie’s sister, and that can’t be changed by anyone, but I think we should perhaps notify Mrs. Harriet, as she truly treats Maggie as her own daughter.”

Swann looked deeply at Maggie and then nodded slowly.

The atmosphere turned silent. Swann and Maggie did not speak, and Liszt just maintained a smile. When Maggie glanced at him, his smile became more radiant—it was clear the little maid had grown fond of Fresh Flower Town and didn’t want to leave with her sister.

It wasn’t a long wait before the Harriet family arrived, including her son and daughter-in-law.

Mrs. Harriet, having been tipped off by Old Geronte, tearfully burst out as soon as she arrived, “Maggie, my daughter, oh heavens, are you leaving me?”

Maggie, embarrassed and moved, bowed her head, “I’m not, Mother.”

Mrs. Harriet embraced Maggie tightly, “Really? You won’t leave Mommy? That’s wonderful, by the way, this is your sister, you mentioned her, the magician sister?”

“Yes, she is my sister, Paris.”

“Good day, Magician,” Mrs. Harriet hastened to show her respects.

Swann, not sure what to say and only nineteen years old—just like Li Vera—could only nod, “Yes, I am Maggie’s sister, Paris, but I am not a magician.”

“Ah, Lady Paris, I don’t object to you taking Maggie away, but I really can’t bear to lose her. I’ve always wished for a daughter. I’ve heard that Maggie’s biological parents have passed away; sorry, I shouldn’t have mentioned that, but I hope to fulfill a mother’s responsibilities and take care of Maggie’s growth.”

Mrs. Harriet, who ran the grocery store, was very articulate and went on in a long-winded manner. This made Swann, or rather Paris, feel as if taking Maggie away was a crime.



Liszt stood by, keeping his smile.

He thought to himself, "Paris, a good name. If her background isn't an issue and her strength is as formidable as she claims, it wouldn't be bad to have her stay... Then again, what is a Dragon Wraith as an occupation? All shrouded in mystery? I must make sure to ask her in detail later."

Now, the issue was not how to win over Paris, but whether he was willing to.

Chapter 223: Applying to Stay on My Own (First Update)  
That day.

Maggie didn't go with Paris, and remained living in Mrs. Harriet's house. Paris also had her lunch at Mrs. Harriet's place.

Liszt didn't immediately dig deep to interrogate Paris about her background.

It was like fishing with a long line, where the line cannot be tight at all times, as it could snap due to a big fish's struggle. What needed to be done was to relax it occasionally, and then tighten it again, constantly trembling, wearing out the big fish's strength, and finally pulling it ashore.

Lord Landlord's life was quite boring.

Therefore, Liszt had plenty of time to enjoy this method of manipulating people's hearts. A landlord who couldn't manipulate people's hearts wasn't a qualified landlord. Whether it was using the temptation of benefits, the seduction of honor, or even the threat of binding, these were all means of manipulation.

After lunch, he met with Old Geronte again and told him, "Go remind Mrs. Harriet that keeping Maggie from leaving is actually quite simple. Just let her sister Paris stay in Fresh Flower Town as well."

Old Geronte, now an official of the town, was full of energy, "Lord, perhaps it would be better if I spoke to Dennis about it and let Dennis remind Harriet."

Dennis was Mrs. Harriet's husband.

"That works."

Old Geronte took the order and left.

In the afternoon, Liszt thought Maggie would take the day off to accompany her sister. However, to his surprise, Maggie came to the castle to start her apprenticeship with the other young maids and young manservants.

“Mr. Carter, call Maggie here.”

“Yes, Sir.”

After Maggie arrived, Liszt directly asked, “Maggie, why don’t you go spend time with your sister? You can take the day off.”

“Lord, I want to work, work, stay in Fresh Flower Town... I don’t want to leave.” Maggie was both happy and troubled. Her long-desired sister had indeed appeared, but she didn’t want to leave Mrs. Harriet’s family, nor this beautiful town, and the compassionate landlord.

She might have been young, but she had seen the landlord of her hometown, sitting atop a tall horse, frequently using a whip to lash at the serfs.

Once, her father had been harshly whipped ten times by Lord Landlord.

But in Fresh Flower Town, she had never seen Liszt lash anybody—even if there were lashings, they were officials punishing the misbehaving commoners—in her simple view, a compassionate landlord deserved to be followed by everyone.

“Don’t worry, Maggie. As long as you don’t want to leave, both Mrs. Harriet and I will let you stay. Go back and spend time with your sister now; I’ll have Mr. Carter give you half a day off.”

“Lord, can I really stay?”

“Yes.”

“Hmm!”

...

Maggie happily took her leave to find her sister.

The two sisters strolled around Fresh Flower Town all afternoon. Maggie shared the peanuts she had fried in the castle kitchen, and then Paris gave her a pendant.

The pendant wasn’t very pretty because it didn’t have gemstones or crystals hanging from it, but two wrinkled leaves, one larger than the other.

“Keep it with you, Maggie, and don’t ever lose it.”

“What kind of leaves are these, sister?”

“The large leaves with wavy edges are oak leaves, while the small elongated ones are mistletoe leaves,” Paris explained. “Mistletoe is a plant that parasites on oak trees. It represents hope and abundance, while the oak symbolizes strength and resilience.”

Maggie understood and tucked the pendant into her clothes.

“Sister, are you going to leave?”

“Maggie, come with me, let’s go home.”

Maggie hung her head, “But Mom and Dad were killed, and our village was destroyed. What is there to do if we go back?”

“This... I will protect you,” Paris struck a pose with her arm bent and bicep flexed. “You have to believe in your sister’s strength. Even though I’m not a magician, I am more powerful than one.”

“But I think Fresh Flower Town is quite nice. Lord Landlord will protect us, and besides, I have a new mother now. Mrs. Harriet is my mother.”

They still had dinner at Mrs. Harriet’s house that evening.

Paris once again brought up the idea of taking Maggie away. This time, Mrs. Harriet, who had been tipped off, quietly asked, “Paris, why are you so insistent on taking Maggie away with you? She’s just a nine-year-old girl; how can she adapt to a nomadic lifestyle?”

“I will take good care of her, Mrs. Harriet.”

“Of course I know that, you’re her sister, but have you considered...”

“Considered what?”

“Staying in Fresh Flower Town,” Mrs. Harriet said with a smile. “If you’re not in a rush to leave, you could stay in Fresh Flower Town, couldn’t you? I’ve lived here for twenty years, it’s peaceful and undisturbed. My son grew up and got married here, and he will soon have children. Maggie can grow up here, too.”

Paris had never thought of this.

But after a moment’s pause, she found the proposal indeed interesting – she had traversed great distances to Coral Island with the aim of saving her sister sold into bondage, but now her sister was living well. What then was the meaning of rescuing her, and why insist on taking her sister away?

“I will consider it, Mrs. Harriet, thank you for your hospitality.”

That night, Paris didn't bring up taking Maggie away again. She still lodged in the noble district, and of course, Liszt very generously waived her lodging fee – he had been kept fully informed about the progress between Paris and Maggie through Old Geronte and others.

Knowing that the situation had stabilized.

“Probably tomorrow or the day after, Paris will actively request to stay... if she has no pressing reason to return to the outside world,” Liszt mused.

But to Liszt's surprise, Paris came to visit the castle the same night.

This time, she didn't use invisibility to sneak in but instead presented herself openly and was asked by Carter to wait in the hall. When Carter knocked on the door of the study to ask for instructions,

Liszt, who was reading, nodded calmly, “Let her come to the study, and while you're at it, make two cups of milk tea.”

Shortly after, Carter led Paris in.

Once seated, she got straight to the point without any preamble, “Baron, I was a thief mercenary in a Mercenary Corps within the Maple Leaf Duchy, and although I've left, I still retain the status of a registered mercenary. I wonder if you would need to hire a mercenary to work for you.”

The Maple Leaf Duchy, like the Duchy of Sapphire, is one of the vassal states of the Steel Ridge Kingdom.

“You mean to say, you plan to stay in Fresh Flower Town to take care of Maggie?” Liszt nodded. “Well then, first, make a complete self-introduction. You said you've killed nobles, and I am a noble, so I need to ensure that your stay in Fresh Flower Town won't cause trouble.”

“Rest assured, I've indeed killed a fair number of nobles, and I'm wanted in the Maple Leaf Duchy, but no one will come all the way to this remote island country to trouble me,” said Paris bluntly as she picked up the milk tea and took a sip. “It tastes very good, definitely produced by top-quality cows... If you want to hear my story, there's nothing to hide. To avoid an arranged marriage, I left home at fifteen in search of a magician to learn magic.”

Chapter 224: Sacrificing the Evil Dragon's Black Dragon Childe (Second Update)  
The fifteen-year-old girl wanted to learn magic, but magicians were hard to come by. When she finally inquired about a magician's secluded address after much investigation,

the magician asked her if she had any money; of course, she had none.

So, the magician refused and said, "If you have no money, what magic are you trying to learn? Scram!"

Paris was not discouraged; she continued to search for a magician. After being rejected by three magicians, she finally succeeded in becoming an apprentice to a female magician. However, this female magician used her as a lab rat, and after enduring the unbearable pain of a "pain deprivation" magic experiment, she fled.

She left with injuries all over her body, having learned no magic.

Hunger and cold pressed upon her; she also fell ill and nearly died, but then she was saved by a group of thieves living in the sewers, and she became a thief herself.

She thought she could only survive in filth as one of the rats, stealing to live.

But, unexpectedly, she got involved in a significant event. Paris recounted calmly, "In the Red Maple Mountain of the Maple Leaf Duchy, there resides an evil dragon, a Light Dragon. It turned the entire Red Maple Mountain into a mirage, making it impossible for anyone to find its exact location."

Because of this evil dragon, everyone in the cities near Red Maple Mountain moved away.

It was then that the Court Grand Mage of the Maple Leaf Duchy had an idea: he wanted to steal the mysterious power of the Light Dragon.

"He read from some Magic Book that under certain conditions, humans killed by dragons could become ghostly apparitions known as White Dragon Wraiths. So, with the nobles' support, he lured a large number of rats with the promise of dragon's blood, aiding him in creating White Dragon Wraiths."

Her beautiful face showed a hint of hatred: "And I was one of the rats deceived by the dragon's blood. If it weren't for an accident, I would probably be dead."

"So, you didn't die but instead became a White Dragon Wraith?" Liszt was astonished. It was the first time he'd heard that people killed by dragons could turn into specters.

Wasn't this the same in nature as the ancient saying "becoming a tiger's lackey"?

But Paris shook her head. “A real White Dragon Wraith is a ghostly existence. Do I look like a specter to you? ... That Grand Magician didn’t know that a thief had stolen his research notes, so we came to our senses. But it was too late—the Light Dragon revealed itself right in front of us.”

The Light Dragon, of medium size, appeared and disappeared intermittently. Markings of interest to the Light Dragon had been engraved on the rats by the Grand Magician—a type of indelible passive magic that extracted the resentment of the dead and combined it with the mysterious power of the Light Dragon, attempting to congeal the White Dragon Wraith he desired.

The rats were killed off one by one, but the White Dragon Wraith never materialized.

“While fleeing to avoid capture by the Light Dragon and the Grand Magician, we contemplated our options. The thief who had stolen the notes came up with a way to reverse the magic marking: voluntary sacrifice to become a living White Dragon Wraith... Ultimately, we achieved it, we became living White Dragon Wraiths.”

“Living White Dragon Wraiths?” Liszt’s eyes roamed over Paris, as he couldn’t understand this state.

Paris seemed to understand Liszt’s thoughts.

She held out her left hand, rolled up her sleeve, and revealed a stretch of fair arm that was dazzling to the eyes.

However, in the next moment, the fair arm suddenly stood out with bulging veins, and scales began to emerge from the flesh one by one. The hand at the front end gradually twisted from human to the claw of a beast: “Humanity has never seen dragonkin, for a dragon’s power corrodes everything about a person. This corrupting force is what magicians call ‘Wraith,’ and the White Dragon Wraith is the ultimate result of human corruption.”

The Eye of Magic was deployed.

Liszt could see that Paris’s left hand was brimming with vibrant magic power, even drawing the free-floating magic from the air and accumulating it on her arm, forming a faint black mist.

“The true White Dragon Wraiths are white, ghost-like entities. We willingly offer ourselves up, to be corroded by the dragon’s power in order to survive. As the corrupting power grows stronger, it will eventually consume us, turning us into real White Dragon Wraiths... or perhaps we’ll simply die.”

Paris withdrew the transformation, and her arm returned to its previous fair appearance.

Liszt couldn't shake the memory of that monstrous, ferocious arm, which had left a shadow over his heart. He couldn't help but exclaim with both amazement and pity, "Is this corruption irreversible?"

"Yes, whenever we use the dragon's power, the corruption deepens. So, if I don't carelessly use the power that can counter both Sky Knights and Grand Magicians, I could probably live another ten years." Paris sighed, appearing to have no regrets or sadness, "We call ourselves Black Dragon Acolytes."

She paused, then suddenly added, "I think, if I were to unleash all of my power, even a Sky Knight could be gravely injured."

This superfluous remark had a clear meaning—it was a warning to Liszt to consider carefully how to treat her, not to act recklessly just because his father was a Sky Knight.

Perhaps he was too engrossed in the story.

Or perhaps he had never considered acting on his desires, Liszt simply marvelled, "Are you sure, with the power of a wraith unleashed, you could really gravely injure a Sky Knight?"

"Of course, otherwise how could we have killed that Court Grand Mage back then."

"You killed the Grand Mage?"

"There were four of us Black Dragon Acolytes who survived. Risking our lives, one claw each, we tore the Court Grand Mage to shreds." Paris laughed, "After that, we killed a bunch of nobles who deceitfully sent rats to die and even formed a mercenary corps, until the Maple Leaf Duchy sent out Dragon Knights... We took our revenge, left the mercenary corps, and each sought refuge."

Paris and the others were wanted by the Maple Leaf Duchy.

After hiding for a while, the Steel Ridge Kingdom and the Eagle Kingdom broke out in new warfare, and she quietly returned to her homeland. That led to the events in Fresh Flower Town.

After hearing the story.

Liszt pondered for a full quarter of an hour before speaking, "Paris, if I understand correctly, you didn't indiscriminately kill nobles? And if you don't use your wraith's power, you can live for about ten years, but if you do use it, you can unleash the power to kill a Sky Knight? Lastly, you are only wanted by the Maple Leaf Duchy and haven't killed anyone else in the Duchy of Sapphire?"

Paris nodded.

Liszt then asked, “So, what’s the deal with your Invisibility Technique?”

“It’s a part of the abilities inherited from the Light Dragon. It allows me to adjust the light around my body to become invisible, just a small trick.” After speaking, she took a sip of her milk tea, “I’ve finished explaining my identity, so, what other doubts do you have?”

“Trust takes time to build.”

Liszt decided not to probe any further and said, “Considering your strength and special abilities, I would like to hire you as my bodyguard to ensure my personal safety. If you accept, I am willing to pay you one Gold Coin per month for your services.”

“I can accept the position as bodyguard, but one Gold Coin is not enough. I also need a large house, preferably with a garden; I want to restore Maggie’s Freeman status, and I want an Earth Knight to teach her how to cultivate Dou Qi; I also want a horse, and preferably two servants.”

“Stop!”

Liszt replied calmly, “I’m hiring you to work, not to enjoy yourself. I’ll offer one Gold Coin, restore Maggie’s Freeman status, and give you a house in the noble residential area. As for the rest, you’ll have to sort it out yourself!”

## **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 225: Taking Down Paris’s Arrogance (Third Update, Alliance Hierarch Additional Update 17/22) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 225: Taking Down Paris’s Arrogance (Third Update, Alliance Hierarch Additional Update 17/22)**

Chapter 225: Taking Down Paris’s Arrogance (Third Update, Alliance Hierarch Additional Update 17/22)

In the castle’s grass field.

Paris brandished her great sword, sending Rondo flying with a swift response.

Waiting his turn for the rotation battle, Lasse felt a tingling on his scalp, “Baron, where did this female mercenary come from? She’s incredibly violent.”

“How would you rate her strength?” asked Liszt, watching the battle with pride.



“Rondo couldn’t last five rounds, and my strength is similar to his... Her strength must be at least that of an Elite Earth Knight.” Lasse spoke honestly, though feeling it made him sound weak, he quickly added, “But in a battlefield situation, it’s hard to say. Her fighting style isn’t suited for charging.”

Liszt agreed with this assessment, as Paris’s fighting style was close-quarters and quick strikes, making her very effective in sword fighting but hard to judge in a charge.

However, he was only hiring a protector, and excellence in sword fighting was sufficient. He then said to Lasse, “After Rondo’s defeat, it’s your turn.”

Lasse took a deep breath, drew his fine steel longsword, and with a resolved expression, he charged forward.

Five rounds later, just like Rondo, he was sent flying.

Having defeated two Earth Knights in a row, Paris hardly seemed out of breath. The power of the wraith greatly enhanced her physical capabilities beyond those of an Earth Knight imbued with Dou Qi. Earth Knights could unleash the power of their Dou Qi Manuscripts, but Paris, with magic power inside her, couldn’t use Dou Qi, for she held a special magic power belonging to Light Dragons.

It granted her the ability to alter the surrounding light, cloaking her body behind it.

In battle, she would manipulate magic power to twist and tug on the light, often causing confusion for her opponents, who could only manage to exhibit seventy to eighty percent of their abilities.

Clap clap clap!

Liszt clapped his hands, satisfied with Paris’s strength, and he believed she was indeed worth a high salary of one gold coin per month, “Splendid fight. Rondo, Lasse, you worked hard—it was tough competing in a sword fight, which isn’t your forte. Take a good rest, have some milk tea... Paris, it’s hard to imagine how wonderfully you wield such a two-handed great sword.”

Hiring Paris as his guard wasn’t an impulsive move, nor was Liszt inexplicably smitten with her beauty—in fact, that terrifying monster arm of hers had left a deep impression on him, disrupting many of his pleasant fantasies, making it impossible for him to see Paris as a beautiful woman anymore.

The reasons he hired Paris were manifold.

Firstly, it was a form of reward for the Smoke Mission, which he couldn’t bear to pass up; secondly, as a Black Dragon Child, she held secrets about dragons that Liszt was curious about and hoped to study by keeping her close; thirdly, there were extenuating

circumstances to her killing a noble, a blotch that could be cleared; and fourthly, with Maggie in Fresh Flower Town, it was unlikely Paris would pose a threat, so it would be a waste not to retain such strength.

Lastly, there was his instinct—he sensed that Paris wasn't a very shrewd woman.

She had a flamboyant style, relying on her modest abilities. She was seriously trying to save her sister, yet she couldn't resist bursting into the study to check out a handsome guy. Taking into account her background, her incomplete magic education, being used as a lab rat, turning to thievery, and ultimately being tricked into a suicidal mission.

And how she lowered her worth by coming to him after being swayed by his smooth talk.

No matter how you looked at it, she didn't seem like a sage.

It's not good for women to be too shrewd, and even worse for powerful women to be shrewd. Someone like Paris, with great strength but average intelligence and not much cunning, was actually more reassuring.

"Baron, don't you want to come down and test my strength yourself?"

On the other side, Paris, oblivious to being labeled as "brainless despite her brawn," nonchalantly swung her sword as tall as a person, issuing a challenge.

Facing such provocation, Liszt remained emotionally unmoved.

Still, he smiled and said, "You can rest now." He had no equal in Fresh Flower Town, and sparring with Paris seemed like a good idea.

The Eye of Magic could see through the Invisibility Technique, just the thing to humble her pride.

"Two Earth Knights, who don't even measure up to elites, didn't even tire me," Paris said disdainfully. Lasse and Rondo had already gone to rest by the apple table and didn't hear this insult.

Liszt wasn't pretentious either; he patted Douson on the head, asking it to stay put, and then slowly approached Paris.

He slowly drew the Crimson Blood Sword—his opponent was a Black Dragon Wraith, imbued with dragon power, and so was he with the Crimson Blood Sword, so it wasn't an advantage either way.

"By the way, Paris, I have a question for you. Does a confrontation like this consume your lifespan?"

“As long as I don’t transform, it’s just normal consumption. Otherwise, wouldn’t I become useless, dying years earlier with every skirmish?” Paris held her sword with both hands; her previously relaxed expression had been replaced with solemnity.

She felt the surging Dou Qi emanating from Liszt.

Much stronger than Lasse and Rondo from before. Facing this handsome, high-status, and quite capable Noble Landlord, she still felt somewhat inferior.

That was the overall societal atmosphere—mercenaries and thieves belonged to the lower-middle classes of society, while nobles were the true upper class. One could despise the hypocrisy of the nobility or avenge oneself by killing a noble, but given the chance, everyone wanted to be a noble. No matter the background, in the face of nobility, one felt inferior.

There was no snowfall; the sun hung in the sky, its gentle warmth melting the snow on the grassland.

The alfalfa grass underfoot insulated well against the mud.

Boots trod upon it, feeling soft.

Liszt did not use the Eye of Magic; he intended to first experience Paris’s battle technique of Light and Shadow Tug, also showing weakness to the enemy.

“Great Fire Wave!”

The technique from the “Fire Dragon Drill” Dou Qi Manuscript burst forth, the Crimson Blood Sword seeming to be composed of flames, its amplification effect greatly increasing the power of Liszt’s Dou Qi Manuscript.

Just with this opening move, Paris was forced to use Light and Shadow Tug to counter the fiery Longsword.

For a moment, Liszt’s vision blurred as Paris’s figure seemed to move instantaneously, stepping back. Instinctively, he wanted to adjust the trajectory of the Crimson Blood Sword.

But he forcefully suppressed the urge.

He still attacked the original spot.

Clang!

The Crimson Blood Sword was blocked by a great sword, and Paris’s figure reappeared in the same place, only having shifted a step to the right, so Liszt’s attack still missed.

In the following rounds, no matter how hard Liszt tried to control his sight, he still could not capture Paris's true form.

This unpredictable Light and Shadow Tug was truly troublesome.

If it weren't for his own powerful attacks and the wide reach of his Fire Attribute Dou Qi which had explosive properties, forcing Paris to carefully defend, he might have been quickly overwhelmed by her.

But it was precisely this strange way of fighting that caused Liszt's combat experience to steadily increase, slowly learning to predict her movements and to attack where Paris would step next. Gradually, he turned the tide, beginning to press Paris into a firm defense, unable to counterattack.

"Your physical condition is about the same as Marcus's. Without Light and Shadow Tug, I could defeat you at any moment!"

Liszt's mind cleared, having discerned Paris's true level, and so he no longer held back, quickly deploying the Eye of Magic.

The next moment, a figure composed of magic exposed Paris's movement through Light and Shadow Tug.

The Dou Qi burst from the Crimson Blood Sword, and he furiously struck towards Paris's retreating position, unleashing the Ultimate Mystery Technique: "Heart of the Fire Dragon Drill!" To her astonished gaze, the Crimson Blood Sword, enveloped by the explosive Dou Qi, struck her through the thick great sword and sent her flying.

He elegantly twirled the sword.

The Crimson Blood Sword was sheathed back into its scabbard.

Liszt restrained the impulse to gasp for breath, walked over to the fallen Paris, extended his hand, and pulled her up, smiling, "I've now understood your strength. Without unleashing the power of the Black Dragon Wraith, relying on Light and Shadow Tug, you're slightly better than the average Elite Earth Knight."

**The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 226 - 0226:  
Baron Henderson Wants a Duel (4th Update, Alliance  
Hierarch Additional Update 18/22) - Read The Mighty  
Dragons Are Dead Chapter 226 - 0226: Baron Henderson**

## **Wants a Duel (4th Update, Alliance Hierarch Additional Update 18/22)**

Chapter 226: Baron Henderson Wants a Duel (4th Update, Alliance Hierarch Additional Update 18/22)

After the battle at the horse grounds, Paris's arrogance subsided considerably, and she began to take her role as a personal guard seriously.

Of course, this didn't mean she was on bodyguard duty 24 hours a day.

Often times, Liszt didn't require her to follow him at all times, and he wouldn't allow her to do so either—there were too many secrets that were not suitable for Paris to know—trust couldn't be established in a day or two, it took time to observe and adjust to determine whether a person was trustworthy.

"In Fresh Flower Town, you can move around freely, occasionally acting as my sparring partner. When I go out, you will follow to guard my safety... There is basically no danger on Coral Island, and there is hardly any need for you to utilize your Black Dragon Wraith powers. This is a rather easy job," Liszt said.

"What if I want to visit Coral City?"

"Request leave and report back; once allowed, you can go. No one is restricting your life," Liszt explained, "But one thing, on Coral Island, you must not violate the territory's rules, and also, do not reveal your information as a fugitive wanted by the Maple Leaf Duchy, after all, we are both under the dominion of the Steel Ridge Kingdom."

Though independent nations, the Sapphire Duke and the Duke of Maple Leaf were strictly speaking, just dukes of the Steel Ridge Kingdom, belonging to the same camp.

"Your caution is overdone, Baron."

"You should address me as Baron, this is the basic etiquette when facing a noble, Miss Paris," Liszt expressed with all the elegance of a noble.

Such demeanor was indeed capable of winning people over.

At least, Paris reluctantly called out, "Baron."

...

The magic power of dragons could corrupt humans, turning them into White Dragon Wraiths or Black Dragon Wraiths—this was a significant discovery for Liszt.

When he studied Fire Dragon Magic Power, he was extra cautious.

He certainly didn't want to turn into a monster capable of shapeshifting, and besides, having only a lifespan of just over a decade was clearly not in line with his ambition of living a long and prosperous life. His dream was to be dragon riding, not to be ridden by a dragon.

"Speaking of which, I really do have a destiny with dragons... The gemstone gifts from the Formless Dragon, the fate contagion of the Smoke Dragon, the residual magic power of the Fire Dragon, and now I have the Black Dragon Wraith of the Light Dragon."

Unfortunately, dragon riding was still far off in the distance.

Marcus was mining on Black Horse Island, with Volcanic Glass being delivered to the castle continuously.

Liszt was busy designing the bathhouse, planning to use the thermal energy from the Magic Little Fire Dragon to drive his next Smoke Mission and obtain a new species of Flame Mushroom.

The bathtub hot spring was already designed, using a separated bathtub and water heating tank structure. Simply put, it meant using the Little Fire Dragon to heat the stove, providing hot water with no difficulty or creativity; the only trouble was how to accurately place the Magic Little Fire Dragon into the heating tank and calculate how much magic power was sufficient for heating.

If the magic power was too low, the hot spring effect would be poor. If it was too high, even the eggs might be boiled.

"So to say, whether it's the bathtub hot spring or the bathhouse, if you want to use the Magic Little Fire Dragon, you must first learn the prerequisite skill—controlling the release and gathering of magic power."

Paris was a very good demonstration object for how to manipulate magic power.

However, after indirectly inquiring Paris, Liszt expressed regret. Paris's Black Dragon Wraith power, like a knight's Dou Qi, could be mobilized with just a thought, but how exactly it was mobilized was a profound mystery.

He then inquired about the Court Grand Magician's research notes on the White Dragon Wraith.

"The notes were on the book-thieving thief. After he took his revenge, he left and I don't know where he went. As for why he could become a White Dragon Wraith, it's because we were marked with magic by the Grand Magician. I don't understand the principles, as I never became a magician, nor can I comprehend the notes," Paris explained.

Paris had a rather poor perception of magicians.

In fact, although she knew Serpent Script and Wind Language, she was semi-illiterate, recognizing only a few characters.

Before the age of fifteen, she had the status of a commoner and was illiterate. After turning fifteen, she was either wandering or thieving, never having the chance to learn.

The few characters she knew were taught to her by a magician, during the time she was used as material for magic experiments.

Since the approach with Paris was a dead end, Liszt could only independently research the Fire Dragon Magic Power in the volcanic glass, "It's a pity I'm not a scientist... Paris's special Black Dragon Wraith identity would be well suited for being a lab rat in dissection research."

He devised several clumsy experimental plans.

All he was waiting for was the transport of the volcanic glass mines to begin the experiments.

"Right, in my Drift Bottle, there's also a 36D Specter, I wonder if it could be infected with Fire Dragon Magic Power to become a White Dragon Wraith?" he curiously thought.

A long time ago, any Specter would have startled and amazed him.

As he experienced more, especially as he encountered more and more inexplicable things, such astonishment gradually disappeared. If dragons and elves could exist, then it seemed natural for there to be other things like specters, dragon wraiths, werewolves, vampires, and even orcs, dwarves, and trolls.

Winter had officially arrived, and ice had started forming in the rivers.

Just yesterday, the architect Mbappé Sui Shi, along with his apprentices, left after completing the ice cellar, which was officially handed over to Fresh Flower Town. Unfortunately, the ice layer in the river wasn't thick enough to start storing in the ice cellar.

Although the ice cellar project had ended.

Other projects were gradually beginning.

Officials led by Goltai were destined to be busy this winter—with the development of Thorn Ridge, stone picking in the dock area, construction of the woodworking workshop, the building of Knight's Square, and teaching serfs the Serpent Script, training



apprentice craftsmen, and the Dou Qi training for children—a pile of affairs awaited to be arranged.

To prevent the newly arrived serfs from banding together, these past few days the officials were mainly arranging the accommodations for the serfs and pairing up their work, ensuring the pattern of mixing the local residents with the new serfs.

The seafood business, with the arrival of winter and unauthorized fishing by the seaside towns, was becoming increasingly sluggish.

Fortunately, Fresh Flower Soap had already carved out a market, and after each was assigned a deputy to keep them in check, Sherlock and Abagon became much more honest and focused on doing business. Now, no nobles were using scented soaps; all were vying for Fresh Flower Soap. For this reason, Fresh Flower Soap returned to the original price of the scented soap in less than a week after being sold at a lower price.

Even so.

The soap business under Baron Henderson of Serpent Spear City was on the verge of collapse.

The only reason it hadn't completely collapsed was because the soap making workshop in Fresh Flower Town couldn't meet the production demands, even though Bunier Zhen Dan had taken on twenty apprentices and was frantically working, they still couldn't satisfy the market demand.

On one hand, scented soap was hard to sell, and on the other, Fresh Flower Soap was in high demand.

According to the information passed back by the Fresh Flower Caravan, Baron Henderson has been furiously enraged these past days, even threatening to duel with Liszt after a few too many drinks at a banquet.

Once sober, he never mentioned it again—for if they were to duel, and Liszt appeared on Douson, the outcome was self-evident.

But more than once he cursed Liszt for being greedy, seizing the profits that were rightfully his.

“Don't bother with Henderson's bluster, when the soap business finally fails, he won't even have the energy to shout. By then, let him focus on supplying soap powder. If he doesn't see reason, just drive him to bankruptcy. Don't think that because he's a baron granted by my father, he can speak out of turn. Could it be that my Crimson Blood Sword can't shed blood?”

Liszt didn't take this to heart; his sights were no longer set on Coral Island.



## **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 227: 0227 Banquet at the First Floor Restaurant (Fifth update, Alliance Hierarch additional update 19/22) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 227: 0227 Banquet at the First Floor Restaurant (Fifth update, Alliance Hierarch additional update 19/22)**

Chapter 227: Banquet at the First Floor Restaurant (Fifth update, Alliance Hierarch additional update 19/22)

Even though the ice and snow had arrived,

the sea at Fresh Flower Town did not freeze over, and the Fresh Flower Vessel returned smoothly to the dock.

This time, it brought back a cargo of volcanic glass ore, as well as some fire dragon bone fragments.

“The construction planning for the port town has been roughly outlined according to Your Lordship’s design,” Marcus reported in the castle study to Liszt. “The bone fragments at the Burial Ground have been cleaned up, and most of the volcanic glass ore between the rock columns has been mined. If we continue mining, it will damage the grassland.”

“Let’s pause for now. We must not destroy the grasslands; breeding the Black Blood Treasured Horses is important. Besides, with so much volcanic glass, we likely have enough for now. It is a strategic resource, and we have to consider the future of Black Horse Island.”

“So, what’s the next step for Black Horse Island?”

Liszt thought for a moment, “We will start building the residential area for the port town. I plan to increase the number of immigrants to quickly shape the port town and facilitate the development of Black Horse Island.”

Black Horse Island was his future foundation, while Fresh Flower Town was only his temporary habitat.

The first phase of his plan was to construct a small town on Black Horse Island—Port Town, to serve as a beachhead for the island’s development. The Earl had developed Coral Island with resources accumulated over several generations, whereas he was starting from scratch and had to solidify each step along the way.

Black Horse Island needed to be kept secret; for now, he could only entrust the development to Marcus.

After discussing the port town,

Marcus voiced his doubt, “My Lord, have you researched the magical properties of the volcanic glass?” He had been in charge of mining, yet didn’t know the actual use of the volcanic glass.

Liszt did not conceal the truth. “Teacher Marcus, I have discovered the functions of the bubbled magic power; it could be used as a continuous heat source.”

He pulled out a design he had drawn and handed it to Marcus.

“This is the bathhouse plan I’ve designed. During the winter in Fresh Flower Town, many projects require laborers to sweat it out daily. They need a bathhouse to ward off the cold and reduce the risks from catching chills. Children who train in Dou Qi also need the help of a bathhouse, and using the heat from the fire dragon magic power to warm the bathhouse is very appropriate.”

Marcus glanced at the design a few times before handing back the thick parchment. “Your design is exquisite, My Lord!”

He could not understand the abstract architectural scales in Liszt’s drawing.

Putting away the design, Liszt asked Servant Thomas to call for Goltai, preparing to hold a small meeting. The meeting was about selecting a number of sturdy serfs to be assigned to work on Black Horse Island.

“With this, the number of serfs in Fresh Flower Town will be insufficient again,” Goltai complained.

“If we don’t have enough, we’ll buy more; now is a good time to buy serfs,” Liszt had been handling slave-trading as part of daily management, “As for the castle’s gold coin reserves, I will figure something out.”

He planned to sell a batch of mithril ore—a precious strategic material which he originally could not bear to sell. But he was still far from the era when Fresh Flower Town could cast their own armors, and even if he formed a knight squad, they would only likely be equipped with standard armors produced by Tulip Castle, not mithril armor.

With the Smoke Mission in place, more wealth was to come in the future, and current development was more crucial.

There was no need to focus on short-term gains or losses.

Goltai had no objections to buying and selling serfs and said with relief, "Indeed, serf prices will be very low now. Plus, maybe we can attract a few more Parises to our cause."

"Paris?" Marcus asked, puzzled.

"A female mercenary. Her sister was trafficked to Fresh Flower Town, and she followed... She's now one of My Lord's guards, very powerful, at the level of an Elite Earth Knight."

Marcus asked cautiously, "Can she be trusted?"

Liszt tapped on the table and pondered before saying, "Her basic information should be true, but as for trust, that's still far off. There are many secret matters you have to guard against her in regard to."

"Understood." Marcus nodded and reminded, "However, I suggest that you recruit more followers, preferably from Coral Island. The Tulip Family has cultivated Coral Island for twenty years; the forces here are trustworthy."

Of course, Liszt understood.

But Paris was a reward from the Smoke Mission, and it involved dragons, which he couldn't disclose directly. Instead, he changed the subject, "Speaking of recruiting followers, Consultant Goltai, have many people recently expressed their wish to defect to Fresh Flower Town?" As the landlord's consultant, Goltai was Liszt's representative.

Goltai replied, "There are many nobles and quasi-nobles with whom I've corresponded, but not many have made up their minds to defect. You know, the knights with ambition have all gone to the battlefield with the Earl, leaving behind those who have either lost their ambition or lack the ability."

"Choose as best as you can, especially young Earth Knights, and quasi-nobles familiar with official duties."

Young Earth Knights could be cultivated in preparation for the upcoming Knight Squad. Quasi-nobles familiar with duties could start working in Fresh Flower Town and later be sent to Black Horse Island.

"As you wish. By the way, do you still remember Zambrotta?"

"The one stripped of his noble title, the family tutor from Lidun, what about him?"

"He wrote to me, hoping to visit Fresh Flower Town in the next few days to relax; he can no longer contain himself and wishes to find a job here."

“You first take care of him, and later I will consider his knowledge. If he satisfies me, I shall not be stingy with a job offer; if he is all show and no substance, I won’t compromise my father’s dignity for him.”

...

At the first-floor dining hall’s evening banquet, Marcus saw Paris.

There was no friction; they merely nodded to each other and that was considered an acquaintance. After that, Paris focused on the food; she was completely captivated by the scrambled eggs, egg soup, the bread with its varying flavors, and the fragrant milk in the castle, almost wishing she could mooch for meals there thrice a day.

Her sister lived with Mrs. Harriet, who lived alone and was too lazy to cook.

Of course, to mooch meals in the castle, Paris didn’t qualify to enter the second-floor dining hall; she ate at the same table with Rondo, Lasse, and Liszt’s Retainer Knights on the first floor.

Only nobles and family tutors could dine on the second floor.

Liszt, keen on winning over his subordinates, would often host banquets at the first-floor dining hall, allowing all his subordinates to gather and drink freely at one table.

Of course, he had once entertained people like Karl and Rom on the second floor, but back then, he hadn’t deeply understood the concept of nobility. Now, he wouldn’t do that anymore; most of the time, a strict class system showcased the authority of the landlord and the noble stature.

Occasionally making such a condescending gesture could better win over people’s hearts.

Sitting together for meals for too long might lead some to forget the distinction and assume familiarity implies equality, overstepping the boundaries of status and position.

Position dictates mindset.

Liszt was a noble, so naturally, he belonged in the second-floor chairs. Coming downstairs to eat was just a means of rallying support.

“Security in the territory must be strictly managed. Karl, the Patrol Team needs to expand. The current quota of thirty members is too few; on average, there’s only one Patrol Member for every hundred people. Aim to expand to ninety people, allocating one Patrol Member for every forty, barely meeting the standard,” he said seriously.

“I don’t expect you to make Fresh Flower Town so safe that doors can be left unlocked at night, but any form of crime other than brawling must be eradicated.”

Chapter 228: Bathtub Hot Spring and Fire Dragon Brand Air Conditioner (First Update)  
The productivity in the Different World was indeed weak, and scientific literacy frighteningly low, but this system of absolute authority a Landlord held over his domain allowed Liszt to work with great efficiency.

After Marcus transported back the volcanic glass ore, he quickly had the Fresh Flower Caravan invite the crystal craftsman Brad to start polishing these volcanic glasses.

And he began his own experiments.

First was the experiment on releasing and collecting Fire Dragon Magic Power.

How to release the magic power contained within the bubbles of the volcanic glass ore was discussed with Goltai and Marcus, and they decided to adopt a drilling method. This meant drilling holes into the bubbles of the volcanic glass so that the volcanic glass would not need to be shattered to release the Fire Dragon Magic Power contained within. Brad, unaware of the full picture, was assigned the drilling task.

After releasing the Fire Dragon Magic Power, it gathered together, forming a Magic Little Fire Dragon that was invisible to the naked eye.

The next step was to recollect this Magic Little Fire Dragon and infuse it into the vessels carved from volcanic glass. As for how to carve the vessels, Liszt ordered, and Brad got to work. Since there was no need for exquisite carving, the work progressed very rapidly, thanks to Brad’s dextrous hands.

The irregular volcanic glass, under his carving, turned into variously shaped components.

Then the components were assembled, and the gaps were filled and glued with volcanic glass powder, thus creating a watertight glass vessel, a cylindrical jar as thick as an arm—the Fire Dragon Jar.

To verify the sealing properties of the Fire Dragon Jar, Liszt purposely released a bit of Fire Dragon Magic Power into it.

He sealed the jar.

Not a trace of Fire Dragon Magic Power leaked; the property of the volcanic glass countered the Fire Dragon Magic Power, preventing it from solidifying or escaping.

“Next is to fill it with magic power to use as an energy source,” Liszt said, handing a diagram of a glass vessel’s construction to Brad.

Brad looked at it for a long time, not understanding: “Baron, what is this? Could you explain it in detail, please?”

“Can’t see clearly? It’s a large syringe. See this outer cylinder here? This is the syringe cover. This elongated rod with a pot lid on the front is the syringe plunger. The plunger and the cover must fit tightly to ensure a good seal, so that by pushing on the plunger, the contents of the syringe can be squirted out through the needle at the front,” explained Liszt.

Since no one here used syringes, it took Brad quite some time to understand the structure of the bucket-sized syringe designed by Liszt.

Next came the carving and assembling to complete this large syringe.

The largest piece of volcanic glass was only as big as a basketball, so the syringe needed to be pieced together with a lot of material. Brad had been carving crystals for many years and had extraordinary skills; because the hardness of volcanic glass was far less than that of crystal, he was able to work very quickly. In two days, he fashioned the large syringe with interlocking connectors.

Liszt took the large syringe and began the next phase of the experiment.

He put the cover of the syringe over the Magic Little Fire Dragon, which had solidified to half the height of a person, and pressed down. As the Magic Little Fire Dragon was dispersed, some of the magic power also entered the syringe. Then he quickly covered it with the plunger that resembled a pot lid, and a syringe “filled” with Fire Dragon Magic Power was created.

He inserted the needle into the Fire Dragon Jar through a round hole, then pushed the plunger, continuously compressing the magic power inside the syringe and injecting it into the Fire Dragon Jar.

A small amount of Fire Dragon Magic Power leaked from the gap.

But the majority of the magic power was successfully poured into the Fire Dragon Jar.

Repeating this process over and over, he soon packaged all the released Fire Dragon Magic Power into three Fire Dragon Jars. In the vision of the Eye of Magic, when the Fire Dragon Magic Power within the Fire Dragon Jar condensed to a light from red shifting to gold, no more Fire Dragon Magic Power could continue to be bottled, reaching its limit.

A rough estimate suggested that one ton of volcanic glass ore could release about the amount of Fire Dragon Magic Power contained in two Fire Dragon Jars.

Marcus brought with him about six tons of volcanic glass ore, so it was possible to fill twelve Fire Dragon Jars: “Brad, make me twenty of these standard jars, another five larger jars, and twenty smaller jars,” he instructed.

Twelve standard Fire Dragon Jars were used to encapsulate the Fire Dragon Magic Power, with the remaining eight set aside as spares.

The five larger and twenty smaller Fire Dragon Jars were also meant for backup.

He then gestured to the large syringe, which, like the Fire Dragon Jar, was actually called a Dragonfire Syringe: “Furthermore, for this model of syringe, make two more, and then another two of a smaller size.”

...

Brad continued to craft glass vessels.

Liszt, on the other hand, continued his research into Fire Dragon Magic Power. With the Dragonfire Syringe and the Fire Dragon Jars, he was able to freely move, divide, and recover the Magic Little Fire Dragons.

His research found that a Magic Little Fire Dragon the size of a palm could boil a bathtub of cold water.

A Magic Little Fire Dragon half the size of a palm could keep a bathtub of water at forty degrees Celsius in subzero temperatures, which was just right for bathing. However, the bathtub hot springs had separate bathtubs and heating tanks, so it was optimal to place a Magic Little Fire Dragon larger than half the size of a palm in the heating tank.

After five days, the Castle successfully had its very own bathtub hot springs. That very evening, Liszt soaked in the bathtub for over an hour.

Only when he felt he was close to dehydration did he reluctantly leave the bathtub hot springs.

He loosened the valve of the heating tank and the hot water flowed out continuously, carried away by the servants with buckets. The leftover bathwater could be taken downstairs by the servants for their baths...

Opening the window of the bathroom and also the lid of the heating tank, Liszt did not reclaim the Little Fire Dragon but let it fly around in the heating tank. The heating ability of the Magic Little Fire Dragon on the air was not very strong, so even if left unattended, it wouldn't burn down the bathroom.



Moreover, he had his bedroom covered with a box, in which a small Magic Little Fire Dragon was placed.

Similar to heating, it kept the room temperature comfortably around twenty-four to twenty-five degrees Celsius. Adding a basin of water to prevent dryness, the bedroom became as warm as spring.

Fire Dragon Brand Thermostat Air Conditioner.

“Mr. Carter, these boxes have all been set up with Magic Arrays. Tell the servants in the Castle that they mustn’t touch them carelessly. When dusting, they can only wipe the outside of the boxes,” he said.

“Understood, my lord,” replied Mr. Carter.

Admiring his work from the past few days, he couldn’t help but feel sentimental: “The modernization of the Castle has made initial progress, with lights, air conditioning, overhead heaters... If I could get the Ice Dragon’s Magic Power, I could make a refrigerator; if I could get the Wind Dragon’s Magic Power, I could make an electric fan...”

Thinking of the Wind Dragon, he suddenly remembered that in the Neverfall Empire’s Windhowl Valley, there was indeed Wind Dragon Magic Power.

“I wonder if volcanic glass can encapsulate Wind Dragon Magic Power?” he pondered.

Unfortunately, the Neverfall Empire was on the other end of the distant continent; even setting out on a Li Dragon Horse, it would probably take half a year.

Beyond this, he didn’t know of any other locations where the Dragon’s residual Magic Power might be found. Probably only upon its death, or when injured and bleeding, would a Dragon leave behind residual Magic Power — the Formless Dragon that passed over Fresh Flower Town and ate two cows left behind nothing but a Space Gem, without any trace of Magic Power.

Thus, with the bathtub hot springs completed, it was time to move on to the Smoke Mission, which required the construction of two bathhouses.

Chapter 229: Cheers for a Hot Shower (Second Update)

“

The bathhouse needed to burn hot water, a lot of it.



In this era, humans burned wood to heat water: commoners used firewood, nobles used charcoal, and there were no records of coal use—coal was likely not a product of dragons, as it is neither a metal nor a gemstone. It seemed that no humans knew about this mineral called coal, at least not in the Duchy of Sapphire.

There were also no records of other fossil fuels like oil or natural gas.

According to Liszt's speculation, given the existence of saltpeter mines and the fact that volcanoes could erupt basalt, it didn't make sense that coal, oil, and natural gas didn't exist.

But that was also uncertain.

After all, all metal ores originated from dragons, and there were no naturally formed metal ores; therefore, the absence of naturally formed coal and oil wasn't surprising.

In short, firewood and charcoal were the primary sources of fuel.

Firewood consisted of dry tree branches and straw, while charcoal was made by incompletely burning wood, removing moisture and impurities, leaving a solid fuel. Burning firewood caused smoke due to moisture, and it couldn't burn completely; charcoal, however, was smokeless, burned completely, and was lighter.

But firewood was cheap, and charcoal was expensive.

After Fresh Flower Town cut down the trees at Thorn Ridge, they stockpiled a large amount of timber. Besides the wood used for construction, many of the inferior pieces were turned into charcoal for exclusive use by the castle. The commoners picked up a lot of dry wood to take home and store for cooking fires. Since the bathhouse was aimed at commoners, they certainly couldn't afford charcoal.

So, with no other choice available, they had to burn firewood, but heating a large pool of hot water and maintaining its temperature would consume an enormous amount of firewood.

It was labor-intensive, a waste of resources, and environmentally damaging.

After Liszt obtained the Magic Little Fire Dragon, he decided to take things to the next level and build a "Magic Bathhouse." Natural and pollution-free, it didn't consume energy and saved labor, providing round-the-clock service.

The design of the men's bath was primarily in the shape of a hot pot—the center was fenced off for the Magic Little Fire Dragon to heat the water, with the surrounding area as a pool for soaking.

With Douson's stone columns, building the bath wasn't difficult.

They dug pits, laid down stones, and secured wooden planks for waterproofing, quickly constructing the bathing pools. Next, they filled them with water, and Liszt personally released the Magic Little Fire Dragon, continuously adjusting the amount of magic power. Eventually, they determined that a bucket-sized Magic Little Fire Dragon was needed to heat the water in a pool to forty degrees Celsius.

With that accomplished,

they built wooden structures around the pools, and the construction of the two bathhouses was completed.

The entire process took no more than five days. On December 16, they officially opened for trial operation—free of charge every day from six in the evening until midnight, with a five-minute bathing time limit. From eight in the morning until six in the evening, it was open for a fee, costing one copper coin per person, with no time limit.

Liszt had his own bathtub hot spring, so naturally, he didn't care for the public bathhouse.

But Goltai and others had been eyeing the bathhouse early on. Such bathhouses for bathing were only found in large cities. Coral City barely counted as a big city, but it was far from being metropolitan, so it didn't have any bathhouses—ordinary bathhouses that used firewood for heating were extraordinarily expensive.

"Mmm, comfortable, so comfortable it reaches the bones." Goltai sat in the hot pot bath, soaked by the warm water, moaning in comfort, almost wanting to shout out loud.

Bathing in warm water on a cold day was indeed a supreme luxury.

The men's bathhouse was located in the commercial district, with a conspicuous sign—Fresh Flower Town Public Men's Bathhouse.

The women's bathhouse was situated between the common residential area and the office district, also bearing a conspicuous sign—Fresh Flower Town Public Women's Bathhouse. Karl also specifically recruited a few female patrol members to be responsible for the bathhouse's security maintenance, to prevent peeping toms from spying on the bathing commoner women.

At this moment, Paris was lying in the bath with her sister Maggie, enjoying the soaking in warm water.

"It's so comfortable, sister."

"Indeed, it's very comfortable. I never thought that in such a small rural town, we could bathe in such comfortable hot water," she said contentedly as she scrubbed the dirt off her body, having not taken a serious bath during her long travels, "Eating delicious food

every day, working so easily, and being able to soak in hot water, living in a clean and tidy house, Maggie, your sister has fallen in love with this place.”

“Yeah, Maggie loves Fresh Flower Town too,” Maggie paddled around in the pool trying to swim, then ran back to help her sister scrub her back, all the while chanting, “Praise the Lord, praise the noble Lord Landlord of Fresh Flower Town!”

They enjoyed the pleasure of having their backs scrubbed.

“

Paris squinted her eyes, feeling so comfortable that she wanted to sleep, and couldn't help but express her agreement, “Baron, Baron is truly extraordinary.”

With Liszt's deliberate concealment, nobody asked exactly how such a large pool of water was heated.

On the first trial business day, during the daytime, not many people came to bathe.

Because commoners had already gotten used to not bathing, some even didn't take a single bath throughout the entire winter. Moreover, bathing cost a copper coin, and they weren't foolish. With that money, it was better to heat water at home for a body wipe and save enough to buy four large black loaves of bread to eat for several days.

However, after six o'clock in the evening, the number of people coming to bathe swelled substantially.

Civilians returning from work at construction sites and wastelands formed long queues, not wanting to miss out on anything free. Luckily the pool was large, and the allotted time was only five minutes, which was just enough for everyone to bathe. After just one round, the water in the pool turned black, with a thick layer of mud and grime floating on top.

The serfs didn't mind and enjoyed the hot water soaking with giggles and laughter.

Bathhouse workers shouted loudly, “This is the great Lord Landlord's benefit for the common people. The happiness you are enjoying is all thanks to the Lord Landlord!”

Thus, the serfs responded loudly and in turns, “Praise to the Lord Landlord!”

After washing up, there were workers loudly proclaiming, “The great Lord Landlord has bestowed upon you hot water!”

“Praise to the Lord Landlord!”

“Lord Landlord is so great.”

“Great Lord Landlord, great Fresh Flower Town.”

All sorts of slogans relentlessly poured from the serfs’ mouths, including those new serfs who stumbled through the Serpent Script, “Praise to the Lord Landlord.”

This was Goltai’s idea, a rather forceful propaganda-like brainwashing tactic.

Liszt didn’t oppose it—he believed that the common people should naturally be grateful to him, as Fresh Flower Town was the only place in Coral Island with a bathhouse open to freemen and serfs.

Although his original intention for establishing the bathhouse was to complete the Smoke Mission, he thought good deeds should be praised and extolled.

Right?

...

At the banquet, after having bathed and coming over to freeload a meal, the buoyant Paris couldn’t help but praise, “The public bathhouse of Fresh Flower Town is a noteworthy achievement, Baron,”

Liszt, cutting his steak, responded indifferently, “I bestow upon my subjects food, cotton clothes, copper coins, and jobs, and even hot water for bathing. No one is more suited to be a landlord than I am.”

Goltai immediately stood up, raising his glass high and shouted, “To the hot baths, to Fresh Flower Town, a toast to the great Baron Liszt!”

“A toast to the great Baron Liszt!”

Seeing everyone lifting their glasses, Paris couldn’t continue to eat and drink in peace and followed suit, lifting her glass, “A toast to the great Baron Liszt.”

Liszt raised his glass towards his followers and subordinates, smiling in acknowledgment, “I stand with you all.”

Every time such a situation arose at a party, it left him thoroughly pleased. It was also the reason he favored Goltai as an advisor for the town, as at least in the aspect of leading the flattery, Goltai’s performance deserved extra points.

But getting too full of oneself wasn’t good.

After all, as a rational adult with just a hint of wine on his lips, he thought to himself, “I need a Loyal Minister.”

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With burst releases at five in the morning for ten consecutive days, Old White hasn't asked for votes in a long time. Now, with the new book's monthly vote rankings being unstable, I ask everyone who has votes to cast them for Old White to solidify a position in the top ten of the monthly votes!

## **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 230: 0230: Crooked-neck Bob's Oversight (3rd Update, Alliance Hierarch Added 20/22) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 230: 0230: Crooked-neck Bob's Oversight (3rd Update, Alliance Hierarch Added 20/22)**

Chapter 230: Crooked-neck Bob's Oversight (3rd Update, Alliance Hierarch Added 20/22)

The establishment of the bathhouse elevated the Lord Landlord's prestige to a higher echelon. Soaking in steaming hot water while winter snow flutters down undoubtedly leaves a lasting impression.

"Two bathhouses only consumed half a jar of Fire Dragon Magic Power, the usage isn't much," Liszt said.

Liszt punctured all of the volcanic glass bubbles and released and collected all of the Fire Dragon Magic Power, filling a total of thirteen Fire Dragon Jars.

Two bathhouses, plus the castle's bathtub hot spring, the bedroom and study's Fire Dragon Brand Air Conditioners, barely consumed half a jar of magic power.

The remaining Fire Dragon Jars were enough for him to build a brick factory, a ceramic factory, and even a steam turbine ship—of course, he needed to take things step by step. The days might seem boring for the most part, but in fact, he was very busy. He had thought about the brick factory for several months and still hadn't found time to start construction.

After all, a Lord Landlord couldn't possibly do the work of sifting soil and firing bricks himself; it all had to be created by officials leading the serfs.

"Mission completed, reward: Cheerful Cold Flame Mushroom."

Once the bathhouses were built and opened for business, the Smoke Mission was completed, and the reward was issued. The mission also updated with a new one.

“Mission: Having labored for a year, even a Lord Landlord needs to relax. Enjoy the upcoming holiday, contemplate the development paths for next year, expand social relationships, or do nothing at all, waiting for the holiday season to end. Reward: Unknown reward.”

Seeing the latest mission.

Liszt didn't know how to react to this; this didn't seem like a mission at all. The requirement for the mission was to relax, to do nothing.

“Could it be that the Smoke Mission thinks I've worked too hard this past year?”

Thinking it over, Liszt felt somewhat embarrassed. Indeed, he had done plenty, transforming Fresh Flower Town completely. However, regarding effort, he was probably the most relaxed among the transmigrators, spending sixty percent of his time on enjoyment, excluding sleep.

At least twenty percent of that time was spent on food and drink—holding feasts nearly every day, with the occasional lunch banquet as well.

“People take food as their heaven; indulging in food and drink isn't excessive,” he mused.

“Moreover, as an Elite Earth Knight with aspirations, I indeed need a lot of food for nourishment,” he quickly consoled himself for his eating and drinking habits. “In less than a year, I've progressed from an Apprentice Knight to starting my Dou Qi Cultivation with the aid of elixirs, and my advancements are enough to prove the importance of eating well.”

Eating and drinking were not about decadence or corruption.

It was a part of the Knight's Dou Qi Cultivation.

While eating and drinking every day, he never skipped his practice. Early in the morning, he would begin training with the Dou Qi Manuscript, and upon returning to the castle, he would take Magic Potions.

He wouldn't claim to be diligent, but at least he was diligent.

Cultivation was about knowing when to advance and when to relax, not about toiling 24 hours a day to get a return: “After all, taking elixirs is the royal road to a Knight's training.”

This principle was taught by the Earl to his sons.

Liszt took it as a maxim.

Then, he turned his head and unpleasantly asked the other side of the apple tree, “How many bags of egg rolls is that now for you? When I’m deep in thought, please go farther away and don’t make any noise to interrupt my train of thought. Understand, Paris the Guard?”

“Uh.” Paris, with her mouth full of egg rolls, silently turned and walked away.

The egg rolls she was eating were made of a batter mixed with flour, egg liquid, white sugar, baked into thin sheets, spread with butter, and then rolled into tubes.

This was not Liszt’s invention, but a new snack independently created by the bakery owner Reynard and just recently hit the market.

It was hand-made and not cheap, so it didn’t sell very well.

To encourage this new invention, Liszt had the castle buy batches of egg rolls every day, but while this snack was quite pleasant occasionally, it became tiresome after repeated consumption.

So the egg rolls either went to the servants as a perk or were distributed to the subordinates during a banquet, and Liszt himself didn’t eat much of them.

Paris was quite fond of egg rolls, and one-third of those bought had ended up in her stomach. Looking at her figure, she had only been in the castle for about ten days, but there were already signs of further weight gain.

“Hopefully she doesn’t turn into a fatso, as that would greatly affect the visual experience.”

He leaned back in his chair, basking in the rarely-seen sun, feeling rather content.

Now Paris was a beautiful sight to behold, each with their own charm like the castle’s maid, Little Lily. One was a spirited female warrior, the other a shy and delicate maid, but they shared one thing in common: protruding bosoms, perky buttocks, slim waists and long legs—Liszt favored this type of figure.

However, it was limited to mere appreciation.

“Woah!”

“Woah!”

Not far away, Thorn Minor Elf Jela was teasing the intermediate magical beast, Fierce Earth Dog Douson. This was a bad habit of Jela’s that she couldn’t seem to kick, and over time, Liszt couldn’t be bothered to intervene, and Douson had resigned to its fate.

After all, Jela's thorns couldn't pierce its defenses, and once Jela grew tired of the teasing, she would naturally give up.

Plop.

The remaining snow on the apple tree fell onto the apple table.

Liszt immediately stood up, "Thomas, prepare the horse and notify the retainer knights; I'm going to Mushroom Hamlet."

"Yes, Master."

As he walked along Douson Avenue, he said to Paris, who was still eating egg rolls, "No practical training today. You should head back... With the festival approaching, it's best that you go to North Valley City and purchase a proper suit of leather armor for yourself. Wearing what you have now, others might think the castle is too poor to afford its guards' pay."

Paris was still in her worn leather armor, a state that she found acceptable, but the nobles cared a great deal about the neatness of their attire.

"This is the hypocrisy of the nobility, the sheen of clothes cannot conceal the stains of the heart," she muttered under her breath, though she did not object to buying new clothes—who could resist the allure of new garments?

Liszt shouted over to Jela, who was still causing a ruckus, "Go to sleep, Jela."

Sensing Liszt's indomitable mood, Jela protested with a couple of "Woah, woah" sounds but obediently flew towards the castle. Douson, feeling the world had finally quieted down, quickly ran up to Liszt, sticking out its tongue and wagging its tail, trying to look endearing.

It knew that when Liszt behaved like this, he would venture out, and then it could frolic freely.

Thomas led the Li Dragon Horse over.

The retainer knights also arrived on horseback.

Liszt mounted the horse and gave the command, "Move out, to Mushroom Hamlet."

The horses' hooves kicked up the snow on the ground as they galloped past, taking a shortcut off the main road and arriving directly at Mushroom Hamlet. The fifty acres of dedicated mushroom greenhouses and the mixed planting of mushrooms and Flame Mushrooms over another fifty acres meant that even though Mushroom Hamlet had



limited farming land, its income was high. Mushrooms were an indispensable option on the dinner table.

The expanded cultivation of the Flame Mushrooms, constantly turned into magic potions, supplied Liszt's addiction to the drugs.

Therefore, his interest in Mushroom Hamlet was only second to that of Thorn Garden.

At the moment in Mushroom Hamlet, serfs were busily inspecting their greenhouses. Just yesterday, Lord Landlord had come for an inspection and subsequently ordered the serfs to check for any hazards in the greenhouses and to pay attention to any issues arising from the cultivation of the Flame Mushrooms.

"Discovered any problems?"

Upon arrival, Liszt directly inquired with the steward of Mushroom Hamlet. He had inspected the merged greenhouses of mushrooms and Flame Mushrooms the previous day but hadn't found the Cheerful Cold Flame Mushroom, which was a reward from the Smoke Mission.

The steward cautiously replied, "Lord Landlord, several serfs' greenhouses have pillars that are riddled with insect damage. We've applied to the administration for carpenters to replace them with new ones... Additionally, Crooked-neck Bob's Flame Mushrooms have mostly died because he forgot to close the door and they froze."