

# **The Mighty Dragons Are Dead**

## **#Chapter 251: 0251 Treacherous Heart and the Pain of Losing My Love (First Update) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 251: 0251 Treacherous Heart and the Pain of Losing My Love (First Update)**

Chapter 251: Treacherous Heart and the Pain of Losing My Love (First Update)

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Thump thump thump!

Liszt hurriedly left the cabin and came onto the deck, kicking aside two knights who were fighting each other and rushed straight for the mast.

He felt that what Curtis had said was true; after all, the Soul Submerged Wood was in his hands and he possessed the ability to dismantle the ship, so the other party dared not play tricks.

The mast was tall, but for an Elite Earth Knight, it was easy to climb.

At the top of the mast was the Goat Head Flag, which fluttered without wind. The green flame was not the flag burning, but the goat head's emblem itself ablaze. It was unclear how it was made, for the goat head looked like an actual goat head, not just a painting.

“Remove the Goat Head Flag and place it atop the dragon figurehead at the bow of the ship, and thus the door to the real world shall be opened,” he reached out, preparing to remove the flag.

But suddenly, he felt a tightness in his heart.

The caution he had always exercised reminded him, “Why do I so readily believe Curtis? She is an evil magician capable of using the souls of an entire crew of sailors as casting materials! Her words cannot be trusted at all!”

He glanced below.

He quickly suppressed his urgent emotions and allowed his will to sink into the Gemstone Space, deciding to first open the magic book “To His Highness Annuette—Curtis the Truth” in an attempt to find some answers within this testament.

The first page.

Two lines of green luminescent Serpent Script, written with some unknown pigment.

“My eternal love Annuette, is all still well with you?”

“Making this decision, just for a chance to meet you in the Exiled Lands, might be a descent into eternal damnation. How can two guilty souls, stained with the blood of countless living beings, bear all this sin.”

The words were somewhat mystical and carried a faint pretentious air of a female poet.

He didn't quite understand them.

The second page.

It was a preface-like text.

“Upon hearing the terrible news of Uncle Cohen, my heart grew as cold as ashes. Due to the sinful thoughts of Annuette and myself, our entire family was dragged into this burial... Perhaps we should have calmly accepted this brief but beautiful love, rather than covet immortality and steal the power of the Sapphire Dragon.”

“The plan of the Dragon Domain Landlord has already failed, and Annuette's soul has been exiled. Losing my love and then my family, this world has already lost all meaning to me. Maybe I should continue to study the notes of the Ancient Mage and transform myself into a Lich, roaming between life and death.”

“If I could walk freely in the Exiled Lands, perhaps I could meet Annuette again; then all this torment and pain would become meaningful!”

He flipped through this page and the concept of the “Lich,” a strange existence, made a round in Liszt's thoughts.

He had no time to think further as he turned to the third page.

The third page was strange.

It contained a drawing of a triangle with an eye in the center, the Eye of Truth, representing a magician's recognition and exploration of the world.

But at each corner of the triangle, there were additional terms.

At the top corner, it said ‘matter,’ with “Alchemist,” “Vampire,” “Necromancer” written beside it; on the left corner, it said ‘magic power,’ with “Magician,” “Druid”; and on the right corner, it said ‘spirit,’ with “Wizard,” “Sorcerer,” “Prophet,” “Succubus,” “Shaman.”

Beneath the Eye of Truth, there was another term—Knight.

“

A carelessly written line of Serpent Script followed: “Heretics, like beasts, defile Magic Power, brutishly cycling Dou Qi, stifling the living space of magicians! If the age of magic arrives one day, burn all the knights, let the magicians rule the world, and seek the Truth!”

If this was written by Curtis herself, it meant she was a fanatical believer in magic.

This was veering towards heretical religious thoughts, not good, not good.

Liszt inherently detested the term “heretic,” and his gaze lingered on the words alchemist, wizard, and druid for a few seconds before he chose not to dwell on them and continued flipping through the pages.

Starting from the fourth page, the contents turned into research notes, all on a single topic—the repeated experiments on the possibility of soul separation.

From what Liszt had glanced over, it seemed that in ancient times a wizard had developed the “Life Box Technique.” By entrusting their soul into the Life Box, they could become a Lich that transcended life and death, the real and the surreal, achieving an inconceivable state.

Such records were indistinguishable between true and false.

Curtis was mainly repeating this technology to verify the method of separating the soul.

She started with experiments on small animals, then gradually moved to humans, and ultimately to fellow magicians. By the sixteenth page, she had completed the experiment, confirming that the soul could indeed be separated and exist briefly, but it must be entrusted in something that resonates with the soul.

From page seventeen onward, she embarked on the second research topic—the experiment and creation of Life Boxes.

Twenty-five full pages were dedicated to the experimental notes on this topic. Like a genius, on the forty-second page, Curtis successfully completed the Life Box experiment, discovering Soul Submerged Wood that could be used as a Life Box to store souls, as well as the Magic Array for storing souls—the Self-Exile Magic Array.

“Is this the thing, the four walls I cut down and took back? Using this kind of Magic Array, can I strip the soul out and exile it into the Soul Submerged Wood?”

Time waits for no one, he didn’t have the time to ponder, so he quickly flipped through the pages, seeking the content related to the Ghost Ship.

After flipping through about thirty more pages and skipping four smaller research note topics on Lich's Life Boxes, finally, on page seventy-four, he saw a ship drawn with great detail—a three-masted galleon with the Goat Head Flag clearly visible on the mainmast—this was Goat Vessel, before it became the Ghost Ship.

The subsequent twenty-six pages all pertained to the modification of Goat Vessel, or rather, the setting of Magic Arrays.

Curtis expanded the Life Box Technique to the entire ship, imprisoning all the souls of the crew aboard to protect her own Life Box.

According to her last words inferred in the will, this ship would gradually erode the boundaries between real and surreal with the Magic Array and eventually breach into the Exiled Lands.

Exiled Lands.

Magicians believed that at the edges where Magic Power, matter, and spirit transformed into each other, there existed a place where time and space were indefinable, eternity and transience reflected upon each other, allowing only the souls to wander. That place was the Exiled Lands.

Those who committed heinous crimes were usually exiled to the Exiled Lands by the nobles.

Plainly speaking, it meant casting some kind of magic to let a person die peacefully. However, magicians believed that the souls of such deceased would enter the Exiled Lands.

Curtis's ultimate goal was to use Goat Vessel to break open the barrier between the Exiled Lands and the real world and send her soul into it.

But what she didn't expect was for Goat Vessel to turn into the Ghost Ship, lingering between the Exiled Lands and the real world, failing to deliver her soul into the Exiled Lands.

"Woman, completely mad, gone mad for love? One death wasn't enough; she had to doom countless others!" Liszt felt his skin crawl and was secretly alarmed, "The Goat Head Flag affixed to the dragon figurehead isn't leaving the Exiled Lands but heading towards them. This woman still wants to harm me!"

Luckily, he was quick-witted and had flipped open this book of Magic Books.

"So, if I want to return to the real world, I must first destroy the Goat Head Flag and the figurehead!"

## Chapter 252: The Messenger of Justice, Li Si Te (Second Update)

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The Goat Head Flag and the ship figurehead, both made from special materials as magic equipment, were hard for Liszt to part with when it came time to destroy them.

He simply wrapped them in his Dou Qi, pulled out the Goat Head Flag, and tossed it into the Gemstone Space; then he dismantled the Sapphire Dragon from the figurehead and threw it into the Gemstone Space as well.

The originally not so large Gemstone Space was almost filled to the brim after this frenzied stuffing.

With the suppression of the Goat Head Flag and the Sapphire Dragon ship figurehead gone, the fog that enveloped the Ghost Ship gradually dispersed, and the people trapped within the mist were about to awaken.

The planks were rotting, aging visibly fast.

“It’s finally over,” Liszt sighed in relief, wrapping his arms around Douson’s neck, savoring the enormous sense of accomplishment.

But suddenly, a sharp screech from the spectral mage reverberated in his ears, “No! Damned knight! You’ve destroyed the Goat Vessel! No! You cannot destroy the Goat Vessel!”

Liszt stood on the decaying deck.

Indifferent to Curtis’s screaming as the fog slowly thinned out.

He was immensely curious about Curtis, this type of “Lich”, and was filled with curiosity towards the “Dragon Domain Landlord plan”, and even wanted to slowly study the Ghost Ship beneath his feet. However, his opponent was very cunning; without any means of keeping the balance, staying would be suicide.

So.

“You’d be better off dead, not wreaking havoc in the Exiled Lands... not harming souls.”

“No!”

The piercing scream resonated from the cabin, as if it could perforate the eardrums. “Knight, no! Do not destroy the Goat Vessel, do not destroy my Soul Submerged Wood!”

Her voice was both dismal and shrill, “Knight, please stop! I will offer my Life Box, knight, take my Life Box!”

“Your Life Box is already in my hands, those pieces of Soul Submerged Wood.” Liszt scoffed coldly, at this point, the wicked magician still daring to deceive him, was simply insulting his intelligence.

“No!” the spectral mage screamed, “That is just where my soul slumbers in exile, it’s where I self-exile my soul. Before reaching the Exiled Lands, I need the Soul Submerged Wood to protect the integrity of my soul! My Life Box, I give you my Life Box, it’s the key to my returning to the real world!”

“Hmm?”

The shrill screams lingered in his ears, feeling as if the other party was still trying to deceive him.

But with the Ghost Ship about to collapse, according to the records in “To Prince Annuette—The Truth of Curtis”, even with the existence of the Soul Submerged Wood, she couldn’t maintain her “Lich” state once the Ghost Ship was lost; her soul would collapse and she would die—it was one with her.

It made no sense for her to be playing tricks at such a critical moment.

With this thought, he tugged Douson and went back down into the cabin. There he saw the spectral mage, whose body’s green light was unstable, trembling as if it might dissipate at any moment.

“Where is your Life Box?”

The spectral mage glared hatefully at Liszt, extended her left hand, and thrust it violently into her own chest.

At that moment, as if her chest was being torn apart, green light shone through, and she slowly drew out her hand. Clenching it into a fist, she rapidly presented it before Liszt, opened her fingers, and on her palm quietly lay a blue gemstone ring. “Take it, quick. Put the figurehead and the Goat Head Flag back. The Goat Vessel is about to collapse!”

The Crimson Blood Sword lifted the Sapphire Ring.

After making sure there were no traps, Liszt picked it up and took a look, seeing nothing special. “This thing is your Life Box? Don’t deceive me.”

“There’s no time to deceive you. This is the token of love Annuette gave to me... I have no grudge against you; I don’t even know you. All I want is to enter the Exiled Lands

with my full consciousness intact, to search for Annuette's soul!" After speaking, the spectral mage fell silent, merely watching Liszt quietly.

"If I crush it, will you die?"

"No, my soul is anchored in the Soul Submerged Wood, the Life Box is just the key, ensuring I can return to the real world, that I won't get lost in the Exiled Lands."

"If I repair the Ghost Ship, what about my friends?"

"^

"^

"The Ghost Ship is already close to collapse, unable to continue sailing in the Exiled Lands, it will no longer interfere with the real world, and soon it will vanish at the edge of the Exiled Lands and the real world."

"I have repaired the Ghost Ship, are you sure you will leave immediately, without causing further disturbance?"

"You return my Soul Submerged Wood to me, and I will disappear along with the Ghost Ship right away. Without the Soul Submerged Wood, my soul lacks an anchor, and entering the Exiled Lands, I'd lose myself and become a Specter... I just hope you can protect my Life Box, it's my only hope of returning."

"I understand."

Liszt turned, swiftly putting the Sapphire Ring into his Space Gem, then left the cabin without looking back, neither promising nor refusing.

Watching Liszt's retreating figure, the nearly formless phantom woman magician's eyes flashed with a ghostly light.

She seemed to be holding onto hope for the future, to follow the Ghost Ship into the Exiled Lands and find her true love, Annuette Sapphire. However, after waiting for a moment, she saw that the Ghost Ship was still collapsing, the rotted planks finally splitting apart, barely revealing another three-masted schooner.

She suddenly realized.

"No!"

She shouted loudly, "No! No! No! Damn Knight! You lied to me!"

...

Standing on the deck, watching below as the deck alternated between that of a rotting Ghost Ship and a sturdy, fast sailboat.

The enveloping mist had dispersed, the shadow of the Ghost Ship was gradually fading, and the disappearing schooner was becoming real.

Or rather, he had gradually returned to the real world from the realm of illusion.

Around him, Paris, Captain Layden, and others were slowly coming to their senses, looking puzzled at everything before them – blood was everywhere, and amidst the chaos between reality and illusion, many had died.

Fortunately, Levis, Li Vera, who were pulled into the cabin by Liszt, Paris, Captain Layden, and the Deputy Butler Ranieri were all unharmed.

Liszt's two manservants, Tom and Thomas, were wise enough to lie down and play dead, so they were not slaughtered by the Knights.

But he also saw the bodies of his three Retainer Knights, Sean Redface, York Baldhead, and Theodore Rottensock; the three young men had neither the chance to show their vigorous vitality nor would they ever again on the open sea.

"No! No! No! Damn Knight! You lied to me!"

The mournful screams of Curtis faintly reached his ears.

Yet he felt no sympathy in his heart, thinking coldly, "Such a wicked and perverted magician, death is your destiny; don't come out and harm others again! I, Liszt Tulip, have a line of justice in my heart!"

In the distance, the dreadful screams faded away.

"No!"

"I will curse you! You damned Knight!"

"Ah!"

With Curtis's last scream, the Ghost Ship violently shattered into dust, blown away by the sea breeze, vanishing without a trace.

The dark clouds above quickly dispersed, and the sun behind them cast its light anew.

After carefully checking his surroundings and making sure that there were no traces of Curtis left, Liszt dispelled his Eye of Magic, smiling lightly, "Curse me? Do you even know my name?"



Just then.

The awakened Paris saw Liszt and with a surprised tone asked, “Baron, are you all right?”

Chapter 253: A Bit of Trivial Work (Third Update, Bonus for 200 Monthly Votes)  
The Ghost Ship was like a fleeting illusion, here one moment and gone the next. Aside from Liszt and Douson, no one knew what had transpired aboard the Ghost Ship.

Only the bodies on the deck silently told the tale of the recent horrific encounter.

The sailors who had survived the ordeal, along with the Retainer Knights, began to clear away the bodies of the deceased. The sudden appearance of the Ghost Ship had claimed the lives of twenty-three people—sailors, retainers, and servants alike—with many more injured. Fortunately, none of the four nobles on board had been harmed.

Whether Captain Layden lived or died didn’t matter, but nothing could happen to the Liszt siblings. Should an incident occur, not only would Marquis Merlin be enraged, but Li Weiliam would be as well.

And then, more than just a few people would die.

“Liszt, what do you think?”

Levis’s voice pulled Liszt back from his trance.

He was still pondering the melodramatic love between Curtis Truth and Annute Sapphire.

The woman, mad with love, had actually managed to resurrect the ancient wizardry and transformed herself into a Lich, neither alive nor dead, while also creating the legendary Ghost Ship. Now that the Ghost Ship had collapsed, the Goat Head Flag, the Sapphire Dragon Ship Figurehead, Soul Submerged Wood, and the Sapphire Rings were still in his Gemstone Space.

Constant reminders that the Ghost Ship had not been an illusion.

No one had anticipated encountering a Ghost Ship; it was far more unforeseen than sea monsters or storms. So, the somber Butler Ranieri asked the siblings whether to continue to Red Crab Island or to immediately return to Coral Island.

Coming to his senses, Liszt asked indifferently, “Brother, sister, what do you think?”

Levis frowned, "I'm leaning towards returning. The festive atmosphere is gone, and too many people have died. But this year might be Grandfather's last New Year, and if we're not by his side, it would leave him with great regret. Since we're unharmed, let's continue onward... Li Vera, what is your opinion?"

"You decide," Li Vera's face was still somewhat swollen.

Faint handprints could be seen, which were the result of Liszt trying to wake her up.

Of course, she knew nothing about this.

Liszt did not disclose the secret of the Ghost Ship. The matter involved a courtly coup from a century ago—why attract trouble by revealing it? Besides, revealing it might also expose his own secrets. It was easier to regard it as a bewildering, bizarre encounter like everyone else.

After all, no one knew the true nature of the Ghost Ship.

When they were shrouded in fog, they were already trapped in a delusion, unable to see or hear. Even as the Ghost Ship collapsed and Curtis emitted his final, harrowing scream, they took no notice.

Once Levis had made up his mind,

the fast sailboat continued on towards Red Crab Island.

Captain Molodo had not died, and the remaining sailors were just enough to navigate the vessel; the voyage was not greatly affected.

But the atmosphere aboard the ship was no longer as cheerful as before—the previously attention-seeking Li Vera, perhaps having seen her own vulnerability, used illness as an excuse to hide in her cabin and lick her wounds; Levis and Captain Layden were busy dealing with the dead on board.

Ranieri was visibly worried, while the appearance of the Ghost Ship had nothing to do with him, the incident certainly did him no favors.

Liszt, still accompanied by Douson, was catching the breeze on the deck.

His expression, too, was somewhat distant. To others, it was merely a dreamlike experience, but he had deeply undergone the secrets of the Ghost Ship. Now, many questions surfaced in his mind; a world he had thought was merely about dragons, elves, knights, and magicians, was now revealed to include the Ghost Ship, liches, and more.

And then there was that book of magic, “To Prince Annuette—The Truth of Curtis,” which documented a variety of exotic professions such as Druid, Necromancer, Vampire, Sorcerer, and Prophet, as well as something named the Exiled Lands and the Dragon Domain Landlord’s plan. It sounded far from simple.

“I hate these chaotic existences; isn’t it enough to just cultivate Dou Qi with peace and stability? Why bother with all these messy magics!”

A vacant gaze fell upon the deck, where several Retainer Knights were binding bodies.

Paris stood guard beside Liszt, and upon seeing his daze, followed his gaze to the bodies.

Then she asked, “Baron, are you upset about Sean, York, and Theodore?”

“Hm?” Liszt returned to his senses,

Sean, York, Theodore?

He had only just remembered that these three were his Retainer Knights; their deaths were indeed saddening, although at that moment, he was merely thinking about the Ghost Ship.

He nodded faintly, his tone filled with desolation, “They were still young, not yet adults. I thought this was going to be an easy journey, but it took their lives.”

“No one wants to see such accidents, but you have done well enough. It is their fortune to have followed a kind Landlord like you,” Paris said.

Done well enough?

What have I done for these three?

Liszt was a little confused about what was going through Paris’s mind, but he clearly felt her attitude towards him becoming closer and more gentle.

If it had been before, he might have secretly been delighted, for winning people’s hearts was that simple.

However, having seen Curtis’s madness for love, he shuddered abruptly and thought that with women, or to be precise, female subordinates, one should maintain an appropriate distance to avoid playing with fire. Although women like Curtis were rare, who could guarantee that he would not encounter another Curtis.

“I’m ashamed, I’ve only done a trivial amount of work.”

...

The green flame of the Goat Head Flag solidified, and the green flame of the Sapphire Dragon Ship Figurehead did the same.

Everything was still inside the Gemstone Space. Liszt really wanted to take them out and see what changes might occur, but he didn't take the risk.

For the remainder of the voyage, he appeared as disinterested as everyone else.

In fact, he was always flipping through the Magic Books in the Gemstone Space, especially the one written by Curtis Truth, which he had only skimmed through before.

Now was the time for careful appreciation.

Not being a magician and reading the experimental content written by a Grand Magician was like reading an arcane book. Many things were confusing, even with some illustrations for explanation. Most importantly, the book primarily recorded how to transform a magician into a Lich.

Liszt had no intention to become a Lich, an existence neither human nor ghost.

"The transformation of the Ghost Ship is also quite interesting. Perhaps one day, with the help of a magician, I could also create a Ghost Ship and see what the Exiled Lands look like... Unfortunately, this book doesn't record the Dragonbone Stabilizer Technique. Maybe Curtis had mastered that technique."

The Dragonbone Stabilizer Technique belonged to Marquis Cohen; his family's magicians could embed the bones of dragons, sub-dragons, or dragon beasts into the keel of ships to ward off sea monsters.

Liszt was very envious of this technique, but unfortunately, it had been lost. The only person who might have mastered it, Curtis, had been killed by him directly.

"Never mind, I have the Longitudinal Sailboat Technique. In the future, I might be able to create ships even more suitable for sailing."

Chapter 254: Douson Supports Li Si Te's Face (Fourth Update, 400 Monthly Tickets Extra)

On the day before the festival, the three siblings finally arrived at Long Taro Castle, escorted by the Knight Squad from Red Crab Island. The news of the encounter with the ghost ship had also been rushed to Marquis Merlin's ears by a fast horse.

“Levis, Li Vera, Liszt, seeing you all safe and sound has finally put my mind at ease. You have no idea how worried I was when I heard about the ghost ship,” he said.

Meioubao rode out from Long Taro Castle a great distance to meet the three siblings and kept saying, “Grandfather, Father, and Mother have all been extremely worried about you. If we had known that you would encounter something as incredible as a ghost ship, we should have sent the family’s fleet to fetch you.”

Whether it was noble pleasantries or genuine emotion, Meioubao’s gestures touched the three siblings.

The unpleasantness of encountering the ghost ship dissipated quite a bit—such a disaster was not something that could be predicted or prevented by human efforts; one could only consider it bad luck and there was no need to take anger out on others.

Besides, they themselves had not suffered any damage.

The atmosphere once again returned to its usual harmony.

At the entrance of Long Taro Castle, Liszt saw his uncle and aunt. His uncle Mesiro was a tall and slender man, handsome and dashing, bearing some resemblance to the portrait of Melissa in Tulip Castle. His aunt, despite the crow’s feet at the corners of her eyes, still had the air of a noblewoman.

“Young Liszt, you have grown up, inheriting all of Melissa’s good qualities. You’re even more handsome than your cousin,” his aunt said kindly.

Liszt bowed in thanks; he was often complimented for his looks.

Meioubao spread his hands and said, “Mother, please, could you refrain from praising others in front of your son? It’s a blow to my confidence.”

Mesiro, seeing that everyone had greeted each other, said, “Don’t stand outside talking; come in. Your grandfather is waiting for you. He’s heard about the ghost ship and is worried about you.”

They entered the magnificent Long Taro Castle.

Naturally, the three siblings went to see the master of the castle first, Marquis Merlin, one of the seven marquises of the Grand Duchy. Marquis Merlin, leaning on a cane, was walking along the castle’s corridor; the former Sky Knight looked no different from an ordinary elderly man.

“Grandfather!” the three siblings called out.

Marquis Merlin pushed away the servant who was about to support him, his face as stern as ever, "Hm, you've arrived. I've heard about the ghost ship. Didn't get the scare of your lives, did you?"

"Of course not, with longsword in hand and Dou Qi within, even a ghost ship couldn't faze us," Levis boasted, though it couldn't really be considered boasting.

He had shown enough bravery in the face of danger on the ship, and that deserved recognition.

At least Liszt felt acknowledgment for Levis; in that moment, Levis had not only not fled but had also been very concerned about the safety of his sister and brother, bearing the responsibility of an older brother.

"Well said, with Dou Qi, a longsword, a war horse, and a spear, a knight will be unbeatable," Marquis Merlin extended his hand and clapped heavily on Levis's shoulder, "It's a pity that in my nearly forty years roaming the Sea of Azure Waves, I never encountered a ghost ship, which I regret profoundly."

Where others feared to tread, Marquis Merlin felt regret.

Different levels of strength indeed provide different perspectives, and perhaps for Marquis Merlin, a ghost ship was not such a remarkable encounter.

At his stature, his understanding of the world was certainly much deeper.

After he spoke, he turned to Mesiro and said, "Have you made arrangements to send out the fleet from Red Crab Island and the Knight Order to patrol the seas, to find and capture the ghost ship, if possible, or destroy it if not?"

"I've already informed Count Sharke to lead the investigation and have invited Grand Magician Okdo to accompany him."

"Do not hesitate in any way. Patrol the sea area between Red Crab Island and Coral Island thoroughly! Annihilate any pirates or ghost ships you find. I don't care whether it's a natural disaster or a sinister plot; Long Taro Castle's wrath must be vented!" the Marquis said dispassionately.

Mesiro hastened to nod, "Father, please rest assured, I will definitely instruct Count Sharke with care."

"No, have that boy Sharke come to see me first."

"Yes."

After making arrangements for the Ghost Ship, the Marquis then said to the three siblings, "Forget about the Ghost Ship and celebrate the festival well at Long Taro Castle. Tomorrow, your Aunt Melinda will come over with her two boys. When young people gather together, they always find joy."

"Okay, Grandfather."

The aunt came over and informed, "The living room has been arranged with tea and snacks; Father, take the children to the living room to chat. It is very cold in the hallway."

"Don't treat me as if I'm useless; my Dou Qi is still boiling." Although the Marquis Merlin said this, he did not refuse the suggestion and returned to the living room surrounded by his three grandchildren.

Sipping on warm milk tea, they chatted about family matters.

The aunt was a talkative noblewoman, always dominating the conversation, inquiring about the developments of each of the three siblings.

Liszt inevitably mentioned his Fresh Flower Town. He briefly described some developments of the town, such as the production of Fresh Flower Soap, the refining of seafood oyster sauce, and the birth of Thorn Minor Elf Jela.

Marquis Merlin liked hearing about these matters and said solemnly, "Having a Little Minor Elf that produces Magic Potions, Liszt, is a gift from the Knight's glory, but it requires effort on your part as well. Being a Sky Knight is not just your brother's goal; you should have this goal too."

"Grandfather, I understand, of course. My talent is indeed so-so, but my vision is not narrow," replied Liszt.

At this time, Meioubao suddenly interjected, "Grandfather, you might not know that Liszt has also brought an Intermediate Magical Beast; it is his pet monster!"

"An Intermediate Magical Beast as a pet?"

"It is Douson, a Fierce Earth Dog I have been feeding since it was little. It accidentally ate a Bloodline Fruit and evolved into an Intermediate Magical Beast, but it can only cast one kind of magic," explained Liszt.

"Bring it over for me to take a look."

Because Marquis Merlin had difficulty moving around, Liszt directly had Servant Thomas bring Douson to the living room. Fortunately, the living room in Long Taro Castle was quite large, so Douson's enormous figure was not conspicuous here.

“Woof Woof!”

Douson came to Liszt’s feet, wagging its tail obediently. It had learned to ignore all humans, freely entering any scene.

“What a huge black dog,” exclaimed the aunt in surprise. As a fitting noblewoman, accustomed to a life of luxury, except for eating Magical Beast Meat, she probably rarely saw wild Magical Beasts. “It’s bigger than a tiger and actually obeys like a dog. Liszt, how did you tame it?”

With a slight smile, Liszt replied, “I raise it like a dog. If it doesn’t obey, I whip it; if it does, I reward it with dried meat.”

“Raising a Magical Beast like a dog is incredible, Liszt. You make me lose all my awe of Magical Beasts,” Meioubao said exaggeratedly.

Mesiro nodded in agreement, “Judging from its size, it is indeed a qualified Intermediate Magical Beast, much bigger than a regular Fierce Earth Dog.”

On Coral Island, no one was more favored by the Knight’s glory than Liszt. “He is a lucky fellow,” Levis said enviously, sternly holding back his longing as he looked at Douson.

Marquis Merlin only glanced at Douson briefly; he had seen countless Magical Beasts, including many Advanced Magical Beasts.

But he held Liszt’s beast rearing methods in high regard. “You have some good ideas about raising Magical Beasts. Sometimes we overstate the cunning and danger of Magical Beasts when in fact they are just wild animals that know a bit of magic... You should train it more on how to cooperate with Knights. In the future on the battlefield, it can exert a power comparable to that of a Sky Knight.”

**The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 255: 0255: I Really Want to Live Another 500 Years (Fifth Update, Additional Chapter for 600 Monthly Votes) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 255: 0255: I Really Want to Live Another 500 Years (Fifth Update, Additional Chapter for 600 Monthly Votes)**



## Chapter 255: I Really Want to Live Another 500 Years (Fifth Update, Additional Chapter for 600 Monthly Votes)

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Douson might be compared to a Sky Knight, but Liszt had no idea. Only after Douson learned new magic could any judgment be made.

Without magic, a Magical Beast is just a more powerful wild beast; Douson is still immature.

After chatting about family matters, the conversation returned to the Ghost Ship.

“So, Molodo hasn’t gone mad, has he? I’m familiar with him; he’s an excellent sailing captain,” Marquis Merlin had a good impression of Molodo. “But his son was swallowed by the Ghost Ship, and he encountered it himself. It seems he’s not suited to continue as a captain; he should retire.”

In his words, Marquis Merlin had already decided on Molodo’s retirement.

“Grandfather, since the Ghost Ship belongs to Marquis Cohen, do you know Marquis Cohen? What kind of person is he?” Meioubao asked curiously.

Marquis Merlin sat in his chair, hands resting on his cane, and pondered for a moment.

“Marquis Cohen lived in a time before my father was even born, back when my grandfather was young. At that time, the Long Taro Family was merely an Earl. The family Cohen came from is known as the Magic Goat Family; they value magic quite differently compared to the typical knight family.”

The Magic Goat Family were the followers of the first Sapphire Duke, Dragon Knight Anderson Sapphire. After the founding of the country, they were ennobled as Marquises.

This family bred a Magical Beast called the Rock Goat on a large scale. The meat of the Rock Goat was in high demand both domestically and abroad, while the wool-based blankets and duvets were also a coveted product among the Nobles.

But aside from practicing Dou Qi, the members of this family also studied magic.

Men practiced Dou Qi while women practiced magic.

With the technique of crafting Dragonbone Stabilizers using magic, the Magic Goat Family’s ships could sail freely across the seas, assisting the Knight Order of the Duchy of Sapphire in their continental expeditions. It could be said that at the time, the Magic Goat Family’s authority was second only to the Sapphire Family, and they shared a cordial relationship.

“Cohen Magic Goat was a powerful Sky Knight who followed the eldest son of the second Grand Duke, Annute Sapphire. But a troublesome issue arose; Annute was severely wounded in battle and after the court physicians examined him, it was confirmed that he would die young.”

Being among family, Marquis Merlin didn't mind discussing court secrets.

When Nobles have nothing to do, they enjoy gossiping about court secrets, just like servants love to talk about Noble gossip.

“To help Annute, the magicians of the Magic Goat Family decided to steal the power of the Sapphire Dragon and have it coexist with Annute, allowing him to become a Dragon Domain Landlord... sharing half the dragon's lifespan. To my knowledge, the emperor of the Neverfall Empire is a Dragon Domain Landlord, and he has been on the throne for two hundred years already.”

Dragon Domain Landlord!

Liszt had heard this term for the second time; the first was in Curtis Truth's magic books, which recorded that the plan for Dragon Domain Landlords had failed.

Now, from the mouth of Marquis Merlin, Liszt learned that a Dragon Domain Landlord could actually share the lifespan of a dragon.

This revelation made Liszt's eyes widen—if one could pursue longevity, who would choose an early death? A mere hundred years of life is simply not enough.

If one became a Lich, a neither-living-nor-dead existence, immortality would have no meaning. But it sounded like a Dragon Domain Landlord merely stole the power of a dragon, while still being able to maintain human youth.

Marquis Merlin, sensing the rapid breathing of the young ones, couldn't help but smile: “Becoming a Dragon Domain Landlord is indeed tempting. When I was young, I even threatened the Sapphire Dragon that I would share its lifespan, haha... But the requirements to become a Dragon Domain Landlord are strict, and angering a dragon can lead to a dismal end.”

Dragons represent the pinnacle of power in the world, and families with a dragon do their utmost to please it. No one dares to steal the power of a dragon.

““

Moreover, a dragon can normally live for a thousand years, sheltering a family for several hundred years. But after their lifespan is shared with the Dragon Domain Landlord, only half of their life remains, which is clearly not worth it.

There was a pause as he tapped his cane.

Marquis Merlin returned to the story, “Annute’s plan was discovered by the third-generation Grand Duke, also his younger brother, Duke Andite. Annute’s actions thus angered the second-generation Grand Duke, who immediately exiled Annute’s soul and passed the title of duke to Duke Andite before personally capturing Cohen Magic Goat.”

Cohen Magic Goat, after all, was powerful, assisted by two Grand Magicians from his family. He did not surrender easily; instead, he counterattacked and severely injured the second-generation Grand Duke. If not for the powerful force of the Sapphire Dragon, which protected the second-generation Grand Duke at a critical moment, the outcome would have been unpredictable.

Eventually, Cohen Magic Goat and the two Grand Magicians were suppressed, and the second-generation Grand Duke also succumbed to his severe injuries and died. The young third-generation Grand Duke Andite seized the opportunity to completely annihilate the Magic Goat Family.

More than a hundred years have passed, and this past event, known but to a few, has been mostly forgotten.

“Who would have thought that Cohen Magic Goat’s spirit would persist, causing trouble with the Ghost Ship even after being dead for over a hundred years,” Marquis Merlin sneered. “It must be the work of those magicians, lunatics who love to delve into evil and bizarre magic.”

Although sometimes needing magicians to craft Magic Potions and Magic Equipment, this did not hinder the likes of knights such as Marquis Merlin from openly discriminating against the magicians.

...

The luncheon was lavish, just a family gathering, yet the spread was even more sumptuous than the large dinner Liszt had attended here last time.

However, Liszt’s living conditions had improved since then, and his tastes had become more refined, so he did not find the food particularly delicious.

Instead, he felt somewhat restless.

It all boiled down to the Dragon Domain Landlord mentioned by Marquis Merlin. Initially, when he did not understand its significance, he had only skimmed over it in the magic book, but now that he did, he could not remain unaffected.

It was as if, beyond being a Dragon Knight, a new door to an uncharted world had opened to him.

He had once thought that his greatest wish since traversing to this world was to become a Dragon Knight, feeling that riding a dragon would make his life worthwhile. He did not have a strong desire for immortality, deeming it impossible, as even Dragon Knights turn to dust after a century. And, despite the existence of creatures like Liches, after seeing Curtis's miserable state, he did not fancy becoming one himself.

Yet the emergence of the Dragon Domain Landlord suddenly sparked his longing for eternal life—being alive, who would choose death over living for a few hundred years?

As the song goes, “I really want to live for another five hundred years...”

Liszt had never transcended the secular world or been indifferent to life and death. He could be magnanimous when there was no chance, but now that there was an opportunity, how could he not strive for it?

Eating the fine white bread, he suddenly set a new goal for himself, “In this life, I not only want to ride a dragon and become a peak Dragon Knight of power. I also want to conquer another dragon, a young dragon, and then become a Dragon Domain Landlord! A dragon's lifespan is a thousand years, so I should borrow at least four hundred years.”

Four hundred years of borrowed life plus one hundred years of his own life, that made just five hundred years.

No need for more, five hundred years should suffice.

To explore the world, seek the truth behind fate, and if possible, unravel the reason for his own traversal would be even better.

“Crossing the Devil's Sea... climbing to the summit of Mount Mulagao Ding... landing on the moon, suddenly, my path in life is clear and bright.”

#### Chapter 256: The Inner Struggles of Meioubao (First Update)

In the afternoon, Count Sharke came to Long Taro Castle to inquire about the sea expedition to exterminate pirates and the Ghost Ship. Liszt and his siblings needed to provide some clues to him to facilitate the confirmation of the Ghost Ship's matters.

“I don't like Sharke.”

Meioubao, who had come to call on Liszt, whispered, “In fact, I dislike both of the earls from Red Crab Island, especially Sharke.”

Liszt, having just woken up, asked curiously, “Why?”

“They lack reverence for Long Taro Castle.”

Liszt nodded.

He understood; to put it bluntly, it was because Uncle Mesiro’s strength was not enough to establish sufficient prestige. As the next Marquis of Red Crab Island, he lacked the charisma to convince his followers.

Meioubao continued, “This year, grandfather’s health has not been good, and Red Crab Island did not respond to the Grand Duke’s Pioneer Mandate, there has been some dissent, and I know Sharke is the source of that noise.”

A moment later.

Liszt met with Count Sharke, whose full name was Sharke Cauliflower, his surname derived from the Cauliflower Greater Elf he owned.

With a tall and imposing figure, his voice was also very loud when he spoke.

Following Meioubao’s hint, during the questioning, Liszt particularly paid attention to Count Sharke’s attitude and found that he still held much awe for Marquis Merlin. However, he displayed some slight disrespect toward Mesiro and Meioubao, or rather, it wasn’t disrespect; he simply treated their statuses as equal.

His conversation with Mesiro had no lack of politeness but also did not convey the sense that Mesiro would be his future landlord.

He placed both of their positions on the same level.

And as for Meioubao, that was purely a condescending manner typical of an elder. No wonder Meioubao was displeased; no one likes their follower assuming the posture of an elder, even though Meioubao was not yet the Marquis of Red Crab Island but merely an heir to the heir.

However, in the knightly system, Meioubao was the master, and Sharke was the subordinate; the master-servant relationship was clear.

“No wonder when I first came to Red Crab Island, Meioubao came to win me over; the island’s power structure is clearly one of a weak master and strong servants... Once Grandfather Merlin passes away, Uncle Mesiro will likely be unable to control the situation on Red Crab Island.”

When a lord cannot control his own followers,

The outcome can be very embarrassing; it is inevitable that followers will drift away from a lord who cannot retain them. Such a lord would certainly be the biggest joke among the nobility.

Liszt suddenly understood why his cousin, despite knowing that the Grand Duke's youngest daughter had a poor reputation, still pursued her persistently.

It may have been an attempt to use the princess's influence to suppress the group of followers on Red Crab Island.

Being short-handed is not a good thing for a noble family.

"So should I consider developing on Red Crab Island? With my current trajectory, securing a viscountcy is guaranteed. If I show strength later on, uncle and cousin might rely on me even more, and advancing to earl would be a piece of cake," Liszt wavered, tempted by the shortcut.

Better to learn to curry favor than to exchange one's life for a noble title on the battlefield.

Although that was the case, he was not yet ready to give up his operations on Black Horse Island and switch to Red Crab Island. And the effect of lending a helping hand during prosperity is far less significant than offering aid in desperate times.

He suddenly pictured a scenario.

If he had become a Sky Knight and had received the title of viscount, but his father was still an earl, how could he surpass his father and become an earl himself?

At that time, he would either become a direct enfeoffed earl of the Grand Duke or follow a marquis who could bestow an earldom. By then, his uncle's family, struggling to support Red Crab Island, would likely beg him to come—by that time, the treatment as an earl would be many times better than going to Red Crab Island now.

Thinking this way felt a bit like betraying family ties.

But amongst nobles, kinship always gives way to interests. Liszt was equally aware that if he couldn't demonstrate his value, the Long Taro Family would definitely not make any sacrifices for him.

"Of course, right now, I'm probably thinking too much. This time around, the Long Taro Family hasn't started to woo me yet..."

In thought.

Count Sharke had already understood the cause and effect regarding the Ghost Ship, and immediately paid respect to Marquis Merlin, saying, "Please rest assured, my lord. As soon as the festive season is over, I will lead the fleet and the Knight Order to sweep the seas around Red Crab Island, and shut the mouths of those who gossip about it!"

"Very well, I look forward to your performance."

Sharke gave another bow, nodded to Mesiro and Meioubao, and left with big strides.

...

The new year's festival is the first day of each year, January 1st.

On this day, everyone in all the countries chooses to put down their work and celebrate the arrival of the new year.

Waking up early in the morning, while it was still dim outside.

Lying in bed, Liszt called upon the long-missed Smoke Mission, "Mission: After a year of hard work, even landlords need to relax, enjoy the upcoming new year's festival, contemplate the path of development for the coming year, broaden social relations, or simply do nothing and wait for the festival to end. Reward: Unknown reward."

The reward is unknown, and the mission has still not been completed; it probably needs today to pass.

Around 10:30 in the morning.

Liszt was amusing that Thick-Leaf Grass Minor Elf who liked to spit, while Anna, the maid who once helped him wipe his face, kept making secret overtures to him.

At this time, a servant from the Long Taro Castle came to inform him that a new guest had arrived.

The new year's festival is a family holiday. Without needing to ask, Liszt knew that it was his aunt's family visiting Long Taro Castle today.

Indeed, at the castle gate, Liszt, along with his brother and sister, met his mother's sister, Melinda Taro, the second daughter of the marquis. And her husband, Viscount Roland Pinecone of Longtail City, and their two sons, Russell Pinecone and Rolie Pinecone.

There was also Russell's wife, and their daughter, who had just turned one and was wrapped up like a cotton ball.

Russell and Rolie are Liszt's first cousins.

The order of age among the cousins is roughly: 25-year-old Meioubao Taro, 24-year-old Levis Tulip, 22-year-old Russell Pinecone, 20-year-old Li Vera Tulip, 19-year-old Rolie Pinecone, and 17-year-old Liszt Tulip—everyone ages a year when the new year comes.

Russell's daughter is the only younger relative of Liszt.

"Aunt, uncle, Liszt greets you, happy new year," Liszt greeted them first before speaking. He didn't have a strong memory of these relatives in his former life.

Since Melissa's death, Li Weiliam's social dealings with Red Crab Island had become increasingly infrequent, so the three siblings would at most visit Marquis Merlin and seldom went to see their aunt.

"Happy New Year, Liszt. You've grown so much, and you're so tall," Melinda was a plump lady of nobility, unfortunately not inheriting the good looks common in the Long Taro family.

And it seemed her luck wasn't great either, just like Melissa, she and her sister both married viscounts.

But Li Weiliam advanced to an earl early on, whereas Roland Pinecone remained a viscount. Even in his former memories, the aunt's two sons appeared to be even more useless than "himself."

Quietly using the Eye of Magic.

Liszt observed that indeed, the total Dou Qi of the two cousins was only about the same as Li Vera's, not reaching the level of an Elite Earth Knight.

Chapter 257: Sky Knight's Training Journal (Second Update)  
Both sons were no good.

Viscount Roland, who had the appearance of a middle-aged uncle, was no genius either. As a follower of Marquis Merlin and married to Marquis Merlin's daughter, one would think he had access to plenty of resources. Yet, after all these years, he remained merely an Elite Earth Knight.

He had no hope of being promoted to an earl.

Just as one cannot be a Grand Duke without being a Dragon Knight, one cannot be an earl without being a Sky Knight. However, one could have a hereditary right for three generations, which means that if an earl's descendant is not a Sky Knight, they can still



inherit the earldom, but if they fail to produce a Sky Knight after three generations, then, unfortunately, they must be demoted.

Originally, there was also the rule that one cannot be ennobled as a baron without being an Earth Knight.

According to the rules, once Liszt came of age, he would not be able to obtain the title of baron as he had not advanced to Earth Knight. However, since Earth Knights had become dime a dozen, provided one had sufficient nutrition, it was rare for someone not to achieve Earth Knight status. This rule was not written into the enfeoffment system of the Duchy of Sapphire, and the nobles did not care about it either.

When the earl conferred the title upon Liszt, nobody dared to utter a word of dissent.

"Liszt, why didn't your father come?" Viscount Roland suddenly asked.

The question was rather gauche; Li Weiliam had remarried, and Marquis Merlin was no longer his father-in-law, so how could he join the celebration?

Liszt merely smiled and responded, "My father has stayed on Coral Island, and there are many matters in the territory that require his attention; he really couldn't get away."

Viscount Roland was about to ask another question.

Aunt Melinda interrupted directly, saying, "Your two cousins often talk about you. You used to play together as children, and now that you've all grown up, you meet less often."

"Liszt, how have you grown taller than Levis? You're very robust and already an Earth Knight? That's impressive!" Cousin Russell said enviously as he thumped Liszt's chest.

He was built like his aunt, somewhat short and stocky, and must be the straightforward type; his accent was not quite standard, tinged with a bit of dialect.

Liszt enjoyed dealing with straightforward people.

Before he could speak, Russell went on, "Come, let me introduce you. This is my wife, Cassie Broccoli. Her uncle is Count Sharke. And this is our daughter, Rossi, she just turned 2 years old."

Cassie Broccoli?

Her uncle is Sharke Broccoli?

Liszt smiled and greeted the gentle lady warmly, then enthusiastically lifted the little ball of fluff that was Rossi, "Hi, Rossi, say... 'Happy New Year, Uncle Liszt.'"

Rossi obviously had no such intention and immediately pouted and started wailing.

Liszt, startled, quickly handed Rossi back to the servant who had been holding her before.

Li Vera laughed, "You need to realize that being handsome is of no use with little children."

....

Marquis Merlin's descendants were all in attendance.

During the luncheon, the elderly master of Long Taro Castle, in high spirits, drank a few extra glasses. It was unclear whether it was the alcohol that made him livelier or if he had prepared beforehand, but starting with Meioubao, he called his grandchildren one by one into the study.

Liszt, being the youngest, naturally went in last.

"Grandfather."

"Sit."

The clear enunciation and the murky yet sharp gaze proved that Marquis Merlin was not drunk. The old butler brought in two cups of coffee and casually closed the door to the study.

"You've given me quite a surprise, Liszt," the words from Marquis Merlin startled Liszt, "The last time you were here, you were just a Common Earth Knight, yet now, you have become an Elite Earth Knight. Such rapid progress is quite rare."

Without denial, Liszt curiously asked, "Grandfather, how did you figure it out?"

"When I was young, I defeated even the Grand Duke with my Knight's Sword, so seeing through your level of Dou Qi is nothing to be surprised about." Marquis Merlin's voice was not loud, but his words always carried an air of dominance, mentioning casually that he had even defeated a Grand Duke.

"It's strange when I talk about it. After moving to the countryside, my diet wasn't as good as it was at Tulip Castle, but I felt as if a light had suddenly turned on. I broke through to become an Earth Knight almost immediately upon arriving at Fresh Flower Town. Recently, I felt like I touched the bottleneck of Dou Qi, so I started taking Magic Potions."

Of course, the Smoke Mission could not be revealed, so Liszt had no choice but to make up a story.

It wasn't entirely made up, though. The accumulation from an Earth Knight to an Elite Earth Knight had indeed been quite natural for him, even surprising himself when he found out.

What should have been years of grinding was shortened to mere months.

"Perhaps living in Tulip Castle was oppressive for you. Those magicians are fond of speaking about the theory of spiritual and material transformation, aren't they? The power of the human spirit can indeed influence one's body. Melissa died too soon, and your father failed to take on the responsibility of looking after you, which truly wore down your talent."

While speaking, Marquis Merlin unapologetically lauded himself, "Li Weiliam had strong talent, and the bloodline of Long Taro Castle is even more noble. All three of you siblings have inherited your parents' good traits, but you inherited the most, and rightly so, you are the most gifted! In you, I see the shadow of my youthful self."

Liszt maintained a smile.

After boasting for a while, Marquis Merlin asked, "Is the wealth of Fresh Flower Town sufficient to support your need for Magic Potions?"

"Currently, there are three kinds of Magic Potions growing in Fresh Flower Town. Although the output isn't high, I'm not at the stage where I need a large amount. With some effort, it's enough."

"You have a Little Minor Elf that produces Magic Potions; training it will be of great help to you. You also have an Intermediate Magical Beast, that Fierce Earth Dog should be cultivated with effort; it will become a good companion for you."

"I think so too."

"Having advanced to an Elite Earth Knight in such a short time, it's right to be cautious, but you don't have to be too modest. Strength dictates everything. Don't forget that you have the support of the Tulip Family and the Long Taro Family behind you. You should let everyone witness your boundless future... The reason I married Melissa to your father was because he was fearless."

Li Weiliam, who back then was still a Common Earth Knight viscount, took a daughter of a marquis for his wife, which would have been difficult without any boldness.

Liszt was somewhat moved.

His own behaviour had indeed been quite "low-profile," lacking the ostentatiousness or fervor of youth. However, the thought was fleeting. His modesty was not due to a lack of

strength, but because he had too many secrets. He preferred to progress step by step; he disliked taking risks.

“Grandfather, I have a clear vision for my future, I know what I should do.”

Marquis Merlin looked at Liszt with some surprise and nodded, “Good, it’s rare for a young person to have such a mentality. I’m even more optimistic about your future.”

He picked up a thin booklet from the table and tossed it to Liszt, “I believe your future achievements will surpass your father’s. These are some insights from my years of Dou Qi Cultivation, you can take them for reference.”

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Rolling on the floor begging for votes~

Chapter 258: Infinite Potential Dragon Dou Qi (Third Release, 800 Monthly Votes Bonus)

Marquis Merlin Taro’s insights into Dou Qi cultivation are of immense value, at least they could be considered family heirlooms. After all, in his prime, Marquis Merlin was one of the leading Sky Knights of the Duchy of Sapphire, known as the Gale Sword Saint.

Sky Knight is a level in Dou Qi cultivation.

Sword Saint is a title granted to exceptionally powerful Sky Knights, not every Sky Knight is entitled to the title of Sword Saint. For instance, Liszt’s uncle Mesiro is just a Sky Knight, and no one would call him by a Sword Saint title. Only those Sky Knights who excel in sword combat may be bestowed with the honorific of Sword Saint.

“Thank you, Grandpa.”

Liszt happily accepted the notes from Marquis Merlin.

His father was the Sea Wave Sword Saint, from whom he could seek enlightenment at any time, and now he had acquired the cultivation insights of the Gale Sword Saint. Once he advanced to be a Sky Knight, he would have no shortage of experience to draw upon.

The only regret was that he possessed the Fire Attribute’s Dou Qi, while his grandfather had the Water Attribute, and Marquis Merlin had the Wind Attribute.

An individual’s Dou Qi attribute is related to lineage and physique.

Liszt's brother and sister both had Water Attributes, and his grandfather, uncles, and cousins had Wind Attributes. He was the only one with a Fire Attribute, which was somewhat unexpected but not unusual. It's just that neither family had ever produced a Sword Saint with a Fire Attribute, so in terms of cultivation experience, there was a slight shortfall.

"If you ever feel constrained in Fresh Flower Town, the doors of Red Crab Island are always open for you," Marquis Merlin said calmly.

Liszt nodded seriously, "I appreciate your trust, Grandpa."

Marquis Merlin caught his grandson's gaze and understood his intentions, "Should there ever be a day when the Long Taro Family's rule over Red Crab Island faces instability, I hope you and your siblings can extend a helping hand to Meioubao... My greatest disappointment with your uncle is not his lack of talent but his scarce progeny, which falls far short of your father's."

Mesiro had only one son.

The Earl had four children with two wives, three sons and a daughter, and whether he had mistresses or illegitimate children, Liszt was not quite sure. But in terms of procreation, he certainly surpassed Mesiro.

...

After leaving the study, Liszt did not return to the living room to chat with relatives.

Although he had come to terms with his identity, he still preferred a relatively quiet environment, not to mention the Sword Saint's notes in his hands, which he was eager to peruse.

The notes were unnamed, entirely in handwritten script, with sloppy handwriting and numerous corrections.

One could easily imagine that these were written by Marquis Merlin recently, after stepping down as the commander of the Court Fleet, probably beginning to summarize his life.

At twelve, an Earth Knight, at fifteen, an Elite Earth Knight, and at twenty-two, a Sky Knight.

In the Sword Saint's notes, Marquis Merlin first recalled his own cultivation journey, a prodigious tale that quite possibly labeled him as a genius among geniuses, even more distinguished than Li Weiliam Tulip, the twenty-five-year-old Sky Knight. However, Marquis Merlin came from a Marquis Family and had resources piled up since his childhood.

Compared to Li Weiliang, who came from a Viscount family, Merlin's talent was not necessarily stronger.

There are three tiers of Sky Knights.

Ordinary Level Sky Knights, Sword Saint Level Sky Knights, and those hailed as reserve Dragon Knights, the Completion Level Sky Knights who were always prepared to ride a dragon.

By thirty-nine, Marquis Merlin was already a Completion Level Sky Knight.

"Unfortunately, I do not have a dragon, nor can I find one to ride, my life as a Dragon Knight is hopeless," Marquis Merlin wrote in the notes, without much regret in his words, because at least he could make light of Grand Duke Andrew Sapphire, "But the Grand Duke has a Sapphire Dragon, and he cannot ride it either, not receiving the dragon's recognition, his complete Dou Qi is of no avail."

Although he had never ridden a dragon, he had indulged in fantasies about Dragon Knights.

"It is said that Advanced Dou Qi of the Completion Level is already the ultimate point of Dou Qi, only by combining with the mystical power of dragons can one produce the incredible Dragon Dou Qi. A type of Dou Qi that exceeds the limits of magic power and possesses infinite potential. Unfortunately, the Grand Duke is too stingy, having refused my requests to read Duke Anderson's 'Dragon Knight Dou Qi Manual' countless times."

"Dragon Knight Dou Qi Manual?"

Liszt's emotions surged; he wished he could snatch the manual right away.

Take a look at what a Dragon Knight is, what Dragon Dou Qi is.

The current Grand Duke Andrew Sapphire should be a Completion Level Sky Knight who hasn't ridden a dragon. However, he holds the 'Dragon Knight Dou Qi Manual' from the First Grand Duke and is presumably the only person in the entire Duchy of Sapphire who knows how to ride dragons. Liszt felt that he would eventually need to have a thorough discussion with him on the subject of dragon riding.

He shook his head, casting aside the many distractions.

He began to read Marquis Merlin's true insights into Dou Qi cultivation. The Apprentice Knight stage was only briefly mentioned, and there wasn't much elaboration on the Elite Earth Knight stage. It was vastly different from the experience provided by the Earl, which was all about consuming potions, more potions, vigorously consuming potions—at most, providing some rational advice for consuming potions.

What was detailedly described was the Dou Qi cultivation of Sky Knights.

But Liszt timely stopped himself: "I need to focus on mastering the Elite Earth Knight stage now; I mustn't aim too high and only build on solid foundations first."

He stored the Sword Saint's Notes in the Gemstone Space, left the room, and returned to the living room where the lively chatter continued.

"Liszt, what gift did your grandfather give you?" Cousin Rolie shouted as soon as he saw Liszt, appearing more animated than the simple Russell.

"What's your gift?"

"Grandfather gave me a gemstone equipment!" Rolie triumphantly pulled out a pendant from his chest, embedded with a yellow gemstone, "This is a Topaz from the Topaz Dragon. It can make my Dou Qi more solid; even an Elite Earth Knight can't break through my firm Dou Qi!"

Envy!

Any piece of gemstone equipment was worthy of envy.

Liszt praised it appropriately: "I'm really envious. Gemstone equipment, it's so beautiful!"

Rolie immediately grinned from ear to ear. Whether a weapon or an accessory, a piece of gemstone equipment was valued at over a thousand Gold Coins. As a second son with no title to inherit, a thousand Gold Coins was like a windfall.

Liszt then inquired about everyone else's gifts.

Surprisingly, Marquis Merlin had given out three volumes of Sword Saint's Notes, to Meioubao, Levis, and himself. Russell, Rolie, and Li Vera each received a piece of gemstone equipment.

Levis spoke with a smile: "Including yours, the three volumes of notes were all personally written by grandfather, and the content is the same, of course, typos differ."

"Actually, grandfather only needed to write one volume; the rest you could have copied yourselves," Rolie said proudly, believing that the value of the gemstone equipment far exceeded a manual that could be borrowed and copied.

"Rolie, don't talk nonsense," Aunt Melinda chided Rolie, her smile a bit unnatural.

Viscount Roland held his cup, taking a sip as if to camouflage.

Those a bit sharp understood Marquis Merlin's intention—not holding out hope for the younger generation, he gave them something of real value, gemstone equipment, while for those he had expectations, he gave a manual for cultivation.

#### Chapter 259: The Grand Magician's Blessing (Fourth Update, Bonus for 1000 Monthly Tickets)

I had thought that a family banquet would mark the end of this somewhat uninteresting festival and I would receive my reward.

But come evening, an unexpected delight arrived.

"Marquis Merlin, long time no see," said a middle-aged to elderly man donned in an exquisite magic cloak, with three gemstone rings of different colors on his hand.

They were light yellow, pale red, and blue.

"Mr. Grimmand, what brings you here instead of staying at The Court?" Marquis Merlin was somewhat surprised by his arrival.

"I bring blessings from the Grand Duke."

"The Grand Duke is thoughtful. Let's begin, Mr. Grimmand."

With a slight smile, Grimmand raised the hand adorned with the three rings high into the air. The next moment, the radiance from the rings intersected with each other, shooting beams straight into the night sky which was quickly darkening. These beams were magic power, and they suddenly exploded hundreds of meters above.

Boom!

The red beam ignited vast swaths of flames, like clouds of fire.

Boom!

The blue beam whipped up masses of water, churning in the sky like ocean waves.

Boom!

The purple beam burst forth with streaks of lightning, zigzagging between the flames and water, emitting tremendous thunderous roars.

Boom!



Finally, the green beam exploded, turning into a massive windstorm, mixing up the flames, water, and lightning into shapes that constantly shifted above Long Taro Castle.

This magical scene made everyone in Long Taro Castle look up at the sky in awe, admiring the magical spectacle. Even the distant cities could see the magical spectacle above Long Taro Castle and were astounded.

About a quarter of an hour passed.

The magical spectacle gradually dissipated, sparing a few raindrops, and everything returned to tranquility.

“Marquis Merlin, I have delivered the Grand Duke’s blessings,” said Mr. Grimmand with a slight bow, calmly speaking.

Marquis Merlin returned the gesture, his tone somewhat wistful, “Although it was but a showy display of magic with no practical use, I have received the Grand Duke’s sentiment. Thank you, Mr. Grimmand, for the arduous performance. Please join me for the festival’s dinner.”

“I am most honored.”

Accompanied by Marquis Merlin, Grimmand nodded to Mesiro and others before entering Long Taro Castle.

By this time, Liszt had inquired about the man’s identity, and Meioubao explained in detail: “Grimmand Truth, a Grand Magician in service at The Court, excels in magic of the six elements—wind, water, fire, earth, lightning, and ice—but his forte is designing magic equipment, especially magic rings.”

“The three rings he wears on his hand?” Liszt inquired further, recalling how he had duped Curtis Truth out of the Life Box, which was a sapphire ring, though he had not discovered anything special about it.

Its design was similar to the magic rings worn by Grimmand.

It could well be a magic ring.

Meioubao nodded, “Indeed, those are definitely three magic rings. They leverage the power of the Dragon Gem to amplify a magician’s magic power. Because of the different engravings of magic runes, they’re not of much use to us knights, but for magicians, they are treasures beyond value.”

Hearing they were of little use to knights,

Liszt couldn’t help but feel a bit disappointed.

It seems Curtis' Life Box and the Magic Runes on the Sapphire Ring were also exclusively carved for magicians. He couldn't use them, so he had no choice but to collect them as keepsakes.

Suddenly, an idea flashed through his mind, "Why not pry the sapphire out of the ring, scrape off those Magic Runes, recarve them, and have someone forge a Gemstone Weapon? I already have my suitable Crimson Blood Sword; it would be best to forge another suitable for the charge—a Gemstone Lance."

He even had a name in mind, the Blue Blood Lance, to match the Crimson Blood Sword.

As for the Life Box function of the Sapphire Ring, Curtis' soul had been extinguished along with the collapse of the Ghost Ship, so it was needless to say unnecessary.

"However, if this Sapphire Ring is exposed now, could it lead to any associations? Besides, can a gemstone that has already been used be recycled?"

Unknown.

He had just had the idea, and quickly he returned to the dining room for the New Year's dinner.

On the dining table, rich high-end food, luxurious crystal tableware, and vintage wines from deep in the cellars, all showcased the wealth of the Long Taro Family.

Grand Magician Grimmand and Marquis Merlin were having a lively conversation, occasionally sharing some not-too-private court secrets.

The youths also toasted each other, wishing for smooth sailing in the new year.

The servants were coming in and out nonstop, taking away the barely touched plates of food and bringing in new various dark dishes. 2-year-old Rossi somehow started fussing, flailing his little hands and directly knocking the crystal tableware off the table, shattering it on the floor.

The servants of Long Taro Castle smiled as they cleaned up the broken tableware, and nobody at the table cared.

Liszt, even after a year, still hadn't grown to like the dark cuisine, so he ate very elegantly, and even had time to reflect to himself, "The rich feast upon meat and wine while the poor freeze to death outside their gates."

The luxury of Long Taro Castle permitted crystal tableware to be casually smashed.

The price of one piece of crystal tableware might be enough for a commoner to subsist on dark bread for a year.

Lagging productivity meant it was hard for the commoners to have enough to eat or to stay warm, even the serfs of Long Taro Castle who had countless Elves assisting with agriculture still had to struggle to survive. Despite their fields' high yields, it also meant burdensome taxes, after all, it was to maintain the lifestyle of Long Taro Castle.

The food, the utilities, the clothes, and even the equipment of the armed knights, all production came from the peasants' farming.

"What are you thinking about, daydreaming?" Li Vera was sitting next to Liszt, leaned over and whispered, "Are you thinking about your subordinates, like that mercenary lady attendant who wears a veil?"

After arriving at Red Crab Island and recovering from the mental trauma on the Ghost Ship, Li Vera took an interest in Paris and often sought out the maid mercenary to bond.

She really wanted to enlist the maid mercenary.

Liszt didn't interfere—if she could persuade her, he'd consider it a loss.

Upon hearing this, he elegantly sliced his grilled Magical Beast meat, and replied with casual indifference, "No, I'm pondering world peace."

"Haha." Li Vera laughed, "Liszt, I've never realized you could be so humorous."

Liszt laughed too, somewhat self-deprecatingly, "One should do something meaningful in life, and wishing for world peace is meaningful. Of course, we need to understand to set a small goal that can be achieved first."

"What is your small goal?"

"For example, I want to ride a dragon first."

"Haha!" Li Vera burst into laughter.

Cousin Russell from the side also laughed loudly, "Yes, I also want to set a small goal, I want to ride a dragon too."

The laughter even drew the attention of Grimmand who was having an enjoyable chat with Marquis Merlin, "Who wants to ride a dragon? I can introduce him to the Grand Duke, his court has the only dragon in the country."

Chapter 260: The Elf of the Sea (Fifth Update, Additional Chapter for 1200 Monthly Votes)  
Dong, dong, dong!

The midnight bell of Long Taro Castle struck twelve, marking the official end of January 1st in the year 152 of the Sapphire Calendar.

Lying in bed, Liszt called forth the Smoke Mission with a heart brimming with anticipation.

As the festival drew to a close, the mission was indeed completed.

“Complete the mission, reward: the sprite of the sea—a Siren.”

“Hm?”

“This is...”

All drowsiness vanished from Liszt, replaced by excitement that had yet to explode: “The sprite of the sea? A Siren? Isn’t that a creature from legends!”

Sirens, legendary creatures of the ocean, appeared in knight novels only second to mermaids in frequency.

In most knight novels, Sirens are depicted as benevolent creatures with the upper body of a woman and the lower body of a sea serpent. In a few knight novels, Sirens are portrayed as malevolent beings that lure and kill sailors at sea.

Unlike mermaids, the romantic figures of the sea in knight novels, and unlike the evil devils of the sea in folk tales—the Nagas, or the Fishmen, the hybrid creatures created by ancient magicians as mentioned in some magic books.

Sirens hold widespread appeal among sailors.

Many sailors would swear by their souls that during certain voyages, they heard ethereal singing over the sea that intoxicated them. Quite a few even claimed that when their ships were lost at sea, it was the Sirens’ singing that guided them to the right direction.

Liszt held no doubts about the existence of Sirens – what’s so surprising about them when Phantom Ships had already made their appearance?

Whether it be mermaids, Nagas, or Fishmen, he did not doubt their reality either.

On the contrary, he was extremely excited. In the knight novels, most Sirens possessed the beautiful upper human body of a woman and had melodious singing voices. The

Smoke Mission referred to the Siren as a sprite of the sea, which clearly meant that a real Siren was a benevolent creature with extraordinary power.

“A Siren, they actually mean to reward me with a Siren. I wonder what it actually looks like... how beautiful it is, and whether it possesses reproductive organs like a human?”

He stroked his chin, his expression somewhat lecherous.

After pondering for quite some time, he was still unable to conceive what the creature might look like: “Probably not the normal structure of a human, considering the lower body is that of a sea serpent... Perhaps, it might be structured like a dolphin?” He had once heard stories about humans and dolphins in the news.

It is said that dolphins are one of the few animals that engage in acts of love, just like humans.

“Enough!”

Liszt stopped his lewd imaginings, preferring to believe that Sirens had no gender. The Smoke Mission used the term “sprite of the sea,” and sprites were thought to be creatures without gender.

He tried to order his chaotic thoughts.

Liszt summoned the Smoke Mission again; he hadn’t yet checked what the new mission was.

“Mission: As the new year begins, Ice Snow still blankets Fresh Flower Town, but new life is already being nurtured. The birth of the Female Tyrant Earth Hound is imminent. In order to foster future combat strength, please feed the Tyrant Earth Hound pups with Fresh Flower Town’s special cows’ milk until they open their eyes. Reward: Mutated Fierce Earth Dog.”

“Mutated Fierce Earth Dog?”

Liszt’s mind snapped back to normal: “Feed them with Dragon Breed Cow milk until they open their eyes? Does it mean that if I feed Douson and Earth Matron’s offspring with Dragon Breed Cow milk, they will mutate? And perhaps even evolve directly into an Intermediate Magical Beast like Douson himself?”

He held high hopes for the offspring of Earth Matron.

Now it seemed there was a substantial chance of nurturing these Tyrant Earth Hound pups into Intermediate Magical Beasts.

Thinking of an army of Intermediate Magical Beasts in the future, such a luxurious lineup—wouldn't they just unleash a flurry of Rock Spikes, decimating even the Blueblood Knight Order of the Sapphire Duke?

At this thought, he couldn't wait to set out and return to Fresh Flower Town to care for the soon-to-be-born Tyrant Earth Hound pups.

But he couldn't just yet; there was a social dance in two days he needed to attend, arranged by Marquis Merlin. His aim was to find suitable marriage partners for the three siblings and cousin Rolie. Marquis Merlin was getting on in years, probably bored and had started to play the matchmaker.

Levis was indifferent; he still pursued the daughter of Marquis Roderick.

Li Vera was filled with anticipation, and Rolie was even more impatient. Before Liszt updated the mission, he also eagerly anticipated it—he wanted to see Asina Salmon again, the first girl in this world to express affection for him, leaving a deep impression on him.

But now, he just wanted these two days to be over quickly so he could hurry back home.

"I miss my Siren."

...

"Paris, how many egg rolls did you actually bring? Why haven't you finished them after so many days of eating?" After completing his Dou Qi practice in the downstairs garden, Liszt encountered Paris, who was idly wandering about.

This Black Dragon Childe was named his protector, but in reality, she had nothing to do in Long Taro Castle and spent her days aimlessly wandering.

Either she was forcibly dragged off by Li Vera for sparring and relationship building.

"There's not much left, luckily. If I stay in Long Taro Castle any longer, I'll starve," she said.

"Are you sure you're talking about starving to death?" Liszt's gaze swept over her curvaceous figure, feeling it was much more voluptuous than before. "A polite suggestion, try to eat fewer snacks. You could get fat, which would greatly affect your performance."

Being looked over by Liszt like this,

Paris suddenly felt a warm flush on her face, her eyes flickered away, and her tone became much softer: "Baron, do you prefer thinner girls?"

"Hm?"

Thinking to himself "trouble," Liszt then seriously said, "No, I only like myself." After saying this, he tugged at the ruffled collar of his Ruff, stepped forward with his long legs, and turned to enter Long Taro Castle.

Leaving Paris with her mouth open, not knowing what to say.

...

The ball began at five o'clock in the afternoon.

It was not yet time.

Many carriages were parked at the entrance, and young nobles were already arriving at Long Taro Castle one after another, with men and women dressed in splendid attire, showing off like peacocks.

Liszt was also transformed.

The tailored Flack-Abaie perfectly accentuated his temperament. The fabric of his attire had a red base with the pale gold Long Taro emblem of Long Taro Castle embroidered on it. This was a tradition among nobles, who would often embroider their family emblem on their clothes as decoration.

As the clothes belonged to Long Taro Castle, the Long Taro emblem was naturally embroidered.

Overall, he exuded an imposing aristocratic air.

The lavish attire combined with his tall stature, his mature and stable temperament, and his handsome face meant that wherever he stood, he was the inadvertent center of attention.

Just like now.

He stood by the window in the corridor, where a servant carrying drinks spotted him from afar and came over: "Master Liszt, would you like something to drink?"

"Thank you."

Liszt took a glass of champagne.

Champagne, a type of wine, is most favored during celebrations. However, genuine champagne is hard to come by. According to the laws of the Duchy of Sapphire, only champagne brewed on Blue Dragon Island can be called real champagne; the rest can only be termed as wine.

The champagne from Blue Dragon Island had a very low production, reserved only for nobles of Earl rank and above.

Whether it tasted good or not, Liszt was unsure; he disliked drinking.

He swirled the golden champagne, took a light sip, and the faint sweetness mixed with the strong fruit aroma was refreshing. Yet, he had no interest in savoring it, his gaze directed towards the newly arriving carriages.