

The Mighty Dragons Are Dead

#Chapter 301: 0310: It's Not My Fault for Trafficking Slaves (Second Update) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 301: 0299: It's Not My Fault for Trafficking Slaves (Second Update)

Chapter 301: Chapter 0299: It's Not My Fault for Trafficking Slaves (Second Update)
The export of Fresh Flower Brew will still need some preparation time, as the current production cannot meet demand, and the consistency of quality is still slightly lacking.

March had just arrived, and following Earl's journey to Blue Dragon Island to attend The Court meeting, he took the opportunity to promote the finely packaged Fresh Flower Brew in Crystal Bottles embedded with gemstones to the Sapphire Duke. Levis also left Tulip Castle, heading to Golden Island as per the agreement to visit the Golden Wheat Sheaf Family.

To confirm his marriage to the daughter of Marquis Roderick, Loria Gold Wheat Ear.

The task of selling Fresh Flower Brew was handed over to Frank.

Liszt also entrusted the sales work to Goltai.

With the direction for Fresh Flower Brew set, the remainder of the task was naturally delegated to subordinates; his own important work was training dogs and practicing cultivation.

In the blink of an eye, the sun was blazing on the 5th of March.

On this day, the Tulip Caravan's ships returned, and the two thousand five hundred serfs purchased by Liszt also arrived with the ship, with the handover arranged at Fresh Flower Port.

Ever since Fresh Flower Town had its own dock, there was no need to go through the transfer via Coral City's dock.

"Two thousand five hundred serfs, plus the losses from the last slave trade, number a total of two thousand seven hundred... The losses this time might still be substantial, but the quality is good, with quite a few craftsmen mixed among them," Frank, following the fleet to Fresh Flower Town, handled the transfer of serfs.

As for the arrangements for the serfs, the town had long been prepared.

Thus, there was not much chaos, and bilingual receptionists proficient in Serpent Script and Wind Language, under the direction of town officials, quickly completed the tally of serf numbers, skill screening, and recording of identity information.

“A total of two thousand two hundred twenty-six serfs, among them thirty-seven might be terminally ill and beyond help...” Goltai returned to the house at the dock.

Reporting to Liszt.

Upon hearing this, Frank immediately began calculating with his fingers, “Then, we’ll count on two thousand one hundred... two thousand one hundred eighty-nine serfs, with a total loss of... loss of... loss of...” He calculated twice, finding it somewhat difficult, and didn’t come up with an answer.

Liszt, adept at arithmetic operations, had already silently figured out: “A loss of five hundred eleven serfs.”

“Oh, right, right, right, a loss of five hundred eleven serfs,” Frank spread his hands, not embarrassed by his poor arithmetic.

The people here generally weren’t good at math.

He also did not harbor any negative emotions about the high number of deaths, saying with a smile, “If you continue the serf trade, you can compensate for the losses in the next transaction, um, you can supplement three hundred serfs, and the other... more than two hundred serfs, consider them as normal losses.”

“That’s fine,” Liszt nodded.

The death of over five hundred people due to the slave trade had begun to numb him, but he still felt somewhat choked up—without the trade, there would be no harm, but how else could he develop his territory and achieve his dragon riding ambitions without buying serfs? He could only apologize to the souls of the deceased.

Being born into this dog-eat-dog world was a sorrow in itself.

Moments later, he put away any pretense of crocodile tears or true feelings. Stepping out of the house, he looked at the bustling dock square.

The serfs were being sorted.

Karl Ironhammer of the Patrol Team was selecting strong men among them to form a new patrol squad.

Rom Barrel did the same, selecting sturdy men left over from Karl's choices to join his Bug Guard Team, and then distributing them one by one to the various farms to cultivate the land and guard the Cordyceps.

Earth Knight Lasse Rondo and Rick Trace, meanwhile, took responsibility for selecting robust youths and grouping all the children, who would later begin their Dou Qi Cultivation.

On their way to Fresh Flower Town, they had endured torment, but upon setting foot on this land, they would start anew.

Butler Carter and Mrs. Morson also led the Castle's servants in choosing from among the serf throng, mainly picking suitable servants and young children. Li Si Te's Castle would eventually expand to become a named Castle, and at that time, many servants would be needed.

"Mrs. Morson, females who look clever and moderately pretty, under the age of twenty, can also be selected, around ten or so. The Castle needs a group of maids who can handle heavy chores, the current few of you can't attend to everything thoroughly," Carter instructed.

Mrs. Morson nodded, "I understand, I'll choose the qualified maids."

The clerks bustled about, commanding the serfs, bringing food and water, and arranging for those serfs left over to be sent to various farms.

At present, only those serfs assigned to farming were arranged, craftsmen and workers were also allocated to farm work.

It would not be until there were suitable positions available that they could be relieved from farm labor and return to their old trades, utilizing the skills they possessed.

Li Si Te climbed onto a rock, surveying the port scene, without anyone following him, except Douson. Suddenly, Douson's nose twitched, and he barked at the empty air beside him.

"It's me, Douson."

Someone's voice came out; Douson still roared uneasily until Li Si Te stroked his neck, calming him down.

Without turning his head, he asked, "Why are you invisible?"

"Nothing much, just didn't want to show up... My sister was probably sold to Fresh Flower Town in the same way initially," said Black Dragon Changeling Paris.

“Maggie was lucky. She was part of the first batch of serfs purchased by Fresh Flower Town. It wasn’t the peak season for the slave trade then; each serf was a treasure, so they received fairly decent care on the ship. These serfs are less fortunate, many packed together, and if they got sick, they could only be thrown into the sea.”

Paris, still invisible, spoke in a somber voice, “Baron, why do such things as the slave trade, so devoid of conscience, happen?”

“Because they haven’t met a landlord who treats his people well. At least in Fresh Flower Town, they will definitely not suffer any further harm,” Li Si Te said offhandedly.

He was a participant in the sin, so there was nothing good to say; all the blame was cast onto others.

By the way, he beautified himself; while other landlords were evil-doers, he was the incarnation of justice, the landlord who brought hope to the serfs.

Perhaps it was a lack of intelligence.

Though Li Si Te couldn’t see, Paris still nodded approvingly, “For them, it is indeed lucky to come to Fresh Flower Town. Here, life doesn’t need to worry about food and clothing, nor fear of mercenary plunders... I have come to like the peaceful life here.”

“But it won’t always be peaceful. Soon, I will head to the battlefield to fulfill the truth in my heart,” Li Si Te said, touching the Crimson Blood Sword at his waist.

The ruby inlaid on the sword flickered, the crimson carrying a strange allure.

The setting sun’s glow shone on his handsome face, making it seem especially sacred and just, with sapphire blue pupils that could rival real sapphires. He proclaimed loudly, “My horse, my sword, my spear, my knights, will scatter my ideals of justice and flaunt my knightly way.”

Paris was spellbound, unable to utter a word.

Chapter 302: Chapter 0300: Peanut Nougat (Third Update, 10,000 Coins Reward Celebration 2/2)

This chapter is a special update for “The Fifth” 10,000 reward.

The sun had set.

The lord of dazzling radiance, the ruler of Fresh Flower Town, Liszt Tulip, had returned to the castle. On the rocky pier area, Paris still stood in the cold wind.

She tried to dispel his tall and straight figure from her mind, but it clung on persistently.

On the contrary, the more she attempted to chase it away, the more memories flocked to fill in his silhouette. Eventually, the figure turned around, revealing a face more handsome than any woman's. His sapphire eyes were deep and captivating; his short, light golden hair fluttered in the wind, along with the corners of his mouth that always wore a gentle smile.

The curve of his lips was so pleasing to the eye.

She thought back to the first time she saw him, her effort to appear calm, which was amusing; the first actual combat training when his naive but swiftly maturing swordsmanship astonished everyone; the first time he went out to sea, the cold wind on his face as if he was detached from the world, which was heartbreaking.

And more recently, tumbling in the snow, the almost intimate contact of his face against her chest, which would wet her blankets whenever she thought of it at night.

Even now, upon recalling it,

she couldn't help but blush fiercely, "What to do, it seems I can no longer extricate myself..." It felt as if something was pressing against her chest, making it hard to breathe.

The moon rose from the sea surface, and the cold moonlight poured down on the world. She had involuntarily released her invisibility.

Her voluptuous figure, now visible again, emitted a burning heat.

After a long while.

It was as if she remembered something, she suddenly turned around and slipped into the shadows.

Leaving only a murmur carried away by the wind: "Pity, he is a noble, and I am just... a commoner..."

...

In this world.

The gap between nobles and commoners.

Was clearly recorded on the thick parchment in Liszt's hands at this moment.

Like a series of inventory lists, every name represented a piece of merchandise.

The final list of serfs had just been delivered by Goltai. There were no noteworthy details among regular serfs and workers, but what he was mainly concerned with was the craftsmen list.

Not a single technician or master level craftsman was on the list; no one would sell those who possessed such advanced skills.

"There are quite a few blacksmiths, a full five of them, but it's a pity I don't have that much iron for them to work with..." Liszt caught sight of the blacksmith quotas first thing.

The Eagle Kingdom had Iron Dragons, and was rich in iron ore, so naturally, it had many blacksmiths.

Three stonemasons, who were in dire demand in both Fresh Flower Town and Black Horse Island. The rocks produced by Douson every day had piled up into a small hill, and the construction of bridges and roads was inseparable from the stonemasons.

Four carpenters, just as Fresh Flower Town was set to build the Iron Wood Era; the addition of four carpenters would accelerate this process. The Iron Thorn quality was very tough, making the carpenters' work slow, which could be compensated by having a greater number of them to address the issue of low efficiency.

Two tanners, one specializing in making leather goods, the other in tanning leather. Together with the old tanner Phil Descendant of the Sun who was skilled in crafting leather shoes, the leather industry of Fresh Flower Town could be said to have been established.

Three tailors, which was very timely. With a population nearing five thousand, the consumption of clothes in Fresh Flower Town was on the rise, needing more tailors to mend and make clothing.

These five professions were among the most common in the craftsman class.

Thus, there were quite a few people.

In addition, two bakers and three chefs were also popular craftsmen and would become a part of the culinary culture of Fresh Flower Town, driving the development of the food industry.

In the remaining list, there were no more duplicate craftsmen.

One bone craftsman could be sent to the Bone Craftsman Shop to speed up the process of grinding Fire Dragon Bone Fragments by the Blaice Bone family, one locksmith, perhaps, could replace all the serfs' house locks, and one cooper, as the consumption of buckets is on the rise, arrived just in time.

One brewer, who could brew beer and rice wine, was a perfect addition to the brewing workshop, and one barber could relieve the busy work of the town's barbers.

Last but not least, there was one spice maker and one sugar maker left.

"A spice maker? Fresh Flower Town doesn't produce spices, and I haven't heard of anyone growing spices on Coral Island either, so her usefulness isn't great. Maybe she can be hired into the castle kitchen to collaborate with Mrs. Abbie on some culinary research," he mused, already deciding on the female spice maker named Saisi Mi to be Mrs. Abbie's assistant.

Counting up,

Mrs. Abbie already had two assistants, Julia with a chef background and Saisi Mi with a spice maker background, along with three kitchen maids, Eileen Four Fingers, Oly, and Karxi, and several junior maids training in the kitchen. It was a large team, all capable of being employed to open a big hotel.

"Why not add one more baker? That way, Mrs. Abbie wouldn't even have to bake the bread herself and could focus on researching stir-fries for me!"

He thought of the hometown dishes he longed for, gradually coming to life, and couldn't help but clench his fists.

He was moved by his own wise decision.

"Let's hire this female baker named Alia into the kitchen. Then, Mrs. Abbie in charge of culinary development, Julia cooking, Alia baking, and Saisi Mi handling the spices... my castle's kitchen will become the source of this world's culinary delights!"

The spice maker's job was neatly arranged.

Liszt's gaze settled on the last craftsman, the sugar maker named Calum.

Sugar is an indispensable food seasoning. I don't know if this world has sugarcane, but in the Duchy of Sapphire, there's no sugarcane; sugar mainly comes from the cultivation of sweetroot vegetables, which are somewhat similar to a mix of earth's beets and sugar canes, containing a large amount of sugar in their roots.

Fresh Flower Town had a small cultivation of sweetroot vegetables, used as a palate change.

To take it for sugar making, one would need the help of sweetroot beetles, as well as a sugar maker.

However, upon seeing Calum's detailed introduction, he realized he had been mistaken, for Calum was not a sweetroot vegetable sugar maker but a malt sugar maker.

The making of maltose wasn't too different from brewing.

Cereals like wheat, barley, glutinous rice, and millet, once fermented and then saccharified, could produce maltose.

"Great, with a malt sugar maker, maybe I could develop a series of candy delights... Instead of recruiting him into the kitchen, I'll build a malt sugar workshop right away. That's right, it could partner with the peanut processing workshop to produce nougat. I remember clearly, nougat is made from peanuts and maltose!"

Delicious nougat, with its rich milky flavor, abundant nuts, and maltose that grows more fragrant as you chew.

I believe once nougat is produced, it will open up a significant market. Even if copied, it can still solidify Fresh Flower Town's position in the culinary scene.

And, what's crucial, is that Liszt rather liked eating nougat.

Peanut nougat, brimming with sweet memories from childhood. Such a tasty candy must by all means color the New World.

After reviewing the list, he summarized, "There are many ordinary craftsmen; among the special ones, the spice maker and sugar maker are unexpected delights."

He set aside the list of craftsmen.

At that moment, a knight swiftly rode toward the castle.

Chapter 303: Chapter 0301: Unhesitating Rejection (Fourth update, bonus chapter for 110,000 recommendation votes)

"Dear Li Si Te."

"Having received the new edition of the score for 'Für Elise,' I was so excited that I almost went mad, wishing I could sprout wings and fly to your side to play it for you. Or to hear you play it for me with that unrestrained attitude, just like that day in the ballroom when I watched you play those wonderful notes."

"You know how much I yearn for the memories left at Long Taro Castle."

"I have already packed my luggage to go to Coral Island, Fresh Flower Town, in search of you. My maid Luya can vouch for me, for she was in charge of the packing."

"But my father has stopped me, because I am about to marry the son of a Marquis, with whom I have no emotional foundation. This is my fate, from which I cannot escape. From the moment I was born a woman of the Hyacinth Family, I knew that this day would eventually come, to accept the nurture of the family and become a tool for family alliances through marriage."

"Yet, I still hope to see you again before getting married, to indulge in a moment of passion, to dance gracefully to the sound of 'Für Elise.'"

"Dear, you will come, won't you? You know I am waiting for you here."

"Eagerly awaiting."

"Yours, Duniko."

The knight who was rushing to the castle brought such a letter to Li Si Te, sent from Red Crab Island by Duniko Hyacinth.

After reading the letter, he fell into a silent contemplation.

Duniko obviously still harbored old feelings for him, and the complete version of 'Für Elise' he sent had intentionally provoked her, igniting her passion all at once.

She even wanted to come to Fresh Flower Town to play the piano and dance.

Thinking of the stimulating scene from that night, a sudden fire ignited in his heart, full of respect, and he almost wanted to immediately take a boat to Red Crab Island to rekindle their past romance with Duniko.

However, he did not do so.

"Let it remain a memory, the passion without feelings has passed, this is not the life I want." If he wanted passion, Fresh Flower Town was not without it. Paris, Little Lily—they were women of good looks and figure, and he could indulge if he wished to.

There was no need to go to Duniko.

Therefore, after putting down the letter, he did not reply, nor did he plan to go to Red Crab Island, but instead slipped the letter into a knight's novel that he was certain he would never read again.

"It was my fault for taking the initiative, sorry Duniko."

The passion had faded, and not even the Smoke Mission could hold it.

Moreover, he did not have the time to go, for in four days, it would be March 9th, meaning he would turn seventeen years old. Last year on March 9th, he was ennobled as a Baron, and the next day he ate the poisonous fruit from Thorn Ridge and completely changed from the inside out.

...

"Master, this is the luncheon menu listed by Mrs. Abbie, please review it." Butler Carter had already begun preparing for the birthday party.

For him, each banquet was a battle comparable to a knight's charge, requiring full preparation.

Li Si Te simply glanced at it and handed it back: "Just arrange it according to this menu, it's only my seventeenth birthday, not a significant one, and there's no need to invite anyone. It's just a gathering with the followers from the town to celebrate. Mr. Carter, keep it casual."

Butler Carter smiled: "Your birthday, Master, is the most important festival for us."

Li Si Te smiled and did not say anything more.

It was both a flattery and a truth; in the castle, he was the most important person, and all the servants lived their lives around him.

...

"Brother, is it almost your birthday?"

"Yes."

In Shell Wood Tower, the intrigued Sea Sprite Ake asked, "Will there be many people gathering for the birthday party? It must be a very interesting event."

"Does Ake remember her own birthday?"

"Hmm..." Ake tilted her head, "I'm not sure, I only remember that when I first woke up, I was inside a shell, and then I was so hungry, I went to find something to eat, and that's how I began to live in the ocean. Whenever I had the chance, I would listen to the sailors speaking on the passing ships."

"Then, let's take the day we met as Ake's birthday, how about that?"

“Yes, that’s January 11th, no, January 12th, it was already past midnight on that day.” Ake remembered it very clearly, so her birthday was set on January 12th, “Ake is already looking forward to her birthday next year. Will Brother celebrate it for Ake?”

Liszt said, “We must celebrate it. By that time, Ake will have become Acherlroides Truth.”

“In fact, Ake can already be called a true magician now,” Ake suddenly said slyly, stretching out her hand, as two water arrows miraculously appeared.

She aimed at the window and gave a gentle push.

The two water arrows instantly transformed into over a dozen water arrows, shooting into the sky and disappearing from sight.

Only magicians were capable of mastering the Water Arrow Barrage, which she had already learned how to use, and she did so effortlessly, without needing a charging process. Liszt had seen Granney and Elkerson perform magic, and while skilled magic was also quick, there was still a rather noticeable charging up.

Those less adept at magic required even more time to charge.

That was also a factor as to why magicians couldn’t win against knights, who ruled the world; by the time a magician had readied their spell, a knight had already charged in close.

But for Ake, the Water Arrow Barrage was practically instantaneous.

This made him curious, “Ake, do you not need to charge when you release magic?”

“I don’t need to,” she replied, “Ake has engraved the magic array into my body, so I can release water arrows at any time through the magic array, very easily and simply.”

“That must be the so-called genius magician,” was the only way Liszt could understand it.

If other magicians found out, they would probably die of shame; the magic that took them several years to master, for Ake, it was merely a few days of pondering. Instant casting sounded as natural as can be for her, summoning countless water arrows with just a wave of her hand.

The only downside was that Ake could only attune with water system mana and was unable to learn other types of magic.

It made her combat abilities seem somewhat monotonous.

However, considering she was a sea creature, the ocean was her vast stage, and specializing in water system magic was actually an advantage.

“Study hard, Lady Acherloides Truth, being a magician is just the beginning of exploring the truth. The future is still vast, and you can appreciate the true extraordinariness of magic only after becoming a grand magician. By that time, you might not need my help, and you could slay Dulu Miqita yourself.”

“Yes, Ake will definitely become a powerful grand magician and defeat Dulu Miqita!”

That being said.

Dulu Miqita had not appeared between Fresh Flower Town and the waters of Black Horse Island and had likely left the sea long ago due to the sea serpent, making it untraceable before returning to its own habitat.

...

Time flies as swift as an arrow; in the blink of an eye, the day of the birthday arrived.

His sister Li Vera had the retainer knights deliver a batch of vegetable seeds. The climate in Falcon Town was pleasant and the soil relatively fertile, which was great for planting vegetables.

This gift was quite modest, perhaps because she was still put out by the fresh flower soap birthday gift Liszt had given her.

Lady Penelope, his grandmother, sent a potted plant, perhaps hoping that since Thorn Ridge had nurtured the Dragon Hollyhock Bug, she was expecting Liszt to produce another.

However, after examining the potted plant, Liszt found no signs of magic power.

His brother Levis had his family tutor Frank deliver a piece of magic equipment, a Flame Bracelet. Made with red crystals carved and linked together, it contained red crystals with fire attribute mana, which could amplify the fire attribute Dou Qi. It was a rather valuable birthday gift, probably prepared before he left for Golden Island.

But what surprised Liszt the most,

Was the gift from the Earl, and considering that the Earl had left long before, it was probably prepared by Lady Marie — a brand new piano was delivered by carriage.

Chapter 304: Chapter 302: Celebrating with Creatures (Fifth update, 3600 monthly votes bonus)

"If a piano appeared in the scene, I would sing for you,"

This was not the melody that floated in Liszt's mind, yet it was incredibly fitting. When the servants carefully carried the piano upstairs to the study and had a professional pianist tune its strings for tension. The constant trembling sounds of the strings made Liszt feel as if many inspirations blossomed, bombarding his brain, chafing at his fingertips.

An upright piano, a household model, of medium size.

Made by the Court's esteemed Piano Knight, Kruse Bin Iron, in the spring of the year one hundred and fifty-one, priced at one hundred and twenty-eight Gold Coins.

One meter five in length, sixty centimeters in depth, and one meter twenty-eight in height.

Cast from a mix of rock wood and Fine Steel, the strings made from top-grade bowstring materials, derived from Magical Beast furs. The body of the piano painted in a dark purple hue, exuding a faint scent of solid wood.

Lacking the grandeur and status of a grand piano, but among upright pianos, it was a high-end product. Compared to the rudimentary pianos that small Nobles often bought for a dozen or so Gold Coins, this model was sufficient to complement his current status.

Leaning against the wall.

Bringing over a stool, Liszt directly sat in front of the piano, his itching hands involuntarily falling onto the keys.

"Ding!"

The crisp sound emerged, the vibrancy felt as the action struck the strings.

With just this one sound, he felt a tremor throughout his body, as if his Soul was being elevated. The pianist within Liszt was getting restless. "For Alice", "With You", and many other famous piano pieces he had heard were ringing in his ears simultaneously.

His fingers ached to transform into dancing Elves, prancing upon the keys.

However, he did not, as there were too many inspirations. It seemed somewhat blocked, and no rhythm came to mind, so after touching the keys, he got up and left the study.

Today was his birthday, and even Marcus, Lasse, and the Griffins had returned from Black Horse Island.

As early as this morning, Fresh Flower Town had sunk into the festive spirit, with officials busily sending warmth on behalf of Lord Landlord to all the subjects of the territory—two copper coins each.

Even on regular holidays where warmth was shared, at most one copper coin was given, but now with Fresh Flower Brew on the market, and Lord Landlord flush with cash, he lavished a considerable sum, doubling it!

“Wishing our Lord Landlord eternal youth!”

“May Lord Landlord ride dragons soon!”

“May the great Lord Landlord forever be favored by knightly glory!”

“Praise to our Lord Landlord, happy birthday to you!”

Even those Serfs who had just arrived at Fresh Flower Town and were still acclimating to their new lives were shouting in unison, “Praise... to our Lord Landlord...”

Clerks and Patrol Members, as they distributed money home by home, also proclaimed to everyone, “To celebrate our Lord Landlord’s birthday, today, all the poultry and livestock in town shall receive extra feed!”

Every household’s chickens, the guard dogs of the dog runs, the Fruit Thief Monkeys at the training grounds, the milk cows at the dairy farms, the horses of the Castle grounds, the fat pigs of the pig farms, and even the assorted dogs and sheep raised by the Serfs, could all feel the festive atmosphere and were part of the birthday celebrations.

Mrs. Morson entered the Worm Room, scattering a thick layer of Jade Powder in the nests of the Elf Bug: “My adorable little ones, it is the master’s birthday today, and you too must offer your praises to him.”

The maids also brought in various fruits, carefully placing them on the table inside the Shell Wood Tower; they didn’t know why they were doing this but could only guess the master wanted to feed the Shell Sea Monster.

Every servant knew that a Shell Sea Monster was kept in the Castle.

When cleaning, they were anxious, fearing the shell would suddenly open and gobble them up—that’s why, even when strange noises emanated from the wood tower, they pretended not to hear anything—it was probably the sound of Sea Sprite Ake’s failed magical experiments.

Often, new Magic could easily fail, but fortunately, it was Water Magic, and even an explosion posed no real danger.

At most, water would be splashed all over the room.

“Thomas, Tom, Jessie, don’t forget to increase the Magical Beast Meat for Douson, the Earth Matron, and the Eight Tiny Ones,” Liszt instructed the male servants before the noon banquet began.

His army of Blizzard Beasts naturally joined the celebration, enjoying improved meals.

“Yes, my lord.”

At high noon, all the followers had arrived.

Butler Carter came over, “Lord, may we begin the feast now?”

“Begin!”

Immediately, the guests took their seats and exquisitely prepared food began to arrive, emitting tempting aromas.

However, for drinks, only a few bottles of Fresh Flower Brew were brought out by the servants.

A small cup was poured for each person.

Liszt, smiling yet with a serious tone, said, “We must not let my birthday delay the normal work of the territory. Therefore, one cup of Fresh Flower Brew per person will suffice for the lunch, and no one is allowed to drink more.” Drinking could lead to neglecting duties, and the work arrangement for the serfs was not yet complete; it was not a time for excessive celebration.

Goltai seemed very disappointed; he loved the atmosphere of drinking at feasts the most.

But the theme of the banquet was determined by Liszt’s will.

Once the Fresh Flower Brew was poured for everyone, led by Goltai, the followers all shouted in unison, “We wish the Lord eternal youth and the constant favor of knightly glory! Glory forever belongs to you!”

“Glory belongs to me, and I am with you all!” Liszt raised his cup, looking around at the increasing number of his followers with high spirits, and drained it in one gulp.

The spiciness of the liquor seeped into his heart and lungs, instantly lifting his spirits immeasurably.

It was not in vain that he had strived for a year; Fresh Flower Town, once a remote backwater, was finally brimming with vitality.

He was quite moved.

“Woah!”

Jela suddenly flew over, snagged the steak from his plate, and began to gnaw on it wildly. After two bites, perhaps finding it not to her taste, she threw it back onto the plate and then leaned over the soup bowl, gulping down the egg soup lustily.

The mood he had just been fostering was completely disrupted by the little creature.

He smiled and didn’t blame Jela.

Since today was a celebration with the people and all living beings, she naturally had to be included as well.

Without alcohol to boost spirits, the banquet was still filled with laughter and cheer, but the eating was quick; in less than half an hour, all the dishes had been finished.

Wiping his mouth, without keeping the followers for long, Liszt directly announced the end of the banquet.

The workers who needed to labor went back to work, as their daily wages weren’t meant for slacking off.

He kept Marcus, Lasse, and Griffin behind, and after Butler Carter brought tea and closed the door to the study, he said, “A thousand serfs have been handed over to Consultant Goltai to select, and he’s chosen five hundred so far. When you return, transport them to Black Horse Island.”

“Yes, my lord.”

“Recently, buying grain has become increasingly difficult, and the bread supply may decrease. Remember to look for seafood on the beaches of Black Horse Island to get through this period.”

“Rest assured, my lord, we have already found two beaches abundant with seafood.”

“I have great confidence in Teacher Marcus’s work,” Liszt smiled reassuringly. “The Fresh Flower Brew has gone on sale, and from what we can see, it’s selling well. Fresh Flower Town’s finances will be very ample, and it’s time for Black Horse Island to

undergo vigorous development. Once the training of this batch of serfs is complete, I will send another group of officials to assist you. I hope you can shoulder the heavy responsibility!”

The three stood up and bowed, “We are honored to serve you, my lord!”

The Mighty Dragons Are Dead #Chapter 305: 303: Overwhelming Force with a Single Stroke (First Update) - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 305: 303: Overwhelming Force with a Single Stroke (First Update)

Chapter 305: Chapter 303: Overwhelming Force with a Single Stroke (First Update)
After the nap.

He jingled a bell to summon a servant, who brought him a cup of milk tea.

Li Si Te (Liszt) sat in front of the upright piano, his emotions had calmed down, and the explosive inspirations had all dissipated, leaving only tranquility.

The sheet music of “For Alice” lay on the stand.

He was about to play a piece, to feel the sound quality of the new piano, and at the same time, to refine his personal sentiments. His fingers touched the keys, and familiar rhythms immediately awakened, as if driven by an internal force, his hands began to play on their own, and notes blossomed one after another.

The simple yet wonderful melody echoed in the study, and the thick walls provided excellent soundproofing, allowing him to immerse himself in his own world, to indulge as he pleased.

At the end of the piece, an intoxicated expression lingered on his face.

A moment later.

He awoke from his reverie and began to reminisce about the previous experience, “Compared to the grand piano of Long Taro Castle, the sound quality is much worse, and it’s not comparable to the grand piano of Tulip Castle either. But the upright piano also has its advantages, reducing sound quality also covers up many technical flaws.”

A grand piano can hit about 14 times per second, but an upright piano can only achieve 7 hits per second.

It doesn't feel as smooth as a grand piano, and the sound isn't as rich, the contrast between loud and soft isn't clear enough.

Of course, if you're not a professional, you probably can't tell the difference between an upright and a grand piano.

Li Si Te (Liszt)'s former self was half a professional, and it seemed he himself also had the talent of a pianist, thus he could acutely feel the difference.

It was quite a pity, the Earl hadn't gifted him a grand piano.

"I was being greedy, even the cheapest grand piano costs hundreds of gold coins, and with that money, one could buy quite a lot of magic potions. The Earl, though wealthy, is not one to spend money recklessly." Li Si Te (Liszt) soon came to terms with this, feeling overjoyed simply to have his own piano.

He took a sip of milk tea and replaced the sheet music.

It was the "With You" he had "composed" on the ship, this sheet music was similar to "For Alice", both very simple kinds, with his performance technique inherited from his predecessor and a good pianistic atmosphere cultivated, it should have been enough to reach the standard of an amateur level ten, sufficient to handle simple pieces.

"In my name as Li Si Te (Liszt), the Piano King, playing pieces of amateur levels four or five is a piece of cake!"

Dong!

He pressed the keys forcefully with his fingertips and began to play, a melody infused with faint melancholy wafted through the air.

In a flash, Li Si Te (Liszt) felt as if he was back on that sea voyage, reliving the moments of blossoming inspiration under the blue sky and white clouds, the poignant melody also encapsulating longing, advancement, aspiration, and unyielding determination.

Well aware that tragedy lay ahead, he still charged forward without hesitation.

Dong dong dong dong.

The final key was struck, and Li Si Te (Liszt) felt nearly moved to tears by the beautiful performance. Music touches the heart, and the piano, being the king of instruments, is especially enchanting. At this moment, he finally believed that he had the talent of a pianist, that within him resided the Piano King.

Dong!

He played it again, and then again.

Not until he had played “With You” and “For Alice” flawlessly did he stop. He felt as if after the baptism of music, his dusty soul was transparent again.

He glanced out the window.

The sunset was exceptionally bright.

“Time for my medicine.”

The thick paper was spread out on the desk and the quill was inserted into the inkwell, as Li Si Te (Liszt) fetched two Thorn Magic Potions and one Flame Magic Potion from the Gemstone Space.

The crystal hourglass on the table was turned over.

As the sand began to fall, he immediately consumed the first Thorn Magic Potion. The gentle Chaotic Magic Power fermented within him and spread out, giving him a sense of swelling. Opening his eyes, he maintained the conversion of Magic Power into Dou Qi while circulating it through his meridians, quietly observing the hourglass.

When five minutes’ worth of sand had trickled down, he suddenly opened a Flame Magic Potion and downed it in one gulp.

The surging Fire Attribute Magic Power exploded instantaneously; enveloped by the Chaotic Magic Power, it seemed to create a certain chemical reaction, generating an even greater, more surging Magic Power that battered every cell in his limbs and bones. His face reddened, sweat beaded on his forehead, and his body felt a vaguely tearing pain.

For a full ten minutes, the pain abated slightly. He glanced at the hourglass and silently opened the second Thorn Magic Potion, consuming all of its contents.

The chaos of the Magic Power surged again, covering his body that had been battered by the Flame Magic Potion, and solidifying the effects produced by the previous potion consumption.

When his body returned to its optimal state, half an hour’s worth of sand also passed through the hourglass.

The setting sun was about to dip below the horizon.

“Ah, so refreshing.” Feeling the total amount of Dou Qi climbing higher every day, Liszt’s lips curled into a smile as he began to ink down today’s potion-consumption insights and record data.

“Some fine-tuning of the timing is needed, along with a redistribution of the dosage for the Flame Magic Potion. Reducing the volume of each potion a bit will ensure the least loss for the greatest gain.”

Recording complete.

He pulled out another piece of heavyweight paper and plotted all the data on a coordinate system with X and Y axes, drawing a curve to precisely measure the direction for subsequent adjustments.

Quite a brain drain.

Just the coordinate systems drawn for various comparisons numbered eleven, but the final results drawn from these eleven variable comparisons were highly accurate. He was nearly at the point of deducing the optimal potion-consumption plan his body could withstand.

Compared to when he had just become an Elite Earth Knight, his total amount of Dou Qi had already increased by one and a half times. He felt like he could take on two Combat Skills-oriented Elite Earth Knights—such was the strength of a potion-consuming Elite Earth Knight.

Combat Skills focused purely on honing technique.

Potion-consumers merely needed to keep spending money.

“No matter how much you train for ten days, it’s not as good as one potion-consuming session: ‘This must be the so-called “mighty force that overcomes skilled maneuvers,” where a physically strong person can defeat ten skilled warriors. An Elite Earth Knight who consumes potions daily can defeat ten Elite Earth Knights who can only ponder Combat Skills.’”

Moreover, Liszt wasn’t just a potion consumer; he was still honing his own Combat Skills.

“Flaming Wave” and “Fire Dragon Drill” he had fully mastered. “Multi-Arrow” too was nearly perfected, and even the Ultimate Mystery Technique Multi-Shadow Arrow, which Marcus had not managed to master, he could execute flawlessly.

Training talent, potion-financed wealth, diligent perseverance—he was without the lack of any aspect.

He stood up, put away the heavyweight paper, and stood in front of the window with his hands clasped behind his back, gazing at the distant clouds lit with the glow of fire: “How far am I from becoming a Sky Knight?”

Unknown.

All he knew was that continuing to consume potions was the right path!

Walking out of the study, he saw the maid Little Lily bending over to clean the corridor, with her ample bottom sticking out as if inviting more picking.

Hearing the sound of the door opening, Little Lily hurriedly stood up and curtsied to Liszt: "Master."

The young girl appeared ever more slender and graceful.

Liszt was in a good mood and wore a mild smile on his face: "You've been working hard."

"Ah, Master, Little Lily is very happy working in the castle, it's not hard at all." She hurriedly spoke, her face bearing a sincere smile.

Life in the castle, this time last year, was something she couldn't have even imagined.

Abundant, warm, respectable—it was like a fairytale dream come true.

Chapter 306: Chapter 304: Return to River Castle (2nd Update)

The castle had ten more maids and ten more manservants.

Eight maids were responsible for cleaning the castle's exterior: Omira, Lucy, Lopa, Ros, Wenna, Glemy, Monica, Bellucci, and there were also two kitchen maids, Jessica and Anna—it's worth mentioning that Eileen Four Fingers received a promotion, although she still worked in the kitchen.

She had worked for the castle for a full year and was supposed to be promoted to a formal maid.

But she loved the kitchen and wished to stay there.

Thus, she became a formal kitchen maid, with her wages rising from one to two copper coins per day, the same as Mrs. Abbie's three kitchen assistants.

Of the ten manservants, five were manservant assistants: Isido, Morris, Harris, Sam, and Alger—they were given all the heavy and rough tasks in the castle.

The other five were handed over to One-Eyed Barton, the coachman, to be trained to tend to the castle's horses, dogs, forests, gardens, and cordyceps.

Altogether, there were forty servants, and the castle could no longer accommodate them all.

Therefore, the newly arrived male and female servants were all arranged to stay in a corner of the town's civilian residential area, specifically designated as the castle servants' living quarters, separated by a wall.

In addition, the castle also had forty intern girls and boys.

Once they grew up, by which time the castle with Liszt's name should be completed, they would become qualified servants. Just like the development of the town, the training of servants was an integral part of the nobility's upbringing.

Seeing the contented smile on Little Lily's face.

Liszt felt the same satisfaction.

All these people were living life around him, and being able to bring stability and happiness to those close to him was naturally a very fulfilling matter.

"Little Lily, go inform Butler Carter to lead the manservants to move the piano to the Worm Room," he said.

"Yes, Master," she replied.

Little Lily hurried down the stairs, leaving behind a graceful figure. Liszt watched as she disappeared around the stairwell corner and chuckled softly: "The beauty of youth in her prime, I wonder if she will choose to stay in the castle like Mrs. Morson, remaining unmarried for life, or decide to get married and have children at some point?"

Although manservants and maids were servants of the castle, they could still get married.

However, many maids did not wish to choose marriage; marrying meant having children, and having children meant losing their jobs. It was very hard to return to work in the castle once they had children. Manservants, on the other hand, had no such concerns; their earnings were enough to support a wife and children, and by leveraging relationships, they could even arrange for their children to work at the castle.

Landlords usually trusted the offspring of the castle's old folks more.

There were also many manservants who remained single, Butler Carter being one of them. Sometimes, Liszt found it difficult to understand their way of thinking, dedicating their whole lives to the noble landlords.

As of the latest information reported by Butler Carter, there had yet been no development of private affairs between any of the manservants and maids in the castle.

When Liszt initially discussed with Butler Carter and established the castle's regulations, there was no prohibition against manservants and maids dating; it was just that they were not allowed to let their relationships interfere with their work, nor were they permitted to commit lewd acts within the castle.

Soon.

Butler Carter led the manservants to move the upright piano into the Worm Room.

The room most suitable for the placement of the piano was actually the entertainment room, which could be converted into a practice room with a little renovation. But Liszt didn't want a separate practice room, as a practice room without grand pianos would seem too shabby.

He placed the piano in the Worm Room.

Playing the piano without an audience was a lonely affair; not only were there numerous Elf Bugs in the Worm Room, but there was also the Thorn Minor Elf Jela and the Sea Serpent Ake who truly understood music.

The Sea Serpent was more commonly known as the Siren because of her enchanting voice.

Ake had once hummed a ballad from the Duchy of Sapphire into Li Si Te's ear on a lazy afternoon, that nightingale-like melodious singing made him linger on, and he almost felt as though he had entered the world described by the song, half-awake, half-dreaming, not knowing where he was.

"Brother, is this the piano?" the sea sprite hovered in front of the piano, her ankles connected to the seawater, as the seawater buoyed her in midair.

A few strands of water obstructed the view into the mysterious area, further provoking the imagination, making one want to peer into the secrets.

He momentarily gathered his wits before shifting his gaze to the piano, "This is an upright piano, if you wish to learn, I can teach you how to play."

"Mhm, Ake wants to learn," she quickly nodded, but then hesitated, "Let's not learn now, Ake still has to study magic, so many spells await exploration, hoping Ake can become a Grand Magician one day sooner."

Ake had her own ideas,

Li Si Te had no intention of insisting.

He was just practicing piano nearby, repeatedly playing “For Alice” and “With You”, trying to regain the playing technique left by his predecessor as soon as possible.

Perhaps it was his exceptional talent, just like his rapid progress in practicing the Dou Qi Manuscript, his piano proficiency was also improving swiftly.

The memory of his fingers, called out by music.

Before he knew it, Ake’s singing had already begun, softly, as if accompanying the piano.

“Look, how beautiful the ocean is! How thrilling the emotions! Look, the scenery of nature, how intoxicating!”

“Look, the berry farm beside the hillside, filled with lipstick-red raspberries, fragrance spreading everywhere, warmth filling every corner.”

“But you said ‘goodbye’ to me, abandoning your lover forever, leaving your homeland forever, do you really have the heart not to return? Please don’t abandon me, don’t let me suffer again!”

“Return to River Fort, come back!”

This was a very widely circulated folk song from the Steel Ridge Kingdom, the story described the berry farm workers in a region called River Fort, hoping their lovers who had left their hometown would return.

The author was already unknown.

Some say it was the berry farm workers, their husbands off to war, singing out of longing; some say it was a minstrel collecting local tales, who abandoned a heartbroken girl and penned this poem; others say it was the landlord of River Fort, whose wife ran off with someone else, and in immense pain, he created this “Return to River Fort”.

The Duchy of Sapphire was a vassal to the Steel Ridge Kingdom; basically, whatever was popular in the Steel Ridge Kingdom would eventually become popular here as well.

“Return to River Fort” was no exception.

In Ake’s singing, Li Si Te gradually felt that his piano playing was not powerful enough to accompany her. The sea sprite’s singing belonged to the ocean, not to a small room, not to be accompanied by an amateur-level piano player on an upright piano. However, Li Si Te still tried hard to maintain it.

Even under the pressure of the sea sprite's singing, his playing technique gained a noticeable, epiphany-like growth.

He poured his emotions into the piano playing, his fingers linked with his ears, his body swaying with the rhythm.

Bang!

Bang bang!

With the last note struck, Ake's singing also happened to stop.

His mood was exhilarated, his playing skill skyrocketed, as if he had already become a master.

He couldn't help but grasp Ake's slender fingers and kissed the back of her snow-white, delicate hand passionately yet gracefully, "This was a wonderful collaboration, Ake."

Ake blushed, her eyes like pools of water, she responded softly through her nose, "Mhm."

Chapter 307: Chapter 305: The Iron Wood Era and the Brick Era (Third Update, 3800 Monthly Tickets Additional)

Just as Liszt had spent a few carefree days living as a pianist, the woodworking workshop in Fresh Flower Town had already produced the first batch of iron wood quality furniture.

The first set of furniture, handcrafted and polished by the carpenters with united effort, was immediately delivered to the castle.

A desk with drawers, a bedstand with drawers, a curio shelf with an odd design, a bookshelf with carved patterns, a stool made of thorn branches, an armchair with a well-designed relief, a tall and sturdy liquor cabinet, a small and exquisite pen holder...

These pieces of furniture were replaced and arranged in their respective places.

Right away, they transformed Liszt's study into an entirely unprecedented style.

Because the temperature had risen, the Fire Dragon Brand Air Conditioner had been removed, and the study's style was now completely harmonized without a trace of inconsistency.

“Master, I have seen the Earl’s study, grand and imposing, but as for the quality of refined and prestigious temperament, this study now is even more astonishing,” praised Butler Carter.

He had supervised the placing of the furniture in the study, which carried a hint of self-flattery.

But Liszt agreed with the assertion, “Indeed, my study is not large, but this matching set of furniture is very harmonious, coupled with the uniform Iron Wood Thorn style and the light grey wood tones, it looks particularly comfortable.”

He was very satisfied with the furniture.

But what satisfied him the most was another Iron Wood Thorn creation—the Thorn of Rise Civilization Stick.

A one-meter-three stick was engraved with patterns of purple-black Tulips.

Each line of the pattern was meticulously filled with molten iron by the most skilled blacksmith, creating silver-white trceries. Then, they used colored paint for woodworking to outline the purple-black contours around the iron lines, finally coating them with a layer of resin akin to varnish.

This was done to protect the iron patterns from oxidizing.

So when the Thorn of Rise Civilization Stick was handed to Liszt, he instantly fell in love with the understated yet luxurious patterns.

Clusters of Black Tulips connected to one another, with roots and stems sprouting thorn-like spikes.

It was clearly a hybrid design of Tulips and Thorns.

It has to be said that though the craftsmen might lack innovative thinking, might be conservative and outdated, and might not understand what constitutes high art, the objects produced by their rough hands possessed an ingenious craftsmanship, and plain details made up a majestic whole.

“I like this Sdeke,” Liszt commented.

Leaning on the Thorn of Rise Civilization Stick, Liszt walked slowly around the castle’s great hall. For a young man to use a walking stick might look a bit awkward, but paired with Flack Abbieye and a tall posture, he exuded the distinguished presence of a noble.

With genuine admiration, Butler Carter said, “Master, you possess the most elegant temperament of a noble. Standing by your side, I can feel your distinction every

moment, like the clouds high out of reach. You embody all the excellent traits of both the Tulip and Long Taro families.”

“I accept your compliments, Mr. Carter,” Liszt said as he handed over the Civilization Stick. “I am very satisfied with these Iron Wood Thorn products. You may replace all the wooden furniture and items in the castle with Iron Wood Thorn ones at your discretion.”

Carter bowed slightly, “As you wish, Sir.”

After admiring the Iron Wood Thorn furniture,

Liszt began to summon the Smoke Mission.

With the furniture products from the woodworking workshop now off the line, the task was also completed: “Task completed, reward three wild tea bushes.”

The wild tea bushes would probably grow on Black Horse Island. Perhaps Marcus and his associates had already discovered their existence.

Then, a new task caught Liszt’s attention.

“Quest: The Iron Wood Thorn furniture exudes elegance and luxury. The Iron Wood Era has already descended upon Fresh Flower Town, thanks to the landlord’s wise leadership. Why not continue to work hard and rapidly propel Fresh Flower Town into the Brick Era? Please build a brick factory and produce qualified bricks. Reward: An architect who made mistakes.”

After the carpentry workshop, the Smoke Mission started to guide Liszt in building a brick factory.

He understood that these should all be his own deep thoughts, reflecting through the form of the Smoke Mission—the power of fate was truly astonishing.

Since the Smoke Mission was urging him on, Liszt didn’t hesitate any further.

He summoned Goltai, “I plan to build a brick kiln to fire bricks, for the purpose of accelerating the construction work on my land. This will require some hard work from you for a while.”

“Earl, what is a brick kiln, what are bricks?” Goltai was perplexed.

This world had pottery but not porcelain.

Strictly speaking, ordinary bricks of course didn’t exist, but bricks did exist—they were made of fired potter’s clay, used to build houses, and were a luxury only nobles dared to indulge in.

Although pottery was not as valuable as jade ware or crystal ware, nor as esteemed as metal wares in the Duchy of Sapphire,

It was still a high-end technology firmly in the hands of nobles. Tulip Castle had its own pottery workshop, producing pottery of mediocre quality, but capable of being engraved with designs. The Tulip Family's specialty product, Crescent Moon Wine, was contained in pottery jugs and sold everywhere.

The "fifty-year old" Fresh Flower Brew was also bottled in pottery.

Brick kilns were not like pottery kilns; they had little technical content and the materials required were widely available. As long as the soil was adhesive, it could be used to make bricks.

Of course, firing high-quality blue bricks took no less skill than firing pottery.

Therefore, Liszt only planned on firing red bricks; perhaps, in the future, craftsmen who fired bricks would continue to explore the craft and eventually figure out how to make blue bricks, or even the method to fire porcelain—it was not impossible.

"A brick kiln is specifically designed for firing bricks, and bricks, well, they are made by firing clay into hard stones."

Goltai exclaimed in surprise, "Can soil be fired into stone?"

"What do you think pottery comes from? Pottery is made by firing clay. Some nobles use the method of firing pottery to make block-shaped stones, called pottery bricks. Pottery bricks require potter's clay to undergo multiple procedures to be fired. I've decided to simply fire ordinary stones, which we will call red... bricks."

He suddenly remembered that whether it was blue bricks or red bricks, they were caused by iron elements; full oxidation resulted in red bricks, while incomplete oxidation resulted in blue bricks.

In this world, metals came from dragons, and there clearly was no iron in the soil; so, he didn't know what color the bricks would turn out to be when fired—maybe yellow, black, but probably not red.

"So, Earl, how should I go about making bricks? I know nothing about firing pottery, let alone bricks."

"I will contact Tulip Castle and have you lead a group of serfs to visit the pottery workshop, and incidentally spirit away a few pottery apprentices. After coming back, establish a brick kiln; we're not firing pottery, just bricks." He thought for a moment and then said, "Whether or not they learn, or whether we are able to spirit away the apprentices, doesn't matter—it's all up to fate."

With the Magic Little Fire Dragon present, he just needed to prepare the clay and let the Little Fire Dragon blaze the clay bricks.

After a few experiments, he should be able to find the right temperature and the suitable clay material.

This wasn't pottery or porcelain firing; there was no need for any secretive apprenticeship—Liszt believed that he could fire the bricks himself, and the visit to the pottery workshop was simply to let the serfs understand the basic way and steps of firing bricks.

He sent Goltai away, who was still quite baffled.

He sighed, "It seems I will have to personally experiment with how to fire bricks. Tasks that don't leave one idle... oh right, the reward for the Smoke Mission seems to be an architect who made mistakes? The only architect on Coral Island comes from a subordinate line of the Shattered Stone Family, Mbappé Sui Shi—could it be him who made a mistake and is about to be punished?"

Suddenly, some inspiration flashed in his mind.

He felt that he might not need to complete the construction of the brick factory to receive the quest reward.

Chapter 308: Chapter 0306: New Fire Dragon Brick Factory (Fourth update, additional chapter for 4000 monthly votes)

"For instance, if Mbappé made a mistake, wouldn't directly bringing him to Fresh Flower Town suffice? As long as it's not murder, rebellion, rape, or other heinous acts, I should be able to save him,"

Liszt thought to himself.

Still, he was puzzled, what kind of error would cause Coral Island's renowned architect, who continues to build large structures for the Tulip Family, to be cast away?

He even considered some unsavory possibilities, but given Mbappé's advanced age, he likely couldn't do anything too terrible.

"Therefore, I'll first have Abagon use the eyes of the Fresh Flower Caravan to pay more attention to Mbappé and see what unfolds."

One hand on the brick factory, the other waiting for a mistake.

Liszt quickly arranged it.

He himself also cut back on his recent degenerate lifestyle and began to dive into his ambitious endeavors.

He now had several research topics in hand, for instance, how to write annals like “Dragons Fight in the Wild”, how to scientifically consume Magic Potions, as well as the analysis of rubber properties, plus the technical research of Fire Dragon brick-burning.

Analysis of rubber properties.

It had him writing content of over a dozen thick parchments.

From all aspects, the new type of rubber produced by the Rubber Tree, except for lacking the softness and elasticity of Earth’s rubber, was in all other respects a perfect adhesive—lightweight, sturdy, quick-setting, fire-resistant, cold-resistant, waterproof, insect-proof, non-toxic, odorless, shape-retaining, and impermeable to water and air.

Buckets bonded with rubber worked surprisingly well, eliminating worries about poor cooperage leading to leaks.

Liszt had also tested items bonded with rubber against Magic Power Attacks and discovered a very pleasant fact—that rubber wasn’t significantly reactive to Magic Power.

Against Magic and Dou Qi attacks, it only bore the brunt of the physical impact.

A frenzied Dou Qi Flame known as “Great Fire Wave,” when used against a damaged Shield bonded with rubber, inflicted damage that was uniformly distributed and did not cause the rubber-bonded area any greater harm.

“That is to say, rubber could be an excellent material for repairing weapons... I could recycle some of the damaged weapons from the battlefield and repair them with rubber. They should be able to regain 90% of their quality,”

After discovering this secret,

Liszt ranked rubber alongside Black Blood Treasured Horse as a material of strategic importance.

Recently, he began experimenting with additives to rubber—that is, using rubber as an additive to test various physical effects.

First was water. The rubber in its liquid state could dissolve in water, and after stirring, it became a turbid white liquid—rubber water.

Rubber water wouldn't solidify, but after sitting for half an hour, it would gradually clarify and a layer of rubber solid would precipitate at the bottom of the container. He had also tried adding sand to rubber water, or rather, stirring sand into rubber water.

The miraculous result quickly appeared before his eyes.

A large lump of sand solidified.

It solidified like rock into one piece, and even hammering it with an Iron Hammer would not break it. Its hardness was already comparable to the granite used in constructing Castles, far surpassing the effect of concrete after it set.

"So, have I now obtained the long-desired... new-type lightweight effective quick-setting concrete?"

The follow-up experiments hadn't started yet.

But he had already thought about what would happen if he mixed rubber water with metals, gravel, sawdust, earth, and so on. Maybe the era of bricks was not yet upon us, and the era of reinforced concrete had already arrived—the only downside was that the output of rubber was too low to be used as casually as cement.

Expanding the scale of Rubber Tree cultivation was imperative.

For now, he set aside the experiments with rubber water and began to prepare for the Fire Dragon brick-burning experiment.

...

He ordered the serfs to collect soil from different parts of Fresh Flower Town, including the yellow clay from the seaside, the red sandy soil beside the river channel, the brownish soil from the wasteland, and the black slag soil from the Thorn Ridge area. After mixing with water, he began to shape the mixture into brick blanks, and then handed them over to the Magic Little Fire Dragon for firing.

Unlike normal furnace fire, the Magic Little Fire Dragon's trajectory could directly calcine from the inside.

So the speed and effectiveness of brick firing were significantly enhanced.

Half an hour later, the bricks had been fired into shape. Li Si Te first tried quenching them with water to cool them down. Then, the black slag soil bricks from Thorn Ridge snapped and broke apart; although the red sandy soil bricks from beside the river channel did not break, they showed several cracks.

Faced with this situation, Li Si Te didn't immediately declare the failure of the black slag soil and the red sandy soil. He continued to fire a second batch.

This time, he opted for natural cooling.

After cooling, the four types of bricks showed varied results. The seaside yellow clay bricks were somewhat distorted in shape; the Thorn Ridge black slag soil bricks did not break again but were full of cracks and crumbled when tapped.

He tested the hardness of the other three types of bricks and found that the red sandy soil bricks were also not usable, crumbling with a firm tap.

The brownish soil from the wasteland performed the best, with shapes largely intact and the hardness almost reaching that of common rocks.

"So, brownish soil should be the main raw material for brick-making, but I still need to experiment with the firing of mixed soils."

After two days of exploration.

He finally settled on using four-fifths brownish soil mixed with one-fifth yellow clay. The blended soil that came out had a nice viscosity and could be used as the clay for brick-making. The fired bricks were grayish-brown and slightly less hard than rocks.

But they were also lighter in weight.

Since the Magic Little Fire Dragon fired them from the inside out, bricks could be shaped into various forms, not only for making bricks but also for producing tiles, and even stone slabs and culverts.

With the raw materials sorted out, the next step was how to build a kiln.

He couldn't remember what a red brick kiln looked like or understood the working principle, but it all came down to using fire. Kilns on Earth burned coal, but he would use the Magic Little Fire Dragon directly, so the structure and design of the kiln should be redesigned.

"Once the Magic Little Fire Dragon is released, it's difficult to recall it... And it's not easy to get the bricks out of the furnace after they are fired; maybe I'll need to enlist stonemasons to construct a stone wheel cart that can be pushed."

The rough shape of the new-style kiln was already forming in his mind.

A single kiln could be designed to be the size of a room, with several rows of kilns lined up next to each other. Inside the kiln, place the Magic Little Fire Dragon, and at the bottom of the dragon's activity area, design a stone wheel cart that can be pushed back

and forth. After loading the cart with brick blanks, the serfs would push the cart into the kiln with force.

Once the bricks were fired, they would pull the cart out with force, quench it with water to cool it down, unload the bricks, and restack the blanks.

A simple and fast cycle.

The stone wheel cart would have to be very large.

“Fortunately, I have rubber water, otherwise it would be impossible to manufacture a satisfactory stone wheel cart... Without iron, industrial development is indeed severely restricted.”

With enough iron, one could simply weld together iron carts, which would be more convenient and faster.

But without it, stone had to suffice.

His thoughts were all clarified.

He also began drawing the design blueprints.

Finally, Li Si Te had time to look up at the white clouds in the sky, “The brick factory should be built on Black Horse Island... It doesn’t use fuel for brick firing, and since the scale will be quite large, it could easily expose the secret of the Fire Dragon Magic Power. Fresh Flower Town doesn’t really need bricks, but the construction on Black Horse Island does.”

Chapter 309: Chapter 307: Unknown Magic Books (5th Release, 10,000 Coins Reward Celebration)

This chapter is an additional update donated by “bittertree”.

When Marcus returned by boat once again, Liszt, who had just finished inspecting the pottery workshop with Goltai, held a secret meeting with Marcus.

“This is the design for the brick factory. Take a look, can you understand it?”

The blueprint of the Fire Dragon Brick Factory was fairly descriptive. Liszt had been drawing many designs lately and they were no longer so abstract. However, Goltai and Marcus still couldn’t understand the blueprint as they were unaware of the secrets of the

Fire Dragon's magical power, making it hard for them to comprehend a kiln that did not burn fuel.

Liszt simply explained, "You can think of it as a magic array, an array that concentrates fire attribute mana."

He drew a circle in the blank space of the kiln: "Here is the effective range of the magic array. The stone wheel cart pushes the bricks to this position, and the fire attribute mana begins to calcine the bricks. In short, build a kiln on Black Horse Island according to the blueprint first, and I will set up the magic array later."

"Yes, my lord!"

After discussing the brick factory, Liszt suddenly asked, "Teacher Marcus, did you come across any special trees when you were transplanting rubber trees on the island?"

He wanted to inquire about those three wild tea trees.

"Special trees?" Marcus was puzzled, "My lord, there are indeed some trees on the island whose species we can't identify. However, to say they're special, there doesn't seem to be anything remarkable about them."

"After you return, mark all the trees whose species you can't identify. I will take a look myself... Since there are magical trees like the rubber trees on the island, there may be other trees just as magical... In addition, I have already researched the properties of the rubber produced by the rubber trees."

He shared his notes on rubber quality: "The importance of rubber can now be said to have surpassed that of magic potions."

"Truly amazing," Goltai muttered as he flipped through the notes, expressing wonder. Then he added, "My goodness, its effect in building houses is as miraculous as sticky rice."

Mortar made from cooking sticky rice is the most important binding material in castle construction.

Castle walls constructed with sticky rice mortar can stand for hundreds of years. A noble's castle not built with sticky rice mortar would be considered inferior. Especially in this world, sticky rice mortar has properties that resist magic, so magic and Dou Qi cause much less damage to the walls.

The properties and effects of rubber water are indeed similar to those of sticky rice.

Marcus also marveled, "At first, I didn't think it would be useful, but now, looking at it again, it is indeed a precious resource as you predicted, my lord!"

“Knightly glory favors us; I knew my lord was the Son of Glory. Otherwise, how could there be so many marvelous treasures born in Fresh Flower Town and Black Horse Island?” Goltai quickly flattered.

Liszt smiled slightly.

It was not that he was the Son of Glory but rather because his Smoke Mission was influencing the power of destiny. These rubber trees, magic potions, Rapid Growth Iron Thorns, and so on—all grew naturally.

Truly, it should be attributed to this magical world.

While these plants and animals are quite similar to those on Earth, they exhibit extraordinary characteristics in many aspects. The influence of magic power on this world manifests in every aspect. Those seemingly familiar things—who can guarantee the sparks that will collide when they combine with magic power?

The sticky rice that can build castles is certainly not ordinary sticky rice.

The tea trees used for making milk tea are also definitely not ordinary tea trees.

Rubber with the combined benefits of cement and superglue is naturally not ordinary rubber.

...

In the midst of Liszt’s busy efforts for the brick factory.

News from Abagon of the Fresh Flower Caravan stirred his interest—a troubling event had taken place. Jomaya Bangtu, the apprentice who had been studying under the architect Mbappé for many years, was accused of adultery with Mbappé’s daughter-in-law, resulting in his dismissal from the architectural team and subsequent imprisonment.

Unsurprisingly, given Mbappé’s influence, it was certain he would bribe the prison officials to kill Jomaya—if that was indeed his intention.

“Committing adultery with his teacher’s daughter-in-law, truly a man of despicable character... Yet, having studied architecture under Mbappé for years, his skills should be sufficient to work independently. The so-called reward for the Smoke Mission must refer to Jomaya Bangtu,” Liszt surmised. He then instructed Earth Knight Rondo Waterpot to make a trip to Tulip Castle.

He ordered, “Contact Mr. Frank and have him extract a man from prison for me, Jomaya Bangtu. Don’t be stingy with the expenses, just charge it to the castle’s account.”

With his current partnership with Levis, asking Frank to handle a task was trivial.

Moreover, it was just the matter of taking a prisoner.

No matter how esteemed architect Mbappé was, he was merely a commoner; on Coral Island, the Tulip Family's word was law. Ten Mbappés couldn't stop them if they wished to save Jomaya.

"However, we must still give Mbappé some respect. Tell Frank to let the prison give Jomaya a good thrashing, but not to kill him. Then send him over to Fresh Flower Town," Liszt added.

"Yes, my lord!"

Rondo accepted the command and left.

...

In only a day and a half, Jomaya Bangtu, whose posterior was nearly whipped into quarters, was brought by carriage to Fresh Flower Town.

"Jomaya, you should have died in prison. Remember, it is our lord, the Landlord of Fresh Flower Town, Baron Liszt, who saved you. You know what you need to do next?" Rondo said indifferently.

Enduring the pain, Jomaya replied weakly, "Jomaya understands, I will not dare to err again, and I will work earnestly for Lord Landlord hereafter!"

"The lord admires your architectural skills. From now on, you will work comfortably in Fresh Flower Town, and your family will also be brought here," Rondo informed him.

"Yes, Jomaya will work hard, grateful for Lord Landlord's life-saving grace."

He was sent off for treatment.

Liszt did not meet with him immediately; an apprentice architect, even one of a competent standard, did not command much attention.

He summoned the Smoke Mission; as expected, once the reward was secured in advance, the mission changed.

"The task has changed."

"Mission: The Fresh Flower Vessel travels back and forth between Fresh Flower Town and Black Horse Island, braving all weather. Yet, sea voyages bear risks, especially at night, where the lack of a lighthouse can lead to a loss of direction. Please construct a lighthouse on Black Horse Island. Reward: A magic book."

After reading the mission details,

Liszt suddenly found himself in an awkward position, realizing that he indeed needed to value Jomaya's expertise. A lighthouse was clearly a sophisticated structure, one that the stonemasons and carpenters of Fresh Flower Town were incapable of constructing properly.

"Let Jomaya heal a bit more before summoning him to meet me... The reward for the task is a magic book, that's rather intriguing. The last time the reward involved a book, it was about the Formless Dragon and the Dou Qi Secret Technique "The Eye of Magic". So, what could this magic book be? A powerful magic spell to provide to Ake?"

No one in his territory could perform magic, except for Sea Sprite Ake, who was diligently studying Water Magic.

The magic book reward was most likely related to her.

"What kind of magic could it be?"

Chapter 310: Chapter 0308: Merlese's Magic Apprentice (First Update)

Liszt's sources for magic books had three channels. One was to purchase from the bookstore in Coral City every time the Fresh Flower Caravan came; another was to obtain magic books for internal exchange from Elkerson; and the last was to commission the caravan from Tulip Castle to buy books from abroad.

The reward for the task was very likely to be within one of these three channels.

Thinking this way, he felt somewhat indignant, as even without this task, the magic books would still end up in his hands. It felt like taking off one's pants to fart, an unnecessary act.

Nonetheless, a task that needed to be done had to be done.

...

Coral City, a certain small town nearby.

At the decrepit hut in the forest, Elkerson True enveloped himself in a cloak, standing at the doorway of the hut. With a creak, the door opened, and an aged woman with dark green hair opened the door.

She, too, was wearing a magic cloak, but it was filthy and clearly hadn't been washed for a long time.

"You've come, Elkerson."

"Yes, Merlese Your Excellency," Elkerson said, repressing a frown and attempting to hold his breath; the smell inside the hut was too odd, "Why isn't it your magic apprentice opening the door instead, requiring us to bother you to do so?"

"Clumsy and useless waste, he has already been turned into a pile of fertilizer for planting flowers," said Merlese Truth indifferently while recounting the private murder.

Elkerson tugged at the corner of his mouth, wanting to laugh but unable to do so.

He could only change the subject, "Your friend, has he brought you new magic books?"

Merlese let out a cold smile, "Of course, he did. What about you, Elkerson, have you prepared the gold coins you swindled from Lord Little White?"

"I haven't deceived Baron Liszt, it was just a normal business transaction."

"Heh, I've noticed you frequent the Songbird Tavern more than you have the entire last year," Merlese licked her dry, cracked lips, pondering something, her gaze flickering, "Young people should exercise restraint, not indulge themselves upon earning money; the path to Truth requires solitary exploration."

"Thank you for your advice, Your Excellency Merlese. If there's nothing else, I would like to receive the magic books first. I have some other matters to attend to."

"Come with me."

Upon entering the hut, Merlese pointed to a wooden chest: "Here are the new batch of magic books, no duplicates, a total of fifty-one, I'll charge you three Gold Coins."

"Last time, a chest of magic books only cost two Gold Coins."

"Prices have gone up," Merlese smirked sinisterly, "Since you can swindle more money from Lord Little White, why care so much about a small sum of one or two Gold Coins?"

"Your Excellency Merlese, please don't spread baseless rumors, my business dealings with Baron Liszt have always been open and above board, with no underhand short-changing."

"Heh, take your lies to deceive the Specters, three Gold Coins, not one less."

"You're practicing extortion, fifty-one magic books for three Gold Coins, I can hardly bear such a price."

Despite the haggling, Elkerson ultimately paid three Gold Coins with great reluctance in the end.

He appeared deeply aggrieved as he gestured to a magic apprentice who had accompanied him to carry the chest away, and with a quick “farewell,” left the malodorous forest hut.

On the way back.

The magic apprentice curiously asked, “Teacher, there was a strange smell in Your Excellency Merlese’s hut ... she looked very sloppy.”

“Not every magician is as cultured as I am, nor is every magic apprentice as fortunate as you to have a teacher who loves peace... Your Excellency Merlese’s magic apprentices tend to change every month; there’s always some naive youngster who thinks magic is some kind of noble existence.”

“Ah, Your Excellency Merlese is that harsh with her magic apprentices, needing to get rid of one every month?”

“Get rid of?” Elkerson laughed as if he had heard a joke, “Ha ha, Hans, you should learn to speak less, or it will betray a serious lack of knowledge.”

However, he did not continue to explain.

He left behind a puzzled youth, struggling to carry the box, following closely behind him.

Back in his residence, Elkerson dismissed Hans to meditate, then began to organize the books in the box. Merlese had sold him the books for three gold coins, which was indeed steep, but he could re-categorize the books, taking out ones with higher value separately.

“Quinn’s Minotaur Conjecture? Hmm, this oddity that Merlese considers useless should fetch a nice price. Baron Liszt likes this kind of... uninhibited imagination,” he selected the book and set it aside.

He then picked out a few more, such as “Kamchatka’s Giant Footprints: An On-Site Verification”, “Rondo Truth’s Travels in the Brass Grand Duchy”, “Analysis of the Principle of Magic Turning Frogs into Sheep”, and so on.

Finally, he came across a “Secrets of Sea Serpent Aquatic Monsters” and after closely reading a few pages, he said, “This probably won’t fetch a good price, it’s just some dry notes on the habits of aquatic monsters. Baron Liszt wouldn’t like this sort of dull notes.” So he threw the book back into the box.

The books in the box were sold separately, with no bargaining.

Looking at the large stack of organized books, he laughed, “These should sell for five, maybe six gold coins... But next time I need to contact a new magician to buy books. Merlese, that old witch, is just too greedy... It’s a pity that the magic casting schemes I want are so hard to come by.”

Once you get the taste for it, selling magic, something despised by the magical world, you find it hard to stop.

Especially since the recent payment for the Fresh Flower Brew, where Baron Liszt directly paid twenty gold coins to purchase the Rock Grenade spell schema.

Netting twenty gold coins in one go, Elkerson quickly fell in love with the sensation.

“Next, I need to expand my network, and make contact with magicians from the outer islands.”

...

Liszt was not concerned with Elkerson’s business methods.

He of course knew that whether it was buying magic books or refining magic potions, Elkerson was bound to make a handsome profit, but that’s the nature of a technological monopoly.

Paying any magician for work required sufficient technical fees.

Unless he personally trained a magician—perhaps the future Sea Sprite Ake could help refine magic potions, but she was not yet up to the task.

For now, he could only pay with money.

The income from the second batch of Fresh Flower Brew was swiftly in hand, a full two hundred gold coins.

The nobles of Coral Island quickly adopted a taste for Fresh Flower Brew—not that they had a choice, as the sale of Juniper Wine had been banned on the island.

With ample gold coins, he didn’t care about the bit of money given to Elkerson.

He felt wonderful every day.

The iron wood thorn products of the carpentry workshop were also gradually making headway in the market. The iron wood grade quality, just slightly more expensive than ordinary wood products, was quickly favored by the lesser nobles, and orders flowed in continuously.

Clothes racks, rocking chairs, drawer cabinets—these three types of modern furniture were also quite popular, earning a good number of orders.

All the carpenters in the small town were so busy they had to have their meals delivered, working from dawn till dusk making various wooden items, which were then sold throughout Coral Island via the caravan.

“Fresh Flower Town is now thriving, Charles, you should be able to feel it,” said Zambrotta, serving as the diplomat of Fresh Flower Town while entertaining a noble.

An Elite Earth Knight with a Thunder Attribute.

Charles Trap, an Honored Knight with a title.

He was an outsider and a wandering stranger who didn't fit in with the nobles of Coral Island, powerful, yet unable to find a place of his own.