

The Mighty Dragons Are Dead

#Chapter 78 - 0078: Small Town Real Estate Planning - Read The Mighty Dragons Are Dead Chapter 78 - 0078: Small Town Real Estate Planning

Chapter 78: Small Town Real Estate Planning

“Completion of the task, reward: a new variety of mushrooms.”

“Task: Being a knight requires not only courage and wisdom but also sufficient survival skills to maximize the significance of one’s life. Please learn Marcus’s full set of archery skills. Reward: Black Pearl of the Deep Sea.”

With the lumberjacking at Thorn Ridge pass completed, the Smoke Mission was timely updated.

The new variety of mushrooms was evidently growing somewhere in Mushroom Hamlet, soon to be discovered, and Liszt had enough patience to wait for it.

“The Black Pearl of the Deep Sea, what is that?” He was somewhat puzzled, but pearls were not cheap on the market and were popular accessories among the nobles; black pearls should be even more valuable and could sell for a lot of money.

He had been so poor recently that he was almost unable to pay his workers, and the thought of money consumed him.

“To learn archery from Marcus has been on the agenda for quite some time. So from tomorrow on, I shall officially start learning archery... but tomorrow seems impossible since Marcus will be visiting Coral City to pick up his family. Let’s start the day after tomorrow then, first having the caravan go to Tulip Castle to purchase a bow and arrows for me.”

On Coral Island, only a few noble families were permitted to sell weapons.

Liszt didn’t need to be troubled by this, for he could simply make his purchase at Tulip Castle, since he was a direct member of the Tulip Family.

Early the next day.

The newly formed Fresh Flower Town caravan, led by Old Geronte, with three merchants, six drivers, and seven youths, drove six nags from the castle toward Coral City. Each horse carried several packs of seafood, along with pots and firewood, for boiling the seafood on-site.

Marcus rode his dun horse, accompanying the caravan and incidentally serving as its escort.

The training of the Knight Squad was temporarily handed to the Retainer Knight Karl Ironhammer—he was the only one who had felt the Dou Qi and was on the verge of mastering it.

The other three Retainer Knights had shown no signs of Dou Qi to date.

As for the Knight Squad, the young men had been eating well and training hard, muscles starting to bulge on their bodies. The two with the best physical fitness who met the entrance standard of the Knight Academy, Philip Wool and Zavier Bull Dung, had started to feel the Dou Qi and could cultivate it at any time.

Blair also followed the caravan, on his way to pick up his family and settle them in Fresh Flower Town.

For Goltai and Isaiah, whose families either did not wish to come or could not conveniently do so, they continued to keep the town's administration running, with plenty of work to do—roads were still under repair, houses in Oyster Village were still being built, and fallow fields were continuously being cultivated. Moreover, a new important task had also begun to be planned.

“Teacher Goltai, Isaiah, the town needs to be replanned. Probably tomorrow, Marcus and Blair's families will be arriving, so please make sure their housing arrangements are in order as soon as possible. They all come with large families, so they can't continue to reside in the temporary administration buildings.”

“Rest assured, Your Lordship, I had already considered this last night and rented two houses next to the temporary administration buildings for Marcus and Blair's families to stay in temporarily,” Goltai spoke with increasing respect, having decided to follow Liszt because of his soon-to-arrive illegitimate child.

Following meant he became a subject of Liszt.

It was no longer merely a relationship of noble ranks and teacher-student affections.

“I am pleased that you have anticipated my thoughts,” Liszt expressed satisfaction with Goltai’s current attitude, “Now, let’s continue discussing the town planning. In about three months, a group of five hundred serfs and freemen will be settling in Fresh Flower Town. We will need to build more houses in each settlement, and the town itself must be expanded.”

Goltai had long known that Liszt intended to engage in the slave trade, and upon hearing this, he directly asked, “How will these civilians be allocated? How many serfs will there be?”

“If all goes well, there will be four hundred serfs to replenish the farming population in the various hamlets. One hundred freemen, most of them craftsmen, will be allotted some workshop land in the town as needed.”

He spread out the rudimentary map of the town.

On the only existing street, Liszt drew another line across it with his finger, “We’ll build another road to give the town a cross-shaped layout.”

“This is no small project, and three months may not be enough.”

“We’ll build first and worry later,” said Liszt, who wasn’t an expert with exact budgets or long-term planning, and many of his decisions were made on the fly. “The streets must be built wide, and the four areas split by the cross should have designated purposes: the west for a commercial district where we’ll eventually have a trading center and a vegetable market.”

The development of social systems in this world was quite primitive, and cities resembled densely packed shanties with no concept of planned districts.

But Liszt refused to accept this standard: “To the south, we’ll have the workshop district for things like mills, slaughterhouses, and smithies to be relocated to this area. The north will be designated for serf residences, and the east for freemen. Furthermore, to the west of the commercial district, closer to the castle, we’ll plan a residential area for nobles.”

It was highly unethical to classify people into hierarchical statuses.

Yet such was the way of the social system; nobles couldn't possibly live alongside commoners, and freemen didn't mix with serfs.

After pondering Liszt's words, Goltai couldn't help but express his admiration, "My lord, your ideas are truly unique; they've opened my eyes to new possibilities in city building. By categorizing areas this way, even the most distant merchants won't struggle to find places to do business."

Isaiah was a bit slower to catch on, but, understanding the value of city planning after hearing Goltai's explanation, commented, "This has indeed been an eye-opener for me. Fresh Flower Town will become a pearl of Coral Island!"

Liszt smiled faintly, "There's one more crucial point—there must be plenty of toilets. I cannot stand to see anyone defecating or urinating in the town, even if they're only three years old!"

He added, "We need to hang signs on every shop and on each conspicuous toilet sign, and place markers at the entrances of roads. Whoever comes to Fresh Flower Town in the future must follow the rule against relieving themselves in the streets!"

He felt strongly about this.

Just a few days ago, during the Sea Festival, the knights accompanying the Earl had defecated more than a dozen times around his castle in just one afternoon!

For many knights, such behavior was normal—when they needed to defecate, they simply did so.

But Liszt would not allow it. He didn't want to be strolling through the stables and, by happenstance, step in excrement.

As natives, Goltai and Isaiah didn't care much about such matters, as they too had frequently relieved themselves wherever they pleased. However, Liszt had given the order.

They nodded in agreement, "Rest assured, my lord, we will prioritize the hygiene of the town."

Suddenly, Liszt recalled another matter, “Right, Isaiah, my Knight Squad’s young men can’t recognize a single word. I wish to hire you as a literacy teacher for the Knight Squad, to teach them common writings, and at the very least, they should have the ability to read.” There was no Knight Academy in Fresh Flower Town, so he had to hire a teacher himself.

To this, Isaiah didn’t hesitate, “Isaiah is willing to serve.”

Chapter 79: Crooked-neck Bob’s Mistake

The trade caravan didn’t return that evening, but waited until the following afternoon to make their way back to Fresh Flower Town.

Out of the six horse-drawn carts, two were filled with goods, while the other four carried Marcus, the Blair family members—six nags, all quite exhausted. Each pulling a cart alone seemed a bit too much of a burden.

“My lord!”

Marcus dismounted and bowed in greeting, with a large group of people quickly descending from the cart behind him.

“Teacher Marcus, if I remember correctly, you don’t have that many family members, do you?” Liszt counted carefully; just Marcus’s family alone amounted to 22 people.

“My two sisters and their families are also willing to follow me and settle in Fresh Flower Town,” Marcus replied. “They live in poverty in Coral City, mainly because they have too many children. Even though I help them out often, it’s still tough to provide for even basic needs.”

Liszt nodded; he was always welcoming of more people.

Then members of the Blair family also paid their respects. The Blairs weren’t as numerous—just his wife with four children. Their eldest son had just gotten married not long ago and had no children of his own yet.

He instructed Goltai to arrange for the settlement of the two families.

Only then did Liszt begin to inquire about the business of this trade caravan.

Old Geronte spoke with some nervousness, “Lord, we didn’t sell much seafood. Half of it was given away for free tasting to the citizens of Coral City. In fact, many who tasted it said the seafood was delicious, but one man broke out in red spots all over his body and suffered from vomiting and diarrhea after eating it, which caused the other citizens to become fearful of seafood.”

Abagon added, “If it weren’t for the patrol team hearing that the trade caravan belonged to you, Lord Landlord, we might have had all of our goods confiscated this time.”

Seafood allergy?

Liszt pondered. Some people are indeed allergic to seafood, but none of the residents of Fresh Flower Town had shown any allergic reactions to it, which made him think that seafood from the Different World wouldn’t cause allergies.

He hadn’t expected that there would actually be people who are allergic to seafood.

“Such an incident is indeed unexpected, but don’t feel pressured. Only a very few individuals will experience physical reactions from eating seafood. But these are rare cases, and once they stop eating, they’ll recover quickly. Next time you sell seafood, remember to make this clear.”

“Yes, Lord Landlord.”

“Did you procure everything I needed?”

“Thick paper, powdered milk, hops for beer, red wine... we got all of those, but we didn’t find the pig pancreases you asked for. The few butchers’ shops in Coral City didn’t keep any. I’ve already made arrangements with them to save pig pancreases for us, so we can buy them next time we go.”

Pig pancreases are used for making pancreatin, which is soap.

The castle currently uses soap powder, ground from the fruit of the soap pod tree. Among the new serfs, there was a soap maker who could add flower petals to the soap powder to make scented soaps.

But scented soap production is complex; the soap maker Bunier lacked the equipment, and thus far, had not managed to produce any.

Thus, Liszt wished to make pancreatin himself.

After reporting the situation, Old Geronte prepared to hand over the money from the sale to Liszt, who of course wouldn't handle money directly, as it would be beneath him. He picked up the cup on the table and said indifferently, "Mr. Carter, please take care of the handover with Old Geronte. From now on, you and Old Geronte will be in charge of the castle's purchasing."

"As you wish, sir," Carter willingly took on the task.

After enjoying a meal at the castle, Liszt did not inquire further into the arrangements for Marcus's and Blair's families, entrusting the matter entirely to Goltai.

As the landlord, his most important job was to enjoy himself.

"Sir, there is a minor issue at Mushroom Hamlet; I wonder if you'd be interested in hearing about it." Mrs. Morson, with Maisie helping to clean the study, spoke to Liszt, who was passing the time with a knight's novel.

Mushroom Hamlet?

Liszt's thoughts instantly turned to the reward for his quest, a new variety of mushroom, "What happened at Mushroom Hamlet?"

"The mushrooms used in the castle are mostly picked from Crooked-neck Bob's place, his mushrooms are the freshest and most tender. But these past few days, Bob has been looking troubled. A kind of bright red mushroom appeared on the racks where he grows his mushrooms. He shovels off a batch, and another batch grows back."

Before he had finished speaking.

Liszt had stood up from his chair and walked out of the study without looking back, shouting from upstairs, "Thomas, prepare the horse!"

Thomas, who had been getting ready to sleep, hurried out of the room and quickly went to prepare the horse.

Carter also walked over quickly, "Master, do you need to go out for something important tonight?"

"It's a very important matter, I need to make a trip to Mushroom Hamlet. Inform Goltai for me." He suddenly remembered something, turned around to the housekeeper still in the study, and said, "Mrs. Morson, come with me to lead the way to Crooked-neck Bob's place."

A moment later.

Thomas had the horses ready.

Holding torches and under the moonlight, they set off toward Mushroom Hamlet.

Jessie, the manservant, rode to the town to call on Goltai and the four Retainer Knights who served Liszt, to meet up with Liszt in Mushroom Hamlet.

Mushroom Hamlet was in an uproar for a while.

Crooked-neck Bob was extremely nervous. Mrs. Morson knocked on his door and told him that Lord Landlord was going to his mushroom greenhouses. He thought there was a problem with his mushrooms, and the Lord Landlord was coming to hold him accountable. As a serf responsible for farming for the landlord, failing to cultivate properly could mean a whipping.

"Bob, don't be nervous, the master is kind; this is not a mistake made on purpose by you, he will not punish you easily."

"Mrs. Morson, is this true? You must plead for mercy for me from Lord Landlord, please, I beg of you!" Bob was still nervous.

By this time, Liszt was already inside his mushroom greenhouse.

Thomas followed closely behind, holding a torch.

"Master, what are you looking for?"

"The thing I was looking for, I've found it already." Liszt's pupils swirled like whirlpools, and tiny specks of starlight twinkled as if within the vast universe, in his field of vision, the rotten wood used to grow mushrooms had pale red traces of magic power, outlining the shape of one mushroom after another.

Dispelling the Eye of Magic, and aided by the torchlight, he saw the thing that was emitting magic power—it was the bright red mushrooms.

They looked a bit like Positive Red Mushrooms, dotted among the vast expanse of regular mushrooms. It was obvious that the surrounding mushrooms were already wilting, but this red mushroom alone was growing very fresh and vibrant.

“It’s indeed a magic potion mushroom.” Liszt wanted to laugh heartily because the magic power of such mushrooms revealed a red color; it was a hue characterized by the Fire Attribute of magic, “I have the Fire Attribute Dou Qi. For me, these red mushrooms are an excellent tonic!”

Sky Knights are essentially potion-philies, hardly able to push through to higher realms of Dou Qi with their own bodies without a large amount of magic potion supplements.

“Thomas, have Mrs. Morson bring Bob over.”

When Bob stood before him, anxious and unsure, he said with a smile, “You are Bob, aren’t you? Don’t be nervous.”

Bob was so frightened that he knelt down, continually kowtowing, “Lord Landlord, I... I have erred, I spoiled the mushroom ingredient, I... please, forgive me, Lord Landlord!”

“Bob, please get up. Not only will I not punish you, I will reward you.”

Chapter 80: Start Learning Archery

Crooked-neck Bob was so excited he couldn’t sleep all night.

Lord Landlord not only did not blame him, but also rewarded him with ten silver coins!

This was like a pie falling from the sky, and moreover, Lord Landlord told him to find a way to expand the cultivation area of the red mushrooms—he had given them a name, calling them Flame Mushrooms—and preferably replace

all the mushrooms with Flame Mushrooms. The more he planted, the more rewards he would receive in the future.

“Quiet! John from Tomato Hamlet got a Gold Coin reward from Lord Landlord!” His wife, disliking Bob’s excessive excitement, couldn’t help but pour cold water on him.

Bob didn’t care at all: “What do you know? The reward is only ten silver coins now because Lord Landlord needs me to figure out the Flame Mushroom cultivation ingredients. I, Bob, am the best mushroom grower in Mushroom Hamlet; once I figure out the ingredients, Lord Landlord said, there will be more rewards!”

He looked forward with longing: “Definitely more than John’s one Gold Coin! Maybe... it will be two Gold Coins? Oh, what a marvelous moment, to have two Gold Coins!”

“But you must first figure out the ingredients, and if you can’t, Lord Landlord might take back the ten silver coins and have you whipped!”

“Of course, I will figure it out—I’m going to do it right now!”

Finding the right cultivation ingredients for the Flame Mushroom would certainly not be left to Bob alone to figure out; Liszt had already discussed with the hastily arrived Goltai and gathered all the skilled mushroom growers from Mushroom Hamlet to investigate together. Whoever could figure out the recipe would be rewarded.

Liszt, now down to just a few Gold Coins, would not be stingy.

He wanted to use the magic of money to stir up the residents’ enthusiasm for new things, rather than continue the stale, inherited ways of farming.

“Teacher Goltai, classify the cultivation ingredients of the Flame Mushroom as Fresh Flower Town’s top-secret information that must not be disclosed to anyone. In the future, all places growing Flame Mushrooms should be restricted areas, accessible only with Castle authorization,” said Liszt seriously.

The Magic Potion of ordinary plants needs the cooperation of Elf Bugs, which makes them difficult to replicate.

For example, the Magic Tulip can basically only be grown by the Tulip Family. Even if outsiders steal the seeds, without the Tulip Elves' cultivation, the plants would inevitably degrade into ordinary tulips within a generation or two.

Mushroom Magic Potions, on the other hand, can be continuously propagated. If outsiders steal the spores and ingredients and do a little research, they would be able to mass cultivate them.

Goltai understood the importance of the matter: "Rest assured, my lord, I will discuss with Isaiah a set of confidentiality measures to ensure that there is absolutely no chance of the Flame Mushroom cultivation method being leaked."

"Even more care is needed; this is a Magic Potion mushroom and no amount of vigilance is too much."

"Understood," Goltai nodded, then sighed with emotion, "In just a short time, Fresh Flower Town has changed dramatically, with two Elf Bugs nurtured and two kinds of Magic Potions born. This land is definitely the favored place of Knight's Glory, my lord, you must certainly be the inheritor of Knight's Glory!"

Knight's Glory is the slogan most cherished by the Nobles.

This world has a very medieval style, but it hasn't developed a nearly all-ruling religion. This might be because humans can cultivate themselves to become invincible and free from illness and disaster. Thus, they scorn 'gods' or even have a sense of 'I am a god'.

The belief of the Nobles is only in Knight's Glory!

The cultivation of Dou Qi and the constant striving to become more powerful Knights bring them everything!

Of course, there are exceptions; Magicians definitely do not believe in Knight's Glory—rumor has it, they believe in "knowledge."

Liszt calmly looked at the moonlit night.

If there truly was Knight's Glory, he believed that he was indeed blessed by Knight's Glory—gifting him a beautiful life experience.

"I hope one day to ride a dragon."

Marcus arrived at the castle early. Starting today, he would teach Liszt archery.

“My archery technique is called ‘Multi-Arrow,’ which is an advanced extension of ‘Basic Archery.’ It focuses on controlling multiple arrows rather than the power of the arrows. Right now, my lord, you lack basic archery skills, so you cannot learn ‘Multi-Arrow’ yet. You must start with ‘Basic Archery’ first.”

As he spoke, he handed over a bundle of arrows.

“These are?” Liszt had a bow and arrows bought from Tulip Castle, which included a hard bow suitable for an Earth Knight, and he had also been given one hundred birch wood arrows.

“These are made of Wind Falcon feathers and oak from Thorn Ridge, Falcon Feather Arrows, all custom-made by me, totaling twenty-four. Within these, six are Falcon Tail Arrows made from the tail feathers of a Wind Falcon; to differentiate, I’ve painted a red circle on the shaft. Falcon Tail Arrows have better balance than Falcon Feather Arrows.”

Marcus said with some regret, “It’s a pity that most of the Wind Falcon’s feathers were destroyed by monkeys, otherwise, I could have made a large batch of Falcon Feather Arrows, which are much better than the common bird-feather arrows on the market. The subtle magic power in the feathers can make the arrows fly faster and more steadily.”

The Wind Falcon had fought a chaotic battle with monkeys, and all its feathers were torn to shreds, and then Liszt had unleashed a powerful spell that burned many of them.

Being able to fix and craft twenty-four Falcon Feather Arrows was not an easy feat.

However, Liszt did not accept the Falcon Feather Arrows: “I haven’t learned archery yet and do not need Falcon Feather Arrows for now. Please keep them, Teacher Marcus. When it’s time to clear out the Thorn Ridge Beasts, we will rely on Teacher Marcus’s precise archery skills.”

Marcus did not refuse: “Yes, my lord!”

Then came the time for teaching.

As a Divine Archer, Marcus had a profound understanding of archery and a clear teaching approach. Liszt quickly immersed himself in learning to shoot.

As an Earth Knight, his physical condition was robust.

He could continuously draw the bow and shoot arrows, which made learning archery much easier than for ordinary people.

“The Smoke Mission requires me to learn all of Marcus’s archery techniques, which means it’s not enough just to learn ‘Basic Archery,’ I must also learn ‘Multi-Arrow’... I need to speed up my learning progress, otherwise, this mission will last too long.”

For this reason, Liszt even put his Dou Qi training on hold.

He devoted himself entirely to archery.

Therefore, on the castle’s riding grounds, there was a shadow that sped back and forth, Liszt practicing shooting arrows from horseback at various erected targets.

He learned very quickly, and after a day, he could already stand still and shoot at the target’s center, with nine out of ten arrows hitting the seventh or eighth ring—the Earth Knight’s control over his body allowed him to enhance muscle memory faster, helping him discover more precise shooting techniques.

Two days later, he was able to hit the target with five out of ten arrows while shooting from horseback.

On the fourth day.

Liszt continued to the riding grounds to practice mounted archery, but a shameful act occurred on the grounds—the Li Dragon Horse mounted the Fire Dragon Horse, gyrating for more than four minutes before dismounting and acting nonchalantly, lowering its head to graze.

“Hmm, the riding grounds are about to face a passionate season. Perhaps I should reduce the frequency of the trade caravan’s travels and bring over all the female nags for the Li Dragon Horse to mate with... Although nags are of poor quality, crossbreeding with a trace of dragon blood, their offspring will definitely be much stronger than the nags.”

