

The Mighty 841

Chapter 841: Time Diamond

Having descended from the back of the Formless Dragon, Liszt found no need to conceal his presence and began his investigation of the ruined stone tower immediately.

The tower appeared to be an Ancient Magician's Mage Tower, with a style that could no longer be identified. It covered a large area, probably a few hundred square meters; the upper half had collapsed, while the bottom half still had two intact stories. The original wooden doors had likely rotted away, replaced with large rocks to block the entrance by the Moon Slayers.

After prying open the rocks, Liszt took a brief look and then entered the interior of the stone tower.

Sunlight filtered through the cracks in the walls, so it wasn't too dark inside. It was clear that the tower had once functioned akin to a "library," with rows of stone-carved bookshelves. Unfortunately, not a single book remained on the shelves, only thick layers of dust.

The staircase was still there, carved from stone, and felt very sturdy underfoot.

On the second floor was a vast, empty room; it was uncertain what its purpose had been. The floor nearby had collapsed, and the sunlight streaming in created a huge bright spot. A few weeds grew in the spot, seemingly often subjected to the wind and sun without much protection.

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"The Native's Treasure should be here; it's very likely to be something left by an Ancient Magician. But what could it be?" Liszt activated his Eye of Magic and began to scan the decrepit stone tower.

He found no trace of magic light feedback, nor any object that looked like a treasure.

The first floor was empty; the second floor was just as bare. According to Qui, the Listener of the Mountain Corner Tribe, the ruined tower was a place of worship for the ancestors' leftover treasures. Qui had no idea what the treasure was, but now it seemed that even if there had been a treasure, it was likely moved after the tower's collapse.

"Wait, that's not right. Qui was talking about this very ruined stone tower, which means it should've been collapsed back then... What exactly is going on here? Let me go up and have a look."

He walked to the area where the floor had broken and leaped onto it.

Half of the third floor had collapsed.

Unexpectedly, the Eye of Magic detected a faint trace of magic light feedback, emanating from a pile of chaotic rubble. He quickly dug through the rubble and extracted the glowing object—a broken stone scepter with a few stony fingers still attached to the handle.

In other words, this stone scepter had originally been a part of a larger statue.

The magic feedback was shining from the top of the stone scepter, a large round gemstone carved from an unknown type of rock, albeit its light seemed very obscure.

"Seems the rock is encasing something, preventing the light from shining through?" Liszt pondered for a moment, confirmed that the outer stone was indeed not a magic item, and began to gently tap at it. After applying force continually, the rock finally cracked open, and then shattered entirely, revealing the true item inside.

The light exploded in an instant, like a lamp lit in the dark.

Only when Liszt disabled his Eye of Magic did he clearly see that inside the stone scepter was enclosed a short metal scepter. The scepter, about as long as an adult's arm, had its top embedded with a sparkling gemstone that shone in iridescent colors. The rich Aura of Magic gave Liszt a heart-pounding sensation.

This was certainly a rare gemstone, not one produced by any Gemstone Dragon.

He slowly drew the metal scepter from inside the stone scepter and brought the gemstone at the top near his eyes to examine it closely. The gemstone had countless facets, each of them incredibly smooth, mirror-like enough to reflect his own face. However, as Liszt started to pay attention to the faces on it, his pupils dilated sharply.

In the reflection, he saw the face of an old man.

When he whipped around, expecting someone to have approached him, he found nothing but emptiness behind him, save for the Formless Dragon napping upon a distant mountaintop.

No creature could evade the Formless Dragon's surveillance and approach him silently.

"What now?"

With great puzzlement, he looked again at one of the gemstone's facets. This time, after the reflection of the face emerged, it changed into the face of a child.

He turned around once more, and still, there was nothing behind him.

No one was approaching, and those reflected faces could only possibly come from within the gemstone itself. Liszt felt slightly relieved and continued to observe. Indeed, countless cross-sectional surfaces flashed with countless faces of different ages, but he quickly began to breathe rapidly, for he realized something all these faces had in common.

They looked incredibly similar to Liszt's own face—some of the youthful faces were unmistakably his own.

He blinked, and the faces reflected in the gemstone blinked as well, whether they were those of children or of the elderly.

After a moment's study, he had an epiphany, "Interesting, the faces reflected by this gemstone are simply those of myself at different ages... As expected, I've been handsome from youth to old age, each year so charming... Truly a peculiar gem, as if it possesses the magic power of time."

“Hmm?”

“The magic power of time?”

Liszt suddenly paused, “Time, the magic of time, this... could it be possible that this gemstone was produced by one of the Sacred Dragons, the Twilight Dragon?”

The Twilight Dragon represents the power of time, unseen by anyone, and no one knows how it exists. However, now, holding this metal scepter and looking at the gemstone reflecting his face at various ages, he sharply connected the two, perhaps this gemstone was indeed the product of the Twilight Dragon.

The Formless Dragon produces Space Gems, creating independent spaces.

The gem produced by the Twilight Dragon would naturally carry the property of time.

He tried to store the metal scepter in his Space Ring, but no matter how he wrapped it in magic power, the scepter couldn't be absorbed by the Space Ring. Particularly when his magic power enveloped the special gemstone, it felt as if time was passing by, and the magic power slowly dispersed.

He couldn't retrieve it back.

“Truly magical, could this indeed be the power of the Twilight Dragon, a kind of magic power related to time?” Liszt still couldn't confirm the properties of this gemstone.

But that didn't hinder him from temporarily naming it—the Time Diamond.

The metal scepter is the Time Scepter.

Holding the scepter and admiring the Time Diamond as it twinkled in the sunlight with its radiant multicolored light, Liszt felt exceedingly content, “Time Scepter, what kind of incredible, unfathomable power do you have? How did those Ancient Magicians use you? Does finding you mean finding a clue to the Twilight Dragon?”

The Formless Dragon was already in his possession, the power of the Smoke Dragon was wrapped around him, a piece of the Jade Dragon's corpse was found, and now the gemstone of the Twilight Dragon also fell into his hands.

Only the Immortal Dragon, which represented life, had yet to intersect with Liszt.

Perhaps one day he would gather all five Sacred Dragons and become the most powerful Holy Dragon Knight in the world. Of course, the Sacred Dragons might not be the most mystical dragons: "The Dragon of the Magic Web must be the most terrifying dragon I've ever seen, and the Moon Dragon must be a dragon powerful beyond measure."

These two dragons seemed to be even more powerful than the Sacred Dragons.

...

One must eat rice one spoonful at a time. Picking up the Time Scepter, touching upon the clues of the Twilight Dragon, he was very pleased with today's gains. He placed the Time Scepter on his belt and focused his attention on the shattered Rock Scepter.

"To hide such magic equipment that looks like a Divine Artifact as the Time Scepter inside a sculpture, what was the purpose of the Ancient Magician? I remember the Mermaid's Tear found from the Fish Ugly Temple was also hanging on a statue of a mermaid. It seems these ancient powers all liked to create statues of themselves?"

He continued to sift through the debris, trying to find other parts of the statue, but after searching through the piles of rubble, he was unable to find any remaining parts of the statue.

Maybe they had already eroded with the passage of time, turning back into ordinary rocks.

Chapter 842: Magic Dust

Grasping the Time Scepter and riding the Formless Dragon Bard, Liszt concealed himself at the boundary of matter, meanwhile fumbling with the scepter in his hands to figure out its use. The Time Diamond, sparkling with seven colors, was quite peculiar; it could not be

activated with Dou Qi at all. Whenever magic power approached its surface, it would slowly dissipate.

It was as if eternal magic of time had been condensed.

But since it had been made into a piece of magic equipment, there must be a way to control it.

“I wonder how big the Twilight Dragon is. It must be much larger than the Formless Dragon, right? After all, the Time Diamond it produced is as big as a fist, while the space gemstone produced by the Formless Dragon is only as big as a fingernail,” Liszt thought, his mind wandering as he shook the scepter in his hand.

Unfortunately, no matter how hard he pondered during the journey, he still hadn’t figured out how to manipulate the Time Scepter, and it seemed he would need to trouble Ach.

Given Ach’s identity as an archmage, coupled with his ever-growing knowledge base and clever mind, solving the mystery of how to use the Time Scepter shouldn’t be too difficult.

...

Back in Flame Town.

Before he even found Ach, he received a rather shocking piece of news from the Magic Guild, reported to him personally by Kenley Truth, “Your Highness, we have deciphered how ancient magicians passed down magic. Many of the Ancient Magician of the Moon Slayers had talents far inferior to modern magicians, yet they managed to comprehend magic. The key lies in ‘Magic Dust’.”

“Magic Dust?” Liszt didn’t understand.

The next words from Kenley took him completely by surprise, “Magic Dust can improve a magician’s affinity with magic power, and the ingredient for making Magic Dust is... Elf!”

“Elf?”

“Yes.”

Liszt’s expression darkened quickly as he suddenly realized why so many Moon Slayer Natives had been captured, yet not even a single Elf Bug had been found. He had originally thought the Moon Slayers simply didn’t know how to utilize Elf Bugs, but it turned out that the Moon Slayers just used them differently.

Following Kenley’s further explanations, the magic traditions of the Moon Slayers were fully exposed.

Small tribes would sell Elf Bugs as trade goods to larger tribes during hunting and gathering, in exchange for living materials. And the Listeners of the large tribes held the knowledge on how to use Elves to make Magic Dust. With this Magic Dust, the Listeners of the larger tribes could train more ancient magicians.

These ancient magicians were all exemplary children selected and sent by various tribes, who traded materials to the tribes in exchange for the opportunity to learn magic.

Elves, Magic Dust, ancient magicians... It was by such means that the Moon Slayers ensured the continuity of their ancient magicians. With ancient magicians, the tribes could secure living resources from the jaws of magical beasts; perhaps it was another way of exploiting Elves in agriculture.

Though cruel, it was hardly out of the ordinary for the Moon Slayers.

However, the smaller tribes were not aware that the Elf Bugs were used to make Magic Dust, which was a monopolized technique exclusively held by the Listeners of the larger tribes.

“Unforgivable!” After understanding the cause and effect, Liszt’s face was particularly grim. The number of wild Elves was already sparse, and the Moon Slayers hunted them extensively.

It could be said that within the living areas of the Moon Slayers, it was nearly impossible for any Elves to exist.

And the living areas of the Moon Slayers probably occupied most of the forests of Flame Island; generation after generation, innumerable Elf Bugs were killed.

“Your Highness, if the Listeners of the Moon Slayer Natives did not lie, the method of using Elf Bugs to produce Magic Dust was also passed down from the Moon Empire...” Kenley’s voice was somewhat low; Elves had become synonymous with beautiful things in the current era.

Although some Nobles still clandestinely used Elves to forge Elf Weapons, the act of killing Elves was commonly regarded as morally reprehensible.

And that era of the Moon Empire so yearned for by magicians seemed to rely on killing Elves to cultivate magicians, which was a massive blow to Kenley’s values. The earlier knowledge that the casting level of the Moon Empire era was backward had already been a great shock to her.

Now to do it again, I fear her fondness for the Moon Empire would greatly wane.

“The value of elves lies in their influence over plants and their potential for evolution, human greed should not be built on the blood of elves.” Liszt made a decision on the spot, “Kenley, as soon as you return, issue a ban immediately. All magicians are absolutely forbidden to kill any elf under the pretext of research!”

Kenley acknowledged the order, “Yes, Your Highness.”

After she left, Liszt let out a sigh of turbid air.

Although he felt heartbroken about the tragic deaths of the Elf Bugs, his purpose in prohibiting the slaughter of elves was to prevent magicians from researching Magic Dust and thereby mass-producing more magicians—the era of knights had come, and it was time for magicians to quietly exit the stage of history.

Leaning back in his chair, he suddenly thought of the Moon Empire under magician rule, “What kind of nation would that be, and how would magicians rule the world?”

...

The Time Scepter had been handed over to Ach for research.

However, Ach only briefly observed the Time Diamond before setting the scepter aside, as her Magic Door Project was at a critical moment, she couldn't even spare time to cultivate, let alone be distracted by other research.

So far, her Super Magic remained at four—the Chainsaw-style Super High Pressure Water Knife, Spiral Ultra-High Pressure Water Drill, Centrifugal Water Molecular Shield, and Eye of Magic Power.

The Ice Elemental Incarnation was not yet perfectly mastered, and she was unable to switch to a new Elemental Incarnation.

Although it would still take some time for the utilization of the Magic Gate to transition from theory to reality, Ach still gave Liszt a huge surprise.

“Brother, this is a piece of Magic Equipment that Ach specially created for Bard, who is prone to getting lost in a world beyond the material, to pinpoint the coordinate nodes of physical space. As long as you remember these coordinates, even if Bard gets lost, he can find his way back.”

She handed over something that looked like a crystal pendant.

One glance was all it took for Liszt to recognize what the Magic Equipment was made of—scales of the Formless Dragon! He had no idea when Bard gave Ach many of his scales. For a dragon, scales are incredibly important, even more than the gemstones they produce.

As close as he was to Bard, the dragon hadn't even voluntarily given Liszt any Space Gems, yet he had given the even more precious scales to Ach.

Such treatment might have enraged Liszt had he not been an easygoing person.

“Never mind, what's given to Ach is no different from what's given to me, no hard feelings.” Calming his urge to beat up the Formless Dragon, he took the Magic Equipment.

He then inquired, “Ach, what is the name of this equipment?”

“Node Locator.”

“Mm.” Liszt didn’t say much more, feeling that Ach’s naming ability did not inherit his own elegant flair, too blunt, “Then how is Bard supposed to use it?”

“It’s for brother to use. After you and Bard achieve Unity of Man and Dragon, operating the Crystal White Trajectory will activate the Node Locator, leaving a pinpoint for the material boundary you’ve crossed. If you can’t find a node to return to the material world, you can activate it again to find the node from which you came.”

This string of crystal pendants was clearly an equipment for human use.

Liszt nodded slightly, “I see... So, you’re saying that now Bard and I can freely tear through the material boundary and fly in the world beyond matter?”

“In theory, yes, but Ach worries about the sensing range of the Node Locator not being sufficient, so caution is still needed when crossing. Depending on the feedback during use, it may need several improvements.”

Chapter 843: Magic Return Positioning

Since the first time he had crossed the material boundary to reach the world beyond matter, barely escaping becoming lost within, the Formless Dragon dared not fly at high speeds again, fearing another accidental entry into the world outside of matter, where he could get lost and become trapped—an unfathomable dimension for the current Formless Dragon.

After all, it was still a young Formless Dragon, and its control over the power of space was like a child wielding a kitchen knife, sharp indeed, but very likely to harm itself.

Now, with the Node Locator, the danger of becoming lost was undoubtedly removed.

Once Liszt figured out how to use this piece of Magic Equipment, he communicated with the Formless Dragon Bard, a dragon with a slender, elegant form that glistened like

flowing crystal. The dragon, thrilled, unexpectedly spat out two Space Gems that had just been condensed with Space Magic Power toward Liszt's palm.

“Whistled chirps!”

The gemstones, lustrous and twinkling, the size of a fingernail, had a spherical space with a diameter of five meters.

...

“At least you know how to show gratitude, which makes you much better than that White-Eye Dragon, Bilio,” Liszt thought with satisfaction, as any minor grudge he felt because the Formless Dragon was closer to Ach vanished.

He handed one of the Space Gems to Ach: “You constantly need to prepare a large amount of experimental materials, it's inconvenient without a Space Gem to carry them, so keep this one.” He kept the other one for himself, making up a set of four Space Rings, nearly enough for his daily needs.

Ach was fine with just two, being a Sea Serpent who needed little sustenance, and a Magician whose cultivation did not demand a lot of resources.

Liszt, on the other hand, had too many items to carry for his daily needs, with just his personal cultivation resources occupying the space of two Space Gems, so having four was just barely sufficient.

Of course.

With the Formless Dragon present, there would be more Space Rings in the future than he could wear, no need to worry about not having enough to go around.

...

It did not take long for Liszt to decide to try crossing the material boundary.

The method of crossing was simple, an innate power of the Formless Dragon, achievable by flying at top speed. Therefore, when man and dragon united mentally, Magic Power and Dou Qi melded, rapidly forming a whole. The wings vibrated, swiftly entering the material boundary, continuing to speed through.

“Whistled chirps!”

When the Formless Dragon reached its highest speed, it seemed to flicker in and out of sight, teleporting hundreds of meters with each flicker.

“Faster, Bard!”

“Whistled chirps!”

They accelerated further, and the Crystal White Trajectory revealed a world vibrant with the colors of Magic Power, like frames of images moving in succession. The Node Locator on Liszt’s chest emitted a buzzing roar; it was the scales of the Formless Dragon, engraved with Magic Runes, spinning and emitting a unique Magic Beacon.

Boom!

Suddenly.

The view of the Crystal White Trajectory shook, the images changed abruptly, and the Node Locator felt vibrations but no more buzzing. He and the Formless Dragon had arrived in a space that seemed boundless and silent, blocking out any sensation, yet still one could feel that this place was entirely composed of crystalline structures.

No matter how the man and dragon flew, there were no targets to pursue.

“Whistled chirps!” The Formless Dragon made an urgent cry, sensing it had become lost again.

However, Liszt was well-prepared, immediately activating the Node Locator on his chest, and at once, a light flickered into existence to the left of the Formless Dragon.

“Bard, it’s working! That’s the material boundary we crossed to get here!”

“Whistled chirps!”

“Don’t rush, the sensation is very clear, no need to worry about getting lost,” Liszt reassured them. “Let’s search around here to see if we can find a node we can cross through!”

With Liszt as their pillar of strength, Bard was no longer panicking, serenely flying in a world beyond material substance.

The Crystal White Trajectory was still active. Though surrounded by pitch darkness without light, Liszt continued to patiently search for any abnormal traces. These scenes he had seen before in Bard’s memories and had discussed in detail with Ach, knowing how to respond.

“Bard, search with your heart. Your spatial perception is an innate talent. Just concentrate on searching, and you will surely find the weakened material boundary.”

“Woo-eeyah!”

Bard, sharing a connection with Liszt’s thoughts, had a moment of enlightenment. Guided by Liszt, it started to respond with calm and collected movements. Then, with a gentle flap of its wings, special space magic power rippled outwards like water waves. A moment later, the surrounding space returned the undulations of the space magic power.

Just like a bat’s echolocation, the Formless Dragon could actually use its space magic power to locate positions.

“This ability should be written into the ‘Liszt’s Dragon Knight Training Complete Manual’ as the eighth skill of the Formless Dragon—Magic Return Positioning,” he mused, even in such a serious situation, finding the leisure to add new information to the Formless Dragon’s profile.

Previously, the Fire Dragon's skills included seven abilities—Dragon Magic Refining Qi, Dragon Breath Tempering, Dragon Force Focus, Dragon Heart Electrical Signal, Dragon Blood Infection, Dragon Knight Resonance, and Dragon Eye Trajectory.

Now, the Formless Dragon's skills totaled eight—White-Eye Trajectory, Material Boundary (Invisibility), Dragon Force Focus, Dragon Heart Electrical Signal, Dragon Blood Infection, Dragon Breath Shattering Space, Space Shuttle, and Magic Return Positioning.

These were skills beyond the Dragon Dou Qi Manual, belonging to the exploration of a dragon's innate talents.

Some abilities were unique to certain dragons, like the Fire Dragon's Dragon Magic Refining Qi and Dragon Breath Tempering, and Elementalization, as well as the Formless Dragon's Dragon Breath Shattering Space, Material Boundary, and Space Shuttle; while others were common to all dragons, such as Dragon Force Focus, Dragon Heart Electrical Signal, Dragon Blood Infection, and slightly different ones like White-Eye Trajectory and Dragon Eye Trajectory.

This summary might not be comprehensive, mainly because Liszt had been exceptionally busy lately, and the 'Liszt's Dragon Knight Training Complete Manual' hadn't been updated in quite some time.

His thoughts flashed by.

He continued to guide Bard in this world beyond material substances, using Magic Return Positioning. In this unique space where the passage of time was imperceptible, spending too long there made one feel uneasy. Fortunately, the Node Locator at the entrance continued to emit responsive signals.

Suddenly.

A different signal came from the Magic Return Positioning, and both man and dragon were simultaneously jolted, quickly flying towards the source of the anomaly. In the blink of an eye, they arrived. Bard exerted its space magic power to its fullest, charging towards the unusual spot. In an instant, the field of vision within the Crystal White Trajectory changed again.

They had arrived in a distorted, elongated tubular space, bridging two material boundaries within a massive Magic Web.

It was the Great Whirlpool Magic Teleportation Matrix, something Liszt was already quite familiar with.

“This... we’ve ended up back here again!” He felt like laughing awkwardly but held it in, simply giving a deep look towards the Magic Web that stretched out into darkness—without a mature Formless Dragon, they did not have enough strength to break through the critical point and could not yet see the true form of the Dragon of the Magic Web.

Then they flew in reverse towards the other end of the Wormhole Space, back towards the giant sea vortex in the Whirlpool Archipelago.

The Wormhole Space was originally designed for one-way teleportation, with a strong Repulsive force that would push all objects towards the Whirlpool Entrance on Whirlpool Mountain.

But this didn’t affect the Formless Dragon.

Cheering with a few cries of “Woo-eeeah,” it flapped its wings and quickly arrived at the entrance. With a strong struggle, it flew out of the Wormhole Space.

The roaring sound of flowing water reached their ears, mist clouding their vision.

The moist air caressed their faces, and in an instant, they shot out of the mist. Liszt and Bard were at the entrance to the Whirlpool Deep Well, having successfully completed a spatial crossing from a world beyond material substances.

Looking at the swirling funnel-shaped sea surface and the azure sky.

Liszt finally smiled, “That was quite effortless, wasn’t it?”

Chapter 844: Sudden Wealth in a Dream

For Li Si Te, the first traversal beyond the physical world had provided many insights that urgently needed contemplation. He did not stay long in the Great Whirlpool but flew directly toward the nearby Whirlpool Island.

Because they could not obtain support from the Flame Territory's resources, the development of Whirlpool Town was extremely difficult, and to this day, it was still only a small town.

If you added up all the magicians who had built Mage Towers here, the total population was barely two thousand.

So it could only maintain a small town by the sea, and did not dare venture too deep into the forest, where powerful magical beasts ruled. A Knight Squad from Whirlpool Town had encountered a group of Split-footed Lizards—these were an Intermediate Magical Beast with Earth Attributes, highly suited for entire families to ride. Liszt had once caught one on Flame Mountain.

He had intended to gift it to the Marquis of Bull Tail as a mount, but that Split-footed Lizard had run away.

“When I have time, I'll capture all the Split-footed Lizards here and see if they can be artificially raised. It should be quite comfortable to use them as a means of transportation.”

...

In the port of Whirlpool Town, many ships were moored. Apart from those flying the Flame Banner, there were also ships of the Tulip Family flying the Red Tulip Flag. After Marquis Merlin's funeral, the Tulip Family began organizing knights and serfs, preparing to sail and develop Tulip Island.

There was already a group of pioneers on Tulip Island, but Liszt did not pay much attention to it.

Whirlpool Town in the Whirlpool Archipelago was a mid-journey supply point for sailing journeys, where the pioneering teams would conduct large-scale hunts to replenish food and fresh water. In addition, Greenlight Town on Midway Island, Moonlight Town on First Chain Island Crescent Island, and Mangrove Town on one of the Three Islands were all supply points for the fleet.

Unfortunately, there were no other islands discovered that could provide supplies along the three-thousand-kilometer sea route from the Whirlpool Archipelago to the Flame Islands.

Circling above Whirlpool Town for a moment, Liszt did not disturb the guards here.

He thought it over and decided not to stay, heading straight north to Midway Island, preparing to take the Light Green Gem Dragon Ethan with him to Flame Island. The future Dragon Nest of the Light Green Gemstone Dragon was sure to be on Flame Island, so not a trace of its scent could be missed—all was to be kept for gemstone production on Flame Island.

“Calculating the time, the Sapphire Family should already know that the Light Green Gemstone Dragon has fallen into my hands. In that case, I probably don’t need to keep it a secret any longer, and can directly use the Sapphire Family’s channels to sell the batch of light green gems excavated from Mind Island.”

Even with the trading income from sea salt, white paper, and glass to support it,

The Flame Territory was still gradually finding it difficult to sustain the development effort on Flame Island. The resources accumulated over three to four years in the territory were nearly depleted, and Flame Island had yet to produce anything. Plus, the exorbitant cost of magical materials spent by Ach on developing the Magic Gate, Liszt, who had originally thought earning money was easy, was gradually becoming embarrassed by the thinness of his purse.

Indeed.

Sea salt, glass, and white paper were all industries with huge profits, monopolies of exclusive technologies, with gold coins streaming in like water.

But the expenses for buying serfs, magic potions, food, metals, jade, magical materials, and so on were also flowing out like water.

“Relying on trade to make money is really slow, it might be better to look for an opportunity to plunder the Eagle Kingdom!” he thought, his heart beginning to stir again.

Owning three dragons and not seizing resources would be a complete waste.

...

By the time he arrived at Midway Island, it was already night.

Sensing the location of the Light Green Gem Dragon Ethan, he flew directly there, and under the hazy moonlight, Bard and Ethan met for the first time.

Bard still looked disdainful as ever.

It showed no malice toward either Fire Dragon Leo or Light Green Gem Dragon Ethan, but its prideful dragon nature also meant it could not possibly show kindness to other dragons. In its inner world, only it was the most noble existence; Liszt and Ach were recognized by it—strictly speaking, Liszt only achieved half recognition.

Ethan couldn't see the invisibly hidden Formless Dragon, but the mutual dragon sensing allowed it to clearly feel Bard's presence.

It was an adult dragon that had weathered many storms. During its time in the Eagle Kingdom, it had dealt with quite a few other dragons; hence it maintained an attitude of indifference, pretending not to see Bard—and indeed, it didn't.

"Ethan, the environment of Midway Island is too cramped, not suitable for your habitation. I have found an infinitely huge island, where there's enough space for you to gallop to your heart's content. As for the Dragon Nest you want, I will construct it gradually in the near future," Liszt promised.

"Roar!"

"Bone Burning Wine will be available, Magic Potions, and Jade won't be lacking either!"

"Roar!" Ethan agreed to Liszt's migration request. It actually didn't like the environment of Midway Island either. A mere exertion of its strength was enough to fly from one end of the island to the other, and it still had to dodge the ant-like humans of Greenlight Town,

making its life rather stifling. Although it was a dragon that had been captured in defeat, it too deserved to enjoy its basic dragon rights!

Night fell.

The two dragons settled down kilometers apart, each in their own territory, with Liszt choosing to sleep on the body of the Light Green Gem Dragon—he hadn't been close to Ethan for quite some time.

The autumn breeze was brisk, and the latitude here was unclear, but the temperature kept dropping day by day.

Dropped in a green silk-blend blanket, he began to review the spatial travel conducted with Bard: "From the current situation, it seems very simple for Bard to enter worlds beyond the physical realm from the material world. However, finding the way back from the non-material world is very difficult."

Recalling the unique claustrophobic feeling of the silent, lightless, boundless world beyond matter, even though he had only stayed on the dragon for a moment, he still felt a suffocating discomfort.

One could imagine how terrified Bard must have been the first time it got lost in the world beyond materiality.

No wonder it sought to have someone ride it as soon as it flew out, to boost its courage and help it not to get lost again. Even after Liszt's first attempt at dragon riding failed and Ach refused due to the language barrier, it still lowered its standards, allowing Liszt to ride successfully the second time.

In that moment.

Liszt's thoughts suddenly strayed to the Smoke Mission: "Is this the power of destiny, that always stealthily nudges in the most unexpected of places, such that even a Sacred Dragon like the Formless Dragon cannot evade the arrangements of fate... Terrifying, but fortunately, the one who controls the power of destiny is now me."

His thoughts digressed, quickly returning to the original train of thoughts.

Continuing to consider: “The world beyond materiality is very special; it easily confuses perception and cognition, thus making it hard to find an exit... Using Magic Return Positioning only allows one to locate the anomalies at the material boundaries. Does this mean that even Formless Dragons cannot pass through any space at will?”

If you cannot find the material boundaries, no amount of struggle will help a Formless Dragon.

Unless you use a Node Locator for positioning.

“I wonder if the located position could be found again?” he conceived a scenario. If the Formless Dragon could be positioned in different locations, then it could establish a transport network exclusive to Formless Dragons, allowing travel at will to any location with a signal.

For instance, he could fly to The Court’s treasury of the Eagle Kingdom, then traverse time and space to return to Flame Island.

Then by using the transfer between the two nodes, he could continuously transport the resources from the treasury of the Eagle Kingdom to Flame Island; with that, amassing wealth would be no dream!

Regrettably, such a thought was shattered by the spatial travel he began the next morning.

When he and the Formless Dragon flew into the world beyond materiality, he found no signal except for the one left behind them from yesterday.

After some thought, he understood the principle: “Ach had left a special Magic Array on the Node Locator; this Magic Array was linked with the material world, and when it entered the world beyond materiality, the Magic Array still maintained its connection to the material world, serving as a signal.”

But when he returned to the material world, the position associated with the Magic Array quickly changed.

Subsequently, the original coordinates disappeared.

“What a pity, my dream of sudden riches was shattered before it even warmed up,” he lamented.

Chapter 845: The Bound Elf

Having delivered Light Green Gem Dragon Ethan to Flame Island and found a suitable Dragon Nest for him in the peaks of the Flame Mountain Range, Liszt bid farewell to mundane affairs.

In the time that followed, he and Bard constantly shuttled between the material world and the world beyond matter.

They collected a vast amount of information to pass on to Ach, who continually revised new Magic Gate design proposals.

One day in mid-October, as usual, he and Bard flew into the world beyond matter, aimlessly searching for any new anomalies—up until now, apart from the Wormhole Space of the Great Whirlpool, no other anomalous points had appeared; the world beyond matter seemed like a stagnant pool.

After several days without any discoveries, a sense of discouragement inevitably rose in Liszt’s heart.

However, at that moment, the Formless Dragon, using Magic Return Positioning, finally detected a new anomaly point beyond the anomaly of the Great Whirlpool.

...

“Woo yee ya!” Bard suddenly became excited.

The man and dragon swiftly flew towards the anomaly point.

They fueled Space Magic Power and broke through the material boundary.

They directly traversed out of the anomaly point, with a thundering sound, their field of view suddenly cleared, and they arrived in a strange space. This space appeared to be composed of countless shattered mirror pieces, but within the Crystal White Trajectory, each crack in the mirrors was a trace of tearing left in the Magic Web.

Bard merely brushed against a crack with his wings, and he let out a painful scream, “Woo yee ya!”

An intense sensation of tearing pain emerged simultaneously in both his and Liszt’s hearts. As Bard quickly drew his wings in, Liszt realized that the Formless Dragon’s left wing had been sliced by the crack, leaving a gash as long as an adult’s arm. Transparent blood flowed out as Space Magic Power constantly dissipated in this strange space.

“Be careful, Bard, something’s not right here!” Liszt bore the pain and guided the Formless Dragon, carefully avoiding each torn fissure.

Layers upon layers of strange cracks made the space utterly fragmented and disjointed.

The man and dragon had to move forward gingerly. Fortunately, the dragon’s healing ability was strong, and the wound was already beginning to scab over. Liszt took out several Magic Potions and downed them, replenishing both his and the Formless Dragon’s drained Magic Power. The Magic Potion transformed into pure Magic Power, fueling the Dragon Dou Qi, which he then channeled into the Formless Dragon through Dragon Knight Resonance.

Because the Magic Power attributes did not fully align, there was substantial loss, but it was somewhat beneficial overall.

Only between him and Little Fire Dragon Leo was there no significant loss when Dou Qi and Magic Power fused.

“Over there, the exit to the material boundary is over there.” Liszt constantly operated the Crystal White Trajectory to scan the cracks, finally locating the material boundary.

“Woo yee ya!” The Formless Dragon, however, pointed towards another exit.

In the direction it indicated, there was another strange boundary resembling a material boundary. Liszt looked closely and felt that this exit might lead to a different material world. He intended to investigate, but the dense cracks obstructed and prevented him from crossing through.

They could only return to the familiar material world, honestly.

Hoo hoo!

Hoo hoo!

After returning to the material world, they immediately encountered a gust of fierce wind, as he and the Formless Dragon were right between two towering mountain peaks. It seemed to be a wind tunnel, with strong winds howling and brushing past Bard's body, nearly flipping him over.

After escaping the wind tunnel, they took a careful look around the area.

They saw that the mountains were not very high, but because they were quite close together, they formed a valley shaped like an hourglass. The wind happened to pass through the narrowest part of the Hourglass Valley, being dramatically compressed and accelerated, hence the violent gales. But this was not a naturally formed environment, rather it was a human-carved valley.

There were very obvious cut marks on the sides of the mountains, as if they were the work of a giant's hacking and chopping.

"How strange, it's actually man-made carving. The carvings on the mountain body are very rough, somewhat similar to the effect of the Super Magic released by Ach... Could it be that this is the masterpiece left by an Ancient Mage?" He suddenly steered Bard to fly high into the sky and overlooked from an altitude of five thousand meters.

Instantly, he noticed that this mountain range was one he had passed by before when mapping, located on the Great Plains in the middle of Flame Island.

It was an inconspicuous, elongated mountain range, with the Hourglass Valley at its center. Because it was obscured by trees, from a distance, if one didn't look carefully, it would be impossible to see the Hourglass Valley.

"There's something going on here!"

Liszt's heart leaped with joy; he loved this kind of adventure. He didn't know what role Flame Island played in the ancient wars, but it certainly saw a host of powerful figures leave their marks—perhaps even treasures like the Time Scepter, a divine artifact.

He dived, returning to Hourglass Valley.

The Crystal White Trajectory was opened, revealing traces of magic power at the center of Hourglass Valley. This peculiar vent was connected to the broken rift in space.

Liszt decided not to venture in haphazardly.

The rifts were too dangerous.

He searched toward the base of the mountain and soon found a large Moon Slayer Native Tribe living there. The tribe was holding some ceremony on a clearing at the foot of the mountain. As Liszt approached, he saw them kneeling before six broken statues.

Only one statue was intact, over twenty meters tall, depicting a Magician wearing a Magic Cloak, holding a slender stone broken sword in hand.

"Could there be a sealed divine artifact inside?" A thought suddenly flashed through Liszt's mind.

He then saw a group of Ancient Mages on the clearing, lifting wooden trays high and approaching the statue. An Ancient Mage, likely a Listener, stood in front of the statue, urging on a large brazier emitting blue flames. They seemed to be preparing to pour the contents of the trays into the blue flame brazier.

"How dare they!"

Upon seeing what was on the trays, Liszt's anger soared. He manifested his and Bard's Dragon Knight forms from the material realm.

Dragon Might spread recklessly, like an invisible wave of force, the tens of thousands of Moon Slayer Natives on the clearing overwhelmed and brought to their knees by the immense pressure.

The Ancient Mages were also forced to the ground, gasping for breath.

The trays fell from their hands with a series of "chirrup," "woah," and "gurgle" sounds—turning out to be a group of Little Minor Elves, a bunch of Elf Bugs, and the loudest of all, a Greater Elf. They were all tied to the trays, unable to move.

Yet their eyes were fixed on the Formless Dragon Knight descending from the sky.

Fear, delight, and other emotions flickered through these small beings' eyes.

"Woooah!"

The Formless Dragon landed, directly knocking down a statue that was half-collapsed, standing on its base, roaring skyward.

Amidst its roar, Liszt dismounted and drew out the Ice Soul Dragon-Slaying Sword, slowly walking toward the Ancient Mages.

The silver-white armor, bright red cloak, deep blue sword, and pale golden short hair revealed an unmatched noble presence, the brilliance almost blinding the Ancient Mages looking up.

"Eh... ho ho... Cassido... Mosiros..." The Tribe Listener's magic power was robust, roughly that of a top-level Grand Magician, struggling against the oppression of the Dragon Might, attempting to stand while calling out.

Liszt simply stirred up a new wave of Dragon Might and struck fiercely.

Boom!

The Listener hit the ground again.

The other Ancient Mages were also trembling, unsure of what to do.

Such was the terror of a Dragon Knight! With his own power, he stunned the entire scene, leaving those Moon Slayer Natives who had never faced Dragon Might utterly unable to resist.

Liszt stepped over the Ancient Mages crawling on the ground, reached the big Greater Elf, extended a finger with some Jade Powder on it, and signaled for the Greater Elf to bite quickly.

“You’re safe now.”

“Angchi, angchi, kronji...” The Greater Elf spat out a string of unintelligible bird song.

Seeing this, Liszt gently tapped it on the head, inadvertently causing the Greater Elf to clamp down, biting through the skin on Liszt’s finger.

The contract was instantly sealed.

A wave of familiar affection rose in the heart of the Greater Elf.

Chapter 846: Designated Listener

“Angchi, Angchi?”

The Greater Elf seemed a bit stunned and could not figure out the situation. Its body color was a translucent grayish yellow, and on top of its head grew a small plant with little white blossoms, and at the base hung a small oval fruit—resembling a potato.

After Liszt used the soul connection contract to slightly confirm the Greater Elf's thoughts, he quickly understood what kind of Greater Elf this was.

Indeed as he saw, it was a Greater Elf born from a plant that closely resembled a potato.

If nothing unexpected had occurred, the plants it influenced and the potatoes on Earth were very similar in nature, both producing spherical tubers underground—commonly known as potatoes.

It was a Potato Great Elf!

...

If the potatoes it produced also had the advantages of those on Earth—high yield, rich in nutrients, strong adaptability to different environments—then this was definitely an important source of food. Within the elves, the most important varieties were for Magic Potions and grains. The potential of the Potato Great Elf was immense.

“Little guy, you're safe now. From now on, follow me and enjoy the life of an elf,” Liszt communicated to it with a gentle thought.

After the Potato Great Elf felt this, it couldn't help but nod its head.

Once the ropes were cut, the Potato Great Elf swiftly flew onto Liszt's shoulder, freely laughing out, “Haha, Angchi, Angchi, Kronchi!”

Subsequently, Liszt began to make contracts with the Little Minor Elves and Elf Bugs.

The number of elves wasn't large; there were eight Little Minor Elves and sixteen Elf Bugs. He contracted with each of them one by one and then gathered them around him. When these elves were caught by the Moon Slayers, they were forced to retract their Cordyceps but were not contracted.

According to the research of the Magic Guild, the Moon Slayers believed that once Elf Bugs completed a contract, they would draw out their vital blood.

Even some Ancient Mages called Little Minor Elves oddities, considering them to be an ill omen. As for Greater Elves, most Moon Slayers had probably never seen one in their lifetime.

While he was contracting the elves.

A group of Ancient Mages had already adapted to the Dragon Might of the Formless Dragon and started to rise from the ground. They raised their hands, intending to release magic and attack Liszt.

“Cassido... Mosiros...”

However, before the Ancient Mages could release their magic, Liszt had already swiftly turned around, the Ice Soul Dragon-Slaying Sword slashing through the air, sending forth a particularly large fiery red sword light. In the blink of an eye, the sword light covered a distance of ten meters, slicing an Ancient Mage who had begun to gather magic power in half.

No blood was spilled; where the sword light passed, only the scent of barbecued meat remained.

Twisting his body, he swung another fiery red sword light, and yet another Ancient Mage was cut in half by Liszt, their charred bodies emitting bursts of barbecued odor.

After seven or eight sword strikes, seven or eight Ancient Mages turned into fourteen or sixteen half-bodied Ancient Mages, lying scattered on the ground.

Dispatching these Ancient Mages was still such an effortless and leisurely task.

Swiftly intimidating all the Ancient Mages, as well as some strong warriors who were desperately resisting the Dragon Might, the fiery red sword light forcefully destroyed their courage, which had already been shattered by the Dragon Might.

Seeing this, Liszt took out a notebook from the Space Ring.

Opening the notebook, inside were handwritten translations of Moon Language to Serpent Script. Each Moon Language term had a specific Serpent Script phonetic symbol, and some common Serpent Script symbols were translated into Moon Language with their pronunciation noted.

He quickly found the content he was looking for, then, matching the Serpent Script phonetics, he read out loud, “Seruan de o da ai!”

This sentence meant—submit or die.

The Moon Slayer Native trembled under the Dragon Might, with no one responding to Liszt’s threat.

The Listener who had been stunned by the Dragon Might twice had now regained consciousness. He pointed at Liszt and shouted loudly, “Cassido... Mosiros...”

Following him, two more Ancient Mages pointed at Liszt, “Cassido... Mosiros...” still secretly gathering Magic Power, intending to cast a Magic attack on Liszt.

But Liszt was always operating the Eye of Magic, with a flick of his wrists, he sent two especially large fiery-red Sword rays, chopping those two Ancient Mages to death—seeing Elves slaughtered by these natives, a great amount of resentment had accumulated in his heart, and he needed to vent by killing.

The only one he didn’t kill was the Listener; instead, he walked over to him and harshly whipped his face with the blade of the Ice Soul Dragon-Slaying Sword, knocking out several teeth and swelling half of the old man’s face like a butt.

Then he reopened his notebook, trying to translate what “Cassido” and “Mosiros” meant.

Unfortunately, after a good while, he couldn’t find the corresponding Moon Language.

Out of frustration,

he shouted again, “Seruo de oh da ai!”

After a moment of silence, finally, one Ancient Mage took the lead and knelt down, shouting loudly, “Seruo de!” which meant submission. With this Ancient Mage taking the lead, the remaining seventy-odd Ancient Mages followed suit, each shouting “Seruo de!”

However, the Listener and the remaining seventeen Ancient Mages still ferociously shouted, “Cassido... Mosiros...”

The consequence was that Liszt swung his sword and chopped three more Ancient Mages to death, then threw a length of rope to the Ancient Mage who led the submission, signaling him to tie up the Listener and the fourteen resisting Ancient Mages. They were bound together, tied with dead knots, with ropes woven from Hemp Rope Vine, unbreakable.

With no resistors left, the entire Moon Slayer Tribe quickly submitted to Liszt under the loud commands of the Ancient Mage.

All the natives knelt down, bowing to him, “Seruo de!”

Liszt looked at the dense crowd of Moon Slayers, a large tribe of about ten to twenty thousand people, with over a hundred Ancient Mages alone.

Amidst the kneeling crowd, he walked up to the very first Ancient Mage who had submitted, pointed at him, and read from his notebook, “Listener!”

Hearing this, the Ancient Mage was overjoyed and crawled to Liszt’s feet, incessantly kissing the tips of his silver-white metal boots.

Liszt then pointed at the dense Moon Slayer Natives below, signaling the new Listener to forbid the capture of Elves. Anyone who dares to kill Elves was to be executed on the spot. Then he signaled the Listener to disperse the Moon Slayers, not to gather around here, and to continue with their work.

He felt nothing for the subjugation of the Moon Slayers; he just wanted to capture these people as serfs.

Thus, the Ancient Mages were killed, the Elves were contracted, and Liszt began to study the broken statues worshipped by the Moon Slayers. Of the six ruined statues, only one remained intact, while the remaining five were shattered to pieces, with one that was initially half intact now crushed by the Formless Dragon.

Regarding the parts of the statues holding weapons, the five broken statues had already lost this part, while the one intact statue still had half of a stone Longsword.

Liszt leaped vigorously, jumping onto the arm of the statue holding the sword, the Ice Soul Dragon-Slaying Sword infused with Dragon Dou Qi, and he viciously chopped at the wrist of the statue.

Immediately, the wrist broke off.

The stone-carved sword fell to the ground, breaking into several pieces, one of which suddenly burst into a brilliant Magic Power feedback Light. Liszt confirmed his hypothesis—the stone Scepter sealing the Time Scepter must be from one part of these statues.

He crushed the stone and extracted a narrow, glittering Longsword from within.

Chapter 847: Eight Dragons God Sword

The sword's body was simple, and the craftsmanship did not seem particularly sophisticated, but the material was very special, resembling some kind of metal alloy that definitely included a mixture of different magical substances.

The hilt was the most distinctive part and also the area with the densest concentration of magic power.

Furthermore, Liszt saw with his Eye of Magic that it radiated eight different types of magic power—water, fire, earth, wind, lightning, light, ice, and darkness—all of which were of Superior Magic caliber.

One of these powers he was very familiar with—Fire Dragon Overmagic.

All these Superior Magics had been engraved into the spiral patterns on the hilt, each pattern representing a color, blue, red, yellow, green, purple, white, light blue, and black.

“So this sword has eight attributes, and they are all Superior Magic attributes?” Liszt tried channeling his own Fire Attribute Dragon Dou Qi and clearly felt that this sword amplified his Dou Qi to an exaggerated extent, far surpassing his current mismatched weapon, the Ice Soul Dragon-Slaying Sword.

...

He executed a Combat Skill in the air, unleashing the Crimson Dawn Burn, which nearly set half the sky ablaze.

This frightened the group of Ancient Mages trembling incessantly. Even their most powerful magic spells were not as mighty as the casual strike from Liszt.

“It feels good, it’s just a pity that it isn’t a Knight’s Sword, not suitable for slashing moves... I guess this is essentially a sword-shaped scepter for enhancing the casting power of a magician... The creativity of Ancient Magicians sure is full, to make this sword, they likely needed to extract Overmagic from eight Elemental Dragons.”

From this, it was clear that Ancient Magicians made extensive use of dragons, at least they had already been able to freely collect various Evil Dragons.

“Although it is a magic sword, it can be used by me, albeit with some difficulty. I do not know what name it was given by its magician creator, but now that it follows me, it should have a more resonant name—I hereby bestow upon you the name ‘Eight Dragons God Sword’!” With a thought from Liszt, the Eight Dragons God Sword was stored inside his Space Ring.

Not a product of a Sacred Dragon, so the Eight Dragons God Sword could not resist being drawn into Gemstone Space.

Having found the Eight Dragons God Sword, he naturally became even more eager to locate the weapons of the remaining five statues—precisely speaking, four statues, as one of the statue’s weapons should be the Time Scepter.

Despite searching several times, he had not located the broken weapon parts of these statues.

He walked back to the Listener, flipped open his notebook but found no suitable translation. He then resorted to using sign language, gesturing about the statues and the Eight Dragons God Sword before miming the part of an arm, inquiring about the whereabouts of other arm pieces from the Listener.

The Listener was not stupid.

He quickly understood Liszt's meaning.

With lively gestures, he responded—Liszt grasped his meaning. After the statues shattered, many parts were taken by other splintered tribes for worship.

This was reasonable. The artifact “left by the ancestors” worshipped by the Horn Tribe likely referred not to the Time Scepter alone but included that part of the stone statue—for the Moon Slayers, these six statues were probably the ancestors they spoke of.

As the statues shattered, coinciding with the Moon Slayer Tribe's continuous fragmentation, some larger tribes took pieces of the stone carvings back to their own settlements for worship.

“So to find these other parts of the statues, it seems I must conduct a comprehensive search of all the Moon Slayer Tribe... Too cumbersome, I'll have the Knight Order carry out this task.”

The distribution of the Moon Slayers was too extensive for Liszt to search one by one. It would be very time-consuming and labor-intensive.

Better to let the Knight Order complete it. After all, everything on Flame Island belonged to him, and no one could hide these Ancient Artifacts from him. They would ultimately end up in his hands.

“So.”

He looked at the man who claimed to be “Sasumit,” briefly known as “Su,” the new “Holy Tribe” Listener. “Su, with these ruins standing tall with six statues of the Moon Slayer ancestors, does that mean the mountain behind is the Holy Mountain?”

“Holy Mountain!”

Su nodded excitedly, speaking in Moon Language while gesturing to convey its meaning, “Our ancestors fought side by side with dragons, and the Holy Mountain is the Eternal Paradise established by our ancestors and dragons. The Moon Slayers guard the entrance to the Holy Mountain, and the entrance to the Eternal Paradise!” As he spoke, he pointed at Hourglass Valley, his eyes shining with boundless devotion.

At that moment, an Ancient Mage suddenly pointed at the Formless Dragon that had appeared behind Li Si Te (Liszt) and cried out loudly, “Biggleswade!”

Li Si Te understood this phrase in Moon Language.

“Biggleswade” meant dragon.

The Moon Slayers had never seen a dragon, but they had heard the legends of their ancestors fighting side by side with dragons. Feeling the formidable Dragon Might of the Formless Dragon Bard, finally, one of the Ancient Mages made the connection with dragons.

The Listener too looked at Bard with excitement. Yet, cautiously, he asked Li Si Te, “Biggleswade?”

“Exactly,” Li Si Te signaled for Bard to bring his head closer, resting it by his hand, somewhat maliciously curious to observe the Ancient Magicians’ reactions, “Biggleswade, my battle companion!”

With affirmation,

The many Ancient Mages, led by the Listener Su, suddenly fell to the ground, crying out loud, “Seki! Biggleswade!” “Seki” meant “holy,” while “Biggleswade” was “dragon.”

They had placed Li Si Te on the same level as their ancestors; their ancestors were their spoken “Seki,” the holy ones, slumbering in the Holy Mountain, with the Holy Tribe guarding it. Li Si Te was now the living holy one, with a living dragon as a companion fighting by his side, making them submit from the depths of their hearts.

Of course,

This narrative was half-truth, half-fabrication, leaning perhaps more towards the Ancient Magicians flattering Li Si Te, while also embellishing their own quick betrayal of loyalty.

Looking at one Ancient Mage after another earnestly performing loyalty and devotion,

Li Si Te’s lips curved in a faint smile, not out of enjoyment for such flattery, but understanding that he had accidentally accomplished the Smoke Mission—finding the Holy Mountain and uncovering a sliver of the Ancient Magicians’ secrets.

“Mission complete, reward: Ruins Entrance.”

The Ruins Entrance was now clear to him, being the air passage behind in Hourglass Valley. There were shattered spaces, one of which was the material boundary leading to this location, the other must be the entrance to what the Moon Slayers called the “Eternal Paradise,” the so-called Ruins Entrance.

However, countless fissures blocked the entrance to the ruins, preventing exploration for the time being.

“Mission: Swift and agile in the action on the Holy Mountain, you rescued many beautiful Elves. The Elves born on Flame Island have finally met their savior, and as the master of Flame Island, all Elves are yours. Please see to the proper rehoming of the Potato Great Elf and this batch of Elves. Reward: Discovery of the New Archipelago.”

“Hmm, the discovery of a New Archipelago, eh... Yevich and the three Adventure Fleets have been exploring towards the mainland, aiming to directly find the Legendary Continent neighboring the Flame Islands. Yet now there might be the possibility that they will discover a new archipelago... Could it be another large archipelago?”

Currently, the Adventure Fleet has not ceased its mission and is still constantly exploring new islands.

So the mission reward would probably fall to the Adventure Fleet.

He brought his thoughts back to the present; with matters here concluded, it was time to choose to leave.

“Guard these ruins of statues well, Su!” Leaving his final command, he mounted the Formless Dragon Bard, and packed the Elves into a box to take with him.

Flipping open his notebook, he found the phrase he wanted to say.

As Bard soared into the sky, the authoritative voice of Li Si Te, empowered by the magic of the Formless Dragon, rang in the ears of all the Ancient Magicians: “Awai ou kong mu egan.”

The meaning of this phrase in Moon Language was,

I will come again!

Chapter 848: Coffee Beans and Cocoa Beans

Liszt hugged the Elf, while the Formless Dragon’s claws were still clutching the bound former Listener and fourteen resistant Ancient Mages.

Thus, he didn’t undergo spatial teleportation but merely roamed continuously at the edge of material boundaries. Whenever he needed to rest along the way, he meticulously observed each of the Elves one by one.

The sixteen Elf Bugs could not be distinguished when they had not spat out Cordyceps, temporarily unable to tell their species.

The Potato Great Elf didn’t need to be distinguished further. Of the eight remaining Minor Elves, he carefully examined the features on their heads and communicated with them

mentally to determine their species. Among them, five Minor Elves still couldn't be identified, but the species of the other three Minor Elves was basically confirmed.

The first was very easy to recognize, with a small Gourd perched atop its head, unmistakably a never-before-seen Gourd Minor Elf.

The second was also easy to identify because of a string of green and reddish small fruits atop its head – these belonged to the coffee trees, an important economic crop found in the forests of Flame Island. Coffee is a beverage greatly enjoyed by the Nobles, but the Duchy of Sapphire did not grow coffee trees, and they had to be imported from the continent.

...

However, the forests of Flame Island were dotted with a large number of coffee trees, and harvesting their fruit – coffee beans – would become a significant industry.

This Coffee Minor Elf was of no small value.

The third Minor Elf took Liszt some effort; a sapling with huge buttress roots was perched on its head.

Buttress roots are prominent features of trees in some rain-drenched, sweltering forests. Many trees extend wing-like structures at the base of their trunks, resembling a series of plank walls, hence the name. Since several kinds of trees had buttress roots, Liszt stared at the Minor Elf's head for quite a while.

Until he figured it out – it was a Quadwood Minor Elf.

Quadwood was a common canopy tree in the forest, part of the topmost layer of vegetation. Its towering canopy often reached the highest points of the forest, serving as a habitat for a multitude of birds and monkeys. However, apart from being used as lumber, the tree itself had no special value, and as lumber, it couldn't compete with Ironwood and Stonewood in terms of quality.

Source: , updated on N0vG0.co

But regardless, for Liszt, the existence of such a magical creature as an Elf in itself represented value, without any need to crave additional benefits.

“Angchi, Angchi!” exclaimed the Potato Great Spirit as it crawled out from its box, curiously examining Liszt – it had been keenly observing him all along the journey.

Reaching the level of a Great Elf, the power of the contract was no longer unilaterally oppressive, and the Great Elf had sufficient independent thought.

However, because Liszt had rescued it and due to a sense of familiarity, the Potato Great Elf had grown quite fond of Liszt. It just found it strange why it took to Liszt, who, upon closer look, didn’t seem much different from those terrifying Moon Slayers, just more attractive.

“I am Liszt Flame.”

“Angchi, Angchi...”

“Come on, repeat after me, Liszt.”

“Li... Szt?”

“That’s right, that’s how you say it, Liszt Flame.”

“Angchi, Angchi, Liszt... Flame...”

“Good, now you know my name. So, what’s your name? Oh, you’ve forgotten, you don’t have a name. I just so happen to have a perfect name for you. Seeing the potato on your head oddly makes me think of a bomb, so let’s call you Kuchi, the brave Bombardier from the ‘League of Legends’.”

A name was just a label, the Potato Great Elf didn’t yet understand the concept of a name, so it accepted its new name – Kuchi – in a daze.

“Angchi, Angchi, Kuchi?”

“Yes, Kuchi.”

“Hahaha, Angchi, Angchi, Kuchi!” The Potato Great Elf chuckled happily.

Liszt looked at it and began strategizing in his mind about how to cultivate potatoes and make them the staple food of the future settlers of the Flame Territory. The birth of a new food always requires a process of acceptance, but he figured the spread of potatoes would be swift. Even if the settlers of Flame Territory didn’t like them, they could be given to the serfs of the Moon Slayers.

As long as the cultivation of potatoes is promoted on a large scale, the issue of food will no longer trouble Flame Island.

...

After returning to Flame Origin.

He handed over the Listener and the Ancient Mages to the Magic Guild for custody, “Subject them to a strict interrogation. These are the Moon Slayer Sacred Mountain’s Holy Tribe Listener and a group of loyal Ancient Mages. I want to figure out everything they know, especially what ‘Cassido’ and ‘Mosiros’ mean.”

“Yes, Your Highness.”

“Also, organize a group of magicians responsible for species identification to come and help me identify the types of elves.”

The interrogation work would take time, but before dinner, Liszt had already learned the meanings of Cassido and Mosiros.

Cassido referred to “barbarians,” while Mosiros meant “the evil force that desecrates magic.” According to the Listener, who had several teeth extracted, barbarians once betrayed their ancestors and had desecrated the great magic with evil forces.

“How does it sound like barbarians are referring to knights?” Liszt felt it was indeed similar, as there were a large number of knights during the era of the Moon Empire.

Knights are probably a class of retainers of magicians, a type of guard.

For instance, the Moon Language of Mount Mulagao Ding means the knights who guard the moonlight, showing that the status of knights in the era of the Moon Empire was merely that of guards.

Perhaps to mages who worship Truth, knights who rely on physical strength could indeed be seen as barbarians.

And the barbaric knights did overthrow the Moon Empire, establishing the knight system that rules the world today, so labeling them as desecrating magic is not entirely unfounded.

However, it is also hard to say, as there were definitely not only magicians and knights in the ancient times, but also many Ancient Warriors and Ancient Magicians. Like Cloaked Bear-wearers, Vampires, Wizards, and bronze-muscle warriors, who knows whether the knights or other Ancient Warriors were the Cassido referred to in the Moon Language.

Perhaps Cassido was a generic term used by Ancient Mages for various warrior professions who rely on muscles, all of them barbarians; Mosiros could be a generic term for various caster professions, non-traditional magicians who might all be evil forces that desecrate magic.

All in all, Cassido and Mosiros can be roughly understood as “heretics.”

Having figured out the meanings, Liszt lost interest. He quickly joined the magicians in identifying the species of the elves.

The five Minor Elves’ species were respectively cocoa tree, Tortoise Shell Bamboo, trichosanthes, Scorpion-tailed Banana, and leafy flower. Among them, the fruit of the cocoa tree being cocoa beans, the main ingredient for making chocolate, made the Coco Minor Elf clearly an economically valuable Minor Elf of the economic crop type, much like the Coffee Minor Elf.

The other four Minor Elves had little value.

The sixteen Elf-worms were also each identified corresponding to the actual Cordyceps, which could be found in the forest.

Only two of the Elf-worms had economic value, one being the Breadfruit Elf-worm, which corresponded to the breadfruit tree whose fruit tasted like bread and could be eaten as food. The other was Amonth's Fool Elf-worm, where Amonth's Fool is a type of nut used in Magic Potions.

"Viscount Fox, halt the capture of the Moon Slayer serfs for now, I have a task for you. I want these elves and their corresponding plants found in the forest and transplanted here; each type of plant should form a garden sufficient for the growth of Cordyceps," Liszt instructed.

Cordyceps cannot survive alone without a host plant, or they tend to wither and die.

Although most of the elves are deemed to have no economic value, this is only temporary. Should a variant of a Magic Potion variety be birthed from the corresponding plant one day, the value of the elves would immediately skyrocket.

"As you wish, Your Highness," Fox accepted the order.

"Furthermore, the Potato Great Spirit Kuchi's species is the potato, which can be used as a staple food. You must quickly establish a potato garden... The season is already autumn, but if we hurry, we can still plant a crop of potatoes before winter." With the influence of Cordyceps, even winter cannot kill the plants in the garden.

They will simply cease to grow.

Planting potatoes now, under the influence of the potato Cordyceps, they should barely ripen by the time winter comes, and then we'll know if these potatoes are truly high-yield and high-quality.

Chapter 849: Where to Go Next

The Elf arranged everything, just waiting for the plantation to be established to complete the task.

After returning from the Moon Slayer Native Holy Tribe, Liszt had basically relaxed his guard. When he rode the Formless Dragon around to patrol, he no longer deliberately hid his presence.

So far, Flame Island had not yet built a dock.

All the knights, craftsmen, serfs, and magicians who came could not leave due to their lack of capability. After all, the Great Whirlpool Magic Teleportation Matrix was a one-way teleportation array, and the fleet of Durt Red Apricot previously ran aground at the mouth of Whirlpool River, unable to return without resupply.

Thus, this large island hardly had any means of communication with the outside world, except for a strictly audited Magic Platform.

Not even trade with the nearby Tulip Archipelago was possible.

...

The Tulip Family had just secured a foothold on the island, and not even a small town had been established, so trade with Flame Island would have to wait a long time.

Therefore,

Even if the news of Liszt riding a dragon was exposed, it would only circulate within Flame Island.

“Kenley, President, this is the record of our interrogation of the Holy Tribe Listener. There are some doubts that need to be pointed out,” a magician walked into Kenley’s office to report.

Kenley, who was revising a new translation of the Moon Language, didn’t look up and said, “What doubts?”

“The Listener mentioned a dragon, saying they were sent here by a dragon, one that looks like crystal and can suddenly disappear,” the magician tried to describe more accurately. “It seems to be the dragon ridden by His Highness, but it doesn’t seem to be the same as Fire Dragon Leo. I don’t know if this Listener is lying.”

After listening, Kenley put down her goose quill, her expression suddenly serious, “Put Mansano aside; keep this record here with me. As for the dragon mentioned by the Listener, I will personally verify it with His Highness. You don’t need to worry about it. Also, do not discuss it privately.”

“Yes, President Kenley.”

Once the magician Mansano left, Kenley picked up the interrogation record, her gaze deepening, “His Highness sure has many secrets. This new dragon must be the Formless Dragon that Instructor Acherloides once mentioned idly,” Instructor was the title magicians used to address Acherloides.

Since Acherloides was both an Archmage and an Arcane Instructor, he held a revered status.

“Formless Dragon...” Kenley narrowed her eyes in thought. She had researched this and knew that the Formless Dragon was a legendary dragon from the Holy Dragon Order.

Capable of producing Space Rings.

Kenley had seen the rings on the hands of Liszt and Acherloides and guessed those were Space Rings; indeed, she had seen both men suddenly retrieving items. Therefore, she was convinced of the existence of the Formless Dragon and speculated that Acherloides’ Magic Door Project was rapidly progressing due to the mysterious powers of the Formless Dragon.

“Fire Dragon, Formless Dragon, this Dragon Knight hailing from a small island country might truly be the Son of Glory those knights hailed... The age of magicians has long since passed, the Magic Web has withered, Dragon Knights are the real rulers now... But what does that have to do with me? I just need to study magic!”

She chuckled slightly.

Kenley flipped open the interrogation record and began summarizing its content. Having traveled from the distant Steel Ridge Kingdom to Flame Island, what she sought was always magic, the Truth itself.

Secular power struggles and wars had nothing to do with her. Since becoming a magician, she no longer carried the surname “Magic Elephant” but took on the surname “Truth.”

...

Not only Kenley had guessed the existence of the Formless Dragon. Many knights had also speculated about it.

During the capture of the Moon Slayer Natives en route, the Knight Order took a short rest. Two knights went away to relieve themselves—every knight who landed on Flame Island had developed good sanitation habits and no longer relieved themselves indiscriminately.

“I have seen His Highness riding different dragons!”

“I had known for some time. I remember when we first crossed the Great Whirlpool Magic Teleportation Array, while we were transporting goods on the large ship, I heard that dragon’s roar... I heard it very clearly. It was a ‘woo-ee-yah,’ shrill, piercing, and yet awe-inspiring.”

“I also remembered the immense Dragon Might!”

“But what dragon was it?”

“I don’t know.”

“In any case, His Highness is the Son of Glory who is eternally favored by the Knight’s Honor, this is beyond doubt. As long as we closely follow His Highness’ lead, we will eventually become nobles of glory!”

Unbeknownst to them, not far away, the leader of the Knight Order, Cross Thorn, was also relieving himself. Moments later, Cross returned to the Knight Order and started a conversation with another leader, Durt Red Apricot, “I just heard some knights discussing His Highness’ dragons.”

“Are they discussing how many dragons His Highness has?” Durt replied in the still somewhat awkward Serpent Script. Even in private, these knights from the Eagle Kingdom, accustomed to speaking Wind Language, had started speaking Serpent Script at Liszt’s insistence.

“That’s right.”

“A knight’s curiosity about dragons never wanes, but it’s not just them; we are just as curious.”

“Yes, who would have thought that His Highness not only has one dragon but owns two dragons, and with Lord Acherloides added, the future power of the Flame Country will be extraordinarily formidable.”

“That’s why there is a saying in my hometown—don’t mourn a lost dog, it might come back with another. We were captured in the high seas, who could know that we were not abandoned by the Knight’s Honor, but rather deeply cared for by it.”

As Durt spoke, he glanced at Cross: “Especially you, having traversed the Great Whirlpool Magic Teleportation Array once and being gloriously promoted from Viscount to Earl. If your former colleagues knew, they would be green with envy.”

Cross smiled proudly: “His Highness is generous, following him is my honor!”

...

While some secretly rejoiced at Liszt having multiple dragons, others frowned deeply.

Blue Dragon Island, Azure Sky Peak Palace.

The temples of the Sapphire Duke were already graying, aging faster than one could imagine. He was now looking sternly at Crown Prince Anthony: “Is what Angela said true?”

“It shouldn’t be false. Meioubao, after getting drunk, personally admitted that Liszt owns three dragons, among them are confirmed the Fire Dragon and the Light Green Gemstone Dragon lost by the Eagle Kingdom. As for the third dragon, Meioubao is not sure, and we couldn’t get anything out of Marquis Mesiro.”

“The Mesiro may be untalented and not outstanding in character, but he has inherited the astuteness of the Long Taro Family; Angela is not skilled enough to get information out of him.” The Duke tapped the table. “Angela did a great service by sending this information to our family. When her birthday comes, send a Greater Elf over.”

“Father, is it necessary to send a Greater Elf?” Anthony was somewhat reluctant; even for a family that reared dragons, Greater Elves were not in abundance.

The Duke sighed. “Do you think the Greater Elf is only a reward? It signifies the goodwill of the Sapphire Family... I have studied Liszt for a long time, despite his youth, he should not be viewed as a young man. He is purposeful in his actions, each move targeted.”

If Liszt knew his haphazard intents were praised so highly by the Duke, he would probably blush with embarrassment.

His actions were never that calculated.

Of course, releasing the news about the three dragons was intentional... the Duke’s words were not an exaggeration.

“I suspect that the news about the Light Green Gemstone Dragon and the three dragons was deliberately released by Liszt using the Long Taro Family, and Meioubao’s drunken words were likely orchestrated by Mesiro.” Pausing for a moment, the Duke leaned back into his chair, his face lined with deep wrinkles, “Anthony, what do you think the Sapphire Family should do next?”

Chapter 850: Cousin Rolie

The future of the Sapphire Family rested solely in the minds of the Sapphire Duke and his heir, Anthony.

Deep in thought, Liszt was over 7,000 kilometers away, busy to the point where he could hardly spare any attention to the situation beyond the Flame Islands.

Of course, streams of intelligence were still continuously flowing towards him—the Rats from Xavier’s Bull Dung Organization and the Blood Servants managed by Mary Dawnbreak were his hidden eyes in the shadows.

The Rats mainly focused on gathering intelligence within the Duchy of Sapphire, mostly ensuring that the territory was not infiltrated by foreign forces; whereas the Blood Servants were stationed in the Eagle Kingdom and Steel Ridge Kingdom, mainly lying in wait, ready to send early warnings when significant developments emerged.

Nevertheless, the current situation in Sapphire was stable. The Eagle Kingdom was busy consolidating, while the Steel Ridge Kingdom and the Blast Furnace Fortress Kingdom were fiercely embroiled in conflict.

No one had the time to pay attention to the Flame Islands.

...

“Has the Pinecone Family’s fleet already arrived at the Whirlpool River Mouth? Perhaps I should go myself and simultaneously oversee the Pinecone Family’s development projects.” Having received a message delivered by a knight, Liszt made some arrangements, “Send Viscount Fernal with one Knight Order and five thousand serfs to Whirlpool River Mouth.”

From Flame Town to the Whirlpool River Mouth, the Knight Order could board the newly launched single-masted sailing ship from the docks.

The ship would sail downstream—though not particularly fast, it would save considerable effort. Estimating the time, Viscount Fernal should have already led the Knight Order to the Whirlpool River Mouth by the time Liszt mounted the Formless Dragon Bard, embarking on his journey to meet the Pinecone Family who followed him.

Boom!

Arriving above the campsite, Liszt directly leaped down from the Formless Dragon's back, his figure slowly materializing upon landing. This had become his signature dramatic entrance.

He always enjoyed creating such a low-key lavish atmosphere.

"Your Highness!" The knights at the encampment, upon seeing Liszt emerge from the dust, saluted one after another. They were no longer surprised by such spectacles.

Liszt dusted the dirt off his cloak as Fernal and Roland Pinecone came forward to greet him.

"Your Highness!"

"Liszt!"

"Uncle, has your voyage been smooth?" Liszt gestured for them not to overdo the formalities and kindly inquired of Viscount Roland—he was already a follower of Liszt's, and as his lord by protocol, Liszt had become Roland's Landlord.

"Thanks to the pilots you sent and those Calming Wind and Water Calming Pearls, we encountered four storms on the journey, all of which we safely navigated without significant loss," replied Viscount Roland, still shaken.

Ever since deciding to dispatch an Adventure Fleet to search for new islands, Liszt had entrusted the Magic Guild to bulk-produce the Calming Wind Pearls and the Water Calming Pearls to shelter the Naval Fleet's safety. The sea is merciless, and even the largest Court Fast Sailing Ship couldn't contend with the waves.

But the Calming Wind Pearls and Water Calming Pearls could smooth the threats brought by the waves. In a world powered by magic, there were always magical solutions to address problems.

"It's good that you arrived safely," Liszt consoled.

It was then that he noticed a young, slightly overweight knight standing behind Viscount Roland—Liszt’s cousin, Rolie Pinecone. His other cousin, Russell, had remained on the family estate to handle some transition matters and had not come along.

The women of the Pinecone Family had also not accompanied them.

“Liszt...” Rolie started to greet him but hesitated, somewhat intimidated.

Back when Liszt held the title of Baron of Fresh Flower Town, he and Rolie could laugh and talk freely, and Rolie would even boast about the topaz pendant his grandfather had given him.

By the time Liszt had become a Dragon Knight, he began to feel a sense of estrangement towards his cousin and slowly developed a sense of awe. Especially since he often heard his father and mother instructing him how to face a Dragon Knight.

The distinction in status that stemmed from the hierarchical system of knighthood deepened Rolie’s sense of inferiority and fear. The cousin he once mocked, who had only received a tattered notebook from his grandfather as a gift, had grown into one of the world’s pinnacles of power, strength, and influence.

No longer was he the “little cousin disfavored by the family” in his memory.

“Cousin Rolie,” Liszt walked over, smiling as he patted Rolie’s shoulder, “Not bad, you’ve become an Earth Knight.”

Although he wasn’t particularly close to Aunt Melinda’s branch of the family and had very little social contact with them, he still expressed sufficient warmth, given that they had pledged their allegiance to him.

Rolie replied with an awkward smile, “I haven’t even reached the level of an elite; I still have a long way to go.”

“Keep honing yourself, and becoming an Elite Earth Knight won’t be an issue,” seeing that Rolie was truly nervous, Liszt didn’t force the conversation with his cousin any further but

turned back to continue speaking with Viscount Roland, “The Pinecone Family’s plans have already been mapped out by me. Uncle will start developing here at the Whirlpool River Mouth, and in the future, he will handle the trade with Tulip Island.”

“I’ll be in charge of the trade with Tulip Island?”

“Yes, the main point is to share resources between the two islands. The Tulip Family will fully develop Tulip Island, but they will definitely have a shortage of labor, so I will support them with some serfs.”

“But don’t you also have a shortage of serfs?”

“Haha, I used to, but now I have too many serfs... there’s a large number of native tribes on Flame Island, all of which are an excellent source of high-quality serfs. Since the quantity is so vast, my current followers of knights might not be enough to absorb all these serfs.”

“That’s really exciting news,” Viscount Roland hesitated briefly before speaking, “Can the Pinecone Family also purchase a batch of serfs?”

“There’s no need to buy, you can catch them yourselves. However, take care to capture serfs with the least cost, avoid causing unnecessary slaughter... Flame Island is too big. To fully develop it, we need a large number of serfs. Even if we capture all the members of the native tribes, it still won’t be enough.”

At this stage, there are too many natives to assimilate, but as the Knight Class develops and grows, the number of natives will seem scarce.

So, killing a native is a loss of resources.

Fernal added from the side, “With His Highness’s permission, our Knight Order has already seldom resorted to capturing as a method to obtain serfs. Mainly, we entice ancient mages to recruit serfs. When most of the tribesmen are drawn to serfdom, even those ancient mages can’t prevent being assimilated and will willingly work for us.”

Centuries of forest living severely dulled the intelligence of these ancient mages, who couldn’t clearly discern the blatant erosive tactics of the foreign knights.

Selling themselves and still helping the knights count their money.

Although these ancient mages aren't skilled in casting spells, their magic is still quite effective. After being systematically managed and continually indoctrinated, they can approximately serve as pioneers in developing the forests – they are far superior to Africa's corn – at least the Moon Slayers are not lazy and work diligently.

Their ancestral bloodline originated from the Moon Empire, not from gorillas.

...

For now, the Pinecone Family has settled at the Whirlpool River Mouth.

The family, being an old-established Viscounty and related to the Long Taro Family, had accumulated considerable wealth. Willing followers included over three hundred knights, as well as more than eight hundred Apprentice Knights, and the first batch of a thousand serfs who had migrated.

For the development of Flame Island, this was a substantial boost.

Combining Fernal's Knight Order with the Moon Slayer serfs, they fully embarked on building the future "Estuary City" as well as Flame Island's first harbor – Estuary Harbor.