

# **Lord of Winter: Beginning with Daily Intelligence**

## **#Chapter 1: Daily Intelligence System - Read Lord of Winter: Beginning with Daily Intelligence Chapter 1: Daily Intelligence System**

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The bone-chilling wind rustled, carrying snow as it beat against the dead trunks by the roadside.

Louis sat in a shaky carriage, the wheels grinding against the icy hard soil with a dull creak.

He looked down at the Northern Territory Pioneer Certificate with the royal seal in his hand, revealing a bitter smile.

Three months ago, he was hit by a dump truck and transmigrated directly into the body of Louis Calvin, the son of Duke Calvin, in the otherworld.

However, before he could enjoy a single good day as a Celestial Dragon Person, he was appointed as the Baron of Expansion, tasked with developing his territory in the Northern Territory.

This was certainly not a good thing.

The Northern Territory remains frozen year-round, barren and desolate, with the threat of Glacial Giants looming from the north—simply not a place for humans.

Though the Empire nominally controls the Northern Territory, many areas are still under the control of the Snow Country remnants.

In fact, just two years ago, a large-scale rebellion almost totally detached the Northern Territory from the Empire, which was suppressed at a great cost.

Thus, the Empire realized that solely relying on the Northern Lords wasn't sustainable for long-term stability.

The emperor then ordered the major noble families to send their offspring to serve as Pioneer Lords in the Northern Territory, using land to trade for their power to stabilize the borders.

At the same time, it also weakened some of the nobles' powers, killing two birds with one stone.

Of course, the major nobles weren't fools and could see through the emperor's plan, mostly sending some marginal family members to cope with the emperor's command.

Louis was one of them.

Being the least promising of Duke Calvin's twelve sons, he naturally became the first choice for this assignment.

Upon receiving the Pioneer Certificate, his family gave him 800 gold coins, a few carts of grain, three Elite Knights, ten Official Knights, and thirty Apprentice Knights, and urged him to quickly hit the road.

Judging by this setup, Duke Calvin clearly hadn't planned for his useless son to establish himself in the Northern Territory.

As long as he didn't die on the way, it was enough. Dying in the Northern Territory would count as completing the task, emphasizing participation over success.

No one believed Louis could survive in the Northern Territory, not even himself.

A recent graduate, thrown into this icy, perilous place—how could he live?

Louis pulled at his cloak, but it still couldn't ward off the penetrating chill.

He couldn't help but mutter a curse: "Damn, didn't they say every transmigrator gets a golden finger? Why do I have nothing!"

As soon as the words left his mouth, a mechanical female voice echoed in his mind.

"Daily Intelligence System loading..."

Louis paused, and before he could react, information about the Intelligence System began pouring into his mind.

Daily Intelligence System.

It randomly sends a few pieces of intelligence related to him every day, covering resource locations, personal secrets, even future events...

This golden finger is undoubtedly the ideal tool for a Pioneer Lord.

The Northern Territory, as a place full of uncertainties, has various dangers but also many opportunities.

In such an environment, the important intelligence pushed by the Daily System enables him to avoid danger and acquire resources.

It undoubtedly paved a wide avenue for him to become a powerful lord.

What's more, even in the worst-case scenario, with daily intelligence reminders, he could escape in advance.

Understanding all this, Louis could no longer suppress the joy in his heart and chuckled softly.

The dark path of the lord's journey finally showed a glimmer of hope!

"Daily Intelligence System loaded!"

As the prompt sounded, a semi-transparent screen appeared before Louis, with several lines of text quickly scrolling across it.

[Daily Intelligence Update Complete]

[1: At noon today, the Third Prince of the Ironblood Empire was framed while inspecting the stables and drowned in the manure pit.]

[2: Duke Calvin's tenth daughter was born with the "Burst" talent in her bloodline.]

[3: At dawn, the Northern Crystal Cod will appear three kilometers west of the Glacial Rift.]

[4: Knight Roy mixed Frost Scorpion venom into your dinner stew.]

...

Filled with excitement, Louis read the intelligence from top to bottom.

The first two pieces of information didn't help his current situation much, providing at best some psychological comfort amidst his hardships.

Such as ridiculing the Third Prince's unfortunate accident in court intrigue.

And once again marveling at his father's abundant energy and incredible fertility.

But when his eyes moved to the third piece of intelligence, his gaze instantly froze.

"At dawn, the Northern Crystal Cod will appear three kilometers west of the Glacial Rift."

Northern Crystal Cod! This is something rarely encountered and greatly sought after.

Before departing for the Northern Territory, Louis, not wanting to await his doom, crammed a lot of Northern Territory knowledge, which happened to mention this fish.

They live in extremely cold waters, and their flesh is not only delicious.

Most importantly, their bones contain a special substance that can purify the impurities in a knight's bloodline, enhancing their power.

This stuff is priceless on the market!

It's not just about being tasty; it's an opportunity to exchange for money, connections, and even boost combat strength!

This system came at the perfect time; he was originally worried about how to establish himself in the Northern Territory, and now, opportunity has just knocked on his door.

Calming down, Louis continued reading downward, and then, his smile suddenly froze.

"Knight Roy mixed Frost Scorpion venom into your dinner stew."

Louis's Adam's apple bobbed as his gaze instinctively scanned the busy knights not far away.

They were setting up camp around the bonfire, some pitching tents, others unloading gear from the horses.

A few knights in charge of cooking were preparing ingredients, pouring chopped meat and vegetables into a large pot, with steam rising slowly into the cold night air.

A knight with a simple-looking face was crouching by the pot, stirring the stew.

It was Roy.

A chill ran down Louis's spine.

A supposedly loyal Official Knight assigned by his family is covertly plotting to kill him?!

He thought these Official Knights, although they looked down on him, would at least follow the orders of himself as a lord. Yet some couldn't wait to send him off to the afterlife!

Being dispatched to a godforsaken place was already miserable enough; who'd have thought someone couldn't wait till he reached there before making a move.

Damn, it's truly hard to guard against.

Fortunately, with the Daily Intelligence System, otherwise, he might have ended up in a grave.

Outside the carriage, a knight's voice mixed with the howling wind called out: "Lord, dinner is ready."

Louis straightened his clothes, then slowly lifted the curtain and stepped off the carriage.

The firelight illuminated the camp, with steaming stew bubbling in the iron pot.

The rich aroma mingled with the cold wind, making one's mouth water uncontrollably.

The knights sat around the bonfire but didn't start eating.

Traditionally, he, as the lord, had to eat first before the others could start.

Louis's gaze swept over the crowd, finally landing back on the iron pot, a smirk tugging at his lips.