

# Lord of Winter: Beginning with Daily Intelligence

## Chapter 11: Chapter 11: The Great Master!

The slaves whose names were called hesitated as they stepped forward, their hearts filled with unease.

Louis waited until they were settled before slowly beginning to speak:

"In the days past, you have made great efforts for the construction of the Red Tide Territory. So today I will give you the reward you deserve."

Without unnecessary words, Louis directly reached out to take the slave contracts from Hillco's hand and threw them into the bonfire.

The flames devoured the words that represented the slaves' identities.

"From today onwards, you are no longer slaves, but free men!"

Everyone was stunned, their breaths caught for a moment.

"Freedom...?!"

The slaves looked at each other in disbelief, their eyes full of shock, as if they couldn't believe what they were seeing and hearing.

The next second, the crowd erupted completely!

"Free men?! We're free men now?!"

"Great Lord!"

"Oh my god... free men... I... I'm a free man now?!"

A middle-aged slave, his face weathered and worn, suddenly threw himself to the ground, his forehead continuously hitting the hard permafrost, even when it bled, he did not stop.

His voice was hoarse and broken due to excessive excitement: "Great Lord! Benefactor!"

"Great Lord! You are the Savior sent by God!" A young female slave covered her face, crying, her shoulders shaking uncontrollably.

Another elderly slave trembled as he raised his hands, mumbling softly.

It looked like he was praying to the Dragon Ancestor, and also like he was offering his most pious gratitude to Louis.

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And the other slaves around them widened their eyes, watching those kneeling on the ground in shock.

They felt extremely regretful, thinking why they hadn't worked a bit harder, maybe they could have become free men at this moment.

When the scene quieted down a bit, Louis dropped another bombshell:

"From today onwards, every month, more than ten slaves who contribute to the Red Tide Territory will become free men.

As long as you are willing to work hard and contribute to the Red Tide Territory, each of you has the opportunity to become free men and even own your own land!"

The entire group of slaves looked at Louis, collectively incredulous.

If the liberation of that first group gave them a glimpse of hope.

Then now Louis gave them a real future!

As slaves, they were merely Louis' property, with their lives and deaths decided at will.

And their children and grandchildren were still slaves, unable to break free for generations!

But now Louis told them that as long as they worked hard, they had the chance to escape their slave status and become truly free people!

This meant stepping from hell into the human world for them.

A few clever slaves knelt on the ground, shouting: "Great Master!"

Soon more followed, the voices rising and falling, sweeping across the entire square like a tide.

Their voices were hoarse and trembling, filled with uncontrollable fervor.

"Great Master!"

"Great Master!!"

Their voices grew louder and more synchronized, finally converging into a deafening chorus.

It was like a cry bursting forth from the depths of their souls, echoing under the night sky, lingering for a long time.

"Great Master!!!"

The knights standing nearby watched the scene, exchanging glances.

Though they had witnessed many miracles from the Lord before, this scene still left them utterly astonished.

A few words from a single man had turned a group of numb walking corpses into fervent followers?

Some young knights were even a bit at a loss.

Why did these lowly slaves now gaze upon Louis as if they were worshipping a deity?

Standing atop the high rock, Louis was full of emotion.

Merely a promise had such power.

As an heir, he naturally didn't agree with the institution of slavery.

The slave system had to be abolished, but it had to be done gradually.

He feared that absolute freedom granted too quickly would cause chaos.

By utilizing a reward system for gradual emancipation, the slaves could stay motivated, allowing the Red Tide Territory to develop swiftly.

In the Red Tide Territory, the difference between slaves and free men wasn't that significant.

At that time, free men's harvests still had to be handed over to Louis for unified distribution.

However, by dividing the two classes and providing prospects for advancement, their enthusiasm could be easily harnessed.

"Of course, you're not left out," Louis shifted his gaze to the soldiers and knights standing in the outer circle.

He raised his hand, and his attendants nimbly opened several heavy wooden chests.

The light from the bonfire illuminated the sturdy armor and warm boots neatly arranged inside the chests.

At that moment, all the soldiers' eyes were inevitably drawn to the supplies inside the chests.

"Every soldier gets a set of beast hide armor and a pair of Northern Leather Boots.

Members of the Knight Order will additionally be rewarded with one complete wolf pelt, which can serve as an armor lining."

As soon as the words fell, the soldiers immediately rushed towards the chests!

This is the Northern Territory, where cold and poverty make resources exceptionally scarce.

Many soldiers still wore worn-out boots, with their feet freezing numb while patrolling the ice and snow.

A pair of new boots and fresh leather armor were things they had long dreamed of.

The attendants distributed the thick leather armors to the soldiers one by one.

"Heavens! It's real leather armor!"

"These boots... these are the finest leather boots in the Northern Territory!"

"Lord, are you serious?"

They excitedly received the equipment, eyes full of excitement, hearts full of gratitude.

Standing on the high stone, Louis looked at the soldiers below, overwhelmed with excitement, a slight smile on his lips.

These armors and boots were pre-purchased in Frost Halberd City, originally meant to outfit the soldiers.

In the Northern Territory, resources are scarce.

Even the smallest favor can make people utterly loyal.

Moreover, these rewards were things they desperately needed, as revealed by Louis' Intelligence System.

It was like striking at their most vulnerable point; how could they not be filled with gratitude?

After distributing the items, the banquet continued, with several golden roasted prey being brought up.

The hot juices dripped onto the flames, making a soft "sizzle" sound.

The rich aroma of meat permeated the air, tantalizing everyone's taste buds.

Everyone received a piece; even the lowest-ranked slaves were fairly allotted a portion.

When the first bite of the delicious roast entered their mouths, the long-lost warmth and satisfaction brought many to tears.

"It's so delicious..."

"I haven't tasted real meat in years..."

Laughter and happiness echoed across the clearing as people danced around the bonfire.

A refugee from the Northern Territory played a bone whistle excitedly, while several indigenous women held hands, spinning and leaping.

The soldiers, not to be outdone, joined in humming and even started competing in dance steps around the bonfire, laughing.

Children ran in groups across the clearing, their faces lit with pure joy.

While Louis quietly overlooked the scene from the highest rock.

As a Lord, the people had already pinned their hopes on him.

He must lead them to not only survive on this cold land but also to prosper.