

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

## **#Chapter 12: Hillco's Miserable Life - Read Lord of Winter: Beginning with Daily Intelligence Chapter 12: Hillco's Miserable Life**

### **Chapter 12: Chapter 12: Hillco's Miserable Life**

Hillco has been so busy lately that he barely has time to catch his breath.

All because Louis casually said, "Go register the basic information of the Red Tide Territory residents and see what each of them is good at."

So he was thrown into this pile of messy handwritten files, staring wide-eyed at a group of confused farmers and blacksmiths.

Some people stammered, completely unsure of how to answer.

"I used to farm."

"Do you still want to continue farming?"

"...I don't know."

"..."

Others answered casually, "I'm good at staying alive."

Hillco almost slapped the record book on that person's face at that moment.

"Damn it, how did I, a future Alchemist, end up as a steward for a Border Lord?"

Hillco cursed under his breath while feverishly writing, copying name after name into the book.

He could only blame his own itchy hands for stealing some Alchemy Secret Recipe!

He was originally an Alchemy Apprentice who would steal his mentor's Magic Crystals to exchange for money, living an upper-class life in the Jade Federation.

Until one day, he met a mysterious person in the black market who offered a hefty sum to specifically ask him to steal one of his mentor's Alchemy Secret Techniques, a price that was tempting.

Hillco didn't hesitate for long, after all, the payment was enough for him to break free from his apprenticeship and open his own Alchemy Workshop.

However, the plan was far less smooth than he had imagined.

The Secret Recipe was too profound for him to memorize, so he simply took the entire thing.

Anyway, his mentor was forgetful, and missing one recipe wouldn't be noticed.

But he underestimated the importance of this Secret Recipe.

His mentor quickly discovered the loss, and the Golden Marrow Guild issued a warrant, vowing to bring the thief to justice.

The black market buyer was quickly caught and confessed about him.

Hillco knew that once captured, he would not only face harsh punishment but might even be sent to a lab to become a guinea pig for bizarre alchemy experiments.

So to save his life, he cleverly disguised himself as a slave, mingling among those transported by slave merchants, hoping to escape the Jade Federation and find a chance to get away later.

But these slave merchants were more cunning than he expected!

Whenever he tried anything sneaky, he was met with a long whip, leaving him no room to resist.

After tens of lashes, he became obedient.

Thus he indeed became an ordinary slave, and he didn't dare reveal his identity as an Alchemy Apprentice.

If the slave merchants knew, they would happily resell him to the Golden Marrow Guild, and Hillco would be sent straight to a lab table.

So, after going around in circles, he was taken to the black market of Frost Halberd City.

He thought he would be sold to a mine to dig for the rest of his life.

Who knew a young Pioneer Lord named Louis would buy him and take him to this godforsaken territory.

Initially, Hillco thought he might have escaped Purgatory only to fall into another pit, to be enslaved until death.

However, Louis didn't treat slaves like livestock as other nobility did.

Instead, upon learning that he could write and manage accounts, he revoked his slave status and made him an assistant similar to a steward.

During his time observing and interacting with Louis, he discovered something—Louis was a good person.

He would share his food with those starving slaves and even personally tore up the slave contracts, granting them freedom.

A noble who actually treated slaves as humans?

In Hillco's eyes, this didn't seem like a competent lord, but more like a religious follower.

"Tsk, guess I'm lucky this once..."

Though Hillco said that, he constantly plotted his escape.

After all, how could a future Great Alchemist spend his life in this godforsaken place?

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"Master, this is the citizen survey you asked me to do." Hillco placed a thick book on Louis's desk.

His face showed deep fatigue, his steps were somewhat unsteady.

"Mm, thank you for your hard work." Louis took the book and casually flipped through it.

The handwriting wasn't exactly neat, but it was clear in arrangement and categorized meticulously.

Even the elderly who could barely lift a hoe, the women who could weave, and even the children who were good at hunting were noted, showing obvious effort in tidying up.

A talent, indeed.

Louis looked up at the young man in front of him.

Hillco stood sloppily, with deep dark circles under his eyes.

He, too, knew that Hillco wasn't an ordinary person at all.

After all, his Daily Intelligence System is not just for show.

He knew from the moment he bought Hillco that the kid was an Alchemy Apprentice from the Jade Federation's Golden Marrow Guild, and also a criminal.

However, he didn't expose him.

On the one hand, Hillco seemed harmless.

Louis wasn't in a hurry to reveal him, wanting to see when he would willingly speak up.

On the other hand, given the current situation of Red Tide Territory, an assistant who could read and had administrative skills was more useful than an Alchemy Apprentice.

The territory was still in its developmental stage, forget alchemy, even basic infrastructure wasn't fully established yet.

The priority now was to make this land function normally, not to conduct alchemy experiments.

If he directly exposed him, what if this guy decided to slack and stopped doing chores?

Louis glanced at the pile of documents and ledgers stacked behind him like a mountain.

If he lost Hillco, this new lord might have to personally chew through this pile of junk himself.

With this thought, Louis decided to continue playing dumb.

After all, in this remote area, the other party wouldn't be able to run away.

Putting Hillco's matters aside, Louis opened the survey book in his hand and quickly scanned the basic situation of the residents.

Seeing the results, he couldn't help but smile slightly.

Although Red Tide Territory seemed like a barren wilderness, in reality, its talent pool was richer than Louis imagined.

With over a thousand people, the majority engaged in agriculture and animal husbandry, and over a hundred experienced fishermen.

There were dozens of hunters, blacksmiths, carpenters, and tanners, enough to build a basic self-sufficient territory.

This was exactly the information Louis needed.

He had Hillco conduct a population survey, not just for mere record-keeping, but to understand the fabric of this territory.

A territory is like a precision machine, where every gear needs to be placed in the right position to operate efficiently.

If you arbitrarily let a farmer forge iron, or a fisherman dig canals, or a hunter herd sheep, while it might operate, it would certainly be slow.

If a lord doesn't understand his people, he can't control the future of this land.

The next step was to reasonably allocate these people to get the Red Tide Territory on the right track as soon as possible.

### **Chapter 13: Chapter 13: Planning**

Louis pressed his head, and the territory's information kept operating in his mind.

He started to make future industry plans for the Red Tide Territory based on the existing information.

After all, relying on the Intelligence System and similar luck to support nearly a thousand people is unrealistic; the Red Tide Territory must have some stable industries.

When the information was organized in his head, he raised his head and looked at Hillco: "I'll speak, you take notes."

Hillco forced himself to stay focused, nodding subconsciously.

"Send these hundred fishermen immediately to the riverbank," Louis pointed at the winding river on the map with a pen, "build temporary docks first, and prepare fishing boats in advance to prepare for fishery restoration.

Though there are not many fish now, once the water temperature rises, large schools of fish will swim upstream to spawn. By then, the catch will become one of the most important food sources for the Red Tide Territory.

In the future, consider setting up aquaculture areas along the river.

If we can successfully cultivate fish that adapt to cold waters, we can develop our own aquaculture industry instead of just relying on wild fishing."

"Got it." Hillco noted down the key points the Lord said, one by one.

"Apart from the fishery, agriculture and animal husbandry cannot be neglected.

At present, we have over four hundred farmers, focusing on land reclamation." Louis drew a line on the cold zone of the geothermal map with his finger, "Hot spring water can be used to melt the frost, so prepare the irrigation system in advance.

Although the soil here isn't very fertile, making good use of the geothermal zones won't make it much worse. The first batch of crops will be rye and potatoes, which are cold-resistant and can grow on this land."

"Understood."

"As for animal husbandry..." Louis paused, recalling the livestock in the territory, "The number of livestock in the territory is too low now. We can't rely on the existing cattle, sheep, and reindeer for large-scale breeding.

I will arrange for people to go to Frost Halberd City to purchase more livestock and establish a dedicated husbandry area to develop animal husbandry."

"Understood." Hillco kept nodding, although exhausted, attentively taking down each instruction.

Next, Louis drew a circle in the forest area of the Red Tide Territory on the map.

"We have over fifty experienced hunters. Aside from daily hunting, they can also explore the forest's periphery incidentally. Don't let Magical Beasts get close, and don't let unknown forces infiltrate."

"Lastly, these artisans brought from Frost Halberd City. Let the leatherworkers prioritize winter clothes, blacksmiths forge farm tools, and carpenters build houses.

A workshop can be established to gather all the craftsmen together for collaboration while recruiting apprentices to form a complete production chain."

Louis spoke quickly, each sentence seeming like a decision rehearsed countless times in his mind.

Hillco originally had no fondness for the title 'Lord.'

His impression of the nobility was of hypocrites, arrogant, spouting righteousness while treating their subjects like livestock.

The initial impression Louis gave him was merely that of a kind-hearted person.

But now he's beginning to change his view.

This Lord not only has a kind heart but also knows how to utilize the resources at hand.

This guy is quite capable. Hillco felt admiration rising.

And so, as Louis executed his plans one by one, the Red Tide Territory officially began operating!

The bonfire illuminated the busy figures of people, cooking smoke rose spirally, hunters prepared for action, fishermen started repairing fishing boats, and the sound of hammers from the artisans echoed in the air...

This long-dormant land slowly awakened under Louis's arrangements.

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Spring arrived quietly, but most of the Northern Territory was still covered with lingering snow, making it impossible to cultivate.

However, the land under Louis's feet was different.

The soil was loose and moist, carrying the unique life aura of spring.

This was thanks to Louis directing hot spring water into the fields a week earlier, using geothermal energy to melt the permafrost.

Now the soil, frozen for an entire winter, had finally become loose, and the originally non-arable wasteland was gradually exuberating with vibrant life.

"Is this really land from the Northern Territory?"

A farmer picked up a handful of soil, feeling the warm moisture, and couldn't help but exclaim.

Those around him heard and also bent down to touch, their faces full of surprise and delight.

"The hot water really melted the permafrost!"

"Who would have thought we could plant crops this early spring in the Northern Territory!"

Excited discussions rose among the fields.

Of course, using hot spring water to melt permafrost was a temporary solution. Hot spring water has a high salt content, and repeated use might turn the soil into barren saline-alkali land.

Once conditions are matured, we would need to develop greenhouse cultivation.

Standing beside Louis was a middle-aged man whose clothes were stained with soil and dry grass.

His name was Mike, the Agricultural Official of the Red Tide Territory.

Mike was originally just one of the slaves, unassuming and not good with words.

If not for the Daily Intelligence System, Louis might never have noticed that among a group of slaves, there was one proficient in farming.

He was innately talented in farming, possessing an almost instinctive intuition about soil, crops, and climate.

When Louis found Mike, announcing the freedom from his slave status, and appointed him as the Agricultural Official of the Red Tide Territory.

Mike couldn't even believe his ears; it was something he never dared dream of.

He was poor with words, not knowing how to express gratitude, so he silently put all his efforts into the fields.

Today was the day to cultivate and fertilize the fields in the Red Tide Territory.

Mike grabbed a handful of moist soil, gently crushed it between his fingers, revealing a satisfied smile.

He looked up at Louis, his rough hands wiped on the corner of his clothes, "Sir, everything is ready."

"In that case, let's start," Louis nodded.

"All units, start plowing!" Mike commanded loudly.

The command was quickly executed, with hundreds of farmers bending down to deeply insert the iron plows into the soil.

"So fluffy!"

"There's even warmth in this soil!"

The softening of the soil surprised many farmers who had worked in the Northern Territory before.

And all of this was due to Louis's ingenious idea.

The subjects' admiration for Louis increased by another notch.



Watching the farmers diligently tilling the land, Louis asked, "Is the fertilizer prepared?"

"It's all ready!" Mike waved his hand to indicate

A dozen wooden carts slowly drove into the fields, loaded with dark-colored fertilizer emanating a strong and pungent smell.

This was the special base fertilizer that Louis ordered to be collected and made when he first came to the territory.

It was composed of human and animal manure, straw, fish entrails, and clod powder (alchemy product).

Human and animal manure and straw provided basic nutrients, and fish entrails were rich in organic matter.

While the clod powder not only greatly improves fertility but also effectively prevents pest infestation, giving the seeds a better growth environment after being sown.

The intense smell of the fertilizer permeated the air, stinging people's noses.

Some frowned, but no one complained.

Even as the Lord, Louis didn't show the slightest disdain.

After all, they all knew that only these fertilizers could lead to a better harvest.

The farmers orderly scattered the fertilizer into the plowed soil, then mixed it evenly with a hoe to allow the nutrients to fully permeate.

"We can plant seeds in four days," Mike said with a satisfied expression, stepping on the soil.

Louis stood for a moment, confirmed everything was in order, then turned to leave.

It wasn't that he was bothered by the pungent fertilizer smell, but his Daily Intelligence System had updated with three particularly useful pieces of information that required his attention.

## **Chapter 14: Chapter 14: New Intelligence**

Louis's eyes flickered slightly, staring at the three pieces of information emerging from the Daily Intelligence System in front of him.

[1: The chief of the Cold Moon Tribe was poisoned and died, and the Cold Moon Tribe has fallen into civil war.]

[2: There is a pack of Ice Wolves at the Cyan Rock Rift, mostly cubs.]

[3: Four days later, Jack will be selling cranberry seeds in Frost Halberd City, mixed among them are over a dozen Frost Blood Redberry seeds.]

Louis raised an eyebrow; the system's intelligence usually contained a lot of irrelevant trivial information.

But today, all three pieces of intelligence were valuable.

Cold Moon Tribe?

Louis recalled the intelligence about this Northern Barbarian Race tribe.

The Cold Moon Tribe has always been one of the strong forces in the Northern Territory, renowned for its Blood Boiling Berserkers and Archers.

They have harassed the Ironblood Empire's Northern Province many times, causing Duke Edmund to detest them bitterly.

Now their chief died by poisoning, the tribe is bound to fall into chaos, and if the turmoil continues, it might even split.

To the entire Northern Territory, this might be a forewarning of an impending storm.

But for Louis at the moment, this issue doesn't concern him directly.

After all, he's just a small fry who is just starting out and doesn't yet have the means to influence the fate of the Barbarians.

The only thing he can do is strengthen his power as quickly as possible to prepare for future changes.

Next up is the second piece of intelligence, about the Ice Wolves at Cyan Rock Rift.

Cubs, that's the key to this information!

Ice Wolves are top predators on the Northern Snowfield, with enormous bodies, incredible speed, and the ability to survive in extremely cold environments.

More importantly, their keen sense of smell makes them the best choice for reconnaissance and combat.

However, adult wolves are extremely difficult to tame and almost impossible for humans to control.

But the cubs are different. If tamed from a young age, the Red Tide Territory will have a unique combat force, the Wolf Riders!

Louis speculated that these cubs' parents were the Ice Wolves they hunted on their way to the Red Tide Territory before.

What a coincidence.

"We'll set off tomorrow," Louis murmured to himself.

The last piece of intelligence made him laugh out loud.

Frost Blood Redberry, an extremely rare mutated berry.

It looks similar to ordinary cranberries, but the fruit is deep red, and its juice is thick and rich in magic power.

Most crucially, it can enhance Bloodline Knights' fighting energy and promote cultivation growth!

If this could be cultivated on a large scale, it would become the most precious specialty of the Red Tide Territory!

But Louis realized a problem; even if he rushed at full speed, he couldn't reach Frost Halberd City in four days.

Being just one day late might let others get ahead of him.

And the value of Frost Blood Redberry is too great; he must ensure they fall into his hands!

Louis couldn't take this risk.

He made a decisive decision and immediately summoned Lambert and two other Elite Knights.

Lambert is his Guardian Knight; if he leads the team this time, Louis can rest assured.

"Lambert," Louis said in a deep voice, his gaze solemn, "You three must hurry to Frost Halberd City and arrive within three days."

He paused for a moment, then continued, "To the east side of the market, there's a merchant named Jack. Four days later, he'll be selling cranberry seeds.

You must arrive two days early, stake out the market, and ensure you buy all his goods first!"

Lambert was slightly startled but immediately nodded firmly in acceptance, "Understood, my lord."

He was quite puzzled why the Lord valued a few berry seeds so much, but he accepted the order without a word.

Because every decision Louis made along the way had ultimately proven to be correct!

Louis suddenly thought that since they were going to Frost Halberd City, they might as well take care of a few other tasks.

He took a piece of parchment from his desk and began writing a letter.

The content was simple: one, to report his safety; two, to ask for gold coins.

Even though he wasn't sure if his cold-blooded father would respond, it couldn't hurt to try.

Even a small amount of funding could expedite the development of the Red Tide Territory.

After finishing, he sealed the letter, stamped it with his seal, and handed it to Lambert.

"Once you get to Frost Halberd City, give this letter to the head of our family business there and have them send it back as quickly as possible."

Lambert took the letter, carefully stored it, and nodded in agreement, "Understood."

"Make sure there are no mistakes," Louis repeatedly urged.

"Understood!"

The three of them mounted their horses and galloped toward Frost Halberd City.

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The following morning, Louis, accompanied by five elite Hunters and eight Official Knights, sped across the permafrost straight towards Cyan Rock Rift.

"Have you confirmed it?" Louis glanced at Egger, the Hunter leading the team.

Egger respectfully replied, "As per your orders, we sent people to investigate last night. The wolf pack has lost its leader.

Most are cubs and a few elderly female wolves hiding in the depths of the rift. It's a good opportunity."

The goal of Louis and his team was, of course, the Ice Wolf cubs.

The group carefully approached the rift, the snow spotted with wolf paw prints and bloodstains, as if a fierce battle had occurred just last night.

Egger pointed to a certain chaotic part of the snow, "Look, these paw prints are messy, indicating there might have been infighting among the wolves."

"Without a leader, internal conflict among the wolves is natural."

"In a while, we'll split into two teams. One team will create a distraction to draw the adults' attention, while the other team will take the chance to enter the den and bring out the cubs," Louis looked at the Hunters and said slowly, "Let's move."

The Hunters scattered the fresh blood and remnants of prey they had prepared beforehand outside the cave and tied the largest pieces to the back of the Knights' horses.

These were fresh deer meat and animal bones, mixed with a strong bloody scent to trigger the adult Ice Wolves' hunting instinct to the maximum.

The air quickly filled with a strong smell of blood.

Soon enough, deep growls sounded from the cave, with pairs of green glowing eyes opening in the dark.

"They're coming," Egger whispered.

Five huge adult Ice Wolves slowly emerged from the cave, warily scanning their surroundings, growling low in their throats.

Their gaze locked onto the distant prey remains, and their pace quickened towards it.

The knights immediately spurred their horses, using ropes to drag the prey remains, guiding the wolf pack away from the cave.

The leading wolf charged towards the knights, with the other adults following closely.

This was, of course, a meticulously planned trap.

As the adult wolves were lured away from the cubs, the knights abruptly jerked their reins and turned their horses around.

Longswords gleamed with icy coldness, slicing downwards!

Slash!

The lead wolf didn't even have time to react before a sword pierced through its throat.

The remaining adult wolves growled in anger, trying to fight back.

Unfortunately, they were not facing ordinary hunters but Official Knights with fighting energy.

The smell of blood pervaded the air, and the wolf pack fell one after another in a one-sided slaughter.

Within just a few minutes, the knights eliminated all the adult wolves.

### **Chapter 15: Chapter 15: Ice Wolf Pups**

When the knight easily killed the adult ice wolves, Louis and his group had already swiftly infiltrated the den of the wolf pack.

"Light the fire." Louis whispered.

Several hunters immediately took out torches and gently lit them.

The warm orange light illuminated the inside of the cave, the walls were rough, and the air was filled with the peculiar animal scent.

Their eyes scanned the surroundings, quickly spotting their target deep within the cave.

More than twenty ice wolf pups were huddled together, trembling.

They weren't very large, with thick fur, their bodies pure white like frost, eyes filled with fear of humans.

"So many pups!" a hunter whispered in surprise.

Egger licked his cracked lips, eyes burning with excitement, "These little ones, once grown, would definitely be top hunters..."

A few of the pups let out a soft but fierce growl towards the group, trying to warn the intruders.

When you are weak, even anger seems adorable to others.

"The little guys have quite the temper." Egger laughed.

"Come on, little ones, have some food."

A hunter gently placed a piece of meat in front of the pups hiding in the crevices of the rock, deliberately stepping back to avoid appearing too threatening.

The pieces of meat were specially coated with a herbal sedative.

This could effectively soothe the pups' emotions, making them relax without realizing it.

A few bold and hungry pups sniffed the fragrance of the meat in the air, hesitated for a moment, and finally couldn't resist cautiously stepping forward to nibble.

Seeing their companions eat without issue, soon more pups started to scramble for the food, even using little paws to push away their companions, afraid of losing out.

However, in less than two minutes, the sedative's effect began to take hold.

The once wary pups, after eating the meat, became dazed, some even found it hard to stand, their small bodies swaying gently.

"We can move now." Egger said in a low voice.

"Be gentle, these are future war wolves." Louis reminded.

"Understood."

The hunters gently wrapped the pups with animal skins, preventing any struggle caused by discomfort.

Although a few pups remained aware and resisted being obedient, writhing their little bodies against the hunters.

But they were ultimately too weak, soon securely placed into leather bags.

In this way, more than twenty pups completely lost their ability to resist, being placed one by one into specially designed leather bags to ensure they wouldn't be injured during transportation.

Task completed.

Louis looked at the pups in the leather bags, smiling, "Let's go."

The hunters immediately lifted the bags, left the cave, and reunited with the knights, heading rapidly back towards the territory.

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After the pups were brought back to the Red Tide Territory, Louis ordered them to be placed in a pre-arranged wooden fenced pasture.

The pasture was very spacious, with the ground covered in thick dry grass. In the corners, a few soft nests made of animal skins were set up to simulate the wolf pack's living conditions, reducing their unease.

Despite this, after experiencing the sudden change, these pups were full of vigilance.

They huddled together, ears perked up, baring small but sharp teeth, ready to defend against any outside threats.

Louis stood in front of the fence, his eyes falling on the most special pup among them.

It was a noticeably more robust pup than the others, with long limbs and a gaze carrying a hint of defiance.

Even as the other pups were huddling and whimpering lowly,

It still stood upright, scanning the humans outside the fence with sharp eyes, showing no signs of panic typical of young animals.

And this innate aura made it clear to anyone that it was different from the other pups.

"This guy," Egger also noticed it, exclaiming, "is the future Wolf King."

"The future Wolf King?" Louis suddenly thought of something, the corners of his mouth slightly turned up, "Then you shall be called Leng Feng."

The pup's ears twitched slightly, as if aware that the humans were discussing it.

However, it did not show retreat, watching them warily.

"Egger, how do you think we should tame them?" Louis withdrew his gaze, turning to the hunter Egger beside him.

Egger's heart tightened.

This question seemed casual, yet subtly carried a hint of a test.

He knew the Lord was assessing his abilities.

Egger dared not slack, quickly organizing his thoughts, respectfully replying:

"First, build dependency. The pups need safety and food, we must ensure that every time they are fed, they see humans, so they regard humans as their providers.



But that's not enough. Pups are naturally ferocious, taming them with just food is unrealistic. They will guard their food and might even actively attack people, we must use a more direct method to teach them obedience."

"Specifically?"

"If a pup guards its food, it must be disciplined immediately. If it resists, it must be pinned to the ground until it gives up resisting. In the world of wolves, strength is the rule."

Louis nodded in satisfaction: "Continue."

Egger suddenly felt energized, the tension in his heart slightly relaxing, he continued: "The second step, establish order."

He pointed to Leng Feng: "There is a clear hierarchy within a wolf pack, and this strongest pup, its physique, bearing, gaze, all prove it is born to be a Wolf King.

As long as it's tamed, other pups will naturally follow."

Hearing this, Louis thoughtfully reached out, gently knocking on the fence.

Leng Feng instinctively looked up, fixing its gaze on him, with a hint of alertness, but did not immediately back down.

"So, your suggestion is?" Louis continued to ask.

Egger mustered up the courage to say: "You should personally tame Leng Feng! Only by making Leng Feng recognize you as its master, will they be absolutely loyal to you."

As soon as these words were out, the surrounding hunters couldn't help but look at Egger in surprise.

To let the Lord personally tame a wolf? That's quite bold.

But Louis revealed a meaningful smile.

The Daily Intelligence System had once reminded him, Egger is a Beast Taming Master.

Now it certainly seems correct, this old man has some skills.

Louis slowly stood up, patting Egger's shoulder: "Very well, from today you are responsible for all beast taming affairs in the Red Tide Territory."

Egger was momentarily stunned, then an uncontrollable excitement burst forth in his heart, he knelt on one knee: "Your subordinate will not disappoint!"

A few months ago, he was still a pitiful wanderer in the Northern Territory, barely surviving by hunting.

If it weren't for Louis' party passing by, he might have already frozen to death in the snowfield.

And now, not only had he gained the Lord's appreciation, but he was also entrusted with important responsibilities!

Moreover, given the character of this Lord, if he performs well, he certainly wouldn't be treated unfairly.

The onlooking hunters, seeing this, all cast envious glances.

"Egger, that guy, got lucky..."

"Indeed, his status might be different in the future."