

# Lord of Winter: Beginning with Daily Intelligence

## Chapter 2: Chapter 2: The Sun Will Always Rise

The poisoned broth was served in a wooden bowl, emitting a tempting aroma.

Louis took the soup offered by the knight and slowly brought it to his lips, but suddenly stopped and turned to hand the bowl to Roy.

"I have no appetite, drink it for me."

Roy's face stiffened as he forced a smile and said, "My lord, that's against the rules, you should have it first."

"I order you, drink it." Louis' tone suddenly became serious.

Roy's lips turned slightly pale, and cold sweat seeped from his forehead.

He knew very well what was in the soup. If he drank it, he would surely die.

Knight Captain Lambert also sensed something unusual and gave a signal to the surrounding knights. They immediately got up and surrounded Roy.

"Drink it." Lambert said in a deep voice.

The scorching broth was forcibly brought to his mouth.

Realizing he could no longer evade the situation, Roy suddenly tried to turn over and escape, but was firmly held down.

Only then did the other knights truly realize—the soup was poisoned!

Louis stood up, looking down at Roy, who was pinned to the ground: "You know the outcome of trying to murder the lord, don't you?"

Terror filled Roy's eyes; he knew the consequences, of course.

"Who ordered you to poison?" Louis' voice was unhurried.

Roy answered with a trembling voice, "It was... it was Lord Benjamin, he ordered me to poison."

Benjamin was Duke Calvin's second son, Louis' older brother.

The knights' gazes all turned towards Louis.

They were all knights of the Calvin Clan, well aware of the open and covert struggles between the brothers.

But for a family member to backstab the lord before he even had a chance to establish himself, it was still chilling.

Roy continued hesitantly, "He promised that as long as you were killed, I could return to the South and that he'd arrange a new position for me, at least as a Knight Captain..."

Upon hearing this, the faces of the knights surrounding him grew even more unsightly.

Yet Louis let out a low laugh.

If he guessed correctly, his brother intended to completely eliminate a future contender for the title.

The Calvin Clan's dukedom wasn't inherited by the eldest son, but by the strongest.

No matter how useless Louis seemed now, as long as he was alive, he remained a bloodline of Duke Calvin and had a right to inheritance.

Moreover, if he died en route to the Northern Territory, the family would inevitably send another brother to complete the mission.

This meant that Benjamin not only eliminated a rival but could continue to deplete the other brothers of the family, achieving multiple goals at once — quite a clever plan.

Roy held onto a sliver of hope as he looked at Louis with pleading eyes: "My lord, I... I was coerced!"

"I'm just a knight, Lord Benjamin ordered me, I dared not disobey... Please spare my life, I'm willing to swear allegiance to you!"

"Lambert." Louis spoke in an even tone.

"Yes." The Knight Captain stepped forward, drawing his longsword.

Roy was utterly panicked, struggling desperately: "My lord! Spare me! I will never..."

"Psst!"

A flash of silver, and blood splattered onto the snow.

Roy's pleas were abruptly cut short, his head rolling to the ground, dying with wide-open eyes.

Lambert sheathed his sword, calmly stating, "The traitor has been executed."

Yet within the camp, the atmosphere was somewhat subtle.

The observing knights remained silent, a complex emotion flickering in their eyes.

Roy betrayed the lord and rightly deserved death, an indisputable fact.

But his actions, were they truly just out of greed?

He wanted to return to the South, not be trapped and die on this cold wasteland.

And what about them? Were they any different?

All of them knew what going to the Northern Territory meant.

It was a place of exile, the territory with the highest mortality rate.

No one came willingly, and no one didn't want to return.

At that moment, no one dared to look at the head rolling on the ground, afraid of seeing their own reflection in its severed face.

Confusion and helplessness slowly washed over them like a tide.

Under the night, the campfire burned, reflecting the emotions clearly in their eyes.

Louis saw it all and then took a step forward: "Anyone who wants to leave, you can go now."

The group was startled, lifting their heads to look at him.

"I will personally write a letter to the family, absolving you of guilt." Louis paused, his gaze sweeping over everyone's face, "But after today, anyone who leaves will meet the same end as Roy."

No one spoke, and no one dared to move.

They weren't fools, even with a letter from Louis, the family might not forgive them for deserting their posts. What awaited them could be even worse punishment.

Staying in the Northern Territory might be a dead-end, but returning was not necessarily a path to survival.

Louis looked at these silent knights and suddenly let out a light laugh.

He put away the earlier aura of killing, his voice became calm: "You all think coming to the Northern Territory is a death sentence.

You also know why you were sent here. Isn't it because you have no backing in the family, making you disposable trash?"

Louis paused, then his tone suddenly became firm and powerful: "But I don't believe so! You are not trash!

You became apprentice knights, even official knights, through your talent, your effort, through countless real battles!

And those who sent you here? They are nothing but parasites hiding in the castle, indulging in pleasure!"

He slowly scanned everyone, and at this moment, a slight wavering appeared in each pair of eyes.

"Have you ever thought that there might be a possibility if we can survive on this permafrost? If we can establish our footing here?

Perhaps the darkness before dawn will be long.

But the sun will eventually rise!

I don't know if we can all wait for that moment, but I swear by the Dragon Ancestor—

If that day comes, the glory brought by the sun, I will share with you all!"

Louis slowly looked at everyone, a slight wavering appearing in each pair of eyes.

"For the Calvin Family, you are insignificant, pawns to be sacrificed at any time.

But on this land full of opportunities, anything is possible.

Someone here might become a Baron, a Viscount, even a Count one day!

Of course, you can continue to wallow in your fate, continue to lament every day, considering yourself halfway in the grave;

Or you can join me on this forsaken land, holding the future firmly in your own hands."

Silence.

Dead silence.

The night wind howled, the campfire flickered slightly, reflecting complex faces.

Suddenly, "Bang!" a low thud broke the night.

Knight Captain Lambert knelt on one knee, his right fist pounding fiercely on his chest!

"I swear to follow my lord to the death!"

Then the second, the third, the fourth...

"I swear to follow my lord to the death!"

"I swear to follow my lord to the death!"

...

The knights knelt one by one, their right fists pounded heavily on their chests.