

# Lord of Winter: Beginning with Daily Intelligence

## Chapter 4: Chapter 4: Useless Nobles Gather in the Northern Territory

Louis sat cross-legged, adjusting his breathing, as the "Tidal Breathing Technique" naturally began to operate within him.

"Breathe in, breathe out."

The deep and prolonged sound of his breath echoed within his chest, like the rise and fall of the tides, absorbing and refining the energy brought by the Northern Crystal Cod.

The "Tidal Breathing Technique" is the ancestral breathing technique of the Calvin Clan.

With the core of bloodline surging like ocean tides, it emphasizes a cycle of repetition, unleashing power as the tide rises and returning to stability as it falls.

Under the wash of this gentle yet violent energy, it seemed Louis's bloodline was being reshaped.

He could feel the speed of the blood flow within him accelerating, his meridians more unimpeded, and even his bones slightly burning as if undergoing a transformation.

Finally, with a slow exhalation, the heat within him gradually settled, returning to calm, and he advanced.

Mid-tier Official Knight.

At such a young age, this kind of strength would already be considered a genius among ordinary people, one in a million.

Yet among Duke Calvin's offspring, he was still merely a bottom-ranked wastrel.

After all, his elder brother was already a Peak Knight, with a great military record and significant contributions to the Empire.

In this world, the power of a knight stems from the awakening of their bloodline.

Not everyone can become a knight; only those with sufficiently strong bloodlines can activate the dormant knightly power within.

And once on the path of the knight, there are six main stages: Apprentice Knight, Official Knight, Elite Knight, Extraordinary Knight, Peak Knight, Legendary Knight, each with a significant gap between.

Of course, Louis was no longer in a rush now.

With the Daily Intelligence System in hand, future opportunities would not be lacking.

After fully absorbing the essence of the fish soup, Louis slowly stopped the Tidal Breathing Technique and opened his eyes.

He immediately realized that the surrounding knights were looking at him with eyes of admiration.

In the next moment, deafening cheers echoed through the camp: "Long live the Lord!"

Hearing the thunderous cheers, Louis finally breathed a sigh of relief.

This signified that his prestige had been initially established, and at least for now, he no longer needed to worry about the knights' loyalty.

After the cheering subsided, Louis looked at Lambert beside him and asked, "How far are we from Frost Halberd City?"

Lambert respectfully replied, "About two hundred kilometers."

"That means a journey of five to six days." Louis nodded slightly, then decisively ordered, "Accelerate, and strive to arrive by the afternoon three days later."

Lambert respectfully responded, "Understood!"

Under normal circumstances, the team could never travel so quickly, especially on this icy wasteland.

But now, the knights' morale was at its peak, to achieve such a marching goal was more than feasible.

Frost Halberd City, the capital of the Northern Province, is also the most important military and political center of the Northern Territory.

The primary task for Louis on this trip was to choose his pioneering territory, naturally, the sooner he selected, the greater the benefit.

But what really made him eager to rush to Frost Halberd City were the three pieces of intelligence refreshed by the system today:

[1: Three days later, a slave merchant will bring Weir, who has the potential of a Peak Knight, to the black market of Frost Halberd City.]

[2: Three days later, the Alchemy Apprentice Hillco, wanted by the Golden Marrow Guild for stealing a secret formula, will disguise as a slave and be brought to the black market of Frost Halberd City by a slave merchant.]

[3: Duke Edmund is furious as all the noble families send their wastrel heirs to the Northern Territory.]

The first piece of intelligence greatly surprised Louis.

A Peak Knight, in this world, is already considered a top-tier T1 level battle strength, although not as rare as the Legendary Knights.

Yet, every Peak Knight is nearly a military commander or a pillar of the Kingdom, regarded as a cornerstone by any power.

The current Weir probably hasn't yet fully matured, but just the potential to enter the realm of a Peak Knight is enough for Louis to invest in him.

The second piece of intelligence was also highly valuable.

In this world, an "Alchemist" is akin to a chemist, skilled in handling various magic items, even capable of converting low-cost materials into high-value goods, and is a talent fiercely contested by major powers.

The Calvin Clan has only three official Alchemists.

And although the Alchemy Apprentice is not yet fully mature, they remain extremely scarce.

Louis's plan was simple, first pretending to nonchalantly buy Hillco, then observe secretly.

If he indeed had potential and posed no danger, he would be kept and nurtured.

After all, the price of a slave shouldn't be too high.

As for the third...

Even without the intelligence system, Louis could foresee this event.

As all the noble families compete to send unpromising offspring to the Northern Lands, as the provincial governor, Duke Edmund is naturally beside himself with rage.

But from Louis's perspective, this may not necessarily be a bad thing.

If maneuvered well, it could become part of his bigger plan.

Since Frost Halberd City harbors so many opportunities, he must reach it as soon as possible!

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"Damn it! A bunch of bloodsucking parasites! The Empire sent them here to defend the Northern Territory, not to send a bunch of freeloaders to hinder efforts!"

The reports, thick and heavy, were slammed onto the desk in the office of the Governor's Mansion.

Papers scattered everywhere, highlighting Duke Edmund's furious face.

Two years ago, a rebellion almost detached the entire Northern Territory from the Empire's control, with the rebels even breaking the outer walls of Frost Halberd City!

Duke Edmund led the elite forces in a bloody battle for three months before barely suppressing the rebels.

But at what cost?

The border fortress was destroyed, granaries were burned, half of the troops were lost, and his only son was killed.

The order in the entire Northern Territory has yet to be fully restored.

This time the Emperor finally realized that merely stationing troops was entirely insufficient for maintaining stability.

Thus, a strategy was devised to have nobility's offspring come to the Northern Territory to pioneer and stabilize the borders with their strength.

But these idiotic noble families!

Do they truly intend to send their family elites to the Northern Territory to risk their lives?

What a joke!

A bunch of wastrels has been sent to the Northern Territory, though there are some normal individuals, they are the exception.

Duke Edmund scoffed in his extreme anger, grabbing a report and flipping it open: "Let's see what kind of goods have they sent?"

The third son of the Elvin Clan, rumored to be a compulsive gambler, has a debt enough to buy three mansions in the Royal Capital.

The young master of the Grant Clan, reputed to be only fifteen, is already a distinguished guest at all of the Empire's renowned establishments.

The eighth son of Duke Calvin, idling around daily, relying on family resources barely reaching the level of a Low-tier Official Knight, an utter wastrel.

...

"Is this a group of noble offspring? This is a delivery of pleasure-seekers, gamblers, and drunkards!

A bunch of pampered fools! Their ancestors forged the realm with iron and blood, yet now they are only concerned with power struggles, scheming and plotting.

In their eyes, other than their family's interests, where is there room for the Empire's safety!"

In his uncontrollable rage, Duke Edmund slammed his fist on the table, even the solid wooden table groaned under the strain.

The atmosphere in the room was so oppressive it was suffocating, his staff bowed their heads, not daring to speak.

After a while, Edmund took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing the fury in his heart, and sat back in his chair, his gaze icy.

"Forget it. Since these fools have rolled in, let them fend for themselves, the Northern Territory still relies on us."