

# Lord of Winter: Beginning with Daily Intelligence

## Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Choosing a Territory

On the snow-covered ground, a convoy of more than forty knights was slowly approaching Frost Halberd City.

In the center of the convoy, a pitch-black carriage moved steadily, with a flag bearing the crimson moon emblem hanging from its roof.

Such a large formation naturally drew the gate soldiers' attention, and they all warily stared at the approaching group.

As they neared the city gate, a tall young man slowly descended from the carriage.

He raised his hand to remove his hood, revealing a handsome face: "I am Louis Calvin, the Empire-conferred Baron of Expansion, here to see Duke Edmund."

The soldiers exchanged glances, their eyes filled with surprise.

The Calvin Clan is one of the Eight Great Clans of the Ironblood Empire, known even in the Northern Territory.

Although they didn't know this young man's status within the Calvin Family, he was certainly not someone they, as ordinary soldiers, could slight.

One of the soldiers turned and went into the city to report.

Shortly thereafter, a middle-aged official came briskly: "Lord Louis, the Duke is aware of your arrival, please follow me into the city."

So, led by the official, Louis and his party passed through the heavy city gates and stepped into Frost Halberd City.

Although the streets within the city were wide, they were full of potholes, with snow mixed with mud, leaving a trail of muddy footprints as they passed.

Most of the buildings were constructed of stone and wood, appearing rough and dilapidated, with even some ruins seen collapsing under the wind and snow.

Pedestrians on the streets were few, roughly divided into two categories.

One category was the Northern Territory soldiers in fur coats, their faces full of fatigue, eyes filled with the indifference brought by long battles.

The other category was the civilians wrapped in coarse cloth, their expressions numb, focused only on rushing along the road.

Louis glanced over these scenes without any inner turmoil.

Considering the Northern Territory's scarcity of resources and frequent wars, maintaining the current order was already quite remarkable.

"Duke Edmund is inside." The official led Louis and his group to the governor's office.

The interior had no overly luxurious decorations, only a heavy large table, several old bookshelves, and a deep blue military flag hanging on the wall.

A middle-aged man sat behind the desk, his face marked by a wicked scar stretching from the corner of his left eye to his chin, making his stern face appear even sharper.

His aura was like an immovable fortress, exuding a suffocating sense of oppression.

This man was the ruler of Frost Halberd City, the de facto controller of the Northern Province—Duke Edmund.

"A mid-tier Official Knight..." He scrutinized Louis, his gaze filled with disdain. "A scion of the Calvin Family?"

Louis's expression remained unchanged as he nodded slightly: "Yes."

"You do look rather decent." Edmund's lips curled slightly, his tone laced with contempt and sarcasm. "Compared to your illustrious elder brother, you certainly look more like nobility."

This condescending attitude didn't surprise Louis.

After all, this is a world where the strong prey on the weak, and strength is the most powerful credential.

Being looked down upon by a renowned Peak Knight due to his own weak strength was normal.

Thus, he couldn't be bothered with idle chatter and took out the Pioneer Proof with the royal seal, saying, "I'm here to register my expansion territory."

Edmund took the Pioneer Proof, flipped through it casually, confirmed Louis's identity as a Pioneer Lord, and then pulled a map from a stack of documents on the table, spreading it on the desk.

"Apart from the areas marked in red circles, you can choose anywhere else."

Louis looked down; it was a detailed map of the Northern Province.

The Northern Province was vast, roughly half the size of Russia in his previous life.

However, there were only a dozen or so red circles on the map, marked as areas unavailable for selection.

The available choices were plentiful, which made Louis somewhat excited.

To carry out this development plan, the Empire issued a complete set of the "Northern Territory Pioneer Order."

One clause clearly stipulated that all new Pioneer Lords must register and choose their initial development land at the governor's mansion, with priority given to those who arrive first.

It appeared he was among the earliest Pioneer Lords to arrive.

Other noble scions sent by their families were likely delaying, not willing to come to the Northern Province, postponing their arrival as long as possible, not taking this matter seriously at all.

This was excellent news for him.

Louis gazed at the intricate map, lost in thought.

In recent days, he had been organizing the various intel provided by the system for this very moment.

The diverse information from the Daily Intelligence System intertwined in his mind, which he constantly filtered and compared, searching for the most suitable territory for development.

Indeed, he already had several ideal targets in mind.

So, this selection didn't take too much time.

He reached out and circled a spot on the map, looking up at Edmund: "Here."

Edmund looked down at the location Louis pointed to and a hint of surprise flickered in his eyes.

It was in the southeast of the Northern Province, at the junction of Cyan Rock Rift and Gray Moss Tundra, seventy-five kilometers from Frost Howl Fjord.

Did this kid unexpectedly choose such a prime location at a glance?

This area possessed one of the rare slightly warmer places in the Northern Province, able to grow some cold-resistant crops in seasons other than the dead of winter.

This alone surpassed most areas in the Northern Province.

Moreover, a nearby stream ensured sufficient water supply and provided fishing for subsistence.

More importantly, some Cold Iron Veins were present, and although extremely challenging to mine, if suitable methods were found, they held considerable development potential.

In this perennially frozen, resource-scarce harsh land, this place could indeed be considered one of the relatively "prosperous" areas.

The Duke lifted his head, reassessing the young man before him.

He had presumed him to be just an ordinary foppish noble, never expecting him to know how to select a territory location, clearly indicating he was not as simple as he seemed.

With great interest, Duke Edmund stared at Louis and unexpectedly praised: "A good choice."

Louis listened to Edmund's praise without showing any pride: "Thank you, Duke, for your compliment, but I merely did my best to make the most suitable judgment."

Edmund admired Louis even more, patting him on the shoulder: "If every Pioneer Lord had your insight, there might be hope for the Northern Territory too."

He casually picked up a steel seal and stamped it heavily on Louis's Pioneer Lord registration document, formally confirming Baron Louis's sovereignty over the territory.

Louis accepted the document, his fingertips brushing over the Frost Halberd Badge embedded in the steel seal.

He appeared calm outwardly, but inwardly he was setting off fireworks.

The land chosen based on the Daily Intelligence System couldn't possibly be an ordinary territory.

If Edmund knew its true value, he would never let it easily fall into others' hands but hold it firmly in his own.