

Lord of Winter: Beginning with Daily Intelligence

Chapter 8: Chapter 8: Ice Wolf Attack

A row of simple large pots were set up on burning firewood, and the air was filled with the faint aroma of wheat porridge.

The slaves lined up in a long queue, holding rough wooden bowls, waiting for the porridge to be distributed.

Their eyes were full of gratitude, as they had been struggling with hunger in the past days.

Even a bit of leftovers would be fought over, so having hot porridge to drink now was a great blessing.

Lord Louis's kindness is never-ending!

Standing behind the stove, George muttered worriedly while ladling porridge with a large wooden spoon:

"Lord, if you keep cooking like this, I'm afraid the food will run out... if one day the gap is too big, we might..."

His words were interrupted by Louis with a casual wave of his hand.

"When you're hungry, you need to eat. Just cook as told, why so much useless talk?"

George opened his mouth but ended up sighing, resigned to continue ladling porridge.

This new master of his was great in every way, except that he was too generous, hardly caring about food at all.

"Hmph, at this rate, in less than half a year, I might end up back in the slave market..."
George felt a pang of sadness.

If that's the case, he'd better steal two more bowls of porridge now, lest he should go hungry someday unexpectedly.

But Louis was completely unconcerned about this.

He wasn't worried about running out of food; the resources of Red Tide Territory were so abundant that one couldn't possibly starve.

This was the confidence his golden finger brought him.

Just in time, today's daily intelligence was updated:

[1: Baron Hayes of Expansion died of freezing due to excessive drinking on his way to the territory.]

[2: The Governor of the North's youngest daughter, Emily Edmund, broke through to a Junior Elite Knight.]

[3: A pack of 70 hungry Ice Wolves, following the scent of food, are lurking in the gorge ahead, ready to attack the convoy.]

The first two pieces of information were inconsequential to Louis, at most feeling a bit of regret for Baron Hayes's death.

The third piece, however, made his expression serious!

Even with his current military strength, there was nothing to fear from 70 Ice Wolves, but any carelessness leading to a surprise attack by these vicious beasts would result in unacceptable losses.

He immediately summoned Knight Captain Lambert and ordered solemnly:

"Let the knights form groups of five to scout around the gorge for any anomalies."

Lambert nodded unhesitatingly and took the command.

The knights quickly formed groups and galloped towards the gorge.

The cold wind howled, and an eerie chill permeated the gorge.

The knight team moved slowly along the snow, where the air was filled with an unpleasant, fishy odor.

It was like the smell of rotting flesh mixed with the scent of wild animals, making people instinctively frown.

Lambert dismounted, crouched in the snow, and used his hand to brush away the thin snow, revealing the chaotic paw prints below.

The deep impressions indicated the wolves were extremely hungry, lacking the patience to cover their tracks.

He lifted his head, his expression grave: "There's something up."

They quickly returned to Louis's side, reporting their findings in detail.

After listening, Louis showed no signs of panic: "Very well, since they've come to us, let them see who the real prey is."

He immediately ordered traps to be set up in the gorge to lure the wolf pack into them.

The hungry Ice Wolves lurked in the snow, their ghostly green eyes fixed on the distant convoy.

Their fur was thick and rough, the color a blend of gray-white and dark blue, making it easy for them to blend into the icy wasteland.

Hunger made their bodies appear even more emaciated, yet the terrifying explosive power hidden beneath their bones was still evident.

An enticing aroma wafted through the wind, the scent of their long-desired prey!

"Awo!" The leading Wolf King let out a low growl.

Dozens of black shadows instantly sprang from the snow, stealthily and silently advancing toward the convoy like ghosts.

Closer and closer... closer and closer...

Bang!

The dull sound of an explosion shattered the night, as a giant wooden stake mechanism suddenly sprang up, spearing through several leading wolves, dyeing the snow red with blood instantly!

The wolf pack, shocked by the sudden trap, scattered in panic.

The soldiers ambushed in the periphery quickly drew their bows and rained arrows down like a storm!

Swish, swish, swish!

The sound of arrows tearing through the air ripped the atmosphere, and the Ice Wolves, unable to dodge, cried out miserably as several were pierced through the throat, collapsing in the snow, their blood swiftly reddening the white snow.

"Now attack!"

Lambert's longsword cut a silver arc through the air.

The knights launched a simultaneous assault, their raging fighting energy igniting the battlefield in an instant!

A knight suddenly leapt up, the war spear in his hand glowing with red light, violently impaling an oncoming Ice Wolf.

The explosive energy nailed the wolf's carcass to the snow, blasting open a massive crack!

Another knight wielded a heavy sword, the blade entangled with crimson fighting energy flames.

He leaped high, slashing down, the flames cleaving the night as he cleaved a giant wolf attempting an ambush in half!

Warm blood bloomed on the snow like crimson flowers.

The wolf pack's wild nature could no longer suppress the fear in their hearts, scattering in flight.

"Close the net!"

The knights adjusted their formation, encircling the wolf pack.

They wielded their fighting energy, every slash taking a wolf's life.

Amidst the sounds of blades slicing through flesh, the wolf pack was completely slaughtered, leaving only deathly howls behind.

Finally, only the Wolf King remained standing alone on the bloodstained snowfield, its thick fur soaked with blood.

Its ghostly green eyes fixed fiercely on Lambert, showing a final ferocity.

"Arwoo!"

The Wolf King roared angrily, its massive body lunged at Lambert, its claws slicing through the air with a chilling force, enough to tear through steel!

But Lambert merely sidestepped, the light blade condensed from fighting energy instantly covered his longsword, red light surging!

"Slash!"

With a low growl, the sword light fell like thunder.

Directly separating the Wolf King's head from its body, hot blood sprayed as the wolf's corpse collapsed heavily to the ground!

The battle ended even faster than expected, with the Knight Order virtually unscathed.

The ground was littered with the corpses of Ice Wolves, the bloodied snow a testament to the battle's brutality.

Lambert didn't even catch his breath, turning to look at Louis approaching on horseback from afar.

"My lord, the wolf pack is annihilated."

The knights soon tallied the results—a complete annihilation of seventy Ice Wolves!

The spoils were also quite substantial.

Seventy thick wolf pelts, sharp wolf teeth, and most importantly, mounds of wolf meat!

Louis looked at the spoils and nodded in satisfaction: "Well done, skin the wolves and distribute the meat among the brothers as an extra meal."

The soldiers burst into cheers; in the cold Northern Territory, a hot meal of meat was a dream come true!

Moreover, wolf meat was not inedible; when properly prepared, it could taste no worse than ordinary game!

"The lord is truly generous..."

At that moment, the new recruits looked at Louis with eyes that shifted from mere obedience to genuine admiration.

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Chapter 9: Chapter 9: Arrival

After several days of travel, Louis finally arrived at the Red Tide Territory with his convoy.

However, what met his eyes was a desolate wilderness.

"What a godforsaken place," a knight from the South muttered as he looked at the scene before him.

Louis didn't respond. Instead, he dismounted slowly and observed his surroundings.

Barren, dilapidated, lifeless—the entire land was deathly silent, with barely even a sign of weeds, truly a desolate place.

But with his intelligence system, Louis was very sure that this land held great potential, with many resources.

Geothermal, mineral deposits, fishery, and large tracts of land suitable for farming.

If someone is willing to develop it, this place will surely become a land of wealth.

"This place will eventually become the richest territory in the Northern Territory," Louis murmured softly, as if promising himself.

Without wasting time, Louis began giving expansion orders.

"First, set up temporary tents, then once the living area is confirmed, start building houses. We can start by cutting wood to prepare."

"Find a water source by the river, ensure everyone has sufficient drinking water and food supplies!"

"Clear a plot of land for a simple training ground; the soldiers must not neglect their training!"

As orders were given, the soldiers and slaves quickly sprang into action.

The sounds of logging and shouts filled the air, echoing across this long-silent land, imparting its first flicker of life.

As the newly appointed Lord of Red Tide Territory, Louis needed to personally confirm the state of this land to draft the ensuing development plans.

Thus, he spent the next few days carefully surveying the entire Red Tide Territory.

When Louis reached the southern part of the territory, he discovered areas where snow had melted, slowly emitting steam.

He hurried forward, crouched down, and felt a trace of warmth with his palm.

"Is it a geothermal vent?!" Louis's eyes flashed with delight.

The intelligence system had hinted at geothermal resources here, and it turned out to be true.

In an environment like the Northern Territory, geothermal resources are indeed extremely valuable wealth.

If developed properly, not only could it provide warmth for the residents, but it could also facilitate the coming spring planting.

More surprising, he discovered a few hot springs nearby!

Hot springs and the Northern Territory.

These two words together seemed almost unbelievable.

Imagining himself soaking in a hot spring while other Lords shivered in the cold, Louis couldn't help but smile; the feeling was simply doubly joyful.

So he decided to place his manor near the hot springs.

He then went to the riverside, where the ice had already cracked, and the river water flowed slowly. A few birds rested on the riverbank, occasionally diving into the water to catch small fish that hadn't yet awakened.

The fish population in the river wasn't abundant at the moment, but according to the intelligence system's reports, when spring arrives, this place will become a breeding ground for fish, providing a stable food source for the territory.

Just as he was pondering how to maximize the use of this resource, a squad of scout knights that Louis had sent out hurried back with exciting intelligence.

They discovered abundant mineral deposits deep within the mountains.

"Lord, in the northwest mountains, we discovered a Cold Iron Vein!"

"Moreover, deeper in, we found a mineral emitting a dark red glow, suspected to be Demon Marrow Ore."

Lambert gasped: "Demon Marrow Ore?! If it's true, that's a gold mine!"

"Hmm." Louis nodded calmly.

He had long known about the existence of this vein through his intelligence system, so he wasn't too surprised.

The value of Demon Marrow Ore needs no elaboration, but given the current conditions, attempting to mine it is too difficult.

However, as long as this land can develop steadily, this vein will eventually become Red Tide Territory's most significant asset.

After this round, Louis and his knights felt more confident about this land.

The intelligence system was right; this is indeed a land full of promise.

However, compared to the potential value of this land, the current reality is very harsh.

When they entered the native settlement, they were greeted by a scene of utter ruin.

The stagnant water on the land mixed with decaying mud, filling the air with a damp, rotting odor.

Crude wooden shacks and mud huts stood crookedly, looking as if they could collapse any moment.

Most of the residents were poorly clothed elders, women, and children.

They were thin, wrapped in clothes barely held together by old strips of cloth, clearly inadequate against the cold of the Northern Territory.

"Was there anyone managing this place before?" Louis frowned at the sight.

"The former governor ran off long ago," an indigenous resident answered.

A few frail children huddled behind a door, their cheeks reddened by the cold, hiding their thin bodies in the shadows, watching Louis's group.

Their eyes were timid, full of wariness and fear towards strangers.

Seeing this, Louis felt uneasy. Having gone through compulsory education, he couldn't bear to see children suffering like this.

He dismounted and took some rations from his pocket, walked forward, crouched down, and offered the food, "Take this and eat."

But the children only stared at him warily; none dared to take it, seemingly afraid it was some kind of trap.

However, the aroma of the rations was extraordinarily tempting in the air, and the children swallowed salivatingly.

"Go ahead and eat," Louis said softly.

The children finally couldn't resist, grabbing the food from Louis's hands, devouring it hungrily, fearing it might disappear the next second.

But Louis soon noticed a little boy who didn't immediately devour his share as the others did.

Instead, he quietly hid his portion in his worn clothing.

"Why aren't you eating?" Louis squatted down to ask.

The little boy looked up, his dirty face full of fear.

He replied in a timid voice, "I'm... I'm saving it to eat with mom."

Louis was taken aback.

He suddenly remembered, in the South, the nobility fed their dogs the best meat.

Yet here, the children had to hide away even a piece of dry food cautiously.

It was absurd.

He suddenly felt a sense of responsibility, the desire to do something for the people on this land.

So Louis looked around at the cold and hungry natives and loudly announced, "All who are willing to work can come to my station. I will provide you with food, shelter, and a chance to survive!"

The natives looked at each other, their eyes full of numbness.

They had suffered too much and no longer believed in anyone, but seeing these children who had just received food, they eventually nodded.

Let's give it a try; after all, nothing could be worse than their current situation.

Chapter 10: Chapter 10: Building Houses

Louis stood on a slightly elevated hill, overlooking this desolate land.

The place he was looking at was the initial settlement he had chosen for the Red Tide Territory, the future central town of the territory.

This location was near a geothermal vent, meaning higher temperatures, enough to prevent people from freezing to death at night;

The hill blocked the bitter cold wind, just enough to provide some shelter for these newly arrived residents.

"Lord, is it time to start building the castle?" Mike, standing beside him, asked.

Mike was the most experienced among the craftsmen Louis acquired from Duke Edmund.

Louis appointed him as the building officer of the Red Tide Territory.

"No rush for the castle." Louis shook his head, "First, let's build the residential area."

"Where will you live then?"

"Just live with everyone else for now."

"You want to live with us?" The old craftsman was taken aback.

"What, are you worried I can't get used to it?" Louis shrugged indifferently, "We're in the Northern Territory, what does it matter?"

The old craftsman suddenly saw the young lord in a new light.

So, after discussing with Louis, they decided on a type of semi-pit collective dwelling as the initial housing for the Red Tide Territory.

It was a combination of typical Northern Territory dwellings of this world and Viking Longhouses Louis had seen in books from his previous life.

This house was dug to one-third below the ground surface, lower than the terrain, effectively insulating.

The walls were supported with a wooden framework, woven with willow twigs on the outside, and finally plastered with grass mud for reinforcement, both windproof and moisture-resistant.

Most importantly, the construction speed was extremely fast!

A brief exchange with Louis filled Mike with admiration.

This young lord had, in such a short time, designed such a building perfectly suited for the Northern Territory, a true architectural genius.

After the design was completed, construction immediately commenced.

Teams of twenty, led by two soldiers and consisting of eighteen slaves or refugees, advanced efficiently with clear division of labor.

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As the cold wind howled, the slaves hunched their shoulders, gripping their rough iron spades tightly, and struck the permafrost hard.

"Thud!" The spade shook their wrists numb, but finally, the soil loosened a bit.

"Don't just stand there, keep going!" the soldier urged.

As they sweated profusely, a figure walked into the pit.

It was Louis; he rolled up his sleeves, picked up a shovel himself, and dug for a while.

"The lord also wants to work personally?" Everyone was surprised.

"Hmm... this work is really not easy. You all have worked hard; dinner time is soon. You can take a break." Louis dug for over ten minutes, remarking with a thoughtful sigh.

Then he turned to the next construction site, continuing his tour of working alongside the people.

Initially, some soldiers were dissatisfied, feeling they were clearly a combat unit, yet were sent to build houses, doing the work of laborers.

But now that even the lord was personally getting hands-on, what more could they complain about?

The slaves felt even more so; many of them had issues sustaining themselves. Now not only did they have food, but also a fixed place to live, which was already an enormous blessing.

Between building houses, Louis would occasionally "pass by" a construction site, casually lend a hand a few times, leave some encouraging words, then dust off his hands and move on.

"This framework is set nicely; you can sleep well tonight."

"Plaster the mud a little thicker, don't slack off, otherwise you'll freeze."

"Is this side almost done? I'll send over some hot soup, once you finish this batch, you can rest."

Wherever Louis went, the motivation there increased several folds.

With the addition of sufficient food supplies, the soldiers no longer complained.

The slaves worked as if their lives depended on it, their morale boosted to the max, and the entire territory's construction speed was astonishingly quick.

In just a few days, the first batch of semi-pit collective dwellings emerged from the ground.

Like mounds rising from the earth, thick grass mud covering the roofs, blending with the snowfield.

The houses were mostly buried underground, with sturdy and heavy frameworks supported by logs, the outer walls woven with willow twigs and solidified with rammed earth, saving timber while insulating against cold.

Moreover, the entire residential area was built around the geothermal vent, capable of dissipating most of the cold air.

Though they appeared simple, they could be considered one of the best living environments in the Northern Territory.

With the completion of the first batch of semi-pit dwellings, the Red Tide Territory finally established a real foundation in this cold Northern Territory.

Of course, mere houses were not enough; the human heart was the most crucial.

To motivate the people of the territory and further establish his "benevolent and wise" lord image, Louis decided to host a grand celebration.

He wanted to make it clear to everyone that following him, Louis, they wouldn't suffer any losses!

As night fell, a giant bonfire was lit on the open ground in front of the Red Tide Territory, dispelling the cold of the Northern Territory.

This piece of open ground, once barren permafrost, had now become lively for the first time due to the arrival of the celebration.

Nearly a thousand residents gathered under the firelight.

They had different identities, from slaves bought from slave traders, to indigenous people of the Northern Territory, refugees taken in along the way, and soldiers and knights who had followed Louis.

But at this moment, they shared one commonality: they were all citizens of the Red Tide Territory.

The crowd's gaze instinctively turned to the high stone before the bonfire.

Standing there was their lord—Louis Calvin.

The young Baron of Expansion wore a black long cloak, his face flickering in the firelight, no one knowing what he was going to do.

When everyone had gathered, Louis finally spoke: "Today, is the first celebration in the Red Tide Territory! To celebrate the completion of the first batch of houses in the Red Tide Territory.

With houses, this land will become your home, and you will become the true masters of the Red Tide Territory!"

However, there was no reaction from the crowd below.

They just looked at each other, even a bit bewildered.

What does it mean to become a master?

These slaves, refugees, and laborers had never thought they could become "masters" of any land.

They only knew work, they only knew obedience.

Even the courage to resist had been worn away in their long suffering.

Initially, they thought this celebration was some kind of oath by the new lord, or some kind of intimidation.

Louis had anticipated this reaction long ago, but it didn't matter; he would show them what hope was through practical actions.

"Next," Louis glanced over the crowd, "I want to reward those who are most diligent and loyal."

He raised a hand, and the steward Hillco behind him immediately unfolded the parchment in his hands and began reading a long list of names.

"Huck, Morgan, Sharna..."

The slaves whose names were called all flinched, showing fearful expressions.

In their past understanding, being named by the lord usually meant punishment, or even death.

Some had already started trembling, some lowered their heads, and some even wanted to kneel down and beg for mercy.

They had no idea how their fate was about to change.

