

Winter 34

Chapter 34: White-Haired Secretary

Sif was a bit nervous; today was her first day working as the secretary for the Red Tide Lord.

She didn't have much fondness for Louis, even harboring some wariness.

In her eyes, this lord was just an Imperial Noble in a gentle guise, essentially no different from those repulsive nobles of the Ironblood Empire.

She arrived on time at the lord's room and was greeted by the sight of a figure sitting cross-legged in meditation.

Louis was practicing his Breathing Technique, cultivating Fighting Energy.

This was the second time she had seen this young lord, but compared to their first encounter in the hospital room, this time she observed more closely.

His features were pronounced, his stature tall and slender, with an air of tranquility between his brows.

He didn't resemble those nobility donned in luxurious garments and bloated, rather more like a scholar, even exuding a calm and composed focus while cultivating.

This temperament indeed made it hard for Sif to immediately equate him with the scheming Imperial Nobility she had in mind.

But she quickly gathered her thoughts, thinking this guy was probably just putting on a show; if he were truly so diligent, his strength shouldn't be so low.

Finishing his practice, Louis opened his eyes and saw her immediately.

"You came quite early." Louis displayed a relaxed smile.

Sif nodded, remaining silent.

Today she wore an ordinary leather jacket produced by an artisan workshop, making her appear neat and efficient.

Louis glanced at her casually, thinking that if resources in the Northern Territory weren't so scarce, providing her with a maid's outfit wouldn't be bad.

But then reconsidered, thinking it was still quite cold now.

Besides, he wasn't accustomed to being served; the entire Red Tide had no young maids dedicated to serving him, only an old lady responsible for cleaning and laundry.

"I'm not blaming you; it's just that I have swordsmanship training later, and formal work starts in an hour," Louis explained.

Sif again just nodded, saying nothing more.

Then Louis left the room to start his daily swordsmanship training with Lambert.

During the training, Lambert wielded his sword steadily, with aggressive strikes, each blow precise and powerful.

Louis, on the other hand, focused more on technique, relying on agile footwork to dodge and find counterattack opportunities.

"Your footing needs to be steadier." Lambert advised in a deep voice before striking downward.

Louis quickly sidestepped, narrowly avoiding it, but Lambert's maneuver was swift, sweeping horizontally.

Louis was forced to raise his sword to block, the massive impact making him retreat several steps, his arm slightly numb.

Sif watched from the side, internally assessing: Lambert's skill was considerably superior to her own.

While Louis's swordsmanship was decent, it was only "decent."

Just a flower rack, she thought.

But she noticed that no matter how Lambert attacked, Louis never let up, always earnestly facing the battle.

"Again?" Lambert asked.

"Of course." Louis wiped the sweat from his brow and readied his stance again.

Sif furrowed her brow slightly; this guy didn't seem to be perfunctory; he was genuinely striving to improve.

Swordsmanship learning was a compulsory daily lesson for Louis; since arriving at Red Tide, he had Lambert instruct him for an hour each day.

Thus the swordsmanship training was spent in continuous clashes and adjustments for an hour.

Louis sheathed his sword, exhaled a long breath, wiped the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand, and revealed a cheerful smile.

Sif glanced sideways slightly; this guy indeed looked somewhat charming.

"Let's go, start the day's lordly duties." Louis looked at her, in a relaxed tone, "Don't be so nervous; the secretary's job is actually quite simple."

He casually outlined some points, finally summarizing: "Your main task today is to accompany me on outings and document my day's work."

Sif nodded and responded blandly, "Understood."

And Louis's first act as a lord was to inspect the soldiers' training on the training ground.

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A hundred and twenty soldiers formed a phalanx, running around the field in a mighty formation.

Their footsteps were neat and uniform, though panting heavily, no one complained of exhaustion.

"Last five laps! Speed up!"

"Action! Fast! Fast! Didn't you eat enough?"

"Come on! Keep running! Your ability is far beyond this!"

The knight instructor ran alongside, constantly shouting slogans.

This training method was entirely different from the training methods of other noble territories in the Ironblood Empire.

Other nobles at most trained physical stamina and individual cold weapon techniques.

This relied on traditional master-apprentice teachings, often scattershot, leaving soldiers with a shaky foundation.

Leading ordinary soldiers to become nothing more than cannon fodder for Bloodline Knights on the battlefield.

But Louis understood that in this Low Magic World, even the strongest Legendary Knight couldn't cleave an enemy and armor in two thousand six hundred or more strikes.

The most common Apprentice Knight facing a well-trained soldier could at most fight one against ten, comparable to two Yip Mans.

However, cultivating them was a hundred times more difficult than a regular soldier.

Therefore, Louis, using knowledge from his past life, devised a more systematic training system.

Pure standardized training, focusing more on the soldiers' teamwork and rapid response capabilities, with particular emphasis on battlefield adaptability.

These soldiers might not have Fighting Energy, but he believed that with this training, they could become a formidable force.

"Attention!"

The soldiers halted abruptly, turning to face forward.

Louis approached slowly, exuding an aura of authority in his every move, naturally causing all soldiers to stand straighter.

"Good morning, Lord!" The soldiers shouted in unison, their voices deafening.

Louis nodded slightly, speaking in a calm tone, "Thank you for your hard work."

"We're not tired!" They replied firmly and powerfully.

These soldiers underwent physical training, formations, and simulated battles daily.

Although the training volume increased, no one complained.

Because they ate well and stayed warm, and Lord Louis granted them unprecedented respect.

The grace of the lord, each of them remembered in their hearts.

Louis scanned the circle, his gaze landing on a few soldiers with incorrect actions: "On the battlefield, such sluggishness would cost you and your comrades your heads."

The soldiers broke into a cold sweat, quickly lowered their heads, and acknowledged it.

"Run five more laps."

"Yes!"

The soldiers turned without hesitation, continuing to run, their steps more forceful.

Sif stood by, watching the soldiers run in unison, a complex feeling rising within her.

She didn't fully understand the significance of this training.

But she could clearly feel the soldiers' genuine respect for Louis.

Though Louis didn't give loud commands or make any exaggerated movements, each of his words made the soldiers obey without hesitation.

This young lord seemed truly different from the ordinary nobles.