

Winter 35

Chapter 35: Great Development of Fishery and Agriculture

After leaving the training ground, Louis walked with Sif along a dirt path and suddenly stopped, heading toward a simple yet clean wooden house.

"I'll go take a look inside," he said, pushing the door open and walking in.

The light inside was dim, with a faint herbal scent lingering in the air.

A knight lay on the wooden bed against the wall, his face still pale, but much better than it had been a few days ago.

He was the knight who had been injured in battle with the Frost Giant several days ago—Havier.

Seeing Louis enter, he instinctively struggled to get up and pay his respects, but Louis gently pressed him back down.

"Don't move," Louis frowned, "Your wound hasn't healed completely yet."

Havier showed a somewhat embarrassed smile, "Lord, I'm much better now."

"Don't push yourself," Louis pulled over a chair and sat down, "What did the doctor say?"

"It's stabilized, but recovery will take some time." Havier lowered his head, seemingly a bit unwilling, "I'm sorry to worry you."

"It's good enough that you made it back alive," Louis sighed softly, "Don't worry, I'll find the right potion as soon as possible to help you regain your cultivation."

"Thank you. I will never forget your kindness, Lord. Once I'm healed, I'll continue to serve the Red Tide Territory."

Havier's voice carried a hint of choking, full of loyalty.

Sif stood by, watching the scene, feeling a slight ripple in her heart.

She initially thought that Louis was just going through the motions, putting on a show.

But seeing the unfeigned loyalty in the eyes of the injured knight, she suddenly felt a bit shaken.

"Don't make it sound like a farewell," Louis chuckled lightly, standing up and patting Havier on the shoulder, "Get well, don't rush back and make a fool of yourself."

Before leaving, he instructed the guards to take good care of him, bringing Havier to tears once more.

After saying goodbye to Havier, Louis took Sif eastward towards the riverbank.

The morning light cast shimmering waves on the water's surface, with a few fishing boats leisurely anchored by the shore, fishermen busy sorting out their nets, occasionally breaking into cheerful laughter.

Louis glanced around. The development of the fishery had reached a stable stage, with more boats than at the beginning, but the yields were not as bountiful as before.

This didn't surprise him; it was exactly what he intended.

To avoid overfishing and ensure the sustainable reproduction of fish populations, he ordered the enlargement of net meshes to allow young fish to escape.

At the same time, fishing had to follow scheduled periods with a designated off-season to give the river and fish populations a chance to recover, promoting sustainable fishery development.

Seeing Louis, Luke, the Fishery Official, quickly walked up with a slightly flattering look on his face.

Louis nodded slightly, his gaze sweeping over the river, "How is the progress on aquaculture?"

"We have started trying," Luke patted his chest.

"We've selected a few species that adapt to cold waters and are attempting semi-enclosed farming," he pointed to the rafts on the water, speaking excitedly.

"It's all because you, Lord, had the foresight to consider our long-term development. Otherwise, in a few years, all the fish would be gone!"

"Hmm, you're doing well," Louis casually praised him.

Luke's eyes squinted with delight, waving his hands repeatedly and saying, "No, no, it's all thanks to the wise leadership of the Lord!"

Louis chuckled softly, not taking the bait.

Sif, watching this scene from the side, secretly pursed her lips.

She scoffed at this flattering "wise lord," but had to admit that the people of the Red Tide Territory indeed trusted him.

Louis glanced at Sif, his lips slightly curling upward, fully aware of her inner thoughts but too lazy to explain anything.

"Let's go," Louis said, stepping toward the Red Tide Territory's farmlands.

The vast fields spread out under the morning light, with the rye stalks visibly robust, the deep green leaves gently swaying in the breeze, the potato plants lush, and the turnips growing vigorously, painting a picture of vitality.

Mike, the Agricultural Official, was leading a few farmers inspecting the fields.

Seeing Louis, he quickly came forward, clapping the dirt off his hands with an honest smile on his face.

"In just over ten days, the turnips can be harvested. The rye is doing well, and the potatoes haven't had any issues. We should have a good harvest," Mike said to Louis, with a hint of pride in his voice.

Louis nodded, his gaze scanning the fields, noticing the neatly arranged ridges, the moist soil, meticulously cared for.

"Well done, Mike," he praised.

Mike paused for a moment, then his smile broadened, even carrying a bit of excitement.

He clenched his fists, as if trying to suppress the joy in his heart, yet unable to hide a smile creeping onto his lips.

He knew he owed everything to this young lord standing before him.

In the past, he was nothing but a slave working the land, without even the right to glance at a noble.

But Louis not only granted him freedom but also allowed him to manage all the farmland in the Red Tide Territory, transforming him from a humble slave to an agricultural leader.

Now, his lifelong goal was to do everything he could to improve agriculture in the Red Tide Territory.

To allow the land to feed more people and make this territory more prosperous than anywhere else.

"Lord, I will not let you down," Mike said solemnly, his voice trembling slightly.

Louis smiled slightly, patting him on the shoulder, "Keep up the good work."

Then he looked at the beaming Mike and suddenly remembered something, raising an eyebrow and asking, "So, how's the newlywed life treating you?"

Mike paused for a moment, then blushed, stammering and waving his hands, "No, no such thing, Lord, don't tease me."

Louis laughed heartily, patting him on the shoulder, "Take it easy. I don't want you worn out any time soon."

The surrounding farmers also laughed along, the atmosphere instantly becoming much more relaxed.

From morning until now, in Sif's eyes, Louis gradually transformed from a cunning noble to a leader who understood how to care for his territory, approachable and respectable.

Whether he was sincere or pretending, at least the people sincerely loved him.

She felt a bit worried that if every territory in the Northern Territory developed as steadily as the Red Tide Territory, the Cold Moon Tribe would face a significant threat.

But on second thought, what would a threat matter?

They were all traitors who killed her family, better off dead!

Sif withdrew her thoughts, looking at Louis not far away.

The man stood in the fields, casually chatting with the farmers and slaves, in a relaxed tone, with a lazy smile in his eyes and brows.

The breeze ruffled his black hair slightly, and against the sunlight, the lines of his side profile looked particularly distinct.

For some reason, Sif found herself a bit captivated.