

Winter 37

Chapter 37: Wolf Training

Night fell, and Louis, Sif, and a few knights sat in the dining room having dinner.

Several dim oil lamps were lit, casting light on the simple meal on the wooden long table.

Smoked fish with a faint wood scent, steaming wheat porridge, with coarse wheat bread and some pickled sauerkraut on the side.

The entire dining room lacked any lavish decorations, with wooden tables and chairs, slightly yellowed oil lamps, and even a few cracks visible on the wooden walls.

Sif looked at all this, a bit surprised in her heart.

This was entirely different from the noble life she had imagined.

In her perception, the noble's dining table should be covered with gold-bordered tablecloths, plates piled with exquisite dishes, shining silverware, and glasses filled with sweet wine.

But the reality was, even though Louis' dinner was slightly better than that of ordinary lords, it was far from luxurious.

Louis noticed her subtle change in expression: "Not to your taste?"

Sif quickly shook her head: "No."

Although she used to be the princess of the tribe and ate better than now, the Northern Territory had always been scarce in resources, and it wasn't extravagant anywhere.

She picked up the wheat porridge and took a sip, the warm wheat aroma spreading in her mouth, and the taste wasn't bad.

Halfway through the meal, Sif looked up and casually asked, "What are you going to do tonight?"

Louis, while chewing the smoked fish, replied, "Wolf taming."

"Wolf taming?" Sif was surprised, then her eyes lit up.

Louis nodded: "Yes."

Now Louis would spend a few nights each week at the Beast Taming Arena training the Ice Wolf, Leng Feng.

After weeks of training, Leng Feng had started responding to Louis' commands, but complete obedience still required more practice.

Today's practice was on hunting signals.

Hunting signals are a system of whistles specifically used for taming wild beasts, often used in hunting, combat, or patrolling.

They use different tones and rhythms to make animals understand and execute instructions.

Louis raised his hand, the whistle pressed to his lips, blowing a long high note.

Leng Feng's body tensed slightly, then crouched low, his limbs close to the ground, ready to pounce on prey at any moment.

Then Louis blew two short notes.

Leng Feng suddenly leaped, fiercely pouncing towards the target ahead, his sharp fangs biting into the cloth-made dummy target, tearing it with force!

The cloth strips shredded, and a low growl came from the wolf's throat.

Finally, Louis blew a series of rapid tremolo notes.

Leng Feng abruptly stopped his actions, cautiously scanning the surroundings, then released his grip, quickly retreating to Louis' side.

The entire set of movements was smooth and crisp, already demonstrating a certain level of tactical coordination ability.

Louis nodded contentedly, reaching out to gently stroke Leng Feng's neck.

"Well done," he said softly, then took out a piece of cut meat from his waist, offering it to Leng Feng.

Leng Feng licked his fangs but didn't pounce on it immediately.

Instead, he first looked at Louis, and after confirming his owner's permission, he suddenly opened his mouth to bite the piece of meat, a satisfied growl emanating from his throat.

"There's already some form," the beast trainer Egger respectfully stepped forward, his tone tinged with a bit of comfort, "The progress of taming it is faster than I expected.

However, to make Leng Feng fully obedient, more practice is needed. After all, Ice Wolves are not like ordinary beasts; trust and obedience must be built little by little."

"I know," Louis responded.

Sif watched the Ice Wolf in the training arena, her expression gradually darkening.

When she was in the tribe, she also had an Ice Wolf.

Lonely Moon.

It was an Ice Wolf she had raised from a cub. They hunted together, ran through the endless snowstorms together, kept each other warm in the cold nights...

But now, it's probably already...

Sif's hand unconsciously tightened, her fingertips embedding into her palm.

Killed, perhaps.

Since waking up from unconsciousness, Sif deliberately tried not to think about these tragedies, but she couldn't help it.

Louis glanced at her, seemingly sensing her discomfort, and asked softly, "What's wrong?"

Sif was silent for a moment, but eventually couldn't help speaking out: "I used to have an Ice Wolf too, it's already dead."

Her tone was calm, as if stating something unrelated to herself.

Louis pondered for a moment, then pointed to a group of Ice Wolf cubs in the distant enclosure: "Do you want to choose another one to raise?"

Sif was stunned, seemingly not quite processing it.

She looked at the fluffy wolf pups, some sitting, some lying down, softly snuggled together.

Her gaze slowly swept over each of them, finally stopping at a little wolf cub in the corner.

Its fur had a faint silvery-gray sheen, its pupils icy blue, somewhat reminiscent of the Lonely Moon in her memory.

She walked forward and gently extended her hand.

The pup timidly sniffed her fingertips, then cautiously stuck out its tongue to lick her palm.

At that moment, it felt like she was pulled back from the labyrinth of memories.

Sif's eyes were slightly red, her fingertip gently stroked the pup's soft fur, "Then you'll be Lonely Moon from now on."

The pup let out a soft whine, as if responding to her.

Sif's throat tightened slightly.

She opened her mouth as if to say something, but no sound came out.

The next moment, warm tears silently slipped down, falling onto the pup's soft fur.

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As the training continued, the night deepened.

Louis stood at the edge of the training arena, casually stretching, turning his head to look at Sif: "That's it for today's work, remember to write down today's schedule."

Sif nodded, turned to leave, and returned to her small room.

As one of only three literate people in the territory, Louis had specially arranged a separate room for her.

The little wolf hadn't been brought back yet because it hadn't fully recognized its master.

Sif sighed lightly, cleared her mind, walked to the desk, and lit the oil lamp.

She opened her notebook and began writing down today's entries line by line.

In the morning, the Lord personally trained the soldiers, who held him in high regard.

The Lord inspected farmland and fishery, proposing development suggestions.

Gave care to injured knights and promised better potions.

Discovered the potential of birch sugar, attempted to promote sugar development.

...

After finishing Louis' schedule for the day, Sif stared at the lines of text for a while, feeling complicated emotions.

Clearly a lord, yet without a trace of aristocratic arrogance.

Wherever he went, he was respected.

Her pen tip lightly pointed, writing four words on another sheet—a good person.

After she finished writing, she looked at the sentence and suddenly felt a bit unsatisfied, muttering with pride, "Probably just pretending."

Yet in her heart, she no longer really thought so.

She casually tossed a piece of birch sugar into her mouth.

The sweetness melted in her mouth, bringing a unique woody fragrance.

Sif leaned back in her chair, softly murmuring, "Hmm, sweet."