

Winter 381

Chapter 381: New Daily Intelligence

Early morning, the sky had not yet fully brightened.

When Louis opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was a rough wooden ceiling, the wood uncarved, simply peeled and polished, with beams having a slight slant.

He stared at the slanting beam for a few seconds, then sighed softly.

This was his residence in Mai Lang Territory.

Not exactly crude, but certainly far from comfortable.

The house was built by the artisan team using wood, with walls that block wind and sound, and old wool and geothermal pipes laid beneath the floor.

Compared to his black ebony carved bed that could accommodate four people back at the Red Tide Territory Earth Tower Castle, it felt like a different era.

But he didn't mind; it was a special period, how could one possibly build walls and towers here?

And though this bedroom was rather rough, it was already the best room in Mai Lang Territory at the moment.

He turned his head and found one arm draped over his chest, the other boldly stretched toward the edge of the blanket.

It was Sif, her hair had grown longer, and her eyelashes were still long and curled, casting light shadows like little fans on her face.

She slept deeply, her whole body forming a large character, breathing so steadily it was almost inaudible.

Louis helplessly glanced at her, then slowly got up, moving so gently that the bedboard didn't creak.

He had already been in Mai Lang Territory for almost two months.

In these two months, he had barely stepped out of the valley.

From spring planning and field demarcation to hut construction and initial canal opening, he was practically involved in everything.

Meanwhile, Sif and Emily took turns coming from Red Tide Territory to accompany him.

Of course, it was more reasonable to leave Emily in charge at Red Tide Territory, given its urgent spring farming season.

But now... it's about time to return.

The spring farming system in Mai Lang Territory was already on track; the tasks to do and mistakes to avoid had been considered beforehand.

What remained was just execution, which could be left to the Agricultural Official and various administrative officers.

The core of the entire territory map was still Red Tide Territory.

Thinking about this, he put on his coat and went to the crude wooden table in the corner, casually brushing away a thin layer of dust.

Then, with a wave of his right hand: "Swoosh—"

Accompanied by the scattering of light blue dots, a translucent system interface slowly unfolded before him.

[Daily Intelligence Update Complete]

[1: Titus Frost Fierce leads the Frost Moon Barbarian Race in attacking the Axe Fragment Barbarian Race and Red Rock Barbarian Race, the two tribes which originally intended to ally together against the southern Empire. Now they've turned against each other due to territorial disputes. Despite continuous warfare, major barbarian tribes have sent scouts to secretly explore the south.]

[2: In the deep cavern in the northern part of Mai Lang Territory, an area of Shadow Moss was discovered, but depths of the cavern harbor suspicions of the presence of Soul-devouring Lizard Beast.]

[3: Deep within the northern mineral vein of Snow Peak County lies a special mineral "Burning Ember Iron," extremely valuable, with a complex guarding terrain accompanied by high heat fissures.]

Having read the first point, Louis' mouth curled into a subtle smile, but his expression didn't relax whatsoever.

These barbarians fighting among themselves is indeed good news.

If the major barbarian tribes could truly form an alliance, the consequences would be extremely dire.

Another massive barbarian southern invasion would be hard to defend against in the now weakened Northern Territory, but now they're fighting among themselves, making it easier for the Empire.

"However..." Louis lightly tapped the wooden table with his fingers, creating a muffled thump, thump sound: "These barbarians aren't mindless wild dogs."

That was the troublesome part, the battle aside, these barbarians were quite clear-minded.

A wolf not biting doesn't mean it isn't watching.

Every barbarian tribe was sending scouts to quietly infiltrate, probing the Empire's borders, even considering migration and settlement.

Their advance troops had quietly bypassed main battle zones, nearing several northern territories, trying to find breaches, probing realities.

And now, he's already a visible large elephant, Red Tide Territory likely being a prime target on their reconnaissance list.

"My territory... really growing larger and larger."

Red Tide, Mai Lang... territories gradually forming, while the former border wildlands now a hotspot for troops and provisions.

"The bigger, the harder to manage."

Louis knew very well that although the Red Tide Territory was still not very powerful, places with "grain, resources, and population" would attract "wild dogs with no grain, no land, no brain."

He noted privately to quickly update border post defenses and, if necessary, deploy more knights to monitor those barbarian scouts' movements.

The Red Tide's sphere of influence was expanding, but the pressure to defend the land was beginning to rise sharply.

But no need for too much worry; he estimated no decisive victory for invasion could occur within the next two to three years.

He waved his hand and proceeded to read the second intelligence.

At this glance, his pupils slightly contracted, a genuine hint of excitement rising in his eyes.

"Shadow Moss..."

He had certainly heard of this extremely rare magical plant.

It only grows in deep caverns, shady decay layers of ancient forests, or "deadlands" cursed by vengeful spirits during ancient wars.

Nourished by geothermal heat, magical particles, and trace metal elements, appearing deep purple or inky black, its surface glimmers with faint phosphorescence, which most would find chilling and uneasy, but in the eyes of true Fighting Spirit Knights, that light was as blazing as mythril.

For it possessed an extremely rare trait: directly stimulating the knight's core of will, accelerating the purification and transformation of fighting energy during cultivation.

It is not a simple fortifying substance, but an "will catalyst" capable of amplifying the sensitivity of fighting energy operation, enhancing concentration, raising perception thresholds, and even breaking catalysts at crucial bottlenecks.

Chapter 382: New Daily Intelligence_2

Although intense usage may cause temporary hallucinations or neural fatigue, for true high-tier Fighting Energy users, this cost is not unacceptable.

"If we can gather it and produce a fumigant or a spiritual pressure chamber... the knight training system in Red Tide Territory can directly move up a notch."

Louis's eyes sparkled with excitement; such resources are strategic assets that can truly enhance the core combat power of the Red Tide.

However, the guardian of the Shadow Moss, the Soul-devouring Lizard Beast, is also a considerable threat.

It is a quasi-demonic creature, dwelling in the dark, locking onto prey by spiritual waves, with attack methods including spiritual tearing, creating illusions, and even inducing fear illusions.

What's more troublesome is that regions where Shadow Moss grows densely often spontaneously form "spiritual disturbance zones," causing intruders to fall into states like memory shadows and emotional breakdowns.

Without sufficient preparation, even knights might go mad.

"Troublesome, indeed a bit troublesome, but only a bit." Louis was not the least bit irritated; instead, he laughed.

Though the Shadow Moss is dangerous, knowing the information, as long as a well-organized high-intensity cleanup operation is launched, eradicating the Lizard Beast and extracting the moss essence can bring it under control.

Louis murmured softly, "If only we could research an artificial taming environment for the Shadow Moss..."

That would mean a new exclusive Fighting Energy enhancement system would emerge that belongs to the "Red Tide System."

Furthermore, if handled properly, those fearsome Soul-devouring Lizard Beasts themselves may not only be seen as threats.

Their Magic Crystals possess extremely unique spiritual interference properties.

They can induce fear, create illusions, interfere with perception and judgment, and even disrupt the target's willpower in the short term.

If extracted and refined properly, they might be processed into "spiritual shock bombs" or some sort of covert interference devices, used on the battlefield to break the enemy's morale, or create key flaws in assassination or clandestine warfare.

"And even..." Louis's lips curled slightly, in his mind already weaving another thread, "serve as an auxiliary device during interrogations."

Instead of having the torturer spend time and energy in repeated coercion, it's better to let the suspect fall into their most feared nightmare, confessing under the tearing of spiritual illusions.

That is an inevitable collapse that cannot be resisted or concealed.

An entire thought process gradually took shape, with Shadow Moss used for Fighting Energy enhancement, and Lizard Beast Magic Crystals turned into spiritual weapons and special means.

This dungeon may be dangerous, but the profits it brings may be far more precious than mountains of gold and silver.

"Not bad... I can go take a look on the way back to Red Tide Territory."

Louis then looked at the third piece of information with a cheerful mood; his sight paused slightly, but the corners of his lips once again lifted.

Deep within the northern mines of Snow Peak County, traces of Smoldering Sink Iron were discovered.

"Hey! Another piece of good news." The excitement in Louis's tone was undeniable.

Smoldering Sink Iron isn't an ordinary ore; it's a miraculous material only found in places where ancient fire magical beasts perished.

According to legend, when those beasts died, the vast life heat energy they contained seeped into the surrounding rock layers, undergoing countless years of earth vein melting and mineral gas fusion, eventually condensing into an ore as hot and scorching as molten magma.

Its color is deep red, almost like molten gold, with a surface seemingly encapsulating flickering sparks; once Fighting Energy is injected, one can feel the violent flame-like energy surging back.

This is the most suitable mineral material for crafting Knight's Fighting Energy weapons.

"If the quality of this batch of ore is stable, then my elite underlings can all be replaced with the truly meaningful fire-blade cavalry." A scene of the cavalry array in full attire quickly flashed in Louis's mind, armor glowing, lances like fire, full of vigor.

Compared to standard armaments made from ordinary minerals, Smoldering Sink Iron is not only more in line with Fighting Energy flow structures but also possesses high-heat interference effects

In actual combat, it can pierce through iron shields and scorch through leather armor, greatly enhancing armor penetration efficiency, making it the preferred choice for Bloodline Knight weapons.

Louis looked down at the information, eyes glinting with calculated light.

"With the ore, the northern mining vein... should also be incorporated into the territory." He had made up his mind.

Unlike Mai Lang Territory, which is a granary-type territory with "crop cultivation" at its core.

He planned to create a new battlefield-type stronghold with "ore extraction and casting" as its focus in the mining veins north of Snow Peak County in the future.

Supporting structures for a forging zone, Fighting Energy trial field, and ordnance verification platform, genuinely forming an integrated Red Tide military system.

That will be the future arsenal of Red Tide Territory.

Today's information can be described as good news coming in succession.

Louis turned off the floating interface, still with a faint smile on his lips.

"Useless system, finally did something useful this time." He muttered softly, then stretched lazily.

"Hmm..." Sif rubbed her eyes and sat up, her hair messy as if it had just been blown up, draped with a blanket, looking at him sleepily, "What are you studying again? Smiling like a sly merchant all morning..."

"Still, I am the Lord; I should think about the upcoming plans." Louis casually put on his outer robe, "Today we're returning to Red Tide. You should prepare as well."

"Okay." Sif nodded, blinked her eyes, and finally fully awoke, "I'll go make arrangements for the farewell procession."

With that, she dressed neatly, yawned, and walked out with light steps.

Louis watched her back for a moment, a hint of tenderness in his eyes, then turned back to the wooden corner table inside the room.

Next was the daily routine cultivation time.

He sat cross-legged on the carpet, performing the Tidal Breathing Technique; the Fighting Energy in his body flowed slowly like waves, while his Spiritual Power layered in original meditation, like sea breeze sweeping over reefs, sometimes slow, sometimes swift.

Mastering both Fighting Energy and Magic was already his daily fundamental task.

Even as a Lord burdened with governance, he never slacked off a single day.

After half an hour, he opened his eyes, with a faint steam rising from his body, his breath steady and firm like a pine tree.

"We can set out now." Sif came to him and said.

Louis nodded, donned the Red Tide Knight Order's standard-issue cloak, and walked out of the room.

In the courtyard, one person was already waiting; it was the acting steward responsible for the internal affairs and security of Mai Lang Territory, Knight Green.

Green was steady and restrained; in these two months, handling affairs in Mai Lang Territory had been quite methodical, and Louis was quite reassured by him.

"My lord, the convoy and the Knight Order are ready. Do you have any other instructions?" He asked respectfully.

Louis nodded, handing him a simple map and a few pages of paper.

"This is the irrigation canal adjustment plan for the next month. The terrain in the hilly area is complex; remember to have people keep an eye on it."

"Yes." Green quickly noted it down.

"Also, for seed distribution, household registration transfer, and tax grain statistics, keep in touch with Bradley over there. Whether it's sowing imbalance, canal blockage, or civil unrest, don't act on your own. Notify me first with the Gale Bird."

"I will remember, my lord." Green immediately responded solemnly.

After giving detailed instructions, Louis gave him one last look: "Mai Lang Territory is the foundation of Red Tide. Spring plowing is the lifeline of the territory; be cautious, and don't let anything go wrong."

Green solemnly said: "I understand, my lord."

Louis patted his shoulder, showing a small comforting smile: "You are doing well, keep it up."

Before departure, several internal affairs officials, craftsman representatives, and others came to see them off, though there weren't many formalities, everyone's expressions were solemn.

Louis mounted his horse, under the banner, looked around, and finally said softly to everyone: "Everyone, take care of this land. I will come back soon for inspection."

"As you command, my lord!" everyone said in unison.

With that, the Red Tide Knight Order set off, and the convoy slowly drove out of Mai Lang camp in the morning light, proceeding along the edge of the valley on a gravel path, with the distant unmelted snow line glinting with cold white light.

Not long after, Louis softly said to Lambert beside him: "Let's take a slight detour; there's a place I want to look at."

"Yes, my lord."

No one raised any objections; if the Lord of Red Tide Territory said to detour, then detour they did.

They all knew that Louis's "want to look" was never just a minor detour.

Chapter 383: Shadow Moss and Soul-devouring Lizard Beast

The twilight had not yet fully dispersed, and the Rift Hill north of Mai Lang Territory was shrouded in a faint layer of mist.

The split hills looked like a giant beast had taken a bite out of the land, leaving behind a cruel and grim scar.

Louis looked up, noticing that the vegetation on the surface of the hills had completely withered. The soil was permeated with a rusty-smelling moisture, and an occasional low, hollow sound emanated from the underground.

Louis gazed at a rock cave, frowning slightly: "This is it. There's some magic fluctuation here."

"...Magic fluctuation?" Lambert frowned.

"Perhaps, but I'm not certain." Louis raised his hand, signaling caution.

Although he said that, he already knew what was inside—Spectral Moss and Soul-devouring Lizard Beasts.

"The terrain is narrow, we can only take twenty people inside. Any more... and turning around would be difficult," Lambert said in a low voice.

His eyes were sharp, staring at the dark entrance of the slope, his combat instincts quietly activating.

"Alright." Louis nodded, "Pick the people, the elite among the elite. The others will stay on the perimeter, ready to seal the cave entrance if necessary."

"Yes."

Soon, over twenty High-tier Knights clad in light armor lined up, equipped with special gear besides their standard weapons.

Before setting off, Louis gave a final order: "Everyone wear the 'mask-type Frost Leaf Vine purifier,' and activate the slow-release mist pouch three minutes after entering."

Upon hearing this, everyone took out the transparent masks with silver frames from their backpacks.

These were experimental gear developed by the Red Tide research workshop, initially created to resist the Nest's mental attacks.

They contained a light blue viscous potion refined from Frost Leaf Vine, which could quickly release into a mist screen when subjected to mental interference, isolating spore and hallucination gas pollutants.

"Remember, if you experience dizziness, tinnitus, or memory displacement, immediately increase the mist concentration, do not delay," Louis commanded.

"Yes!"

"Check for seal integrity." Lambert habitually surveyed the group, confirming that everyone was equipped before leading them into the dark depths.

Following closely were Louis and five personal guards, while others entered the cavern depths in pairs.

They hadn't taken more than a few steps into the cavern when they felt an indescribable pressure.

It wasn't a drop in temperature or thin air, but a subtle feeling of being watched.

As if someone was crouched behind the cave walls, observing them.

The further they descended, the colder it became, and the air grew more humid.

Strange phosphorescent patterns began to appear on the rock walls, like magical tendrils formed from magic power accumulated over the years.

The air was filled with an indescribable smell—a mix of rusty metal, decaying rot, and a faint, blood-like sweetness.

"This place... feels wrong," murmured a Weir.

Carefully, they descended the slope, their feet treading on slippery rocks and fractured bones, origin unknown.

Finally, about ten or so meters underground, the tunnel abruptly widened, and the sight before them left everyone stunned.

An underground circular hall more than twenty meters wide, with a collapsed dome, while the walls still retained incomplete carvings and ritual patterns.

Leaning among the broken stone pillars were several dried-up corpses, some clad in tattered gray robes, others clutching rusted, crumbling blades.

What was even more terrifying was the spread of black-purple moss over the walls and corpses.

The Spectral Moss moved slowly, with a faint phosphorescence flowing across its surface, spreading like a tide.

The air temperature suddenly dropped, and a thin layer of white frost appeared on the outer layer of the Frost Leaf Vine purifiers.

"...It's not a natural cave," Louis said slowly, his eyes sharp.

"It's a tomb. A kind of... highly ritualistic ancient tomb."

Louis stepped forward, squatting beside a corpse, gently brushing away the moss to reveal incomplete engravings on the ribcage—a snowflake-like cross pattern, with a horizontal crack in the center.

"It's... the ancient emblem of the Snow Swearer," Louis speculated, "Apparently the ancient tomb of a Snow Country priest and his burial guards from centuries ago, only infested with Spectral Moss over time."

A young knight nearby was astonished, "Wasn't that all destroyed thirty years ago?"

"Maybe not all of it, like this place... It's never been on any map or historical record."

While they hesitated in disbelief, the Spectral Moss at their feet silently undulated.

Initially hidden among the walls, corpses, and rock crevices, they were inconspicuous.

But now, under a subtle flow of air, the purple glow edged a bit closer to the group, like a damp carpet slowly unfurling.

No sound, no scent, but if someone were to remove their mask now, they would immediately sense a marrow-penetrating fear, originating from the death memories of others, emanating from the moss.

These were the priest's fear, the soldiers' despair, the cursed ones' lament... forming a sensory attack.

However, the knights, wearing the Frost Leaf Vine purifiers, had already silently isolated the fear spores outside their masks.

Under Louis's protection, they unknowingly avoided preliminary spiritual contamination.

"...Tsk." Louis crouched beside the Spectral Moss, gazing intently at the cluster of ink-purple moss.

"It's no longer the Snow Country priest's tomb," he laughed, "Now, it's a precious asset of the Red Tide!"

Louis's voice was not loud, yet it echoed clearly through the cavern, carrying a sense of excitement and joy.

Only then did everyone realize the oddity of the situation, turning their gaze to their Lord.

Chapter 384: Shadow Moss and Soul-devouring Lizard Beast (2)

"Wa-wait... my Lord, are you saying... this purple moss is..."

"Shadow Moss." Louis' tone was tinged with excitement, "It's an exceptionally rare magic plant. It can reinforce willpower, enhance the efficiency of Fighting Energy cohesion, and facilitate breakthroughs at bottlenecks... it's also an auxiliary resource coveted by many high-tier Fighting Energy practitioners."

"In fact, it can even be used to manufacture special fumigants, perception weapons, or mental interference devices."

Silence pervaded the surroundings.

Until Lambert rarely let out a "...Huh?"

Weir exclaimed in shock, "Did I just step on something valuable?"

"The ground is full of it," Louis shrugged, "If you want to take off your boots, now's the time."

The group burst into an uproar, even the battle-hardened Lambert couldn't help but mutter under his breath, "This place isn't just haunted, it's a freaking treasure trove, isn't it?"

"This stuff can help break through bottlenecks? Seriously?"

"I've been stuck at the initial elite stage for four years... If I had known, I would have brought a bag!"

"Can you smell that! The air is different! I feel my throat clearing, even the Fighting Energy clump from last month is warming up!"

"Calm down, buddy..."

The atmosphere shifted from shock to excitement, even fervor.

Everyone understood that such a level of magic plant would never make it to the hands of grassroots military personnel in other noble territories. It would only be refined for sale or reserved for the family's direct line.

But they were knights of the Red Tide Territory, the direct troops of Louis Calvin.

They knew that Louis was always a great Lord who would "eat the meat himself, let the knights drink the soup."

That's why these knights were so loyal to Louis, willing to lay down their lives for him.

And now, thinking that these mosses would eventually become their training fumigants, breakthrough aids, and perception-enhancing materials, they couldn't suppress their excitement.

Among the crowd, some knights even began frantically scanning the ground beneath their feet.

And just as their emotions were surging, nearly uncontrolled laughter and chatter...

Shadow Moss suddenly contracted, like a damp net being pulled tightly from within by some force.

The next second, several dark figures leaped out of the rock crevices...

Without any warning, no roars, just the slight tremor in the air and the disturbance of light were enough to instinctively alarm anyone.

"Enemy attack!!" Lambert was the first to raise his shield, the crimson Fighting Energy burst forth, causing the shield's light patterns to spread like fire.

And at that moment, everyone heard a sound, not through their ears, but a sudden mental noise resonating in their minds, like the whispers and thoughts of dozens of the deceased gnawing at their consciousness.

"Argh—!"

"My... head hurts...!"

Several knights closest to the source froze, their pupils contracted, weapons nearly slipping from their grasp, a momentary haze and confusion flashing across their faces.

Continuous spiritual disturbance had begun.

"Shhh—"

And just as they were on the verge of losing control, a blue mist sprayed out from the purifiers at their waists, enveloping their masks like icy fog!

This was the 'Calming Potion Mist' refined from Frost Leaf Vine, specifically designed as an emergency suppression solution for sources of contamination like Shadow Moss and mental spores.

With that familiar bitter-cool medicinal scent, the knights who had lost their focus instantly regained their clarity.

"Damn... I almost saw the hallucination of my father freezing to death just now..."

"Ha, are you a rookie?" A veteran knight next to him laughed, helping him up, "Compared to the Nest's mental pollution, this is nothing."

"Indeed, compared to the Nest, this is child's play."

Amidst their banter, the front-row knights quickly steadied themselves, resuming their Fighting Energy stances.

After all, these were elites who had survived the 'Battle of the Nest'!

Having fought insect corpses capable of polluting dreams and controlling the dead for days on end, they were long accustomed to such mental disturbances.

A few mere lizard beasts?

Don't be ridiculous.

"Red Fighting Energy Array, advance in a circle!" Lambert ordered once more.

Suddenly, the entire unit's Fighting Energy flared, forming a triangular assault formation in the narrow cavern.

Over twenty people spread like crimson flames beneath their feet, a wave of high-pressure Fighting Energy erupting with the knights at their core!

"Clang—!" Blades and swords were unsheathed, red light surging upwards.

Although these Soul-devouring Lizard Beasts had outstanding mental attacks and incredible stealth, in close combat...

"These deformed geckos can't even kick my horse's rump."

Before one of the lizard beasts could get close, it was slashed across the back scales by a knight's longsword, Fighting Energy burning through its body, erupting into a spray of scarlet blood mist.

It howled as it fell, but it wasn't dead, just writhing and convulsing on the ground.

"Stop." Louis raised his hand to halt them, "Don't kill, these creatures are useful."

"Control them, use the potion!"

"Understood!"

As he spoke, a knight immediately drew a special potion from his backpack, a concentrated extract of the Frost Leaf Vine, and shot it directly into the lizard beast's neck scales.

"Puff—"

The blue-green liquid seeped into the muscles and nerves.

In an instant, the lizard beast paused, then collapsed limply, its head lolling on the ground like a drunken man, its tail lazily swishing twice.

"...Uh, it looks just like a drunk." A knight clicked his tongue.

"That's the 'tipsy state'." Louis chuckled, "Nerve reactions dulled, mental perception blocked, completely losing its aggressiveness. We'll take it back and study its uses."

Thus, what could have been a brutal cave battle instead ended perfectly at the hands of these well-trained knights.

By controlling rather than killing.

Chapter 385: Shadow Moss and Soul-devouring Lizard Beast (3)

"Apologies, my lord." Weir carried a charred lizard beast carcass, "I accidentally crushed its head."

"No matter," Louis' gaze remained steady, he smiled, "It's just right for us to dissect and examine the Magic Crystal structure. Leave the others."

Soon the battle results were tallied: a total of sixty-six Soul-devouring Lizard Beasts encountered, one killed, and sixty-five successfully controlled.

The sixty-five controlled Soul-devouring Lizard Beasts lay slouched like a group of drunk vagabonds in the shadow moss, some licking rocks, others curling up to nap.

Each one of them would in the future, within the special combat framework of Red Tide, become experimental material, psychological weapons, or dark strategic pieces.

The shadow moss that glittered phosphorescently on the ground, too, contracted lightly as if breathing, gradually stabilizing under the suppression of light blue mist and Fighting Energy.

Weir stood beside Louis, watching everything, his tone filled with eagerness, "... My lord, should we send people to transport this batch of moss and lizard beasts back to the Red Tide Main Castle? Hillco over there will surely be thrilled."

"Transport them back?" Louis didn't respond immediately but lowered his eyes deep in thought, fingers tapping the hilt of his sword.

"Of course, samples should be taken." Louis nodded slightly, "But not all of them."

He did not hasten to give orders for transport but silently surveyed the structure of the cavern, its humidity, the flow lines of rock walls, and the distribution of moss bodies.

In his magical vision, the shadow moss was not chaotically spread but grew in an organized pattern around the "uninterrupted old planar traces" within the rock core, like a self-sustaining ecological circuit.

The central temperature stable, magic power density high, soil loose, with all four walls even naturally producing some kind of low-level "magic resonance."

And those lizard beasts seemed naturally adapted to this environment.

Geothermal heat, phosphorescence, lizard beasts, and shadow moss spores formed some kind of strange yet stable symbiotic system.

"This is a natural breeding pool for shadow moss," Louis said softly, his words calm yet containing hidden delight.

"If forcefully transplanted, it would not only take massive resources to replicate this environment but also bear the risks of cultivation failure, moss dying, and lizard beast mutation... better to directly transform the area on-site."

Lambert was taken aback, "You mean... to keep it here?"

"Yes."

Louis raised his hand, pointing to a flat area in the center of the cavern, "Turn this into an underground fumigation training room, a low-temperature Fighting Energy sensing trial area, a shadow moss cultivation station, and a lizard beast control breeding room."

"This will be the future spiritual forge of the Red Tide Knight Order, where breakthroughs might be achieved directly underground."

Lambert found it increasingly unbelievable, finally managing a wry smile, "My lord... Are you planning to turn the Ancient Tomb into a knight training camp?"

Louis smiled slightly, "Turning it into a resource for our Red Tide's combat power, though arrangements will be made after experimentation."

With that, he turned to the knights and began issuing instructions, "Ten knights will stay here, set the entrance of the cavern as a restricted area. Once we return, I want a complete geological map.

Collect twelve samples from the growth edge of the shadow moss for experimental fumigation liquid, condensed agent production, Fighting Energy sensing injection preparation.

Control 5 lizard beasts for the return trip, selecting those with intact bodies and active mental responses for the experimental group.

Command to contact the alchemical institute, apothecary, and breeding site of Red Tide Territory to dispatch a batch of researchers and construction artisans to the site.

This cavern shall henceforth be called—'Shadow Valley.'

Finished speaking, he turned and left with the knights.

Underground, those shadow mosses seemed to sense their master's recognition, flashed a phosphorescent glow, bowed slightly, and gently wriggled on the rock walls as if in submission.

Chapter 386: Daily Life in the Red Tide Territory

By the time they returned to Red Tide Territory, the sunset was already low, casting a rosy glow over the layered stone bricks, warm and familiar.

And the moment Louis stepped through the Lord's Castle gate, that trace of fatigue in his heart quietly dissipated.

Before he could say anything, he was tightly embraced by Emily, who rushed up to him.

"...Welcome home."

Her voice was not loud, yet carried undeniable joy and a hint of grievance that had been suppressed for a long time.

Louis paused for a moment, then smiled slightly and hugged her back, leaning close to her ear: "I'm home."

Before he could finish, he swiftly and cleanly picked her up horizontally.

"Ah—" Emily let out a gentle exclamation and instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck.

A blush appeared on her cheeks, but she didn't resist. Instead, she buried her head in his shoulder, breathing lightly.

The two returned to the familiar bedroom, and the next few hours naturally became a passionate production phase.

The curtains were lightly brushed by the evening wind, and the familiar blue-haired silhouette swayed amidst the dim light and shadows, their breaths like music, rhythm like tides.

Between them, there was no need for contrived greetings or artificial reminiscence.

Only the tacit trust and understanding between them, like the perfect ember in the deep night, igniting without haste.

Until midnight, curtains drawn, and the fire dimmed down.

Emily's upper body was leaning against Louis's thigh, lazily biting a piece of candied fruit to replenish energy, her hair scattered, her posture as languid as a well-fed cat.

"Did you finish everything over there?" Emily asked softly, her tone calm but tinged with a bit of weariness.

She was referring to matters in Mai Lang Territory.

Louis responded lightly, his fingers threading through her hair, combing through it: "Spring plowing and the granaries are sorted, just waiting for the harvest, and there were some unexpected findings this trip..."

"Oh?"

"We found an ancient tomb at Rift Hill in the northern part of Mai Lang Territory."

Emily immediately widened her eyes, about to look up, but Louis gently pressed her back down with one hand.

"Listen to me first." He continued with a smile, "That tomb should be an early ritual site from Snow Country, perpetually influenced by magic power inside, forming a natural growth area for Shadow Moss, along with... over sixty Soul-devouring Lizard Beasts."

Emily stared at him for a few seconds, then burst into laughter, her head resting back on him, brimming with relaxation and fondness: "Really... You're not just a lord but also working part-time as a tomb raider?"

"You haven't heard the main point yet."

"The main point is...?"

"Shadow Moss."

Louis briefly explained to her the characteristics of Shadow Moss, from its catalytic effect on Fighting Energy willpower to its potential as a psychological interference device and breakthrough aid.

He spoke succinctly, but each word could ignite the passion of any nobility listening.

And Emily was certainly not ordinary.

She listened, widening her eyes while glaring at him: "You mean... you've excavated a complex ecosystem for energy and consciousness enhancement?"

"That's pretty much it."

"You actually said that so calmly." She gave him a glance, "That's a key material for breakthroughs in the knight system! Many people are desperate for it! If it were other lords, such a thing would be kept as a fiefdom secret for at least ten, twenty years."

Louis curved his lips in a confident smile: "And for me, it's nothing much."

"Hmph, compliment you a bit, and you start showing off... Should I reward you, then?" Emily smiled ambiguously, her fingers naughtily sliding down his abs.

The atmosphere immediately became mischievous.

But Louis promptly held her hand, sighing helplessly: "Let me rest for a while."

"Pfft." Emily laughed, her eyes forming crescents, lying back on his leg, "Then wait until you're fully charged to get your reward."

She rubbed her face, gently patted his thigh, her tone shifting to seriousness: "Let's talk business, during your absence, things in Red Tide Territory were fairly stable."

"Spring plowing went well?" Louis asked, his hand brushing through her hair, returning to the lord mindset.

"Very smoothly." Emily hugged the pillow, nodding, "All our plots have been subdivided, the irrigation, drainage systems, and magical temperature control had no major issues."

The geothermal area's terrains have been converted to greenhouse planting. Though initially troublesome, the experienced farmers in Red Tide Territory almost lost no time."

She paused, her eyes carrying a shade of pride: "Now the second batch of sowing has begun, and the first batch's some plots have already sprouted. Given stable temperature, we could harvest two weeks early."

Bradley said, as long as the autumn grains are normal, we will become the top grain-producing territory in the Northern Territory."

Emily shifted her body slightly, changing to a more comfortable position, still resting her head on his leg.

"...But there's one troublesome matter during your absence."

"Hmm?"

"It's the population issue." She said softly, "Most refugees have been dispersed to Mai Lang Territory per your arrangement, but some remain on Red Tide Territory's mainland."

Louis remained silent, his fingertips gently drawing through her hair, indicating for her to continue.

"These people mostly fled from the northern insect disaster areas and heavy frost-hit zones, bringing the elderly and caring for the young, without any substantial skills... At first, we opened the granaries for relief, they were truly grateful. But over time, issues began to surface."

"The natives started complaining?"

"Not exactly open conflict." Emily's voice remained calm, "Just some rumors, like relief lasting too long, territories being squeezed, or habitual thieves sneaking into recruitment grounds... These words are still hidden but are ultimately spreading."

Chapter 387: Daily Life in the Red Tide Territory (Part 2)

"I understand." Louis's tone held no reproach, just a gentle remark, then he lowered his head and kissed her on the corner of her forehead, as if to soothe her worries.

"These migrants are just temporarily gathered. Next, I will continue to establish two or three large territories outside Red Tide Territory, specifically for 'digesting' the population that migrates after disasters."

His tone was calm and his thoughts clear: "We are not just taking them in, but reintegrating them into order."

So I am planning to set up a 'Migration Management Office' to handle migration, registration, and resettlement affairs."

"Have you thought of the name already?"

"Of course."

"You..." Emily chuckled helplessly, raising her hand to poke his chin, "You're planning to create another all-encompassing government office, aren't you?"

"It's necessary." Louis sat up a bit, his gaze becoming serious: "Our current infrastructure in Red Tide is still stuck in the old model of small towns.

But what will we become in a year? Besides Red Tide Main Territory, there are other territories being established. Plus port development, the influx of southern merchants... This is set to become a true hub city."

Emily listened thoughtfully: "You plan to transform Red Tide into a city?"

"A city in the truest sense." Louis nodded. "Village settlements should exit the stage of history.

Our Red Tide Territory needs to become the true center of governance in the North East."

As she watched the fire of ambition gradually igniting in his eyes, Emily's gaze softened.

She knew that although this man seemed to be lazily resting by her side, in his mind he was already planning the next rise of land and the reconstruction of order.

"...You've indeed moved ahead."

"And what about you?" Louis leaned down, his forehead nearly touching her bangs, his voice low and raspy, like flames licking the ear in the night, "Would you be willing to keep up?"

Emily looked up at him.

Under the dim bedroom lighting, those eyes showed a familiar fatigue but concealed a reassuring obsession.

She's seen him coldly sitting in a corner of the Council Hall, toying with various old foxes; seen him standing on a burning Snowfield, commanding Red Tide Knights to encircle the Nest; seen him cloaked, patrolling grain stores in the valley rain at midnight...

Yet only at this moment, with a certain undeniable sincerity and reliance in his gaze, was he at his most beautiful.

Emily smiled.

It wasn't the standard smile of a noble lady, but a sly, fox-like grin.

"Your expression... is a bit cunning." Her hand gently touched his side, then slid down slowly, her fingertips brushing against that soft spot on his body: "Of course, I'd be willing... But you have to get back to form first, Lord?"

Louis's previously tired eyes suddenly sharpened, his Adam's apple slightly moved.

Four hours of intense production had already left him weary, he had intended to call it a day, yet this woman struck at his most relaxed moment, hitting directly at his weak spot.

But he wasn't one to easily admit defeat.

Louis chuckled softly, his gaze became sharp again, like rekindled fire: "Looks like my rest will have to be postponed for a while."

Outside, the morning light was breaking, quietly ushering in a new day.

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The morning sunlight streamed through the half-open curtains into the bedroom, casting dappled shadows across the bedspread.

Beneath the thick feather quilt, Louis unusually didn't rise immediately.

He lay half-reclined in bed, one hand casually resting on his forehead, staring at the ceiling blankly, or perhaps, in rare idleness.

This was a long-lost chance for Louis to indulge in laziness, somewhat reluctant to get up.

He turned his head; beside him, Emily lay on his chest, sleeping deeply.

Her hair was tousled, damp lashes still holding sweat beads, breathing very lightly, her whole figure appearing especially exhausted.

She had truly exerted herself in last night's battle.

Louis glanced down at her, a smile appearing in his eyes.

But he didn't make a sound, not wanting to wake her, just gently raised his other hand, waved it a bit.

The Daily Intelligence System revealed itself, yet today's updates were trivial matters.

"Today is peaceful." Louis scanned through, finding nothing worth highlighting, and casually waved to close the interface.

He didn't hurry to rise, rather quietly sat cross-legged on the bed, closed his eyes, and commenced his daily "Fighting Energy-Magic Power Dual Cultivation."

The Tidal Breathing Technique gradually circulated, streams of energy flowed through his meridians, washing over inner organs and membranes repeatedly like tides, clearing away the last night's lingering fatigue.

After about two hours, he slowly opened his eyes.

"It's about time to get up." He said, turning his head and leaning down to gently place a kiss on Emily's forehead.

Emily remained asleep, though her body shifted slightly, instinctively nuzzled against his arm, seemingly as a reflex to confirm Louis's presence.

"...Sleep on, you've worked hard." Louis whispered softly.

Sunshine fell over his solid shoulders and back, muscles smoothly defined, his spirits revived.

.....

Outside Red Tide Castle, the wind carried a trace of biting chill.

Although it was spring, Northern Territory's spring always arrived late, the sky still appeared grayish-white, snow on the mountains hadn't fully melted, patches of frost occasionally reflected on the ground.

Louis stepped out of the main building wearing a cloak, holding gloves in his hand but hesitated to put them on.

He took a deep breath of cold air, allowing the earth-scented gust to fill his chest: "...It's still cold."

Chapter 388: Daily Life in Red Tide Territory (Part 3)

Taking a brief stroll around the Red Tide Territory, he found that compared to two months ago, the Red Tide Territory had been completely renewed.

Even though he had been absent for a while, the overall situation did not fall out of sync in the slightest.

However, he was well aware that the larger the territory, the less feasible it was to relinquish management.

There were too many affairs that inevitably required him to set the direction and make decisions, especially those related to future layouts.

Louis pondered for a moment on where to begin today's work and finally decided to place the "Shadow Moss and Lizard Beast Plan" at the top of his priorities.

Such strategic resources are not suitable to be left for too long, and certainly not for others to handle.

Thus, he strode towards Hillco's laboratory.

It was still a mess here; as soon as he entered, he saw metal shells strewn across the floor, charred crucibles, and some twisted pipes of unknown function.

In the corner, there hung a half-burned iron bird doll, emitting smoke with a sizzling sound.

"Long time no see, Lord." Hillco leaned against the experiment table, holding a stirring rod in one hand and spinning a small black crystal with his fingers in the other.

His short hair was disheveled, he wore a white alchemy robe, and the graffiti-covered scarf around his neck was said to have never been washed.

Louis chuckled, ignoring his disrespect, pulled a chair over and sat down, placing a pouch of moss samples on the table.

"Got new work for me?" Hillco's face turned serious immediately, "What's this?"

"Shadow Moss," Louis tapped the package, "If you can develop semi-artificial cultivation, I'll build you an alchemy tower."

"Deal." Hillco grinned, but his eyes were already fixed on the moss samples.

Louis then took a solid little box from the inner side of his cloak, opened it to reveal a deep purple crystal core about the size of a thumb.

The exterior of the magic crystal was smooth as glass, with a swirling spiritual fluctuation inside, as if countless whispers were entangled within.

He gently placed the crystal core in front of Hillco, speaking calmly with a hint of sharpness: "This is a magic crystal extracted from the Soul-devouring Lizard Beast."

"How is it to be used?"

He extended two fingers, speaking while looking into Hillco's eyes:

"First, a shock bomb. After exploding, it can create a powerful 'Fear Domain' in a localized area, disrupting the enemy's command system and psychological defenses.

Second, an interrogation device. Utilizing its hallucination interference properties, it induces suspects to immerse in their most feared illusions. Psychological defense collapses, with no need for torture."

After speaking, Louis said blandly: "These are just my basic intended uses. The subsequent derivative designs are up to you."

The bomb enthusiast Hillco was quite excited, licking his lips and lowering his head to re-examine the magic crystal: "Understood, Lord. Give me a month, and I'll make the entire Northern Territory know what Red Tide-style fear strikes are."

"While research on this is certainly important," Louis shifted his tone, "what's even more crucial is breeding."

Hillco was taken aback; the smile at the corner of his mouth froze: "You mean...?"

"I want a sustainable resource supply." Louis walked to the window, hands behind his back, "One-off trophies are not the goal of Red Tide. What we want is a system."

"Shadow Moss and Soul-devouring Lizard Beasts are naturally catalytic sources of spiritual fighting energy and controllable weapons of spiritual interference, respectively. They were originally threats.

Now, they must become assets of the Red Tide Territory. Domesticated, harvestable, trainable, standardizable for deployment."

He turned to look at Hillco, his gaze clear: "I want you to form a team, bring along alchemists, pharmacists, cultivators, and a bit of spirit-training beast trainers you can trust, and move to that cave north of Mai Lang Territory."

"That is a natural greenhouse, a closed ecosystem with a stable spiritual environment, and it can produce its own magic power fluctuations, currently the most ideal 'Symbiotic Magic Plant-Magical Beast Research Field' in the Northern Territory." Louis said expressionlessly, "You didn't know how to do livestock farming when you were modifying the lab."

"...Alright then." Hillco sighed, "Even though I don't like moving, but since you explicitly named me...I'll just take it as a vacation."

Chapter 389: Knight Order Reform

Leaving the cluttered laboratory of Hillco, Louis donned his cloak, walked along the stone path through the city gates, and arrived at the knight training ground outside the boundaries of Red Tide Territory.

This place was originally a simple training ground, but now it has expanded into several interconnected military training camps.

The morning frost had not yet dissipated, and the air was filled with the smell of grass, iron, and steel mingling together. In the distance, the dull thud of fighting energy clashing could be heard.

Standing in a pavilion overlooking the high ground, Louis scanned the entire training grounds with his eyes.

"Hah—!"

A battle cry tore through the air as dozens of apprentice knights were practicing in formation, the red fighting energy faintly visible in the gaps of their armor, burning like fierce flames.

They were engaged in daily training routines like sprint formation, shield wall training, and fighting energy trials.

Now, under Red Tide Territory's banner, there were already one thousand two hundred eighty-three knights gathered.

Among them, there were one hundred seventy-three elite knights.

This number would already be enough to keep other local lords of the Northern Territory awake at night with jealousy.

What's more is that the average age of the Red Tide Knight Order is still a cycle younger than regular noble knight orders, filled with fervent fighting spirit and refined martial skills.

The most important thing is their obedience, unity, and loyalty.

However, for Louis, this was still far from enough.

With the current territorial expansion and border pressure, to truly cover all areas, the number of combat forces needs to be multiplied several times at least.

After all, this land would not give him a chance to catch his breath, which is why he must continue recruiting.

After the locust disaster and snow disaster, there was a plethora of wandering knights scattered through the Northern Territory.

For this reason, Red Tide Territory has been recruiting aggressively:

On one hand, actively absorbing wandering knights displaced by the locust disaster, many of whom lost their former lords and now need someone new to pledge their allegiance to.

And Louis' good reputation and knight nurturing system naturally became the most attractive option.

On the other hand, he established a specialized apprentice training system, converting children selected for aptitude from the local community into apprentice knights.

Using systematic fighting energy training and resource allocation, proactively cultivating new grassroots leaders.

There were even some knights from other lands within the Northern Territory, without family allegiance for the time being, who began secretly defecting over upon hearing of the generous treatment and comprehensive training system of the Red Tide Knight Order.

"Of course, their loyalty... perhaps still needs time for verification."

Louis was not oblivious to this, nor to the daily intelligence tips suggesting it.

However, he neither openly exposed it nor ordered their forced expulsion.

He merely said softly, "Special times require special treatment."

Now is the window for post-disaster reconstruction; the Northern Territory is chaotic, and the hearts of people everywhere are unsettled. Rather than empty talk of loyalty, what Red Tide needs more is knights capable of executing orders.

And Louis himself had adequate acumen and daily intelligence systems to ensure that these individuals "dared not betray," eventually hoping they'd truly wish to stay.

"The lord of Red Tide Territory spares no resources, offers high welfare..."

This evaluation has quietly spread across the Northern Territory, with new knights continuously coming to join.

As Louis walked down the stairs of the training ground, a familiar figure was already waiting there.

"Lambert." He smiled slightly, raising a hand in greeting.

That was a man with a stern countenance, eyes sharp as a falcon, yet upon seeing Louis, a restrained and respectful smile appeared.

Lambert was the Guardian Knight Louis had known since childhood.

In Louis's youth, he was Louis's personal guard, and now he's the Commander-in-Chief of the Red Tide Knight Corps, holding real power over the entire military.

Though he still chooses to often be by Louis's side, acting as the most personal guard and deputy general.

But within the entire Red Tide Legion system, everyone knew Lambert represented the prestige and iron rule of the "First Knight of Red Tide."

In fact, those original knights who initially followed Louis to the Northern Territory are now entrusted with significant responsibilities, defending key positions, training camps, or intelligence agencies, each bearing duties.

Their strength is now incomparable to the past.

Under Louis's resource rivalry, breakthrough fighting energy potions, enhanced training systems, and updated equipment, nearly everyone has made leaps of two levels or more.

This advancement isn't just theirs as knights—it's also the fulfillment of a promise.

"The glory brought by the Sun, I will share with you."

It was the pledge Louis gave when he first arrived in the Northern Territory, addressing the knights who followed him.

And now, he has achieved that.

It's not just honor, but also land, family status, training resources, opportunities for advancement, and an even broader stage.

They once were a pitiful band exiled to the Northern Territory, and now each has become an indispensable backbone of the Red Tide system.

Louis and Lambert arrived at a pavilion near the western side of the training grounds.

Inside the pavilion, Louis sat down on a chair, laying out an unfinished manual.

Lambert remained standing, straight and tall; he did not take a seat, leaving only a half-empty tea on the stone table.

In the distance, knights were charging in formation on the training ground, the sound coming from far away.

Louis glanced over briefly, then softly began, "1,283 men, sounds like a lot at first. But Lambert, we both know that this number is starting to stretch thin to hold these territories."

Lambert did not rush to answer, taking a moment to think, then responded in a low voice, "Especially since most of the main forces are concentrated within Red Tide City.

The other territories are under-manned, and at this rate... gaps will only grow larger."

He paused and added, "The knight system ordered personally by the lord only suits small teams. We are no longer the mere dozens of the old Red Tide."

Chapter 390: Knight Order Reform (Part 2)

Louis looked at the manual in his hand, his lips curling slightly as if he had finally been waiting for this sentence.

The manual spread out on the stone table with a "flap" sound, his slender fingers pressing down one corner: "Therefore, the Red Tide Knight Order must reform; we need to establish a complete corps system.

The main group will remain stationed at Red Tide, maintaining the current battle group structure."

He drew a circle on the paper, labeled as the Red Tide main group.

Then he pointed out three marks on three sides of the page: "In addition, establish three sub-groups in the east, north, and west, stationed respectively at Mai Lang and other new important territories. Each group will have three hundred to five hundred members, flexibly adjusted according to the size of the area."

"Finally, the special units." He drew several intersecting arrow symbols at the bottom of the page.

"They can be called the Flame Breath unit, the Red Frost unit, or other special names, consisting of thirty to fifty Elite Knights per unit, specializing in raids, scouting, and tactical experiments. More than three units can be formed to serve as reserves of elite power."

Lambert had been listening silently, his gaze fixed on that piece of paper, not rushing to express an opinion.

Only after Louis finished speaking did Lambert slowly speak, "The concept of the special units... the responsibilities are clearly defined, very well. However, I suggest that such combat units should not belong to the local sub-groups."

Louis showed a hint of a smile, as if waiting for him to say this, he moved his finger and directly drew a line on the paper: "Then they will fall under my personal management."

Louis did not stop his pen, his fingertips marking another stroke on the parchment, his tone steady as he continued: "Next, establish the Red Tide Military Achievement List."

He raised his head, his eyes sweeping over the knight array still drilling outside the pavilion, his gaze as steady as a mountain.

"They need to know that every battle, every bit of sweat and blood, must earn them something in return."

He tapped the stone table with his knuckles, counting items in an indifferent tone: "Military achievement points will be tied to the number of enemies defeated, cooperation rate, and task completion rate. It's not about who shouts the loudest; it's about who truly draws the sword.

To get promoted, one must meet the achievement standards and pass the assessments. The true hardcore will not be overlooked.

Those with both high achievement and seniority can participate in a 'military-political joint review' once a quarter to propose and oversee in meetings."

As he spoke, his tone suddenly became a bit lower, yet increasingly powerful: "It's no longer just obeying orders to charge, but being able to propose plans and set goals. Even as knights, they should have their own judgments.

Finally, those who accomplish strategic-level merits can be 'appointed as fort guardians', becoming independent garrison leaders and enjoying quasi-nobility treatment."

The pavilion was silent. Even the wind seemed to hold its breath.

Lambert raised an eyebrow, looking at the draft with a complex expression: "This system... will make many people envious. But it will indeed... make people push themselves."

"It should be so." Louis looked at him with a faint smile, "If a system cannot motivate people to improve, then it's better not to have it."

The scribe had been diligently recording as Louis spoke, until at this moment he finally paused, his fingers trembling slightly, causing a small ink mark on the parchment.

He quietly glanced up at Louis; the young lord remained calm, his tone unhurried.

As if the proposals he just made, which could set any Knight Order's blood boiling, were as common as a weather forecast.

"...However, I'm not finished yet."

Louis's tone suddenly lightened a bit, redirecting to gently tap the other column on the draft paper.

"Military achievement points, in addition to promotion, can also be exchanged for resources."

He extended three fingers, his tone calm yet imbued with a hint of ambition: "First, advancement potions, for breakthroughs in Fighting Energy bottlenecks, meridian repairs.

Second, exclusive armaments. I will ask the blacksmith group to specially forge iconic weapons and armor, to commemorate true meritorious individuals.

Third, land deeds, not temporary garrison, but privately owned settlement land deeds. As long as they're fought for, they can be kept."

At this point, he glanced up at the sky, yet in his eyes, it seemed as if flames ignited.

"I don't want the relationship with knights to be just an ordinary contract; knights should truly feel a sense of belonging, hope, and legacy."

Even Lambert couldn't help but whisper as if muttering to himself, "...Red Tide will eventually become a knight sanctuary."

Louis seemed not to hear, and further supplemented the next point:

"Besides military achievement incentives, living guarantees cannot fall behind..." He swiftly turned to the next page, his tone returning to its usual calm, "Write down this part."

He looked at the scribe, who immediately stood at attention, picked up the pen again, and copied down the words Louis had written in the draft:

Residence rights: Those above the rank of Official Knight may apply to live in the 'Red Tide Barracks.' Complete with private meditation rooms, bathrooms, hot water... it's not a barrack, it's a home.

Food security: Three meals a day with basic rations + high-energy Demon Beast Meat, with additional Fighting Energy meals during wartime to boost and recover combat power.

Medical system: Free treatment for injuries, post-battle therapy, energy adjustments after breakthroughs, all-in-one package, without costing a penny.

Family policy: Families of those with excellent performance can relocate to the Red Tide Special Zone, enjoying access to compulsory education, primary school quotas, and priority in territorial shops.

Veteran placement: Non-fatal disabled personnel can apply for transfer to positions such as 'Instructor', 'Agricultural Defense Chief', 'Waterway Guardian,' etc., ensuring they are not abandoned or forgotten.

...

The wind blew lightly outside the pavilion, sweeping across the sound of clashing swords in the training grounds along the corridor.

Lambert took a gentle breath and chuckled softly, "...These, Red Tide already has, but they've always been unwritten rules."

"Now they are to be explicitly written into the Knight's Code?" The scribe swallowed.