

Winter 471

Chapter 471: Sun of the Northern Territory (Part 2)

Is this man truly only twenty-two years old?

The picture he painted with his words is not just a city, nor merely a piece of territory, but rather the prototype of a new Northern Territory.

It's a future she had never imagined.

Yet the brighter the future, the greater the need for a solid foundation.

Emily asked softly, "But... no matter how you plan, you'll need people to execute it. What will you do if there's not enough population?"

Louis's lips curled slightly upon hearing this, as though he'd long buried this question in his heart.

He raised one finger: "Firstly, refugees.

The war is over, but there's still a massive number of displaced people in the Northern Territory. I will set up citizen registration offices in all territories, and anyone willing to return, no matter which territory they're from, as long as they sign a household contract, I'll grant them land and cattle, provide tools and temporary housing."

"Household contract?" Emily repeated.

"Yes, once they sign, they'll be protected by Red Tide's decrees and become citizens of Red Tide. The tax burden is reasonable, labor duties are transparent, and they can receive education and opportunities for emancipation."

"It sounds very appealing."

"It certainly is, especially compared to the chaos of other territories." Louis shrugged, "I don't need to suddenly flood with hundreds of thousands of people; I just need a steadily growing structure."

Louis raised his second finger: "Then there are slaves."

Emily nodded, clearly she had thought of this too, as it's the simplest and most direct method.

Louis continued: "I can purchase them at a low price through the Calvin Commerce Association, and use them as labor for the foundational construction.

Of course, this won't be a lifelong institution. I'm prepared to establish a redemption point system where participation in labor, service, and meritorious acts can earn them freedom, which is far more transparent than releasing a batch of slaves each month.

They will become the new batch of craftsmen, road builders, miners, and porters, and also future New Red Tide People."

Without waiting for Emily's response, Louis raised his third finger: "The Barbarian Race remnants."

Emily raised her eyebrows, somewhat surprised.

"Those willing to submit, I will relocate to 'Border Guard Village' established on the border. They will be integrated into the Red Tide's Military Household System, with defined obligatory service years for training and education." Louis's tone was calm.

"In other words, their descendants will also become the shield of Red Tide."

"Do you think they will agree?" Emily asked softly.

Louis smiled faintly: "I will give them a reason to agree."

He paused, then added softly, "In the name of the Cold Moon tribe's Princess, her persuasion will carry great influence."

Emily nodded thoughtfully, thinking of her closest friend now.

"Of course, not all will believe." Louis withdrew his gaze, his eyes cool.

"Though the Barbarians are defeated, their spirit isn't broken. They may submit to reality, but that doesn't mean they won't retaliate.

Border Guard Village will be supervised by knights appointed by me, with a dual organizational structure set up, outwardly managed by the Barbarians for internal affairs, but the actual power rests with the knights.

The Military Household System will also establish joint responsibility at every level, ensuring if one errs, the whole village is penalized. Together with patrol camps and regular inspections. Any spark of betrayal will be extinguished before it can ignite."

"Furthermore," Louis added quietly, tapping his fingers lightly on Emily's leg, his voice steady, "aside from caution with the Barbarians, we also need to address our internal affairs."

Emily raised her eyes to look at him: "You mean...?"

"The Red Tide Decree." He spoke this name with evident confidence already outlined in his mind, "I intend to personally devise a foundational code to safeguard the civil rights and order of Red Tide Territory.

Clarifying property rights, cultivation rights, personal freedom, ensuring ordinary people can farm in peace and migrate freely amid the post-war ruins, without lurking in fear and chaos."

"Additionally, it must specify standards for rewards and punishments. Whoever contributes in war, or works for reconstruction, can be promoted based on merit, granted land, and established estates; while

traitors, insurgents, and those who loot civilians, regardless of origin, must be publicly tried and severely punished."

He paused, his gaze sharpening slightly: "This guarantees internal order and is a moral leverage for external expansion.

When in the future we expand our territory, we can declare that what we bring is not conquest, but civilization."

"But just having decrees, the populace might not understand." Emily softly reminded.

Louis laughed lightly, seemingly long planned: "Thus, we must create history.

From temple fairs to theaters, from classrooms to storytelling stands, all promotional content must be unified. I will make sure every inhabitant of the Northern Territory hears one voice.

Red Tide Territory saved the Northern Territory, Louis defeated the Barbarian King Titus, it is us who ushered in peace and the future.

I will employ poets to write 'The Chronicle of Barbarian Disaster,' detailing Titus's madness and the bloodshed of the Barbarian Army vividly, then depict my moment of hope amidst the Bone Sepulchre Canyon as if a divine miracle descended.

Then seal this memory into the children's textbooks, retell it in elder's fireside stories, sing it in the wandering minstrels' tavern poems."

Emily's lips curved faintly, "Will you give yourself a title too? Savior? Lord of Holy Light?"

Louis chuckled, but his tone was unusually calm: "The Sun of the Northern Territory, that's what they said; I merely permitted it."

Emily leaned lightly on his shoulder.

"...Indeed, I wasn't mistaken about you." She whispered, her voice almost inaudible, "You are unique, Louis."

The wheels rolled across the snow, banners unfurled like waves.

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While the Lord and his lady sat in the main wagon, planning the grand plans for the Northern Territory's future.

Behind their wagon, dozens of large carts slowly followed the team, carrying the families of the Broken Blade Knight Order. They brought with them packed belongings, pots, and varied emotions, heading to their unknown "new home."

The wagon shook constantly, with a slight wooden creak, as it traveled the snow and ice-covered road.

"Clang!"

A wheel rolled over a stone, the wagon shook, Mary instinctively hugged her daughter tight.

She was the wife of Smith, the squad leader of the Broken Blade Knight Order, hailing from a middle-class merchant family in Frost Halberd City, not quite accustomed to this kind of mass migration.

At this moment, Mary sat in the corner of the wagon, leaning on a folded blanket and wooden box.

Beside her, four or five women also held children or accompanied elders sitting on blankets, their expressions mostly weary.

One short-haired woman clicked her tongue, "I heard the place has just settled from turmoil, and the city gates are burnt down."

"I also heard it's Barbarian territory..." another older woman whispered in agreement, "Those Red Tide People... aren't they just wild tribes from the north?"

Mary didn't respond, she just wrapped her cloak tighter, pulling her daughter closer into her embrace.

She had heard of Red Tide Territory, but only that Duke Edmund's daughter seemed to have married the Lord there.

Beyond that, she knew nothing.

Is this a place where she can entrust her family's future?

Mary thought of the annual spring flower market she used to visit in Frost Halberd City and looked at the jolting old wagon carrying them along, snow and mud clinging to the wheels; she even doubted how many more days the wagon floor could last.

A cold wind seeped through the cracks, and she shivered.

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At dusk, the last ray of the setting sun fell behind the mountains.

The convoy camped at the mountain's base, several large pots stood over campfires, salty porridge bubbling with heat.

Smith personally delivered wooden bowls to the convoy's wagon, eager to see his wife and daughter.

He climbed onto the wagon and lifted the canvas, instantly spotting the familiar figure in the corner.

"Hurry and eat something warm," he smiled as he handed her a wooden bowl.

Mary took the bowl, feeling the warmth of the wood, but didn't immediately drink.

"Smith... are we really taking the children to such a distant place?" Her voice carried deep unease.

Smith paused for a moment, then, as he always did, gently tousled the top of her head.

"Once we're there," he whispered, "you'll understand."

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Nightfall descended, and the snowfield returned to silence.

The central wagon of the camp still glowed with candlelight, where a young lord sat under the lamp, intricately sketching the future territories and cities of the Northern Territory.

Meanwhile, in the family wagon at the convoy's end, a mother softly hummed an off-tune lullaby, gently soothing her child to sleep.

Chapter 472: Winning Hearts and Minds

On the afternoon of the tenth day, the snow line gradually receded, revealing patches of exposed dark brown earth amidst the mountain forests.

The caravan finally came to a halt, the wheels making a dull sound as they sank into the snow's edge.

The heavy carriages lined up alongside the mountain road, more than fifty in total.

The massive guard unit dispersed to patrol the surrounding area.

The accompanying families also disembarked to help with the work, as this was their rare chance to step down from the carriages each day.

Mary carefully descended from the carriage, carrying a small jar.

Her skirt was soaked with snow water, but she disregarded it, holding her three-year-old daughter Yini in one arm and helping other women set up the cookware in the snow with the other.

"Did you hear? Even the Red Tide Territory is quite cold."

"I heard they made the land there by force, and all the houses were burned..."

"However, there hasn't been a lack of food along the way; there was even meat in the porridge yesterday."

"It's just... we keep heading south endlessly, feeling almost aimless."

Mary tore a piece of dry flatbread to feed her child, pausing briefly, and didn't respond.

She was also uncertain about where this road was ultimately leading.

All she knew was that it was Duke Edmund's decision that sent the entire Broken Blade Knight Order and their families to follow Louis.

In fact, she harbored some small complaints in her heart but dared not voice them, as Duke Edmund was practically a god-like figure to them.

Honestly, this migration was far more dignified than the exile she had initially imagined.

Not only were thick blankets laid in the carriages, but clean water bags and wooden bowls were distributed.

Three fixed distributions of hot porridge occurred daily, and knights lit lanterns for nightly patrols to ensure freedom from beasts and bandits.

Even though she still had her doubts, it indeed felt less like banishment, more like a well-organized welcome.

Mary sat leaning against a tree root with Yini in her arms, the child resting sleepily on her shoulder, her eyes still holding a timid half-awake gaze.

"...I really don't know what lies ahead," she murmured softly.

"Clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop." Suddenly, the sound of hooves approached from afar.

Mary instinctively looked up to see a young black-haired knight appearing in view, accompanied by a few guards.

He rode a snow-white warhorse, draped in a dark red cloak, without armor, only wearing a sharply tailored riding outfit that accentuated his slender form.

Following closely was another woman.

She rode a chestnut warhorse, with blue hair tied behind her head, her riding gear clean and elegant, exuding a graceful yet cold temperament.

It was Emily, Mary recognized, the Duke's Daughter of Frost Halberd City and wife of the Lord of the Red Tide.

"Stand up! Everyone stand up!"

"It's the Red Tide Lord... Lord Louis!"

"And his wife! It's Emily, the Duke's Daughter!"

A soft commotion erupted near the carriages, the people around the cooking fire rising quickly and paying their respects, hurried yet respectful in their movements.

Even just a distant glance at the red cloak and blue-haired figures was like two flames on the snowy ground, instantly drawing all eyes.

Mary slowly stood up as well, instinctively holding her daughter tighter, finding herself unwittingly holding her breath.

She was not unfamiliar with nobility; during her time in Frost Halberd City, as the wife of a knight squad leader, she had been fortunate enough to attend a few winter feasts with Smith, meeting many nobles, even exchanging a few pleasantries with Emily.

Yet her impression of nobility was nothing more than two types.

One was like a general, rough and hearty, often accompanied by the smell of alcohol, speaking in a gruff voice.

The other was high above, often carrying an air of arrogance and indifference.

But the young lord in front of her, said to have defeated the barbarian king, was completely different from the nobles she had met before.

His attire was simple, without a sword or armor, surrounded by only a few guards.

Yet, as he slowly walked into the crowd, he seemed to carry an invisible ripple, causing everyone to instinctively step aside and look up to him.

It was a kind of... like the surface of a lake at night.

Seemingly calm and unruffled, yet beneath those tranquil brows and eyes lay unmistakable hidden currents.

Louis was long accustomed to the imperial air he naturally carried, so he felt no discomfort from these curious glances.

He simply swept his gaze over the crowd softly, occasionally nodding, occasionally smiling at the children, like a foreman inspecting workshops at a market, without a hint of superiority.

As people gradually gathered in the camp, low murmurs and gazes flooded in like tides.

Louis stood atop a slightly elevated snow mound, without a speech draft, speaking off the cuff: "I've indeed been too busy to come see you all sooner. Now that I'm here, I feel guilty.

I know for most of you, the name Red Tide Territory is unfamiliar. Some of you worry about the future, which is normal.

But what I can tell you is, you don't need to worry about these things, because you're already part of the Red Tide."

Louis slightly turned, his hands naturally behind him.

"Each family will be allocated independent housing, completed no later than three days.

If you're willing to work and have skills, we'll assign you positions based on your expertise, ensuring no idleness and avoiding undue force.

Additionally, upon arriving at the Red Tide Territory, each household will receive fifty gold coins as your settlement fee."

He paused briefly, with a slight apologetic smile at the corner of his lips: "Although it's not much, consider it a small token of my personal goodwill."

Softly, there was a barely perceptible rustle from the crowd, and Mary heard a woman beside her quietly gasp.

Chapter 473: Winning Hearts and Minds (Part 2)

"Regarding your husbands." He raised his voice slightly: "The treatment of the Broken Blade Knight Order will be increased by 30% on the original basis, and the equipment, horses, and military pay will all be distributed in accordance with the standards of the Red Tide top-tier knight order. They have followed me here, and I will never let them down."

He calmly scanned the families in front of him, cart by cart.

"I dare not promise you riches overnight, nor can I assure smooth sailing, but I can guarantee that everyone willing to take root in Red Tide will receive the respect and rewards they deserve."

For a moment, the surroundings were so quiet that you could hear a pin drop.

Amidst this silence, the little girl in Mary's arms suddenly moved.

"Mama..." Her voice was very light, yet it fell right into Louis's ears.

Louis turned his head and saw the child with wide eyes timidly poking her head out from the blanket.

He then smiled gently, bent down, squatted in front of the child, and softly asked, "How old is she?"

Mary was startled, hurriedly stood up to pay her respects, with a hint of unease: "She's three, my lord... her name is Yini."

"Yini..." he repeated softly, as if trying to remember the name.

"In the Red Tide Territory, children start school at six. Even if they cannot become knights, as long as they are willing to work hard, they can become deacons, accountants, or even leaders of the territory."

Then Louis looked up, scanning the group: "If anyone here has any suggestions or questions, you can bring them up now."

He spoke sincerely, but after his words fell, there was silence.

Several women lowered their heads, while some children peeked at him from behind, yet no one spoke up.

Some were overwhelmed by the future prospects his words revealed, while others were intimidated by his status as lord; at any rate, no one dared to speak first.

Seeing no one speak, Louis nodded to a few nearby Broken Blade knights and gave instructions on details about the distribution of family carriages and accommodation arrangements.

After speaking, he mounted his horse, ready to leave.

Emily had long been waiting by another horse, and the two rode off together, traveling far through the snow.

The crowd finally breathed a sigh of relief.

The tense atmosphere loosened like a snapped string, and murmurs immediately spread among the carriages.

"That was Louis... My God, he's so young and so handsome!"

"Did you hear that just now? Fifty gold coins... and it's paid directly!"

"My goodness, that's a whole year's salary for an elite knight! And it's solid gold!"

"I thought he'd talk to us about Northern ideals, but he went straight to arranging living, food, and jobs... That's just so straightforward."

They didn't hear any empty grandiose talk, nor were they convinced of glory and sacrifice.

What they heard was a "truly belonging to the family" house, "if you want to work, work can be arranged, if you want to farm, there's land."

It's "the treatment of Broken Blade knights is 30% more than over in Frost Halberd City."

And the resounding promise: "No one following the Red Tide will be mistreated."

This hit right at the mark.

They brought their children, luggage, pots, and pans, leaving the familiar Frost Halberd behind to follow the garrison where their husbands were stationed.

The future was unfamiliar, the journey exhausting, who wouldn't have apprehension in their hearts?

But now, a young lord stood in front of them, personally telling them: "Your husbands deserve the best, and you will be well taken care of."

This feeling was completely different from those distant nobles they had dealt with in the past.

It was no longer "knights should listen to the lord, you pray for your own blessing," but "since you are willing to follow me, I will protect you completely."

Mary listened quietly, her gaze still fixed in the direction Louis had left.

She continued holding her daughter, but her arms relaxed significantly.

She was genuinely a bit swayed.

She had always been cautious, even pessimistic, never expecting to live well in a place like the Northern Territory.

Even though Smith constantly reassured her: "Don't worry, the Red Tide Lord is capable and generous."

She only took it as her husband's loyal defense.

But upon meeting Louis for the first time today, she sensed that difference.

There were no boastful promises, nor commanding authority.

His speech was not fast, but it was sincere.

Even without having ever participated in public affairs, she could clearly feel this.

She glanced down at Yini, gently arranging her hair: "Maybe... we can really try to believe this time."

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The Broken Blade Knight Order is now one of the strongest military forces in the entire Northern Territory.

In the past, Duke Edmund managed to stabilize the Northern Lands for decades, relying on the three elite knight orders in his hands.

Now the Duke has handed over actual control of this legion, along with their families and offspring, into his hands.

As for the leaders, vice leaders, and other high-level members, Louis had long reached a preliminary understanding with them through a series of negotiations and mutually beneficial arrangements.

But for those middle and lower-ranking knights and those weary families with their homes in tow, children in carriages, the name Louis Calvin was too far off.

Could a young man under twenty-five really lead them?

They had doubts, suspicions, fatigue, and unease.

Louis didn't expect a mere order to earn loyalty, which is why he specifically arranged this inspection.

It wasn't orders, nor lectures, but the direct distribution of heartwarming gold coins and specific policies.

A small gesture of fifty gold coins seemed to most like an unnecessary expense.

But to Louis, it was the cheapest investment.

Only a few carts of gold coins were needed to establish trust in the lower ranks of an elite knight order towards the new lord.

Moreover, this was a bearable expense for Louis, the entire Mine Boss.

"If you want to gain the loyalty of an army, it's not just about treating the generals well, you have to make every soldier's wife, child, and parent feel that following you has hope."

This is straightforward logic. After all, with sufficient meals at the forefront, quick strike isn't the limit.

Of course, economic and material incentives are just the first step Louis took.

Distributing houses, arranging jobs, increasing military pay, a settlement fund of fifty gold coins...

All these were the simplest yet most effective ways to make people stay physically.

But what he truly sought to establish was a complete sense of belonging, both physically and mentally.

To make families of an army keep their mouths shut, money alone is not enough; when they speak up, it should be in your defense.

This is Louis's forte, the construction of personal worship.

It wasn't his first time doing so.

Back in the Red Tide Main City, he earned the title of a war genius on the stage with personal exploits of slaying magical beasts in the classroom and a savior's persona on the townspeople's lips...

Of course, these stories were real, only expressed artistically and somewhat exaggerated.

This time was no exception, and though it couldn't be accomplished in one fell swoop, he was very confident.

However, Louis had already made a good start.

On the first night after he left, the families of the Broken Blade, who initially complained about "settling in the wasteland," were already not sighing so heavily.

By the campfire, the once-complaining voices quietly changed tune.

"Not to mention, his aura is really entirely different from those princes we've seen before... That gaze, like it can see through people."

"I initially thought it was already impressive that someone his age could fight, but now I see, tsk, he's more handsome than my husband."

"The key is, he's not just someone that looks good, the things he said just now... were for us families, right? Have you ever heard of a lord personally handing out money, arranging houses?"

"And you see Miss Emily standing beside him, aren't they just a perfect match... Standing together, they look like a painting..."

For many of the Broken Blade knights' families, an emotion of personal admiration had quietly arisen, even after only seeing this young lord once.

Chapter 474: Some Achievements of Mai Lang Territory

The carriage wobbled along the muddy road after the snow.

Mary was resting by the window, holding the small Yini in her arms, with the low hum of the axle grinding the snow at her ears.

Suddenly, she was awakened by a rustle of voices.

"Look! Look outside!"

"Oh my, what is that place?"

"Could it be the Red Tide Territory?!"

Mary rubbed her sleepy eyes and drowsily climbed to the side of the carriage window.

At that moment, the convoy slowly ascended a small hill, and the scene before them abruptly unfolded.

In that instant, Mary's breath suddenly halted.

As the carriage slowly crossed the hill, the scene came rushing to them.

Below lay a vast river valley, as if someone had forcibly carved a spring seam in the heart of winter.

The entire Mai Lang Territory spread out in the river valley, with silver-white greenhouses refracting shimmering ripples under the sun, like waves stirred by a breeze.

On the hillsides, round half-underground houses were neatly arranged.

And the wide, straight crossroads stretched like neural pathways, tightly linking the village, greenhouses, and the grain processing workshop areas.

But what was most breath-taking was the boundless fields, with thousands of people wielding iron plows and wooden shovels, turning the soil, sowing seeds, and fetching water.

The shouts, work chants, and clashing of metal echoed continuously, like a symphony of spring, playing fervently on this originally cold permafrost.

An old woman in the carriage muttered, "There's no place like this in the Northern Territory... Even the estates outside Frost Halberd City have never been this organized."

A child almost climbed out the window with excitement: "Mother, look! The calves over there are plowing the fields! Their horns are white, how fun!"

The cramped family members in the carriage all poked their heads out the window, causing a clamor.

A Red Tide Knight accompanying the convoy heard and, smiling, reined his horse closer to the carriage, saying loudly, "This isn't the Red Tide Territory, ladies.

This is the Mai Lang Territory, just an experimental site under our lord's new plan."

Upon seeing the people in the carriage exchange bewildered looks, the knight grinned, a clear pride in his tone: "The Red Tide Main City is several times better than this. Once you arrive, you'll understand what true Red Tide glory means.

Mary gazed at the farmers turning the soil outside the window, the scent of smoke and earth mixing and wafting into her nostrils with the breeze.

This was the Northern Territory, once known for its desolation and barrenness.

Yet now someone had forcibly carved a new lifeline on the permafrost.

She thought of the famine and chaos after the pest infestation in Frost Halberd City, then looked at the orderly, vibrant scene before her, and for some reason, she started to look forward to living and life in the future city.

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The spring breeze swept through the valley, carrying the scent of moist earth.

The newly built Government Hall of Mai Lang Territory stood by the river, its exterior carved with wheat ears encircling sun motifs, the symbol of Mai Lang Territory.

Although it lacked gold-gilded domes and silk draperies inside, it possessed a sense of calm and powerful dignity.

At this moment, dozens of village chiefs, workshop heads, cropping record officials, and managing officers had taken their seats, and a tense atmosphere filled the air.

And the young Lord of the Red Tide sat quietly at the head seat.

Louis was not dressed in finery, just a dark short cloak, the collar fastened with the silver pin of the Red Tide Knight Order.

This was the mid-spring cultivation report meeting, also the first Mai Lang governance meeting personally hosted by Louis since the war ended.

Having not seen the lord in a long time, everyone felt a mix of emotions, both excited and faintly awed.

Louis lightly tapped his fingers on the table, signaling the room to quiet down, then spoke in a low voice, "Everyone, spring cultivation is the foundation for this year. The war may have spread me thin, but this matter has always been on my mind."

As his deep voice fell, the previously murmuring officials instantly fell silent, even their breathing softened.

Louis glanced around the room, nodding slightly, "Speak, tell me the current situation."

The first to stand was Mike, rubbing his hands together, the thick calluses producing a slight rustle.

He hadn't seen Louis for a long time, so he was still quite nervous: "M-Master... um, here, I report the situation of this year's spring cultivation."

Louis rested his elbow on the armrest of his chair, smiling slightly, "Go ahead."

Mike raised his eyes to look at him, his voice gradually calming: "Last year, our Mai Lang's cultivated land totaled forty-six thousand acres. This year, it has expanded to eighty-eight thousand acres... almost doubled."

"Not bad." Louis nodded gently.

Though it seemed like a casual compliment, it noticeably eased Mike's tense shoulders.

"The newly added farmland mainly comprises hillside slopes, shallow marshlands, and some highland plateaus." Mike paused briefly before adding: "According to your instructions, we laid the geothermal pipelines in advance...so the night frost is no longer a problem there."

Louis raised an eyebrow, gesturing for him to continue.

"This year..." Mike flipped open the record book in his hand, "As for the crops planted, there are several more varieties than last year."

The Agricultural Research Institute selected some new seeds that are cold-resistant and high-yield; currently, the sprouting rate in the greenhouses is ninety-two percent, significantly higher than last year."

"Ninety-two percent?" Louis softly repeated, his lips curling slightly.

Mike couldn't help but smile too, and continued: "Based on the sowing rate this year, it's expected the autumn harvest will reach one hundred and ninety-seven thousand tons... enough to feed one hundred and twenty thousand people for a whole year."

At this point, he scratched the back of his head: "L-Lord... If the heavens don't get temperamental, our Mai Lang granaries are likely to... burst."

Chapter 475: Some Achievements of Mai Lang Territory (2)

A suppressed low laughter spread across the Government Hall, lightening the tense atmosphere slightly.

Mike finished speaking and took his seat, and under Louis's lead, everyone applauded.

The atmosphere eased a bit, and the tension in everyone's hearts relaxed somewhat.

Next, a tall and thin, sun-tanned man rose and made a clumsy bow.

This was Andre, the newly appointed official of the Livestock Office this year.

Originally a foreman at a major ranch in the Southeast Province of the Empire, he arrived in the Northern Territory last year because of Louis's lucrative offer.

Andre wiped the sweat off his forehead, but his lips were slightly dry from nervousness: "Lord, this year...the number of livestock is much better than anticipated."

He opened the parchment in his hand, pointed at the neat ink marks on it, took a deep breath, and continued:

"First, regarding cattle and sheep, we built semi-underground cattle sheds as wind shelters in the northern hills, using geothermal heat to keep warm, reducing the mortality rate to half of the estimate. Among the 750 shaggy cows purchased last winter, 689 have successfully survived."

"The sheep herd has expanded from last year's 900 to 3,100, mainly consisting of Snowfield Sheep and Short-horned Goats.

We are experimenting with using 'giant bone powder' as a feed additive, which has been extremely effective, increasing the wool yield by nearly 30%."

As he spoke, his eyes lit up a bit and his tone began to carry a hint of pride: "As for poultry, we've built six large new chicken coops this year.

The first batch of 8,000 was put in, and it's estimated that 6,000 will be ready by summer. There have been small-scale trials with geese and ducks, but these are currently only supplemental and not main focuses."

Everyone in the hall nodded lightly, evidently acknowledging this outcome exceeded most expectations.

"Additionally, the Magical Beast breeding program is also underway. Although the numbers are not large, all are healthy specimens."

Andre paused for a moment, cautiously glancing at Louis: "Furthermore...the Morning Light Pond you mentioned has been put into use."

Louis raised an eyebrow slightly and asked calmly: "How effective is it?"

"Very successful, Lord!" Andre's voice noticeably rose by half a tone.

Someone in the hall suppressed a laugh gently, but Louis merely waved his hand, indicating for him to continue.

Andre paused again, raising his parchment with a bit of excitement: "The five Morning Light Ponds we carved have been put into use. The first batch of common fish species—Silver Carp, Red Tide Fin, and Northern Territory White Carp—were introduced and have adapted well."

He paused for a moment, lowering his voice slightly: "Additionally, per your instructions, we've trialed the first batch of magical beast fish in the deepest pond.

The Red Mane Spring Catfish and Three-eyed Moon Scale Mandarin Fish are controlled within safe numbers and currently in good condition."

Louis nodded slightly, his tone calm yet with a hint of praise: "Very good, maintain the scale for now. No need to rush expansion."

Andre visibly sighed with relief, a hint of red still remaining in his ears as he retreated to his seat.

Next, Green slowly stood up; a thick stack of parchment account books was laid before him.

"Lord." He bowed slightly and opened the first page of the account book, "I shall report on the population and systems."

Louis nodded, picked up the hot tea on the table, and quietly signaled: "Please go ahead."

"As of early this month, the total registered population of Mai Lang Territory is 76,342."

Everyone drew a low breath, finding the number astonishing compared to last year's figures.

Green continued: "Last year, we relocated over 52,000 displaced people; this year, another 18,072 have applied for relocation. The household registration system is nearing completion, with preliminary consolidation of family bindings and labor statistics."

Louis put down the teacup, his eyes flickering slightly: "So many? Indicates...our food security has given them enough confidence."

"Yes, Lord." Green raised his head, looking extremely earnest, "Throughout the Northern Territory, this is the only place where displaced people can settle with their families and take root."

Hearing this, everyone in the hall couldn't suppress a sense of pride.

"Furthermore," Green opened the second roll of account books, "this year is a pivotal year for systemic advancement. The first batch of 'Red Tide Citizen Rights Certificates' has been completely issued."

"Citizen Rights Certificates?" Louis raised an eyebrow slightly, looking at Green, seemingly guiding him to explain for everyone else, although he had personally designed this policy.

Green immediately explained: "Once household registration is completed and basic service obligations are paid, one can obtain a citizen rights certificate. With this certificate, one can inherit housing, enjoy prioritized child education rights, medical distribution, and disaster subsidies."

At this point, a few village chiefs' eyes lit up, realizing the significance. For the displaced, this was not only about surviving but also giving hope to the next generation.

"And job categorization is also advancing." Green's tone shifted, flipping through another thin list, "Last year, most newcomers were unskilled laborers."

After professional training, the first new professional groups have emerged, including specialized agricultural workers, irrigation technicians, fertilizer formulators, and even greenhouse repair workers and geothermal maintenance workers."

Louis smiled upon hearing this: "This indicates everyone has started to find their places."

"Additionally, to encourage childbirth, the Medical Officer's department has implemented the Warm Baby Plan this year."

Green raised his hand lightly, prompting the records officer next to him to place a thin book on the table: "Insulated baby beds, prenatal food distribution, birthing coach.

These three items were implemented in synchronization, resulting in 613 newborns this quarter, doubling from last year."

This prompted many officials to emit small sighs of amazement. For the Northern Territory's permafrost, this number was nearly miraculous.

Louis lightly tapped the table with his fingertips: "Remember, these babies are the future of the Red Tide People. Provide them with the best protection."

Upon hearing this, everyone quickly nodded in agreement.

Finally, Green turned to a page with a red stamp list: "Due to policy rewards implemented last year, competition in this year's "Cultivation List" has been fierce, with efficiency improving nearly 30% compared to last year.

The top three villages' average sowing speed has doubled from last year."

The village chiefs seated at the forefront of the meeting couldn't help but smile and exchange glances, evidently proud of their achievements.

Louis leaned back slightly in his chair, his fingertips lightly tapping the table while his gaze swept back and forth over each piece of data and charts.

Eighty-eight thousand acres of cultivated land, seventy-six thousand registered population, the introductory Magical Beast livestock plan...

These numbers at this moment were like small stones, each hitting his heart.

This was the blueprint he originally envisioned, the plan he stayed up late at his desk to write.

He should have been prepared for all this, but when actual numbers and tangible results were laid before him, he couldn't help but sigh softly in his heart: "They performed better than I imagined."

These people, Mike, Green, Andre, and even those village chiefs, workshop foremen, cultivation record officers...

They may come from different backgrounds, originally just refugees, slaves, craftsmen, soldiers, but now, each can stand independently.

This means that Louis is no longer the young lord who needs to personally handle everything and monitor every detail.

He sets the direction for them, and they can pave their own paths.

The Red Tide Territory...is finally starting to become a truly functioning machine.

After a moment of silence, Louis spoke in a gentle tone: "I know these days haven't been easy. Many of you have emerged from war, famine, exile... bringing children, carrying scars, not even knowing where to find shelter tomorrow."

He paused for a moment, then raised his voice: "But now, look at your achievements. Look at this valley, these greenhouses, these hills filled with cooking smoke.

You have not only survived but also brought new life to this permafrost. The food you produce will save the entire Northern Territory."

As Louis concluded, a subtle smile appeared on his lips: "Well done. But next, we need to do even better, can we achieve that?"

At that moment, everyone in the Government Hall almost instinctively stood up: "Yes!"

Chapter 476: Agricultural Technology Revolution

The spring sunlight shone on the valley. The snowline had just receded, and the permafrost beneath still carried a moist chill.

The air was a mix of scents, with the overturned black soil carrying the fragrance of moist grass, and the slightly acidic smell of bone fertilizer wafting through the breeze, mingled with the warmth of cooking smoke.

The carriage wheels creaked slightly over the gravel, slowly coming to a stop beside the main road.

After the meeting, Louis didn't rush back to Red Tide Main City but chose to stay and see with his own eyes if the numbers he heard at the meeting were indeed true.

Some things cannot be understood through a few pages of accounts and a meeting alone.

The importance of Mai Lang Territory now surpasses any other domain within the Red Tide Territory; it is the future granary of the Northern Territory, the lifeline for hundreds of thousands of beings.

Therefore, the next morning, he took Green and personally embarked on the inspection journey.

Whether it was the new farming techniques, the magical beast breeding, or those experimental fields that were not yet mature, only by seeing them with his own eyes could he be at ease.

Louis got off the carriage and squinted into the distance.

Tens of thousands of farmers were working between the furrows, their shouts rising and falling, and the clinking of iron plows and spades sounded incessantly.

Green, holding a stack of thick sheepskin account books, walked beside Louis, with Mike following behind, his face barely concealing a proud smile.

"Lord, this area is the core farmland. Most of the new varieties we experimented with last year are here," Green reported softly as he walked. "Thirty percent of the land here is covered by geothermal irrigation pipelines, with a germination rate twelve percentage points higher than expected."

"Mm." Louis nodded slightly, bending down to part a cluster of seedlings at his feet, the black soil was moist, and the roots were deeply entrenched.

The surrounding farmers had long noticed the arrival of the great lord.

They didn't rush over immediately, as no one dared to disturb the young Red Tide Lord.

However, the hoeing men, who were already working quickly, suddenly began turning the soil with nearly three times the strength, striking six times per second.

The young water carriers ran swiftly, as if the wind was beneath their feet, even the rhythm of the distant shouting was quickened by a beat.

Of course, people still couldn't help but occasionally glance at Louis, their eyes carrying fervent light, as if looking at the Savior.

"Is that really the lord?" a newly arrived farmer whispered to his companion, not stopping his hand on the plow.

"Shh, don't talk carelessly! Stand up straight and do the work neatly." An old farmer beside him gently rebuked, but his eyes couldn't help but steal a glance over.

Louis noticed their gazes, smiled gently, and stepped towards the nearest furrow.

"The soil is turned well," he said softly.

The farmer's hand, which was gripping the spade, tightened suddenly, his face flushed red, and after stammering for a long time, he squeezed out a sentence: "Th-thank you, lord!"

"Keep up the good work." Louis patted his calloused shoulder, then turned and left.

The farmer stood there stiffly until Louis had walked far away, then suddenly raised his sleeve to wipe his eyes.

"We can't embarrass the lord," he took a deep breath, lowered his head again, and wielded the spade with even more vigor.

At the end of the furrow, a newly constructed geothermal irrigation well stood quietly, its mouth covered by a thick metal disc, with a faint mist of water clinging to its surface, a hint of warmth seeping out.

Louis walked over slowly, his boots sinking lightly into the wet, soft black soil. He squinted slightly, touched the metal disc with his fingertips, and could feel the subtle temperature fluctuations.

Green, still holding the thick sheepskin account books, stood nearby with a slightly proud tone in his voice:

"Lord, this is the geothermal pipe concept you proposed back then, and now it's the third-generation system.

Shallow geothermal water is introduced into the fields through double-layered pipes, maintaining the surface temperature at three degrees above zero, making frost no longer a threat.

The craftsmen will rework the pipes twice, rearranging them for more controlled heat distribution, avoiding cooking half the seedlings as they did initially.

We can now even artificially adjust the water temperature, raising the field temperature in advance when necessary to hasten crop maturation.

If all goes well, this year's first batch of young wheat on the northern slopes will be harvested two weeks earlier than in previous years."

Louis listened quietly, lowered his head, and stirred a small pinch of moist black soil, revealing just sprouted green shoots.

"They're maturing much faster than I expected..."

He remembered that his initial idea was merely a crude replication of "geothermal heating," at most introducing heat into the soil to prevent frost damage and enable early incubation.

Unexpectedly, within just a few years, these craftsmen and farmers had refined the initial idea into a complete system: heat zoning, temperature control valves, deep and shallow double-layer conduits, far more sophisticated than he had imagined.

They were no longer merely following Louis' orders but were creating their own agricultural technology in the Northern Territory.

However, Louis quickly pulled his thoughts back, his gaze scanning the well's mouth, frowning slightly: "However, Green."

Green immediately stood up straight: "Sir, please instruct."

"The maintenance of the metal disc and the valve at the well's mouth must be more frequent." Louis pointed to the edge of the well.

"Though the heat is adjustable, if the pipes accumulate too many minerals or if the seals age and fail, it will lead to local soil compaction. A massive hardening would ruin the entire land."

Green nodded seriously: "Understood, sir."

He turned and instructed the accompanying farming record officer: "From today, prioritize wellhead inspection and pipe maintenance to the top of the list. Patrol and check daily, no mistakes allowed."

Chapter 477: Agricultural Technology Revolution (Part 2)

"Yes!" Several record officers responded almost immediately.

The inspection team then proceeded slowly along the field ridge southeast of the valley.

The air was moist and warm, carrying a sour, slightly fishy-sweet scent, like the smell of soil mixed with some strange medicinal liquid after the snow.

Turning past a hilly slope, a special plot of farmland appeared before their eyes.

The soil here was a darker color than other fields, and gray-white mist lingered between the turned furrows.

Several craftsmen wearing leather masks and protective gloves were operating long-handled wooden ladles, evenly spreading the milky-white bone fertilizer slurry into the grooves.

Occasionally, a few drops splashed, reflecting a faint blue-white gloss in the sunlight.

"Lord." Green stopped, holding the ledger, and stepped forward, "This is the bone fertilizer enhancement field that you approved for trial, and it's now been expanded to cover one-third of the territory's farmland."

Louis approached, crouched down, and reached out to sift through a small handful of soil covered with bone fertilizer slurry.

He could feel a slight warmth, as if the soil itself was breathing.

"These bone fertilizers are made from Frost Giant bones. We mix the bone marrow with grass ash and Kral Powder to create a milky-white slurry... The nutrient concentration is three times that of ordinary fertilizers, significantly enhancing root strength and seed fullness."

As Green spoke, several craftsmen in the distance were carefully carrying large barrels filled with the slurry, cautious to avoid wasting even a drop.

An Agricultural Alchemist stood nearby, with a hint of emotion in his voice: "Initially... it was just an accidental experiment in the Alchemy Workshop. Originally, we only wanted to test whether Frost Giant marrow could be extracted for medicinal use."

He paused, looking complexly at the mountain-like pile of bones nearby, "Who would have thought these giants once rampaging in the snowfield would become the best nutrients for reviving the land."

Louis turned his head, and distant warehouse buildings came into view.

It was a temporary workshop for processing giant corpses, with bone structures piled high as hills, rib bones and arm bones already cut and stripped of remaining ice crystal tissues, waiting to be transported to the alchemy boiling pool for further refinement.

The sunlight cast a faint blue glow over those bones, evoking a chilling and awe-inducing feeling.

Louis quietly stared, a touch of ironic reflection rising in his heart, "Thanks to Titus..."

Titus forcibly drove all Frost Giants south, intending to crush the Northern Territory in one sweep.

Unexpectedly, this disaster left Frost Giant corpses everywhere, turning into Mai Lang's most precious treasure.

And through his position as Red Tide Lord, he managed to collect nearly all the giant corpses under his control, enough to last ten years.

Bone marrow could be turned into fertilizer to revive wastelands, and crushed bone mixed with feed could be used to strengthen magical beast feed...

It was practically turning waste into treasure.

"Continue expanding the use of bone fertilizer," Louis exhaled slowly, giving orders in a calm voice, "but remember to mark the boundaries between slurry irrigation areas and ordinary areas—do not confuse them."

Green promptly nodded and recorded the command.

Meanwhile, Mike eagerly joined several Agricultural Alchemists for low-voiced discussions, evidently considering how to further enhance production.

After inspecting the territory for a while, Louis and Green continued down the main path towards the experimental fields.

Unlike the bustling, mature fields seen earlier, this area appeared quiet and cautious, as it was for experimenting with some divine artifacts, which often did not succeed.

Several young alchemy apprentices were crouched on the ground, holding wooden rulers and clay pots, gesturing as they carefully scattered a layer of fine white powder.

A faint lime smell filled the air, with a hint of spiciness.

Green stopped, flipped open his ledger, and softly explained to Louis: "This is the experimental field for the magical lime soil improvement method. You mentioned previously that high cold wetland acidity was too high, detrimental to grain root growth, so craftsmen made white lime powder to balance the soil's acidity and alkalinity."

Louis nodded, focusing on a wheat seedling that appeared normal yet had blackened leaf edges.

Green shook his head slightly, sighing, "It's just... if the lime amount isn't controlled well, the seedlings can be 'burned' directly, needing further refinement."

A nearby young alchemy apprentice evidently heard, stammering, "Lord, sorry to disappoint you."

Louis chuckled softly, not reproachful, but instead gently patted the apprentice's shoulder: "Failure is part of the journey; you're doing well."

The young craftsman, hearing this, immediately reddened around the eyes, as if empowered with spirit: "We... will try a hundred more times! Until the seedlings aren't... burnt anymore!"

Louis internally commented: Are you Edison?

But outwardly, he still wore a smile, encouraging: "Keep up the good work."

Further west lay a broad hilly slope, with the wind whistling.

Several craftsmen were adjusting a tall wooden windmill, its gears creaking.

"This is the third-generation circulating windmill pump." Green looked up at the windmill's blades, "The principle combines hydraulic and wind power, using monsoon to drive pumping for irrigation, made based on the design draft you previously created."

"Oh?" Louis was slightly startled, then remembered.

Two years ago, before Red Tide had established Mai Lang Territory, he had sketched many items on parchment based on memories from a past life, and the windmill was naturally among them.

In vague memories of a past life, he could even faintly recall the scene of rotating wind wings and water being high-fed backward by the currents.

Chapter 478: Agricultural Technology Revolution (Part 3)

But the real technical details, gear meshing ratios, torque conversions, the force angle of the wind wings, he didn't understand at all, as he was not a professional engineer.

So he simply relied on his impressions, sketched a few seemingly reasonable cross-sectional diagrams, annotated with concepts like utilizing wind to drive water and reciprocation, and then handed the parchment over to the Artisan District for them to invent and perfect.

As for whether it could be made... the knight didn't hold much hope.

Yet now, a wooden windmill as tall as two floors stood right before his eyes, the wind wings slowly rotating, water sounds faintly heard from the pipes, still somewhat surreal.

At this moment, a gust of wind passed, the giant wind wings spinning, driving the water sound at the bottom of the pipes into a rush.

A few craftsmen immediately cheered: "Success! Success!"

But soon after, the wind direction shifted, the wind wings paused, and the water sound quickly diminished.

The young craftsmen's smiles instantly froze on their faces.

Green shook his head and whispered to Louis: "The efficiency is still unstable, too dependent on wind power. We are researching alternative driving solutions."

Louis just looked at the young, sweat-drenched faces, a faint smile emerging in his eyes: "Very good, keep trying, remember to reward the craftsmen who made this windmill."

"Yes!" Green immediately noted it down.

Actually, strange inventions are not just these.

Under Louis's planning, the Artisan District and Alchemy Research Institute in the Red Tide Territory were almost the most promising "technology furnaces" in the Northern Territory, or in the world.

A large number of excellent craftsmen were attracted by high salaries, while ordinary craftsmen were trained through an apprenticeship system, each apprentice with a senior mentor.

As time passed, the Red Tide Territory thus gained a large number of excellent craftsmen and alchemists.

More importantly, Louis had an almost exaggerated policy: as long as someone proposed a new concept or completed a prototype, there was an opportunity to receive a gold coin reward, from three gold coins to no upper limit.

In such an atmosphere, craftsmen pursued inventions and creations almost feverishly.

Besides the technologies already displayed, countless bizarre prototypes also lay in the research institute.

For example, self-heating boots in the snow, cultivation tools simulating animal hooves, half-finished wind cart prototypes... and dozens of unnamed strange devices.

Some succeeded, some failed.

And some, right from the start, were destined to be mad attempts, but Louis never stopped them, even encouraging this kind of creation.

Agricultural technology was the most important among them.

Louis's bonus tendency was very strong; as long as any idea related to planting, irrigation, or yield increase had even a slight chance of success, the reward would be generous to the point of madness.

For example, the young alchemy apprentice who accidentally discovered the Frost Giant bone fertilizer was so thrilled that he nearly passed out after carrying off two hundred gold coins from just one experiment.

Since then, the craftsmen and alchemists of the Red Tide, like bloodhounds drawn to a scent, were attracted to the Mai Lang Territory.

Some alchemists braved the wind and snow to come from Red Tide City, while some craftsmen simply relocated their families to the Mai Lang valley, just to join this "agricultural technology boom."

It was this indulgent encouragement that turned the entire Red Tide, especially the Mai Lang Territory, into a seemingly endless fountain of inspiration, short-lived in a year but brimming with new affairs.

As if anyone here could propose a rebellious idea, and then truly find someone willing to help make it a reality.

Someone designed a new bone fertilizer distillation method, someone researched wind-powered water pumps, someone even suggested using the thermal energy from Magical Beast corpses to warm greenhouses.

Some were proven feasible, some were laughed off as "alchemy madness," and some still awaited miracles on the paper pile-covered test benches in the Artisan District.

Ideas and sweat intertwined, driving a small technology revolution to unfold slowly.

Chapter 479: The Livestock District of Mai Lang Territory

After leaving the experimental field, Louis went straight to the next location without pause.

The air was a mixture of the sweet freshness of grass, the smell of livestock, and the faint sour scent of feed. In the distance, the creaking sound of windmills turning could be faintly heard.

"We're almost there, my Lord. This is... the livestock district," Green said softly.

Louis looked up, and a vast, orderly ranch unfolded before him amidst the rolling hills.

The five large cattle and sheep grazing areas were arranged like a chessboard, with fences made of wood that appeared deep brown from afar, as sturdy as city walls.

Further away was a pond, its green waves reflecting the sky, with schools of fish leaping out and diving back into the water.

In the sunlight, hundreds of cattle and sheep leisurely chewed on the grass within the fences. Occasionally, a beast trainer would blow a short whistle, and the herd would immediately gather as if guided by an invisible hand.

Craftsmen, herders, and apprentices walked back and forth in the pathways without any confusion.

Everyone performed their duties in an orderly manner, like a giant machine operating in silence.

"Better than I imagined," Louis thought.

He was aware of every policy he had crafted, every fund he had approved, and every order he had signed.

He also received numerous reports and information from the Daily Intelligence System, having an almost complete understanding of the place.

But seeing these cold figures transform into a real scene for the first time made his heart slightly warm.

"Lord!" A slightly raspy voice called out as a middle-aged man swiftly approached.

It was Andre, the head of the beast taming sector in the Mai Lang Territory's livestock district.

Andre was tall and solid, his skin somewhat rough, and his craftsman's uniform was dusted with dirt from running.

He stopped a few steps away and gave a clumsy yet respectful bow.

Louis gently nodded, "No need for formalities, Andre, you've done well."

With just a short sentence, Andre's previously tense shoulders instantly relaxed. He lowered his head slightly, concealing his rapid breathing.

He never imagined that he would reach this point.

Andre had once been merely a foreman at the Calvin Clan's farm. Though he had the strength of an Apprentice Knight and some knowledge of magical beast husbandry, he was ultimately a nobody.

Due to Louis's request, the Calvin Clan had dispatched many mid-level pastoral talents to support the Red Tide Campaign. He thought it was exile because everyone knew the Northern Territory was a desolate land, a graveyard lost to the cold plains.

However, the reality was entirely different.

Upon arriving in the Mai Lang Territory, he not only obtained a stable living place but also received unexpected significant responsibilities.

Louis, during their first meeting, seemed to see through his talent in beast taming and promoted him to head of beast taming, giving him authority over thousands of personnel.

He was even able to bring his wife and two children to the Northern Territory, settling them into a spacious and luxurious house with food that they had never dared to dream of eating.

All of this was because of the person before him, this young lord.

"Tha... Thank you for your trust, my Lord," Andre managed a small smile yet stood straight, with palms slightly sweaty.

Then he led Louis along the stone-paved path, slowly delving deeper, as the Mai Lang Territory's livestock district unfolded into view.

Up close, the scale was larger than expected yet surprisingly orderly.

Wooden fences neatly divided large and small pastures like solid lines of defense encircled them.

Craftsmen crouched beside a fence, carefully checking whether the wooden stakes were loose, occasionally hammering the copper rivets tightly.

Not far away, several children carried small baskets, tiptoeing to add fodder to the troughs.

Now and then, a cow mooed softly, while flocks of sheep leisurely grazed in the sunlight, and the chicken coop and goose pool emitted flapping and noisy cackles.

"This is the ordinary livestock enclosure," Andre introduced steadily, having rehearsed this numerous times the previous night.

He slightly bowed, raising his hand to point to a spacious sheepfold ahead.

"The sheep flock has grown from nine hundred last year to three thousand one hundred, primarily consisting of Snowfield Merino and Short-horned Goats."

Groups of snow-white sheep seemed like waves in the sunlight, occasionally raising their heads to gaze at the visitors.

"The seven hundred and fifty head of Thick-haired Cattle purchased late last winter, currently, six hundred and eighty-nine have survived." Andre couldn't help but straighten his chest as he spoke about this.

"We experimented with the retaining breeding system, concentrating superior cows within the village for breeding. The initial success rate is meeting expectations."

"You've done well," Louis nodded.

Then Andre pointed to a side rack, where neatly arranged copper plaques hung, their surfaces inked with numbers, glistening under the sunlight.

"These are the systems proposed by Lord Louis at that time," Andre spoke with a tone of reverence.

Initially, Louis's design was to tag each livestock's ears with copper rivets and ink numbers to record information.

But later, Bradley had considered the costs, realizing it was nearly impossible.

It demanded not only significant amounts of metal but also a large recording staff to maintain it.

So Louis proposed a compromise: each enclosure was assigned a unified identifier.

It sufficed to consolidate into records all livestock data within a given fence, including birth dates, disease history, feeders, and other detailed information.

Looking at the rack, Andre spoke with more enthusiasm, "Thanks to your strategy, my Lord... Previously, herders managed by experience alone, leading to chaos during disease outbreaks.

Now, by merely opening the archives, everything is clear at a glance. Not only is outbreak prevention swift, but livestock growth records are also transparently clear."

Chapter 480: Mai Lang Territory's Livestock District (Part 2)

He slightly raised his eyes towards Louis, genuine admiration in his gaze: "Honestly, my Lord, this policy alone makes Mai Lang's livestock management much easier."

Louis didn't say much, but a faint, barely perceptible smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

A few more steps forward, lay the newly-built six large chicken coops.

Small windows opened on the thin wooden walls, sunlight poured in, and inside the coop, white and yellow feathers fluttered in a chaotic dance.

"This year, we introduced eight thousand chickens in the first batch, expecting to harvest six thousand by the end of summer."

Andre added, "Geese and ducks are currently in small-scale trial breeding, considered as supplemental food."

He spoke so much in one breath, finally sighing in relief, yet his posture remained tense.

Louis walked and observed along the way.

From the division of pastures, the flow direction of the water channels, to the ventilation windows of the chicken coops, he scrutinized every detail with slightly critical eyes.

But after observing all along the way, he was quite satisfied, only his steps halted before a somewhat disorderly slaughter zone.

There were still a few spots of blood on the ground not completely washed away, and the smell of blood lingered in the air.

Louis frowned slightly, didn't lose his temper, but raised his eyes toward Andre: "The slaughtering...it's not standardized enough."

His voice was gentle, yet it immediately straightened Andre's posture.

Louis explained lightly: "It's not that you're forbidden from slaughtering cattle and sheep, but traditional slaughtering disperses the smell of blood slowly, attracting magical beasts.

And if not cleaned properly, the meat easily carries bacteria, which, if spread, is not just about one cow, one sheep, but a calamity for the entire pasture zone."

He paused, looking at the nearby livestock officers and artisans: "Centralized slaughter, uniform inspection. If a single livestock has issues, we'll be able to detect and control it immediately."

Andre finally understood, hurriedly nodding: "I see...I'll arrange immediately! Build a centralized slaughterhouse!"

Louis patted his shoulder: "Take your time, no need to be too tense."

Seeing his expression still slightly tense, Louis continued comforting gently: "Andre, no need to rush. If the other fiefdoms in the Northern Territory could reach half your scale, they'd be ecstatic.

Step by step, don't rush to achieve everything at once. I'll allocate two thousand more Gold Coins for you, through Calvin Commerce Association, to bring in more good quality broodstock from the South, solidifying the foundation."

Andre's breath caught, he knelt on one knee heavily: "I...will not fail your trust!"

Louis took a tour around, finding there truly wasn't much to advise, everything was perfectly orderly.

Thus he spoke: "Take me to see the magical beast zone."

"Yes, my Lord."

The magical beast breeding area is located in the depths of a gentle hillside, fences tower high with several knights patrolling the area.

Before entering the inner zone, they passed by a training ground. About a dozen young boys and girls were forming a semicircle, maintaining a cautious distance from two double-horned rock oxen.

Long poles spun flexibly in their hands, the tips wrapped in grass scent and soothing powder, working with brief commands to guide the magical beasts' actions.

"Stand firm, don't rush to retreat!" an older instructor reminded from the side.

As the young boys and girls noticed Louis approaching, the scene suddenly became surprisingly quiet.

A few instinctively wanted to salute, but hesitated, looking up, unsure if they should continue training or await instructions.

"Relax." Louis' lips slightly curled, breaking the frozen air, "Continue training, don't mind me."

"Y-Yes, my Lord!"

The youths seemed ignited, their faces flushed with tension, yet their hand movements became more careful and cautious.

These children were personally selected by Louis using the Blood Stone, possessing some knight talents, but with limited potential, probably remaining apprentice knights for their lives.

Rather than letting them be eliminated in the fierce knight competition, it's better to turn them into beast trainers.

Louis approached the field side, noticing a girl with a short braid, visibly so nervous she couldn't speak, her grip on the long pole nearly slipping several times.

"Name?" Louis asked softly.

"Lei...Leina, my Lord!" The girl straightened her back forcefully, her eyes reddened.

"Don't panic." Louis spoke calmly: "Learn well, no need to compete on speed with others, the key in beast taming is a calm mind."

"Yes! I will try my best!" Leina's face flushed deeply red.

Other youths sneaked glances at this moment, eyes filled with envy.

Then Andre led Louis towards the core of the magical beast breeding zone.

Louis looked over to see a double-horned rock ox slowly pacing, the corners of its forehead glimmering with a faint blue light, resembling two sapphires embedded in its skull.

"Here is the double-horned rock ox pasture, currently numbering around five hundred heads, mainly concentrated in the valley pastures."

Andre said while flipping open the wooden board book in his hand, "The southern zone recently opened three new pastures, mainly for rotational grazing. The northern zone is the calf rearing area, with a specially detailed feed ratio table."

These massive magical oxen are called double-horned rock oxen, with slightly blue-glowing curved horns on their foreheads, possessing immense strength.

And their milk contains high-energy nutrients, making it a top choice for knights to replenish strength and vitality.

Further on the grassy slope, flocks of frost-maned sheep rolled like a tide of snow.

Their bodies covered in snow-white curls, soft as silk, their manes even radiating a gentle blue color.

Several apprentice boys were hunched over, trimming the wool, carefully gathering it into hemp bags.

Andre continued to introduce: "The sheep flock is currently the fastest expanding, last year there were only nine hundred, now it's surpassed three thousand one hundred.

This type of magical beast we also implement the 'selective breeding system', gathering the best breeding ewes together, for unified breeding."