

## Another World 31

### Chapter 31 - Mill Stone

With a thought, Zhao entered his spatial farm. This time he didn't take anyone with him. The reason he allowed Meirin and Meg to look around the space was in order to secure their help for the Buda clan.

Once they knew about the spatial farm, they would be more confident about the future. With the Black Waste throwing them into one crisis after another, if they were to lose confidence, then everything would be over.

In the spatial farm, Zhao immediately sold his radishes, but only three quarters of it this time. This earned him a total of fifteen hundred gold coins, in addition to his original fifty gold coins. And if he used these coins to buy radish seed bags, he would be able to plant ten new batches of radishes.

Anyway, the radishes were able to earn him a lot of money. If he were to sell the rest of them, he would be able to earn even more, but he decided to wait until Green came back. Maybe then he could buy some books about plants so he would be able to decide what were the best crops to grow in the future. But right now he knew very little about the plants that grew on the Continent.

Tomorrow, he would get another batch of radishes. He had told Green that he had eighty thousand catty, so even though he had sold three quarters of his radish supply, with this new batch, he would temporarily have a sufficient amount.

But although selling those radishes gave him fifteen hundred gold, it still wasn't adequate enough. Zhao felt very helpless. His level was too low. Even if he wanted to buy higher ranked seeds, he couldn't. With such a slow speed, he didn't know how long it would take for him to level up.

Leaving the spatial farm, Zhao soon fell asleep on his bed.

The next morning, Zhao was woken by the space telling him that his radishes had matured. But it wasn't just the radishes, the corn were also about to mature too.

Zhao immediately harvested the radishes, then he bought another bag of radish seeds. Since it seemed like the corn would need just a few more minutes to mature, Zhao decided not to leave the spatial farm yet. Instead, he washed his face and rinsed his mouth while he waited.

Looking at those corn, Zhao felt like a glutton. In his past life, he used to live in the northern city. At the time, no one considered corn as a staple food, but they would sometimes eat it as a meal, and it was good. Zhao had occasionally eaten it a few times as well, like when he traveled to the rural areas to visit his relatives, who gave him cornmeal pancakes. Delicious.

The cornmeal pancakes were completely different from the ones you could buy in the city. Although they were both made from coarse cornmeal, their pancakes were served with fragrant soup, along with some red crispy rice. Each bite of the crust released a waft of fragrance.

Thinking of it, Zhao could not help but salivate. He smiled as he swallowed his saliva.

But although he ate this cornmeal porridge with pancakes, he didn't know how to make it. Processing the corn seemed very troublesome as he would have to grind it down into cornmeal.

In his past life, processing corn was very simple. All you needed was to find a food processing plant with the right machines. But here it was a bit more difficult. They simply didn't have a grinder to process the corn.

Zhao sighed, but then the voice sounded. The corn was mature. Zhao immediately harvested this batch of corn, and then replanted more in the two acres. But while he looked at the corn field, he couldn't figure out how to process them.

Suddenly the clever Zhao discovered something about his problem. People must have grinded corn for many years before they used machines. At that time, the people weren't stupid, right? So how did they process corn?

Zhao paced a few laps in the space, habitually touching his forehead, thinking of how his ancestors processed corn.

He suddenly smacked his head when he finally remembered something he had seen on TV. It was something that hadn't been used in a long time, but you would sometimes see it in rural areas.

Mill Stone!

Yes, when Zhao had gone to his relatives who lived in rural areas, he saw a disc. The disc wasn't used now but the rural people still had them. Out of curiosity, he asked about the disc. They told him that people would put rice or corn on the surface, and then they would roll another disc on top of it to grind it down.

Most importantly, he only needed some stones and a bit of wood to make it. Although they couldn't mine that much stones from the mountain, it should be sufficient since they didn't need that much good materials.

Thinking of this, Zhao immediately left the spatial farm, then he looked at the sky outside. Meg should also be up. Zhao pushed open the door to his room and walked out.

Zhao found Meg and Daisy who were carrying two copper basins towards his room. When they saw Zhao, Meg couldn't help but be surprised. "Master, how come you're up? Have you washed yet?"

"I just got up early and I already washed. Daisy, is your brother any better?"

Daisy, who was standing behind Meg, quickly said, "Master, brother is good. He's waiting outside to meet you."

Zhao smiled. "That's not the kind of place to hold an audience. Go call Ann and tell him to meet me in the living room. I have something to ask him."

Meg was stunned for a moment, but she didn't say anything. She followed behind Zhao as they went to the living room, while Daisy walked outside to call her brother.

There was a difference between the main parts of the castle and the servant rooms. The servants, such as Daisy and Ann, lived in the rooms of a small building behind the main part of the castle. Although they were now commoners and have been given Zhao's surname, their identities still had a long way to go to reach someone like Meg's. They could only be regarded as common servants.

Soon, Daisy returned with Ann. Her brother looked better, just a bit thin, but still very strong. Although he didn't look like someone who was dying, he still had his head down and he didn't dare to talk.

Daisy walked ahead and stopped in front of Zhao. "Master, I've brought Ann."

Zhao nodded. "Call him over. I have something to ask him."

Daisy called him over immediately, and when he came in front of Zhao, he knelt down and bowed. "Ann greets Master. Thank you, Master, for your kindness."

It seemed like Daisy had told him everything. Although he referred to Zhao as Master, he wasn't saying that Zhao was his slave owner.

"You don't have to be so polite," Zhao said. "You are now part of the Buda clan. Stand up and answer my questions."

Ann bowed his head and said, "Master." He then got up, but half his body was still bent and his head was down, afraid to look at Zhao.

Zhao couldn't help but wrinkle his brow when he saw Ann's appearance. He didn't like it when people acted that way towards him. Although Ann was no longer a slave, he still acted like it. "Ann, look up. You have to remember that you're now part of the Buda clan. You are a free commoner. Later, whenever you go out, you must not lose face for our clan. Don't kneel and act like a slave. It will make people look down on our Buda clan."

Seeing that Zhao seemed angry, Daisy and Ann knelt down while bowing. "Please, Master, punish us."

Zhao sighed. What did he just say? "Stand up, get off your knees." The two stood up, and Zhao noticed that Ann's back was as straight as possible. "Ann, let me ask you. Do you know any mason skills?"

Ann quickly said, "Yes, Master. My father was a mason. I learned a little from him. Although I'm not very proficient, I could still build a few things."

Zhao nodded. "That's good. I'm going to give you a drawing. See if you can build it. If you can, then immediately organize some people to mine stones. I want it done as soon as possible."

Ann's heart couldn't help but tighten, but he still bent over. "Yes, Master."

## Chapter 32 - Planting Seeds

Zhao went upstairs to the study, followed by everyone else. The study was where Green had prepared some books. Although there weren't a lot of books, there was no shortage of pen and paper.

Seeing the pen, Zhao's eyes widened in surprise. It was an amazing thing made from animal bones, with the tip made out of metal, like some sort of combination between ancient and modern. However, the paper was nothing to boast about. Zhao had imagined that the paper would be white, but it was actually yellow. It looked like kraft paper, which Zhao remembered seeing when he was small.

From Adam's memories, although there were moments of sensual pleasures, there was little to do about writing on paper, which showed what kind of character Adam was.

Zhao picked up the pen and started drawing simple shapes on the paper. After he finished, he gave it to Ann.

Ann looked at the drawing and said, "Master, I can build this. Although it isn't exactly the same, I've already built something similar."

This assured Zhao. "Well, do a good job." He then turned to Meg. "Meg, you will arrange for forty men to follow Ann into the mountain. The remaining men should go gather some weeds, while the women learn how to weave weeds from Daisy. Hopefully, they would be able to make enough mats to hang on the windows of their houses. And if the slaves feel too cold from sleeping on the ground, you can take the corn stalks and lay them on the ground for the slaves to sleep on. We have too little supplies on hand, including beds. If they slept on the floor they might fall sick, so layering some corn stalks should make do as a bed."

Zhao then tried to think if there was anything else he forgot to mention. "Also, if any of the slaves show you their skills, you must tell me about it."

After the meeting was over, Zhao and everyone else came out from the study. They walked into the living room where they encountered Meirin, who told them that breakfast was ready. At the table, Zhao told Meirin of what he arranged for today. Meirin had no objections. She believed that what Zhao did would make life better.

After breakfast, Meg immediately did what Zhao said. She gathered the women to make weed mats, while also getting some men to follow Ann to find stones that were suitable enough to make the disc for the mill stone.

Seeing everyone working hard at the castle, Zhao and Meirin went to the underground lake and traveled to the valley. This time it was just the two of them. Although there wasn't any danger, Meirin thought it was easier with one less person.

They soon arrived at the valley.

Although Zhao had improved the land here yesterday, nothing much had changed because he could only improve one mu of land per day.

After he finished today's land improvement, Meirin said, "Master, tomorrow we should get the slaves to plow the soil here so we could plant something."

Zhao shook his head. He wanted to use this piece of land to do a test. He didn't forget the first time he got a prompt from the small shovel, telling him that it could be taken outside the space. He wanted to see if he took it out, would it still be under his control. If it was, he would be able to plow the earth everyday.

Seeing Zhao shaking his head, Meirin knew that he was going to do something himself.

With a thought, a small shovel immediately flew out of the space. Non-stop, it started plowing and then sowing. He then thought of the corn seeds, and the seeds also flew out of the space as well, falling into the spots in the ground that have been sowed. Zhao felt assured after the seeds had been buried.

But then he found a problem. He discovered that the shovel and seeds couldn't leave the range of the farm land. Also, he couldn't do anything too complicated with them. For example, the shovel could only

be used for plowing and not anything else, and the seeds could only go into the ground and not anywhere else. He had also wanted to see if the water could do anything else besides improving the soil, but nothing happened.

Zhao felt discontent. If he could have changed what the water does with his mind, then perhaps he could have used it as an offensive weapon. Unfortunately, he could only water the soil.

Although Zhao wasn't satisfied, Meirin was very shocked. She had no idea that Zhao could use such a method for farming. He was like a god.

After more than two hours, ten acres of land were planted. The small shovel then immediately flew back into the space. Even though it was only ten acres of land, Zhao felt very satisfied with today's work.

He then wondered about something and turned to Meirin. "Grandma Meirin, can you use your spells to pour water on this place?"

Meirin, after recovering from her shock, nodded her head, then she walked beside the pool. Whispering an incantation, a mass of water vapor rose up out of the pool and then gathered in the air. Finally, a light rain fell.

Zhao was again astounded by magic, feeling that it was really amazing to be able to create artificial rain.

In fact, what Zhao didn't know was that not all mages could do this. Like Meirin, only a senior mage could do it. This was supplementary magic, not aggressive. Offensive magic was a lot simpler.

Under Meirin's control, once the soil became wet, she immediately stopped her spell.

Zhao looked at the farm land with a sense of accomplishment, then he turned to Meirin. "Grandma Meirin, unlike inside the space, the crops won't mature so quickly, so this is all we can do. We should go back. This is the most I could do to improve the farm land in one day."

Meirin nodded, then followed him into the cave.

As they traveled over the water, Zhao hoped that one day they would be able to ride over it with a boat. But they didn't have many things that could be used as boat building materials, so all he could do was hope.

The two had just come out of the cave on the other side of the lake when they heard the sound of chanting. Zhao and Meirin went to investigate and found the slaves trying to lift a stone out of the mines.

Zhao quickly went over. He first looked at the stone, but of course he couldn't tell if the stone was good or bad. He just wanted to see if the stone was big enough.

The stone was about five meters high with a diameter of about three to five meters. Seeing it, obviously the weight wasn't light. They had a lot of rope tied around the stone to try to carry it out of the mine.

Zhao quickly said. "Put down the stone. I'll bring it back to the castle. You all go continue exploring the mines to look for more stones."

The slaves looked puzzled. They knew how heavy the stone was. How could he carry it by himself? It didn't help that Zhao hadn't explained that he was going to use the space.

Although they didn't understand, they did not dare to go against him, so they immediately put the stone on the ground and took off the rope.

Once the rope was off, Zhao waved his hand and the stone was placed in his spatial barn.

The slaves were stunned from seeing this miraculous ability. Although there were items in the Continent that could do this, those things were generally only owned by great nobles. Even small nobles couldn't afford it. The slaves had only heard about it and have never actually seen anyone use it.

They thought that Zhao had used magic, so all of them were very excited in their hearts. "So our owner was a powerful mage," was what they all thought.



Zhao did not stay. Followed by Meirin, he walked towards the castle. On the way, they saw several male slaves in the mountain cutting weeds. Zhao didn't help them transport the weeds. Since they were very loose and light, those slaves should be able to bring the weeds back on their own.

Finally, they returned to the castle. In the castle square, they found a lot of women sitting down, weaving weed mats with Meg and Daisy.

### Chapter 33 - Brainstorm

While working, the women had smiles on their faces. Life was full of hope, and it made them feel alive with something to look forward to every day.

Zhao's face couldn't help but smile too.

Some of the women were carrying the corn stalks. Zhao didn't intend to hide anything from these slaves. After all, they had been branded by the Buda clan crest, so their fates were now linked together with the Buda clan. There was no need to hide anything from them.

By now the slaves seemed to have adapted a little to Zhao's magical abilities. They didn't react much when he brought out the corn stalks.

Seeing the female slaves carrying the corn stalks, he told them, "You can use these as a bed when you lay them down on the floor. Also, you can use them to make a fire. But since the corn stalks still have some moisture, it's best to dry them first before you burn them."

This time, after hearing Zhao's words, the female slaves weren't in a hurry to kneel down. It seemed like Meg had talked to them.

In fact, unlike what Zhao guessed, this wasn't because of Meg. Although Meg was a servant, do not forget, she had a higher status than a common servant, even if the Buda clan had been forced down. Few of the slaves would dare look at her in the face, so it was hard to get along with her.

The reason for the change in the slaves was because of Daisy. Although Daisy became a commoner thanks to Zhao restoring her status, she had also been a slave for two years. In the eyes of the slaves, she was easier to get along with.

The main thing was that even though her status was restored and she now had her own room, she would still work and joke together with them, so the slaves found it easier to accept Daisy's words than anyone else's.

The status of slaves in the Continent was the lowest, to the point that some masters treated them less than dogs. They had even heard of how a noble family cared more about their dying family dog than killing one hundred slaves. This showed how low slaves were.

It was also because of this that slaves didn't have a great relationship with the nobility or anyone else of high status. It was hard for them to believe the words of nobility.

But the identity of Daisy was very special. She had been a slave, but had also been restored to a commoner. Plus Daisy was very honest, so she was able to talk to the slaves, and they would accept her words.

Even if they were slaves, the women would naturally chat together. While working with Daisy, they would ask her things about Zhao, and she didn't hide anything from them. Hearing what she said, they were very surprised, because they didn't expect that Zhao could be such a good person.

She had mentioned that Zhao didn't like it when people knelt in front of him. That, and the fact that he had been more benevolent these days, made the slaves less wary of him.

Zhao didn't care that much, to be honest. Even though he came from the modern age, he also had Adam's memories, so although he wasn't used to people kneeling in front of him, he could still accept it. However, he was more comfortable when they didn't greet him on their knees.

Meirin and Zhao had gone to the square to greet Meg. Afterwards, he went to a vacant area next to the square, where he took out the stone from the space.

Zhao then turned and watched the slaves weaving weed mats. Apparently, they were good enough to do this for a living. Their hands were flexible and they managed to learn this skill quickly.

Sitting on the ground, everyone was surrounded by piles of weeds, almost to the point of blocking them from his sight.

Seeing them like that, Zhao couldn't help but think of something: Cao Chuan Jie Jian.

It was the story of how Zhuge Liang used straw boats and scarecrows to steal arrows from Cao Cao.

Straw boats? It was then that Zhao finally remembered seeing something on the news in his past life. Someone had made a boat out of grass to try to sail across the Pacific. Although he couldn't remember if the madman succeeded, he knew at least one thing for certain, you could make a boat out of weeds!

Zhao ran around in excitement. If he could really use weeds, then the problem of making a boat would be solved. He would be able to get to the valley on his own.

The thought of it made Zhao even more excited. However, standing next to him was Meirin, who was scared because she didn't understand why Zhao was running around. "Master, do you feel well?"

Zhao recovered and saw Meirin staring at him. He turned around, and sure enough, everyone else was staring at him too. Zhao became embarrassed, and quickly said, "Grandma Meirin, you and Meg and Daisy come with me to the living room. I have discovered something!"

Meirin didn't know what Zhao was going to do, but if he thought of it, then she believed that it must be a good thing. She quickly called Daisy and Meg into the living room with her.

Zhao was pacing back and forth in the living room while touching his forehead out of habit. He only stopped when the three came in.

"Come and sit down, I have something to say." The three people stood in front of Zhao, not daring to sit down.

Zhao smiled, then sat down himself, and waved them to do the same. "Please sit down." The three finally sat down, but they sat with their backs straight, and Daisy was even looking down.

While looking at the three, Zhao said, "I just suddenly thought of a way, Grandma Meirin, of how we could make a boat to get to the valley. Right now we don't have enough supplies to build a boat, but when I saw the pile of weeds, I suddenly thought, why can't we build a weed boat?"

They all stared at him, and even Daisy looked up. This was the first time they had heard of building a boat with weeds.

Meirin was uncertain. "Master, can it be done?"

Zhao smiled. "Yes, it certainly can. We just need a lot of weeds and compact them together, and maybe a bit of rope too. The mountain weeds are very tough, so boat building shouldn't be a problem. Meg and Daisy will lead the slaves to try to make it. Don't be afraid if it may take a few tries to be able to build it."

Meirin saw Zhao's confident look, and even though she didn't say anything, in her heart she thought that even if this doesn't work, the worse that could happen was that they would lose some weeds and rope.

Zhao continued, "Meg, come to the study. I'll give you some plans for a weed boat design." Having walked upstairs, Meg quickly followed after him.

Once they were in the study, Zhao drew a weed boat from memory. The design wasn't very complex. It looked like Arabian shoes, with the front end tilted high and the back end relatively flat. Overall, it had a thick bottom, and was tied in the middle with rope to make it solid. He drew this as a reference for Meg.

Once he was finished, Zhao gave the paper to Meg. "This is probably what the boat looks like. See if you can make a boat according to this. Trying more than once doesn't matter."

Meg left while holding the drawing.

Left alone, Zhao didn't know what to do with himself, but then he caught sight of the books in the study, and his eyes brightened.

Fortunately, although Adam was a hooligan, he was still a child of nobility, so he was taught how to read. Otherwise, Zhao would have been illiterate.

Zhao looked through the books. There were a few history books and books about the art of war, which may contain words about magic or martial arts.

Zhao first picked up a history book, but looking inside it made him dizzy. Parts of it were written like a Bible while other parts were written like it was telling a fairy tale. It was too difficult to understand, giving him a headache.

After reading two pages of the history book, Zhao threw it aside, then picked up a miscellaneous book. This miscellaneous book seemed to be a personal travel diary, and it recorded a large number of traditions and legends in the Continent. This suited Zhao's exact taste, and he couldn't help but read it carefully.

Because Zhao hadn't come out from the study for a long time, Meirin and Meg went in to check up on him. But they were in for a surprise, because when they looked beyond the study door, they saw Zhao reading a book with a serious look.

#### Chapter 34 - Scholar

Meirin could hardly believe her eyes. Adam? Reading? She knew clear enough that Adam hated reading while growing up. He would only do it when he was forced to by his father.

Although Zhao had done some amazing things recently, Meirin thought that it was because he had become more sensible, which wasn't the same as learning to love reading.

What she didn't know was that in his past life, Zhao was an otaku who loved books. The reason he didn't start reading a few days ago was because when he first came here, he had to face a lot of threatening situations, so he naturally wasn't in the mood.

Zhao didn't notice Meirin. He was concentrating on the book. Although the book just had miscellaneous topics, there were many things to learn, with most of them being traditions, which was very useful for Zhao.

Adam wasn't one to abide by traditions and he didn't bother to learn a lot of things about the Continent. According to the book, the Continent was quite large, led by five Empires, large and small, which contained a total of thirty two countries. That, and a few tiny settlements, described this vast territory.

Along with the Aksu Empire that Zhao was in, there was also the Rosen Empire, the Lyon Empire, the Buddha Empire, and the Blue Dynasty Empire.

Zhao now had a fief in the Black Waste, which was long discarded by the Continent. Behind it was the carrion swamp, one of the five forbidden areas, and something that no one wanted to talk about.

The other four forbidden areas in the Continent were Raya Hill, the North Pole, Fire Island, and finally the last one was a place of deep magic, where legend has it that the Devil lived there. But these rumors have never been confirmed.

All of these places, along with the carrion swamp which was known for its undead spirit beasts that were poisonous, were known as the five forbidden areas.

Adam's memories of these places were vague, and there were few records about them in this miscellaneous book, but it was enough for Zhao.

In his past life, you weren't considered an otaku unless you read something about a world that had magic, elves, dragons, dwarves, and a lot of other things.

After reading all this, Zhao even further made up his mind that he had to be low key. He didn't know much about the powerful experts in this world, but after seeing Meirin's powerful water spells, he probably had some idea. Ah, dealing with people as powerful as Meirin would not be easy.

Zhao slowly put down the book. Although a lot of stuff wasn't of much use, he now had a better understanding of the this world.

This world wasn't like the ones in those poorly written novels he had read in his past life, where the mages didn't have any close combat ability, and the warriors couldn't attack from a far distance. This world was completely unlike that.

A mage's body wasn't as tough as a warriors. But if they use simple spells, like within the first three levels of magic, they would be able to instantaneously cast it. There would be no need to chant a long spell. So warriors wouldn't dare to look down on them in a fight.

But even if the warriors held a grudge against that, it doesn't mean that they would easily lose a fight. Don't forget that even the most average warriors could use bows and arrows, or spears and other long-range weapons. A warrior's strength shouldn't be overlooked.

Zhao slowly stood up and took a breath. After reading the miscellaneous book, he had determined that being low key was correct. He couldn't imagine how powerful the people were in this world.

He then walked to the window in the study, which was closed with paper shutters. Only a few commoners in the Continent had paper shutters, while the nobles had glass windows. But glass windows were too expensive, not something Green would buy.

Zhao opened the window and looked out. The study was on the third floor, and the light was good. From here he could see the castle square, where there were many women weaving weed mats.

Looking at those hard working people, Zhao's heart couldn't help but smile. These people were so happy and satisfied even though they were facing a huge crisis.

This time Zhao really hated himself for not having the strength to protect these people. The most he could do was let them escape into his spatial farm, but you couldn't always run away from everything.

Just then, a knock came from the door. It was Meirin. "Master, it's time for lunch."

Zhao froze for a moment. He really didn't think that time had gone by so fast, but after looking outside, sure enough there were people going back inside to eat.

He opened the door, only to find a look of joy on Meirin's face. "Grandma Meirin, why are you so happy?"

"It's nothing, Master. Time to go eat."

Zhao nodded and followed Meirin downstairs. Meg and everyone else was already waiting for him in the dining room.

After everyone sat down, Zhao decided to give out his instructions. He turned to Blockhead. "Blockhead, you will help Meirin with the weed boat. You have to lead people to cut the weeds and help them with your strength."

Blockhead nodded, then Zhao turned to Rockhead. "Rockhead, you will help set up the stones as soon as possible after they have been mined. When you reach a certain number, call me back. This will save a great deal of time."

Rockhead nodded, then Zhao turned to Ann. "Ann, you must be careful when mining. Pay attention to everyone's safety."

Ann nodded, then Zhao turned to Daisy. "Daisy, continue to teach everyone how to weave the weed mats. Then you and all the women will go along with Meirin to build the weed boat, one that is big enough to seat a dozen people. Do not be afraid to fail and waste weeds. The mountain should have enough of them."

Daisy nodded, then Zhao turned to Meirin. "Grandma Meirin, you had said that we should build a guard post on the hilltop overlooking the carrion swamp. Not only would this allow us to pay attention to what's around the castle, but it would also help us prepare in advance for any undead spirit beasts."

Meirin nodded her head. "Yes, Master. A guard post should be built, but you don't have to worry about that. You should spend your time reading more books."

Zhao didn't expect her to say that. "Don't worry, Grandma Meirin, I will."



Meirin and Meg nodded, but Blockhead and Rockhead were in shock. They had grown up together with Adam, so they couldn't believe it when he said that he was going to read.

Once discussions were finished, they soon began eating. After he was done, Zhao immediately went up to the study. He wanted to know more about this world.

When Meirin saw Zhao going up to the study, her eyes shined. Although this world respects strength, a man of learning could also be respected. Even in the Aksu Empire, the king knew that there were many important aspects that could only be left to a scholar.

This was one of the reasons why Meirin was happy. Because Zhao drank the Water of Nothingness, it was impossible to learn magic and martial arts. And his space was only useful as life insurance since people could escape into it. But that wasn't enough.

He would also need the respect of others. If you couldn't learn magic or martial arts, then if you wanted respect, the only way was to become a scholar.

## Chapter 35 - An Attack

Although Meirin was unhappy with the Aksu Empire, she still hoped that one day Zhao would be able to get back into the good graces of the king. This would represent that the Buda clan had been recognized as strong.

But what Meirin didn't know was that Zhao didn't intend to go back to the royal family, nor did he care about getting recognition from the old nobility. Those nobles had nothing to do with him. All that matters was that they had strength.

This was different for Meirin because she grew up in the Ark Continent. Here, even the emerging nobles put in great efforts to gain respect from the old nobility, otherwise they would just be called upstarts.

But in Zhao's past life, there weren't any nobles or kings. As long as you had money, you had the strength to do what you wanted. He didn't mind if the nobility gave him recognition or not.

Still, he had to carefully study to better understand this world. All that matters was that he developed the Buda clan as soon as possible.

Back in the study, he wasn't in a hurry to read the miscellaneous book. He carefully looked around and found the books on magic and martial arts. But when he looked inside, he found that his understanding of what was written was a little iffy. Without a teacher, he couldn't just learn by reading it. Plus, since he drank the Water of Nothingness, he couldn't learn magic or martial arts anyway. So he didn't really care.

Finally, Zhao decided to refocus on the miscellaneous book. But when he went to go grab it, he caught sight of another book. This one was about calligraphy.

The calligraphy book introduced several types of writing utensils, which made Zhao realize that each of them had their own uses.

The brush was used by people who were particularly fond of calligraphy. But they were also used by great mages who made magic scrolls that were relatively large.

Quills, on the other hand, were mainly used to make smaller strokes on small and medium sized magic scrolls.

And then there was the pen, which was usually just used for writing and recording down notes. Because the inside of the pen's capsule could hold ink, you would be able to write a lot of words, which was very convenient. But the pen wasn't used to make magic scrolls because the metal tip was a poor conductor of magic. Mages generally didn't use metal things. Of course, there were special metals out there that could be used with magic, but those were very expensive. No one would be willing to make a pen out of them.

Zhao read about their uses, and how each were different. He even read about how nobles would use a brush to sign important documents with their signature.

All of this surprised Zhao for a moment. In his past life, he had always wanted to learn calligraphy. Unfortunately, at that time he had no money or teacher. So his desire amounted to nothing. He didn't expect that in this world, he might be able to achieve his aspirations.

But for now, Zhao could only remember the usage of these types of writing utensils. With everything happening in the Black Waste, it was unrealistic to expect that he would have the time to study calligraphy.

Zhao spent the afternoon in the study, until a knock suddenly came. "Who?" he asked.

Rockhead's voice came out. "Master, we've gathered quite a few stones and now need your help to transport them."

Zhao put down the book and went to open the door. "Come on," he said. He left with Rockhead.

While walking out, Zhao asked, "Is the mining going well?"

Rockhead nodded. "Yes, Master. Ann found several mines that we could easily exploit. No iron ore, but we should be able to get the right stones to make a mill stone."

"Pay attention to safety," Zhao said. "Altogether, the Buda clan has so little people. Even the lost of one person would weaken us. Make sure that they don't do anything reckless."

Rockhead understood what Zhao meant. Although the slaves had been encouraged to work with enthusiasm, they shouldn't do things too quickly out of impatience. He should pay attention to that.

They talked while they passed by the women who were still weaving the mats, but they didn't see Daisy or Meg.

Zhao didn't go greet them, and instead walked to the hill, followed by Rockhead. He saw something that looked like a makeshift shed. Pointing at the shed, Zhao asked, "Is that shed for housing our sentry?"

Rockhead nodded. "Yes. Grandma Meirin helped us. In the small shed are two look outs. They would be switched out every two hours."

Zhao was impressed. Meirin was more than worthy for the Buda clan, finding the right place to put a sentry and setting up a schedule for them.

Just then, a figure suddenly came flying down the hill, shouting loudly. Although Zhao couldn't hear what that man was shouting, he could feel his heart sinking, so he immediately turned to Rockhead. "Rockhead, go to the mines and tell the slaves to come back to the castle. Then get Blockhead and his people to come back to the castle too. I'll go look for Meg."

"Master, I'll do what you say, but you should immediately return to the castle. The Buda clan can't go on without you."

"Less nonsense, I am the lord of the Buda clan. At such a time, how can I chicken out and hide. You go do what I tell you."

He was about to walk away, but then Rockhead clung to Zhao's leg. "Master, you have to quickly go back to the castle. The Buda clan can't exist without you. If you're not here, then it would be over for all of us."

Zhao looked at Rockhead, who was being stubborn. The last time he didn't listen to Zhao was when he and his brother held their swords to their necks.

Zhao sighed. "Fine, I'll return to the castle. But you should remember to get everyone back safely."

Rockhead, after hearing what he said, stood up.

By now the figure had reached them, then he knelt down in front of Zhao. "Master, there's a lot of undead spirit beasts climbing up the hill!"

"Are there any people in the shed?" Zhao asked.

"There is one," the man immediately replied. "Someone always has to be on the look out on a regular basis."

Zhao was furious. "Fool! How come he's not down? Rockhead, call the guy to go down the hill."

Rockhead started running.

Zhao turned towards the kneeling slave. "What is your name?"

"Back then, the owner told me it was Lin."

"Lin, go back to the castle and find Grandma Meirin. If she isn't there, then tell everyone who is weeding to go inside the castle. This is my command, so go fast."

Lin obeyed. He jumped up and ran to the castle. Zhao knew his own body. He couldn't run very fast, so he got someone else to pass on the message.

Zhao also started running, but even a few steps made him tired and gasping for breath.

Eventually, Zhao returned to the castle. He found the slaves who were working on the weeds inside. Everyone looked uneasy. Looking around, Zhao saw Meirin standing there.

Meirin also saw Zhao, and she immediately went up to him. "Master, what should we do now?"

Zhao took a few deep breaths, then said, "Grandma Meirin, count the number of people here. And make sure everyone made it back to the castle before shutting the gate."

Meirin quickly said, "Okay, Master. But you should stay here and do the count. I'll go to the gate." She walked out and left, giving Zhao no chance to oppose her.

Zhao looked at Meirin's departing back. She was taking care of him again, always putting him in the safest place. He wanted to argue, but Zhao knew that people who couldn't protect themselves would only be in the way.

He turned around and looked inside the castle, where stood more than thirty women, the only ones to make it here so far. "Stand in line," Zhao said.

The slaves immediately stood in line, their speed greatly beyond Zhao's expectations.

### Chapter 36 - Army of Spirit Beasts

Zhao knew that these slaves had never been to school, yet they finished his command so quickly, lining up in two neat rows. It wasn't worse than what Zhao did in school during his past life.

The slaves queue rate greatly exceeded Zhao's expectations, so he gave them a puzzled look. These slaves had been trained since childhood, standing to attention almost by instinct. When the slaves went to work and then came back, they had to stand in line so they could report the number of slaves. This method was to prevent someone from sneaking away.

But Zhao didn't know this, so when the slaves quickly lined up, he couldn't help but freeze for a moment. But then he recovered, and decided not to think too much about it. "Count!" he said.

The moment those words left his mouth, the slaves instinctively counted off, ending at thirty four. That was to say there were thirty four female slaves, and Lin, the only male slave.

Zhao nodded. "I had just received a message from the hill that a large number of undead spirit beasts have appeared out of the carrion swamp. They're probably coming to the castle, and since there may be a battle, you will have to stay here."

The female slaves couldn't help but reveal a look of fear. If a human army attacked them, they wouldn't be afraid. So long as they didn't resist, generally no one would kill a slave, because a slave could be sold for money. So most of the time, they would be safe.

But this time they were being attacked by undead spirit beasts. Money was no use to them. In their eyes, nobility was no different than slaves. People were people with no hierarchy.

A few more slaves came in from outside, and among them was Daisy. Zhao counted them off, even Daisy, which ended in a total of fifty people. All the female slaves had returned.

Although Daisy and the female slaves had come back, Meg was still out there, probably at the front aiding Blockhead.

Zhao didn't leave the castle. He knew that he would just cause trouble for Meirin, so he might as well wait here.

But that doesn't mean he couldn't do anything. He turned to Daisy and said, "Daisy, from this point on you look after the slaves. Do not let them run around." Then he turned to the slaves. "I want to go get something. All of you listen to Daisy's words. Do not run."

The castle had an underground storage, which was where Green brought all of their supplies, and that was where Zhao went. He loaded all of the supplies into his space so as to avoid them being ruined by the undead spirit beasts.

The underground storage was really great. Zhao was only there for a moment before he ran upstairs to where the study was. The most important thing were those books.

Green must have brought those books to cultivate the slaves, otherwise why would he bring so many books on magic and martial arts. Those books were very important, they were the key to Zhao's understanding of this world, and they could help train the Buda clan's personnel.

Once he reached the study, he put everything into his space, including the chairs. The spatial barn didn't really have any limits, and wasn't yet straining with the amount of things he had stored inside.

Zhao had just finished gathering everything from the study when he heard a voice. It was Meirin. Zhao quickly ran downstairs. Meirin was back, and so was everyone else.

Seeing all the people in the castle, Zhao felt a little relieved. "Grandma Meirin, is everyone back?" he asked.

Meirin nodded. "Everyone's back. The castle gate is closed. But I don't know if that would stop the spirit beasts from coming. Master, you should go into your space."

Zhao shook his head. "There is no need, Grandma Meirin. Let's go outside on the castle walls to get a good look. I have never seen undead spirit beasts before."

Meirin looked worried. "Master, that's too dangerous. What are you planning to do?"

"Nothing," Zhao said. "I just want to go see those undead spirit beasts, particularly their numbers. If there's only a small number of them, we could just repel them."

Meirin was surprised for a moment, but she didn't say anything. It was as Zhao said. She was confident in her abilities, so if there really were just a small number of undead spirit beasts, she could just fight them off.

Zhao waved for Daisy and Ann to come over. "You two, watch over the slaves. Don't let them run around." Having told them that, Zhao walked with Meirin to the castle walls, while Blockhead and Rockhead moved by his side, and Meg was behind him. There was no way to stop them from following him, Zhao was very clear on that. If they weren't following him, then there would be no way for them letting him go to the walls.

Meirin didn't think that the undead spirit beasts were very fast, but to their surprise, when they arrived at the walls, they found that those beasts had already reached the base of the hill.

At the forefront were a group of rat-like things. About one meter tall and three meters in length, with pale green hair and long tails.

Behind them was a large group of snakes!



There were countless snakes, large and small. Some of the snakes were green, some were red, and some were really colorful. The colorful snakes were the largest, reaching a meter thick. They couldn't be trifled with.

Those snakes were followed by a variety of insects. The insects were huge, even a spider was one to two meters wide. Of course, there were also smaller insects, but their every action was flexible and fast.

The insects too were colorful, showing that they were highly toxic. Zhao's heart couldn't help but sink. The number of snakes were more than enough, but there were even more insects than snakes.

By this time, at the forefront, the rats had already reached the castle. Apparently, they could swim as they immediately ran into the moat, instantly turning the water green.

Zhao made an ugly face. He finally understood why there was no fish in the moat. Those rats must have poisoned the river.

Meirin went to Zhao's side. "Master, we should go back. There are too many spirit beasts to deal with."

Zhao nodded and looked up the hill at the army of spirit beasts out there. There was even a crocodile-like spirit beast, brightly colored, and made up of bones.

There were many creatures, large and small, that were made out of nothing but moving bones, and more of them were slowly coming down the hill.

"Master, let's go." Meirin took Zhao away.

But then everything turned black for a moment. Puzzled, Zhao looked towards the sky and saw a lot of spirit beasts flying overhead. Some were flying insects, but others were large bird-shaped spirit beasts that were flying very high. It seemed like the castle wouldn't be able to protect them.

"Hurry, there's an army of flying spirit beasts coming. We have to get back inside the castle to protect the slaves, otherwise it'll be too late!" Zhao shouted.

Meirin saw them too. She immediately shouted, "Blockhead, quickly run back inside the castle and protect the slaves!"

Blockhead nodded. Suddenly, he was shrouded with a yellow light. Moving with a speed faster than before, he quickly ran to the castle. Rockhead picked up Zhao and quickly ran to the castle as well. Although he was fast, he was also stable, so Zhao wasn't jolted around a lot.

A blue light flashed around Meirin's body and she ran as well, her speed not any slower than Rockhead's. Not to mention Meg, also flashing a blue light, was moving even faster than Rockhead.

### Chapter 37 - Into the Space

Fortunately, the castle wasn't far, and Rockhead was very fast. In just a few short breaths of time, Zhao had reached the main room of the castle.

The room didn't seem that big with all the people crowded inside. But there wasn't any confused ruckus going on. The slaves were very clear that if they didn't listen, it may result in their deaths. So they stood in order after Blockhead had entered the room.

"Grandma Meirin, you go into the space first," Zhao said the moment he came into the room. "When a slave enters the space, you will settle them down and make sure that they don't run around. Blockhead and Rockhead, you guard the doors. Meg, Daisy, and Ann, you organize the slaves to go into the space."

Daisy and Ann had never been inside the space, so Zhao made them work with Meg. Once they assist those to go into the space, Meirin would settle them after they entered, while Rockhead and Blockhead would be on alert for any spirit beasts that suddenly barged in.

A hole appeared next to Zhao.

The hole was no stranger to the slaves. They had seen it before during Zhao's land improvement. When there was little reaction from the slaves, Zhao couldn't help but be surprised.

However, when Meirin went into the space first, there was an immediate reaction. After Meirin appeared inside, it was time to make the slaves go.

Those slaves were a little scared. They didn't know where Zhao was taking them. But when they saw Meirin enter, they knew that Zhao wouldn't harm them. Immediately, under Meg's supervision, each of the slaves slowly entered the hole.

By now, from outside the castle, they could hear the roars of the spirit beasts, as well as the pounding on the castle gate. They had to move faster. Fortunately, Zhao was able to make the hole big enough to allow four slaves to go in at the same time.

Soon all the slaves had entered the space, as well as Daisy, Ann, and Meg. With a thought, Zhao with Blockhead and Rockhead appeared inside the space together.

The slaves were looking around, dumbfounded.

While Zhao, the moment he entered the space, discovered that the radishes have matured, but he didn't have time to harvest them. He stood up and shouted at the slaves. "All of you listen. This is my spatial farm. Do not just walk around. Look for a place to sit down. And be careful of where you step."

Fortunately, in addition to the farm land, the spatial farm also had some open spaces. At one time, Zhao had tried telling the spatial farm to shovel the open spaces, but it just had the same result as the game, no response.

Although the slaves didn't understand what was going on, they still obediently sat down. Zhao then turned to Meirin after looking at the slaves. "Grandma Meirin, I've brought a lot of empty cups with me. If anyone wants to drink, let them go to the spring to drink some spatial water. I'll come up with some blankets that they could sleep on." Having said that, he walked in front of the barn, and with a thought, a lot of cups came out. They were wooden cups, cheap ones that Green had bought for the slaves.

Meirin and Meg soon passed around the cups. Zhao also brought a lot of blankets for the slaves to sleep on the ground with. And after that, Zhao came up with a few cushions.

These cushions weren't for sitting, they were used to build dividing walls. With more than a hundred people here, they will need a bathroom, especially now that there were both men and women inside the space. Although they were small, the cushions that Green had bought should be sufficient enough to build something that would separate the two sides.

Blockhead and Rockhead led several male slaves to one side of the barn and blocked off that piece of land with the cushions. The female slaves had the other side.

After everyone started working, it relieved Zhao with enough time to harvest the radishes and plant another batch.

In order to help the slaves calm down, Zhao gave each of them one magic radish to eat. The white radish tasted sweet and a little spicy. Seeing more than a hundred people eating radishes together, it was a spectacular sight.

The slaves were eating very happily. This was the first time they had eaten a radish with such a peerless taste.

After seeing that the slaves had calmed down, Zhao went into the thatched hut.

The inside of the hut wasn't very large, but there was enough room for a bed, and of course a table where a few people could sit. It was very comfortable. Although Zhao wished for a good night's sleep, he knew that this wasn't the time. He had entered the hut after telling Meirin to call a few people in, leaving only Daisy and Ann to watch over the slaves.

Everyone looked around curiously inside the hut, and then sat down on a stool.

"We don't know what's the situation outside with the spirit beasts. Although we can hope that they would return to the swamp early, we have to prepare for the possibility that we would have to stay here for the long term," Zhao said. "In a few hours, the corn will mature. Plus, we have the food that I brought in from outside. Food and firewood won't be a problem. But if we leave the slaves with nothing to do, they would just wait around in fear. Grandma Meirin, do you have any suggestions?"

Meirin thought about it, but then shook her head. "Although this space is really big, there is no land for them to cultivate. I can't think of anything. Master, what do you plan for the slaves to do?"

Zhao paced inside the hut. "I had brought some books from the study before I came in. Grandma Meirin, teach the slaves how to read. If we want to develop the Buda clan, relying on just the few of us isn't enough. I don't think that the slaves would betray us, so teaching them some words will be useful in the future."

"That's a good idea, Master. With nothing to do in the space, we could teach them to recognize some words. In the future, this will have far reaching effects."

Since she agreed, Zhao waved his hand. The books from the study appeared in front of him, along with some pen and paper. "Grandma Meirin, take a look yourself, and then teach them with that book."

Meirin carefully looked at the books, then took out the one in the middle. "Master, is this it?"

Zhao saw Meirin take out the miscellaneous book, which was simply titled "Traveling through the Aksu Empire". He nodded, then said. "We're not going to teach them right this moment. They had just come into this space, and some of them might still be in shock. Let them have a break first."

Meirin nodded, while looking at Zhao's tired face. "Master, you should have a good rest too. We'll go out."

Zhao knew that the hut was too small to be suitable enough for everyone to rest inside, so he could only say, "I took out several blankets from the barn, Grandma Meirin. Remember to use them when you sleep outside."

Meirin told him that she will. Along with Meg, she left the hut, while Blockhead and Rockhead stood at either side of the door, like guards.

Meirin then stood in front of the slaves and shouted, "This place is Master's magical space, where everything listens to the young master. Outside, there are undead spirit beasts, and we fear that they have already stormed the castle. This is the only safe place. So you must be obedient, otherwise Adam will kick you out of this space. Do you understand?"

The slaves immediately stood up in unison. "Understood," they shouted. They had been trained by slave traders. After obtaining some slaves, it was common sense to give them some simple training, like bowing and such. So these slaves had formed a condition reflex.

Meirin nodded. "A lot has happened today, and I know you're very frightened, but Master said that if you are tired, you can have a good rest. So go rest. But remember, do not run around, do not go near the young master's room, and do not fumble with the stuff inside the space. Understand?"

The slaves understood.

#### Chapter 38 - Literacy

Zhao didn't know what was happening outside the thatched hut. He believed that Meirin would take care of it. He was really tired now and just wanted to have a good sleep.

From the barn, he pulled out a blanket, then he immediately layed down on the bed. It only took him a few minutes to fall asleep. After drinking the Water of Nothingness, his body couldn't even handle a large amount of exercise, let alone the situation that happened today.

Outside the thatched hut, the slaves were also resting. With such a rare opportunity to rest, they naturally wouldn't say anything. Plus the ground was covered with a soft blanket. Soon the entire space was quiet. Even in front of Zhao's door, Rockhead and Blockhead was sitting down while napping.

After more than two hours, Meirin woke up. She slowly walked to the hut and opened the door to check up on Zhao, finding him fast asleep. She then quietly closed the door.

Looking at the slaves, she saw that some of them were already awake, just sitting there not knowing what to do.

Although Meirin could teach them how to read, she didn't know if now was the right time. Teaching these people would make noise, and she didn't want to wake Zhao up.

But then she noticed that the radishes, which were planted before she slept, had actually started to sprout. She was very surprised. This was her first time seeing how fast something could grow in this space.

Meirin couldn't help but squat to look at the growing radish seedlings. These seedlings were very sturdy, and they looked healthy.

Making the same movement, Meg crouched down next to Meirin, and whispered, "Grandma, how could these radishes sprout so quickly? Is it some kind of advance vegetable magic?"

Meirin smiled slightly. "Master told me long ago that anything he planted in this space would have a greatly shortened maturation time. But I didn't think that it would be this short."

"In this space, the magic radishes will mature every eight hours." Zhao's voice came from a distance.

Meirin and Meg were surprised for a moment. They turned around and saw that Zhao had come out of the hut, with Blockhead and Rockhead standing behind him. Meirin stood up. "Master, is what you say true? A batch of magic radishes can mature in eight hours?"

Zhao nodded, then he pointed to the corn field. "See those corn? In the space, they only need fourteen hours to reach maturity after planting them."

They followed the direction of Zhao's finger. They saw the growing corn, with green leaves that looked strong and long.

Zhao turned to Meirin. "We will have enough food to eat inside this space. So it's better to stay here instead of encountering those spirit beasts."

"Yes, Master is right," Meirin said. "If we don't have to worry about finding something to eat, then we could stay here for a few days."

Zhao turned around and looked at everyone who was awake. The slaves were standing up respectfully while watching him. "Grandma Meirin, while you teach them to read, Blockhead and I will dig a stove to cook."

They had more than a hundred people to feed. Although Zhao had brought a lot of supplies from the castle's storage, if he wanted to make something for the slaves to eat, he would have to build a place to make a fire. There was nothing like that here in the space, so he could only dig a simple stove.

"Master, let the slaves build it," Meirin said. "They can do it in a shorter amount of time, and it would be strange for you to do it."

Zhao looked at the slaves and nodded his head. If the slaves were learning how to read and write, while their master was digging a stove, it would scare the slaves because it was contrary to what they knew.

Meirin saw Zhao nod, and immediately organized the slaves to start digging a stove. Zhao fortunately had the castle's supplies in his spatial barn so they weren't lacking any tools.

Although they had to feed more than a hundred people, they only needed ten or so to dig the stove. Then they would use the pot that Green had purposely bought for the slaves.

In fact, many slave owners would use this kind of method because it was the easiest way to feed the slaves. While the slaves were working, you just needed to find two people to carry the pot and cook the rice, thus saving a lot of time.

The ten slaves dug a good stove frame, but it was impossible to light a fire now. Zhao had to wait for the corn to mature first, then they would have something to burn, otherwise they would have to use the wood that he had brought, which would be a pity.

Zhao knew that they were short on wood, and he didn't know when Green would come back. After he returns, they could sell the radishes in exchange for gold coins, and then they would be able to buy more wood. But for now, Zhao didn't want to waste the supplies he had on hand.



After looking at the stove frame, Zhao nodded at the slaves, then he turned to Meirin. "Grandma Meirin, it'll take more than two hours for the corn to mature. In that period of time, you have to teach them to recognize some words. I'm going to go take a break inside the hut."

Meirin nodded, and once Zhao walked inside the hut, she turned to the slaves. "Please do not worry. In two hours or so, the corn will mature, and then you can eat. In these two hours, you will learn to read..."

Before she could finish, the slaves buzzed with excitement. The slaves couldn't read. It was common sense in the Continent to not teach the slaves to read. So for them, literacy was a sacred thing, and now they had just heard that Meirin was going to teach them, so all the slaves were very surprised.

Meirin shouted, "Quiet!"

The slaves immediately quieted down, but they all had a look of excitement as they watched Meirin. "We of the Buda clan are not the same as the other nobles. Our benevolent master has consented for everyone to learn. If you can learn the words quickly, Master can absolve you of slavery. Understand?"

This got the slaves more excited. Zhao letting them be taught was amazing, but if they were to learn well, then they could even become free commoners. For the slaves, it was like telling them as long you eat, you will also get a bonus. Such a good thing was hard to find.

"Because of the conditions we have now," Meirin said, "I can only teach you to recognize some simple words. In these two hours, I can only teach you ten words, but you must learn to read and write it." Having said that, she picked up some paper and a brush.

They didn't have a blackboard. Writing on paper was the only way she could teach the slaves. There were too many people, so she could only write one word on each piece of paper to make the word large enough for the slaves in the back to see it.

Meg was around Meirin, watching everyone, including Daisy and Ann, studying seriously. Before, Daisy and Ann were commoners, but they couldn't go to school because they didn't have the money for a teaching fee. Now that they had the opportunity to learn, they wouldn't miss it.

Meg had previously been to a school in the Empire. In the elite schools, she found that the reaction between the slaves and the school's students weren't the same. Those aristocratic students considered school as a form of torture. They didn't put any spirit into it. They would only be happy after class had ended and they could go home to play. Adam was such a person.

But the slaves were completely different. Learning to read, they looked excited and also very focused. Fearing that they won't remember the lesson, and because they didn't have anything to write with, they would trace their finger on the ground. Their earnest struggle to learn deeply touched Meg.

Blockhead and Rockhead also looked at the slaves. The two had been adopted by the Buda clan so they automatically received lessons on how to read. However, they didn't take it as seriously as the slaves. The reasons were because they were young, and they weren't very smart, but mostly because they got the opportunity to learn how to read so easily.

You do not know the value of things that are too easily obtained.

They had studied how to read together with Adam. Adam was not considered a wise man. Yet although he was smarter than the two, he was not fond of reading, so it took him several tries to learn, just like them. Looking at the slaves who were so focused on learning, Blockhead and Rockhead couldn't help but feel ashamed.

Meirin naturally saw this, and suddenly understood that Zhao's decision was correct. If the slaves didn't know how to read, then even if they wanted to contribute to the Buda clan, they would only have a limited ability to do so, no matter how much they work. But if they learn how to read, then they could help the Buda clan be greater. The Buda clan needs each person to be at their best in order to help revitalize the Buda clan. So she taught them very seriously.

## Chapter 39 - New Features

Zhao knew that Meirin wouldn't let him down. That was to say, Meirin was an eighth level mage, so she used to have a few students in the Aksu Empire, before they all died along with Adam's father.

Still, Meirin had a lot of teaching experience. She was the best choice to teach the slaves. Meanwhile, Zhao had a headache thinking over another problem.

As long as the corn was ripe, they would have firewood, and with the food stored in the barn, they wouldn't have to worry about finding something to eat. But Zhao then realized something. Cooking with fire will certainly produce smoke. Although the spatial farm was big, if there was no way for the smoke to break out, then sooner or later it will fill up the space.

Zhao feared that he was going to pollute the spatial farm. But he couldn't just make the slaves eat radishes everyday, right? The only thing he could think of was to try to reduce the amount of cooking, then wait until after everyone left the space. Only then could he think of a way to discharge the smoke.

But Zhao also had another worry. He didn't know what was happening outside. He feared that by the time they go out, the spirit beasts would have wrecked the castle, leaving them with no place to live. This was most troublesome.

Pacing around the room, Zhao couldn't think of anything to do but to bring up his display screen. But the screen was black.

Zhao didn't know how to open the display. He tried saying, "On."

No response. Zhao was embarrassed. There were no obvious switches on the screen, so he didn't know how to turn it on.

Zhao then tried touching the screen with his hand, but he didn't think that he could actually touch it. The display lit up. Icons for his shop, barn, and tools appeared on the screen.

He was stunned. The last time he summoned the screen, it only showed an icon for the shop. He didn't expect that there would be more icons this time.

But Zhao didn't care why there were more icons on the screen. What mattered the most was that it displayed what was necessary. It was then that he noticed an icon that didn't seem to have anything to do with the farm. The icon had a picture of a camera.

Zhao couldn't help but freeze for a moment. If this kind of icon appeared on a computer, then it wouldn't be strange, but this symbol had appeared on his spatial farm's screen.

He pressed the icon, wanting to see what it would do. The icon immediately flashed a white light on Zhao's forehead. His head was suddenly filled with information.

Because there was too much information, Zhao had to close his eyes and lay on his bed to digest it all.

Only when Zhao digested the information did he open his eyes. "So it's something like a monitor."

Zhao finally understood what the icon was for. It was similar to a camera that you could use to monitor the surrounding area. That was to say, from the spot where he had entered the space, he could see outside within a radius of one hundred meters. And that was only because his level was too low. Once he leveled up, he would be able to see even further.

Zhao immediately sat up on his bed and touched the camera icon again. The screen changed. Now it displayed a three-dimensional image of the castle.

Below the image was the value of one hundred meters, showing the distance he was able to see.

In the three-dimensional image, there were a lot of green dots moving around constantly. Zhao couldn't help but point at one of the little green dots. The screen flashed, then it showed a large rat-like spirit beast. The rat was inside the living room, and right next to it was a pile of rotten wood that seemed to have come from the sofa.

Zhao looked again carefully, and on the upper left corner of the screen was a small image of the three-dimensional view. He knew what it was for, so he pressed it and sure enough the screen immediately went back to the three-dimensional map, where there were still a lot of green dots.

Zhao understood that the green dots represented the undead spirit beasts.

He decided to take another look into the living room. The screen changed. But this time there were now two rat-like spirit beasts. One of them was the rat that Zhao saw before, while the other was gnawing on the sofa. The other sofas seemed to have been destroyed, gnawed by the rats.

While he continued to look, one of the large rats unintentionally got close to the screen. The result was Zhao, out of surprise, swiping at the screen, causing it to show the room next to the living room.

Zhao froze for a moment. He didn't know that he could even use his fingers to change the image.

Zhao moved his finger down from the top of the screen and sure enough he could now see the castle square. It was filled with a variety of undead spirit beasts that were tossing around and destroying the piles of weeds and weed mats.

Seeing this, Zhao sighed and closed the screen. Now that he knew there were still spirit beasts outside, there was no reason to rush out.

Just then, a tone chimed and the voice echoed: [Corn has matured. Please harvest as soon as possible]

Zhao immediately left the hut, and found Meirin, who was still teaching the class. Everyone gave Zhao a puzzled look, but he didn't care who heard the space tone. He just softly said, "Harvest the corn. Corn stalks, corn cobs, and corn kernels are to be separately harvested."

The moment his words faded, the basket immediately flew out and started collecting the corn. Soon the entire two acres was harvested.

Although the slaves had already seen Zhao harvest the radishes, they still felt surprised when he harvested the corn.

Zhao then put the corn stalks and corn cobs next to the stove frame, along with some bags of food that he had brought. Then he planted some more corn in the ground.

Meirin understood that it was now time to cook, so she put away the papers, then said to the slaves, "It's time to eat. So go prepare dinner."

The slaves had forgotten about the food. For them, learning to read and write was more important than anything else, not to mention that the food was really unpalatable. But there was no meaning if they didn't eat.

Zhao didn't know what the slaves usually eat. These days, he had been eating bread, and he had grown a little tired of it. But since they were inside the space, Zhao wondered what Meirin was going to make today.

Sure enough, Meirin turned to Zhao and asked, "Master, can you come up with some vegetables, ham, and oil?"

Zhao immediately took out everything Meirin asked for, who then left some vegetables and oil for the slaves. She took the rest of the oil, vegetables, and ham with her to the hut.

There was a kitchen inside Zhao's hut, but there were many kitchen tools that she had never seen before.

Zhao really didn't know what Meirin was going to make, so he followed her into the hut. He found her kneading dough, so Zhao thought that she could be making pancakes.

After seeing that, Zhao didn't stay in the hut because he wouldn't have been much help anyway, so he left.

But when he went outside, he was stunned. Rice! The slaves were making rice! The slaves had lit a fire under the pot, and it seemed like they were going to pour oil, and then put the rice in to cook it. Zhao's scalp was tingling. It was the first time he saw rice in this world.

#### Chapter 40 - Rice

Zhao was depressed to the point of collapsing when he saw the rice for the first time.

He had been afraid that there was no rice in this world, and thought that was the reason why Meirin didn't give him any rice to eat. But now he discovered that rice was something that was used to feed the slaves.

At this point, they had only lit up the stove fire, but Zhao rushed over when he saw that one of the female slaves was preparing to pour the oil. "Wait a minute! Before you pour the oil..."

The female slave saw Zhao charging over, so thinking that she might have done something wrong, she immediately knelt down. "Please, Master, punish me."

Zhao slowed his outburst, then shook his head. "I'm not going to punish you. Just listen to me. Before you pour the oil into the pot, you should use a bowl to wash the rice. You put in some water, wash the rice properly, then dump the water back out. And then you put the rice in the pot." While saying this, Zhao took out a copper basin.

The female slave didn't know what Zhao wanted to do, but she took the copper basin from him and put some rice in it. She then went to the spring and washed the rice properly. After that, she brought the rice back and poured it into the pot.

Zhao then added, "Keep using the copper basin to get as much washed rice as possible, and then pour some water into the pot until it's above the rice."

The female slave obeyed and told the other slaves. They started pouring water into the pot with the rice, until the pot was almost full. Zhao had given the slaves a few copper basins he had pulled from the barn to complete the task, while a few slaves kept the fire burning.

Zhao just wanted to give them a meal of rice that was actually very simple to make. In his past life, he lived on his own, so he was very good at making rice. He understood the ratio of rice to water. But now in this pot, he told them to put more water than usual because the firewood directly touched the bottom of the pot, so the heat was relatively hotter than normal.

They all looked at Zhao, who told them to boil rice. The slaves had only heard of boiling vegetables to make soup. They had never seen this kind of method to cook rice before.

It didn't take long before the rice fragrance started to seep out of the pot. This rice hasn't been grown with pesticides and fertilizers, so the natural flavor of the outer bran was good.

Each of the slaves were issued a cheap wooden bowl and spoon to use. Although a bowl, spoon, and cup were simple things, the slaves were very happy that they got to use them.

Zhao was staring at the pot of rice when Meirin came out of the hut. "Master, how do you use those kitchen tools to make a fire?"

It seemed like Meirin was having a little bit of trouble. Zhao followed her into the hut. He had not been too concerned about the kitchen tools, but now that he had a good look, it turned out that all the tools were electrical appliances, such as rice cookers, pancake makers, and a bunch of other things. Everything was electric. Zhao silently looked for any wires, but he didn't even know if there were any, and the walls of his hut was layered with thatch.

Seeing all of these things, Zhao looked at Meirin and wished that she would make some pancakes and fill them with fried vegetables, like some sort of pizza.

Just to be clear, that pizza wouldn't be the same as the ones from his past life. It would be a pancake topped with vegetables and ham. Back on Earth, Zhao used to live in China, where Chinese cuisine was world famous. But in this world, where they normally didn't eat rice, but mostly bread, he thought that they would be able to make something like a pizza pie.

Zhao taught Meirin the usage of these electric appliances, and she learned of how convenient they were. There was no need for fire.

Seeing as how Meirin could now use the tools, Zhao didn't stay in the kitchen. He turned around and opened the door, which let in the smell of rice.

Zhao looked out, while Meirin whispered, "Master, it smells really fragrant. How did you make it?"

Zhao smiled and shrugged. "All you need to do is add in the right amount of water and then you can make some delicious rice. How can frying the hard rice grains directly compare to this? And to make it even more delicious, you can use some oil and vegetables to make a soup, then you could make a meal out of it. It would taste so much better."

Meirin had a look of worship. "Ah, Master really knows such wonderful things."



Zhao couldn't help but blush. This was something that everyone knew in China, but it seemed like he had just taken the credit for it.

Zhao went out to the pot of rice, which seemed to be ready. He picked up a corn stalk and used it to push off the copper basin that was covering the pot. The copper basin fell to the ground, releasing a large amount of heat from the pot, which caused Zhao to step backwards. Out of the heat came a full-bodied flavor of rice that smelled slightly sweet. The fragrance was even stronger than the rice from his past life. Zhao's mouth started to water.

Once the heat dispersed, the pot of rice revealed its true colors. It wasn't white like how Zhao imagined rice to be, but a little yellow. However, the fragrant smell was incredible.

Zhao pulled a spoon out of the barn and then slowly scooped up a spoonful of rice. Meg wanted to stop him, but Zhao moved the rice into his mouth too fast. Everyone couldn't help but stare as their master ate the rice that only slaves would eat.

Zhao closed his eyes as the fragrant flavor of rice filled his every being. It was savory and delicious, with a chewy, flexible texture. He then slowly put down the spoon as he opened his eyes. The slaves and Meg were all looking at him, and Zhao couldn't help but be embarrassed. "Please don't look at me. Go on and eat. If you absolutely don't think it's tasty, then you don't have to eat it. We can re-do the meal later."

The slaves didn't dare to move, although they did look eager. Zhao understood that it was because he was here, so the slaves tried not to act recklessly. He sighed and turned to Meg, and said, "Meg, let's go into the hut."

Meg understood what Zhao was trying to do, so she immediately nodded. "Yes, Master. Let's enter the hut and see what Grandma is making."

Zhao smiled. Meg was becoming more considerate, on top of being a kind and gentle girl. The two called Blockhead and Rockhead into the hut with them.

Daisy and Ann didn't follow. They wanted to stay and try out the rice to see how delicious it was. The moment Zhao and Meg went inside, the slaves immediately surrounded the pot, eating the rice and singing its praises.

Then one of the male slaves noticed a thick layer of crust in the pot. He had never seen this before. The slave was curious about the rice crust, so he grabbed some with his hand and sniffed it. It seemed to have an attractive scent. He eventually failed to block the temptation to bite it.

The moment he tasted it, his eyes brightened, and he quickly took a second bite. Since the pot wasn't small, there was a large amount of crust. A single person naturally couldn't finish all of it by himself, so the slave passed around the crust to everyone else. Before long, the slaves started to make a second pot of rice.

Meirin and Zhao, in fact, had been standing by the hut door, watching the slaves. The moment they saw the slaves making rice for the second time, Zhao immediately went out to them and said to the slaves. "I think that you will need another pot for soup. Although eating rice is good and well, some soup would be good too. You can't just survive on rice, you're going to need some vegetables."

Hearing what Zhao said, the slaves knew that he had been watching them, and they couldn't help but feel a little embarrassed. But still, they moved according to what Zhao told them. They were very grateful to him.

A lot of these people were on the verge of crying, because they had never eaten something so delicious.