

Bringing The Farm To Live In Another World

Chapter 6 - Plotting

Low key, he definitely had to be low key!

Having read countless transmigration novels, Zhao Hai clearly understood that if he didn't know how to be low key in another world, then he wouldn't have a good ending. Zhao Hai believed that novels were just fiction, the reason why those MC's could call the wind and summon the rain in other worlds was all because of the author's golden fingers. If one person, alone in an unfamiliar environment, still acted so unbridled, the consequences definitely wouldn't be good.

Now Zhao Hai's status was that of the Buda clan's last heir, and at the same time they had even offended the most powerful factions in the Aksu Empire. Under such circumstances, if he didn't keep low key, then the first to die would definitely be him.

Even if he had the spatial farm to hide in now, there were still too many ways to kill one person alone, and Zhao Hai didn't want to carelessly misplace his head while asleep.

Just as Zhao Hai was thinking about these things, there was suddenly a knock on the door. Zhao Hai looked distracted, but at once said: "Enter."

Meg pushed open the door and walked inside, her head low without looking at Zhao Hai, bowing to him and saying: "Young master." Then nothing else.

Zhao Hai looked at Meg's appearance, and also had a brief wry smile. The reason Meg didn't raise her head to look at him was because Adam had previously wanted to molest her because of her beauty. Ultimately he didn't succeed, but from then on Meg had always avoided Adam, and even if they met, she would only lower her head and call him 'young master', then turn around and leave.

Zhao Hai sighed, this was all trouble caused by Adam, but it fell on him to deal with it. Heavens, this really is a crop of disaster.

Zhao Hai looked at Meg's appearance, then sighed again: "I'm alright, you go down and rest. I'll also sleep a while, it's fine if you come call me for supper."

Meg made an answering noise, then turned around and left. After stepping outside, she still kept guard outside Zhao Hai's door. Looking at her as if fleeing from him, Zhao Hai smiled wryly again.

His body was now all better, without any discomfort. The reason why he said he would rest was to put Adam's memories in order, and take a look at whether there was still anything he didn't know. Adding that he currently had the spatial farm, this was an enormous help to his future growth. He had to think of how to take advantage of this spatial farm even better.

Right now he was planting radishes in the spatial farm, and if he sold the radishes back to the farm he would obtain at least five hundred gold. In other words, he could earn three hundred fifty gold.

He could also take these radishes outside via the barn, then let Green bring them to sell in other areas of the Ark continent, then he could perhaps gain a bit more gold.

But most important was that he currently didn't know whether the Ark continent had something like radishes. Adam used to be a wastrel, it was basically impossible for him to go buy vegetables, and the things he ate were normally comparatively good dishes, and probably already cooked once. He basically wouldn't have asked about what was in the food, and so he basically had no idea whether this continent had a vegetable like radishes.

If those radishes couldn't be bought outside, then he would also have to process them. The whole radish was a treasure, and harvesting radishes should be done as complete as possible. The radish leaves wouldn't be neglected either, radish leaves were very tasty, as long as they were simply marinated they could become delicious.

Zhao Hai lived in northern China, that's why he still clearly remembered his mother using such marinated radish leaves in cooking when he was little, and that flavour was very good.

Such radish leaves could further be used as fodder to feed some grazing animals. If this world didn't have something like radish, they could sell the radishes and keep the leaves to feed some grazing magic beasts. In Adam's memories there were some magic beasts that were very easy to raise, eating

anything, and when that time came they could breed large quantities of such magic beasts, and not having to worry about meat. Moreover, they could also establish a pasture, which would naturally mean even more income.

Even if this world had radishes, but the price wasn't high, then he'd sell it to the spatial shop, that way he could still keep the radish leaves. No matter what, he couldn't be wasteful.

Because his current level was insufficient, Zhao Hai still couldn't open a pasture in the space, but he could establish pastures here in the Ark continent first. Once the space leveled up later, he could open up pastures in the space as well, then he could raise some Earth animals there.

Zhao Hai had already thought it through. His later development would have to rely on farming. Anyway, the space lacked attack power, so farming suited him best.

Right now he had a large fief, a mountain, plus a deadland, as well as the Carrion Marsh. These areas were all his fief, but to turn these areas useful would take a lot of time.

Zhao Hai only hoped that the spatial farm water and soil really could transform the Black Waste. If it did, then he could have a wide expanse of arable land. No matter when it was, land was always fundamental.

As for manpower, that was something Zhao Hai had never worried about. Because he knew that this world had a kind of people that Earth lacked, slaves.

Earth didn't have slaves, but this place did. As long as you had money, you could buy lots of slaves, and the life or death of these slaves were all under your control. They were absolutely loyal to you, and moreover wouldn't run, since each slave was branded with the particular mark of the clan. If they were discovered to be masterless, having secretly run away, then the consequences would be dire.

Therefore, as long as his farm could earn money, he completely didn't worry about matters of behaviour. The slaves on the continent were numerous, and even if they weren't originally slaves, as long as someone required it and could produce suitable compensation, those nobles could turn countless people into slaves.

Nobles possessed everything, this world was that simple.

But with Zhao Hai's current status, if he suddenly bought a bunch of slaves, it would definitely draw attention. Therefore, no matter what, he had to stay low key. Low key was his policy, farming was his main development direction.

Having thought this through, Zhao Hai loosed a long breath, slowly lying back in bed. He still felt as if he was dreaming. He was previously only a common nerd on Earth. Even if he liked reading novels, that still didn't mean he wanted to transmigrate. But who could have thought that something like this would actually befall him.

Heavens, you had a nerd leave his computer, isn't that tantamount to castrating a pervert? This really is too cruel.

Zhao Hai sighed deeply, tossing around on the bed, looking at that stone ceiling, and couldn't help sighing again. Such a place had absolutely no facilities for entertainment, how would he live each day? My novels, haah, this really is too vexing.

Maybe because he received too many memories just now, plus the unexpected blessing of the spacial farm, had made Zhao Hai's nerves too excited, and now that the excitement had died down, wave after wave of exhaustion attacked him. Unconsciously, he fell into a deep sleep again.

What Zhao Hai didn't discover was that, just as he fell asleep, his door was pushed open, and Meg stretched her head inside to glance. Seeing that Zhao Hai was asleep on the bed, she softly stepped inside, picking up the quilt on the bed and covering Zhao Hai. Standing by the bed, looking at Zhao Hai, she sighed and muttered: "Young master, you will be working hard. The Buda clan rests on you."

Finished speaking, she turned around and left, softly pulling his door closed.

Meg had just left Zhao Hai's room when Green walked up, looking at Meg and saying: "Meg, how is the young master? What's he doing?"

Meg said: "Nothing, sleeping."

Green nodded: "Go take a look at how your grandmother's dinner preparations are going, when it's ready come call the young master to the

meal. Ai, since we're in a place like this anyway, noble etiquette can only be abandoned." Shaking his head, he returned.

Meg looked at her grandfather. She completely understood her grandfather's mood, he had given his whole life to the Buda clan, and had never thought that the Buda clan would decline before his eyes, how could Green be feeling well?

Meg followed behind Green to the kitchen. Even though Merine was the only chef here now, she was only in charge of the meals for these people. What the slaves outside ate wasn't her concern, Green had already given them food, and they would help themselves.

Meg quite approved of Green's way of handling things. Those slaves were pitiful people, and this place was still quite good. Even though the food wasn't too good, they could still eat their fill. That was basically an impossibility under those other nobles.

Meg also thought extremely clearly. Right now the Buda clan was completely reliant on her grandfather's support, the young master Adam basically understood nothing, so right now she only hoped that Adam would be sensible enough not to act wilfully, otherwise the Buda clan really would have no hope for survival.

But even if Adam was sensible, he still had a lot to learn. Previously he was basically a hedonistic young master, a typical representation of a lack of learning or skills, he basically didn't have a bit of experience regarding managing a clan. If he was sensible enough to learn, that was one thing, but if he still refused and gave misguided orders, then they wouldn't be able to endure for more than a few years with their current circumstances.

Even if the Buda family couldn't be called very rich before, they were at least still nobility, and even though they had been branded criminals this time, their property hadn't been confiscated, and so the clan still had a lot of money, altogether close to a hundred thousand gold or so, this was no small sum.

But now Green had already changed this money into all kinds of supplies, leaving only a hundred something gold. If Buda still kept squandering money like before, then these people could perhaps only wash tie their necks and wait for starvation.

Right now, Adam's qualities decided the survival of the Buda Clan.

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