

Bringing The Farm To Live In Another World

Chapter 7 - Not My Regulations

The color of the sky deepened. In the whole castle, besides Zhao Hai's room which was lit by magic, the other areas used torches.

This magic lamp was made from a kind of magic crystal that existed on the Ark continent, but magic crystals only came from two sources. One was magic crystal mines, where crystals could be both good or bad, calculated by how much energy they contained. If there was a lot, they could be used to power magic tools, if there wasn't, they could only be used for lighting. And magic crystals from underground were all disposable, once they were exhausted they were trash.

There was still another kind of magic crystal, those born from magic beasts. Such magic crystals were extremely hard to come by, there might not be one magic beast of ten that had one. Even though such magic crystals didn't contain much energy, they were still very stable, aids for when magicians used magic. Most importantly, such magic crystals could be reused. After it was exhausted, as long as it was given time, it could automatically absorb the natural energy of the same attribute from the world, slowly recharging until it could be used again.

But no matter what kind of magic crystal, they were all extremely costly. Mined crystals were a bit cheaper than from magic beasts, but that still wasn't a price ordinary people could afford.

With the Buda clan now in such an extreme state, even though Green had bought a few magic crystals, each was very precious, and couldn't be used wastefully. Therefore, besides Zhao Hai's room, the other areas were only lit by torches at night.

At this hour the slaves had already eaten and gone to sleep, but Mayling had just finished cooking, and had Meg go call over Zhao Hai.

Zhao Hai was napping very sweetly. Even though he was in another world, now he had a spatial farm, and the least he had to worry about was making a living. Moreover, because he had been unconscious for all these days, Merine

had constantly used magic to heal him, and so there was still a large quantity of water element left in his body. Water element in itself had a soothing effect, and added to him having put down his worries, he slept especially soundly.

Meg reached Zhao Hai's room, and first eavesdropped for voices inside. The room was very silent, without the slightest sound, so Meg knocked on the door: "Young master, get out of bed, you should eat supper."

There was still no sound. Meg called out another two times, but there was still no answer. In the end, Meg had no choice but to enter the room.

Once inside the room, Meg heard even breathing. She softly and quietly moved over to Zhao Hai's bed to look. Zhao Hai was sleeping soundly, basically not hearing her.

Meg sighed. She didn't know whether Zhao Hai was big hearted or an idiot, able to sleep so sweetly at a time like this.

Meg stood next to Zhao Hai's bed, softly pushing him: "Young master, you should get up and eat supper."

Zhao Hai woke up in a daze, muttering: "What time?"

Meg hurriedly said: "Young master, it's already seven in the evening, you should eat supper."

Zhao Hai opened his eyes, turning his head to glance at Meg standing next to the bed, then turning his head to look outside, discovering that the sky was already somewhat dark. He slowly sat up, shaking his somewhat sleep dazed head. A bit more awake, he turned his head to Meg: "Meg, what date is it?"

Meg lowered her head: "Young master, today is the sixth of April."

Zhao Hai nodded, counting in his head. He fell unconscious on the twenty seventh of February 1637, and now it was already the sixth of April. In other words, he had been unconscious for more than a month. To be able to move so freely after being unconscious so long, if he was on Earth, it would be a true miracle.

But Zhao Hai didn't ask Meg what was going on, because he knew from Adam's memories that the healing magic of the mages on the continent was miraculous. Let alone a month, even if he was unconscious for a year, he

could still get up and walk around as if he'd just had a nap, without any muscular atrophy.

Zhao Hai sat on the bedside, and Meg at once gathered up his boots, about to put them on for him when Zhao Hai at once said: "Meg, put them down, I'll dress myself."

Meg looked distracted, but still said: "Young master, you had better let me do it, it's part of my duties."

Zhao Hai wasn't accustomed to something like this, and hastily stopped Meg: "Let it be, hereafter I'll handle such trifles myself." He grabbed the boots from Meg's hands and put them on himself.

Meg looked distractedly at Zhao Hai from the side. She felt that Zhao Hai was very strange today, let alone saying he would put them on himself, the previous Zhao Hai wouldn't even have taken them off on his own, and today he actually put them on himself.

Zhao Hai finished putting his boots on and stood, turning to Meg: "Let's go, let's eat first, I still have some things to discuss with grandpa Green."

Even though Meg felt that Zhao Hai was very strange today, she still responded, and led Zhao Hai towards the dining room. Meg knew that since Zhao Hai had never left his room since coming here, he still couldn't find his way around the castle. If she let him go on his own, he definitely wouldn't know which direction to go.

Leaving the room, Zhao Hai looked distracted, curiously looking all around. This castle was clearly ancient, the construction somewhat aged, but seemingly sturdy enough. But the building style was very old, and the indoor layout wasn't as good as Adam's original home, giving a somewhat gloomy feeling.

But Zhao Hai didn't care about this, he rather liked castles like these. In his imagination, castles should be like this. This was in the ancient style, perhaps he could still find some secret rooms somewhere.

Zhao Hai very quickly also noticed the torches on the walls. Recalling the price of magic crystals, Zhao Hai understood why they would use torches.

Even though Adam was a noble with no sense for value, he still knew the prices for something like magic crystals, because such things were considered luxury goods. They were things people in Adam's social class bought, and so he knew the price.

Zhao Hai simultaneously thought of that magic lamp in his room, that seemed to be the only magic lamp in the entire castle. Thinking of this, Zhao Hai couldn't help feeling warm.

The dining hall wasn't far from Zhao Hai's bedroom, and the two entered very quickly. Green, Merine, Rockhead, and Blockhead were just standing in the room waiting for Zhao Hai. Seeing Zhao Hai enter, they all bowed: "Good evening, young master, please have a meal."

Zhao Hai nodded. Walking over to the wooden table and glancing over it, he discovered it was only set for him alone. Through Adam's memories, Zhao Hai knew that when nobles ate, servant's couldn't sit together, only standing to the side and serving.

Zhao Hai sat down, sizing up the dining room. The room wasn't very large, only a bit more than twenty square meters. Within the room was set a long dining table, covered with a white table cloth. On the cloth were arranged two candle holders, each holding three wax candles.

Eight chairs were arranged around the table, made with very fine craftsmanship, apparently high level goods. Each corner of the dining room held a torch, making the whole room very bright. But besides this, there was nothing else in the room.

Zhao Hai sized up the dining room, then turned to Green and the others: "Grandpa Green, all of you sit down to eat as well. After eating I have some things to ask you."

Green at once bowed to Zhao Hai: "Young master, that won't do at all. When you are eating, we can't sit with you, these are imperial regulations."

Zhao Hai snorted: "Imperial regulations, but not my regulations. Since the empire abandoned us, why should we still observe imperial regulations? Don't object, quickly go get tableware and sit down to eat together. While eating I'll talk about some things. If you don't come, I won't eat either."

Green looked at Zhao Hai and had no means, only turning his head to glance at Merine, who shot him a glare: “What are you looking at me for, the young master hasn’t had a bit to eat for more than a month, don’t tell me you still want to let him go hungry.”

Sure enough, Zhao Hai’s health weighed heavier to Green. Hearing Meirin’s words, he at once turned his head and said: “Then you go with Meg to the kitchen, I’ll wait on the young master here.”

This time Meirin didn’t say anything, and led Meg away, while Green sat down with Blockhead and Rockhead. Blockhead and Rockhead were clearly a bit uncomfortable, sitting there as if on needles. Moreover, one could see that the two were a bit slow, and wouldn’t say much. Ever since seeing Zhao Hai, all they had said was “Good evening, young master, please have a meal” along with the others.

Zhao Hai learned from Adam’s memories that Blockhead and Rockhead were children his father had taken in and raised. They weren’t clever, and could even be called stupid, but the two were talented in other ways, born with great strength, and further adding the Wild Dragon battle qi, the two were now both almost level six warriors, and were moreover loyal and devoted to the Buda clan, and absolutely wouldn’t betray them.

While waiting for Meirin to bring the food, Zhao Hai turned to Green: “Grandpa Green, how much gold do we have on hand right now?”

Green looked distracted, he didn’t know why Zhao Hai was asking, but he still at once stood to answer: “Young master, we currently have one hundred eighty gold coins on hand, but right now we don’t lack any goods, and so these gold coins can all be allocated.”

Zhao Hai hastily made Green sit, continuing: “Then when we came from the capital, didn’t we use wagons to move the things? What about the cart horses?”

Green said: “Young master, this place is small and doesn’t have anything in the way of produce, so in order to save on foodstuffs, we only have five horses. The wagons were all rented.”

Zhao Hai looked distracted, but at once understood Green’s meaning. Green was economizing as far as possible, and had to know that good horses didn’t only eat grass, but had to eat some cereals. And since this place basically

couldn't produce much grain, what could be saved of course had to be saved, and rearing horses was impossible.

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