

Black Iron 151

Chapter 151: Returning to Blackhot City

At dusk, Blackhot City was both the same and different than before.

Zhang Tie stood among others returning from the survival training before the gates to Blackhot City, through which he had left two months ago. With his eyes narrowed, he started glanced over the city. The walls were still tall and firm while the powerful city-defense machinery and equipment were still grand and magnificent under the light of the sun. Everything seemed to not have changed; yet everything had changed.

The seventeen-star flag of the Andaman Alliance, representing its authority by hanging on top of a high wall, was replaced by a scarlet-dragon flag that represented the ruling authority of the Norman Empire.

Flying in the heavy wind, that scarlet-dragon flag brought a solemn atmosphere to the entire city.

That dragon was a holy animal of the Chinese clan. It was said that after the founding emperor of the Norman Empire returned from his travels to the East, he raised this flag and punched down the territory of the Norman Empire using his own fists. Therefore, this scarlet-dragon flag with rich eastern features became the symbol of the imperial household, even the Norman Empire as a whole.

What was known by all the people in the entire Blackson Human Clan Corridor was that until now the imperial household of the Norman Empire was still closely related to the mysterious and powerful eastern continent as it had already mixed blood with the eastern Chinese clan.

Thinking back to how the animals in the survival training, including Zhang Tie himself, were worried about a war breaking out between the Andaman Alliance, Norman Empire, and Sun Dynasty, he mocked himself inwardly. When they left Blackhot City, who could have imagined that two months later upon their return they would have already become citizens of an imperial nation, the Norman Empire.

In the past month, under the 'lightning attack' of the armies of the Norman Empire and Sun Dynasty, the Andaman Alliance, which had existed for over one century, was about to die in the span of five days. It was cut into half like a piece of meat, and then was engulfed by the Norman Empire and Sun Dynasty.

As for the seventeen cities that had formed the Andaman Alliance, the Norman Empire had gained eight and a large territory in the north, while Sun Dynasty had also gained eight and a large territory in the south. With the exception of the City of Machine Kalur, all the cities of the Andaman Alliance had been occupied by the two powers.

The southern cities were more prosperous with more advanced commerce. The Andaman City, which was previously the capital of the Andaman Alliance, was also in the south. In contrast, the northern cities like Blackhot City, had abundant resource reserves and advanced manufacturing industry.

Based on the results, the Norman Empire and Sun Dynasty's move was more akin to robbery than a war. As early as before the move, they had already decided on how to share their booty.

Compared to when they left the Blackhot City, when the animals came back, they were all obviously much quieter, mostly because they became uncertain and lost about their future. Unless deciding to

leave Blackhot City, everybody had to swear to be loyal to the supreme emperor. This made the animals perplexed since they were used to being ruled by businessmen and factory and mine owners from birth.

Zhang Tie was not as shocked as others about this change. Perhaps others didn't have this feel, but the moment he saw the scarlet-dragon flag that represented the authority of the Norman Empire, he had already accepted the new rulers of Blackhot City inwardly. Since dragon was the totem of the Chinese clan, with dragon as the national symbol, of course the Norman Empire could obtain Zhang Tie's consent.

In the Norman Empire, the proportion of Chinese people was also much higher than in the Andaman Alliance and Blackhot City. It was said that almost 1/20 of more than 200 million population of the Norman Empire were Chinese.

At this time, the standing posts at the entrance of the city gate were manned not by the City Guard of Blackhot City but the soldiers of the Norman Empire. These soldiers were taller, stronger, and looked more stubborn compared to their predecessors. Many people's armors were even with slash marks of daggers and swords. After comparing them with the City Guard of Blackhot City, even Zhang Tie had to admit that these soldiers of the Norman Empire looked even more dauntless and aggressive.

Perhaps this explained how different it was between the army ruled by businessmen and the army ruled by an emperor. People could clearly sense that solemn atmosphere of the imperial nation through the comparison between the two armies.

Without any obstacles, the students who had attended the survival training entered Blackhot City. However, the moment they entered, many girls burst out with exclamations as a row of high gibbets were erected in a place not far away from the city gate. A row of bodies hung from those gibbets, flying in the air like cloth puppets.

In taking over Blackhot City, the Norman Empire hadn't killed anyone. However, after gaining control, it started to kill people who preyed upon others, fattening themselves, or were ambitious, ready to take chances at gaining power in the new situation. After the Norman Empire's army entered the city and took over the ruling power of Blackhot City, the latter had their heads chopped off or were hung on the gibbets not far away from the city gates as examples.

With long swords and the fresh blood of insurgents, the Norman Empire's army taught everybody in Blackhot City a lesson of being under the rule of the Norman Emperor: 'Be docile!'

The streets in Blackhot City looked a bit sluggish. Fewer walkers and vehicles could be seen on streets. Many stores had not opened their business yet. Patrolling soldiers could be seen everywhere on the streets. Some tanks and armored vehicles of the Norman Empire's Iron-Horn Army were parked at several junctions.

In sharp contrast to the sluggish scene, in front of the doors and windows of each household, red flags could be seen flying in the air, including the scarlet-dragon flag and Iron-Horn Army's military flag. At the first sight of them, you would know that they were made by the commoners themselves. Even slogans that could rarely be seen before had appeared over the streets which would make young people's faces turn red: 'We Welcome the Norman Empire's Army in the City', 'Congratulations to Blackhot City

Becoming a LV 4 City of Brunswick Under the Administration of the Norman Empire', 'Long Live Norman Empire', and 'Long Live Iron-Horn Army'.

Without being told how to, after the Coal, Steel, and Iron Federation's surrender of the city, the residents had quickly learned how to please their new urban ruler.

At this moment, Blackhot City had become strange to everybody.

After entering, the teachers of the Temporary Supervision Committee chose a route most convenient for sending all the girls back home; girls from two female middle schools all lived in the neighboring two blocks. As for boys, although they were tired after walking for an entire day and craved to go back to their own homes, in order to send back all the girls safely, they instantly agreed to change the route.

It seemed that the discipline in the Norman Empire's army was strict. At least none of the soldiers whistled at the girls. However, nobody wanted to imagine what would happen if the girls were going back home alone.

On the way, the girls were constantly leaving the large group when they came close to their homes and trotted over. At the same time, parents were standing in front of their house doors for a long time now, waiting for their children to come back.

Although having not seen each other only for two months, many students burst into tears together with their parents...

From the morning till now, Zhang Tie had carried the three girls' luggage along with his own the whole walk of almost 60 km. Although many students were exhausted by this point, Zhang Tie was still highly spirited and felt no tiredness at all.

He was not the same boy that had left Blackhot City.

When Alice, Beverly, and Pandora arrived at their homes one by one, Zhang Tie gave them back their luggage while making sure to remember their addresses.

"You have to come here for me!" Alice said to Zhang Tie in her farewell.

"I'll be waiting for you at home! My mom will definitely like you!" Beverly said to Zhang Tie in her farewell.

"I seem... to have grown up a bit..." Pandora said to Zhang Tie in her farewell.

He almost wanted to howl towards the sky...

When the last girl returned home, all the remaining animals immediately scattered towards their own homes.

After agreeing with Barley and other members of the Brotherhood on the next meeting time, Zhang Tie ran back to his own place.

Seeing Zhang Tie darting so fast even now, Barley's and the other members's of the Brotherhood eyes almost popped out.

"F*ck, is he a human or not? Zhang Tie is definitely a human-like magic beast!" Hista exclaimed with only one breath left in his lungs.

"That guy really treasures his women. He carried their luggage for the entire day. The three women's luggage plus his own would weigh over 100 kg, and he carried such a heavy load throughout the whole day. And he can still run. Am I dreaming?"

Leit also became dumbfounded when he saw Zhang Tie disappear in the corner of the street.

Zhang Tie was really not tired. In case of being too terrifying and bringing trouble to himself, he couldn't dash at his fastest speed back home no matter how much he wanted to do so. Thus, he controlled his speed to be almost the same as his sprinting speed at school.

Only after five or six minutes, he had already passed by several streets and caught sight of his home.

At the sight of his parents' shadows standing on the roadside waiting for him, Zhang Tie was moved and almost broke down.

When he noticed the happy smiles on their faces, his tense heart finally eased off. Thankfully, nothing had happened to his family members.

"Mom, dad, I'm back!" Zhang Tie greeted his parents from far away like before. As his parents liked to see his naughtiness, Zhang Tie performed before them.

After reaching home, he kissed his mom first. Then, he directly hugged his dad, lifting him up in the air and twirling for a circle.

"Hurry up, let me off..." Scared by Zhang Tie's move, his dad fiercely flicked his forehead with a finger. "It's not good if we're seen by others."

Zhang Tie then put his dad onto the ground. "Dad, how about that? Have you noticed that I am stronger than before?"

"Ye, it feels true. You really have become much stronger!"

Hearing the question, his dad also noticed the difference.

"I seem to have grown taller too! Look, my clothes had become smaller..."

Zhang Tie stretched his sleeve's end. When he left home, it could reach over his wrist. However, now, it stopped before it. This meant that Zhang Tie had grown 3-4 cm during the past three months.

"Remember, don't lift me in the air in the street anymore!" dad told him solemnly.

"Okay! How about when nobody is around?"

Zhang Tie got one more flick on his forehead...

He was really a bit different from when he left. After three months, his parents thought that he had changed because of the survival training.

When he played jokes with his dad, his mom revealed a happy smile.

"All right, all right, don't play jokes anymore. Come on, go back home and eat dinner!"

"Is my elder brother home?"

"He's making dinner, having been on vacation for a long time. It's unknown when he'll received the notice to go back to work!" his dad answered.

Zhang Tie nodded and thought inside, 'Since the Iron-Horn Army of the Norman Empire entered the city, the City Guard of Blackhot City was ordered to put down their weapons and take a vacation at home. As there is still no notice of when to go back to work, it seems that the disarmament of the City Guard will definitely happen. However, it's nothing serious. It's better to disarm the City Guard. Additionally, my elder brother has almost finished his service term. Now that my elder sister-in-law is pregnant, he should stay to look after her.'

When he walked inside the house together with his parents, Zhang Tie saw two book-sized flags attached to their door: one was a scarlet-dragon flag of the Norman Empire, and the other was the military flag of the Iron-Horn Army. Compared to those flags he'd seen on the way, Zhang Tie found that the two here were much more delicate.

"Mom, did you make these flags?"

"Your elder sister-in-law and I made them together. She's really good at needle work. We even sold some of them!" his mom replied, from which Zhang Tie knew that his mom was very satisfied with his elder sister-in-law. Of course, every mom-in-law would be satisfied with such a woman that was frugal.

When Zhang Tie wanted to praise his mom, he caught sight of a person that should not have been here: Samira.

In a silk hat, Samira looked as spirited as before. He was followed by a squad of armored soldiers of the Iron-Horn Army.

"That's him!" Samira pointed at Zhang Tie and screamed. "This person is the enemy of the Norman Empire, a potential insurrectionist who's hostile to Iron-Horn Army!"

Hearing what Samira said, the squad of soldiers of the Norman Empire all fixed their eyes on Zhang Tie with their hands on sword handles...

What happened really made Zhang Tie's parents' face turn pale!

Chapter 152: Murdering People with Others' Hands

"Samira..."

His eyes fixed on the villain, Zhang Tie was really startled that Samira could jump out at this time. Previously Zhang Tie had set him up as 'a spy of the Norman Empire'. However, he had never imagined that this guy would end up so well off that he would even bring soldiers of the Norman Empire's army to find him trouble at his home.

"Hey hey, you would have never imagined this. To tell the truth, I have to appreciate you..."

Samira glared fiercely at Zhang Tie. He could never forget about what had happened in the Wild Wolf Castle. It was this youth who had used his mouth to beat him into hell.

At that time, Samira thought that he was over. Unexpectedly, after being put behind bars in Blackhot City for a few days, the Norman Empire's army came knocking. By a stroke of luck, Samira had obtained a chance. Before, he was a rat beat up everywhere in Blackhot City; now, he became a good citizen of the Norman Empire.

"You must have made a mistake. How could my son be the enemy of the Norman Empire. He's just a student!" Zhang Tie's mom exclaimed in terror. "Look, we have our flags of the Norman Empire and the Iron-Horn Army before our door..."

After glancing over the flags before Zhang family's door, the soldiers of the Norman Empire looked a bit better.

"Yea, my son has just completed his survival training in his last year at school, so how could he have become an enemy of the Iron-Horn Army?" Zhang Tie's dad also argued loudly, his face turning pale.

In the past few days, the Norman Empire had killed so many people in Blackhot City that everybody else were left terrified. All the insurgents and robbers that went against the Norman Empire's army had become corpses.

Of course, all parents were afraid of their children being involved in these two groups the most: the 'enemy of the Norman Empire' and 'potential insurrectionists who are hostile to the Iron-Horn Army'. Either of them would easily make the children lose their lives.

Seeing his parents becoming anxious, Zhang Tie was pained inside.

"I believe that the Norman Empire's soldiers are greatly different from thugs who only know how to set fires. I also believe that no matter how others frame me, I, as a loyal citizen of the emperor of the Norman Empire, will deserve a fair treatment..." After glancing over the soldiers beside him, Zhang Tie said calmly, "I know you are taking orders, therefore, I don't want to argue with you here. However, before you take me away, please give me some time to talk with my parents. I've just completed the survival training and have not even entered my own home yet!"

Hearing Zhang Tie's words, a guy with the rank of sergeant cast another glance over Zhang Tie, who looked calm at this moment, and his anxious parents before giving a slight nod. "You have only two minutes."

"Thanks!" After saying this, Zhang Tie turned back and faced his parents. "Dad and mom, don't worry about me. I'll be okay. I have three huge wolves' hides in my luggage, which are my gifts for you. One for each of you and my elder sister-in-law..."

"Who dares to bully my younger brother!"

With a loud scream, a shadow rushed out of the room inside.

When Zhang Tie was talking with his parents, his elder brother Zhang Yang ran out the house. Seeing so many people surrounding them through the window, he had immediately grabbed his sword and rushed outside. At the sight of Zhang Yang's move, the soldiers of the Norman Empire also pulled out their long

swords in a split second, holding him from moving away from the door. As a result, the present situation abruptly escalated.

Along with Zhang Yang was his wife, whose belly was swollen due to pregnancy. At the sight of the scene in the courtyard, the woman's face immediately turned pale from fear.

Due to the weapons being pulled out, not only those people passing by Zhang house, even the neighbors and onlookers hurriedly scurried away. Samira sneered and silently hid behind the soldiers.

In an informal dress, Zhang Yang rushed out and put his long sword in front of his chest, aiming to protect Zhang Tie and their parents behind him. After that, he glared at those soldiers of the Norman Empire. "What do you want to do here?"

"Elder brother!" Zhang Tie called as he put his hand on Zhang Yang's shoulder. He then forced a smile like this was nothing serious. "Have you noticed that guy with a poisonous snake's head and triangular eyes? He's Samira. We bear grudges against each other.

"Now, he has seized the chance to frame me as the enemy of the Norman Empire. So these soldiers came here by orders of their superior, intending to take me away for an investigation. Don't worry. You know the best what kind of person I am. I'll be okay. Come on, put down your weapon. Look, you almost scared my elder sister-in-law!"

Zhang Tie looked relaxed as he moved his hand down along his elder brother's shoulder. Then he patted Zhang Yang's hand to comfort him before separating his fingers one by one like making pieces of rolled iron straight.

Zhang Yang, as a LV 5 warrior, was really shocked by how Zhang Tie forcefully took his long sword away from his hand, then handed it to the elder sister-in-law, who was standing by the door in fear, a twitchy smile on her lips.

"Elder sister-in-law, bring the weapon away. You, elder brother, and our parents should just go back inside. I'll come back in a couple of days..."

After saying this, Zhang Tie exchanged a serious look with his surprised elder brother, telling him his words through that look that could only be understood by brothers, "I'll be okay, elder sister-in-law and our parents all need your care. It is not the right time for you and me to use force..."

"Fine..."

After glancing over his family members and the surrounding soldiers of the Norman Empire, Zhang Yang gritted his teeth and gave a forced nod.

"Dad and mom, trust me, I'll be okay. I'll be back in a few days..." After comforting his dad and mom, Zhang Tie turned back to the soldiers and said, "We can go now!"

Zhang Tie was not concerned about his safety at all as he had his own trump card. He believed that if he used that card, even if the soldiers of the Iron-Horn Army wouldn't know how to deal with him.

This time, Samira had really driven Zhang Tie mad...

Pleased with himself, Samira followed Zhang Tie and the soldiers of the Norman Empire. He looked at the youth in a commanding and gloating sneer, 'Brat, I'll let you know the outcome of going against me.'

Zhang Tie didn't care about Samira at all. Instead, he just shared the whole story about how the enmity between him and Samira came to be in the Wild Wolf Castle.

At the beginning, Samira was complacent; however, by the end, his face was becoming increasingly worse. In contrast, at the beginning, the soldiers of the Norman Empire didn't care about him at all and looked solemn, but by the end, some of them had been deeply attracted by the plot.

A youth revealed Samira's conspiracy to cheat his classmates to go to the Crescent Prairie at the risk of their own lives. Framed by the bodyguards of Samira's Business Group, the youth used the darkness in the mining tunnel and escaped at a critical moment.

Going against the bodyguards of Samira's Business Group. Being interrogated in the court and righting the blame put on him.

Finally, a miraculous reversal. Samira was accused of being a spy of the Norman Empire and sent behind bars.

Although it was a short story, after being described in an emotional way, it became pretty attractive; especially the part where he argued with Samira in the court. The story even had a happy end. Anyone who heard it would be intrigued by it.

"Don't believe in his nonsense, that brat is full of bullsh*t. He's just an insidious, poisonous snake and the enemy of the Norman Empire. When he was at school, he was extremely hostile to the Norman Empire. He's now become a terrorist!" Samira shouted loudly, jumping up in the air behind them.

"Everybody could identify who's more like a poisonous snake. There are more than 20 teachers and thousands of students from the four schools who could be my witness. The Ministry of Internal Affairs of Blackhot City should have also preserved the detailed investigation result about this event. It cannot be changed by just moving your mouth," Zhang Tie replied calmly.

"Since this person went to the Military Administration to report you, it is the organization that wants to interrogate you. As Blackhot City is still under military administration, the guilty are interrogated by the criminal court of the Iron-Horn Army. You will be brought there as well. Just remember you have the right to defend yourself. And we're just following the orders of our superior."

After hearing Zhang Tie's story, the squad leader who was quiet the whole way opened his mouth and broke the rules to tell Zhang Tie why they had come to take him away. Because of the story, most of the soldiers turned more sympathetic and appreciative towards Zhang Tie instead of Samira. At the same time, they loosened their alertness and showed their contempt to Samira by ignoring him.

However, they were ordered to catch Zhang Tie; no matter what they thought, they had no choice but to follow the order.

After knowing how Samira had set him up, Zhang Tie started to plan inside.

Right now, he feared most that Samira had someone backing him. But Samira had appealed to the Military Administration of the Norman Empire, which at least indicated that he didn't have a strong

backing. Not in the affair to set Zhang Tie up, anyway. Since if he had it, he would not have gone through all of these procedures, instead, just greeted his backer.

This time, Samira planned to kill him using the hands of others. Son of a b*tch!

Soon after Zhang Tie was taken away, his elder brother Zhang Yang had hurriedly put on his formal clothes and went to find help: of course, he had his own friends and acquaintances.

In a short while, Zhang Yang had learned about what had happened between Zhang Tie and Samira, and learned the status of Samira: a LV 3 material supplier of the Military Administration of Blackhot City.

After Blackhot City was 'liberated', Samira was set free. With the fault of being 'a spy of the Norman Empire', he used his talent in socialising and obtained the trust of the Military Administration. Later, he won a license of a LV 3 material supplier and slowly expanded his popularity.

Hearing that Zhang Tie was escorted away by soldiers of the Norman Empire, Zhang Yang's friend immediately turned pale. "Well, sh*t. I understand what that guy called Samira is planning to do. He doesn't want for Zhang Tie to be interrogated in the criminal court at all; instead, he just wants to put him behind bars..."

"What?"

Zhang Yang also became tense.

"Now, the prison of Blackhot City is brimming with people. There are all sorts of murderers and major criminal offenders in there. If a 15-old youth put inside such a cell..."

Zhang Yang's friend stopped talking.

Hearing his friend's explanation, Zhang Yang's face also turned pale. He also knew how dark the prison was. And right now, it was definitely the darkest one in the past dozens of years. All the rapists, murders, major criminal offenders, and a batch of criminals awaiting death penalty that had been caught by the Norman Empire's army were put together.

Casualties happened everyday in the prison of Blackhot City these days. The Military Administration of the Norman Empire would never care about what the criminals did inside. If a chubby boy like Zhang Tie was put inside with those...

Zhang Yang almost passed out from the image in his head.

Chapter 153: Dark Prison

The prison of Blackhot City was located outside the city. The prison's high walls were of course not used to protect those criminals. The prison was close to the west city gate, and was also within the coverage of the city-defense weapons.

Samira seemed to require more reassurance as he kept following Zhang Tie and the squad of soldiers past the west city gate. After seeing the soldiers complete the hand-over procedures with the prison guards at the entrance, he then let out a sigh and sneered.

Before arriving, Zhang Tie was led as he was, however, after the completion of the hand-over procedures, he was forced to put on handcuffs and anklets.

The icy anklets kept making the sound of 'Huala huala' while being drawn through the ground when Zhang Tie moved. Besides that, Zhang Tie's anklets were uncomfortable. He had roughly 20 kgs' load due to the anklets and handcuffs.

The prison of Blackhot City didn't seem to have changed a lot due to the end of the Coal, Steel, and Iron Federation's rule. Zhang Tie thought so since he found the guards wearing their old uniforms.

"How long will I stay here?" Zhang Tie asked the sergeant who'd brought him here.

"Three days. When the cases before you are dealt with, the Military Administration of the Norman Empire will arrange the Criminal Court to bring light to your case!" the sergeant gave a patient reply.

After that, Zhang Tie was pushed into the tall wall of the prison of Blackhot City. He turned back to see Samira sneering at him, from which he understood the man's delight in seeing his revenge plot succeed.

The interrogation would start in three days. Why would Samira reveal such a smirk right now? Zhang Tie couldn't find the reason for it, so he calmed his heart and put it away.

"What's up with him?"

Entering through the iron gate of the gloomy and lofty wall, Zhang Tie saw a 40-old man in a dark red military uniform of the Norman Empire; he was the one asking the question. He wore the rank of a captain and stood on the stairs of a tower building near the iron gate. Although guards in the prison didn't change, one more military officer from the Norman Empire's military was dispatched here. That man was the real head of the entire prison.

"This guy was accused of being hostile to the Norman Empire. He's a potential security risk. The criminal court of the Military Administration is predicted to deal with his case in three days!"

Explaining this, one of the guards that escorted Zhang Tie in handed over a document to this man in a very pious way.

"He's accused of being hostile to the great Norman Empire? Is he a hot-blooded youth that still has a good memories about the Andaman Alliance's rule?" With these words, that middle-aged man glanced over Zhang Tie while revealing a shadow of a grin in the corner of his mouth. He then calmly ordered, "Take him to the largest room on Floor 3, put him together with the murderers!"

"Yes, sir!"

The paths inside the prison were maze-like. On both sides of the 2-m wide path was a tall wall higher than 10 m, on the top of which was a wire net. The lofty tower buildings and watch towers were connected with the tall walls. Like small fortresses, these buildings tightly surrounded the prison.

Since the entire prison was in the leeward area of the industrial area of Blackhot City, Zhang Tie could smell coal ash with each breath. Nobody was doing exercises in the prison as no place was set for them to move about freely. The entire prison felt chilly, like a piece of stone that had been thrown here and weathered for dozens of years.

After walking for less than 100 m inside, Zhang Tie had passed three iron gates. Each one was guarded by soldiers. After passing them, Zhang Tie would always feel the place get darker and becoming harder to breathe in due to the increasingly dingier smell.

As Zhang Tie moved forward, the friction between his anklets and the chilly cement ground caused the sound of 'Huala huala' to reverberate through the maze-like aisles.

Not until Zhang Tie was pushed into the underground paths that could barely be seen clearly without the help of the gas lamps on the walls did he realize that 'floor 3' was not above the ground, but below.

"What's the crime of this brat?" asked a 60-odd year man with completely gray hair guarding an iron gate. He stood up to open the gates with his key and wondered about Zhang Tie's circumstances when he saw him being pushed in

"He was accused of being hostile to the Norman Empire. He's a potential saboteur. Captain Eugen ordered to put him in the club on floor 3."

Hearing the words, that old man didn't say anything but gave Zhang Tie a sympathetic look as he opened the iron gate. After Zhang Tie was pushed in, the old man drew a cross in front of his own chest.

Zhang Tie walked for a long time in the underground path. After passing three more iron gates and an 's-shaped' downward route, he was finally pushed into the underground floor 3.

He walked the underground path with no natural light, and the sound produced by his anklets grew louder. The stink here could almost make people breathless. Beside Zhang Tie was a narrow cell. Hearing the sound of the anklets, all the prisoners inside the cell moved closer to the bars to have a look at the newcomer.

The prisoners in the cell were more like monsters than humans. They all wore shabby clothes and looked dirty while also being extremely smelly. With their eyes wide open like wolves', they stretched out their thin hands through the iron bars, trying to scratch Zhang Tie.

His arrival had made the place bustle with activity.

"Give him to me... give him to me..." Someone started to crazily rock the iron bars with his hands. "I will promise you anything if you want. Give the brat to me..."

"Give him to me..."

"Give him to me..."

"Give him to me..."

"Just one day, give this savory brat to me, just one day..."

Many prisoners stretched out their hands, trying to grab Zhang Tie. With eyes like those of hungry wolves fixed on Zhang Tie, the prisoners drooled while swearing. Some even growled like wild beasts, making Zhang Tie's face twist.

There were no humans locked here; instead, there were mad animals with pus flowing out, or at least that's how Zhang Tie felt about this place. By now, he had faintly realized Samira's plot: Samira truly

wanted to kill him with others' hands. The hands that Samira wanted to use were not those of the criminal court of the Norman Empire, but the damn prison's. Samira seemed to have predicted the outcome of sending him here, which cell he would end up in.

Bored by the prisoners, the guards pulled out thin iron sticks from their waists and started to fiercely slash onto the hands stretching out through the iron bars.

"This brat is going to be sent to the club. You want to go with him?" a guard exclaimed as he slashed at the hands.

After what the guard said, the cell quickly regained its previous calm; it was weird. At the same time, the hands were also pulled back.

The long underground path was over 100 m. At the end of the path was a cell. The guards stopped before its entrance, ordering Zhang Tie to stand still so they could open his anklets and handcuffs.

"Brat, don't blame us. We just follow the orders. If you want to blame someone, just blame the one who set you up to end up here!" One of guards sighed when he opened Zhang Tie's anklets. "My son is also as old as you!"

With a calm expression, Zhang Tie replied as if he knew that he would be killed inside. "What if someone dies in there?"

"Those locked here are the worst of the worst. No matter how many people would die on floor 3, nobody would care!" A guard seemed to want to warn Zhang Tie. "Brat, if you can leave here alive, from then on, you might be able to go sideways in Blackhot City!"

"I'm not a crab to prefer going sideways..." Zhang Tie moved his limbs as he said.

When Zhang Tie spoke, the guard had already opened the iron gate, allowing him to walk in. There was a second iron gate behind it; it seemed that this cell had stricter security measures. The switch of the second iron gate was set outside the first iron gate. It seemed that this cell called 'club' was dangerous enough that even the guards did not like to draw too close to it.

After Zhang Tie walked through the first iron gate, the guards closed it before opening the second gate.

"You'd better go inside by yourself. If you don't do so in half a minute by yourself, those people inside the cell will force you in. If that happens, you'll be even more miserable!" A guard standing outside the second gate warned Zhang Tie.

Zhang Tie walked inside with a calm expression. This cell was much larger than the other cells outside. It was at least as large as two classrooms at school. Over 20 people were scattered inside, sitting or lying.

After passing through the first iron gate, but before entering through the second one, Zhang Tie took note of the situation inside the cell. Because of his arrival, the calm cell slowly started to reverberate from beast-like heavy breaths.

After Zhang Tie entered through the second iron gate, it was locked by the guards outside. Soon after that, the guards left at an obviously faster pace than they had come.

A gas lamp was on the wall of the aisle between the two gates, which was the the only light source in the cell.

Dark, gloomy, stinky - this was how this big cell called 'club' revealed itself to Zhang Tie.

When the prisoners inside the cell could no longer hear the footsteps of the guards any more, they slowly surrounded Zhang Tie from all corners of the dark cell. With red, twisted faces, they looked like wild wolves that had caught sight of a lamb.

Chapter 154: A Dragon Driven Mad

From the wild beasts that surrounded Zhang Tie, breathing heavy, one shadow rushed towards him...

Bang!

Another faster shadow grabbed the first man's arm and punched him, sending him flying back through the air.

"That brat is mine..."

The latter shadow was taller and stronger with a feel of tyranny. Behind him was a looming huge black spider, which indicated that this man was already a LV 6 fighter with battle Qi.

The moment this man stood up, all the other shadows that surrounded Zhang Tie stopped moving forward and lost their aggressive stances.

"This brat is mine..." That huge shadow pointed at Zhang Tie, who remained unchanged beside the entrance, and growled like pointing at a piece of food, "This chubby boy is mine, nobody else can steal him away from me!"

"Ma Long, this will not depend on you..." A humpbacked guy sneered with the voice 'Jajajaja' as he slowly walked one step forward. He had scattered hair like a big mouse's and walked trying to keep its shoulders square. "You're truly powerful, but if we attack you together, you won't be our opponent either!"

"Long time no see such an interesting toy..." Another man with an ugly look whose nose seemed have been cut off, leaving two flat bloody holes, walked a step forward. There was another huge black spider behind him. "I really want to smell this brat..."

"This boy is not yours alone, he's ours..." With these words, another person walked out of the crowd, his feet and hands dirty like a wild dog's, while his thirsty eyes fixed on Zhang Tie like a wolf's which had been hungry for several months. At the same time, he licked his lips. "The blood of this kind of young man tastes the best. I don't care how you will play him. But you have to hand him to me before his last breath. If he dies, his blood would be hard to drink..."

"I need five hours..." Ma Long firmly said, giving a concession after thinking for a while.

"The last guy was played by you to death in merely three hours. This young man seems not that strong..."

The other people moved closer to Zhang Tie.

"At most one hour. Additionally, you have to guarantee that this brat is still be alive in that time. You have only one hour!" the humpbacked old man fiercely argued. "If you don't agree, after a while, when the others hold you back, I'll break this brat's neck first so that he can easily die. If that happens, nobody will get to enjoy him!"

It was Zhang Tie's first time to be seen as a piece of meat. While arguing about how to share him, no one even glance at him, most likely seeing him as already dead. Zhang Tie just gazed at these guys with an icy expression and gradually understood what kind of people they were.

Even the worms on rotten corpses of the animals in the Crescent Prairie were cleaner than these guys!

Those put behind the bars of this cell were not qualified to be called humans; instead, they were stinky walking-dead which could breathe in the darkest corners of the cell. They should have long been buried and turned into fertilizer. They should have never been allowed to continue living in this world.

Zhang Tie's eyes over them gradually became icy and emotionless.

Just now, these beasts had already reached an agreement: in the first hour, Zhang Tie belonged to that guy called Ma Long, who had to ensure that Zhang Tie would still be alive at the end of the first hour, and major organs should not be damaged. Once that hour would be over, the other guys decided on who had the right to use Zhang Tie, as well as to whom belonged each of his organs, even his blood as precisely as each second before he was tortured to death.

After Zhang Tie was shared, besides Ma Long, all the others stood back to 7-8 m away from Zhang Tie and formed a circle of glittering eyes on him. At the same time, they forcefully swallowed their saliva, gasping from excitement. They prepared to watch Ma Long's performance for the next hour. This was a program that they had negotiated to spice up their daily lives.

Ma Long was taller than 2 m. His developed muscles all over his body made him look like a small mountain. Being nude like all the other people in this cell, Ma Long just strode towards Zhang Tie. This length of time was aplenty for Zhang Tie to see that Ma Long had been castrated and was not a man any more...

"Heh heh, what have you seen? Are you weird out by it?" Seemingly having realized that Zhang Tie had noticed that he was castrated, Ma Long's face twisted abnormally. "That f*cking woman was very beautiful. In order to f*ck her, I killed her man, threw her kid onto the ground to death. After that, I bundled her at her home and f*cked her for one month. One month later, she became docile. There was a time when I took a rest after f*cking her, and she expressed her desire to clean my d*ck using her tongue. I trusted her. She then bit off my p*nis. In revenge, I twisted off her neck and scooped my thing from her mouth. Pitifully, I couldn't reconnect it as she had not only bit off my thing but also chewed it into pieces..."

"So why are you still alive, why didn't they hang you when you were arrested?" Zhang Tie calmly asked.

"They didn't know about it. The women who were f*cked and killed by me were not able to appeal to the court..." Ma Long revealed a weird smirk. "I was put inside because of another case. They just took me as a common major criminal offender. So they let me live by sentencing me to life imprisonment.

You know what? When I came here, I found that even if I had no penis, I could still do a lot of interesting things. As long as you're docile, I'll let you survive for a couple more days..."

Saying this, Ma Long stretched out his hand as wide as Zhang Tie's thigh, intending to grab Zhang Tie's head.

Seeing Ma Long being ready to start his performance, all the other walking dead revealed various weird smirks.

There was a sharp difference between the figures of Zhang Tie and Ma Long as the latter would roughly be three times the size of the other.

Zhang Tie then gripped Ma Long's wrists to stop it from moving forward even a bit. Sensing that, Ma Long's face immediately turned pale, and he started to intensify his strength with a shadowy black spider behind him. However, Zhang Tie's hand remained still. Gradually, Ma Long's face started to twist, and sweat begun forming on his forehead...

As Ma Long increased his strength, he also started to trigger his battle Qi. Since he felt no battle Qi on Zhang Tie, he thought that once his battle Qi invaded Zhang Tie's body, the boy's life or death would be at his discretion. However, Ma Long found that the moment his battle Qi reached Zhang Tie's hand, it would immediately evaporate like when rain and fog met magma.

Ma Long's face greatly distorted as he found a hidden strength, instead of battle Qi or transformed strength in Zhang Tie's body. That hidden strength formed into a string in Zhang Tie's hand. Akin to having hit an iron wall, Ma Long's battle Qi could barely enter an inch.

How could there be such a hidden strength...

"How could this be?" Ma Long exclaimed as if having been slashed by a machete.

At the same time, Zhang Tie's hand was also gradually gripping more tightly, increasing its force.

All the onlookers in the cell saw that something was not right. "No way, how could Ma Long be weaker than the brat..."

"Ah..."

Ma Long finally could not stand it anymore and used his another hand to punch at Zhang Tie's head.

"Go die!"

With glittering eyes, Zhang Tie kicked Ma Long's lower body using his right leg before the others punch had reached his head. This kick was rightly named Cannon Leg in Iron-Blood Fist skillbook. It moved upward from Ma Long's crotch. The moment Zhang Tie hit there, his Iron-Blood hidden strength on the foot broke out...

Hit by Zhang Tie's amazing kicking force, the 2-m tall Ma Long was sent flying back like a balloon, with a terrifying sound of breaking bones. His head hit the 3-m high ceiling of the cell, making the sound of 'Kacha'. Spraying fresh blood everywhere, Ma Long fell down to the ground.

After falling, he was as soft as a piece of mud that had no breath of life anymore.

Zhang Tie's kick was really terrifying.

Like having been pinched on their necks, the wild beasts in the cell stopped all the weird voices and gasps in a split second.

Ma Long just died like this? The LV 6 Ma Long had been kicked to death by this youth just like that? Since they all knew Ma Long's real fighting force, the wild beasts were scared and started to move back...

It was hard to say what Zhang Tie was thinking about—he just gazed at Ma Long's dead body before shaking his head.

Zhang Tie then raised his head and glanced over the other beasts in the cell. Was it more frightening to be surrounded by these scumbags than by more than 300 wild wolves?

He walked towards these guys...

"Since Ma Long has died, nobody can hurt you in this cell..." the humpbacked old man said, moving back.

Zhang Tie ignored his words, just walking towards him...

"You can do whatever you want here..."

The humpbacked man continued to move back...

Zhang Tie ignored his words, just walking towards him...

"We can all follow your orders..."

Zhang Tie ignored his words, just walking towards him...

"Go!"

The moment the humpbacked old man shouted, four shadows charged at Zhang Tie, the humpbacked old man's shadowy black spider appearing almost at the same time.

Zhang Tie consecutively punched out four fists in a split second. At the same time, four shadows were sent flying back in the air and fell to the ground. Three of the four did not pick themselves up again, while the humpbacked man was bleeding and staring at Zhang Tie in an astonished kind of way. He felt his guts being broken into pieces by a surging strength.

Before death, he growled, "Hidden strength, how could that be..."

At the same time, a mouthful of blood mixed with his broken guts sprayed out from his mouth, leaving no breath anymore.

A LV 4 warrior could form hidden strength, but not every LV 4 warrior. Even some higher level warriors could not form it. Level represented the number of burning points ignited and how a person's physical potential was tapped.

Hidden strength represented how a person's strength and physical potential tapped chose to act. Although steel and iron could be used to produce weapons, not all the steel and iron was used to for weapons. Many people who owned the materials could not use them to produce weapons. Likewise,

people who had formed hidden strength indicated that they had produced their physical potential and strength into cutlery and swords and other fighting tools.

Zhang Tie had already formed hidden strength, which was not the common kind but Iron-Blood hidden strength. Somehow, even if Captain Kerlin had said that less than one out of one hundred people can form hidden strength, on the first day Zhang Tie reached LV 4, he had already sensed this wholly new strength hidden in his body. Of course, he could easily master the Iron-Blood hidden strength.

Zhang Tie had learned that the largest amount of Wild Wolf Seven-Strength Fruits that could be produced on the small tree was nine.

When the three-month survival training came to an end, Zhang Tie had already become a LV 4 warrior. Besides, he had formed hidden strength of Iron-Blood Fist skill and had the full strength of nine wild wolves in his body.

At this time, the power of the Iron-Blood Fist skill in his hand had also startled Zhang Tie himself. From now on, the imperial battle skill of the Norman Empire started to radiate its brilliance in a wholly new way.

Besides Zhang Tie, nobody knew that he was no longer the same person as three months ago.

"We can all follow your orders!" someone shouted from the back of the cell.

"You parasitic worms in the darkness, you all have to die today!" Zhang Tie's killing intent immediately exploded. "If I let you survive, it'll definitely be the biggest blasphemy to the human clan!"

In the dark cell, more shadows charged at Zhang Tie with weird screams. Using Iron-Blood Fist skill with ease, Zhang Tie punched again and again, the growls of a tiger resounding after his every move...

Two minutes later, the growling punches stopped. The cell regained its peace. After patting his sleeves, Zhang Tie found a semi-clean place beside the iron gate and took a seat. With eyes closed, he started to polish the fourth burning point on his spine...

1,1,2,3...

On the Fibonacci's golden spiral that represented the path of evolution, Zhang Tie had moved four steps forward. He was going to take the fifth step. In the future, each step forward would be many times harder than before. However, Zhang Tie was not afraid. For him, everything was just a matter of time as he had the Castle of Black Iron and that small tree inside...

5,8,13,21,34...

A question flashed across Zhang Tie's mind.

'I wonder what the world after LV 9 is like?'

Chapter 155: Reversal

It was the longest evening that Zhang family had ever lived through, even without Zhang Tie's elder brother daring to tell his parents about the dark message he received from outside. The lofty walls of the prison of Blackhot City were definitely like a formidable natural chasm for Zhang Tie's family.

Three days. Zhang Yang had learned that Zhang Tie could not get out of the prison for three days. It was unknown whether he could hold on for such a long time inside. Zhang Yang's last beacon of hope came from the amazing strength Zhang Tie revealed when forcefully taking his sword away from his hand.

Zhang Yang didn't know how Zhang Tie could become so powerful. However, this amazing strength became his sole hope for Zhang Tie's survival. In this age, strength was the real power; a powerful man could survive the prison of Blackhot City.

Early the next morning, before Zhang Yang had left home, his dad gave him a heavy purse. "This is our savings. Take it, to make sure you bring Zhang Tie back home safe!"

Taking the purse, Zhang Yang knew that it contained all of his parents' savings. So he carefully put it in his bag, nodding.

The moment Zhang Yang walked out the door, he saw several soldiers of the Norman Empire in dark red military uniforms. They were looking at Zhang's door plate, seemingly intending to knock at the door.

"Hello, is this Zhang Tie's home?" one of them asked, seeing a man similar to Zhang Tie walk out, .

In a very bad mood at the sight of the 'red-skinned dogs', Zhang Yang became infuriated and shouted loudly, "Wasn't Zhang Tie caught and taken away by you yesterday? What are you here for today?"

"Who dared to catch Zhang Tie?" After hearing Zhang Yang's exclamation, the soldier looked very startled, his expression turning gloomy. "Could you tell me what happened to Zhang Tie? I'm his friend, Salvey..."

"You're Zhang Tie's friend?" Zhang Yang stared at this 'red-skinned dog'... no, the person who claimed to be Zhang Tie's friend and became confused. When had Zhang Tie become acquainted with the soldiers of the Norman Empire?

"Yea, Zhang Tie once saved my life. I knew he would come back home yesterday after the survival training, so, I especially come here today to thank him. Considering the special case when he saved me, I had no chance to thank him at the time!"

At the sight of the soldier of the Norman Empire saying words like that, Zhang Yang immediately became spirited. Seizing Salvey's hand, he explained, "Zhang Tie was arrested, hurry up, go to the Military Administration together with me. If it's too late, he might have already been killed..."

"What happened?"

"Someone framed him, wanting to kill him!"

At Zhang Yang's words, not only Salvey, even all the other surrounding soldiers became irritated. If the savior of a glorious soldier of the Iron-Horn Army was set up in Blackhot City, it was definitely an aggressive maneuver that humiliated the honor of the entire Iron-Horn Army...

"Let's go, we will go to the bastards of the Military Administration!"

It was truly not a good experience being in the dark cell. After only one evening inside, Zhang Tie already felt like he'd lost his nose since he could no longer smell anything. Besides, there really were too many fleas inside the cell, all of which would never care how many wolves' strength you had.

Zhang Tie had managed last night's time very well. Besides polishing his burning points, he had spent the remaining time in the Trouble-Reappearance Fruits. Last night, he had 'died' four times in inside. Each time, he would be besieged by more than 500 wild wolves, over 20 huge wolves, 10-odd human eating varanids, and several lions.

Zhang Tie would always used the Iron-Blood Fist skills to kill them. Each time, he would exert his full hidden strength. However, he couldn't yet kill an enemy with one punch.

Under constant fighting and killing, Zhang Tie's wounds also gradually increased while his strength declined. At the lowest point of his physical strength, he would always be torn to shreds by the remaining wild beasts.

The practice in the Trouble-Reappearance Fruits was both painful and happy. Besides not really dying in the Trouble-reappearance Fruits, all the pains that Zhang Tie experienced in there were the same as the ones he would feel in reality.

He had 'died' four times inside, and each time he felt like suffering from a cruel punishment. He would bear over 100 wounds all over his body before being torn to shreds by the wild beasts. What made Zhang Tie reassured, though, was that after leaving the Trouble-Reappearance scenes, he would not suffer from the pains anymore. They would disperse immediately, like tides and dreams. If not, Zhang Tie wouldn't really be able to brave experiencing the pains time after another.

The happiness of cultivating in the Trouble-Reappearance Fruits could only be understood by people who had experienced it. The several hours in the Trouble-Reappearance scenes last night—many people would have wasted them by having dinner. However, Zhang Tie had experienced the tough challenges that many people might not encounter for their whole lives. Through such challenges, he had rapidly improved himself in all aspects.

In the past days, as Zhang Tie had increased his frequency of cultivation in the Trouble-Reappearance Fruits, he had also found many new features.

For example: an activated Trouble-Reappearance Scene could only last three hours at most. After this time, the energy that supports the entire Trouble-Reappearance Scene would weaken which would lead to the collapse of the entire Trouble-Reappearance Scene. Zhang Tie had found this when he tried to match speed and endurance with the wild wolves.

He activated the Trouble-Reappearance Scene of Crescent Prairie. After that, he dashed away, followed by several hundreds of wild wolves. Zhang Tie kept running for three hours. However, the wild wolves still failed to catch up with him. Then Zhang Tie received a notice before the Trouble-Reappearance Scene broke into light spots and disappeared.

This was the first rule of the Trouble-Reappearance Fruits that Zhang Tie had found. The second thing was that the more living beings he placed in the scenes and the higher level they were, the more spiritual energy he needed to inject into the Trouble-Reappearance Scene to activate it.

Additionally, during the activation, what consumed the largest amount of spiritual energy was not the living beings that needed to be activated, but the scene.

Zhang Tie had tried and found the following facts: when he activated one or two wolves, he could activate the Trouble-Reappearance Fruits 23 times at most. When he activated roughly 50-100 wolves, he could activate the Trouble-Reappearance Fruits for roughly 8-10 times. Like now, when he activated over 500 wolves and other species inside, he could only activate it four times.

The abundant spiritual energy that had surged by seven times felt a bit awkward now.

As sunlights or moonlight could not be seen in the dark cell, what reminded Zhang Tie of the arrival of the next morning was his biological clock.

It was not a good feeling to sleep with a lot of corpses in the same cell. However, Zhang Tie felt that these guys could not even match beasts. He preferred to see the corpses as the bodies of wild wolves, or something even more disgusting.

After waking up, he casually circled around the room before starting to cultivate a kungfu that he had created these days: Bear Back Iron-Body skill. He had created it when he saw a wild bear hitting a big tree using his back so as to pick the fruits that dropped off from the tree.

Since Iron-body Fruit required constant strikes on his body—and he could not serve as a flesh bag in the Iron-Thorns Fighting Club—enlightened by wild bears, Zhang Tie had considered to hit something hard using his back to stimulate Iron-body Fruits to ripening. To tell the truth, this method really worked. With this kungfu, Zhang Tie turned the negative strikes into positive strikes, the latter having a miraculous effect.

Zhang Tie had practiced this kungfu for two weeks, and had stimulated three Iron-body Fruits to becoming ripe. Similar to how his body responded after eating the previous Iron-body Fruits, when he ate the latest ones, he would still have a stomachache and would also excrete some black things.

However, the last two times, Zhang Tie found that the black things were becoming fewer. Besides, a wisp of icy energy from the Iron-body Fruits penetrated through his muscles which felt pretty comfortable.

Zhang Tie now found a plain cement wall that was vertical to the ground. Standing with his back against the wall, he kept his shoulders square and his feet open like the Chinese character '八'. He kept his heels roughly 40 cm away from the wall.

Once the preparations were done, he started to lean back and used his back to strike against the wall. After each 'strike', he would stand still and wait for the dust on the wall to fall down to the ground...

Like this, Zhang Tie struck against the wall at 2 second frequency. This resulted in the entire underground floor 3 starting to reverberate with the loud 'bang' 'bang' 'bang' sounds. As Zhang Tie had nine wolves' strengths in his body and the strength as a LV 4 warrior, he was definitely more powerful than a huge bear.

The sound was so surprising that many criminals were woken up. When they found that the origin of the sound was the terrifying 'club' where the brat had been thrown into last day, all the criminals became

quiet. If this sound originated from there, it would not be strange, since nobody knew what perverted things were carried out in that cell.

The guards who had sent Zhang Tie in last night came here very early this morning. Usually, they would never come back so early. They did it because of Zhang Tie.

There was an unwritten rule in the prison: it's normal to see dead people in the prison, and nobody would care about that. However, if the people die too miserably—like being torn to pieces—that might bring a lot of trouble to the officers there.

This was a tacit agreement between the prisoners and the prison officers. But since the 'club' in floor 3 was too special—those perverts inside wouldn't even let go of corpses—the guards didn't dare to keep Zhang Tie inside for too long.

After one night's torture, the boy would have been killed for certain. So before his corpse was made too disgusting, which might bring some trouble to the prison officers, they should get it out of the cell and report what had happened last night to the warden.

The moment the guards arrived at the dark floor 3, they heard the terrifying striking sounds that were reverberating from the end of the underground tunnel. It felt like the entire floor 3 was quaking.

The sound came from the 'club'. Hearing it, the guards' face immediately turned pale, and they hurriedly ran towards the end of the tunnel.

When they saw the scene in that 'club', they were all dumbfounded: the youth that should have been a corpse last night was casually striking the wall with his back. After seeing them, that youth halted, stopping the sound, .

"Morning!" he even greeted them.

"You're not dead?" one of the guard's cried out, like having seen a ghost.

"My life's so good, why would I die?" Holding the bars of the iron gate, the youth then added, "Oh, could you please get me out of here first? It doesn't feel good to stay with a pile of corpses..."

Chapter 156: Those Looked upon by the Battle God

The criminals in floor 3 were showed a good performance for free this morning: soon after the guards came intending to take away Zhang Tie's corpse, they hurriedly rushed outside, faces pale...

Ten minutes after the guards hurried up to the outside, more people rushed down. This time, not only the guards, even the armored soldiers of the Norman Empire that resided in the prison arrived with long pikes in hands. They all looked pretty solemn. The booming tidy footsteps reverberating through the ground of the tunnel of floor 3 forced all the criminals to not even take a deeper breath. Everybody knew that a big event had happened in that 'club' where the most terrifying and perverted scumbags resided.

The warden who was appointed by the Norman Empire arrived to the floor 3, too. He was a captain of the Norman Empire with a rigid expression. Since taking over this prison, the warden had only been to

floor 3 once. When he left here last time, he looked like so disgusted, like having stepped on a pile of bull's sh*t with his expensive crocodile-hide shoes. From then onward, he didn't come here again.

However, today, that warden came here.

Given the flustered guards who had hurriedly rushed upwards just now, the criminals knew something very severe had happened.

All the criminals in floor 3 then kept quiet with their heads stretched in the direction of the 'club'.

Zhang Tie just waited in the cell calmly, listening to the booming footsteps of soldiers, produced by the anti-riot fighting boots. Soon after, he saw a squad of soldiers of the Norman Empire in dark red military uniforms rushing inside, closely followed by the guards and the middle-aged man with the rank of captain of the Norman Empire whom he had met when he entered the prison.

Coming to the front of the iron gate outside the 'club', the captain of the Norman Empire ordered with a cold expression, "Open it!"

"Warden Quin, this person is very dangerous, you don't have to..."

The guards nearby wanted to persuade him not to enter the cell. Unexpectedly, this drove the warden even more infuriated.

"Open it..." The growl made the entire underground tunnel of floor 3 boom. "No soldier of the Norman Empire is afraid of death. This is my prison, my place. Nowhere will I dare not to enter!"

"Yes, sir!"

The guards were really shocked, and their faces turned pale. They hurriedly pulled out of the key to open the iron gate outside the 'club'.

At this time, the warden kept glancing at Zhang Tie while Zhang Tie was also glancing back at him. Zhang Tie looked very calm, instead of being irritable or arrogant.

When the door was opened, the warden entered with his head raised. He stood still before the second iron gate, closely followed by several soldiers who held up lamps for him.

When the lamps crowded in the partition between the two doors, the cell brightened up. Under the lamplight, everybody could see the scene in the 'club', which forced them to take a deep breath. Besides Zhang Tie, the entire cell was covered with corpses fallen in weird ways.

This scene was extremely shocking.

For guards who were familiar with what kind of people were put in here, what they saw was akin to an innocent lamb standing safe among a pile of dead wild wolves. It was really subversive.

When the second iron gate was opened, the warden entered, followed by more soldiers of the Norman Empire. They surrounded Zhang Tie with their weapons aimed at him. At this moment, nobody would care about the air quality anymore.

"What happened here last night?" the warden asked, looking Zhang Tie in the eyes.

"They discussed how to kill me, the process of which sounded very painful and disgraceful. I didn't want to die that way. So when they attacked me, in order to survive, I had to kill them all!"

"You?"

The Warden looked more solemn.

"If you don't believe me, you can also think that they committed a suicide. No matter what, these guys were perverts and lunatics. I don't care about your opinion!" Zhang Tie stretched out his palms and shrugged. "I felt that as a good civilian who follows the laws of the Norman Empire, I don't have to tell a lie to the military officer!"

The Warden didn't speak anymore. Instead, he took a lamp from one soldier's hand and walked closer to Ma Long's corpse. Before him, the Warden squatted down and started to carefully check him.

Zhang Tie had kicked Ma Long's crotch, breaking the latter's hipbone and pelvis into pieces. Besides that, Ma Long's head was also crushed into pieces. These wounds could easily be identified. After merely a simple look, the warden had understood how Ma Long was killed last night.

The youth really had an amazing strength. He could kick Ma Long and send him flying in the air, crashing his head into the concrete ceiling of the cell. What great strength would it take for him to complete this?

However, what caught the warden's attention was not the amazing strength but how Ma Long's guts were thrown into disarray by a terrifying hidden strength. There were some weird mulberry and chrysanthemum-like spirals on Ma Long's abdomen.

After taking notice of those spirals, the warden was stunned. He seemed to not believe it as he kept blinking in hopes to see something else when he opened his eyes next time. He even took off his pair of gloves and touched the skin of Ma Long's abdomen to ensure that it was not a tattoo or something else.

His face twisted, the warden picked himself up from the ground and quickly moved to another corpse with the lamp in hand. He took a careful look over the second corpse and found the same mulberry and chrysanthemum-like spirals on the neck, smaller than the ones on Ma Long's abdomen.

On the third corpse, the humpbacked man, the warden found the same weird spirals on the chest.

After that, he didn't continue since his heart was full of fury. Not at Zhang Tie but the Military Administration of the Blackhot City. He was furious at the bastards of the Military Administration for having sent a person who was gazed at and had received a potential favor from the Battle God, forming hidden strength into the prison.

Any person who had gained the attention of the Battle God should not suffer from such a mistreatment. This kind of mistreatment was definitely profaning the glory of the Battle God and challenging the authority of the imperial household of the Norman Empire.

The emperor was also the pope of the Battle God Cult which was the national religion of the Norman Empire and the only belief of its army.

In the Norman Empire, those who could catch the attention of the Battle God should not be tried in the secular courts but in the judging palace of the Battle God Cult of the Norman Empire. Even in war time, judgment on this kind of person could also only be dealt by the judging priests in the judging palace.

In the entire Blackhot City now, there wasn't a single judging priest from the judging palace. There were only five of them in entirety. Of course, they would not casually appear in poor cities like Blackhot City.

The hidden strength of Iron-Blood Fist skill was very ferocious and aggressive so when it hit a person, it could almost force the Qi and blood out in some parts and small areas of their body, leaving such weird mulberry and chrysanthemum-like spirals. This was why it was the symbol of the hidden strength. Those spirals could never be imitated as they formed from inside to outside.

When the Battle God caught sight of someone, he would present the 'bloody chrysanthemum' to that person. This was the doctrine of the Battle God Cult.

Realizing that he had almost made a big mistake, the warden also felt very terrified. Even if Zhang Tie could not threaten him with his current power, his real force represented the deep-rooted traditions and systems of the entire Norman Empire and the Battle God Cult, which was most respected.

Under the amazed gazes of the pile of soldiers and guards, the warden, who was checking the dead bodies, suddenly knelt down and pulled out his emblem of the Battle God on a necklace and kissed it. After that, he put his palms together devoutly and started to mumble.

"Almighty Battle God, please forgive me for my careless mistake. I have thrown a person under your gaze into such a dirty place. The only thing that made me lucky was that your glory had prevented even such a dirty place from being profaned by those dirty bastards--Abhibhavana!"

Although the guards didn't know captain Quin's intention by praying, the moment the soldiers of the Norman Empire heard it, their faces immediately turned pale. At the same time, they all moved one step backs and cast curious eyes to Zhang Tie.

Not until then did Zhang Tie understand that no matter how paramount he had considered the position of the Iron-Blood Fist skill in the Norman Empire, his thoughts were still not great enough.

Captain Kerlin had told him that Iron-Blood Fist was called Battle God's Fist in the army of the Norman Empire and any one who could master it would be powerful and rich, gaining everyone's respect. It seemed that what Captain Kerlin had told him was true.

The warden who had intended to throw Zhang Tie into the pile of perverts and corpse maniacs with an icy expression last night had completely changed his attitude now.

"According to the laws of the Norman Empire, any citizen who can form hidden strength of the Battle God's Fist cannot be judged by the secular courts anymore. So please forgive me for my rudeness yesterday. You are not suitable to stay here anymore.

However, it was the Military Administration of Blackhot City which sent you here. It means that you have committed a severe crime. So I can only hand you over to colonel Leibniz, the supreme commander of Uni-Horn Army in Blackhot City. He will determine your destiny!" the warden Quin explained to Zhang Tie before ordering his soldiers to put away their weapons.

"I warn you, although the Norman Empire grants some privileges to those who have mastered the Battle God's Fist, if you want to escape, I won't mind showing you some bitterness!"

"I am an innocent citizen of the Norman Empire, the first able youth who practiced and embraced the barbarous survival training system of the Norman Empire, ending up set up. Of course I won't escape!" After saying that, Zhang Tie revealed a smile and two rows of glittering white teeth. " Then, can we go out of here now? It really smells bad here!"

Zhang Tie walked onto the tunnel in floor 3 once again. The other criminals on both sides of the tunnel became really dumbfounded as if having seen a ghost as they saw Zhang Tie walk out of the 'club' where he had stayed the night without even losing a hair.

"What had happened? Did those scumbags become innocent or what?"

Several minutes after Zhang Tie had left the underground floor 3, the guards started to take the corpses out of the 'club' using barrows, one after another. Everybody then knew what had happened.

Magic beast Ma Long's corpse was on the barrow...

Crazy dog's corpse was on the barrow...

Humpback's corpse was on the barrow...

Vampire Jack's corpse was on the barrow...

...

All the corpses were carried out of the 'club' by a barrow. Thinking of that youth who had not even lost one hair, all the other criminals started to feel chilly.

Undoubtedly, the one who could turn these scumbags into corpses was greater than them. Many had even thought of this youth as a defenseless fatty yesterday. They would have never imagined that he was a human-sized magic beast who could engulf humans without even spitting out their bones...

Chapter 157: You've Been Recruited

Previously, Zhang Tie had dreamed of sitting in a car numerous times, however, he had never imagined that the first car he sat in would belong to the Norman Empire's Iron-Horn Army.

As the head of the prison of Blackhot City, Captain Quin owned a private car - a 'Mountain Cat' SUV produced by the Norman Empire. Compared to the common steam-driven vehicles in the market, 'Mountain Cat' SUV had a higher chassis, stronger off-road performance, and stronger driving force.

Although also being driven by steam power, military vehicles had better configurations and performances than common civilian vehicles. The steam power units equipped on this 'Mountain Cat' could allow this vehicle to maintain a speed of 80 km/h even in the wild.

Previously, Captain Quin was worried that Zhang Tie would seek a chance to escape or to bring him trouble, however, after entering the SUV, he found that Zhang Tie's whole attention was put on the vehicle to the point of even ignoring him.

As time passed by, the two people in the car got more acquainted with each other. Captain Quin even swore at Zhang Tie 'Blackhot City's being rustic numerous times, gradually loosening his alert.

'How can such a guy be an enemy and a potential insurrectionist?" Captain Quin started to doubt the crime laid at Zhang Tie's feet. 'This guy doesn't look like he's hostile to the Norman Empire.'

Though based on Zhang Tie's age and looks, Captain Quin was really confused as why Battle God would choose him.

'Iron-Blood Hidden Strength! Less than 1 out of 100 elite soldiers of the Iron-Horn Army can form it. How could this rusty Blackhot City form it?'

Captain Quin started to sigh inside as he really couldn't understand it.

Could it be the favor of the Battle God?

Captain Quin was at a loss.

...

Zhang Tie was driven directly to the place where the headquarters of No. 39 Division under the flagship of the Iron-Horn Army was located in Blackhot City. Two months ago, this place was the general headquarters of the City Guard.

The military residence was strictly defended. There were dozens of various vehicles parked outside. Besides these iron and steel beasts, there were many iron-horn beasts that Zhang Tie had witnessed several week ago in the Crescent Prairie. Of course, the most numerous guardians here were soldiers of the Norman Empire in dark red military uniforms.

Captain Quin parked his vehicle directly outside the entrance of the headquarters' building. He then jumped off and greeted a second lieutenant who was standing next to the building. After exchanging for a short while in quiet voices, the lieutenant cast a glance at Zhang Tie and quickly left. In less than half a minute, that second lieutenant came back together with four tough looking soldiers. After handing Zhang Tie over to them, Captain Quin left.

Soon after, Zhang Tie was escorted by the four tough looking soldiers and the second lieutenant into a cell marked with words Interrogation Room on floor one of a building beside the headquarters.

After closing the iron gate of the Interrogation Room, the four soldiers stood outside, leaving Zhang Tie alone in the cell.

No matter what, the environment here was a hundred times better than in the black cell of that smelly underground floor 3.

The sunlight came in through a narrow window two meters off the ground. Standing under it, Zhang Tie kept his eyes closed and head raised up. He seemed to be enjoying calmly basking in the warm rays of the sun.

If everything went well, the mixed division of 25 thousand people led by Colonel Leibniz under the flagship of the Norman Empire's Iron-Horn Army would be stationed in Blackhot City. Was that the prelude to the chaotic world that Zerom had mentioned?

Thinking of his parents' terrified expressions when he was taken away yesterday, Zhang Tie felt painful inside once again.

...

When Captain Quin returned to the prison of Blackhot City, he found several new faces, one among which was a bastard of the Military Administration of Blackhot City, while the others were from the Scouts Camp. The bastard from the Military Administration looked embarrassed while the guys from the Scouts Camp looked infuriated.

At the sight of Captain Quin, the newcomers hurriedly saluted him.

'What are they doing in my place?'

Because of Zhang Tie's affair, Captain Quin didn't look good. So he asked without any emotion, "What's up?"

"Sorry to bother you, Captain Quin, yesterday, the Military Administration had someone escort a Chinese youth called Zhang Tie here. There might be a misunderstanding, so we come here to take him away!"

Saying this, the second lieutenant took out the authorization certificate signed by the Military Administration and gave it to Captain Quin.

"Sorry, this person is not in the prison any more!" Captain Quin said without any mood to be bothered anymore.

"What? Is he dead?"

A young soldier of Scouts Camp moved one step forward, almost falling down onto the ground. Talking with a superior at such a short distance was forbidden under normal circumstances. However, this time, looking at this emotional young soldier who even had a wound on his leg, Captain Quin didn't care about his move and asked out of curiosity, "Do you know each other?"

Seemingly having realized his rudeness, Salvey became a bit more clear-minded. "Sir, that youth saved my life several days ago. Because I was carrying out a task at that time, I didn't have a chance to thank him. However, when I visited his home today, I was told he was set up and sent to the prison..." Salvey briefly explained what had happened.

"Is the brat in the headquarter?"

"Yes, he is!"

...

Colonel Leibniz found this story very interesting: a youth who was born and grew up in a remote place like Blackhot City could gain the attention of the Battle God and became close with people in his division. The entire affair was funny. When he went back to Nordinburg, he would definitely use this as a good topic. The noble women in Nordinburg greatly enjoyed listening to these kinds of interesting stories full of legendary events in remote places. Thinking of this, Colonel Leibniz picked himself up from his chair and said, "Let's go for a look!"

Several minutes later, he met Zhang Tie.

In Zhang Tie's eyes, this was a 50-odd year man with a big abdomen, half gray hair, and a mustache, wearing a military uniform.

Colonel Leibniz only asked Zhang Tie one question. "Tell me, how could you ignite three burning points and form the Iron-Blood hidden strength in two months?"

This question was very straightforward. When Zhang Tie was chased down by the wild wolves and jumped into the black hole, he was only a LV 1 warrior. Nobody knew when he had ignited his Shrine burning point. Therefore, the only fact that could be certified was that Zhang Tie had ignited three burning points and improved by three levels in two months.

Knowing that he would face this question sooner or later, Zhang Tie had long prepared his answer.

"When I started the loner's survival training, I had already almost ignited the second burning point. On the fifth day since I started my loners' survival training, it rained heavily in the Wild Wolf Valley. When I hid from the rain, I was struck by a lightning bolt.

"After waking up, I found that I could ignite my burning points faster than before, while also having a greater strength. Besides, I could improve the Iron-Blood Fist that I had been cultivating at much quicker pace!"

Zhang Tie's answer made Colonel Leibniz very satisfied. In his eyes, the only reasonable explanation for Zhang Tie's affair would be related to the series of physical mutations and weird abilities after being struck by a lightning bolt.

This was not rare. In medicine, those guys having weird abilities after being struck by a lightning bolt even had an exclusive appellation - Post-Lightning Stroke Savant Syndrome!

Colonel Leibniz felt that Zhang Tie's reply made the story that he was going to tell even more interesting. Although a low proportion of people could form Iron-Blood hidden strength, across the entire No. 39 Division, there were still roughly 200 soldiers who had formed it. So it was not that exceptional for Zhang Tie to form Iron-Blood hidden strength.

A LV 4 warrior, even if having experienced something strange and formed Iron-Blood hidden strength, would still not be able to attract the attention of Colonel Leibniz, so the colonel didn't really favor him because he had formed Blood-Iron hidden strength at such a young age. However, in the entire Norman Empire's army, no commander or general would refuse having one more soldier being favored and looked upon by the Battle God.

"Lucky brat, I declare that you have been recruited by the Norman Empire's Iron-Horn Army. According to the laws of the Norman Empire, you've become a member of the No. 39 Division.

"In the Norman Empire's army, all the lucky dogs favored by the Battle God will start their brilliant service career from the rank of second lieutenant. Therefore, you are now the youngest second lieutenant of No. 39 Division..."

Colonel Leibniz felt that he had really come up with a great idea, which could make his story in Nordinburg even more splendid and attractive. Besides, it could make him greater in the eyes of the noblewomen and prevent others from finding faults in him.

After talking to Zhang Tie, he turned his head and ordered his adviser, "You, take him to finish the entry formalities in the afternoon. Send him to the Iron-Blood Camp and find some tough guys for him. Don't let this brat die in his first battle!"

Finished, Colonel Leibniz didn't care about Zhang Tie's dumbfounded look and turned, intending to leave. However, when he arrived at the door, he seemed to have thought of something since he turned back and asked, "Oh, lucky brat, what's your name?"

"Zhang Tie..."

Colonel Leibniz then mumbled his name twice, seemingly intending to remember it.

The colonel went far off in the distance, but Zhang Tie was still stunned. Second lieutenant, he had become a second lieutenant of the Norman Empire...

Cough... Cough...

Upon hearing the coughs of the adviser left by Colonel Leibniz, Zhang Tie recovered his composure.

Chapter 158: Iron-Blood Second Lieutenant

In the next ten minutes, with the guidance of the adviser left by Colonel Leibniz, Zhang Tie took a round of the offices of the Headquarters of No. 39 Division. He also filled out some forms so all the staff in the Headquarter's learned that Colonel Leibniz had recruited a birdie officer today: it was a birdie born and grown in Blackhot City and a lucky dog who was struck by lightning bolts, which resulted in him suffering from Post-Lightning Stroke Savant Syndrome at the age of 15.

Since Blackhot City now belonged to the Norman Empire and Zhang Tie was a citizen of the Norman Empire who was over 15, according to the laws and traditions, Colonel Leibniz had the right to recruit him to the army. Additionally, across the entire Norman Empire, anyone who had formed the Iron-Blood hidden strength would at least gain the rank of second lieutenant if they joined the army. So Zhang Tie became the first birdie soldier that No. 39 Division had recruited in Blackhot City, and the youngest second lieutenant in the entire division.

As was expected, Zhang Tie's affair became a hot topic for military officers in the Headquarter of No. 39 Division. The thing that he had saved a soldier of the Norman Empire was known by all in here, by which alone many had good impressions of him.

In addition, people who knew Colonel Leibniz's temperament and habits assumed that the brat Zhang Tie had become a funny 'toy' to the man. This then could bring the colonel some funny short stories and topics to talk about when he returns, consolidating Colonel Leibniz image of a funny and informed person in the eyes of the noble women in the wine parties and salons held in Nordinburg. Those topics might even bring Colonel Leibniz some good nights. Everything was very simple.

After handling the formalities in the Headquarters, Second Lieutenant Vessie, the adviser of Colonel Leibniz bought a car, stopping it before the gates of the Headquarters' building and inviting Zhang Tie in.

"Where are we going?" Zhang Tie asked.

"The Logistics Department first. After that, I'll take you to the Iron-Blood Camp to register..." adviser Vessie answered.

Zhang Tie then sat in the convertible military SUV before it drove away.

The moment they drove outside the gates, Zhang Tie caught sight of several familiar faces out the window.

"Stop!" he hurriedly exclaimed.

With a sound of 'Zhi...', adviser Vessie parked the car.

"I'm sorry, I just saw some friends and my elder brother. They might still be worried about me and are waiting for me outside the gates of the Headquarters. I'll go greet them and tell them what is going on!"

While being in the Headquarters, Zhang Tie had learned that a scout of the Norman Empire called Salvey, whom he had saved before, was running around trying to locate him since he was arrested.

Zhang Tie left the car and ran towards the familiar faces. Salvey, Zhang Yang, and some other soldiers were squatting under a tree in a parterre beside the gate, seemingly waiting for Zhang Tie to be released.

Of course, places like the Headquarters would not allow several common soldiers and civilians in for free. Even knowing that Zhang Tie was inside, they could still only wait outside. No matter what, for them, it would okay if Zhang Tie was safe.

They were chatting under the tree, not having the slightest inkling that Zhang Tie might abruptly run at them from another direction.

"Elder brother!" Zhang Tie exclaimed, running towards them.

Zhang Yang's head swiveled to the side, and he saw his brother running over to him. He immediately jumped up from the ground and strode towards Zhang Tie. Pulling the boy into his hands, Zhang Yang was full of excitement and concern. "Are you okay?"

"I'm okay, of course I'm okay!"

Zhang Tie smiled and patted his elder brother's hands so as to comfort him.

Not until then did Zhang Yang's constricted heart finally relax.

Salvey also walked towards them in an impaired way, followed by Miller, Harley, and two other strange faces.

Letting go of his elder brother's hands, Zhang Tie gave Salvey an embrace. After that, he lightly punched Salvey's chest. "I was cheated by you."

Salvey smirked. "If I wore this military uniform, would you have saved me?"

"I would've, of course I would've saved you! After striking you and making you pass out, I would've sent you back to the Wild Wolf Castle. Then I would have become a hero..."

Zhang Tie burst out laughing, then greeted Miller, Harley, and some other people whom he had seen once before. At that time, he had only felt these guys weird, but unexpectedly, they were scouts of the Norman Empire, who were there cleaning path for the army.

In merely one month, Blackhot City had experienced a groundbreaking change. Every resident became the citizen of the Norman Empire. Therefore, their previous estrangement due to different nationalities did not exist anymore, not even considering that Zhang Tie having saved Salvey's life.

Happy about Zhang Tie's open character, everybody burst out laughing; they all felt like having had a worthwhile morning.

"Let's go home, dad and mom will definitely be very happy to know you're safe..." Zhang Tie's elder brother said. "Let's go back home together, I'll get bottles of good alcohol, let's enjoy it tonight!"

"Elder brother, you go back first and tell our parents that I'm safe. Don't let them worry about me. I'll come back later!"

"What? What else?"

Zhang Yang was stunned.

"You'll know about it after I come back..."

Since adviser Vessie had pressed on the signal twice already, Zhang Tie was better off ending his conversation. After bidding a farewell to everyone, he ran over and jumped into the SUV. Soon after, the vehicle left, leaving a curtain of dust rising up from the ground.

Seeing his younger brother, who was taken away by the Military Administration staff outside their home yesterday, sit in the SUV and leave Blackhot City at such speed, Zhang Yang started to feel strange about him. He stayed still for quite a while.

"Your younger brother should have really good luck!" Miller smirked.

...

Zhang Tie truly was going to have good luck.

Adviser Vessie drove him directly to the Logistics Base of the No. 39 Division, which was previously a camp of the City Guard but was expropriated now.

Compared to the Headquarters, there were more people in the Norman Empire's military uniforms here, causing it to be more lively. The spacious land in the camp was piled with various large and small dark green crates, marked with Norman Empire's Army's signal, many of which were covered with water-proof tarpaulin.

Adviser Vessie guided Zhang Tie directly into a room marked as Equipment Management Office and submitted a form to a military officer wearing glasses. After peering over it, the officer immediately picked himself up from behind the table.

"Follow me, please..."

After that, he guided Zhang Tie and adviser Vessie into a warehouse on the other side of the camp. Inside, they saw piles of materials and crates.

"Calvin!" the officer shouted out.

Soon after, a fat and oily guy ran out from behind a pile of crates.

Pointing at Zhang Tie, the officer said, "Iron-Blood Camp, second lieutenant, he's been favored by Colonel Leibniz, match him with a suitable set of military uniforms."

After glancing over Zhang Tie, that fat and oily guy looked slightly amazed before saying a series of data, "Height, 178; Weight, 73; well-balanced; a bigger head, 61; shoes' size, 40. Wait a minute please..."

Zhang Tie was dumbfounded. What a pair of sharp eyes! He could figure out the concrete sizes of a person's body only with one glance. That was really great!

Only after two minutes, that guy called Calvin came back to them with two heavy military cases and several crates in hands. After putting them onto the table, he left for another two minutes before returning with several cases and boxes. He then started to introduce these items to Zhang Tie.

"I could only match you with the summer uniforms, informal clothes, and combat training suits along with leather waistbands. Three suits for each. As to underwear and shirts, you have five for each. Second lieutenant is also provided with a pair of leather boots and three pairs of gaiters for combat training.

"Other living necessities are all standard provisions. Here is a list for you. The winter uniforms will be delivered this October. As to your lieutenant's full dress, we're short on it now. You should wait for a couple of days. When it arrives, we'll deliver it together with the next month's living necessities. This package includes your epaulets, collar insignia, and the chest card of Iron-Blood Camp. This box includes the lieutenant-level Sharp-Arrow Type-B Light Defense Armor..."

Calvin reported the items in the luggage and various of crates and boxes like recounting a menu.

'Are these items the provisions for a lieutenant?'

Zhang Tie was dumbfounded. He finally understood how expensive it was to keep an army. What a great amount of expenditure it would take to purchase so many items! Additionally, he learned that the treatment for the second lieutenant of the Norman Empire was much better than that of the second lieutenant of Blackhot City.

It even contained informal dresses, full dresses, and combat training suits; three of each. Besides, it included boots.

Zhang Tie realized that soldiers had a pretty high status in the Norman Empire, which could never be matched by the soldiers in the Andaman Alliance. Compared to the soldiers of the Norman Empire, those of the Andaman Alliance were more like a group of bodyguards and courtyard guardians for rich men.

"After a while, we will go to the Iron-Blood Camp. You can put on an set of informal clothes..." adviser Vessie suggested.

"Here?"

"Yes, here!"

"Can I take a bath? You know I stayed in the prison last night. That was a not a clean place!" Zhang Tie explained in an embarrassed way.

Captain Vessie didn't speak but looked at the officer of the Logistics Base with a pair of inquiring eyes.

"Calvin, take him for a bath..."

Hearing the order, Calvin took Zhang Tie to the bathroom of this Camp, where Zhang Tie took a good bath.

His clothes were were still the same with which he returned from the survival training. So after last night's experience in the dark 'club' on the underground floor 3, besides being dirty, they even had numerous fleas, making them not only itchy but also have bad luck of those in the cell.

Zhang Tie of course would not bring these bad items back home.

So he threw that entire set of clothes from top to feet, including a pair of socks with two holes in them along with the pair of heavily worn shoes into the trash bin in the bathroom. After finishing the bath, he put on the new uniform of a soldier of the Norman Empire, which included socks, underwear, vest, informal dress and boots.

...

Chapter 159: Clothes Make a Man

Men usually took baths very fast. Only a bit over ten minutes later, Zhang Tie already stood in front of Second Lieutenant Vessie in a set of fresh new clothes and shiny sheepskin boots. At the sight of him, everybody was stunned. Not only them, even Zhang Tie himself could never believe that the handsome youth in the mirror was him.

That youth in the mirror had white and smooth skin, tender yet distinct features. The black and silky hair indicated his abundant nutrition and great vitality. Although he was not tall not too tough looking, he was very balanced. All the lines and proportions of his body displayed the special adolescence and perfection of the young. But despite that youthful look, there was a certain air of maturity about him.

To tell the truth, since the start of the survival training, Zhang Tie had not used a mirror. So he had no idea that he was absolutely different from that poor youth from several months ago after eating a pile of Leakless Fruits, Iron-body Fruits, Trouble-Reappearance Fruits, and Wild Wolf Seven-Strength Fruits.

He looked very reserved now. Besides that, he was distant and noble. And those qualities seemed as if they had been with him since he was born.

It was especially made to look so by that set of dark red informal dress of the Norman Empire's lieutenant, as well as the pair of boots. The former was made of a good material, while the latter was

something that Zhang Tie had never worn before, and the two together made him shine as brilliant as a polished jewel.

Honestly, when he caught sight of that image in the mirror, the first thought that came to his mind was not delight, but jealousy. After realizing that he was envying himself, his heart then filled to the brim with a sense of excitement.

Zhang Tie turned round and round before the mirror for at least two minutes before finally confirming that the guy with a pretty nice look in the mirror was truly him. He then grimaced to himself in the mirror and left the bathroom.

The moment Zhang Tie came out, he attracted all the other soldiers' attention, who were were also wearing dark red military uniforms of the Norman Empire.

When he stopped before adviser Vessie, Calvin, and that military officer of the Logistics Base, the three guys who were smoking and chatting immediately popped out their eyes with mouths wide-open. At the same time, adviser Vessie's tobacco fell to the ground. Neither of them had imagined that the previous dirty person would turn into a handsome youth that now stood in front of them.

"You're... Zhang Tie?" adviser Vessie asked to confirm it.

"I also realize that I'm very handsome in military uniforms, this set looks like it was specially customized to suit me! No envy!" Zhang Tie spoke in a witty way like before.

Adviser Vessie's eyes glittered, and it was hard to say what he was thinking about.

Calvin ran to Zhang Tie and buckled everything to his uniform: the collar insignia, epaulets, and chest badges. He then helped Zhang Tie put on his military cap that was specially designed for second lieutenants and buckled his cap badge before fastening the waistband around Zhang Tie's waist.

When he was done, Zhang Tie was like a brilliant person that had walked out of a painting.

Calvin burst out laughing and said, "Brat, since I've begun doing this earlier, I could sense that this would end in a great achievement!"

"Colonel Leibniz really has special vision!" After watching Zhang Tie for awhile, the military officer of the Logistics Base also praised with his eyes on adviser Vessie, "This man is born to wear military uniforms! I've never seen anyone so suited to them..."

Previously, this military officer was just taking Zhang Tie's affair as a public affair, therefore, he treated him solemnly; however, now, he treated Zhang Tie much more enthusiastically. Perhaps, as Calvin had said, it could truly bring a sense of achievement to a person when he saw a poor youth becoming brilliant right in front of him.

"Have you chosen your weapon?" that military officer asked Zhang Tie.

"No!"

"Then, let's go to the arsenal to select a proper weapon for you!"

Soon after, the four people entered the arsenal of the Logistics Base.

A lieutenant of the Norman Empire could own three weapons: a uniformed dagger, an imperial long sword, and one another. The long sword was a ceremonial requirement for attending special occasions for every military officer.

Besides the two aforementioned weapons, the last one was determined by the troop the lieutenant was in and his concrete position. The third weapon was called the main battle weapon. For instance, besides the two previous weapons, a commander of a pike matrix would always own a customized long pike as his main battle weapon; the military officers of the Iron-Horn Cavalries would choose a heavy saber or a long pike; while soldiers and military officers who were carrying out special tasks would even choose machine bows or common bows.

The types of dagger and long sword were singular, but when selecting his next one, Zhang Tie became dumbfounded.

The arsenal of No. 39 Division widely broadened his vision since besides crates of uniformed weapons, there were also various long and short cold weapons that Zhang Tie had never seen before. They dazzled him.

Unexpectedly, when he scanned over the weapons, he just passed by the light weapons without even giving them a second look, he instead became obsessed with the heavy and large ones. Looking at Zhang Tie's figure, the other three people started to doubt whether he could even move them or not.

Finally, after circling half of the colossal arsenal, Zhang Tie saw an item on the shelf. Eyes turning shiny, he hurriedly walked towards it.

It was a set of lances, similar to the ones he'd used in the survival training, placed in a cylinder which was longer than one meter. However, the first difference was that this set of javelins were completely made of metal, instead of being composed of a wooden handle and steel head. The second difference was that the heads of the lances that he used in survival training were as sharp as needles, but the heads of these ones were triangular and much larger.

Zhang Tie pulled one out and weighed it. He felt that it was at least 13 kg and was roughly 10 cm longer than the ones he'd used before. It felt much more suitable.

To him, the previous lances were akin to straws. Those light sticks did not match his present strength or help him exert his maximal fighting force anymore.

These javelins' bodies were composed of different sections, each section of different width due to the principles of aerodynamics. The sections with different widths felt much more coherent. Holding the lance, Zhang Tie even sensed a fighting spirit from it. Besides, he could feel the delicate anti-slippery patterns on its body.

All in all, if the previous lances were regarded as the previous Zhang Tie, these lances were like the present him; the latter version was much better than the earlier one.

"Do these items belong to one set?" Zhang Tie pointed at the cylinder and asked.

Whether looking at the modeling, the workmanship, or the texture, this cylinder used to contain the lances was dozens of times better than the one he'd used during the survival training.

"Yes, these items belong to one set, but..."

"Can't I select them?" Zhang Tie immediately asked.

"No, precisely, these items were not made for individuals but for the Iron-Horn cavalry. Several years ago, the imperial weapons manufacturing department produced these items, planning to use them to arm the Iron-Horn cavalry. They wanted to see the power of the Iron-Horn cavalry when it had the help of these javelins. However, after giving them out to the troop, the end result was really poor..."

"How could that be? I feel that they're great!"

"The Iron-Horn cavalry felt that these items were too heavy. If they were equipped on the Iron-Horn beasts, it would slow the speed and weaken the endurance of the animal as well as the agility of the whole troop.

"In addition, if these javelins were to display their true power, they would have to be thrown with a great power, yet could not reach too far. This would pose extremely high requirements to the personal strength of the cavalrymen.

"If only a few of them could do that, they could hardly threaten their opponents. Additionally, it was much more difficult for them to throw javelins as precisely as shooting arrows from a common or machine bow.

"If throwing weapons were needed, most of the Iron-Horn Cavalry would prefer axes instead of javelins. Therefore, several days later, as the troop didn't have a high evaluation of these javelins, the plan to equip the Iron-Horn beasts with javelins was aborted. The remainder was left here several years ago!" the military officer of the Logistics Base patiently explained to Zhang Tie.

"Fine, I'll take it!"

Saying this, Zhang Tie took the cylinder which contained nine identical javelins. He didn't know that such as simple move stimulated the eyelids of the other people beside him to jump crazily.

There was a total of nine javelins inside the container, each of which weighted 12.6 kg. That, added with the weight of the container which was made of aluminum alloy, steel wire, and leather, weighed roughly 120 kg in total. Many people would hardly even lift it using two hands, while this youth took them with only one hand. That was really an amazing strength he possessed.

Zhang Tie didn't realize that after eating nine Wild Wolf Seven-Strength Fruits, he had gained nine wild wolves' strengths in his body. That meant that the total weight of this equipment was shared by nine wild wolves, over 10 kg for each. And for a wild wolf, was this a heavy weight?

Additionally, Zhang Tie was already a LV 4 warrior. Although the container felt a bit heavy in his hand, it was not too difficult for him to hold it.

After exchanging glances with each other, both adviser Vessie and that military officer of the Logistics Base saw great amazement in the others' eyes.

Recruited by Colonel Leibniz, the youngest lieutenant in the entire division, part of the Iron-Blood Camp, having extremely great strength, excellent looks, elusive fighting force—when all these conditions were

combined into one person, Zhang Tie, that military officer of the Logistics Base immediately realized that this youth before him might be a successful and worthy investment.

"Strictly, these lances are like arrows and easily worn away, so they're not main battle weapons. I can present them to you if you like..." The military officer's of the Logistics Base eyes became warmer. "You seem to have a great strength, perhaps you can try a special lieutenant-level item that others could not use..."

Zhang Tie's curiosity was immediately piqued.

Chapter 160: The Super-Heavy Battle Sword

When the military officer fetched the item that had been placed here for a long time, he introduced himself to Zhang Tie. "Karak, first lieutenant of the Logistics Base of No. 39 Division. My position is medium-ranked. Since I neither had any contacts among big figures nor could be promoted by battle experience, so I ended up as a bad luck civil official who can only defend the warehouse and deal with the chores in the Logistics Base."

As for his kind hint, of course Zhang Tie could hear it. So he also made an official introduction to first lieutenant Karak and that slippery Calvin, expressing his thanks for their help today.

Afterwards, the atmosphere became more harmonious.

Standing aside, adviser Vessie changed his opinion of Zhang Tie as the boy's quick-mind completely overthrew the advisers notion of those who had formed Blood-Iron hidden strength. Across No. 39 Division, all the guys who had formed it were violent maniacs with cruel personalities. They were either bad-tempered or as hard and icy as stones. People who had formed Iron-Blood Fist skill yet were as kind as Zhang Tie were rarely seen—how could the Battle God favor such people?

Adviser Vessie couldn't understand it, however, this didn't prevent him from having a good impression of Zhang Tie. Perhaps such a guy could really become famous in No. 39 Division.

Calvin finally fetched something out of the piles of items using a hand-pushed forklift that was used to transport items in the warehouse. He pulled it in front of them.

At the sight of this item, Zhang Tie's eyes also popped out as this weapon was way too exaggerated.

It was a truly huge sword in a terrifying shape. Compared with it, all the long swords that Zhang Tie had seen, even the largest one that he had seen, were like toothpicks before a chopstick.

This sword was as large as a weapon used by giants. Lying on the forklift, it was definitely longer than 2 m, which meant if it was put down point first on the ground, it'd be taller than Zhang Tie.

"This super-heavy battle sword is a non-uniformed lieutenant-level main battle weapon made by weapon craftsmen when blood rushed to their heads. It weighs 358 kg. Nobody can wave it among all the lieutenants of No. 39 Division!" First Lieutenant Karak introduced the weapon.

"If lieutenants can have it, then higher ranked military officers can definitely have it too?" Zhang Tie asked out of curiosity.

"Field officers' weapons would be made of superior materials. When you are promoted to a field officer, if you like this kind of heavy main battle weapon, you can definitely have one made using better materials. This is the privilege of imperial field officers. This weapon is mainly made of LV 2 tungsten-manganese alloy steel, while imperial field officers are entitled to use LV 3 special alloy!" Adviser Vessie explained. "When you enter the army, you will gradually understand these things!"

Staring at that battle sword of 358 kg, Zhang Tie felt his blood boiling. If Karak and Vessie knew why it did so, they would pass out right away.

'Donder said that if there's a benefit to be gained, and you didn't take it, you'd be a bastard. As for such a special weapon, even if I don't use it, it's still worth a lot of money if I sell it in an emergency! LV 2 tungsten-manganese alloy steel shouldn't be average!

This was what Zhang Tie really considered at this moment. Such a super-heavy battle sword was a great benefit waiting for him to pick it up. If he did that, he would own it.

Therefore, Zhang Tie felt his blood boiling in his body. He then put the cylinder of lances to the side. After taking a deep breath, he walked in front of the hand-pushed forklift. With his hands, he took hold of the handle of the 358 kgs' battle sword.

The handle was like a stout stick composed of compressed dough-like ducks' eggs. As the four sides of the handle were covered with wavy grains, it was definitely anti-slippery. It was roughly 40 cm in length which could be grasped by two hands.

The blade part was designed much simpler. The armguard that connected the handle and the blade of the sword was a square steel alloy board which was as large as a small shield. It alone would weigh at least 30 kg, having over 20 cm of blade inside.

One side of the blade was plain and sharp-edged, undergone anti-rust treatment, while the other was saw-toothed and glittering with icy lights. Besides that, the blood grooves on the blade were as wide as a person's thumb. If one was slashed by such a fierce weapon, it was easy to imagine the outcome.

The only problem now was who could use it.

When Zhang Tie took hold of that super-heavy battle sword, Karak, Vessie, and Calvin's hearts started pounding.

One reason that Karak had fetched this super-heavy battle sword was to check Zhang Tie's real strength.

With the handle in his hands, Zhang Tie gradually increased the output of his strength...

When those 358 kg of the battle sword started leaving the forklift with the sound of 'Ge zhi' from the spring and hydraulic supporting the rod beneath the forklift, Karak, Vessie, and Calvin's eyes immediately popped out.

It was heavy, very heavy, but it was still within Zhang Tie's physical limit. If he tried to hold it only using one hand, that would be too presumptuous. So he brought it up with both hands and wove it in the air as if slashing someone. Right, slashing someone.

Seeing Zhang Tie slashing with the super-heavy battle sword, the three guys were really scared, hurriedly jumping away.

Zhang Tie moved so fast that a killing wind could even be felt when he raised it to the top of his head and slashed down before steadily stopping it half a foot above the ground, causing the dust on the ground to be blown away by the air flow produced by the blade.

He burst out laughing. Since he ate the nine Wild Wolf Seven-Strength Fruits, he had not been as cool as today.

This battle sword was heavy, able to completely make use of the nine wild wolves' strengths in Zhang Tie's body. Slashing with, Zhang Tie felt like doing a very interesting physical exercise. Although it was a bit hard, he found it very fun and pretty cool, especially when he saw the other three people's faces turn pale.

All men longed for great strength. With the powerful sword in his hands, Zhang Tie found it very interesting to exert his strength. It brought him a sense of achievement.

"Hu...hu...hu..."

Zhang Tie slashed with the huge sword of 358 kg, causing continual weird sounds. The other people hurriedly moved a couple more steps back.

After slashing for about half a minute, Zhang Tie intended to put down that battle sword. After loosening his grip, it fell to the ground, making a small pit and several cracks on the cement ground.

"I feel this battle sword is very proper!"

When Zhang Tie hefted the battle sword of 358 kg and walked out of the arsenal, he attracted the attention of all the passers-by in the Logistics Base. Adviser Vessie helped him by carrying the container of the lances which weighed more than 100 kg, while Karak and Calvin aided in loading the packages and that crate with the set of Sharp-Arrow Type-B Light Armor on the the back seats of the vehicle.

These items, in total, would weigh more than half a ton. After putting them in the vehicle, the chassis seemed even lower than before.

At this moment, Zhang Tie felt like he'd robbed several stores on the street. The sense of free selection was really cool.

He started to feel really well about being a citizen of the Norman Empire...

After thanking Karak and Calvin, Zhang Tie bid farewell to them and got on the vehicle. Afterwards, he left the Logistics Base along with adviser Vessie.

"Officer, I feel that this brat will become someone great one day!" the short and slippery Calvin said to Karak after seeing off Zhang Tie.

Karak nodded, feeling that what he did today would bring him great returns. As for freaks like Zhang Tie, it would be weirder for them not to become outstanding.

"Where are we going?" Zhang Tie asked adviser Vessie, who was driving.

"To register in the Iron-Blood Camp, then coming back to the Headquarters. I'm sure Colonel Leibniz will want to know how you look in an imperial military uniform.

"Can you tell me something about the Iron-Blood Camp?" Zhang Tie asked.

"Have you seen those idiot senior fighters who just stand still with arms crossed behind big gang-like brothers, exposing their tattooed and developed muscles to others?" Adviser Vessie turned his head and asked Zhang Tie. "There should also be gangs like this in Blackhot City."

"Yes, I've seen them?"

"Iron-Blood Camp is full of those kind of fighters, those who would even perform as part-time dare-to-die corps..."

Zhang Tie became speechless...

Most of the barracks left by the City Guard, who'd been given a holiday to wait for updates at home, had been occupied by the No. 39 Division. The barracks of Iron-Blood Camp were in the east of Blackhot City. Coincidentally, it was where Zhang Tie's elder brother's regiment had been stationed.

Besides the soldiers standing guard outside the entrance, when Zhang Tie arrived at the headquarters of Iron-Blood Camp, he saw few people walking about. Those he did see inside presented two extremes.

One pile of careless-looking people were lazily lying around the grassland with sunglasses on. Some of them had even fastened soft beds between trees; sleeping in them, they stretched their hairy legs outside the hammocks. While others were playing cards and exclaiming under trees, seemingly gambling. They were like playboys from rich families enjoying a holiday.

In contrast to these scenes, some guys were training extremely hard on the training ground. Zhang Tie saw dozens of tough guys practicing Lying-Tiger Move with sweat running down their backs in torrents; the skin on their backs had also peeled off from the scorching rays of the sun and must have felt like it was on fire.

The guys here didn't seem to care about anything as the arrival of Zhang Tie and adviser Vessie didn't attract their attention whatsoever.

Adviser Vessie seemed to have seen this scene numerous times, so he didn't find anything weird about it. Taking Zhang Tie into an office, he briefly explained his reason for coming to an on-duty military officer and gave Zhang Tie's file to him. After that, he introduced Zhang Tie to that officer before giving the youth two keys for his officer's dorm and a pass card. By then, Zhang Tie had finished his registration in the Iron-Blood Camp.

"The holiday of Iron-Blood Camp will end in five days. You have to come here then to greet boss Reinhardt. During these days, you can do whatever you want. You can also stir up trouble if you're not afraid of being caught by those bastards of the military police or being remembered by others who'll find you here!"

Here, even the on-duty officer looked lazy.

The lieutenants' dorm was not bad. It was located in a six floor building beside the training ground. There was a small garden underneath it. Outside the entrance of the officers' dorm building was sentry box with soldiers watching inside.

Each floor was matched with a service platform and servicewomen. Zhang Tie's dorm was in Room No. 508, floor 5. It was a single room with less than 30 square meters, wooden floor, and matched with an independent washing room where he could take a bath. There was also a steam-heated system, a bed, a table, a wardrobe, a shoe rack, a safe, and a weapon and helmet hanger.

Zhang Tie had place enough to leave all of his luggage in here; it was surely like a hotel. As for the two keys, one was for the door, the other was for the safe inside the room.

The status of a military officer of the Norman Empire was fully displayed here.

Adviser Vessie and Zhang Tie ran two rounds before taking up all of his belongings upstairs and placing them inside the room.

When leaving the Iron-Blood Camp together with adviser Vessie, Zhang Tie suddenly felt that there was something weird with the service platform. He remembered that no female workers could be seen in the military officers' dorms of the City Guard of Blackhot City. If women were thrown into the pile of tough guys, it would be no different from throwing a lamb into a pack of wolves.

"What are the servicewomen there for?"

"Servicewomen?"

Vessie stared at Zhang Tie with a puzzled look, not sure what he had meant.

"I mean those women standing behind the service platforms on each floor!" Zhang Tie explained himself.

Adviser Vessie then finally understood.

"I was confused there for a moment. Those women are not servicewomen. They're guilty slaves that stay with the army. The Norman Empire gave them a chance to reduce their guilt by providing manual labor and other services!"

After saying that, adviser Vessie glanced at Zhang Tie. "As a military officer of the Norman Empire, if you do not wish to play them to death, you can order them to do everything you want. Remember, everything. This is also welfare for the Norman Empire's military officers."

Zhang Tie was not a kid any more, so he immediately understood adviser Vessie's words. These guilty slaves that lived with the army were playing two roles: living servants and military prostitutes. They had no dignity at all.

Zhang Tie's heart pounded as he thought of the women. Today's fantastic experience almost made him forget that the Norman Empire was a hierarchical monarchy which had its icy and hard side...

Just moment ago, he had become a member of the huge and hard system of this empire.

Adviser Vessie seemed to understand that Zhang Tie would have trouble adapting to some aspects of the Norman Empire's system. After all, there was a great difference between the one he had lived his whole life with and the one he found himself in now.

"I wonder, have you heard a proverb of Emperor Felix?" adviser Vessie asked Zhang Tie while driving the car.

"What proverb?"

"Hierarchy is order, order is beauty!"

The steam-driven car drove Zhang Tie away through the streets of Blackhot City, leaving dust flying in the air...