

## Black Iron 171

### Chapter 171: Rules of the Iron-Blood Camp

August 6th, 889th year of Black Iron Calendar, Iron-Blood Camp's station, Blackhot City.

Compared to the scene when he came here five days ago, this time, the entire Iron-Blood Camp's station was over ten times more boisterous.

Zhang Tie had put on the handsome dark red military uniform of a second lieutenant. After foisting the bottom of the trousers' legs into the shiny boots and lowering the brim of his military hat, he looked sharper. With a long sword at his waist, Zhang Tie presented his certificate to the sentry and entered the station of the Iron-Blood Camp, gaining the attention of all the soldiers passing by him in the station.

This morning, adviser Vessie had driven Zhang Tie here. After that, the adviser drove away, unable not to mumble to himself, "After merely five days, how can he feel much sharper than before..."

Of course, adviser Vessie didn't know that in the past five days since he parted with Zhang Tie, the latter had already eaten a Fruit of Brilliance, which surged his spiritual energy by three times. Also, last night, Zhang Tie had eaten another Leakless Fruit, which stimulated the fourth burning point on his spine to radiate yellow light. If nothing unexpected happened, next month on this day, Zhang Tie would become a LV 5 warrior after igniting two more burning points.

The Leakless Fruit increased his burning points at a frightening speed. So Zhang Tie was considering whether he should be low-key, leaving several ripe Leakless Fruits on the small tree, when he entered the Iron-Blood Camp. If he encountered any situation where he would be bled or something damaged his vigor, each Leakless Fruit on the small tree could act as an emergency first-aid kit.

Zhang Tie thought it over for awhile and gradually considered it's usefulness. In the end, when he almost reached the Division's Building of the Iron-Blood Camp, he decided to temporarily not pick ripe Leakless Fruits anymore in the following four weeks so that he could save up several emergency first-aid kits for himself. As he was not familiar with the Iron-Blood Camp of No. 39 Division, it was not bad to hide his real force.

Donder said that each army in any region had their own unwritten special regulations which influenced and were followed by each soldier. Sometimes, even the superior's words were not as important as these unwritten regulations. You could not acquire the agreement of the colleagues in the army with only a position appointed by the superior.

When adviser Vessie left just now, he also warned Zhang Tie to be careful about those army ruffians. If they continuously filed suits about you to Colonel Leibniz for trivial things, it would not be very glorious.

Knowing that there must be someone who detested him, the newly promoted second lieutenant, head of Platoon Three, Company Five of the Iron-Blood Camp, Zhang Tie had well prepared to face the challenges. However, he had not imagined that the challenges would come so fast.

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"Are you that boy toy struck by the lightning bolt?"

Unexpectedly, Zhang Tie saw three tough guys snigger at him with arms crossed, standing in front of him on the way to the office area of the Division's Building.

Zhang Tie glanced over their ranks first—they were all sergeants. Among the Iron-Horn Army, sergeants were all LV 5 warriors with rich battle experience. These guys usually performed as team leaders under platoon heads. They were the backbones of teams under the platoon head.

These alleged backbones was a role that you needed to crack down on. If you could not do so, they were then called - trouble makers or army ruffians!

"Don't you need show respect when you see your superior?" Zhang Tie calmly asked.

Hearing Zhang Tie's words, the three guys, the shortest among whom was half a head taller than Zhang Tie, exchanged glances among themselves before bursting out laughing, as if having heard a good joke.

"Brat, you know where you are? Here is the Iron-Blood Camp of No. 39 Division, the casualties of which could rank top five in the entire Iron-Horn Army. According to the rules here, the only one who deserves our respect is boss Reinhardt. You want us to show respect to you? Have you even completely grown your pubic hair yet?"

They then burst out laughing again, casting contemptuous eyes at Zhang Tie.

Zhang Tie felt embarrassed. He rubbed his face and stared at these arrogant guys. "Fine, since it is the rule of the Iron-Blood Camp, I will then follow that rule here. Additionally, since you asked, I will tell you that I've completely grown my pubic hair. However, as you are not women, I'm sorry, I won't show them to you. Even if you were three women, I would still not show you my pubic hair, either, considering your looks!"

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Many bored military officers were leaning against the windowsills of the Division's Building of the Iron-Blood Camp, watching Zhang Tie's confrontation with the three army ruffians. With sounds of "Puchi...", they guffawed, unable to stand it anymore.

"Boss, this brat is very interesting..."

"It's really my first time seeing anyone in the entire No. 39 Division dare to declare that the three guys look ugly!"

"I've read this brat's records in Blackhot City. I found that this brat was very talkative, able to even confuse the truth. Additionally, his temperament is not bad. I like him. If this brat cannot stay in the company anymore, just dispatch him to us, the department of general affairs. I'll arrange for him to argue with the bastards in the logistics department and the headquarters to prevent him from losing his life..."

Zhang Tie didn't know who was saying this upstairs, but with that person's words, many people upstairs started to have a good feeling about him and came to his side.

The relationships between people were that marvelous. Sometimes, someone would like you only by your words instead of having to look at you. Of course, sometimes it was the exactly opposite...

Standing before the window was a tough man with golden hair of around 40 years. With the beard covering most of his face, the person in the lieutenant colonel uniform was biting a big cigar. None of the buttons on his coat were buckled, and even some on his shirt were left unbuckled too.

If he was another commoner, people would consider him a drunk with untidy clothes. However, now this person revealed his natural fierce and heroic aura by dressing this way. This man was Reinhardt, the head of the Iron-Blood Camp.

Seeing Zhang Tie downstairs, Reinhardt revealed a shadow of a smile— at least this brat assigned by colonel Leibniz was much more interesting than those bastards who came to the Iron-Blood Camp to make money...

Hearing Zhang Tie's joke, all the unscrupulous military officers upstairs burst out laughing loudly while the three guys who were holding Zhang Tie back turned purple.

"Brat, do you know the outcome of insulting the three of us?"

The three men walked one step forward at the same time, immediately surrounding Zhang Tie while making sounds of 'Pa pa' by pinching their fingers.

"If I treat you honestly, does it mean I'm insulting you?" Zhang Tie said with amazement, staring at them seriously. "Then, I'm sorry about what I've said, actually you look very beautiful. I mean it, you look very beautiful. There is really few man as beautiful as you three. If you were b\*tches, I would definitely show you my pubic hair..."

The scrupulous military officers upstairs laughed so heavily that they started holding their bellies with their hands as they squatted down to the ground, tears almost running down their cheeks. Even Commander Reinhardt's face continually twitched...

"F\*ck, Beckham, I cannot stand it anymore! Even if I'll be put into confinement, I have to beat this brat up today!"

A man on the left of Zhang Tie became infuriated and shouted loudly before punching with his fist towards Zhang Tie's head without any hesitation.

"Beat him!" Another guy also screamed and attacked Zhang Tie almost at the same time. "It's fine as long as we don't beat him to death or cripple him!"

Zhang Tie didn't use his hidden strength at all, instead, he only used his barbarous strength to catch an incoming fist before kicking at the other guy's, who was trying ferociously to kick at him, leg away.

The latter one was immediately kicked two meters away while the first attacker's face immediately twisted as he felt an irresistible strength take hold of his arm.

At the same time Zhang Tie pulled the third person's arm and crashed him onto the first attacker. In a split second, the first attacker and the third attacker crashed into each other and fell to the ground, dazzled.

The battle was over almost in a heartbeat. Seeing what happened, the onlookers upstairs immediately became quiet and turned solemn with their eyes on the three people under the control of Zhang Tie.

"He didn't use his hidden strength!" a military officer said.

"He controlled his strength well!" another added, nodding.

"He has great physical strength!"

A tough military officer became spirited with his eyes on Zhang Tie.

"He has rich battle experience. The kick that he used to send Beckham flying backwards through the air was highly skilled!"

Another military officer nodded.

"Based on his power alone he could win the position of the second lieutenant of Platoon Three under our company!"

Another military officer nodded towards Reinhardt.

"It seems that colonel Leibniz got the right person for us this time!" Reinhardt smiled as he flicked his cigar. "Guderian, go downstairs to call him here, no more playing."

A first lieutenant then walked downstairs.

When Guderian walked downstairs, Reinhardt turned back from the window and seriously glanced over those in the conference room. He then said in a very, very solemn tone, "Who among you would like to try being struck by a lightning bolt? If you're lucky enough, you might form Iron-Blood battle Qi like this brat. I will then transfer my position to you!"

Reinhardt's expression was filled with instigation and amusement, his eyes glittering. If it was anyone else who had said this, everybody would understand that he was joking. However, as it was from the head of the Iron-Blood Camp, everybody knew it to be true. If anyone dared to nod, he would definitely be bundled onto a kite and sent flying in the sky or be directly tied onto a cable and suspended under a cloud with the most lightning bolts.

Battalion commander could definitely do this thing!

Seeing his eyes full with expectation, all the military officers hurriedly lowered their own heads, preferring to hide them closer to their crotches...

After glancing over the conference room, Reinhardt found nobody daring to be that brave, therefore, he let out a deep sigh of disappointment.

Downstairs, the moment Zhang Tie beat the three bad \*sses off, he felt being locked on by many killing intents. The previously boisterous Iron-Blood Camp abruptly recovered its quiet. Soon after, many more guys ran towards him with their weapons while those guys who were lining up, training, or wandering cast their icy eyes onto Zhang Tie all of a sudden.

Seeing 70-80 more guys with bad looks surrounding him and the increasing amount of people running towards him, Zhang Tie finally knew that he had stirred up trouble.

The moment Zhang Tie started to prepare for a ferocious battle, a first lieutenant running downstairs shouted out an explanation. "This is the second lieutenant platoon commander of Platoon Three, Company Five of the Iron-Blood Camp assigned by Colonel Leibniz..." .

"Ha... he's one of us..."

Hearing his words, those guys who had intended to beat Zhang Tie stopped moving forward. Instead, they smiled and departed.

"The three guys dared to provoke a superior; they deserved to be beaten up, hahaha!"

A group of people who had planned to take revenge for Beckham and the other guys who had been beaten up by Zhang Tie started to mock the three awkward guys.

With such a sudden reversal, Zhang Tie immediately felt the collaborative atmosphere of the Iron-Blood Camp. This was an extremely united team that didn't allow their members to be bullied by outsiders.

The military officer who had helped Zhang Tie out of trouble greeted him.

"Follow me up, boss Reinhardt is upstairs!"

Chapter 172: Being Accepted

Zhang Tie knew that it was almost like a dream to have such tough guys who were elder than him, had been serving in the army for longer than him, and had much more battle experience than him to show their respect to him. To tell the truth, these guys looked like tools of violence.

'Do I need to fight them?' Zhang Tie asked himself before a surge of pain distracted him. His d\*ck's wound was acting up again since after circumcision it was still in recovery. If he moved too heavily, it would be ripped again. If that happened, Zhang Tie was uncertain as to when that thing would stop being a mummy.

Between his sexual happiness and those tough guys' obedience, Zhang Tie had to think only for two seconds before choosing the first option.

He was suffering from the wound after circumcision for the time being, while there was still a long time for him to begin getting along with those guys, so he didn't need to show his real force at once. This was the intelligence of the Chinese clan—time tries all.

"When I was coming here just now, first lieutenant Freo suggested for me to stay with you guys. He said that this way we could deepen mutual understanding and get along with each other later. I feel like First Lieutenant Freo was right..."

The moment Zhang Tie opened his mouth, many guys surrounded him with grim smiles. After the three bad \*sses of Beckham's group had suffered a loss, they started to describe how this toy boy was great. Hearing that, many people didn't believe it and wanted to have a try themselves.

However, Zhang Tie's words didn't come to an end.

"First Lieutenant Freo was right, but I don't plan to greet your guys and deepen the mutual understanding between you and me in this way. When I was in the division's conference room, Major Guderian told me that there was a rule in the Iron-Blood Camp: we have to talk the truth.

"I feel that this rule is very great as honest exchanges between people are better than fights. So firstly I want to make an honest exchange with you today!"

With a smile, Zhang Tie glanced over those tough sneering guys that were not used to such an exchange pattern and were now exchanging glances with each other.

"I will introduce myself to you. I'm Zhang Tie, native of Blackhot City. 15 years old, almost 16. I've just completed the survival training of my graduate year. Since I had formed the Iron-Blood hidden strength, I was recruited by colonel Leibniz.

"Before putting on this military uniform, I had never imagined that I could be a soldier of the Norman Empire one day. Previously, I only dreamed that I could stay in Blackhot City instead of being dispatched to the farms outside the city walls where I would have to depend on my petty shrewdness and luck after serving the army. Then I would find a way to do business and make a lot of money so that I could play with women everyday and wait for death. This has always been my biggest dream which remains unchanged even now!"

Hearing Zhang Tie's words, some guys even from among onlookers unconsciously smirked. Zhang Tie's dream was similar to that of most men. So the moment he mentioned it, he obtained appreciation from many people.

A person who could talk honestly would always be interesting wherever he went. Some tough guys already felt that Zhang Tie was a bit interesting, at least being different from the toy boys who were arranged for the Iron-Blood Camp only for glory and money before.

"To tell the truth, until the survival training was half done, I still felt that the Norman Empire was the enemy of Blackhot City, or might be the biggest enemy that I'll have to face after graduation. After the Blackhot City event happened, I was even very panicked for a period of time, fearing that I'll have to encounter you on the battle field after coming to serve in the City Guard of Blackhot City where I would get killed by you.

"When I was at school, the Iron-Horn Army of the Norman Empire was described as a very terrifying organization by the animals at school. I thought that way until the next morning after the Iron-Horn Army appeared in Blackhot City when I learned that the Coal, Steel, and Iron Federation of Blackhot City that I planned to die protecting had surrendered unconditionally only after being surrounded by you for several hours.

"Upon hearing the news, I only had one thought in my mind: I felt that I was simply a motherf\*cking idiot. Those bad \*sses of the Coal, Steel, and Iron Federation of Blackhot City who had controlled the most wealth and the most powerful army here didn't even dare to fight before declaring their surrender. I even had thought about sacrificing myself for the timid guys and fighting you for their Blackhot City!

"One pair of leather shoes that those guys wore was more expensive than my dad's one-year salary. In the stores along the Avenue Bright of Blackhot City, a pair of leather shoes that was provided for them

would cost 16 gold coins. However, my dad could only make 12-13 gold coins a year. Even if my mom and I sold rice brew at home, we could only make a couple of gold coins a year.

"The price of a bowl of rice brew was only three copper coins. When the price had to be increased by a copper coin because of rising rice prices, our business declined and mom worried about that very much. Before survival training, my dad gave me the most pocket money in my life—three silver coins out of his private money, letting me go to get a woman and bid farewell to the virgin status."

By now, all the soldiers before Zhang Tie had stopped walking forward.

"Guys like me who took three silver coins of their dads' private money to f\*ck a women and even felt reluctant to drink one more bowl of rice brew at home which would cost three copper coins had thought about protecting those guys who would spend more than my dad's one-year salary to buy a pair of leather shoes. I planned to sacrifice myself to protect the guys who could not even stand one night in front of the enemy and would not notice a person before they sold them. Then I finally understood that I was the biggest idiot in the world!"

By then, all the dozens of people before Zhang Tie had become quiet. Since this story was very sincere, it could move them. When Zhang Tie talked about how his dad had given him three silver coins out of his private money to let him go for a woman and that he could only earn three copper coins for a bowl of rice brew, those onlookers all thought back to their own parents. Even those people who were training on the playground beside moved closer and started to listen to Zhang Tie's story.

There was not another second lieutenant in the Iron-Blood Camp like this.

"Therefore, on that morning when Blackhot City surrendered, I finally understood it faster than anyone else by accepting this fact. I didn't even pity myself for that, instead, I felt lucky. Since my elder brother was serving in the City Guard of Blackhot City, thinking of that he won't have to fight you guys on the battlefield, I felt very lucky. As for such an Andaman Alliance and such Blackhot City, I preferred them to be over. No reason to feel sad for their end. It had nothing to do with me."

"Although we lived in the city, my dad worked hard everyday. He had to hand in taxes. My mom diligently worked at home while the rice brew business at home also was levied taxes. My elder brother had enjoyed several years' compulsory trading by serving in the City Guard. I've even an eldest brother that had become a martyr while serving in the army. Nobody in our family owed anything to Blackhot City and the Coal, Steel, and Iron Federation.

"As for those businessmen, everything in Blackhot City was based on trades, as if doing business. Since it was a trade, I don't need do anything for it, like sacrificing myself.

"It was not bad to become a citizen of the Norman Empire. After realizing that I had become a one, the first thing I did was to use barbarous survival training rules regulated by the Norman Empire to break the neck of a vicious guy who had tried to kill me several times, before one thousand people. He was a true beast. Besides, I beat up the other members of his group by stomping on them. At that moment, I felt so cool that I really wanted to shout loudly 'Long live Norman Empire!'

"After I returned home after the survival training, I was screwed by a villain, who sent me behind bars, claiming that I was an enemy of the Norman Empire. Thankfully, when I was in the survival training, due

to special karma, I formed the Iron-Blood hidden strength, so I was not killed in the prison of Blackhot City.

"Also a brother from the scout camp of No. 39 Division whom I had saved in the survival training had positively mediated relationships for me after learning that I was sent behind bars, so as to clear my name. Finally, I had the chance to see colonel Leibniz, who, after learning about my experiences, immediately recruited me into the Iron-Blood Camp and awarded me with the rank of second lieutenant, according to the rules of the Norman Empire.

"I didn't refuse it, instead, I even felt excited about that because this promotion was very cool and indicated a brilliant future ahead. Additionally, even if I had to sacrifice myself, I felt that I'd have a brighter future by serving the emperor of the Norman Empire than serving a bunch of guys who only care about their business. As for the last point, I have a deep understanding..."

With a smile, Zhang Tie patted his own clothes and pointed at his boots.

"Second lieutenant of the Andaman Alliance would not have such a good treatment. Additionally, I find that this second lieutenant military uniform is very handsome, and I even feel reluctant to take it off. I heard treatment in the Iron-Blood Camp was even higher than that in normal battalions. Therefore, I happily registered in today..."

At this time, many people had lost the hostility and alertness from their eyes. Nobody felt like to fighting Zhang Tie anymore. He was just chatting with them like friends. In their hearts, they had already decided that he was reliable, or at least not annoying.

"I know what you're all thinking about. I told you this to explain that I'm just a commoner and am no different from you with exception of being a bit younger. I put on this military uniform completely out of karma. I didn't have anyone above at all. Neither did I lick shoes nor have any reliance on anyone. I'm here because of my own luck and power.

"I don't expect to obtain your welcome, nor did I plan to punch you down. There is an old Chinese saying, 'Only by long-distance travel will one know the real strength of his horse; only by passed time will one clearly see the person beside him.'

"I don't mean to show off anything today. All of me will be tested by time. As your platoon leader, I promise you that I'll try my best to protect you on the battlefield and strive for the chance to help all of you survive. If any of you don't believe in my real strength, you're welcome to fight me in two days' time!"

"Why not today?" a tough man of Platoon Three asked out of curiosity.

"Because I've just taken the circumcision a few days ago, it's not well recovered yet. If I beat you up, the wound will not recover soon, which would make me feel unwell. Nobody would like his d\*ck being wrapped like a mummy all day long, right? Unless a person has no d\*ck at all, only then he would not know the pain of being cut on your d\*ck..."

Hearing such a reply, many onlookers were startled while more of them laughed their \*sses off. Some scrupulous guys even whistled.



After seeing that Zhang Tie wasn't fighting the guys of Platoon Three, but was instead being jeered by a great amount of animals, the three guys of Beckham's group immediately took off their pants and tried their best to swing that thing in their crotches to show off around. Everybody then burst out laughing. Under the great laughter and the weird calls of 'mummy, mummy, mummy', Zhang Tie pulled off the zipper of his pants, which really startled the great amount of bastards, and they howled.

Zhang Tie didn't fight the guys in Platoon Three, still, he was well accepted by them.

Freo, Guderian, and several military officers then stared at each other, standing far away from those animals. In the Iron-Blood Camp, no new second lieutenant could be agreed on and accepted by the rest in such a short period. What magic had Zhang Tie used?

### Chapter 173: Hierarchy Exists Everywhere

The hierarchical differences of the Norman Empire existed everywhere. At lunch, the canteen of the camp was divided into seven parts: common soldiers, corporals, sergeants, first sergeants, second lieutenants, first lieutenants and Major Guderian and lieutenant colonel Reinhardt. Everybody ate in their own area.

Food and dishes were also different for people of different ranks. From first lieutenant onward, each person could get some fruits before lunch. As for captains, they could have a cup of aperitif. Major Guderian and lieutenant colonel were directly serviced by the chief cook of the canteen.

Zhang Tie really broadened his vision.

"They even follow such a strict hierarchical system at lunch, aren't they afraid of mutual estrangement in the troop?" Zhang Tie asked a second lieutenant who was having lunch together with him.

"No way!" The second lieutenant who was having lunch with him cast a strange look at Zhang Tie. "Tell me, what the hell are you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking that if only I had some fruits before lunch!" Zhang Tie honestly answered.

"That's right. Because I'm thinking this too. Those first lieutenant company commanders who are eating fruits must be thinking about having a cup of aperitif. Those drinking that cup of aperitif must be admiring the treatment that the boss enjoys. So do the common soldiers.

"The corporals all dream about having as much meat as the sergeants. Sergeants all dream about having as much soup as the first sergeants. First sergeants all dream about having a military officer's dorm and a beautiful guilty slave to warm up the bed for them.

"We all have our pursuits. In the troop, one can only expect better treatment by rendering meritorious services and improving his own real strength. Therefore, it is stimulative for everybody!"

After thinking for a while, Zhang Tie found that it was true. The hierarchical system that existed everywhere was encouraging everyone to work hard and reminding them of their own status. The Norman Empire was really terrifying.

Hierarchy is order! Order is beauty!

Zhang Tie remembered the dictum that was held in the mind of every Norman soldier that adviser Vessie had told him.

A country which would even divide military weapons into different classes for military officers with different ranks was really amazing.

Zhang Tie racked his mind.

'Perhaps the residents of the Norman Empire have been put into different classes, resulting in different treatment since they were born. Many people might have been working hard to improve their social status and rank since they were young.'

The strict hierarchical system of the Norman Empire was well known across the entire Blackson Human Clan Corridor. Everything in this country, including cities and people, was divided into different classes. The cities of the Norman Empire were divided into nine classes, while its people were also divided into different classes and ranks.

The lowest class was guilty slave, closely followed by guilty citizen, then the average citizen, soldier, meritorious class, nobleman, and imperial class. Among the imperial class, the most honorable was imperial household. The emperor of the Norman Empire stood atop of the pyramid of rights across the country.

This was the most rough division. To be concrete, guilty slaves were also further divided into different ranks.

In the Norman Empire, the lowest class was LV 3 guilty slave. If LV 3 guilty slaves didn't violate the laws their whole lives, their children would be promoted to LV 2 guilty slaves. LV 3 guilty slaves could not be promoted any time in their lives. However, if a LV 3 guilty slave could render meritorious service, his or her children could then be directly promoted to LV 1 guilty slaves.

Similarly, LV 2 guilty slaves had one more privilege than LV 3 guilty slaves. Once LV 2 guilty slaves rendered meritorious service, they could be promoted to LV 1 guilty slaves. After that, once they didn't violate the laws, their children could get rid of the status as a slave and be promoted to guilty citizens.

At that rank, they started to have some social rights. If they could render meritorious services to the country, they and their children could become average citizens, who would then enjoy more social rights and means of promotion.

In the Norman Empire, a person or a family, if lowered to be LV 3 guilty slaves, they had to experience at least three generations' efforts before being allowed to enter the main-stream society once again.

Zhang Tie, for example, after being promoted to be a second lieutenant, had become a low-rank soldier.

In the Norman Empire, only people coming from families above the level of soldiers could be made into military officers. Colonel Leibniz was a high-ranking soldier. Only after being promoted to be a major general could he become a member of the meritorious class.

The pyramid structure of the social classes across the Norman Empire was as precise as a difference engine.

If a person wanted to be a member of a noble class, not only in the Norman Empire but also in other human countries, there was only one requirement—only those people who have rendered great meritorious services to human beings in battles against demons by killing them can gain the respect of everybody and become part of the nobility.

After the first holy war between the humanity and the demons, it was clarified in the "Human Clan Brilliant Magna Carta" formulated by countries, armed forces, and religious groups on all continents that 'only people who kill demons can be awarded with the title of nobility'. This rule had gained the approval of all the people, countries, and armed forces.

As having not killed any demons, even Lin Changjiang, the governor of the Northern Border Military Zone of the Norman Empire was only a member of the meritorious class, instead of a member of the noble class.

Human noble class in Black Iron Age was the representative of real elites and heroes, which was in complete opposition to the nobles that appeared in the history before the Catastrophe.

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After staying in the Iron-Blood Camp for merely one morning, Zhang Tie realized that he already had a good impression about this place. Even average soldiers of the Norman Empire could enjoy a good treatment. However, as the "Iron-Blood Camp" was more special in the Army of the Norman Empire, the military officers here could enjoy an alluring treatment.

In non-war time, everybody in the Iron-Blood Camp could enjoy a salary 1.5 times higher than that of soldiers with the same rank in other regiments. In war-time, everybody in Iron-Blood Camp enjoyed a salary two times higher than that of soldiers with the same rank in other regiments. That was to say, Zhang Tie could get eight gold coins a month here. Before this, he had not imagined that he could possibly get this much gold coins per month.

This was only one privilege of the military officers in the Iron-Blood Camp. Additionally, each military officer here could get some fixed items which were mainly cigarettes and sugar bars and some other small items which were all hard-to-get in any other place.

Besides abundant material treatment, the experience as a soldier or military officer in the Iron-Blood Camp was also a huge plus in the eyes of superiors. In the Iron-Horn Army, any main battle officer of regimental level had served in the Iron-Blood Camp for more than three years. Therefore, Zhang Tie understood the expression "gold-plating" which was used to describe those who served in the Iron-Blood Camp.

There was another name for the Iron-Blood Camp across the Norman Empire - Double High Camp. One of them referred to the high casualty rate, while the other to high possibilities in breaking through bottlenecks in each level of the Iron-Blood Fist. Because of "Double High", there were generally two kinds of soldiers here.

First were the trouble-makers, bastards, and army ruffians. Troublesome and untamed guys whom their superiors disliked would be thrown into the Iron-Blood Camp. They would then grow or die inside.

The second were people who were truly violent. They were war maniacs who dreamed about breaking through their bottlenecks in training the Iron-Blood Fist skill through tough exercises and battles here.

This was also what Zhang Tie had seen when he entered the Iron-Blood Camp of No. 39 Division for the first time. Some people were lazily lying and sleeping under the trees in the hot day while the others were practicing Lying Tiger Move in the training ground under the hot sun, their skin being heavily scorched to the point that even a layer of it had cracked and rolled up.

In the Iron-Blood Camp, besides one hour's drill in the morning, no other training would be arranged for average soldiers. Everybody could do whatever they liked such as training or sleeping. Nobody would care what you were doing because the battles that Iron-Blood Camp experienced screened off those unqualified for it. If you were powerful enough, you would survive the battles. If not, it would be normal for you to be eliminated. By then, you should not blame anyone else.

Soldiers were relaxed. As a low military officer, of course, Zhang Tie would be even more relaxed. It had nothing to do with him, big or small. On the first day he registered in the Iron-Blood Camp, he had found out that he had nothing to do at all in the afternoon.

No. 39 Division of Blackhot City was now in LV 2 combat readiness which meant that none of the common soldiers were allowed to leave the camp without receiving an order.

The military officers of the Iron-Blood Camp, though, followed the rule of 'register thrice: in the morning, noon, and evening'.

In the morning, military officers had to attend morning exercises together with soldiers for one hour. At noon, they had to have lunch in the station. In the evening, it was time to go back to their own dorms and go to sleep before 12:00 pm. Military officers were forbidden to sleep outside. Besides these, the Iron-Blood Camp had no more constraints on Zhang Tie.

This way Zhang Tie found out that it was actually not as boring as he had imagined in the Iron-Blood Camp.

Before he would be driven to Kalur for the incoming battles, he had roughly two weeks to stay in Blackhot City, during which he could do a lot of things...

#### Chapter 174: Mummy's Prowess

August 9, 889th year of Black Iron Calendar...

As usual, Zhang Tie was woken up from deep sleep a bit after 6:00 am by his biological clock. The moment he opened his eyes, he felt his physical strength and spirit surging like early sunrise. That was a marvelous feeling.

This was the third day since Zhang Tie had registered in the Iron-Blood Camp.

Unexpectedly, when he put on his pants, he found that the thing which had not erected for six days had finally become grim again. At the beginning, Zhang Tie didn't realize what it meant, however, the moment he put on his pants, he understood that it was not painful anymore.

'Has the wound recovered?'

Zhang Tie then immediately took off his pants and undid the gauze over his dick. He carefully checked it and found it was truly recovered as a narrow scar now marked it, leaving fresh flesh!

"Hahahaha..."

Zhang Tie burst out laughing as he took off all of his clothes and rushed into the washroom. With the sound of 'Huala huala', he turned on the hot water and took a long-welcomed bath. After that, he watched that wholly new thing, which was not as ugly as it had been in the past few days.

During these couple days, Zhang Tie had already won a nickname - Mummy!

Although many guys in the Iron-Blood Camp had nicknames, Zhang Tie's was absolutely the loudest. After learning the reason for this nickname, all the other guys would laugh out loudly...

Nevertheless, Zhang Tie didn't care about it as he felt it was nothing shameful at all. Since they were all tough men, there was no need to care about that. No matter what, he would not lose even a hair.

The benefit brought by that nickname was that in a few days everybody in the Iron-Blood Camp knew the fresh new guy - Second Lieutenant Mummy! Of course, many people were still calling him boy toy behind his back.

But Zhang Tie didn't care what they called him. Like what Zerom had said, if other people called him this, he could only take it as their jealousy for his handsome looks and excellent personality. It was definitely a jealousy, an undisguised one at that. Those guys were jealous about him being more handsome than them in military uniforms.

Hahahaha...

There was another thing to deal with today. It was the day of his duel with Sodor.

Zhang Tie knew that it was time to show his prowess. He was too low key in the past few days, so now it was time for him to show his real strength to those bastards.

In the past two days here, Zhang Tie's biggest achievement was that he had learned how to drive a car. He could already drive a car to fly around the camp, which made his days way less boring than they would've been otherwise.

Zhang Tie found it very interesting to drive a car. Like running, anything that could bring him a sense of freedom akin to that of the wind would catch his heart.

Previously, Zhang Tie thought about going out in an average vest and pants, however, after thinking about the duel, he directly put on the lieutenant's combat suit of the Norman Empire.

Compared to informal dress and ceremonial dress, Norman Empire's combat suit was more close-fitting, compact, and more flexible. The main material on the outside was leather with reinforced yarn cloth, which had a strong sense of texture, spun in a stone-mill.

Additionally, the suit had defensive capabilities up to a certain degree. It was said that there was a layer of fine wire-working close to the heart and abdomen within the inner layer, which could effectively resist the harm brought by arrows.

The treatment of the Norman Empire's soldiers could also be seen by this combat suit.

Although this combat suit could not match real armor, Zhang Tie could wear it in his fight with Sodor without having to worry about being harmed.

For a weak person like Sodor, of course Zhang Tie didn't need to wear any armor.

He put on his combat suit, a pair of high, leather combat boots, and a pair of combat gloves and looked at himself in the mirror. The whole set included two colors, red and black, which matched well with each other and made him more valiant.

"Zhang Tie, you look really handsome!" Zhang Tie mumbled before the mirror before revealing a smile.

He then took up that terrifying, huge battle sword of 358 kg hung on the weapons rack and easily hefted it on his shoulder before walking out of the dorm.

When he left, the morning horn of the Iron-Blood Camp had just been blown.

It was hard to say whether it was because he had well recovered or had greatly improved his strength after eating the two fruits from the small tree, but after only one week, Zhang Tie already felt that the heavy sword was a bit lighter than before, and he could move it much more easily.

When Zhang Tie went downstairs, he met another second lieutenant who had just gotten up. At the sight of the over two meter long heavy sword on Zhang Tie's shoulder, that second lieutenant was so surprised that his mouth open wide enough to hold a chicken egg.

"Morning, Second Lieutenant Goethe!" Zhang Tie enthusiastically greeted the second lieutenant of the second company of the Iron-Blood Camp who lived on floor three.

"Is the big thing on your shoulder... is it painted wood?"

The second lieutenant stared at Zhang Tie with disbelief. When Zhang Tie greeted him, he could easily and steadily hold it by only one hand. His performance formed a sharp contrast between his average figure and that huge thing on his shoulder which arouse second lieutenant's suspicion.

Zhang Tie just gave him a smile. Second lieutenant Goethe then walked over and flicked at the blade of the huge sword with his finger. Hearing no sound at all due to its heavy weight, Second Lieutenant Goethe's face immediately twitched. He forcefully swallowed his saliva and stared at Zhang Tie with surprise.

"How heavy it is?"

"358 kg!"

"Is this your main battle weapon?"

"Yes, when adviser Vessie took me to select my weapons in the arsenal, I felt that this heavy sword was convenient, so I chose it!" Zhang Tie answered in an innocent way.

'What the f\*ck is this thing?'

At the sight of the huge saw teeth on the other side of the huge battle sword, Second Lieutenant Goethe felt cold sweat go down his neck. 'Dear god! Why not strike me with that lightning bolt? I also want to get a Post-Lightning Stroke Savant Syndrome!'

Zhang Tie then went downstairs together with Goethe. The latter was really scared. When they parted at the entrance of the dorm building, Zhang Tie came directly to the place where Third Platoon was doing its morning drill.

He then forcefully stuck the blade of the heavy sword into the ground, leaving it leaning there. Zhang Tie himself then waited for those guys of Third Platoon to come out.

Five minutes after the morning horn was blown, fifty tough men of Fifth Company's Third Platoon of the Iron-Blood Camp quickly collected in the place of assemblage. Of course, everybody noticed Zhang Tie in his combat suit and that terrifying battle sword before him. Not only them, even half of the people on the training ground had taken notice of it.

As a platoon leader, Zhang Tie's mission was to lead these guys to complete the two hours' basic training in the morning. Besides that, he could also formulate training content.

"This morning, we will carry out strength training. Have you noticed this sword? If you want to show me you're real men, go pull out of this sword from the ground and insert it back into the ground like how you f\*ck women. If you can't even do these simple movements, from today on, you should better not say that you're men in front of me..."

With a smile on his face, Zhang Tie said words as venomous as snake's bite which stimulated those guys' pitiful self-esteem of male animals.

Similar to Second Lieutenant Goethe, at the sight of this sword, some of the men also thought that it was just a mischievous trick of Second Lieutenant Mummy—painting a wooden sword to cheat others.

Many people were exchanging glances.

"Who'd like to try and prove that they're a man?"

"I would!"

Beckham, who was roughly two meters in height, walked out of the group and stopped before Zhang Tie. Stretching out his two hands, Beckham took hold of the sword's handle. The moment he did so, his face immediately changed as his sense of touch told him that the sword was not made of wood.

"Arghh!"

Beckham growled like a beast. He then made a Ma Bu [1]. Muscles and veins popped out all over him, face turned completely red as he tried to pull the huge sword out of the ground.

After the 358 kgs' huge sword was thrust into the ground, one needed much more than that the force of that weight to pull it out. Likewise, it was not difficult for one to punch out 358 kgs' force, but it was much more difficult for one to pick up a 358 kgs' item.

Finally, when Beckham's forehead oozed out sweat, he could pull it out less than 10 cm.

After growling like a beast for three minutes, Beckham finally felt soft on his feet, like becoming exhausted all at once, and threw himself onto the ground. After clumsily standing up, shame was written all over his face.

"Who's next!"

Everybody then stared at each other.

"You don't even have courage to prove yourself?" Zhang Tie mocked.

"How will you prove us that you've inserted it into the ground yourself? How will you prove us that you're a real man?" a trouble-maker in the platoon rebutted in a weird tone.

"That's very simple!"

Zhang Tie smiled as he started to use his Qi. Then, he merely used one hand to pull that huge sword out of the ground. After that, he inserted it back in front of everybody; it entered two feet into the ground. He then pulled it out once again and inserted it back.

Seeing Zhang Tie do that twice in a row, everybody became silent, even the trouble-makers shut their mouths...

With his hands crossed behind his back, Zhang Tie looked like a highly skilled fighter. However, his muscles and veins on the hand that he had used to pull out the sword had already started to quiver. Zhang Tie then held it using his another hand.

Although he looked calm in others' eyes, he felt that he had already used up his most of his energy. Only after two-three slashes, the muscles on his right hand had begun to shake like strings of a harp, sending out a protest to Zhang Tie.

A thought flashed across Zhang Tie's mind, 'If I could've killed a pile of huge wolves and eaten several Huge Wolf Seven-Strength Fruits, it would be much easier for me to do this.'

After seeing the demonstration done twice, everybody started to queue up so as to try whether they could pull it out of the ground and insert it back. Everybody wanted to see how powerful Zhang Tie was.

After all the 50 plus guys tried it, their eyes started to fill with awe towards Zhang Tie. Seeing such a great power in front of them, nobody wanted to speak ill of him anymore.

In the end, not only the soldiers of Third Platoon, even other soldiers and military officers of the Iron-Blood Camp had queued up to have a try. They all wanted to test 'whether they were men or not'...

In the end, the soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp formulated a ranking.

Those who could not move the sword at all were women; those who could pull part of it out of the ground were half-women; those who could completely pull it out of the ground, yet failed to insert it in were half-men; those who could pull it out and reluctantly insert into the ground, yet couldn't ensure that it stood steadily were impotent men. Only those who could pull it out of the ground and ferociously insert it in, letting it stand steady were real men.



What is a real man? A real man can pull it out and insert it back in!

The entire morning, groups of soldiers and military officers of the Iron-Blood Camp were drawn in by Zhang Tie to growl all over the training ground. Tough guys competed with each other with sweat pouring down their shoulders to gain the reputation of a real man. Those who called Zhang Tie a boy toy immediately found that they could not even match a boy toy. Therefore, they all felt very shameful.

When it was close to lunch time, even Colonel Reinhardt was attracted.

Under the adoring gazes of a pile of animals, the heavy sword was easily pulled out of the ground by Colonel Reinhardt. After several leisurely waves, he slashed with it downwards. At the same time, an invincible strength surged forward from his sword like a lightning bolt and directly plowed a gap in the ground which was one foot in depth and ten meters in length.

Everybody was shocked by such a lightning bolt, including Zhang Tie.

"Hahahaha, this sword feels really great. I'll get one to play with one day..." Colonel Reinhardt burst out laughing loudly. "Let all the bastards have a try today. All those called women are forbidden to eat today. From now on, I'd like one competition like this every week, with those who end up called women not allowed to eat on that day. Half-women can only eat one meal. Those who make progress will enjoy an extra meal. As to those real men, this father will award them with a pack of cigars..."

Saying this, Colonel Reinhardt pulled out a pack of cigars and threw it to Zhang Tie. At the sight of it the pile of animals all drooled.

After reaching his goal, Zhang Tie scratched his head. "Colonel, I'll need to use this sword in the afternoon. There might not be enough time for everybody to have a try. If so, I'm afraid that it could not come to an end until night!"

"What are you using the sword for in the afternoon?"

"Someone wants to duel me, I have to be there!" Zhang Tie honestly replied.

After saying that, Zhang Tie found that it had suddenly become quiet around. Soon after, including Reinhardt, everybody became infuriated.

"What?! Which bastard dared to call for a duel with a military officer of us, the Iron-Blood Camp?"

Like a lion instigated by an insect, Reinhardt's angry voice was so loud that it shocked the entire Iron-Blood Camp.

"F\*ck him, f\*ck him..."

"Call the brothers of the Armored Vehicle Camp to start the war chariots..."

"Get your weapons!"

Everybody then became highly spirited, especially Zhang Tie's men of Third Platoon who had been conquered by him. They were so excited that they ran around jumping like madmen.

'Why are they so excited? It's just a duel. No need to make a fuss.'

Zhang Tie felt muddled-headed...

[1] Ma Bu is a basic skill for Kungfu learners. When practicing Ma Bu, they have to steadily stand on the ground with their knees bent like how a horse stands on the ground. After they pass the Ma Bu pass, they could steadily stand on the ground instead of falling down when they fight others.

## Chapter 175: The Secret of Martyrdom

This day, the Seventh National Male Middle School was much more boisterous than ever before. Although it was still summer holidays, the amount of people who poured into school today was several times larger than normally. Upon hearing the rumors about the duel, everybody surged into the school in the afternoon, including Zhang Tie's classmates, male and female students from other schools who had attended the survival training, and others from all walks of lives.

The Seventh National Male Middle School in Blackhot City was a sea of people. Not only the playgrounds where Zhang Tie would duel with Sodor, even the corridors in the teaching buildings were crowded.

Barley and the other members of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood had come, as well as 64 brothers of Gods Bliss Association whom Zhang Tie had cheated in the mine, Pandora, Alice, Beverly, and roughly 1000 female students from two female middle schools and teachers from several schools.

This duel was the first public duel in Blackhot City in the last dozens of years, also the first duel after Blackhot City was incorporated into the Norman Empire.

Events like duels could arise many people's curiosities, let alone it happening so close to them. So nobody wanted to miss it.

Because the school was too populous, the Military Administration of Blackhot City dispatched several groups of soldiers here to preserve the order in case of riots.

As for the duel itself, even the Military Administration of Blackhot City had no right to interfere with it. Additionally, they had to ensure that it went on under the premise of openness and justice.

Compared to the Andaman Alliance which forbade duels, they were a very sacred and solemn ceremony in the Norman Empire. All the legitimate duels would be protected by the laws of the empire. As for duels for revenge between blood-tied members of two families based on barbarous survival training's rules, they were forbidden to be interfered by others.

From the school gate inward, the soldiers in dark red military uniforms and armors, with weapons in hands, stood in every corner of the campus, which gave this duel an air of solemnness and dignity.

Although many people had gathered in the campus, nobody shouted loudly. They were just sharing their opinions about its outcome and how it would proceed. As for the cause of this duel, over 1000 people had heard it when Garner and Sharon poured out the whole story when they saw that Zhang Tie had broken Zuhair's neck in the canteen—Zuhair was the one who had thought up the conspiracy to kill Zhang Tie. The latter then killed Zuhair to repay him with the same. As to killing a person that planned to dispose of you by sick means, there was nothing wrong with getting back at him without kindness.

Since Zuhair's death was not worth pity at all, when his elder brother Sodor appeared at school, what waited for him were whispers and hisses.

The only thing that made people curious was how could Glaze disappear in the survival training. Many people speculated that he had encountered Zhang Tie somewhere, and then was killed. As Zhang Tie had not admitted to this particular murder, this speculation lacked good foundations.

Additionally, Zhang Tie was only a LV 2 warrior in many people's eyes, so how could he kill Glaze who was already LV 3? Someone then thought of Zhang Tie's legendary lance throwing skills. If he used them, it was possible that he might have killed Glaze.

If Zhang Tie's lance throwing was truly as great as rumored, then even if he was only a LV 2 warrior, he could still easily kill a LV 3 one. If a lance fell from the sky, making a hole in his chest, Glaze would also have been killed, even if he was as strong and agile as a LV 3 warrior. Before such a powerful throwing weapon, there was no chance for him to resist.

However, in today's duel, Zhang Tie was forbidden to use lances or any other throwing weapons. Zuhair's elder brother was already a LV 4 warrior. If Zhang Tie, a fresh graduate who was LV 2—at most LV 3—who had just completed the survival training had to fight against him, was there a chance for him to win?

When Sodor appeared, he was holding his weapon - an upgraded standard-issue spear produced in Blackhot City. It was over two meters in length and made completely out of steel. Its head was heavier in weight and greater in diameter than of average standard spears. It weighted more than 30 kg. A LV 4 warrior not using a long sword but such a heavy long-handled weapon to fight a fresh graduate—it seemed that Sodor planned to be extremely shameless.

As for a LV 2, even a LV 3 graduate, no matter what weapon he chose, long or short, if he had to face a LV 4 warrior with long-handled weapon in hand, he would be killed before even getting close to his opponent. This was the advantage of weapons with long handles. Even if the weapon was one inch longer, it would be more powerful. On the premise that there was a great gap in fighting force between the two parties, the advantage of long-handled weapons was very decisive.

Many people saw through Sodor's plans. So when he took his long spear and stood on the high platform with his arms crossed, the hisses from the surroundings became louder.

The two brothers of Zuhair's family were each more shameless than the other.

Not influenced by the crowd's reaction, Sodor revealed a shadow of a cold smile on his face. He raised his head and looked at the sun, waiting for the beginning of the duel.

The duels of the Norman Empire were usually fixed at 2:00 pm. It shouldn't be too early or too late. This was the decree of the Norman Empire which was said to have been borrowed from eastern wisdom.

Because the sun was hanging high in the sky at this time of day, and was also the brightest, it had the most abundant yang Qi of the day. Additionally, people killed at this time would not form wronged ghosts while the killer would not get entangled with wronged ghosts. Therefore, this time was suitable for duels and executing criminals.

Seeing Sodor's confident look, many people who cared about Zhang Tie started to worry about him, such as those members of Gods Bliss Association who didn't know about Zhang Tie's recent change in status.

"Do you think Zhang Tie will be okay this time?" Potter the fire holder asked Francis in a low voice with an expression of full concerns. They were both standing on a high platform occupied by the members of Gods Bliss Association,

"The enlightened one will be okay. Don't forget that he has been blessed by the Big Blessing Skill!" Francis replied in a low voice too.

They then whispered to each other among the crowd of Gods Bliss Association, not afraid of being overhead by the surrounding people. "It's said that many brothers have already sensed a bit of the effect of the Big Blessing Skill. What's that feeling?"

"I don't know whether it's the effect of Big Blessing Skill or not, but many brothers have felt increasingly more relaxed recently. They always feel like they're filled with a sense of pleasure. I've two similar experiences too!" Potter whispered.

"That's right. We should have confidence in the one that has enlightened us!"

The son of a gardener in Blackhot City nodded with great force, a sense of sacredness in his eyes. Martyr, as his appellation, had brought him an unprecedented sense of holiness. Other people couldn't sense it. However, Francis could. Seemingly after obtaining this appellation, he had gradually lost his feeling of inferiority and narrow-mindedness. He started to treat the misfortunes and bitterness of daily life in a different way. Having benefited from this, he became even more positive and compromising.

Only after being back home for several days, his family members had already felt his changes. After returning, whether being beaten or sworn at by his drunken father, Francis didn't rebut anymore. Neither did he glare at his father. Instead, he silently bore it all, exerting all his efforts to be a responsible son.

An unprecedented sensation had arisen in Francis's heart. He found that when one decided to be a 'martyr', he would not consider himself anymore, instead, he would only consider others. In his heart, a wholly new and glamorous self gradually appeared.

On the evening four days ago, his dad had come back home very late after drinking a lot of alcohol. If it was before, Francis would have quarreled with his dad, loudly. However, this time he didn't. He just calmly stayed at home like an 'innocent son'.

When his dad knocked on the door, Francis opened it and helped his dad walk in. He then started to clean off the vomit from his dad's clothes. After that, he washed his dad's face and cleaned his body before feeding him with the sobering soup. Afterwards, he took the supper back to the dining table. Although he was repaid by his drunk dad punching him in the face, Francis didn't have any response, instead, he continued to be that 'innocent son without any private thoughts'.

Finally, when he started to wash his dad's feet, a tear suddenly rolled down his father's cheek, his eyes fixated on him. From that day onward, his dad seemed like a completely different person. He didn't even drink a drop of alcohol anymore.

Each time he wanted to drink, he would sip a mouthful of vinegar. As a result, Francis' family had already started to change.

He owed all the changes to the effect of becoming a sacred 'martyr' upon joining that divine ceremony. Francis felt that he had already understood a bit about the secret of being a 'martyr'...

Sodor, on the duel platform urged those teachers who acted as notaries to call Zhang Tie out. However, Zhang Tie didn't show himself.

About ten minutes before the duel was to start, when the masses had already decided that Zhang Tie did not dare not to come and were whispering to each other about it, Zhang Tie finally arrived.

Nobody could have imagined the way he would present himself...

Hiss arrival caused chaos to break out in the campus...

In a valiant second lieutenant's combat suit of the Norman Empire, Zhang Tie appeared outside the school gate on the top of a wheeled armored vehicle, followed by dozens of military vehicles full of soldiers from the Iron-Blood Camp. These military vehicles drove directly through the school's gate and stopped in front of the duel platform in the playgrounds.

Many people immediately recognized that the arrogant person dressed as a second lieutenant sitting on top of an armored vehicle of the Norman Empire was the protagonist of today's duel -

Zhang Tie!

Then, all the onlookers became dumbfounded, and the entire campus became quiet at once...

#### Chapter 176: Sodor's Tragedy

Everybody became dumbfounded and kept quiet when Zhang Tie jumped off the armored vehicle.

Zhang Tie knew that this went too far. However, he hadn't imagined that after the guys of the Iron-Blood Camp learned that someone would challenge him to a duel, they would treat this as a provocation towards the whole Iron-Blood Camp itself, a spit on their name.

Because the Iron-Blood Camp was known to have the highest casualty rate in the Norman Empire, in the hearts of the soldiers who believed in the Battle God, if a person wanted to duel with one from that camp, it indicated that he swore to those guys of the Iron-Blood Camp to die as soon as possible on the battlefields.

Zhang Tie was speechless when he heard about this. Thankfully, after hearing the cause of this duel, not all the guys of the Iron-Blood Camp rushed out. Under the order of boss Reinhardt, only a small portion were allowed to set out.

Over one hundred people surged out of the camp in armored or military vehicles. Extremely infuriated, those tough men from the Iron-Blood Camp wanted to have a look at what kind of an able bastard dared to duel with the No. 1 real man in the Iron-Blood Camp.

The moment Zhang Tie jumped off the armored vehicle, two leaders of small teams dispatched by the Military Administration of the Norman Empire to maintain order ran towards him. Standing at attention, they made military salutes towards Zhang Tie.

"Sir, we've received the order of the Military Administration of the Norman Empire to maintain order here. We wonder why would brothers of the Iron-Blood Camp would come here, and whether you need our coordination so as to unify the command!"

In the Norman Empire which had a strict hierarchical system, without any special occasion, in any place full of soldiers, especially in executing tasks, the person who had the highest rank at present would have the highest authority.

Now at school, Zhang Tie had the highest military rank, that of second lieutenant's, therefore, the two team leaders which were dispatched to ensure that everything went well ran towards him of their own initiative to ask whether he wanted to guide their movements or not. This indicated the self-consciousness of a soldier of the Norman Empire.

"No need, I'm here for a private thing. You just execute your tasks, maintain the order well!"

"Yes sir!"

Although curious, the two team leaders didn't dare to ask more.

At this time, the order at school couldn't be better, especially when a batch of tough men jumped off the armored vehicles one by one; none of the onlookers dared to make a noise. Many people who came to watch the fun even had started to regret their decision. They all started to pray inside, wishing not to get involved with any kind of troubles. As citizens of an occupied city, many people here were naturally awed by the Norman Empire's soldiers in their dark red military uniforms.

Watched by these many people, Zhang Tie felt his skin under the combat clothes start to heat up. Those familiar with him all cast amazed and disbelieving eyes at him.

At the sight of Captain Kerlin, Zerom, and the other teachers of the Temporary Supervision Committee that was set in the Wild Wolf Castle, Zhang Tie walked over to them and saluted those teachers on his own.

"I'm sorry about what I did in the Wild Wolf Castle, sorry to bring you trouble..."

Because Captain Kerlin and Zerom had long known Zhang Tie's status because he had revealed it to them before, although they were still shocked at the sight of him, they could understand what had happened. However, the other teachers were so shocked that they didn't even know what to say.

A fresh graduate had immediately become a second lieutenant of the Norman Empire. This was rarely seen even across the Norman Empire itself, let alone Blackhot City, which had been occupied by for less than one month.

In many people's eyes, Zhang Tie was simply as shiny as a sun.

Was this Zhang Tie a love child of a big figure in the Norman Empire left in Blackhot City? such a thought flashed across many people's mind at once.

Captain Kerlin recovered his composure and walked onto the dueling platform before loudly declaring, "Since Zhang Tie has arrived, we shall start the duel!" .

After walking onto the dueling platform, at the sight of Sodor whose face had turned completely white, Zhang Tie grinned.

Many people who didn't know him before screamed at the sight of Zhang Tie walking onto the dueling platform. Those voices were closely followed by gasps and coughs.

"Weapons are allowed to be used in this duel. Sodor chose a long spear, you can also choose the same weapon!" Captain Kerlin reminded Zhang Tie.

"Get out of the way, get out of the way, here's our platoon leader's weapon..."

The moment Captain Kerlin finished talking, Beckham and Moos, two 'half-women' of Third Platoon, brought Zhang Tie's terrifying battle sword onto platform. Stretching out one hand, Zhang Tie picked up the 358 kgs' battle sword.

Another batch of onlookers were shocked into silence now. Motherf\*cker, was that terrifying battle sword the size of a door used to fight?

Seeing Zhang Tie holding that terrifying battle sword in his hand, Sodor was really scared, his long spear even slid down to the ground from his hand, causing a loud 'dong' sound. Face gone completely pale, Sodor hurriedly bent over to pick it up.

Looking at Sodor's stupefied look, those soldiers surrounding the duel platform became really infuriated. Such a timid guy dared to seek a duel with a military officer of the Iron-Blood Camp, and even one that had a weird strength while also being favored by the Battle God. That timid guy was really not afraid of death!

Beckham and Moos who had carried in Zhang Tie's weapon immediately grinned. "Platoon Leader, is that stupid guy the one who wants to duel with you?"

"Yea!"

Zhang Tie nodded.

"Don't let that guy die too fast. That would humiliate your nickname Mummy. It's not interesting to directly cut him in two halves. Like how you pat cucumbers, you should pat him all over from his feet to his head with this 'Man's Certification'!"

"Piss off!"

Hearing Beckham call his nickname on this occasion, Zhang Tie was driven so mad that he even wanted to kick this guy off the platform.

'Man's Certification' was the name the soldiers gave to Zhang Tie's battle sword. They knew that the battle sword had been in the division's arsenal for a very long time since no lieutenant could use it. When they learned that Zhang Tie could attack with it, everybody felt a sense of honor. No matter what, the guy who could use this 'Man's Certification' was a military officer of the Iron-Blood Camp, which

could certify again that the Iron-Blood Camp was the most powerful troop in the entire division. That was enough.

"Can we start?" Zhang Tie asked the one-eyed man who had walked down the dueling platform. At present, there were only two people on the platform - Zhang Tie and Sodor, who was quivering all over.

"Yes, you can start!"

...

It was hard to say whether it was because he was too afraid or for some other reason, the moment the one-eyed man declared the start of the duel, Sodor howled like a ghost, cried like his parents had died, and darted towards Zhang Tie with a long spear in hand.

In Zhang Tie's eyes, Sodor's attack was pretty naive whatever you looked at: strength, speed, moves, or conviction. He looked like a toddler who had just learned how to walk and now with a wooden stick in hand rushed towards Zhang Tie, eyes closed.

When his long spear was about to reach Zhang Tie, Sodor really closed his eyes.

Zhang Tie was left speechless. With just a slight wave of his 'Man's Certification', he hit Sodor and sent him flying back to fall onto the ground ten meters away. He went back at a speed three-five times greater than when he had rushed towards Zhang Tie, and upon landing was unable to pick himself up from the ground.

At the same time, Sodor's long spear also flew high into the air, falling back to the platform along with Sodor, and causing a crisp sound as it bounced off the ground for a couple of times, its shaft curving.

Seeing this duel, the onlookers under the platform were all greatly shocked. With merely one hit, the middle part of Sodor's additionally weighted steel long spear had formed a curve of 60 degrees. What great strength would it take for Zhang Tie to bend the steel handle of a long spear?

All the members of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood widely opened their eyes like seeing Zhang Tie for the first time. A LV 4 warrior was driven mad and destroyed like a turd under Zhang Tie's nonchalant counterattack. Was this person their good brother or not? Barley and the other members were all left muddle-headed.

Pandora and Alice immediately covered their mouths. Was this person that susceptible youth who had embraced them to justify himself, and the one that would think about them when he saw black mulberry seeds in the wild? The jealous eyes of the women of the Rose Association fell onto Pandora, Alice, and Beverly.

Seeing the scene on the platform, the eyes of the brothers of the Gods Bliss Association became shiny. Tightly grasping their fists, they all felt like they were being scorched inside. From then on, everybody's belief in the Big Blessing Skill and the mysterious ancient gods became as firm as iron. In their eyes, Zhang Tie became as lofty as the gods.

Everybody cast their eyes on Zhang Tie in different moods!



Zhang Tie himself was patting Sodor right now! If he cut him by placing his sword horizontally, four halves would be seen on the platform: two halves of Sodor, two halves of his long spear. Then everything would come to an end, but Zhang Tie did not do that.

Merely by this counterattack, all the teachers with high fighting skills could judge that Zhang Tie was powerful, very powerful, especially his weird strength, which was far out of the public's imagination. Merely because of that pure physical strength, Zhang Tie's fighting strength had already reached the level of a LV 7 warrior.

Would Zhang Tie really pat Sodor to death like how one patted a cucumber? The teachers of the Temporary Supervision Committee all had strange faces. Miss Qili's turned completely blue, Zerom frowned as he looked at Kerlin, who then slightly shook his head—based on Kerlin's understanding about the youth, he didn't believe that he was that cruel.

With one hand dragging his huge sword behind himself, Zhang Tie walked towards Sodor step by step, leaving a groove of medium depth on the cement ground of the platform...

#### Chapter 177: Assassination

The entire playground became quiet. Everybody cast their eyes onto Zhang Tie. They could only hear his calm footsteps and the friction between that terrifying battle sword and the cement ground.

Zhang Tie's strike convinced all the onlookers. At the sight of his huge strength and skills, all the soldiers of Third Platoon, Fifth Company of the Iron-Blood Camp shrunk their necks. With such a powerful man as their platoon leader, nobody would have any different opinions about it. At this time, when they recalled that Zhang Tie had sworn to protect them on the battlefield the first time he saw them, many people felt a warm flow in their hearts.

Although Zhang Tie sincerely said it in the past, those guys didn't believe in those words because none had sensed Zhang Tie's real strength. However, now, when they had all witnessed his real capabilities, they started to feel warm about his sincerity.

Zhang Tie's strike against Sodor shocked the soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp more than when he had taken up the 'Man's Certification' by one hand in the morning. The latter simply indicated Zhang Tie's huge strength while the former revealed his ability to be depended on and trusted in a battlefield. They were very different from each other!

At this moment, Sodor was miserably lying on the ground, the part between his thumbs and index fingers bleeding, torn open, wrists and forearms broken and twisted. Sodor looked as white as a piece of paper, spitting fresh blood out of his mouth.

Although clear-minded, he had completely lost his ability to move. Widely opening his empty and frightened eyes, he looked at Zhang Tie who was dragging that terrifying sword of death towards him.

Lifting his sword with one hand, Zhang Tie put the blade onto Sodor's neck. At this moment, if he loosened his grip, without even having to use his strength, he could cut off Sodor's head with this 'Man's Certification'.

"Do you know why I killed Zuhair?" Zhang Tie asked Sodor.

"I know!" After being silent for two seconds, Sodor replied in a hoarse and quivering voice.

"If you were me and someone wanted to kill you in that way, when you could kill him, would you kill him?"

"Yes, I would!" Sodor squeezed out hard. "But Zuhair is my younger brother..."

"If you had said no and wanted to reason this out with me by using your small tricks, I would have cut off your head right away. But as you said yes, I will not kill you today!"

When Zhang Tie declared that, everybody was stunned. Even Sodor who was lying on the ground didn't believe that, his eyes widening even more than before.

Zhang Tie immediately took away his sword from Sodor's neck and hefted it onto his shoulder.

"The reason I killed Zuhair was that there was an animosity between us, while you seek revenge because you're Zuhair's elder brother. As your younger brother was killed by me, no matter for what reason, you have to take revenge for him, otherwise you'll have no face to stay in Blackhot City anymore. Nor would you have the face to see your family members, relatives, and friends.

"Everyone would then regard you as a loser and a wimp. You would not raise your head up in public anymore.

"As you're committed to take revenge for your younger brother through this duel, I agree and respect your choice to seek for a duel with me as I have an elder brother too. Now that the result of this duel has come out, and you've tried your best stand behind your choice, everything will be over then."

"You... really won't kill me?" Sodor stammered out.

"You should feel lucky that as a person who grew up in Blackhot City, I don't want for the first person I kill in this military uniform to be one who is also from Blackhot City like me. Therefore, I won't kill you today. However, you have to remember that you only have one chance to survive. If you dare to seek revenge again or will try to do harm to me for Zuhair's death in the future, once I hear of it, I'll kill you without any hesitation!" Zhang Tie explained to Sodor in an icy tone.

Looking at Zhang Tie's icy eyes, Sodor quivered all over. He lowered his gaze, not daring to meet that freezing look of the other anymore.

Zhang Tie then walked off the platform, leaving Sodor lying there alone. After exchanging glances with each other, Zerom and Kerlin both saw a shadow of gratification in the other's eyes.

Many teachers let out a sigh inside. After experiencing this frustration and being taught a lesson, if Sodor wanted to find Zhang Tie trouble later on, he would definitely be seeking death. Zhang Tie's real strength, status, or the Norman Empire's laws, Sodor could not face any of them.

Once he considered to do harm to Zhang Tie, whatever he did, success or not, what awaited him would only be death. There would never be a second chance. Judging from his expression, Sodor was not that righteous man who dared to take death calmly, like going home. As for ones who treasured their own

lives very much, few of them would do something when they knew that the only outcome of it would be death.

Zhang Tie's reason for not killing Sodor showed others his inner brilliance and kindness. Including those soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp, everybody showed their sincere respect to Zhang Tie for his choice of not killing Sodor.

At this moment, Sodor was given support to leave the dueling platform by several of his men, all of their heads lowered down. As for Sodor's fair-weather friends who had come here together with him, they had already slipped away the moment Zhang Tie stepped onto the platform. It was not a wise choice for them to get involved in a duel with a military officer of the Norman Empire in the city which had just been incorporated into that particular empire's territory.

They were scared of trouble.

...

This moment, the most brilliant existence in the entire school campus was Zhang Tie. He was surrounded by soldiers of the Norman Empire, who were maintaining order. Many of the onlookers wanted to push close to have a look at Zhang Tie, however, they didn't dare to push through the soldiers.

Zhang Tie caught sight of the brothers of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood, Blues, Peter, Pandora, Alice, and Beverly among the crowd. They were all very thrilled, faces red.

After waving his hand towards those people, Zhang Tie then handed his huge sword to Beckham and Moos. "You go back first, as I've studied here, I have a lot of friends to meet. I will go back in the evening!"

Although the duel was not splendid, all the brothers of the Iron-Blood Camp felt that they had not arrived here in vain. Through this duel, they had learned more about Zhang Tie and felt more awe towards him. Everybody started to treat Zhang Tie as a reliable partner.

After a loud shout, all the brothers of the Iron-Blood Camp started to get back into their vehicles. At the same time, the two team leaders on duty here also came over to report to Zhang Tie that they would collect their teams too. After that, students and the other onlookers all drew closer.

As it was not suitable to talk here, without saying anything, Zhang Tie just stretched out his arms to embrace Barley and the other brothers.

Seeing that Zhang Tie was still as enthusiastic with them as before even at this moment, Barley, Bagdad, Hista, Leit, Sharwin, Doug, Blues, Peter, and Bonder all laughed out loudly, feeling highly spirited.

"You liar, you've really tricked us! How could you become so great this quickly?" Blues asked when they were embracing, patting Zhang Tie's shoulder.

"It's a long story. I'll invite you all tonight. We'll find a place to eat and chat. I will then introduce some of my good brothers to you!"

"Fine, I heard Norman Empire's soldiers enjoy a good treatment, so we'll not worry about eating all of your coins!"

Zhang Tie revealed a smile.

...

Although Pandora, Alice, and Beverly had intended to come over, the other girls in the crowd quickly pushed them aside, not caring for who they were.

They were just Zhang Tie's girl friends. Additionally, they weren't acquainted with Zhang Tie for a long time, and might not even have slept on the same bed. On top of that, even though he already had three girls, for such an impressive man who was extremely excellent, he must not mind having several more.

Driven more mad by the second, the three girls could only watch Zhang Tie get surrounded by a bunch of girls at once.

"They're all bitches of the Rose Association!" With her hair turned into a mess by those girls, Alice swore. She then rearranged her hair and nervously exclaimed, "Hurry up, help me look at my hair. I really don't want to be seen by him like a mad grandma with untidy hair!"

"No need, he's already seen that!"

Beverly smiled.

"If he's our man, nobody can grab him away from us!"

Pandora also smiled.

With eyes fixed on them, Zhang Tie walked directly towards them. At this moment, he was filled with a sharpness and attentiveness. The surrounding girls didn't dare to hold him back. Seeing him walking over to the three girls instead of themselves, they all hurriedly gave way.

As a result, the three girls who had been pushed behind the crowd immediately became outstanding again.

Stopping before the three girls, Zhang Tie stretched out his arms and smiled. "I've not told you that day because I really wanted to give you a surprise in this military uniform! Alice, actually your hair looks nice no matter how they look!"

The three girls were moved and found it hilarious at the time.

When Zhang Tie intended to embrace the three girls, his smile suddenly froze. All the onlookers and their voices seemed to disappear in a strange point in time that could not be described by words.

With a surging spiritual energy, in a split second, Zhang Tie felt a sharp killing intent that covered him and the three girls. All of a sudden, he felt like he was about to step into a thorn bush, a sharp item about to break his clothes and thrust into his body.

There was only one phrase that could be used to describe Zhang Tie's feeling - on tenterhooks.

Actually, at this moment, due to an early warning by his high spiritual energy, Zhang Tie had several methods to avoid such an abrupt attack. However, if he escaped by himself, the three girls in front of him would hardly survive as they had no preparations at all.

So in the period that was much shorter than one second, Zhang Tie did two things: forcefully pushed the three girls aside, and turned back...

Two sprays of spurting blood came out of Zhang Tie's body almost at the same time while the third bolt shot towards the place where Alice had stood just moment ago.

Zhang Tie didn't fall down, but instead watched the person who had suddenly thrown down the quiver and jumped out of the crowd in an extremely calm way that could not be understood.

"Pay me back for my son Glaze's life!"

The person rushed towards Zhang Tie with a dagger in hand, like a fierce tiger with a huge black spider's totem of battle Qi behind him.

'F\*ck!'

Zhang Tie knew who that person was...

At this moment, Zhang Tie felt like he was in a trouble-reappearance situation. It didn't feel like this was his own body.

When that person was less than two meters away from him, Zhang Tie pulled out the bolt from his left shoulder with his right hand. At the same time, he threw it back with great force. As a result, that bolt penetrated through that person's left eye socket and directly entered his brain. Closely after that, the huge black spider behind him dispersed. Although he still came surging forward, he fell down in front of Zhang Tie's feet.

Nobody else had realized what was happening. Only now did the girls nearby start to scream loudly...

The two wounds on Zhang Tie's body immediately started to feel numb and stiff. Additionally, the sense of stiffness started to spread all over his body. The last image in Zhang Tie's eyes was a group of soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp darting over like furious tigers while he seemed to be hearing Alice's cries.

'That bastard dared to daub quick-acting poison on the bolts!'

'I really suffered a great loss in this life. This father is still a virgin before death!'

'Mom, dad, sorry...'

Face starting to turn blue, Zhang Tie'd body turned numb and he fell to the ground, causing a great chaos across the campus.

Chapter 178: Alive

Evening of August 9th, Holy Brilliance Hospital, the best hospital in Blackhot City...

When Colonel Leibniz came to the hospital, it was already past 8:00 pm. By the time he came, full-armored soldiers of the No. 39 Division occupied each corner of the hospital. Not only the atmosphere in the hospital, even the entire Blackhot City became tense.

The one who assassinated Zhang Tie was a classmate's father whose son got lost during the survival training. That person firmly believed that Zhang Tie had killed his son. Therefore, he wanted him to pay for his son's life with his own.

If you ignored Zhang Tie's and Glaze's dad's statuses, it would be a trivial matter, but if their statuses were to be considered, this thing would become complicated.

Zhang Tie was a military officer of the Iron-Blood Camp of No. 39 Division of the Iron-Horn Army of the Norman Empire, while Glaze's dad, who was already dead, was the guard leader of Gregorian family, which was once one of the greatest families that ruled the Coal, Steel, and Iron Federation of Blackhot City. Almost one seventh of the entire wealth across Blackhot City was occupied by Gregorian family.

If on the land that had been newly incorporated into the territory of the Norman Empire, a guard leader of a ruling family that had already lost its power dared to assassinate a military officer of the empire in public, the outcome would be very severe. Who knew whether there was a plot against the empire behind the killing?

Especially since the bolt container and the poison in which the bolts were quenched both originated from Gregorian family. Therefore, Gregorian family could not make this thing clear anymore.

The violent Iron-Blood Camp had already surrounded Gregorian family's fortress in Blackhot City, preparing to surge inside and eliminate every single person inside.

The other families in Blackhot City were so scared that they became as quiet as cicadas in late autumn. In case of repeated occurrence, Colonel Leibniz declared a curfew in Blackhot City. Now, on the avenue outside the hospital, soldiers in full-armor were patrolling with heavy killing intent.

As for these soldiers, they only needed to know one reason about this curfew—a military officer of the Iron-Blood Camp was assassinated by a guard of a rich family in Blackhot City.

...

Previously, Colonel Leibniz hadn't planned to go to the hospital as he had heard that Zhang Tie was dead. Upon hearing this message, he just signed inside. He could still remember the boy who was looked upon by the Battle God and was very energetic in the military uniform of the Norman Empire.

Colonel Leibniz had planned to build this youth into a main character of an interesting story in the cocktail party and salon of Nordinburg. Unexpectedly, he had died this way. It made Colonel Leibniz feel like he'd lost an interesting toy. The message brought him a similar sense as when an oak-root tobacco pipe was pushed off his writing desk by his cat.

Zhang Tie was poisoned by blue frost which was usually daubed on the blades or bolts by assassins. It was a rare poison with amazing killing effect. Commoners could not get this poison at all. In Blackhot City, only rich families like Gregorian might have some of it. The weapon and poison used to assassinate Zhang Tie were also from the arsenal of Gregorian family.

Upon touching blood, blue frost would be fatal in one minute. Mostly, it could not be cured. That was not to say that there was no antidote to deal with its toxicity, but the antidote for blue frost was hundreds of times more expensive and rarer than the blue frost itself. It could not be found in Blackhot

City at all. Therefore, upon hearing his adviser's report about Zhang Tie's situation and confirmation that the youth was poisoned by blue frost, Colonel Leibniz treated him as a dead man.

Knowing that Zhang Tie was poisoned by blue frost, the entire Iron-Blood Camp was like a gunpowder barrel being ignited, with heavy killing intents, they all became infuriated and wanted to seek revenge from Gregorian family.

Previously, Colonel Leibniz didn't blame his cat for making his oak-root tobacco pipe fall to the ground, however, today, he had to pay great attention to this incident. He was the head of No. 39 division and the one assassinated was his man. At this moment, each soldier of the Norman Empire in Blackhot City represented the dignity and honor of the Norman Empire itself, especially when political intents were involved in this accident, he should not regard it as unimportant anymore.

In the entire afternoon, honorable lobbyists in Blackhot City who interceded for Gregorian family against those furious military officers of the Iron-Blood Camp, completely holding colonel back in the office. He couldn't leave his office at all. One party of high-ranking people defended the Gregorian family while the other wanted Leibniz to give orders to his soldiers to sweep over Gregorian family's fortress.

The Gregorian family had dispatched an assassin to kill a military officer of the Norman Empire in public. Once this guilt was verified, Gregorian family would be in great chaos.

Facing such an event, even the strong Gregorian family became restless. So at supper time, a head of another family which had ruled Blackhot City invited Colonel Leibniz to have supper in a private mansion in Blackhot City. On the table, Gregorian family expressed their 'sincerity' for complete settlement of this misunderstanding through an intermediary, which greatly moved Leibniz.

Although these 'dirty money' families which had dug mines for dozens of years in Blackhot City didn't have deep-rooted family histories nor great fighting force, by wealth, they even dwarfed the nobles of the Norman Empire. God knew how much wealth these families had accumulated by digging mines for dozens of years.

On one hand, Gregorian family's 'sincerity' made Colonel Leibniz's heart pound, but, on the other hand, this event was truly tricky, and it was rather difficult to satisfy both parties. Therefore, Colonel Leibniz was left scratching his head.

At this moment, he heard shocking news—that Zhang Tie, who had been poisoned by blue frost, was still alive.

Because of this, Colonel Leibniz saw a beacon of hope for the complete settlement of this event. Full of curiosity, he came to the hospital where Zhang Tie was brought.

...

The youth lay with his shoulders and abdomen wrapped with gauze. His face and skin looked terribly blue, making him a blue eggplant. So far, he was still in a comma. However, he was still breathing as people could see his chest and abdomen slightly rise and fall every couple of seconds.

Although Colonel Leibniz had seen a great amount of weird things in his life, he had to admit that the one happening to Zhang Tie would definitely rank in top three—a person poisoned by blue frost at least

seven hours ago was still alive without taking in any antidote? With the toxicity of blue frost, even a magical beast would have been killed.

"Are you sure he's been poisoned by blue frost?" Leibniz asked a doctor.

Seemingly having expected that she would be asked this question, the doctor took a vial of blue liquid and a white rat. After that, before Colonel Leibniz eyes, she lowered the needle of the syringe into the vial before thrusting it into the white rat.

Under the gaze of Colonel Leibniz, that white rat only jumped twice before gradually becoming still. Ten seconds later, it started to convulse. After ten more seconds, that pitiful white rat's skin started to become blue. One minute later, its body became as stiff as a frozen piece of meat.

Colonel Leibniz didn't doubt it any more.

"This vial of blood was retrieved from him! We're sure that he had been poisoned by blue frost! As there is no antidote in the hospital, we don't have the treatment either. Therefore, we can only wrap and deal with his wounds. Compared to the toxicity of blue frost, his wounds were not fatal.

"Previously we thought that he would surely die this time. However, for some special reason, his physical condition is different from that of commoners. Under this event, others would have died hundreds of times by now. Nevertheless, the harm the blue frost brought to him is not as severe as what we've imagined. Therefore, he's still alive for now. This is definitely a miracle!"

A thought suddenly flashed across Colonel Leibniz's mind. He abruptly remembered that Zhang Tie had been struck by a lightning bolt. Was this a special ability that the youth had obtained after being struck by a lightning bolt?

"He's was struck by a lightning bolt and suffered Post-Lightning Stroke Savant Syndrome. He has extremely great strength. Besides, he can cultivate very fast. Is it possible for him to be able to resist blue frost after being struck by a lightning bolt?"

"This person is suffering from Post-Lightning Stroke Savant Syndrome?" The doctor was startled. After thinking for a while, she nodded. "It's very possible. Human body has countless secrets, just like a treasure bank. Nobody can say how much his body changed after being struck by lightning!"

"Will he wake up then?"

"Because his combat suit has good defense against bolts, the wound on his abdomen is very shallow. Although the wound on his shoulder is deeper, it isn't fatal. Judging by his breath frequency, blue frost's harm has been controlled by him. Although I cannot tell you that he will surely wake up, it is truly possible for him to wake up!"

"Fine, please give him the best treatment. This person is the most excellent military officer of the Norman Empire. He has an endless bright future!" Colonel Leibniz told the doctor.

"We will try our best!"

Before Colonel Leibniz left Zhang Tie's ward, he ordered a team of soldiers to stay in the hospital to stop anyone from disturbing the treatment. Meanwhile, he ordered them to keep secret about the current situation. If Zhang Tie woke up, they should bring him the news immediately.



Additionally, before getting into his exclusive vehicle, Colonel Leibniz allowed his adviser to go to the Iron-Blood Camp to tell those violent maniacs that Zhang Tie was not dead yet.

He also canceled the curfew in Blackhot City at once. Colonel Leibniz didn't want to make a big thing out of event today. Therefore, he sent a relief signal to someone in Blackhot City right away.

Soon after colonel Leibniz left, a large group of military officers of the Iron-Blood Camp headed by battalion commander Reinhardt rushed into the hospital like the wind and entered Zhang Tie's ward.

Seeing that Zhang Tie was still breathing after being poisoned by blue frost for such a long time, the military officers of the Iron-Blood Camp were somewhat dumbfounded.

After knowing the possible side effects of Post-Lightning Stroke Savant Syndrome, Reinhardt seriously asked Guderian, "I will have a try, how about that..."

"If you were struck by a lightning bolt to death, there would be no person who has formed Iron-Blood battle Qi across the entire No. 39 Division. Without anyone who has formed Iron-Blood battle Qi to succeed your position, the No. 39 Division's Iron-Blood Camp will get canceled! That would be a huge shock to the entire No. 39 Division. If so, No. 39 Division would be the only division abandoned by the Battle God in the Iron-Horn Army. Not only us, even colonel Leibniz would not allow you to do this..." Guderian calmly replied.

Reinhardt only let out a deep sigh. Everybody then cast admiring eyes onto Zhang Tie who was lying on the bed. Then everybody noticed that the patch of blue on his forehead had gradually become lighter...

In Zhang Tie's mind that could not be overheard or spied on by others, a message appeared...

——Manjusaka Karma Fruit tree has completed the judging and recombination of the toxin in your body; it is being cleared. Your physical functions are gradually recovering. Poison-Resistance Fruit can be formed,

Yes or No?"

"Yes!"

Chapter 179: Fish in Turmoil

The chirping of birds outside the window woke Zhang Tie up. When he opened his eyes, he saw a cozy beige ceiling. A snow white quilt was covering him. Smelling the familiarly sterile environment, Zhang Tie immediately understood where he was.

He was lying in a hospital!

The moment Zhang Tie wanted to sit up by supporting himself with his hands, the pain on his left shoulder and abdomen made him grit his teeth at once, which reminded him of the two bolts before he fell to the ground at school.

'F\*ck!'

Zhang Tie winced as he swore.

The wound on his abdomen was not very painful. In contrast, he was much more pained by the hollow where his chest connected with his shoulder.

Opening his quilt, Zhang Tie took a look at his body. Previously he felt excited about not having to be a mummy anymore, unexpectedly, he was now wrapped in even more gauze than last time.

'Is this the aftermath of the nickname Mummy?'

It was sunny outside the room. Hearing birds twittering and smelling flowers' fragrance, Zhang Tie got off the bed and walked close to the windowsill. Opening the window, he watched the scenery outside and took a deep breath.

Below was the hospital's garden. The scenery there was very good. Standing by the window, Zhang Tie judged the shapes of the buildings outside the garden and immediately knew where he was in—the Holy Brilliance Hospital of Blackhot City.

He had not imagined that he could ever stay in the best hospital of Blackhot City, seemingly placed in the senior individuals' ICU ward.

Zhang Tie mocked himself, 'The treatment of a military officer of the Norman Empire is really not bad.'

Seeing sunshine outside the window, while he was wrapped with gauze and bandages, Zhang Tie stretched out his hand to touch the warm sun's light. Feeling very happy, he closed his eyes.

Not until now when he sensed the warmth of the sunshine outside the window did he get rid of the last remnants of the terrifying poison.

It was a very horrible feeling, being stiff and cold. He had felt his blood and muscles freezing into ice from the toes to his tongue. It felt like his body no longer belonged to him. His physical body seemed to disappear, turning into ashes that scattered away, and left him no feeling anymore.

During that period, Zhang Tie thought that he would definitely die. A poison with such a quick-acting effect was obviously numerous times stronger than the greater rat poison in Donder's grocery store. It had taken less than five seconds for him to lose his senses after being shot by the bolts.

Thinking back to that feeling, Zhang Tie's heart pounded even now.

...

After standing close to the windowsill for less than two minutes, the door of the ward was pushed open, and a nurse entered. She seemed to have come to change fresh dressing for his wounds.

At the sight of Zhang Tie standing close to the window, she was really shocked and screamed out, 'Aaahh!'

The moment the nurse screamed, four soldiers in dark-red military uniforms rushed in.

"You woke up, sir?" a soldier asked with his eyes popping out.

"Did I sleep very long? What's the date today?" Zhang Tie asked.

"Today is August 11th, you've slept for two days, sir!"

...

Only a bit more than ten minutes later, Colonel Leibniz and a large group of military officers from the Iron-Blood Camp got the news. Everybody then hurriedly arrived at the hospital and poured into Zhang Tie's ward.

Seeing Zhang Tie awake, everybody let out a sigh.

By now, Zhang Tie had already learned the name of the poison - blue frost. In addition, he found out about some of the things that had happened in Blackhot City during the past two days.

The Iron-Blood Camp had set out to surround the fortress of Gregorian family because of the assassination. They wanted to take revenge for him, which greatly moved Zhang Tie.

A manager and a guard leader of Gregorian family in Blackhot City were arrested. The manager was responsible for watching the family's arsenal while the guard leader was the superior of Glaze's dad. Glaze's dad had stolen the crossbow and the bolts out of Gregorian family's arsenal to assassinate Zhang Tie, yet, those two people didn't even know about it.

Therefore, the two people were taken as scapegoats so as to relieve the fury of the Iron-Blood Camp.

Sodor was also arrested along with the two people. He had requested a duel with Zhang Tie, who was then assassinated at school. Nobody knew whether Sodor and Glaze's dad were accomplices or not; one in the open, the other hidden. So after Zhang Tie was attacked by Glaze's dad, Sodor was immediately put behind bars. Through interrogations, Sodor 'finally admitted' that he had 'contacted' Glaze's dad after hearing that Glaze had not returned, and they then discussed ways to kill Zhang Tie.

After admitting his conspiracy with Glaze's dad, Sodor died in prison due to severe wounds, and all the details concerning Zhang Tie's assassination were revealed to the public.

After 'admitting' his guilt, Sodor helped Gregorian family out of the name of 'main instigator of the assassination'. Of course, nobody cared whether this small figure was alive or dead at this time.

Zhang Tie sighed inside. No matter whether Sodor was involved in this event or not, it had already come to an end. Since Sodor had died, it wasn't necessary to look further for guilty parties.

In this case, Zhang Tie didn't feel wronged for being shot by the two bolts. Although there was no evidence that he had killed Glaze, Glaze's dad was sure that Zhang Tie had done it. Then how to deal with it?

He could only blame himself for being careless as he had regarded the Glaze thing way too simple. He had thought that nobody would find him trouble if there was no evidence. However, he had not realized that in this world, sometimes, someone would not need any evidence to do something once they had made up their mind.

'Glaze's dad must have thought it would not be a loss for him even if he and me both died in this fight. It's right for him to take revenge for his son.'

Even now, Zhang Tie didn't hate Glaze's dad at all, even if he had killed him. He might have been a good father, but he had brought up a bastard son.

The only ones wronged in this case were Sodor and the Gregorian family. They were the 'two pitiful fish involved after the city gate caught on fire'. But one was a crocodile while the other was not even a tadpole, merely a plankton. Since the crocodile was in trouble, that plankton then became the scapegoat.

This was the game rule of this world. Like Donder had said, there were always similar cases in this world: when the rich were in trouble, the poor would be screwed.

The cause of the entire thing was Glaze, though. Zhang Tie reflected on the innocent method he had used to deal with Glaze. Only the underprivileged side required evidence to comfort themselves and seek for sympathy and support, while for the privileged it was actually bullsh\*t and needless.

What evidence was used for the Norman Empire to incorporate Blackhot City? What evidence was used for a lion to eat a hare? What evidence was used for a dauntless man to seek revenge? What evidence was used for big figures to decide the life and death of tens of millions of people?

The mindset that Zhang Tie had formed as an underprivileged person had almost killed him this time.

What a really powerful man would have done if they had been in the same situation? They would have definitely come back to Blackhot City and sought for a chance to kill Glaze's dad so as to eliminate this threat in its sprouting stage in case of being further screwed.

Naive, naive, too naive! Because of this event, Zhang Tie immediately became more broad-minded, and his mentality greatly improved. He grew up a bit more.

The other benefit of this event was that the others finally believed that he was suffering from Post-Lightning Stroke Savant Syndrome. Previously, they had still doubted whether Zhang Tie was struck by a lightning bolt or not, but now everybody were assured of it as they had all witnessed Zhang Tie surviving the blue frost without receiving any antidote.

If it was revealed to the public, everyone would be very shocked. If it was not for the lightning strike that had changed his physical structure and tapped his mysterious physical potential, how could he have picked his life back up?

The first batch of people who poured in to visit Zhang Tie started to be interested in the lightning bolt around the end of the conversation. They asked questions including when he was struck by that lightning bolt, at which place, the size of the lightning bolt, his physical condition at that moment, which part of him was struck, and all sorts of other weird questions. Everyone was asking it very seriously, and even Colonel Leibniz started to show his interest in it.

Having been well prepared for this, of course Zhang Tie could reply to all of them well. If anybody wanted to verify it, they could definitely find the evidence of a lightning bolt strike beside a big tree on the hillside not too long ago, of which Zhang Tie told them about. Unless someone was able to date back to the previous strike, nobody would find any leakage in Zhang Tie's lies.

...

"You can take a good rest now. The doctor said that you'll need a month to recover. So I'll give you one month's holiday, during which you don't need to go back to the camp. You can return when you completely recover!"

Colonel Leibniz straight away gave Zhang Tie a long holiday.

He had been in a very good mood the last couple of days. After perfectly solving this event, he would even laugh out loudly to himself in the evening whenever he thought of Gregorian family's sincerity. Because of this event, Colonel Leibniz found that Zhang Tie was certainly his lucky angel, and so he started to pay more attention to him. The boy could not only bring him continual good luck in Nordinburg, but also in Blackhot City.

Colonel Leibniz started to feel that it was his wisest decision to recruit Zhang Tie into his division.

Seeing Zhang Tie awake, Colonel Leibniz finally ordered the security guards to leave. After the military officers of No. 39 Division left, those guys who had been waiting outside the ward, forbidden to enter, now started to pour inside.

All of them were waiting outside the ward by turns for news about Zhang Tie.

Zhang Tie noticed that Leit, Doug, his elder brother, Beverly, and Wood all looked a bit fatigued. It seemed that they hadn't rested well the past two days, especially his elder brother. Although he strove to act lively, his fatigue was immediately caught by Zhang Tie's eyes. Though, it was more a spiritual fatigue than a physical one.

After seeing Zhang Yang's red eyes, Zhang Tie asked first, "Does dad and mom know about what happened to me?"

Zhang Tie was most worried about his dad and mom, if they had learned about what had happened to him a couple days ago.

"At the beginning, I didn't dare to tell them. I just said that after you left that man alive, you returned to the military camp. Because of the great amount of people at school, there was turmoil, but you didn't even lose a hair. Later on, when I found out that you had a chance to recover, I didn't dare to tell them either.

"So they still don't know about it. Although dad heard some uncertain gossip outside and asked about you last night out of suspicion, mom also starting to become dubious, I pacified both of them. If you're feeling better, you'd better go back home to comfort them. Even if you don't come inside, it will also work if you just greet mom from outside the door!"

Hearing that his elder brother had lied to their parents for two days, Zhang Tie finally let out a sigh. Since few people had witnessed him getting assassinated, and soon after the school campus had turned into chaos, there were all sorts of gossip flying about. It quickly spread outside the school gate, and because the Gregorian family was involved, it further evolved into more varieties.

Due to his elder brother intentionally hiding it, Zhang Tie hadn't made his parents worry about him. This was the most lucky thing out of the great misfortune.

...

No matter what, as he had a great amount of time left, Zhang Tie first chatted with Leit and Wood and comforted the others. Then he let them go back and have a good rest. He also asked them to tell the

other members of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood that he was fine. After that, Zhang Tie cast his eyes onto Alice, who kept watching him without saying anything since she entered the room.

Seeing this, others voluntarily walked out of the ward. At the sight of Alice's red and swollen eyes, Zhang Tie smiled and showed his muscles using his right arm that could still freely move.

Alice's eyes immediately teared up. She walked over and carefully embraced Zhang Tie for two whole minutes, afraid of hurting him. She kept dropping tears on Zhang Tie's undulating chest without saying anything.

Zhang Tie was really scared by this and hurriedly helped Alice to wipe off her tears. "I'm sorry to have frightened you that day. I know it wasn't good to kill a person in front of you. It was a bit bloody..."

Seeing her man still worrying about frightening her that day, Alice just shook her head, tears coming down her cheeks in a greater torrent.

"What are you crying for?" Zhang Tie was pained by her sorrowful visage and started to kiss away her tears. "You must have not slept well these two days!"

"They all say that you had realized it at that time. If you had chosen to avoid the bolts, they would have never hit you. But because we were standing in front of you, you decided to protect us by pushing us away at the cost of your life. You then used your own body to face the bolts, didn't you?" Alice held Zhang Tie's face between her hands, her tearful eyes filled with deep love fixed on him. "Why were you so foolish?"

Zhang Tie giggled, not knowing what to say. It had been just his instinctive response at that moment; he hadn't thought that much about it. He only felt that it was not right for Alice, Beverly, and Pandora to face danger when he was still standing alive. This was especially so now, when he knew that the bolts had been quenched in blue frost.

Zhang Tie started to really feel that he had made the right choice. Thankfully, the two bolts were shot at him...

"To tell the truth, I only feel very happy now; thankfully, the two bolts were shot at me! If they had hit you, I wouldn't know how to face that. I cannot imagine what I would do if you lay there and would never wake up again because of me. I might have been driven mad by it..."

Right now, they actually didn't need to say anything. Alice moved her lips closer to Zhang Tie and started to kiss him. Today, she even wanted to engulf him whole.

Chapter 180: A Performance and Orphanage's Troubles

On the same evening Zhang Tie woke up, he gave a performance together with his elder brother.

In the evening, Zhang Tie put on his clothes and drove a military vehicle that was left by the Iron-Blood Camp out of the hospital. Because his left hand did not work well yet, Zhang Tie only used his right hand to control the steering wheel. Since he was fully-dressed, nobody could see his wounds.

This car, powered by a steam engine, was very easy to control. It only had a neutral position, a former block, an after stall, a brake, and an accelerator. Of course, accelerator was an old word

from before the Catastrophe. According to the present professional terms, it was a pressure-variable pedal connected to the car's boiler. Through this pedal, the output power of the steam engine at the head of the car could be adjusted.

Steam-driven cars drove easily. They could reach above 100 km/h in the city. The only shortage of this car was that it would take at least half an hour to ignite every day. Only after the boiler had been heated and the pressure inside the boiler rose to a certain degree could the car be used. But the car needed ignition only once a day. After it was ignited, what the driver needed to do was to feed coal into the charging bin, add water in the water container, and clean the ashes out of the automatic ash discharging container every day.

Iron-Blood Camp was the most mechanized camp in No. 39 Division. There were five cars available in Third Platoon alone, in which Zhang Tie served. Three of the five cars were half-covered armored vehicles used to transport soldiers, while the other two were five-seat military convertible SUVs. As the head of Third Platoon, Zhang Tie had an SUV exclusively to himself. As he was recuperating in the hospital, the Iron-Blood Camp just left the vehicle there for the convenience of Zhang Tie's travel.

With the pile of gold coins that he had gotten from Samira's purse, Zhang Tie drove the car directly towards a rice store. After buying two bags of rice, he let the lad working there to put the rice onto his back seats. After that, he paid and drove his car towards his parents' place.

On the way back home, Zhang Tie felt pretty cool sitting in the car. His vanity was satisfied once again.

Zhang Tie estimated that his family members were eating supper now. After pressing the horn twice, he didn't get off the car, instead, he directly shouted loudly, "Elder brother, open the door!"

As they've agreed on in the morning, the moment Zhang Yang heard Zhang Tie's scream, he opened the door and walked outside. With a surprised expression on his face, he said, "Aya, you've learned how to drive a car. Come on in, we're eating supper now!"

"No, I've already finished supper. As I have something to deal with today, I brought you two bags of rice in case you need to buy them again. You can just take them out of the car. I won't go inside today!"

"Fine!"

While the two brothers performed, they grimaced to each other. While Zhang Yang was taking out the two bags of rice off the car, Zhang Tie's dad and mom walked out the door.

With a big smile on his face, Zhang Tie enthusiastically waved his right hand towards his parents. "Dad, Mom, I'm here to bring your some rice! How about my car? Is your son great? I've learned how to drive a car!"

Seeing Zhang Tie outside the door of their home, as was expected, their parents revealed smiles, as if a heavy burden was taken off their shoulders.

"Hurry up, go home and eat supper!"

"No, dad, I'll take you out for a ride one day. As I've just finished supper, I'm here to bring you two bags of rice by the way!"

"Guoguo, are you okay?" Saying this, his mom prepared to walk towards Zhang Tie. "I heard that something happened to you during the duel!"

Placing his left hand on the steering wheel, Zhang Tie hammered his chest with great vigor using his right hand. "I'm very good. As there were a lot of people at school that day, some chaos arose. Your son is fine, although having been almost eaten by a pile of girls. There was someone who had a conflict with soldiers sent there by the Military Administration to maintain order, but they were arrested. Mom, you just go back home. I have something urgent to deal with today, so I'll go back to see you another day!"

After saying this, since he was afraid that his mom would notice something wrong if she drew close to him, Zhang Tie waved his hand towards her and stepped on the pressure-variable pedal, driving away.

Now certain that his son was okay, Zhang Tie's mom finally let out a long breath. She stayed at home the past two days, so when Zhang Yang told her that Zhang Tie was okay, she believed it. But when she went out to buy vegetables today, she heard that Zhang Tie was assassinated. She was really startled by such news.

As few people had witnessed what had happened to Zhang Tie that day, there were many versions of the event spread around. Some said that the military officer of the Norman Empire picked a fight with the onlookers of the duel; some said that he was assassinated during the duel; others even said that the soldiers of No. 39 Division started a massacre in the Seventh National Male Middle School.

There was also a gossip that the Gregorian family schemed some plot, but it was found out, and so the fortress of Gregorian family was surrounded by the soldiers of No. 39 Division, which led to curfew across the whole Blackhot City.

Zhang Tie's dad and mom had heard a lot of different versions the past two days, and they couldn't judge which one was true at all. Therefore, they were really worried about Zhang Tie.

After seeing him drive over in a good condition, they finally became reassured.

Zhang Tie really didn't want his dad and mom to worry about him.

After the performance, Zhang Tie prepared to go back to the hospital as he had to change fresh dressing for his wounds tonight.

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Because it was supper time, there were only a few passers-by on the road, so Zhang Tie found it extremely pleasant to drive. The landscapes on two sides of the road kept moving backwards rapidly, and he seemed to have that feeling of running in the wind again. While driving with this great pleasure, Zhang Tie caught sight of Grandma Teresa, who was standing on the roadside in green nun's clothing. Beside her were a group of kids. Zhang Tie's car passed by them by 20 meters in a split second.

With a sound of 'Zhi', Zhang Tie pushed on the brake, leaving a 7-8 m long tire mark on the cement ground. He drove back to the old woman.

'She's really Grandma Teresa!'



More than ten kids were standing on the roadside. One was holding a box for donations in his hand, while another held high a paper board on which was written - 'We're very hungry!'

The rest of the kids were holding pots of flowers and grasses.

Standing among them, Grandma Teresa collected donations together with these kids from kind-heart passers-by, who would get a pot of flowers or grasses as a payment.

It was late, and the lamplighters were about to come out; few people were still walking on the road. Therefore, those people who were collecting donations on the roadside looked pretty desolate.

Zhang Tie immediately jumped off the car and walked towards them. Although in a military uniform, all the kids could still recognize him.

It was the elder brother Rice Soup who would send yummy rice soup to the orphanage every week before.

"Elder brother Rice Soup..."

Zhang Tie was immediately surrounded by the kids. At the sight of the dejected faces of these kids between 4-9 years old and that board 'We are very hungry', Zhang Tie felt like crying. After the price of grains had surged up across the entire Blackhot City, even his home's rice brew business became depressed. Zhang Tie could definitely imagine how bad a situation Grandma Teresa's orphanage was in now.

At the sight of Zhang Tie, Grandma Teresa smiled like before, however, after three months, she looked more haggard than before.

"Elder brother Rice Soup, will you send us rice soup like before? We've not drunk yummy rice soup for over a month!" asked a 6-7-year-old-girl in a timid way while pulling on the corner of Zhang Tie's military coat.

Hearing the words 'rice soup', all the other kids started to forcefully swallow their saliva at the same time, their shiny eyes fixed on Zhang Tie.

"Good girl, elder brother will send you yummy food after a while!"

Saying this, Zhang Tie slightly touched the little girl's head.

Grandma Teresa then walked towards him. Being different from those kids, she clearly knew what it meant him wearing this military uniform. After three months, the coy youth who had sent rice soup to the orphanage had become a second lieutenant of the Norman Empire. Even Zhang Tie's personality had greatly changed.

"Grandma Teresa!" Zhang Tie greeted the old woman who was walking towards him.

"It seems that the god's willingness has been displayed on you!"

Grandma Teresa embraced Zhang Tie warmly after coming over.

"How many days have these kids been starved?"

"Over the past month, these kids could only eat till they were half-full at each meal. Additionally, three meals a day have been reduced to two meals a day. I had no other method but to take them out and collect donations on the road. If it continues like this, the kids will definitely have health problems. These kids I take out are healthier than those being left in the orphanage who don't even have the strength to walk!" Grandma Teresa said dejectedly.

"What do you need most now?"

"Food, salt, it would be better if there was some sugar and alcohol!"

"Grandma, do you believe in me?"

Zhang Tie stared at Grandma Teresa with a serious expression.

"Of course, my son!"

"Then go back to the orphanage together with these kids, boil water and clean the warehouse, I'll bring the items there soon!"

After deeply staring at Zhang Tie and then kissing his forehead once again, Grandma Teresa said nothing more. She felt tears filling her eyes. She knew that these kids of the orphanage would finally be saved...

Touching the heads of the kids surrounding him, Zhang Tie revealed a smile. "You first go back to the orphanage together with grandma and tell your friends in the orphanage to prepare for the yummy food your elder brother will bring to you. How about that?"

"Fine!"

The small kids all nodded with shiny eyes fixed on Zhang Tie.

Without saying anything more, Zhang Tie waved his hands to those people as he immediately jumped into the car and sped away...

Not until Zhang Tie disappeared at the end of the road did grandma Teresa let those kids who had been standing outside for almost a day to return to the orphanage.