

## Black Iron 211

### Chapter 211: Revenge and Booty

"There are good people among bandits and robbers; there are psychic and intelligent ones among magical beasts and domestic animals. However, if there is a population in the world that would not find it wrong to chop off the heads of a whole battalion, it must be the Mulings of the Brilliant God Cult!

This is because the first condition for joining the priesthood and clergy of Brilliant God, for becoming Muling, is to sacrifice an innocent kid below 10-years-old with his fresh blood and life to the Brilliant God. The higher rank the Muling is, the more times he would have had to sacrifice innocent lives and on the larger scale.

Only the real evil and ugly people can do this. Although the name Brilliant God Cult sounds good, actually, it's an absolutely a heresy."

This was how Donder had described it to Zhang Tie.

Maybe because the soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp hadn't chopped off his head immediately, it birthed some weird hopes in his brain that was drowning in kilograms of fat. He dared to talk about the Human Race's Brilliant Charter with the military officers of the Iron-Blood Camp, expecting to survive.

However, everybody just watched his final performance with icy expressions. Although they couldn't wait to just chop off his head or stomp him to death, if that truly happened, it would be too easy an end for him.

After a short while, five horses were led into the drying field by several soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp.

Seeing this, that Muling's face turned completely pale while his shrieks became more shrill. At the same time, he quickly changed his pleas.

"Ah... no... please, let me die fast..."

"Because of your order, do you know how many people have died here in the last two days? Do you know how many people of the Iron-Blood Camp were killed? Do you know how many people had their heads chopped off? And right now you still expect an easy death?" Battalion Commander Reinhardt watched him with an emotionless expression. "I can only assure you that it's very painful, as to whether it is fast or not, it'll depend on you!"

After saying this, Battalion Commander Reinhardt motioned with his hand and said with an icy face, "Fix him..."

Receiving the order, some soldiers instantly fastened that guy's head and four limbs to the ropes that were tied to the horses.

This was Zhang Tie's first time seeing someone being torn apart by five horses. This cruel death penalty was rarely used on the crime-ridden people even in the Norman Empire. This was a horrible death penalty with rich oriental features.

The head of the Iron-Blood Camp had given this order to tear apart the Muling who had decided to chop off the heads of all the soldiers of the Norman Empire so as to send a warning to those guys who wanted to challenge the authority of the Norman Empire and the honor its army—soldiers of the Norman Empire could be killed, but not insulted!

In this village, it was not possible to kill all of the 2000-odd people with a troop of 1000-odd people. Before the Iron-Blood Camp had rounded everyone up, there were 70-80 soldiers of Brilliant Feathers that had escaped when they realized the situation was not going well for their side. After returning to their base, they would definitely report what had happened here to the superiors of Brilliant Feathers Army. Therefore, the Iron-Blood Camp was sure that the Brilliant Feathers Army understood what they wanted to express.

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After being tightened to five horses for under a minute, that fat figure finally became five separate parts. After that, the five parts were left in Solanet together with their ropes.

In the beginning, Zhang Tie thought that he would vomit at the sight of such a scene, since it was more vicious than just slashing a person into two. The bloody scenes on the battlefield had truly made him uncomfortable; however, watching this guy painfully struggle and shriek miserably until he was separated into five, Zhang Tie only felt cold inside.

'For such a scumbag, we should do this!' Zhang Tie told himself inside, 'more than 200 soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp were wounded or killed in the first battle today, which means that the total amount of the Iron-Blood Camp was reduced by one sixth. Half of this loss should be owed by that guy who had been quartered. If this guy hadn't taunted the Iron-Horn Army and infuriated the marshals, how could I be dispatched here.'

After this final warning ceremony, Major Guderian glanced at his watch. "We have 40 minutes to clean the battlefield and collect our booty; we'll leave here in 40..."

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Everybody rapidly scattered while First Lieutenant Liu Xing pulled Zhang Tie's arm and ran with him towards the battlefield.

"What are we going to do?" Zhang Tie asked him.

"Go collect our booty?"

"Shouldn't this be done by soldiers? Shouldn't the booty be collected before being submitted?" Zhang Tie asked out of curiosity, thinking of the army rules told by his elder brother.

"Who told you that?" First Lieutenant Liu Xing kept striding forward as he explained to Zhang Tie, "In the Iron-Horn Army, even the entire Norman Empire, all the booty from Iron-Blood Camp's independent fights don't need to be submitted. Didn't you know that?"

"Is that true?"

Zhang Tie was really shocked.

"Of course, the Iron-Blood Camp, which shoulders the toughest fights and suffers the highest casualty rate, should enjoy some special treatment!" First Lieutenant Liu Xing said, starting to run. "The booty of the Iron-Blood Camp is divided into two parts: the collective one, and the personal. The collective booty is distributed by the Iron-Blood Camp in a unified way while personal booty fully belongs to individuals. Even the colonel could not share that!

"Collective booty belongs to the collective wealth of the troops eliminated by us such as ordnance and the government and public materials in the enemy occupied zone. After each battle, a part of the captured collective booty would be taken as extra pension for the casualties in that battle.

"If there were no collective booty, extra pensions for casualties would be allocated from the personal booties which are all the wealth on the enemy that you've killed. This time, we should submit all the cash that we collect as extra pension for the wounded and dead soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp."

"What about the personal booty of our Boss Reinhardt after he exploded his opponent into parts?"

First Lieutenant Liu Xing burst out laughing loudly. "In this case, unless boss goes to fetch the corpse one piece by another, if you find that guy's personal belongings, they will belong to you. Boss Reinhardt doesn't tend to do that, have you seen those bastards running faster than hares? That guy who had formed the sky battle qi is not common. He's already a LV 9 fighter. There might be something good with him. Anyone who can find it will have it!"

'F\*ck!' Zhang Tie also hurriedly ran towards that battlefield...

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First Lieutenant Liu Xing explained the rules on distributing booty in the Iron-Blood Camp while they ran. After several hundred years' experience, the Iron-Blood Camp of the Norman Empire had long formed a strict distribution system. Every member would follow it self-consciously.

Take this time for an instance, besides killing more than ten military officers, Zhang Tie had also killed a great amount of soldiers. According to this distribution system, the personal property of those soldiers that Zhang Tie had killed didn't belong to him any more, instead, they were going to be allocated among the soldiers of Third Platoon. As a military officer, Zhang Tie could only collect the personal belongings of other military officers that he had killed.

First Lieutenant Liu Xing said this was the gesture that military officers of the Norman Empire should have. Boss Reinhardt executed this gesture very well as he didn't even feel like searching for his booty from the guy that had been torn to pieces by his punch.

Boss Reinhardt, he looked down upon the personal belongings of all the guys who were weaker than him. If boss really liked something on that person, his final fist would definitely be tender. For instance, he only needed to explode the guy's head, instead of his whole body, like how a fairy spread open a flower.

A military officer who could kill a great amount of enemies on the battlefield, thus increasing the survival rate and gaining more booty and wealth for his subordinates would definitely gain their favor and reliance. Undoubtedly, at the critical moment, a lot of them would be ready to sacrifice themselves to protect their officer

Real brothers were an indestructible community combining righteousness and benefits.

It was partnership between businessmen that shared benefits but was not righteous. When the catastrophe arrived, the partners would flee by themselves like birds.

It was empty talk and dreams of nerds to be righteous without sharing benefits. It would take scholars ten years to fail a revolt.

From the distribution of booty in the Iron-Blood Camp, Zhang Tie had gained some insights. It was said that such a distribution pattern originated from the emperor who had founded the Norman Empire.

At this time, after the corpses across Solanet were dealt with, each member of the Iron-Blood Camp was collecting their own booty. The armors, weapons, property, and special equipment on those corpses were all valuable. Some experienced guys even forcefully opened the enemies' mouths to check whether they had gold teeth inside. Nobody would mind prying them off.

Zhang Tie noticed that personal belongings of the enemy corpses that had been killed by brothers that had sacrificed themselves would also be collected by special people. As these were the booties of the brothers that had sacrificed themselves, they would be converted into wealth and delivered to the family members of the dead soldiers in the name of extra pension.

The whole process was so meticulous that nothing valuable would be left.

When Zhang Tie arrived at the battlefield, that guy who had been exploded by Boss Reinhardt had long been cleaned, leaving nothing at all, even a hair. After letting out a sigh, Zhang Tie realized that he was late. Therefore, he could only collect and count his own booty.

The first thing Zhang Tie gained were the two horses of the military officers who had been struck down by his javelins. The two horses were expropriated by Major Guderian to carry some properties and wounded soldiers back first.

Besides that, the rest of Zhang Tie's booty were all the properties of the twelve military officers of Sun Dynasty who had been killed by him.

A armor, weapons, and purses were all Zhang Tie's personal achievements. His subordinates helped him collect all the good stuff from the dead bodies. As these items neither could be carried away temporarily nor be left for Sun Dynasty to arm their soldiers, based on the formalities on dealing with this in the Iron-Blood Camp, after collecting these items, they had to be registered first before finding a place to bury them.

The benefit of doing things this way was that when the conditions became better in the future, they could dig the items out and use them again. They then could be sold, used, or left as a hidden equipment supplement point.

All the members of the Iron-Blood Camp were very smooth in doing this. They divided the labor work orderly and cleaned the battlefield in a very fast way, like plowing land.

No matter where they were, the military officers were definitely richer than common soldiers. They would have more good items with them.

After searching over several bodies, with exception of some purses that contained cash, Zhang Tie finally saw a very beautiful gold pocket watch embedded with two circles of fine gemstones. There was a wild compass on the skull of the watch. The dial even contained a monthly calendar and ephemeris and a waving rotating wheel which could be wound up automatically. At the sight of it, Zhang Tie knew it was an advanced item, which put him in a good mood.

When he saw this pocket watch, Zhang Tie realized that he had not even had a watch since he was born. Therefore, he took it without any hesitation.

Because all the cash being collected should be handed in as the pension of dead and wounded soldiers, at the sight of the purses, Zhang Tie he didn't even glance at them but directly threw them to a soldier beside him, asking him to hand them in an adviser of Iron-Blood Camp who was especially responsible for collecting cash. Zhang Tie roughly estimated there were at least dozens of gold coins inside the purses through weight. This amount of money also represented Zhang Tie's condolence to those dead and wounded soldiers. Because it was on the battle field, even if it was a military officer of Sun Dynasty, he would not take too much money with him.

Besides that above, the military rations of the dead military officers of the Sun Dynasty should also be left. In the near future, the Iron-Blood Camp would have no supplies at all. Only taking two rations with them which afforded a single week of food, Zhang Tie threw the rest to the soldiers of Third Platoon, solving the problem of several soldiers' rations.

On the dead second-lieutenant military officer of the Sun Dynasty, Zhang Tie found a nice dagger which was black all over. Although having no luster at all, it was very sharp, and much easier to use than his own. This one was truly a bad-luck guy, being killed by Zhang Tie's javelin before the two troops had even clashed. His dagger was still hanging on his waist, not even having been pulled out yet.

Noticing this good item, of course Zhang Tie took it as his own without any hesitation.

Besides these items, Zhang Tie also found some amulets of Brilliant God Cult from those military officers and a book "Holy Decree of My Lord" which was used to wash people's brains by the Sun Dynasty. As these items were fabricated by these hardass priests, of course Zhang Tie would not take them.

On a 20-odd body, Zhang Tie found a heart-shaped gold pendant necklace. He opened it and saw a photo of a beautiful lady who was also a bit over 20 years old. That lady smiled brilliantly. Watching the photo for a short while, Zhang Tie sighed inside and silently foisted it back, letting it rest close to the icy chest of that military officer.

For that giant Zhang Tie killed, besides that huge wolf-fanged mace and the half-body armor, he was absolutely poor as he didn't even have a copper coin with him. Glancing at his thrusting belly, Zhang Tie had a feeling that this guy might have eaten all of his wage.

This guy kept staring at the sky with a grievous expression until now.

"Well, don't think about it any more. At worst, until next we encounter each other, you can learn to be a bit smarter. How about letting you be shameless next time..."

Saying this, Zhang Tie felt vacant as he moved his palm over the giant's face to close his eyes. After receiving Zhang Tie's promise, that giant's face also seemed to have relaxed somewhat.

The moment Zhang Tie wanted to stand up, he noticed a small something on the ground under the giant's armpit. It was a finger with a metal half-active fingerstall. Not knowing whether it was a middle finger or an index finger, the moment Zhang Tie caught sight of that fingerstall, he recalled that fighter with a huge icy-blue bloody scorpion as his battle-qi totem who was exploded by Boss Reinhardt.

Feeling something on the finger, Zhang Tie picked it up.

Under the fingerstall was a ring covered by the half-motive of the fingerstall. It was a common silver ring. Zhang Tie's heart suddenly pounded as he quietly moved off the ring from that broken finger.

Holding the ring in his hand, Zhang Tie confirmed it was not made of silver, but a matter that was two times heavier than gold and of the same volume. Silver's density was smaller than that. As to the two green stones the size of nails of a little finger, Zhang Tie was also confused about them.

This ring felt both expensive and mysterious...

There were some special geometric patterns on the silver ring. It seemed to be runes, but Zhang Tie was not sure. Watching the rune-like floral patterns, his heart pounded as he injected his spiritual energy in that ring like polishing his burning points.

—Ring of Energy. It can recover your physical strength 4% faster after you use it up, enabling the wearer to be more energetic. This item was made by rune master Andariel.

This was a fragment of the message fixed in the ring like the label of commodity. When you inject your spiritual energy inside, this message would be activated and appear in the mind of the one who activated it like the legendary tape recorder before the catastrophe.

'F\*ck!'

Zhang Tie almost jumped up. 'Is this a rune equipment that is usually out of small figures' reach in Donder's words?'

'I'm rich...'

A vulgar thought flashed across Zhang Tie's mind...

Twenty minutes later, the Iron-Blood Camp started to leave Solanet. When they moved out, Zhang Tie had one more dagger on his waist, an extra, delicate, advanced pocket watch, and a silver ring on his left middle finger. With the exception of this, nothing else had changed on Zhang Tie. The huge sword and javelin container were still heavier than half a ton. With such heavy items, each step forward meant a great consumption of his physical strength.

At this moment, Zhang Tie put almost all his spiritual energy on himself. He found that although the weight on his back didn't become lighter even a bit, his physical strength obviously recovered faster than before. If he made a serious comparison, he would know it truly recovered almost 4% faster than before. Benefiting from this, he felt less fatigued.

No matter what, this ring could give him a greater chance to survive these kind of battles.

Zhang Tie had not imagined that he could receive such an achievement in such a battle. He couldn't help thinking that if he could get more attribute-improving equipment like this, he would become stronger and have a greater chance to return back to Blackhot City.

Through today's battle, Zhang Tie had also gained some improvements in his sword skills as he had found that some gestures of sword palm of the Iron-Blood Fist skill seemed really feasible for this huge sword of his. In the battlefield, if you use this huge sword as a huge and sharp palm, you can then exert greater force by those open movements.

Additionally, when he used those more delicate and heavier javelins made by the Norman Empire in the battlefield, Zhang Tie faintly felt that they could fly faster than before, however they seemed to have reached a limit in speed as they met an invisible barrier.

That barrier was a sound barrier that all flying objects in the air would meet when they reached the velocity of sound...

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## Chapter 212: One-Hundred People Down

Zhang Tie and his subordinates were calmly lying in the grass while a team of about 100 soldiers of the Sun Dynasty were walking towards them with a bit of tension on the hillside below them.

As this was a mountainous area, the mountain pass below was very narrow. On both sides of the pass were shrubs or large rocks, so even if the team of soldiers wanted to pass this region as soon as possible, the over 100 people could not move fast at all.

This was already the 12th day since the Iron-Blood Camp had executed the "enmity task" here in this mountainous area. In the first week, based on the statistics of the Iron-Blood Camp, Zhang Tie had already won the nickname of "One-Hundred People Down", which was an honor in the army, an honor that was gifted to real warriors. However, Zhang Tie didn't like this honor, neither did he like being called "One-Hundred People Down" by others.

In his opinion, he was forced to kill people in the battlefield. As a small figure, he could not change the willingness to fight between the two powers at Kalur region. Because he wanted to survive himself, as well as help his subordinates do so, he chose to kill. Although they were enemies, there was no animosity between him and the soldiers of the Brilliant Feathers. In the enmity between two powers, they were just trivial components, tools and iron filings...

Perhaps someone truly deserved death such as that bastard who was quartered by the five horses of the Iron-Blood Camp, but even if the opponents were members of the Sun Dynasty, Zhang Tie still felt that most of them were no different from him and his friends in Blackhot City. They were all small figures who had their own parents.

Since they were all human beings, one should be reluctant and aggrieved to kill people. For if this action was taken as an honor, it would be grievous.

Such a thought might be seen as too merciful, fitting more for women. Especially in the army, few people would agree with Zhang Tie, however, he felt that there was nothing to be proud about in being called "One-Hundred People Down". He only felt jarred. He preferred to be called "One-Hundred People Down" for convincing one hundred women into his bed instead of killing one hundred men in a battlefield.

The two events were totally different as one could bring people happiness and new birth while the other could only bring pain and death.

Zhang Tie preferred the former one.

Including those adorable girls of the Rose Association, Pandora, Alice, and Beverly, only 16 girls were left before Zhang Tie would gain the honor "One-Hundred People Down" which he could be proud of. He had never dared to imagine something this before, which gave him a sense of pride when he was alone.

In Zhang Tie's opinion, there was nothing to be proud in killing commoners who had no way to fight back against him.

When at school, it was said that before the catastrophe, for a period of at least 2000 years, human beings were actually ruled by those demons who disguised themselves as humans. When demons ruled, people's values were twisted so many people took ugly as beauty and wrong as right: a group of people killed another group of people; people of one profession killed others of another profession; people of one skin color killed others of another skin color; people of one country killed others of another country; people with one belief killed others with another belief. The above killings became as usual as cooking dinner.

Demons told people how to make distinctions. When people were born, they would learn how to separate themselves by language, skin color, blood ties, religion, country, wealth, educational background, looks, hobbies, social status, moral standards, even food... Everything could be used to split them apart.

After that, people learned of animosity and how to take revenge and kill each other. They learned how to eliminate things that were different from themselves. As each newborn was labeled to distinguish it, these labels then taught them who to kill based on the differences of those labels when they grew up. As a result, each one became isolated in their soul islands and turned into the most senior wild beasts.

When demons encouraged people to take revenge on and kill each other, the love affairs between men and women that were the most beautiful and pleasurable emotions, allowing people to grow in numbers, were twisted to become shameless and lewd. Expressing love to a person became something shameful, condemning and humiliating.

After being confined for thousands of years, people's love flowers in their hearts gradually withered away as if they were locked in dark rooms. Many people no longer knew how to express their love the right way, instead, they learned how to vent their resulting emotions through violence, hypocrisy, and deception. People had turned love into harm, greed, and fear. Even to this day, people still couldn't remember how to express the most beautiful side of their human nature with pure love and pleasure.

Zhang Tie loved to wonder whether this world would be better if all men would feel shamed for killing or hurting other people but would feel proud for bringing an orgasm and pleasure to a woman.



He might never get the answer. However, Zhang Tie believed that if he could make a choice, he preferred to be a man who was not proud of killing people.

Because Zhang Tie didn't like to be called "One-Hundred People Down", all the members of the Iron-Blood Camp still called him Second Lieutenant Mummy. Right now, he was well-known in the Iron-Blood Camp of No. 39 Division. As Zhang Tie had made outstanding military exploits, Second Lieutenant Mummy gradually gained another meaning that Zhang Tie didn't like—any enemy that caught sight of Zhang Tie would soon be a mummy.

Even Battalion Commander Reinhardt kept speaking highly of the excellent javelin throwing skills of the Second Lieutenant Mummy, "Few people below LV 8 would escape from Second Lieutenant Mummy's javelins once he catches sight of them." Actually, none of the LV 6-LV 7 platoon leaders of Brilliant Feathers' troops caught in his sights could survive.

As they had to stay in this mountainous area for two weeks, smart Major Guderian chose a place where it was very difficult to walk on and impossible to assemble greater numbers of troops for the Iron-Blood Camp in this broad friction zone.

He said that the first benefit of such a place was avoiding the chance of being surrounded by superior enemy forces when the Iron-Blood Army moved alone; the second benefit was enabling the camp to be more mobile, exerting the wolf pack tactic to the utmost. In a simpler manner, greater enemy troops could not enter this area while those who entered could not match the Iron-Blood Camp.

Those tycoons of the division's headquarters might have presumed that the Iron-Blood Camp would adopt this tactic, so that's why they delivered an order to dispatch it to this barren land without even providing them provisions. Probably those military officers also knew that if a wolf pack was moved into the wild, they would seek food by themselves.

These days, Zhang Tie also rapidly learned about everything regarding war from others...

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At this moment, in Zhang Tie's eyes, there seemed was a team of "lunch" sending themselves here voluntarily. After lying in an ambush in the brushwood for an entire morning, the sudden appearance of a team of Sun Dynasty's soldiers made everybody highly spirited.

"Head, will we f\*ck them?"

Two team leaders had stealthily moved close to Zhang Tie. Now, all the soldiers of Third Platoon, Fifth Company of the Iron-Blood Camp didn't call Zhang Tie "sir" or "platoon leader" anymore as the two appellations sounded a bit jerky, instead, they all called him "head".

Zhang Tie slightly narrowed his eyes to observe the troop below. From the formation, he found no difference between this one and other troops that they had met these days. It was composed of more than 100 people, which might be the population of Sun Dynasty's company of. Based on his experiences these days, Zhang Tie along with about 50 other soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp that followed him could kill them all in several minutes. However, for some reason, at the sight of that troop, Zhang Tie felt a faint restlessness.

He wanted to let them go, however, he could not find a single reason to let them go.

'Am I really as merciful as a woman?' Zhang Tie asked himself.

Nobody in Third Platoon moved. They all waited for Zhang Tie's signal. These past days, they all learned that if Second Lieutenant Mummy wanted to clean these people and horses, the javelin that was thrown by him would signal the start of the attack. So before Second Lieutenant Mummy launched an attack, nobody in the entire Third Platoon dared to move.

Seeing that the people below were going to soon leave the attack range, Zhang Tie reaffirmed that no ambush was around them and, gritting his teeth and forcing away the thoughts which had nothing to do with war, he launched the attack without any more hesitation.

This was one solution that Zhang Tie had learned in the Iron-Blood Camp—on the battlefield, you would not never know the answer for any doubts or questions unless you chopped down with your saber.

Action was always more persuasive than doubts.

The moment Zhang Tie moved, one of the main military officers from among that troop was struck by a spear and let out a shrill shriek.

This was the signal!

The people in Third Platoon with light crossbows then immediately shot their bolts, causing people and horses off their feet on the road below.

Zhang Tie jumped down first. After shooting a few more volleys of bolts, the other people of Third Platoon also followed after Zhang Tie and rushed down the slope.

When rushing downward, the javelins in the container on Zhang Tie's back were constantly thrown out, striking the other three military officers in that troop before they could make any response. For the rest of the javelins, Zhang Tie just glanced over the tallest and toughest guys in that troop before stroke them all down.

After all, once the backbone of military officers were killed by Zhang Tie, that troop collapsed immediately.

"Kill them all!"

Zhang Tie dashed forward like a fierce tiger jumping out of a narrow place and rushed first into the enemy troop; he became calm and emotionless once again.

Although it was not glorious to kill people, he had to do that right now since he wore the military uniform.

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Zhang Tie didn't hold that 300-odd kgs' huge sword any more, instead, he put it back in the base of Iron-Blood Camp. He realized that if he kept carrying that huge sword in this mountainous area, he would be a true idiot.

Zhang Tie was holding a relatively smaller two-handed sword, which weighed more than 70 kgs. This double-handed sword was Zhang Tie's personal booty that he had collected recently. It came from a LV 7 military officer of the Sun Dynasty.

This sword was very delicate with fish-scale like sword body and snow white and mirror-like blade that seemed to have a very great texture. The handle was a pair of praying nude virgins. Their wings formed the armguard. From the craftsmanship, this sword was much better than that "Man's Certificate" in both weight and visual effect.

The double-handed sword that weighted more than 70 kgs was only one fifth of Zhang Tie's huge sword. Holding it in one hand, he felt like holding a wooden stick. It was too light. With a casual flick, the blade would cut through the air and cause a sharp sound along with ghost cries and wolf howls...

Zhang Tie named it with another f\*cking name that aroused the ridicule of everybody in the Iron-Blood Camp - "Woman's Excellence".

Although this sword was used for killing, Zhang Tie wanted to warn himself with it that it was not greater to let a man die easily on the battle field than letting a woman live happily.

It was not great to kill people, but Zhang Tie wouldn't leave any chance for a single enemy to survive.

Although this sword was a bit smaller, its power could even match that of the huge sword in Zhang Tie's hand.

The second thing was "Woman's Excellence" warned Zhang Tie that the most suitable weapon would be the most powerful one. For Zhang Tie, that huge sword was really a bit heavy.

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The moment Zhang Tie rushed into the enemy troop, he waved his double-handed sword and sent four heads flying in the air. After another swing, his great strength granted the blade with a terrifying cutting force so several spears thrusting towards him were easily broken.

Zhang Tie then rapidly moved inside. After another sweep, some more soldiers of the Sun Dynasty lied down to the ground while sprouting blood out from their bodies.

In the terrified eyes of a soldier, Zhang Tie clashed into him like a furious bear. With the horrible sound of broken bones, that soldier was sent rolling directly down the hill.

Zhang Tie then thrust out his sword once again which penetrated through two soldiers of the Sun Dynasty at once. Using their bodies as a shield, Zhang Tie lifted the two bodies and threw them towards the most populated place. As a result, more than twenty people lost their balance. Many of them even rolled down the narrow pass from Zhang Tie's barbarous force while screaming miserably.

The rest of Third Platoon's soldiers moved in only several seconds later than Zhang Tie, but in that little time, he had already cleaned 1/5 of Sun Dynasty's soldiers. including those he had taken care of with his javelins before.

Seeing such a dauntless military officer, all the soldiers of Third Platoon became highly spirited while the surviving soldiers of the enemy troop tried to awkwardly escape.

"Kill them all..."

After another growl, fifty more fierce tigers charged at the chaotic troop. In a split second, the mountain pass was filled with blade lights and miserable shrieks...

Greetings, guys, the battle between Norman Empire and the Sun Dynasty is just a prelude. The real war is between human beings and demons~~

#### Chapter 213: Restlessness

The battle ended faster than Zhang Tie had expected. Besides that more than ten soldiers of the Sun Dynasty had escaped and some had been hit by Zhang Tie and rolled off the hillside, while the rest of the troop had laid down in the mountain pass.

In sharp contrast, only five members of the Iron-Blood Camp were slightly wounded. None of theirs were heavily wounded or sacrificed.

Zhang Tie was very satisfied by this. After other similar raids, he found that the soldiers of the Sun Dynasty relied extremely on the orders of their commander in the battle. For these common soldiers of companies or platoons, once their military officers were killed, they would immediately be lost and hardly organize any effective resistance.

Zhang Tie presumed that this might be related to some system of the Sun Dynasty. These days, he heard many things about the Sun Dynasty's troops, which followed a strict hierarchical system and many rigid regulations. As a result, soldiers' creativity and personal willingness were under very great control. One very perverted regulation was that unless in the military camp or executing orders, more than three common soldiers were forbidden to join in a group at any time.

In Sun Dynasty's army, common soldiers were not allowed to have their own thoughts at any time as the commander's will was their will. The benefit of such a troop was that even if there was a fiery pit in front of them, the common soldiers would choose to jump inside without any hesitation. Such an army was actually very terrifying.

However, if taking into account the ambushes these days as an example, when Zhang Tie killed all the military officers first with his javelins, most of the common soldiers lost their commanding people; they then did not know what to do next, like flies with no heads. In this case, their fighting force was greatly weakened.

Although his group had won another battle by eliminating all the enemies, for some reason, Zhang Tie felt even more restless than before.

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After taking out of that pocket watch that he had collected from the battlefield, Zhang Tie gave an order with an icy expression, "You have three minutes to clean the battlefield. Three minutes later, we have to evacuate!"

They usually had at least ten minutes to clean the battlefield; the soldiers of the Third Platoon didn't understand why their boss had only given them three minutes today. However, at the sight of Zhang Tie's icy face, nobody asked why, instead, they all rapidly moved.

This time, everybody had a great harvest. Zhang Tie gained more than 20 Sun Dynasty's gold coins from the military officers that he had killed, which was a bit more than usual. Additionally, he got some nice weapons, two senior leather belts, and some useful widgets.

Zhang Tie only kept the gold coins. Besides them, he selected a beautiful silver lighter. After that, he allocated the rest to his subordinates who had fought together with him.

Three minutes later, after cleaning the battlefield, over fifty people quickly left under the leadership of Zhang Tie. Until they left, nothing special happened, so Zhang Tie started to mumble inside, 'Am I thinking too much?'

...

The wolf den of Iron-Blood Camp was in a weird lava zone in the karst region in this mountainous area. A battle between two troops of more than 2000 soldiers in total would hardly break out here. Even if it did, the weird topography would separate the troops into different groups, which would hardly form any formation with powerful fighting force.

If they fought in this terrain, the personal fighting force of the soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp could be exerted to the utmost. Even the most common member of the Iron-Blood Camp were ranked as corporals, namely warriors who had not formed Iron-Blood hidden strength; however the most common members of Brilliant Feathers' troops ranked LV 2-5. This indicated that Iron-Blood Camp had an overwhelming advantage over common troops in fighting force.

This also explained why Iron-Blood Camp could be the king troop in each division of the Iron-Horn Army.

According to Major Guderian's judgment, after the Solanet event and three small bases of Brilliant Feathers in this region were cleared by Iron-Blood Camp, if the Sun Dynasty knew their existence in this region, they would definitely come to take a revenge. Therefore, Major Guderian chose a hidden place as the wolf den of the Iron-Blood Camp in case of being surrounded by the enemy. Each day, Iron-Blood Camp would move and hunt the local troops of Brilliant Feathers in the surrounding mountainous area of dozens of square meters in platoons by taking turns...

Before the final battle, both marshals of the two armies seemed to have the intention of dispatching their own troops here to fight by turns so as to test the opponents and train their own troops. The casualties and achievements of their soldiers at the cost of numerous lives and rivers of fresh blood would only turn into emotionless data on the tables of the decision-makers, but whether that data would influence the decision-makers' decisions, only god knew.

When Zhang Tie led his troop back into this weird lava zone, most of the other wolf packs hunting outside had already returned. Most of them had gained some booty, more or less. However, compared to Zhang Tie's Third Platoon, other troops had less booty yet had sacrificed more.

Since they entered this war zone, there were casualties in the Iron-Blood Camp everyday, more or less.

The moment Zhang Tie came back to the wolf den, he entered the command tent. Many military officers who had led their troops out today were gathering there. They reported their troops' achievements and the situations on how they had encountered their enemies today to Major Guderian one by one. Hearing their reports, Major Guderian lowered his body and continually marked something on the map spread on the table while asking one or two questions every now and then.

When it was Zhang Tie's turn, he reported the achievements of the Third Platoon while pulling out the certificates of his achievements—the ID plates of the military officers of the Sun Dynasty that he had taken off them.

When he submitted the ID plates, the surrounding military officers all admired him. In the entire Iron-Blood Camp, only Zhang Tie's troop could easily gain a great harvest each time.

"After going back, you will definitely gain a warrior's medal!" Second Lieutenant Moosa told Zhang Tie.

These days, Zhang Tie had already killed dozens of military officers of the Sun Dynasty. For a person who came to the battlefield for the first time, this was really a very great achievement.

Hearing Moosa's praise, the surrounding military officers all nodded.

"Zhang Tie is simply a nut too hard to crack for the low-ranked military officers of the Sun Dynasty. Those LV 6-LV 7 guys are almost like target practice for Zhang Tie."

Hearing the surrounding military officers' words, Zhang Tie just revealed a smile. However, that restlessness inside him didn't fully disappear even now. He hesitated whether he should express his doubt so that Major Guderian could make a judgment on whether there was truly a problem somewhere.

Lowering his body to the map, Major Guderian instantly noticed Zhang Tie's shadow of hesitation. Raising his head, he lifted his golden-rimmed glasses with his hand.

"Second Lieutenant Zhang Tie, do you have anything to add?"

"Major, I just feel something is not right today!" After taking a deep breath, Zhang Tie decided to pour out what he wanted to say. "Although we've been very successful in today's ambush, for some reason, from the start of the ambush to the present, I still feel that something was not right!"

"Something not right?" Major Guderian looked a bit solemn while the surrounding military officers became quiet too. They all stared at Zhang Tie. "Can you describe it more clearly? What is not right?"

"I cannot say it clearly, but I keep feeling that there's a problem somewhere. But I don't know where. After the ambush to coming back here, I felt someone was following us. Therefore, I especially led my troop to take two circuitous routes and set a pocket trick. However after more than an hour, I still couldn't find that hidden person!" Seeing the amazed expressions of the surrounding military officers, Zhang Tie could only continue, "Previously, when I encountered dangers, I would also have this kind of sense of restlessness!"

If it was not Zhang Tie's excellent military exploits and braveness in battles, someone at present would have definitely bursted out laughing. However, because it was Second Lieutenant Mummy who said this, nobody laughed.

Major Guderian even revealed a thoughtful expression. He carefully gazed at the map on the table. Boss Reinhardt also walked over to take a better look at the map together with Major Guderian.

"Is there any problem?"

"Everything looks normal, there are also no problems with the encounters and ambushes!" Major Guderian frowned. "However, as is mentioned in the school motto of the Imperial Ground Force College, when you cannot find problems on the battlefield, that is the true problem! After Zhang Tie's warning, I also feel somewhat uneasy, as if something is not right..."

Major Guderian pointed at the places with special marks on the map with his finger. "These battles broke out four days ago, these three days ago, these yesterday, these today. These days, our troops would fight Sun Dynasty's troops four or five times a day, six at most. This frequency remains unchanged. That's the problem! If you're the commander of Sun Dynasty's troops, through previous days' fights, you must have already confirmed that there is a troop of the Iron-Blood Camp in this zone, what will you do then?"

"Temporarily shrink their manpower in this zone. Then, they will find another chance to annihilate us!" Reinhardt answered calmly.

"That's it; however, the zone where we operate hasn't changed since the beginning. That's the problem!"

"But..."

The moment a military officer standing nearby opened his mouth, he was interrupted by Major Guderian.

"The survival of Iron-Blood Camp should not be established on the presumption that our enemies are idiots!" he explained solemnly.

Hearing his words, everyone went quiet.

Reinhardt then frowned. "Has any troop found that they were being tailed on the way back today?"

"No, we're all very careful. Since we're veterans, we've set some tricks on the way back, but did not find any trickery!" Guderian shook his head. "I'm really confused by this. If our opponents have some traps or plans, they have to first confirm our location. However, they don't seem anxious. Since no spy airships have flown above us these days, the location of the wolf den should not have been exposed!"

"Have all the troops returned today?"

"Still missing two!"

After a consideration, Reinhardt gave a decisive order, "When the two troops come back, we'll transfer tomorrow early morning!"

Saying this, Reinhardt pointed at a place on the map closer on the north side of this mountainous area. Major Guderian examined the place and nodded.

After the decision was made, everyone left the command tent. On their way out, many military officers glanced at Zhang Tie aimlessly. Before leaving the tent, First Lieutenant Freo even patted his shoulders.

When Zhang Tie left, he still felt a bit worried. If he was excessively meticulous this time, he would have made a fuss. Then, he would be a real laughing stock.

After Zhang Tie left the tent, First Lieutenant Liu Xing walked towards him and comforted him.

"No need to be that tense. Each major decision of the Iron-Blood Camp has its own reasons. Without genuine consideration, Major Guderian and Boss Reinhardt would not decide to have us transfer just because of a military officer's baseless concern. As we are isolated here, we should always be meticulous!"

Zhang Tie smiled at him.

...

When Zhang Tie came back to his own tent, many soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp were attempting to pull that "Man's Certificate" from the empty land outside Zhang Tie's tent. Although that huge sword was nominally his weapon, most of the time these days it was more like a public one.

When Zhang Tie didn't use it, he would insert it into the soil. Anyone then could have a go at it. Actually, that "Man's Certificate" had gradually become a standard for the common soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp to test their own ability. It was also like a big toy. Many guys who were free after supper would have a try here. Because of this huge sword, many people practiced harder than usual. Even those dandyish ruffians didn't want to be called women. Out of basic self-respect, they still cared it very much.

Before Zhang Tie came back, many guys were shouting loudly beside the huge sword. However, seeing him returning and entering his own tent for rest, all the guys lowered their voices in case of bothering him.

After entering his tent, Zhang Tie ate a piece of dried meat and had some water. After that, he started today's cultivation. Even in war-time, once he had free time, Zhang Tie would never lessen his requirements for personal cultivation. Cultivation time was like women's cleavage, as long as you squeezed it, you would have it...

He polished his burning point first before practicing the visualization of two abacuses and carrying out four different arithmetic operations on the two abacuses at the same time. After that, Zhang Tie activated a Trouble-Reappearance Fruit and entered the situation within where the terrain was almost like that of the present mountainous area.

Waving his huge sword, he started to fight wild wolves, huge wolves, and various other wild beasts of different quantities all over the mountain. Through the fights, the wild beasts seem to also be becoming increasingly more tricky. As Zhang Tie grew, those wild beasts seemed to also be growing and becoming smarter.

After realizing that it would consume a lot of Zhang Tie's strength to wave the huge sword, those wild beasts constantly changed their tactics against him these days. They didn't rush forward at the same time, instead, they started to attempt various attacks with differing quantities and combinations.



In the end, those wild beasts found the most effective tactic—after surrounding Zhang Tie, they would keep a distance from him. Once that was done, they would attack Zhang Tie from three different directions at the same time in groups of three.

They kept attacking Zhang Tie in turns ceaselessly, and here started his miserable days in the trouble-reappearance situation...

Each time, Zhang Tie would run through the mountainous land with his huge sword as he fought those wild beasts. He attempted to break through the wild wolves' siege. However, each time, Zhang Tie would be so exhausted that he could not even raise his hand in the end. As a result, he would be torn into pieces by the rest of the wild wolves and huge wolves.

Each time in the trouble-reappearance situation, Zhang Tie would exert his fighting capability to the utmost and break through his fighting limit, as well as experiencing various painful ways to be killed. He would constantly analyse and improve himself by finding his own problems and shortcomings, and then would continue to fight and die in the trouble-reappearance situations...

Nobody in the Iron-Blood Camp knew what Zhang Tie was experiencing when he was alone everyday. Actually, by the time Zhang Tie won the reputation of "One-Hundred People Down", he had died almost 100 times in the mysterious space.

Each day, Zhang Tie would learn and improve through "death".

...

After Zhang Tie finished his cultivation, almost six hours had passed. He then walked out of his tent. At this time, numerous stars were hanging in the sky while the two moons were as crystal as water.

Zhang Tie asked a person nearby and learned that the other two troops had already come back several hours ago. He then became reassured.

At this hour, many people had already fallen asleep.

Due to still being restless, after going to the toilet, Zhang Tie especially went around the wolf den of the Iron-Blood Camp. Finding no problem with the sentry posts, he returned to his tent and slept in armor.

According to the rules of the Iron-Blood Camp, when camping outdoors, everybody should wear armor. In the beginning, he didn't feel comfortable sleeping in armor, so he could only lie on the side. But, several days later, he started to get used to it.

'The Iron-Blood Camp will move tomorrow morning; maybe I'm a bit too tense today,' Zhang Tie thought before falling asleep. 'It's just a warning, I prefer to be mocked than seeing people getting killed!'

Zhang Tie soon fell asleep.

...

At midnight, Zhang Tie suddenly woke up from a sweet dream, his heart pounding heavily. This time, it was like that time when he had met Huck and Snade for the first time.

Zhang Tie felt that his mouth was dry. After drinking a mouthful of water, he put on his battle boots and picked up his "Woman's Excellence". Carrying his container of javelins, he left his tent. As it was just an instinctive movement to bring his container of javelins, Zhang Tie didn't find anything wrong with it.

At this moment, the encampment of the Iron-Blood Camp was in an absolute quiet state. Everybody was in deep sleep besides the lone chirping insects and weirdly shaped rocks under the starlight.

Because his restlessness was growing sharper, Zhang Tie decided to have a peep at the hidden sentry posts on the borders of the encampment.

The nearest hidden sentry post was only 70 m away from the border of the encampment, which was the shortest safe distance.

As it was midnight, Zhang Tie's footsteps were very light. He didn't want to shock anyone else. After arriving behind a lava zone in this karst terrain, Zhang Tie froze when he caught sight of the hidden sentry post.

The sentry post was covered in a weird lilac fog. It looked really weird under the starlight, but what caught Zhang Tie's attention were the numerous silhouettes walking in that fog. They came from all directions like ghosts and quietly moved towards the encampment of the Iron-Blood Camp.

Since the hidden sentry hadn't given any warning, obviously he had been killed.

In the end, what woke everybody in the encampment was the sonic boom caused by Zhang Tie's javelin that flashed so fast through the air.

In a wink, four growls had already made the whole Iron-Blood Camp boil up.

Soon after that, the military officers who were the first to rush out of their tents with weapons in hands heard Zhang Tie's furious growls like thunders from afar.

Chapter 214: Black Feathers Regiment

Zhang Tie moved so fast that his following three javelins flew closely after the first one.

Because it was too urgent, even Zhang Tie had not noticed the shrill sonic booms until his javelins hit the targets.

At this time, he didn't have time to choose his targets at all. Soon after he pierced the front four people, the fifth person had already rushed in front of him like a ghost.

The enemy moved fast, very fast.

The shrill booms of javelins not only rose the whole Iron-Blood Camp, but also stimulated all the ghost-like figures to roll towards the encampment of the Iron-Blood Camp like wildfire in the darkness.

"Kill them all!"

After a loud scream, Zhang Tie gazed at that figure before him and slashed at it with his sword in his right hand. Noticing the attack, that person pulled out his weapon to block the sword. The moment

Zhang Tie broke his opponent's weapon, he immediately slashed that person into two, causing a fresh blood to splash all over him.

At this time, another person rushed towards Zhang Tie. Zhang Tie then struck directly through his heart with his sword.

For an instant, Zhang Tie thought that person had been killed, however, he could have never imagined that the man would still rush towards him. Even though was pierced by Zhang Tie's sword, he still slashed towards Zhang Tie's head with his saber, his expression grim.

That person's whole head was covered by a skeleton-like helmet, only exposing a pair of bloody and crazy eyes.

If Zhang Tie had not experienced numerous deaths in trouble-reappearance situations, which had given him strong fighting skills and great mental capability, he might have died.

It was really Zhang Tie's first time seeing a guy who could continue slashing towards your head even when he had his heart pierced.

Seriously scared, Zhang Tie used a cannon kick, a movement from the Iron-Blood Fist skill, and kicked at that person's lower abdomen, sending him flying backward. As a result, several more people were knocked down, though at the same time, that saber went close past Zhang Tie's nose.

He immediately oozed cold sweat.

In a split second, Battalion Commander Reinhardt with his flaring battle-qi totem rushed over. Passing by, Reinhardt punched the front guys into pieces and they flew backwards.

"This is Black Feathers Regiment of the Brilliant Feathers Army. Take care. Only by chopping off their heads and destroying their central nerve system on their spines can we kill them..." Battalion Commander Reinhardt shouted loudly, his voice drifting through the whole battlefield.

Black Feathers Regiment? F\*ck! Zhang Tie had also heard about these monsters of the Sun Dynasty. They were also the brand troop of Sun Dynasty. However, unlike the Iron-Blood Camp, they mainly cultivated themselves based on a secret medicine which could make them into killing machines which forgot pain and death. These people became very terrifying on the battlefield.

Zhang Tie had not imagined that the Brilliant Feathers Army would use Black Feathers Regiment to deal with the Iron-Blood Camp. He was also still confused about how these people had found the wolf den in the first place.

Seeing at least 3000 soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment rushing towards him from all directions, Zhang Tie felt somewhat hopeless inside. His enemies were war golems who only glared through the slits in their helmets with their bloody eyes and killed others quietly. Even if when they rushed forward many were killed, they would not make a sound.

The eyes of these soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment looked crazy. Additionally, their armor was also terrifying. Unlike common armor, theirs was totally skeleton-like, only protecting their heads, necks, spines and other major joints and bones, not caring about the rest of their bodies being exposed. They straight up ignored the penetrative and fragmentary harms which common soldiers were afraid of most.

The function of the skeletal armor was to protect the completeness of their physical structure and increase the difficulty in breaking their key joints and the central nervous system of their spines. For these soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment who didn't know what pain was, as long as their physical structures were complete, they could continue to kill people.

After Zhang Tie chopped off some more enemy heads, the other military officers of the Iron-Blood Camp finally arrived and held back those monsters who had almost broken into the encampment of the Iron-Blood Camp.

After that, the rest of the soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp arrived too. A raid then became a field operation under the stars' light.

It was at least twice more difficult to kill a soldier of Black Feathers Regiment than killing a common one. Thus, those soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment who didn't fear pain or death were even with the soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp.

The moment both parties clashed, the Iron-Blood Camp suffered casualties. Black Feathers Regiment was an existence which was not weaker than the Iron-Blood Camp, and even more terrifying than the latter on the battlefield. They didn't fear pain or death at all, and had no instinctive hesitation of killing enemies at the cost of their own lives. In the Iron-Blood Camp though, even the tough guys would hesitate at this critical moment.

This was the most brutal battle since Zhang Tie had joined the Iron-Blood Camp. He didn't even know how many people he had killed. He only knew that the soldiers in skeleton-like armor just endlessly poured in from all directions.

The easiest way to kill the monsters was to directly chop off their heads. However, after chopping their heads, Zhang Tie was covered all over with their blood like a blood man that was scooped out of the blood pond.

Zhang Tie had gained some non-lethal wounds and felt like he was in a mire composed of those terrifying soldiers.

Compared to Iron-Blood Camp, there were so many opponents...

Only after 20 minutes' fight, Zhang Tie's "Woman's Excellence" had become a cornucopia gnawed on by mice as a lot of scratches and nicks had already been made on it. This was because before he could chop off the heads, he had to break the skeletal helmet on the soldiers' heads that even covered their necks. Although "Woman's Excellence" was elegant, facing numerous face-to-face slashes, it finally revealed its fragile side.

Finally, after chopping off half of a soldier's neck, the "Woman's Excellence" broke into two and became useless.

With half of his neck still linked to his shoulder, that guy was slashed towards Zhang Tie with his saber.

Zhang Tie held it back using the remainder of his sword. After that, he grabbed that person's wrist. With a sound of 'kacha', he broke it, then grabbed that man's head between his hands and forcefully twisted the rest half of the neck.

Other soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment darted towards Zhang Tie. At the same time, First Lieutenant Freo killed all the way and drew close to Zhang Tie. He swept his huge axe towards the soldiers. As a result, each soldier was slashed into two and sent flying backwards.

"Hahaha, your woman will not be able to deal with these guys. Go bring your man here..."

'F\*ck, what do you mean by my man?'

Although knowing that that bad, tough man was referring to "Man's Certificate", Zhang Tie still felt dejected. Seeing the bald tough man wave his huge axe, sweeping it past the most populated place of Black Feathers Regiment, Zhang Tie stomped and ran towards his own tent.

Only after ten more seconds, Zhang Tie, with "Man's Certificate" in his hand, killed his way back. The dejected mood inside him then turned into the howling killing intent of his sword.

To deal with these soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment in metal skeletal armor, "Man's Certificate" seemed to be the best weapon.

At this time, Battalion Commander Reinhardt had already broken through the encirclement of the soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment. Like a flaring lion's swipes, each of his moves would lead to flaming blood rain and fragmented corpses.

After glancing at Reinhardt who was deep in the mire, Zhang Tie gritted his teeth and immediately threw his remaining javelins in that direction, striking through the necks of some monsters surrounding Reinhardt. When the sharp heads of the javelins penetrated through their necks, they also broke a big hole in their cervical spines.

After clearing the javelins in the container, Zhang Tie took down the container. After discharging his load, he burst out into a tiger-like howl. Waving his huge sword with two hands, he killed all the way to the place with the most enemies where Battalion Commander Reinhardt was in.

The Ring of Energy on his finger had long played its role as Zhang Tie's physical strength was recovering faster than ever. Although the recovering speed only increased by 4%, on this battlefield, it could obviously improve Zhang Tie's strength.

With the two meter long "Man's Certificate", Zhang Tie weaved through the enemies and quickly cleared an empty land. This time, he didn't spare any effort. Elegance did not matter here, only by chopping them in two would he kill them. Without any calculations like before, Zhang Tie forcefully slashed with his huge sword everywhere. These surrounding dauntless guys were much easier than cunning wild wolves.

Holding the huge sword, Zhang Tie's lethality to those soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment was really unrivaled. With a casual sweep, he would immediately clear an area of 7-10 square meters, causing broken limbs to fly everywhere.

Zhang Tie then became the most terrifying flesh grinder on the battlefield.

Seeing their Second Lieutenant Mummy performing as bravely as before, the morale of the Iron-Blood Camp rose up again.

Zhang Tie killed on the way towards the guys that were surrounding Battalion Commander Reinhardt like a road roller.

Seeing Zhang Tie, Reinhardt burst out laughing loudly. Back to back, they heavily clashed against the soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment.

However, this time, many opponents rushed towards their encampment, the amount of which was 2-3 times greater than the manpower of the entire Iron-Blood Camp. Although Zhang Tie and Reinhardt could easily deal with those surrounding them, the common soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp would suffer a great difficulty dealing with them. And if the common soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp couldn't last, no matter how dauntless Reinhardt and Zhang Tie were, they would also finally be overrun by the countless soldiers of the Black Feathers Regiment who didn't fear pain and death at all.

"It seems that the marshals of the Brilliant Feathers hate us very much. They must have been outraged that we've quartered their bastard Muling. The Black Feathers Regiment rarely dispatches so many of their troops at once..."

As he constantly punched the monsters into pieces, Battalion Commander Reinhardt could even talk with Zhang Tie.

Sweat dripping down his forehead, Zhang Tie almost rolled up his eyes.

'No crap, judging from the number of opponents which is several times greater than that of Iron-Blood Camp's, you can clearly see that they're definitely determined to clear the Iron-Blood Camp this time, for Black Feathers troops are not as cheap as white cabbage which is always available.'

They could only blame Iron-Blood Camp for being too hateful.

Zhang Tie just slashed without saying anything.

Several seconds later, hearing no reply, Battalion Commander Reinhardt finally revealed his fox' tail [1].

"Look at your 7 o'clock, 150 m away, there are some people..."

After slashing some opponents into two, Zhang Tie hurriedly exchanged locations with Reinhardt. After that, he cast a glance at that place mentioned previously. Behind a great density of soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment, under the looming stars' light, Zhang Tie could faintly see some people in different clothes on a hillside. They seemed to be the military officers of Black Feathers Regiment. Among them was an old man in a weird robe whose hair had grizzled. He seemed to be blowing on a weird item in his mouth while watching over the battlefield.

It was too weird. That person seemed to be blowing a musical instrument, yet making no sound. All the soldiers of Black Feather Regiment including that weird guy were so quiet, revealing their terrifying madness and weirdness.

"I see!"

Zhang Tie brandished his huge sword and slashed two monsters into pieces again.

"Can you f\*ck that old man in the middle with your javelin?" Reinhardt asked.

"It's too far. If I was 50 m closer, it'd be possible!" Zhang Tie kept slashing as he exchanged opinions with Reinhardt. "In this case, I think we're unable to move 50 m closer in that direction."

After being quiet for a while, Reinhardt said, "What if I can send you 50 m away from here?"

"Then I can kill that old guy! But how would you send me there?"

"I'll throw you there! Though after throwing your javelin, you'll be surrounded by the common soldiers, and even some of the high-level fighters of the Black Feathers Regiment and might lose your life! So I won't force you to do that. You make the decision..."

Zhang Tie became quiet.

"Will the Black Feathers Regiment retreat after I kill that old guy?"

"They will. All the soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment are commanded by that man. The weird musical instrument that man is blowing is to command these soldiers. As it is of a very high frequency, we cannot hear it. However, these soldiers who had been changed by some secret medicine can hear it. They're fighting according to the sound from the musical instrument!"

"What if the soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment don't retreat tonight?"

"Then everybody in the Iron-Blood Camp will die here before dawn. They obviously outnumber us. Some brothers of the Iron-Blood Camp are barely holding on already. The Brilliant Feathers Army is determined to kill us all!"

They kept talking with each other in low voices while they fought.

Zhang Tie then struggled inside for as long as a minute. Being surrounded, they didn't exchanged any more words...

"I will do it!"

Zhang Tie was clear that after saying this, he had completely given up on his own life.

He had to do that.

The brothers of the Iron-Blood Camp once fought for him in the Blackhot City, therefore, he should not retreat now. If he retreated, nobody in the entire Iron-Blood Camp would survive. To kill that man was the only chance to help the Iron-Blood Camp survive this night.

"Fine!"

"I've got many women in Blackhot City. If I die and the brothers of Iron-Blood Camp survive, tell them to protect my women when they return to the Blackhot City!"

"Fine!"

Reinhardt said nothing but two "Fine".

After quickly telling his will, Zhang Tie didn't speak any more but gritted his teeth to fight... After ten more seconds, he grabbed a javelin that he had thrown out into a soldier of Black Feathers Regiment. After a horizontal sweep, he broke another soldier's body with his blade.

The moment he dropped his huge sword, Zhang Tie held the javelin in his right hand which he usually used for throwing. With a tiger-like howl, Reinhardt punched with a brilliant fighting move, cracking down a great amount of surrounding soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment. After that, he seized Zhang Tie's waist band and threw him out like throwing a javelin.

Nobody could imagine what trick the two surrounded by many soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment thought to play.

Zhang Tie was a javelin thrown out by Reinhardt while he himself also held a javelin. In a blink of an eye, he had already flown over 50 m while the guys in the distance were frozen from shock and amazement.

Zhang Tie locked that cone-shaped funnel onto the old guy in weird robe standing in the middle and threw his javelin while still in the air.

This time, the distance of over 100 m was like it didn't exist at all. The moment the javelin left Zhang Tie's hand, it had already penetrated that guy's chest, followed by a shrill sonic boom.

In disbelief, the old guy lowered his head to stare at that wide bloody hole in his chest. The flute-like thing dropped from his mouth. Soon after that, he fell to the ground...

Right then, all the soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment became still for a short while...

"Kill him!"

Some of the people standing on that hillside who had so far looked calm furiously growled, their voices drifting through the whole battlefield. The icy blue battle-qi totems on them immediately burst out...

Zhang Tie only had time to protect his head before smashing down against a great amount of soldiers with a loud boom. After rolling dozens of circles and striking down many people, he became dizzy.

At this moment, he remembered that feeling of when he had jumped into that bottomless cave of gold-eating boas...

The whole battlefield froze for a short while before heating up once again...

All the military officers of the Brilliant Feathers Army who had looked calm, all the surrounding soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp and Battalion Commander Reinhardt all surged towards Zhang Tie at the same time...

'F\*ck!'

Zhang Tie realized that the real moment where his life would be on the line would soon arrive. Compared to the present, the bloody fight just now was totally a warm-up campaign...

At this time, lying on the ground, Zhang Tie had no other weapons except for a dagger. However, a dagger seemed useless when fighting the soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment.

At the sight of some ankles of some soldiers of the Black Feathers Regiment, Zhang Tie blindly captured two of them of two different people one in each hand. Not caring whether the two were dead or not, he just swung them like sticks, smashing the surrounding people away.

Zhang Tie's braveness shocked the entire battlefield once again...



At the same time, a formation of icy blue battle qi and more than ten weapons were thrusting towards him...

## Chapter 215: Heavily Wounded

When Zhang Tie recovered his awareness, he recalled the last scene in his mind—a formation of icy blue battle qi burst out before him. Soon after that, he was hit by people. His armor was broken to pieces. After spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood and almost losing his awareness, Zhang Tie faintly heard Reinhardt's furious growls. After seeing mountain-like sabers and spears thrusting towards him, Zhang Tie was in pitch darkness...

'Am I dead?

How are my brothers of the Iron-Blood Camp?

In the following minutes after he killed that old guy of Black Feathers Regiment, Zhang Tie clearly felt that the undying monsters were becoming restless. Their attacks were not as sharp as before.

'My brothers should be safe!'

After he recovered his awareness for the first time, Zhang Tie only faintly recalled what had happened that night. He then felt very fatigued. His body seemed to disappear as he was dragged into a bottomless pitch-black mire. Zhang Tie gradually lost all his senses.

...

When he came to the second time, he felt that his body had been foisted into a can. It was heavy and squeezed tight, as if there was no space around him. His body also felt like it was inserted with numerous pipes. Many people were beside him while the sound of leather shoes landing against the floor constantly drifted into his ears.

Someone was talking nearby...

"Miracle? Don't tell me miracle or not. Doc, I want him alive. He's the most excellent military officer of the Norman Empire and the hero of the Iron-Blood Camp of No. 39 Division... Here's an advanced recovery medicament that I collected personally. You have to make him survive this regardless of any price. This is my order. Am I clear..."

"Yes, sir, general..."

The sound of leather shoes on the floor gradually faded away. The deep darkness attacked him once again. Zhang Tie tried his best to get rid of the oncoming darkness, but after only several seconds, his awareness sunk into the mire once again.

...

When he floated up above the mire for the third time, Zhang Tie felt as if he was set free from the can. However, he still didn't have any sense of his surroundings.

It was very quiet wherever he was. He wanted to open his eyes, but failed. After trying for quite a while, he didn't see any light at all. Finally, after endless effort, a part of his hand moved, and soon after that, he heard a scream of a woman with a great pair of lungs...

"His finger moved, his finger moved!"

Her scream was filled with great surprise. As she repeated the words, the woman ran off.

Only after ten seconds, many sounds of leather boots on the floor poured in to the room once again.

"Blood pressure is starting to rise again..."

"Pulse has already recovered to about 40 times a minute and is becoming more and more powerful..."

"Battle God bless, Second Lieutenant Javelin finally lives!"

"Thank god..."

Someone started to weep from delight. Everybody in the room suddenly let out relief filled breaths, immediately turning the room into a huge bellows. The huge bellows seemed have been pulled by someone as the entire room sounded "Hu"...

"Hurry up, go report to General Schwartz. We can't wait to announce this. The bravest military officer of the Iron-Horn Army has been saved by us..."

This voice rang with faint relief.

This time, Zhang Tie didn't sink into the mire any more, instead, he floated above like duckweed. After a while, he felt a strong desire to sleep as weakness took over him. Therefore, he fell asleep.

...

Zhang Tie didn't know for how long he'd slept, but when he woke up again, the body that had disappeared for many days returned to him once again along with the pain that had sunk into his marrow.

Sometimes, pain was also a gift as it could at least tell you that you were still alive.

Previously, Zhang Tie had experienced this pain many times in the trouble-reappearance situations. It was similar to the feeling of being torn to pieces by numerous wild wolves after you failed during the fight.

Now, Zhang Tie felt like he once again was torn to shreds.

Because of this extreme pain, he couldn't help but groan.

Then, more sounds of leather boots hitting the floor poured in.

In other words, even more people came.

"He recovered his senses, that's a good sign..."

"All indicators of his body begun to rise..."

"I suggest to inject micro SPC medicament in him..."

"I agree!"

Some seconds later, Zhang Tie's arm became cold, as if inserted with a needle. After that, he felt a cold sense gradually spread all through his body. His all-consuming pain was immediately relieved.

So Zhang Tie opened his eyes and saw a great many people in white coats in the room with solemn expressions. Almost everybody was staring at him with concerned eyes.

To tell the truth, it was Zhang Tie's first time being watched by so many stranger's concerned eyes ever since he was born.

A doctor was giving Zhang Tie's arm an injection. When he raised his head and saw Zhang Tie's opening eyes, his hand quivered, almost dropping the needle to the ground.

It was a bit disordered in the ward. All the doctors became excited. However, nobody talked. They only exchanged excitement filled glances.

Only a fifty-odd man standing in front of Zhang Tie's bed took a deep breath before carefully lowering his body. He then asked in a quiet voice, "Can you talk, how do you feel?"

"Than...thanks!" Zhang Tie forcefully poured out one word.

He knew that if it was not for these doctors, he would've been dead by now. Therefore, the first word he wanted to say when he woke up was a sincere thanks to everybody in the ward.

After straightening, the doctor took a deep breath and turned back, telling the other colleagues in the ward, "Thanks, he said thanks to all of us!"

All the doctors and nurses in the ward revealed smiles.

Zhang Tie continued to move his lips and poured out the second sentence. "How... how about the brothers of the Iron-Blood Camp... how... how many of them survived?"

As Zhang Tie had recovered a bit, his words were heard by everybody in the ward.

"562 people of the Iron-Blood Camp of No. 39 Division came back. They are in recuperation now..."

Hearing this reply, Zhang Tie's eyes immediately became wet. Another meaning of this data was that 657 people of the Iron-Blood Camp had died that night. Most of the soldiers who came back would probably also be wounded. Such an iron-like troop was almost disabled in that night's bloody fight. Numerous young lives were torn to pieces and fell to the ground along with iron filings. This was the cruelty of war.

Because he did not know how many familiar faces he would no longer be able to see again, Zhang Tie's eyes became wet. He just cried to himself, without making any sound.

Hero's tears could move people most. Sincere emotion could move one's heart most. Therefore, at this moment, many pairs of eyes of the doctors and nurses became red too.

...

On the first afternoon after waking up, Zhang Tie learned a lot of what had happened during the period of his unconsciousness. Many things were very unexpected to him.

The first was that since he was carried back from the battlefield, he was in a coma for two weeks. Today, he had opened his eyes for the first time.

The second unexpected thing was that during the period, Second Lieutenant Javelin Zhang Tie became well known in the Seventh Regiment of the Iron-Horn Army under the affiliation of Thirty Ninth Division. Even Shwartz, the regimental commander and major general knew of what had happened to him.

During the period Zhang Tie was in a coma, Major General Shwartz had even come here to visit him. In order to cure his wound, Major General Shwartz had also brought a private advanced recovery medicament for him.

The third unexpected thing was that he didn't even have a chance to visit Kalur City before he was forced to leave the frontier battle zone. The hospital he lied in was situated in Blapei, a small city over 120 km behind the battle zone of Kalur. Blapei was previously one of the seventeen cities of the Andaman Alliance, known for its grains and black beer.

The Iron-Blood Camp of No. 39 Division was resting and reorganizing in a battle castle in the frontier. Due to his heavy wounds, there was little chance for him to return to the Iron-Blood Camp any more.

As to his wounds, although the doctors didn't tell Zhang Tie anything about them, he could feel that he was in a very poor condition. Although he had woken up, he still could not move. With a catheter on his p\*nis, he felt very uncomfortable. Especially since his hand was still injected with some medical fluid coming down from bottles hanging on a rack. The fluid just entered his body and left through his p\*nis, making Zhang Tie feel like a rusted and abandoned part that was being cleaned by engine oil.

Everyday, a young nurse who was responsible for taking care of Zhang Tie would help him turn onto one side so as to massage him. She said this could help dredge up the blood veins in Zhang Tie's back.

It was Zhang Tie's first time enjoying a massage since he was born. However, Zhang Tie didn't feel happy at all, instead, the premonition that there was a big problem with his health became stronger than before.

Zhang Tie was very dejected. The people who could bounce and jump wildly everywhere and could run even faster than wild wolves were most afraid of being sick and just lying on the bed.

The only thing that made Zhang Tie comfortable was that although he was wounded, he could still access that marvelous arched door of the Castle of Black Iron in his mind. Additionally, that golden swirl of spiritual energy in his mind was gradually recovering to its original appearance.

Five days after Zhang Tie woke up, the catheter on his p\*nis was finally taken off. At this time, although he still had no strength, he could already support himself against the wall with his hands and get off the bed to take a walk.

On the same day, Zhang Tie finally learn about his condition. It was not a doctor who told him, but a major adjutant of Major General Shwartz who had come here specifically to visit him.

The major adjutant of Major General Shwartz brought an Iron-Blood medal for Zhang Tie, an order of commendation promoting him to the rank of first lieutenant, and news that Zhang Tie was most afraid of hearing.

"I'm sorry, First Lieutenant Zhang Tie, by the diagnosis of the best doctors in our army, you will most likely be unable to return to the Iron-Blood Camp of No. 39 Division anymore. General Shwartz appreciates your dauntless performance on the battlefield very much. As you cannot go to the battlefield anymore due to your health problems, major general has dispatched you to the logistics department of our army and arranged an easy clerical work for you. After your wounds recover, you can go report to the logistics department of the Iron-Horn Army in Blapei."

Zhang Tie's face turned totally pale.

#### Chapter 216: The Alleged Life or Death

Anyone else with Zhang Tie's wounds would have been long dead. By the time Zhang Tie was hurriedly sent to a field hospital on the frontier by military officers and common soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp, he had 186 wounds and 47 fractures. After being hit by the LV 8 sky battle qi, his guts were all heavily wounded. Even the amount of blood he lost on the way would have brought two lives to an end.

The moment a doctor of the field hospital caught sight of Zhang Tie, he didn't even give him a second glance. After single one at his thoroughly broken imperial Sharp-Arrow Type-B light lieutenant armor, he had just shaken his head and told those military officers of the Iron-Blood Camp who had sent Zhang Tie here, "This person is dead, no need to save him any more."

Finally, once a great amount of field doctors were threatened by the military officers of the Iron-Blood Camp with sabers to their necks they started working on Zhang Tie.

It was a miracle that he was still not dead. After that, he was transferred to Blapei behind the frontier.

However, there were no more miracles for Zhang Tie. A broken earthen jar would never regain its original look, even if it was repaired. Would be unable to hold the items that it had once contained.

At this moment, Zhang Tie's body was like that earthen jar which was fixed. His bones, guts, muscles, channels, and veins had suffered irreversible wounds. In the future, even though no scars were left on his skin, Zhang Tie would never be the same as before, as that invisible damage not only completely destroyed his cultivation but also would left a lot of painful aftermath.

Zhang Tie's attending doctor told him that he might feel very uncomfortable and greatly pained in many places when the season changed in the future. He told him to pay more attention to his health. When he grew older, after 40 years old, these aftermath would show even more.

'Am I good for nothing now?'

It was actually very easy to test this conclusion. When Zhang Tie could walk, he attempted to sense and polish his burning points.

His head and p\*nis were not heavily wounded while the golden swirl of spiritual energy still existed in his mind, the fact which made Zhang Tie feel very lucky.

The Shrine burning point and the three burning points on his spine were as if they had not been ignited at all. Zhang Tie couldn't feel them at all. When he forcefully moved his spiritual energy down towards the burning points in his body, that wisp of spiritual energy dispersed in his body the moment it left his head. No matter how many times he tried, compared to the past when he polished his burning points, this sense of dispersing spiritual energy made him so uncomfortable that he almost spat out a mouthful of blood.

In the past, Zhang Tie felt like his body was a water pipe. The spiritual energy was the water flowing in the water pipe while the burning points were the land to be irrigated. During cultivation, you needed to introduce the water to the burning points through the water pipe. However, this time, Zhang Tie felt that his body was not a water pipe any more, but instead a bamboo-woven basket. It was covered with holes. No matter how much water was poured into this basket, all of it would leak out. You could not use a bamboo basket to irrigate the land at all.

For several days, Zhang Tie dried all of his spiritual energy, but failed to turn the bamboo basket into a water pipe. He could not bring even a drop of his spiritual energy onto his burning points.

He gradually lost hope. The huge and proud spiritual energy in his mind could only be used to practice "Mental Arithmetic by Abacus" now. Even after activating the Trouble-Reappearance Fruits, he was given an alert that his health couldn't bear the spiritual impact from Trouble-Reappearance Fruits. Therefore, they could not be used either.

Zhang Tie felt that he had suddenly become a penniless beggar from a billionaire. If his spiritual energy could not even be used to ignite his Shrine burning point, what could it be used for?

'Is there truly no other way?' Zhang Tie asked himself.

'No, it's not the moment to despair yet.'

A bright light flashed across his mind. He still had the Castle of Black Iron and that marvelous small tree.

At this time, the two items were his final hope that kept him from collapsing spiritually.

After many experts' diagnosis, the hospital's conclusion was that Zhang Tie could only be a commoner who had not ignited Shrine burning points at all. In this age, this conclusion meant that Zhang Tie was a disabled man from then on.

A commoner who hadn't even ignited his Shrine burning point. He would not be able to cultivate, fight, or run as fast as wind with endless strength, neither would he be able to wave that "Man's Certificate" and "Woman's Excellence". He could not even do heavy labor work. Any LV 2 warrior could easily take care of ten Zhang Tie. In the Iron-Horn Army, to tell the truth, Zhang Tie was not even qualified to be the lowest-ranked cannon fodder.

Therefore, Major General Shwartz dispatched Zhang Tie into the Logistics Department and arranged a civilian's post for him.

On the fifth day since Zhang Tie could use a crutch to walk, he was out walking in the garden supported by a nurse. When he returned to his ward, he saw Reinhardt, Guderian, Liu Xing, and some other military officers of the Iron-Blood Camp waiting for him.

"Boss!"

At the sight of them, Zhang Tie became very excited.

Seeing Zhang Tie coming back, all the military officers waiting in the ward revealed a smile and surrounded Zhang Tie.

"How's your body?" Reinhardt patted Zhang Tie's shoulders with a wisp of tiredness at his eye corners.

"Not bad, I can walk now." Saying this, Zhang Tie looked around the military officers in the ward as he failed to see some familiar faces, especially that generous bald tough guy. Zhang Tie's heart suddenly pounded, "Where's First Lieutenant Freo?"

After asking this, Zhang Tie cast a glance over them and noticed that their smiles lacked the generosity and passion that they always had in the usual time. The moment they heard the name Freo, everybody's smile faded away.

"Freo sacrificed that night!" Major Guderian answered Zhang Tie in a low voice.

"How could be that?" Zhang Tie disbelieved that. How could that first lieutenant waving his double axes as fierce as a tiger sacrificed? Zhang Tie remembered that after he threw out his last spear to kill the flute-blowing guy, he could still hear Freo's tiger-like howls on the battle field. At that moment, the Black Feathers Regiment had already present a chaotic situation. As Freo was alive before this chaos, how could he died after that.

"After you were heavily wounded and fell on the ground, in order to save you, First Lieutenant Freo rushed into the encirclement of Black Feathers Regiment. Because our enemy greatly outnumbered us and Freo wanted to protect you, when he picked you up and prepared to retreat, he held back many attacks for you..." In a hoarse voice, First Lieutenant told Zhang Tie about what happened then. At that moment, Reinhardt who wanted to save Zhang Tie was stopped by some high-rank fighters of the enemy while being surrounding by a great number of common soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment. Therefore, he could not break in the encirclement for the time being. As Black Feathers Regiment had determined to kill Zhang Tie, the other members of Iron-Blood Camp could not break in either. Without Freo, Zhang Tie had definitely been slashed into flesh paste.

Freo sacrificed himself for Zhang Tie.

Zhang Tie's tears dropped off in lines...

"Don't be sad, since the moment you caught up with the train in the Blackhot City, everybody in Iron-Blood Camp would like to sacrifice themselves for you like how you would like to sacrifice yourself for everybody of Iron-Blood Camp!"

Hearing Reinhardt's words, Zhang Tie burst out tears like a kid.

...

After the military officers of Iron-Blood Camp came here to visit him, Zhang Tie understood the plot designed by the enemy. That day, all the booty of the Iron-Blood Camp had been sprayed with a strange medicament by the Sun Dynasty, including weapons, armors and coins. People could neither smell nor see that medicament; however, an animal called black fox fed by Sun Dynasty could smell it. With a lot

of common soldiers as a bait, Sun Dynasty let Iron-Blood Camp expose the location of its wolf den when they gained a great amount of booty. After knowing their encampment, the enemy dispatched the most terrifying Black Feathers Regiment and gathered superior force that many times more outnumbered than that of Iron-Blood Camp, wanting to totally clear Iron-Blood Camp from that battle zone through a raid in the midnight.

However, the raid failed which gradually turned into an attack by force and finally evolved into a deep-night bloody battle between the elites of Iron-Horn Army and Brilliant Feathers. In this bloody battle, Iron-Blood Camp lost more than 600 people while over 1700 people of Black Feathers Regiment were killed after being chased by Iron-Blood Camp over 20 km.

Given number, the last winner of that battle was Iron-Blood Camp. The total number of the soldiers of Black Feathers Regiment who were fed and trained with secret medicament and other special patterns was less than 10,000 people in the Brilliant Feathers Army. However, Iron-Blood Camp killed 1/5 of the total amount of soldiers of the undying regiment of the Brilliant Feathers Army in that night. From wars between two regiments as a whole, this was a huge victory for Iron-Blood Camp.

If Zhang Tie didn't kill that Double-Moon Muling in black robe who commanded the Black Feathers Regiment by blowing the flute, the final outcome could definitely be that Iron-Blood Camp of No. 39 Division didn't exist any more although over 1700 people of Black Feathers Regiment were killed.

Judging from his military exploits, Zhang Tie was absolutely qualified to be promoted to be a first lieutenant. Nobody would speak ill of him about this promotion.

If Zhang Tie was the youngest second lieutenant of No. 39 Division before, he was already the youngest first lieutenant of Iron-Horn Army at the present.

Now, the Iron-Blood Camp was almost paralyzed, suffering a great fundamental loss. It would take at least 3-4 months' rest and reorganization for Iron-Blood Camp to return to the battle field. For such an elite troop, it was not as easy as just piling up a number of people to recover its combat effectiveness.

"No matter what, you have to live well. Even if you could not go back to the battle field, you have to live well for Freo!" Reinhardt told Zhang Tie before he left.

Zhang Tie knew that his life was not only his own but also Freo's. Therefore, no matter what, even if he was disabled, he had to live well and brilliantly, not only for himself but also for Freo...

In the first month since Zhang Tie came to Kalur battle zone, Zhang Tie experienced four things: becoming the "One-Hundred People Down"; being promoted to be a first lieutenant; being disabled; being dispatched away from the Iron-Blood Camp of No. 39 Division...

In this month, Zhang Tie, at the age of 15, firstly understood the truth of life——Men should be born as summer flowers and die as spring thunders...

Chapter 217: First Lieutenant Director



When the skirmishes in Kalur escalated, Blapei, which was only over 100 km away from Kalur, became a huge frontier material transfer station. The logistics headquarter of the entire Iron-Horn Army was also set in here.

On the ninth day since Zhang Tie woke up on the sickbed, he finally left the hospital. At this moment, half a month had passed since he had left Blackhot City. During this period, Zhang Tie had experienced a life or death situation.

When he left the hospital, if not for his luggage brought by Reinhardt and the other military officers when they came to visit him, he might not have been able to find even a set of clothes after taking off his hospital gown.

Because he had not gone to report to the logistics department, when Zhang Tie left the hospital, he was still wearing the old dark red military uniform of second lieutenant. As he had just recovered from his wounds, he still looked a bit pale and thin. Previously, for the convenience of treatment, his hair had been shaved as well. It had just sprouted out some fresh hair these days. Without the military uniform, Zhang Tie looked like a malnourished adolescent.

Touching his bald head, Zhang Tie gave a bitter smile. He then recalled something and immediately felt dejected.

After standing outside the hospital alone for a long time, Zhang Tie stopped a carriage.

"Where are you going, sir?"

The carter glanced over Zhang Tie with a pair of uncertain eyes as Zhang Tie's age was really not in line with his military uniform.

"Do you know the logistics headquarters of the Iron-Horn Army?"

Zhang Tie threw his luggage onto the carriage. As to the 10 kg-odd luggage, Zhang Tie had held it like holding a hair before, however, now, Zhang Tie found it heavy after barely carrying it from the hospital ward to here. He felt that he was even weaker than a common 15-year-old adolescent.

"Got it! It's the previous parliament building in Blapei!"

After replying, the carter shook the rein and started the carriage.

The carriage was half-open. Sitting inside, Zhang Tie watched the city out of curiosity.

Although the fighting was just over 100 km away from Blapei, he could see no intense atmosphere here at all, instead, this city was filled with sense of relaxation. Besides the soldiers in military uniforms, commoners were walking at medium speed through the streets.

What impressed Zhang Tie were the alehouses on both sides of the streets. On the way, every dozen of meters or so, he would see an alehouse's brand waving in the air on the roadside. Although the beer business sharply declined due to the war between the Norman Empire and Sun Dynasty, he could still see people sitting inside even in daytime.

As it was located in the plains, there were no sharp magical beasts around the city. Additionally, because Blapei was in the middle of some cities, he had no city walls; neither did it have any army. The moment

the Iron-Horn Army drove in here, Blapei's parliament had already raised its blue-green flag, soon after which, they declared disbandment. The only vigilante group of this city followed the in the same path.

After that, the parliamentary and the vigilante group's members pretended that the parliament had never existed before and all went back home to find their own moms. Therefore, when the Iron-Horn Army occupied this city, they could not find a single person responsible it.

Residents here seemed to only do two things in their whole lives—farming and drinking beer. Even if the Iron-Horn Army arrived, their rhythm still remained unchanged. They felt that the war between the Norman Empire and Sun Dynasty had nothing to do with them, just as if it was happening on another galaxy.

When Zhang Tie was in Blackhot City, he had heard of such a bizarre city in the Andaman Alliance. This time, after a small circle around the city, Zhang Tie realized that the legends about Blapei were not exaggerated at all.

While the carter was driving the carriage, he took out his flagon to drink beer. Sitting behind the carter, Zhang Tie could also smell the fragrance of wheat drifting from the beer.

"Sir, do you want a try? This is brewed by my wife!"

The carter passed the flagon to Zhang Tie very enthusiastically.

The moment Zhang Tie wanted to refuse, for some reason he suddenly recalled Freo. Beer, cigars, and women were the favorites of that iron-tower like bald tough man. Zhang Tie then felt a faint stab inside...

Taking the flagon, he started to mindlessly gulp it down. Seeing this, the carter revealed a big smile.

When the carriage arrived at the former parliament building of Blapei, Zhang Tie was already covered with the taste of beer. The price was only 20 copper coins; however after Zhang Tie praised his beer, the carter felt very proud and didn't even intend to take his cash. But Zhang Tie pulled out a silver coin and said it was for his beer. The carter then happily took it and drove away.

In Blapei, if you praised the beer brewed by a person's family members and wanted to pay for it, you were expressing your largest compliment to that person.

Besides some rich people who were sparsely spread through the the various castles in the city, there were few skyscrapers in Blapei. All buildings were lower than ten floors. The alleged former parliament building of Blapei was only a 6-floor building. Standing before it, Zhang took a good look at it. He felt that the exceptional dome in the middle of the roof was really like a huge beer barrel.

Compared to the sluggish pedestrians on the streets, the outside of the former parliament building, which was now the logistics headquarter of Iron-Horn Army, brought him an intense sense of war.

Lifting his luggage, Zhang Tie presented his former military officer's certificate to the entrance guard before entered the building. A young second lieutenant was really trivial in the logistics headquarters of Iron-Horn Army. Few of the to-and-fro walking soldiers would cast a second glance over Zhang Tie.

Zhang Tie asked a soldier in the building about the location of the personnel affairs department. He then came to the office on the third floor of the building.

The door was open while someone was working inside, so Zhang Tie walked directly in.

"Hello, can I help you?"

The moment Zhang Tie entered, a 20-odd female military officer ranked second lieutenant had walked towards him as she asked.

"I'm here to report for duty; here's my certificate! "

Zhang Tie gave his military officer certificate to her.

Taking the certificate, the female military officer glanced at it and immediately revealed a faint expression of amazement.

"Are you that military officer from the Iron-Blood Camp of No. 39 Division?"

"If there was nobody else dispatched here, I think so!"

"Fine, take a seat for a moment please. Your personnel affairs archives have been transferred here several days ago. I'll go report to Colonel Scharto as he had told me that if you came here to report, he wanted to see you!"

"Fine, thanks!"

After saying that, the female second lieutenant immediately left.

Zhang Tie couldn't help but focus on her butt. Seeing that tightening and raising butt under the dark red military officer dress, Zhang Tie's heart slightly pounded twice.

He had not tasted a woman for over a month. Now, as he had just recovered a bit, he instinctively started to pay attention to women beside him. However, thinking of his physical condition, Zhang Tie could only give a bitter smile. Donder said, as a man, unless you're dead, you would take conquering women as the undertaking of your whole life.

Zhang Tie also realized his own change. After becoming a real man, Zhang Tie had started to pay attention to different parts on women. Even if facing the same woman, he seemed to also have a very different sense of her now.

He didn't know whether each man would experience the same process on the way to maturity, but these couple of days, he usually thought about those crazy days with the girls in Blackhot City and the enchanting night with Pandora before he left.

In the following half an hour, Zhang Tie completed all the report formalities and saw Colonel Scharto, who was responsible for personnel affairs in the logistics headquarters of the Iron-Horn Army. Colonel Scharto, who was already over 60 years old, treated Zhang Tie in a very mild way.

During their conversation, he put it straight that he already knew of Zhang Tie's heroic actions in the Iron-Blood Camp. For his bravery and military exploits, he appreciated him very much. No matter how poor his health was at present, as a military officer of the Norman Empire who had been awarded with the Iron-Blood medal, he would never be allowed to suffer from any injustice in both the Iron-Horn Army and the Norman Empire.

In the end, Colonel Scharto told Zhang Tie that there were some positions that were suitable to him in this division's logistics headquarters. Zhang Tie could choose the one that he liked the most.

Zhang Tie knew that he must be receiving the special treatment from Colonel Scharto so as to give face to General Schwartz, the regimental commander of the Seventh Regiment and the whole Iron-Blood Camp.

"Colonel, for the concrete work schedule, I have no other opinions and requirements. I know General Schwartz dispatched me here to let the logistics department take care of me, but I'm not qualified to assume any important position based on my physical condition and abilities. If it's alright, please arrange an easier position for me so that I won't make too many mistakes, regardless of the job or the treatment!"

Zhang Tie's calm and modesty left a good impression on Colonel Scharto. Generally speaking, soldiers of the Iron-Blood Camp who left the battlefield due to wounds would always have a bad temper. According to Colonel Scharto's experience, all the military officers of the Iron-Blood Camp who had killed numerous enemy soldiers on the battlefields were arrogant and unyielding.

It was also not Colonel Scharto's first time having contact with military officers of the Iron-Blood Camp; however, few young military officers made him comfortable like Zhang Tie when talking with them. As the logistics department was the most profitable one, many retired military officers tried everything to grab the position with the most profit and power. In contrast, Zhang Tie's attitude for retirement was highly praised by Colonel Scharto.

'I will not let such an innocent person suffer a loss!' he mumbled inside.

Therefore, after thinking for a few seconds, Colonel Scharto arranged a position for Zhang Tie, the full title of which was the Director of No. 9 Equipment Administration, Comprehensive Logistics Relief Branch of the Logistics Department of the Iron-Horn Army.

Chapter 218: Re-entering the Castle of Black Iron

When Zhang Tie left the logistics headquarters, he had received a new military officer's certificate. One more star was on the epaulet of his military uniform, indicating that Second Lieutenant Zhang Tie had been officially promoted to First Lieutenant Zhang Tie. Additionally, he got two months' pay and provisions. Along with various subsidies for his battle wounds, he received as much as 71 gold coins. Plus his private booty from the battlefield, Zhang Tie's purse, which had shrunk when he left Blackhot City, slightly bulged again this time as he had more than 100 gold coins in total.

As an old Chinese saying went, "Real men should not have no power while average men should not have no money", Zhang Tie felt that he was born to be an average man as he didn't care about power at all. Who knows why that was so, maybe because he was used to being poor. But once alive and having some gold coins in his pockets, he would feel reassured.

Colonel Scharto assigned a major from the Personnel Affairs Department to drive Zhang Tie around the place where he would work so as to help him recognize the road.

The alleged "No. 9 Equipment Administration, Comprehensive Logistics Relief Branch of the Logistics Department of the Iron-Horn Army" was actually a maintenance plant in the logistics base in the east of Blapei City. As Blapei had no city wall, Zhang Tie didn't know whether this logistics base was in Blapei or outside it.

This plant was not desolate for Zhang Tie could see a wide area of cornfields surrounding it and a neighboring village. Strictly speaking, this plant seemed to be in the suburbs. Close to this plant was a large-scale, airship landing field and several material warehouses.

There were many soldiers walking to-and-fro, as well as military vehicles, on the surrounding roads.

The major task of No. 9 Equipment Administration, Comprehensive Logistics Relief Branch of the Logistics Department of Iron-Horn Army was the maintenance of Logistics Department's vehicles, so the plant occupied at least 10 mu [1]. Half of it was made up of semi-closed sheds and garages temporarily built using steel frame and steel tiles. Many vehicles were parked inside them for maintenance.

Besides Zhang Tie, there were in total 136 people in the No. 9 Equipment Administration, Comprehensive Logistics Relief Branch of the Logistics Department of the Iron-Horn Army, most of whom were non-commissioned technical officers. Before Zhang Tie arrived here, the position of the director had already been vacant for more than five months, however, everything here was in normal operation, leaving no fault at all.

As the former director suffered from some health problems and had reached the age of retirement, he had retired before the Iron-Horn Army had attacked the Andaman Alliance.

After acquiring the relevant information, Zhang Tie understood that this position was especially provided for the aged. A first lieutenant would not be requested to repair vehicles. Additionally, no big problems would happen in this plant as it was related to repairs.

Colonel Scharto had really arranged a good position for Zhang Tie.

The major from the Personnel Affairs Department directly summoned all the 136 people in the maintenance shop to greet Zhang Tie. Among them, the one with the highest rank was second lieutenant, namely the vice director. Of course, he became Zhang Tie's assistant here. Hearing the major introducing Zhang Tie's current status, the second lieutenant looked a bit weird.

"First Lieutenant Zhang Tie was previously a military officer of the Iron-Blood Camp of No. 39 Division. Because of excellent military exploits, he has been awarded with the Iron-Blood medal only half a month after arriving to the Kalur battle zone!"

Noticing the weird expressions, the major only added one sentence that immediately made all the 136 people look solemn. Upon hearing that last sentence, many people were shocked and silently swallowed their saliva. At the same time, their eyes filled with respect.

Everybody in the Iron-Horn Army understood that there were only one kind of people in the Iron-Blood Camp who were awarded with the Iron-Blood medals—terrifying butchers who killed numerous enemies on the battlefield. However, this person had received an Iron-Blood medal only half a month after he came to the Kalur battle zone, which meant that this person had killed no less than the number of people standing right here in only half a month.

Thinking of this, many people started to feel a shocking, icy killing intent coming from this young first lieutenant who had a poor face. This killing intent was the qi as fierce as tigers and wolves which had been accumulated through killing numerous people. All the tough Iron-Blood fighters would reveal such a killing intent.

After introducing Zhang Tie to them, that major turned to Zhang Tie and asked him, "First Lieutenant Zhang Tie, what do you want to say to them?"

Zhang Tie glanced at that second lieutenant with a bulging abdomen whose eyes were still filled with awe.

"Since everything has run well before I came here, I hope it will continue do so from now on as well. You can do your own work now..."

Seeing them all leaving, that major smiled and talked to Zhang Tie. "First Lieutenant Zhang Tie, I can see it, Colonel Scharto appreciates you very much, that's why he arranged this position for you. Once you stay longer, you will find this position very interesting!"

The major's words were full of hints, which moved Zhang Tie a bit. However, it was not the right time to ask for the details now. He had to first find settlement.

...

Seeing that major driving away, the 30-odd second lieutenant officer with a bulging abdomen revealed a big smile towards Zhang Tie. At the sight of the luggage in Zhang Tie's hand, he hurriedly stretched out his hand, intending to take it for him.

At first glance, Zhang Tie recalled the booth owners in the railway station's flea market in Blackhot City.

Noticing that the guy wanted to flatter him, Zhang Tie didn't refuse him, instead, he straight away threw his luggage into the man's hand. Never be too polite to this kind of person; if this kind of person flattered you, you should be polite to him. Otherwise it'd be similar to a gentleman showing his courtesy to you and you spitting saliva in his face.

As expected, seeing Zhang Tie directly throwing his luggage to him, that person's smile became even more enthusiastic than before, and even the oily gleam on his drunkard's nose became brighter.

"Second lieutenant, what's your name?"

"Director, I'm Pi Ping!" After giving Zhang Tie a careful look, he added, "Would you want to take a round or go to the office to check the files and account books?"

"No need, I'm very satisfied with everything here. As I've just left the hospital today, I have no place to live. You find a vehicle and show me around to seek for a residence first!"

After staying in the hospital for such a long time, taken care of by people all the time, Zhang Tie couldn't wait to check the Castle of Black Iron.

Hearing Zhang Tie's order, Second Lieutenant Pi Ping became happier and hurriedly took Zhang Tie's luggage, walking away. "Wait a minute please, I will go get a car!"

As the whole Blapei had almost no military camps, all the available places and public facilities across the city had been occupied by the Iron-Horn Army for free. Except for No. 21 Division which occupied a military camp in Blapei and had some military officers allocated with a dorm, most of the other military officers of the Logistics Department had to rent a house by themselves. As Blapei was already the territory of the Norman Empire, of course, the soldiers of the Norman Empire could not disturb civilians and plunder their properties.

In less than half a minute, Second Lieutenant Pi Ping had already parked a Mountain Cat SUV before Zhang Tie. Opening the car's door, Zhang Tie sat down on the passenger seat. After that, Second Lieutenant Pi Ping drove out of the plant.

"Later, I will not usually come here; everything in No. 9 Equipment Administration runs like before. The major who just left here told me that the director position is very interesting. So you shall continue to deal with everything here for me. I don't want to make you lose your fun. Neither do I want to be treated as an idiot. The moment I saw you, I knew you were clear. Don't let me down!"

Sitting in the car, Zhang Tie put it straight to Second Lieutenant Pi Ping. After staying in the Iron-Blood Camp for a while, he had no mood to waste time on such trivial things. Only people who had experienced life or death situation understood that for a soldier, with the exception of life or death situations, everything else was bullsh\*t.

Not having imagined that Zhang Tie would be that straightforward, Second Lieutenant Pi Ping's hand slightly quivered before recovering its composure. He even became a bit thrilled.

"Trust me, director, I won't let you down!"

"That's fine!"

"Director, what kind of residence do you want? I've stayed here for several months and have become very familiar with all the streets and alleys!" Second Lieutenant Pi Ping continued enthusiastically.

"As I'm not well, I need to stay tranquil during this period. Therefore, the place should not be too noisy..."

"Oh, I know a place that you may like..."

...

More than ten minutes later, Second Lieutenant Pi Ping brought Zhang Tie to a riverside in the north of Blapei, to a block with a relaxed atmosphere to it. That block's roads were paved with fine pebbles. On both sides of the roads stood many 3-4 story civilian houses and buildings. These houses and buildings were totally different from those in Blackhot City.

This place was truly much more tranquil than the downtown, and with a nice environment.

The moment Zhang Tie's car drove into the block and started to slow down, some 8-9 old kids started to chase after the SUV without any fear of strangers.

Because there had been no casualties in Blapei when it was occupied by the Iron-Horn Army and the good deeds of soldiers of the Norman Empire had won them good reputation, the civilians in Blapei didn't fear the figures in dark red military uniforms.

"Sir, you only need to give Rabby some copper coins, I will tell you everything you want to know!" A 8-9 old boy with freckles on his face ran close to Zhang Tie, chasing after the SUV while he introduced himself.

Zhang Tie told Pi Ping to park the car. Soon after the car was parked, Rabby also stopped running.

"I want to rent a house, do you know where can I get a proper one?" Zhang Tie asked the boy.

"Sir, I know everything here. Besides some beer hotels, there are more than 20 houses for rent in the neighboring blocks. Everyone would be very happy to rent their house to a generous military officer of the Norman Empire..."

Zhang Tie pulled out a silver coin and flicked it towards the boy. The boy called Rabby had a nice catch.

"Get in the car!"

Zhang Tie glanced at the back seat. The boy called Rabby then jubilantly jumped inside under the admiration filled eyes of his pals.

...

As Zhang Tie thought that beer hotels would be filled with people from all walks of life, he finally chose a rather tranquil house whose owners were also of a simple family background.

It was a four-story house. The owners were an old couple of more than 60 years old. They had no offspring and lived on the first floor. The second one was rented out to a couple with a 4-5 old son. It was said that on the third floor lived a woman, and the fourth one was vacant, therefore, Zhang Tie lived in the fourth floor.

The rooms on there were well cleaned by the owners. Everything was well matched: two bedrooms, one parlor, one kitchen, and a washroom. As the house was made of bricks and stones, there was also a fireplace in the parlor where you could light a fire on cold days.

The rent for the fourth floor was 16 silver coins per month, not including the water rate. Second Lieutenant Pi Ping strove to spend two gold coins for Zhang Tie at once for one year's rent and the water rate. After Zhang Tie decided to live in here, the vice-president drove the car and bought many daily-use goods for him. He was as solicitous as an order.

The entire afternoon after he left the hospital, Zhang Tie was always busy: reporting for duty, arranging work for his subordinates, and renting a house. When it was the time for supper, he ate a roasted beefsteak with Second Lieutenant Pi Ping in a hotel nearby. When Zhang Tie came back to the house he had rented, it was already dark.

A melodious sound of violin drifted from the owners' room. There was no way to know who was playing it. A kid's cries drifted from the second floor while the tenant on the third floor was not there.

Going back to his residence on the fourth floor, Zhang Tie didn't lit up the lamps. After locking the door and pulling the curtains down, he sat down on the sofa besides the fireplace alone in the parlor.

It had been a very long time since Zhang Tie had felt this tired. He was very weak, to the point where he would even gasp when he climbed on to the fourth floor. When he finally reached it, Zhang Tie already



felt a bit tired. His physical situation was even worse than he had imagined. Even worse than a commoner's. He was not even able to resist the wind, the idiom of not being able to bind a chicken being very proper to describe him.

As he had not entered the Castle of Black Iron for more than one month, even if he was able to enter it right now, Zhang Tie became slightly hesitant and afraid. He was a bit contradictory inside. For him at this moment, the small tree in the Castle of Black Iron carried all of his hopes.

Zhang Tie knew that it was very hilarious to count on the hope for solution on that small tree whenever he met a problem. It was almost visionary and foolish to solve problems that way. Because it was karma on what fruit the small tree would bear. It would never bear a fruit according to his own demand for no reason.

Zhang Tie only hoped that the small tree could give him a chance to recover.

After sitting in the pitch-dark house for a long time, Zhang Tie finally gritted his teeth. 'I've already died one time, nothing is more terrifying than death.'

After locking on that marvelous arch door in his mind, with a slight shake, Zhang Tie disappeared from the dark parlor.

——Handsome and Magnificent Castle Lord, welcome to the Castle of Black Iron!

Chapter 219: Fruit of Judgment

By now, the inside of the Castle of Black Iron had become verdant. Entering it after a month and a half, Zhang Tie felt like he was in the suburban area of Blackhot City. The feeling was especially brought out by the two buildings that he had built near the small tree. They really gave him a sense of wasteland reclamation in the wild.

After loading off his burden inside, Zhang Tie treated himself as a bachelor with a cheap life. He took a deep breath and immediately thought it through. No matter what, as long as he was still alive and could enter the Castle of Black Iron, he could still use it to do a lot of things such as helping his beloved people, even if his cultivation had been completely disabled.

With this mentality, the following dialog boxes that popped out didn't shock him too much.

——Because the energy maintenance system of Castle Lord had been severely damaged, the Leakless Fruit could not collect energy. The Manjusaka Karma Fruit Tree will terminate the bearing of Leakless Fruits.

——Castle Lord, because your bones, muscles, veins, channels, as well as your guts, had been heavily wounded and have not yet recovered, your automatic recovery function was at the edge of collapse. Your physical condition didn't even meet the minimum conditions to form Iron-Body Fruit. The Manjusaka Karma Fruit Tree will terminate the bearing of Iron-Body Fruit.

——Based on the above reasons, because your body could not bear the renewal and the expansion of your life energy from Wild Wolf Seven-Strength Fruit, Manjusaka Karma Fruit Tree will terminate the

bearing of Wild Wolf Seven-Strength Fruit. Based on the same reasons, the Trouble-Reappearance Fruits will also be unavailable.

——Special alert: Castle Lord, until your health and life energy completely recover, the effects of the first Toxin-Resistance Fruit that you ate will be reduced by 92%.

The continual dialog boxes and the content inside them brought Zhang Tie a sense of being peeled off and turning from a rich man to a beggar. The price for joining the Kalur battle was so huge that he couldn't stand it.

After slightly recovering his composure, Zhang Tie touched the management panel of Castle of Black Iron to check the current basic attributes.

——Castle of Black Iron

——Length: 1 Krosa

——Width: 1 Krosa

——Aura value: 89713

——Merit value: 32135

——Basic energy storage: 712

——Special output: basic aura yeast.

The growth of aura value points was within Zhang Tie's expectation. The basic energy storage of 712 remained unchanged since he had come back from the survival training. What really startled Zhang Tie though were the merit value points. He remembered that when he checked them last time, they were just a bit over 6000. How could they increase by so much?

Zhang Tie opened the log on merit value points to check inside carefully. When the first evolved and mutated living beings "Basic Aura Yeast" formed in the Castle of Black Iron, because he killed a number of scumbags in the prison of Blackhot City, Zhang Tie's merit value points had surged to more than 6000. After that, he didn't check the merit value points any more. Based on his experiences, after he donated to the orphanage twice, his merit value points should have grown.

But he hadn't made a point to check it for a long time.

For the first donation, he spent more than 20 gold coins to buy a truck of food which won him 876 merit value points; for the second donation, he directly gave the orphanage 200 gold coins and won himself 3617 merit value points. Additionally, when he sent rice soup to the orphanage and donated 10 copper coins at the beginning, he had won more than 30 merit value points.

According to the exchange ratio, it seemed that the merit value points could not be equally exchanged by the items or money he donated to the orphanage. There was a sophisticated karma between his donations and the merit value points as payment. Based on the exchange ratio, the 10 copper coins and that rice soup he had donated when he was in the poorest situation brought him more merit value points.

Since he had no idea how that worked, Zhang Tie didn't bother to think about this question any more. What really caught his attention were the two messages after.

"On August 22, 889th year of Black Iron Calendar, Handsome and Magnificent Castle Lord saved 61 golden uangs who were going to be killed and helped them regain freedom and a new chance at life. As a result, merit value was increased by 286 points."

...

"...Do the righteous thing for the heavens. You killed the Double-Moon Muling of the Sun Dynasty and ended his evil life, sending his evil soul into the darkness, which allowed the mercy of gods to reappear in the world. As a result, merit value was increased by 21018 points in total..."

The first log was really unexpected. Zhang Tie had not imagined that when he killed Samira in the Blackhot City and casually grabbed Master Abyan's uangs which were going to be killed for tests and set them free in mother nature, he would gain some merit value points as payment.

Of course, Zhang Tie was very pleased with these unexpected merit value points.

However, what he hadn't imagined even more was were that the merit value points he gained after killed a muling of the Sun Dynasty would be almost equal to killing 20 of the heinous red-scarf burglars like Huck and Snade. From this, Zhang Tie learned how many bad things those bastard priests and mulings who believed in the Brilliant God of the Sun Dynasty had done.

At the sight of this, Zhang Tie let out a long breath. It was worth it to kill such a scumbag and give a chance to survive for his brothers of the Iron-Blood Camp in this battle even if his cultivation base had been fully disabled for it.

Thinking of this, Zhang Tie relaxed.

After shutting off the log windows, Zhang Tie walked towards that small tree. He felt that after killing that scumbag, he would not have only gained merit value points, but also at least a Fruit of Brilliance. According to the tip just now, the Fruit of Brilliance was not included in the fruits that could not be produced on the small tree, which meant that he could still enjoy one kind of fruit.

Before Zhang Tie drew close to the twig where which used to produce the Fruit of Brilliance, he saw a round fruit. It was dark golden with wisps of golden luster on it.

What else if it was not a Fruit of Brilliance?

——Fruit of Brilliance has become ripe. Usage: Pick and directly eat it. Notice: The fruit cannot be taken out of the Castle of Black Iron. After twelve hours of having been picked off the tree, its energy and vitality will gradually decline.

Reading this message, Zhang Tie revealed a wisp of a smile.

He didn't immediately eat it, instead, he moved to the other side of the small tree.

Compared to the twig that bore Fruit of Brilliance, the twigs that bore Leakless Fruits and Iron-Body Fruits were cleared. Additionally, the ripe Leakless Fruits and the unripe Iron-Body Fruit had all disappeared.

Ah!

When Zhang Tie moved to the Fruit of Brilliance to check how much spiritual energy it could bring him, he was stunned. Behind the weird tree leaves of a twig beside the one that used to bear Leakless Fruits, a fruit that Zhang Tie had never seen before was hanging.

It was a weird fruit in the shape of a cross dart. It was all dark, containing a weird tadpole-like rune swimming inside like gathered starlight.

Greatly shocked inside, Zhang Tie stretched his hand toward it.

—Fruit of Judgment has become ripe. This Fruit of Judgment contains a god's rune, the effect of which is to "bind". Usage: Pick and paste it between your eyebrows, then activate with your spiritual energy. Notice: The fruit cannot be taken out of the Castle of Black Iron. This fruit can only be activated and integrated by Castle Lord. After twelve hours of having been picked off the tree, its energy and vitality will gradually decline.

As he read that paragraph, Zhang Tie's hands started to tremble. However, it was not the end.

—The people who profaned celestial beings in the name of celestial beings and those people who did evil things in the name of celestial beings are doomed to be judged. Their existence is the greatest harm to all the beautiful and kind things, and the greatest profanity to gods. Their dirty lives and deeds shall be ended by sabers and swords. This is the condition for bearing a Fruit of Judgment, and the biggest award from gods to a dauntless man who dares to wave his saber towards dark forces. Ah! The brave man who spreads the gods' glorious light over his mother land. Please take this reward and use the strength gifted by it to judge those who profane the gods so as to relieve people's fear about celestial beings. Gods don't need their fear as fear is the food of ghosts. According to the law of creation, the more judgments you make, the more power you will have to judge with.

After reading this paragraph, Zhang Tie immediately understood that, the Brilliant God School was carrying out a very terrifying coercion in the entire Sun Dynasty in terms of people's belief in celestial beings. This coercion was profaning celestial beings in the name of celestial beings. They were doing evil things in the name of celestial beings. In this case, since he killed that Double-Moon Muling in the black robe of the Brilliant God School that night, the Fruit of Judgment's condition was triggered.

Looking at that cross-dart like weird fruit and that weird group of runes composed of tadpoles inside it, a thought flashed across Zhang Tie's mind. He instantly raised his right hand and took off the ring on his right hand.

—Ring of Energy. It can recover your physical strength 4% faster after you use it up, enabling the wearer to be more energetic. This item was made by rune master Andariel.

Although Zhang Tie had not seen a rune item before, the Ring of Energy and that Fruit of Judgment on the twig let him know that all rune items were exceptional, especially the god's rune that fruit on the twig contained; it seemed greater.

There was always a way to survive. In this case, he could still gain such a marvelous fruit, which meant that the small tree considered that he could use this fruit even now. The effect of the god's rune was to "bind", which seemed simple, yet its usage would be unknown until it was used.

When Zhang Tie prepared to pick off this Fruit of Judgment to activate and integrate it, he was stunned when his eyes caught onto a twig in the middle of the small tree. He was immediately overcome with great surprise...

## Chapter 220: Redemption

More than a month had passed since the last time he'd entered the Castle of Black Iron. Soon after he did so this time, Zhang Tie found that his cardiac function was facing a severe challenge.

At this moment, his heart kept on fiercely pounding because right on this small tree he found a new fruit. He slightly recovered his composure as he put on his ring of energy onto his right index finger again.

He hadn't noticed the fruit until now because it was really well hidden. Compared to the various fruits that Zhang Tie had gained and seen on the outside twigs, right in the open, this one was more hidden as it was growing on in the middle of the small tree, close to the trunk. If one wasn't observing carefully, it would be almost impossible to see this fruit for it was covered by overlapped tree leaves.

It was a thumb-sized fruit in the shape of a heart, pale green of color, really like a cute peach.

Zhang Tie had never seen this fruit before.

The moment he saw this new fruit, Zhang Tie stretched his hand out to check its attributes like usual.

After slightly moving the two twigs beside the fruit, Zhang Tie put his hand on it.

—Fruit of Redemption. It comes from the strength of golden uangs. Not ripe yet.

Before Zhang Tie could get depressed from what he saw, his heart pounded so heavily that it almost jumped out of his throat when he read the following paragraphs.

—Once this fruit becomes ripe, after eating it, Castle Lord will gain 71.5 kg's strength, namely the weight of your body.

—Fruit of Redemption. It comes from intellectual living beings' appreciation to the one who gave them new life and saved them out from their death situation. Each living being's mood and awareness full of this kind of appreciation will contain great energy, especially when owned by this kind of living being. This great energy will be projected onto the savior through an infinite net and become the key to opening the sealed, precious gene bank of the savior's body. The fire of intelligence, the most remarkable trait of any intellectual beings, can light up and brighten the genes with the same properties on the savior's body and grant the savior with the same ability.

—The one who has benevolence and kindness, you are the existence standing at the peak of intellectual living beings. The God created you based on his own image. Therefore, your body contains everything like the God's. Although you have forgotten that you were great, please don't despise your trivial being now. The karma is absolutely true. If you want to get something, go pay for it as what you had paid will return to you and more. The greatest secret of life is love, which is the answer to everything. Love can open the sealed shackles in your body and liberate you from your trivial consciousness. Finally, you would enter the divine being.

...

Actually, this Fruit of Redemption should have long existed, since after he killed Samira and set free those golden uangs in Blackhot City. However, after killing Samira that day, Zhang Tie had immediately returned to his apartment and entered the Castle of Black Iron to build the two houses. Previously, because he had felt that nothing special had happened in that period, he didn't pay attention to this small tree.

Of course, he had never imagined that that small tree would have produced a marvelous fruit at that time. Therefore, this marvelous Fruit of Redemption had kept growing under the overlapped leaves of the small tree until he found it now.

Fruit of Redemption was not ripe yet. It was not edible now. For some reason, when Zhang Tie read the above paragraphs, his eyes turned wet and he wanted to cry. He had not imagined that such a minor benevolent move of setting those golden uangs free could bring him such a miracle.

Zhang Tie didn't fully understand the above words. However, after he read them, he still bore in mind two key points.

First, because the golden uangs had super great power, after he saved dozens of them, this small tree bore a fruit that could increase his strength.

Second, as many genes inside his body were not activated yet and the key to activating them was redemption, if he saved any living beings, the life trait of that living being might be passed on to him.

Zhang Tie faintly saw a beacon of hope that might help his body recover. However, he felt a thin curtain between him and this beacon of hope which stopped it from manifesting.

Zhang Tie knew that the thin curtain was his shortage of biology. Even though he knew something, even some secrets, he still could not turn what he had learned into useful knowledge. This was also the weakness of the preliminary education of Blackhot City. People learning there might know something of all common knowledge, yet they would not be deep versed in any of the fields. Sometimes, when he faced some slightly deeper knowledge, Zhang Tie would feel semi-illiterate.

The Fruit of Redemption today simply pushed open a wholly new gate open for Zhang Tie's life. He was filled with appreciation now. This space of the Castle of Black Iron and the small tree showed him the hope to move forward.

Leaving the Fruit of Redemption alone for now, Zhang Tie became a bit thrilled as he circled around the small tree twice. After consideration, he decided to pick Fruit of Brilliance before eating the Fruit of Judgment. The Fruit of Brilliance could still improve his spiritual energy which was still useful for him even now. No matter what, after he increased his spiritual energy, he could always gain a greater strength. After this, he could eat the ripe Fruit of Redemption more easily.

Zhang Tie became a bit curious about the spiritual energy of the black-robed Double-Moon Muling of the Black Feathers Regiment. Thinking of that person who had blow that weird musical instrument to control those undying monsters, Zhang Tie thought that he might have cultivated his spiritual energy.

After picking the Fruit of Brilliance, Zhang Tie sat down under the tree with legs crossed. He then threw the Fruit of Brilliance into his mouth and broke it with his teeth at once...

Because his health was not as good as before, only after sitting there for more than 20 minutes with his legs crossed, Zhang Tie felt his legs and waist starting to ache. Thankfully, by then, all the spiritual energy in the Fruit of Brilliance had been absorbed by the golden spiritual energy swirl in Zhang Tie's mind. After a rough estimation, Zhang Tie became very excited.

If his spiritual energy was regarded as one before he got the Castle of Black Iron, after the fight in the hidden cell in the prison of Blackhot City along with his cultivation these days, yesterday, his spiritual energy had almost reached 40. However, after eating the Fruit of Brilliance that contained all the spiritual energy of the Double-Moon Muling of the Sun Dynasty, his spiritual energy had immediately surged to 58, an increase of almost a half. As expected, that old guy truly had had a much more powerful spiritual energy than that of commoners.

After eating the Fruit of Brilliance, Zhang Tie slightly moved his numb and stiff body. When he glanced at the ring of energy on his right hand, he became slightly disappointed. As this was a rune item that could help him recover from fatigue 4% faster than before, without it his health would be worse.

Zhang Tie thought of it, unable to wait to pick the small cross-dart like Fruit of Judgment. According to the instructions he had read before, he had to paste that fruit in-between his eyebrows. After that, he would have to slowly inject his spiritual energy that had increased a lot into this bizarre Fruit of Judgment.

For some reason, after he inserted his spiritual energy into the Fruit of Judgment, Zhang Tie only felt that the fruit pasted on his skin of normal temperature was becoming increasingly cooler. Soon after that, the entire fruit seemed become fluid as it started to enter in to his mind, making his entire brain and head feel very comfortable and refreshed. During this period, Zhang Tie felt as if his head had become a sponge that could absorb water as that fruit's juices pushed inside without encountering any obstacles.

Finally, his hand that was put on the fruit started to touch the skin of his forehead. At the same time, that golden spiritual energy swirl in Zhang Tie's mind started to boil up. Its most middle point suddenly formed a weird symbol that Zhang Tie had seen before on the fruit. When that weird symbol appeared there, Zhang Tie's spiritual energy in his mind seemed to cheer up and started to push into that rune with all it had.

While Zhang Tie's spiritual energy was making its way into that weird rune, some information appeared in his mind. He immediately understood everything about that rune.

He knew that rune meant "bind"...

He also knew how to use this god rune.

He knew that the "bind" function of this god rune would directly work on the target person's spirit and awareness. It could temporarily shield and cut the connection between the target's brain and his body. After this connection was cut off, that target's body would remain still, like a machine not yet started or something bound by a rope.

When one third of Zhang Tie's spiritual energy entered that mysterious rune, the god rune suddenly radiated golden rays. As if having been laid like an egg, after the devouring of the spiritual energy, an

item in the shape of a chain appeared beside that rune radiating golden rays. After that, it started to rotate around that rune like a snake swimming in water...

——The first binding chain has been formed!

——Starting to form the god rune's binding skill for Castle Lord.