

Castle of Black Iron #Chapter 31: It Might Be Good - Read Castle of Black Iron Chapter 31 - 40

It Might Be Good

Chapter 31: It Might Be Good

In the past, Zhang Tie always thought of himself as intelligent. Well, at the very least, he thought that he was not stupid. He was not someone who was easily cheated by others. However, on that day, he found himself to be innocent and naive. On that day, he understood the essence of the proverb “human beings die in pursuit of wealth, and birds die in pursuit of food”.

At this moment, he now completely understood what Captain Kerlin’s words meant.

High compensation — 80 copper coins for being fiercely beaten by another person. A hot water bath was also provided before and after being beaten by the people in the event that they reeked of sweat. What high compensation this was... What human-friendly service this was...

Meet influential and rich figures — people who could afford to use the Iron Horns Fighting Club were all rich and influential figures, as ordinary people could not afford it at all.

Strengthen your body when you were free — nothing else could strengthen your body as much as becoming a training partner and a flesh-bag.

Many beauties in the workplace — there were truly many beautiful waiters like Mary; however, those beauties had nothing to do with him. He was heavily attacked for just asking her name, which almost made him self-abased.

Thinking of how he readily accepted this part-time job without thinking, he felt that his life became gloomy once again. Zhang Tie became especially gloomy when he realized that all of his “guests” would be boys of about 12 years of age. It was fine to be beaten by classmates his age, which he could just treat as training at school; however, being beaten by a handful of kids younger than him, he felt that he would be heavily damaged both physically and mentally. Those kids were from influential families. They accepted the best education

since birth. Their families spent a lot of resources on them, and they had already been able to ignite their Shrine burning point. They were even stronger than Zhang Tie in every possible physical aspect. He felt really uncertain about such a part-time job, thus after he became clear-minded, the first thing he wanted to do was to resign in Manager Hance's office. "F*ck you! I won't do this! I have the chance to give it up!" Zhang Tie cursed inwardly.

.....

"No way..." Hance's smile instantly froze when he knew what Zhang Tie wanted to do. He turned stern and shook the contract in his hand like an acrid woman. The cigar in his other hand almost touched Zhang Tie's forehead. "Boy, before you finish 600 hours of work, you have to compensate us twice the amount in the contract if you want to resign. This means 1200 hours in total at 80 copper coins per hour. You should know how much you have to pay in total since it's written right here in the contract and you've signed here. If you want to quit, you have to pay the penalty. Although we, the Iron Thorns Fighting Club, are powerful, we are not bullying you as we are doing things in accordance with the law..." Gaping at the terms on the contract, Zhang Tie turned pale. He became speechless and started to blame himself for signing the contract without thinking it over. He never thought that there was such a motherf*cking term on it. He would have to pay 9 gold coins and 60 silver coins for breaking the contract. Obviously, this was a price he couldn't afford.

Seeing Zhang Tie turn pale, Manager Hance put away the contract and let out a slow suggestion, "Boy, this job is not as terrifying as you imagine. You are new here and don't know the skills required to be a training partner, that's why you suffered a loss. Later on, you will learn from these experiences and become smarter. I don't know why that bastard Kerlin recommended you, but since you are young, I think you should listen to my advice: 'Each difficult challenge you face is a chance for you to grow up'. Think about this advice carefully. Now then, you should feel embarrassed about being beaten by several younger kids. If you can't even handle one of those small kids, what else can you do in the future? This world is far more sophisticated and difficult than what you have encountered today! Well, since it's your first time to on the job today and you have learned from this experience, although you have not stood for even one minute... I am a kind person, so I will pay you half an hour worth of compensation today. Alright, hurry up and go back home. In these past few days, night meals are forbidden in Blackhot City. If you get home late, you might get in trouble..."

.....

Exiting Manager Hance's office, Zhang Tie continued to ponder over what Manager Hance had taught him — "Each difficult challenge you face is a chance for you to grow up". Yea! Would he be frightened by those small kids? Would he run away and be laughed at by that b*tch Mary?

"No, no way! I will never be afraid of those kids!"

Thinking in this manner, Zhang Tie instantly felt much better.

When he passed the reception desk, Zhang Tie encountered Mary. Seeing Zhang Tie coming out, Mary muttered something to the rest beauties. As a result, those beauties cast a contemptuous gaze at Zhang Tie. Zhang Tie felt that he had no chance to sleep with beauties like her, as no woman would fall in love with a man whom she had cast a contemptuous gaze on. Zhang Tie heaved a deep sigh.

"I heard someone was kicked by young master Gregory and passed out within one minute. What a weak man!" Mary's words instantly stirred up Zhang Tie.

"Sister Mary, don't forget our appointment!" Zhang Tie gave a flying kiss to Mary and then thrust his waist, like what Hista usually does, a couple of times towards the rest beauties. This series of movements made Mary's face turn pale as the other beauties gaped. It seemed that they never imagined that someone would do such weird movements. Then Zhang Tie laughed out loudly, detoured the fountain, and walked out the gate of the Iron Thorns Fighting Club.

Standing in front of the mighty gate of the Iron Thorns Fighting Club, Zhang Tie stared at the stars in the sky and waved his fists fiercely. He shouted inwardly, "I will never be beaten!" Closely following his inner shouts was his thunderous belly, which reminded Zhang Tie that he had not even eaten supper yet. Hence, he trotted towards the direction of his home...

Peering over Zhang Tie, who was trotting his way home, Captain Kerlin and Hance stood beside the window in Hance's office. Pulling down the curtain, Hance muttered, "Youth is good! But, this boy doesn't seem to be able to take a beating like you've told me. Do you have a good opinion of him?"

"The boy is smart. If he is able, he will get his reward. If he isn't, he will get his punishment. He dared to blackmail his classmates in front of me, the intelligent Captain Kerlin. He dared to justify escape in front of me, the brave Captain Kerlin, in such a reasonable way. Since that's the case, I have to give

him a chance to prove himself. I will see whether he is a real man or just simply someone who pretends to be a real man..." with arms crossed, the one-eyed man explained stiffly.

.....

Zhang Tie returned home in 40 minutes with less than one hour left before the time when night meals became forbidden in Blackhot City. The moment he engulfed all the food and dishes made by his mom and washed the bowl and chopsticks, his parents came home.

"Why did you come back so late?" Zhang Tie's dad asked curiously.

"Erm, your son performed well at school, so a teacher introduced me to a part-time job. The pay is really good. I can get familiar with many influential and rich figures, and I can also strengthen my body when I am free. Oh, I almost forgot. There are also many beauties over there!" Zhang Tie raised his eyebrows.

"Really? It's that good?" Zhang Tie's dad became a bit suspicious.

"Of course. I can go there after school on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, so I might come home a little late. You don't need to worry about me!"

"What a kind of part-time job is it?" Zhang Tie's mom added.

"Iron Thorns Fighting Club. Those beauties were really enthusiastic. When I was there today, the elder sister who showed me around had praised me and said that I was ambitious. I also made a bet with her that I will definitely make my dream come true!" Zhang Tie pretended to be excited in front of his mom...

"So you're saying you were praised by a beauty? Your mom is not that easily cheated. Don't even dream about it!" Zhang Tie's mom flicked her finger on Zhang Tie's forehead a couple of times.

"Really, mom! I mean it!" Zhang Tie gasped with tongue stretched out like a puppy.

"Then, tell me! How did she praise you?"

"She praised that I was ambitious!" Zhang Tie pretended to be very serious.

"What ambition?"

“A toad that wants to eat a swan... Heh... heh...”

Hearing this, both his mom and dad considered it as a joke. As a result, Zhang Tie’s dad spat out a mouthful of water as his mom gaped for a while before laughing out loudly. Then Zhang Tie’s mom stretched out her hand to pat Zhang Tie. “You’re better at joking than before...”

After freely chatting with his parents, Zhang Tie successfully cemented the idea that he was just an ordinary waiter over there. They both considered this as a chance for Zhang Tie to learn and experience society through working. Judging from Zhang Tie’s happy expression, they didn’t oppose it either. If they knew that he was there to be beaten by kids, they would definitely be saddened and would definitely ask him to stop. Not to mention, Zhang Tie needs to work hard to garner respect!

After washing his feet and brushing his teeth, Zhang Tie yawned and returned to his room. However, he didn’t fall asleep. Instead, he entered the Castle of Black Iron. During the past day, the basic attributes also changed a lot...

Aura Value changed the most from 1.8 to 3.7 within one day, as those sprouting potatoes in the Castle of Black Iron were growing taller and taller.

Merit Value increased from 43 to 47. He received an additional 4 Merit Value points by mopping the desks and chairs for his classmates this morning.

——In the morning of February 26, 889th year of the Black Iron Calendar, Handsome and Magnificent Lord did good deeds at his school by mopping his classmates’ desks and chairs, which made everybody in the classroom happy. As a result, Merit Value was increased by 4.

Seeing this, Zhang Tie realized that those guys were actually happy inside when their desks and chairs were mopped by others. They just couldn’t control their mouths. Through this event, Zhang Tie knew more about Merit Value.

After checking the basic attributes of the Castle of Black Iron, Zhang Tie returned to his field. Those niblets had yet to sprout, while the tender sprouts of the potatoes were as tall as a finger. Compared to two days ago, they’ve already changed greatly. No wonder, the Aura Value had increased so much.

After checking on the niblets and the potatoes, Zhang Tie felt a little bit more comfortable. The moment he stood in front of the small tree and prepared to check the number of hours left before the first leakless fruit became ripe...

A dialogue box suddenly appeared in front of Zhang Tie.

——On the evening of February 16, 889th year of the Black Iron Calendar, Handsome and Magnificent Lord was attacked in the Fighting Club. The attack exceeded your physical standing limit and had already harmed your health. A special fruit from the Manjusaka Karma Fruit Tree is ready to be produced. Please read the following tip, Handsome and Magnificent Lord!

Zhang Tie slightly gasped. After thinking for a while, Zhang Tie moved closer to the Manjusaka Karma Fruit Tree. The moment he stretched out his hand to touch it, a line of words appeared in front of him.

——Frustrations make you braver. Once you face them bravely, all the pain and strikes you receive will turn into sweet fruits. You should be calm like the motherland and strengthen your body like fine steel. Iron Body Fruit is ready to be produced. Do you want to produce the fruit?

——Yes... No...

Iron Body Fruit? Zhang Tie gaped...

Chapter 32: Mysterious Knowledge

Seeing the bastards of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood pointing at him with an obscene snort after class, Zhang Tie instantly knew that they had already known about the matter of being a flesh-bag. Although Zhang Tie didn't know how these bastards found out, Zhang Tie could feel it instinctively and precisely.

After the two classes, the group of horny students crowded into the washroom and then talked as they laugh outside the classroom in the hallway. In the morning, the feeling of the sunlight on the human body made one feel comfortable, thus the students pushed each other in the hallway for a bit of that sunlight, as if they were moldy salty fish. Seeing Zhang Tie walking in their direction gloomily, the bastards of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood started to pretend to avert their gaze. They raised their heads and looked up at the

clouds in the sky, pretending as if nothing had happened. Every one of them seemed like a poet. F*ck! Zhang Tie guessed that they must be boisterously laughing under their stern expressions.

“Just laugh. Stop pretending, it must be hard for you!” Zhang Tie passed by and said lightly. Hearing this, those bastards couldn’t stand it anymore and burst out into laughter simultaneously.

“Brother, what unpleasant thing happened last night? Tell us and let us be happy. Hahahaha...”

“Bastards, you knew something was wrong yesterday, so why didn’t you tell me? I was almost beaten to death last night...” Zhang Tie instantly grabbed Hista’s collar as he pretended to be furious.

Hista hurriedly raised up his hands. “Who told you to brag yesterday? Bagdad had long guessed what would happen to you, but he thought you were too arrogant, so he didn’t tell you. Do you remember what you had said yesterday?” Hista started to act like Zhang Tie as he said with an obscene smile, “Alas, you know my greatest weakness is my soft-hearted nature and being unable to see others embarrass themselves. I didn’t promise him until Captain Kerlin begged me for a long time. My popularity is really high, I’ve done too many good things. Alas, even becoming close with beauties and high compensation fell upon me. Besides, I can also strengthen my body...”

Thinking of his performance in front of these bastards and their laughter, Zhang Tie blushed. The old saying from the Chinese clan that “people should not be too arrogant, otherwise you will be hit by lightning bolt” was really right! He only pretended a little bit yesterday, yet he already got what he deserved.

Zhang Tie stared at Bagdad, who shrugged his shoulders naturally. “Captain Kerlin is a part-time coach at the Iron Thorns Fighting Club. Previously, he used to introduce our fellow elder students to the part-time jobs in that place, and all the part-time jobs were being beaten by small kids from rich families.

“Why didn’t I know about this?” Zhang Tie asked dejectedly.

“This isn’t a secret at all, but you didn’t pay attention to the information concerning the Iron Thorns Fighting Club. Those kids have strict requirements for their training partners. Being limited in height and body development, their training partners should not be adults and neither should they be kids of the same age, as they would not be able to stand their fierce punches and kicks.

This job is better suited for people like us. We are slightly older and stronger than those rich kids; however, as we've not yet ignited the Shrine burning point, it's not possible for us to completely defeat them..."

"What? We can't beat them?" Hista asked curiously.

"Of course not. If we were stronger than them, how could they kick you over so easily?"

"We're just training partners, so why do we have to be beaten by those kids?"

Crossing his arms, Bagdad sneered, "This is the distinction between us and those rich people. Although a stronger person could be their training partner, they don't really need such a person. Do you know why? It's because those rich people hope that their kids could easily beat us while they are still young. They need their kids to consolidate confidence and mental advantage. Their Qi field could weaken their opponent's confidence. As if facing an enemy, they would naturally like to be in an advantageous position, hence even though you may reach the same level as him in the future, you would still not be his match. There are many details concerning this, making it rather abstruse. This is a mysterious theory that I have heard from a person in the fighting club."

Zhang Tie heard this theory for the first time. He was rather surprised about it; however, he also felt that it might actually be true. Otherwise, why wouldn't the fighting club find a young man who was the same age as Zhang Tie that had also ignited the Shrine burning point? It was possible for them to find many people who met this description in Blackhot City. Glaze, for example, was already a LV 2 fighter. What made Zhang Tie even more surprised was that this knowledge was mysterious, meaning only a few people could learn it and was something that most commoners did not know about. Mysterious knowledge was very expensive and included most cultivation skills and fighting skills. It was said that before the Catastrophe, human society's mysterious knowledge system had already been well developed. Some of them were called "intellectual property protection", some were called "patents", while other mysterious knowledge was only privy to those from mysterious religious groups such as the group who knew about the functions of the crystals. Whereas, nowadays in the Age of Black Iron, most mysterious knowledge belonged to certain groups, various industrial associations, religious groups, various trade unions, various schools, etc. As the foundation and surviving assets of this age, mysterious knowledge was not something that commoners could come into contact with. Although the skill required to use an abacus was not very important, strictly speaking, it was still considered

a form of mysterious knowledge that had been popular within Chinese clan. Before Donder taught him this skill, Zhang Tie was warned to not pass them to alien clans. If he violated the agreement, it might bring extremely serious consequences.

In the Age of Black Iron, besides resources, once you master a valuable skill or mysterious knowledge, it was possible to become rich and powerful within an area in a short period of time. Of course, you might also be a thorn in the eyes of others due to the mysterious knowledge and may turn into a corpse one day. Mysterious knowledge was related to money. When you monopolize mysterious knowledge and skills, you also occupy the most of the profits accrued from them. This mysterious law seems to have not changed in the slightest, even prior to the Catastrophe.

“Resign as early as possible. You might suffer mental trauma if you are always being bullied by those kids. By then, it would be really hard for you to become a powerful man!” Bagdad suggested sincerely.

“I will consider it; however, I have to finish 600 hours first...” Zhang Tie mentioned the contract on purpose with a sad expression. The huge penalty of 10 gold coins made everybody gape instantly.

“What motherf*cking mysterious knowledge!? Could it match the Iron Body Fruit that is going to ripen on my Manjusaka Karma Fruit Tree?” Given the name of the fruit, Zhang Tie had already known that it was really motherf*cking great. However, what he needed to do was to be constantly beaten by kids to form that fruit. People will pay me as they risk their lives to help me form an iron body from the fruit. What a splendid thing! Zhang Tie felt no failure at all.

The moment Zhang Tie rolled his eyes and planned to brag about how Mary praised him so as to rouse those bastards, the whole hallway calmed down. Zhang Tie turned his head and saw Miss Daina entering the amphitheater with a mould of a snail in hand. They stared at her for a few seconds before glancing at each other. In an instant, they all poured into the amphitheater at a speed that was even faster than when they had rushed into the washroom previously. Everybody strove to occupy the front seats near Miss Daina.

In the Seventh National Male Middle School, if it was a class taught by Miss Daina, every horny student would take the initiative and pour into the classroom before the bell rang. The best seats in the first row were naturally occupied by Glaze and his followers. In contrast, the members of the Hit-

Plane Brotherhood occupied the seats in the middle row, which could be considered neither good nor bad.

Noticing that everyone had entered the room, Miss Daina started class immediately. She took up a stick of chalk and scribbled two words on the blackboard.

——Blood Clan!

Miss Daina glanced over them with her beautiful eyes. At this moment, all the horny students sat straight like erecting javelins, showing a stern expression and a desire for knowledge.

“Dear students, for today’s class, I want to talk you about the Blood Clan. The Blood Clan in our age is different from those before the Catastrophe. As described in artworks, mythologies, and legends, the ones before the Catastrophe were vampires that could change into bats; however, they didn’t really exist. The Blood Clan in the Age of Black Iron, however, refers to the mutated, wild living beings and the aliens that emerged after the Catastrophe. The two are completely different from each other. The Blood Clan we usually talk about have the following traits: Firstly, from their appearance, they are always red all over, as if they were covered in blood, and could be easily identified in the wild. Secondly, every living being from the Blood Clan likes fresh blood. They are carnivores and the most dangerous killers in the wild. Any animal with blood would be considered food for them. Thirdly, every animal from the Blood Clan would greatly change physically after the mutation. If they mutate, they would develop some weird abilities that could make them even more dangerous and harder to deal with. Now, let’s take the blood snail as an example. Blood snails are the most common species in the Blood Clan. I will teach you how to handle this thing if you ever encounter it in the wild...”

Watching her tender and beautiful face as he listened to her fabulous voice, Zhang Tie gaped. In reality, they didn’t care about what she was talking about. For most people, once they could see Miss Daina standing over there and listen to her voice, they were already content.

It was said that a very bad event once happened in class that made Miss Daina extremely angry; therefore, an extremely strange rule, a rule that was considered the strangest rule within all the schools in Blackhot City, was made in the Seventh National Male Middle School — all students in Miss Daina’s class must put their hands in a visible place. Hence, whenever her gaze swept

through the students in her class, all the horny students would sit straight like a well-behaved baby. With hands overlapped on their desks, the student looked desiring for knowledge. After a while, the sound of swallowing saliva spread throughout every corner of the classroom. Besides that sound, there was also the sound of a knocking that was similar to the sound produced by the knocking between a wooden fish¹ and stick while a piece of cloth was between them. All in all, there were various sounds and various phenomena. Miss Daina's classes would always make Zhang Tie hallucinate due to the excitement. Right at this moment...

Miss Daina, in a short skirt, sat on the rostrum as a section of her plump and snow white thigh became exposed. The buttons of her upper outer garment couldn't cover her plump breasts as they dazzled the students. At that moment, only Zhang Tie and Miss Daina were in the classroom. Calling Zhang Tie to go in front of her, Miss Daina lowered her body and tried her best to push her breasts into a ravine that caused people to become awed. Then she pressed down Zhang Tie's head into the ravine and gave an obscene smile. Before Zhang Tie was suffocated by that mass of snow white, Miss Daina pushed Zhang Tie away and stretched out two of her beautiful fingers, taking out of a slim pipe as she started to blow out pink bubbles one by one. The pink bubbles flew in the air and exploded on Zhang Tie's face, causing Zhang Tie to be completely intoxicated...

"Baby, do you want to give it a try?" Miss Daina showed a seducing smile and curved one of her fingers towards Zhang Tie...

.....

"I will!" Zhang Tie stood up abruptly, which really startled the members of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood. It was close to the end of the class when Miss Daina would ask if the students had any question. Zhang Tie's sudden reaction almost shocked those beside him to death.

In a split second, everyone in the classroom cast their eyes on Zhang Tie. As a result, Zhang Tie felt hot all over. Glaze, who sat in the front row, turned back to cast a contemptuous look at Zhang Tie. Glaze had already prepared two questions concerning blood snails and pretended to be a well-behaved student, in an attempt to talk with Miss Daina for a while. However, before he was able to stand up, Zhang Tie's voice had taken away his chance. By the time Zhang Tie had stood up and shouted, he had already become completely clear-minded. Peering around at the thorny looks, Zhang Tie was suddenly sweating all over.

“That male student, do you have any questions about this class?” Miss Daina asked seriously.

Thankfully, Zhang Tie was smart. Almost at the same time, he thought of a question that was somewhat related to this class.

“Miss Daina, I have almost remembered everything that you’ve taught in this class, but I have a question on other types of living beings. I want to know whether you can help me answer it!” Zhang Tie fabricated a question...

Wooden Fish, a Buddhist instrument that is normally knocked on by monks and nuns. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wooden_fish

Chapter 33: Human Body Energy

“Big Head must have a bee in his head now. I clearly saw him absent-minded just now. Eyes half closed with an obscene smile on his face, his saliva almost flowed down. He was sleep-talking and didn’t know what Miss Daina was talking about!” Leit muttered slightly to Doug. Right then, Barley kicked Leit slightly to tell him to shut up. Barley never knew that what Leit had said was actually true.

“Last night, I was heating up water at home. After the water was boiled, I lifted the kettle from the stove and placed it on the ground; however, I forgot to fill the thermos flask with the boiling water. By the time I noticed it, I found that the boiling water in the kettle had already cooled down...” The other horny animals widely opened their ox-egg-like eyes and stared at Zhang Tie. They didn’t know what he was talking about at all. Thankfully, they were the utmost disciplined in Miss Daina’s class. If this had happened in another teacher’s class, Zhang Tie might’ve been miserably hit by rotten eggs thrown by the other students the moment he finished his sentence.

Miss Daina listened to him patiently, which allowed Zhang Tie to have enough time to organize his words.

“I didn’t think too much at that time and just boiled it again; however, when I thought about this in the evening, I thought of a problem that I couldn’t solve at all. Hence, that’s why I invite Miss Daina to solve it for me. Are each of us like a kettle of boiling water? From the moment we were born into this world, are we constantly losing energy from our bodies minute by minute and day by

day unconsciously?” This question was really unconventional, even the members of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood were shocked. They never thought that Zhang Tie could fabricate such a high-level question — whether each of them was a kettle of boiling water?

This question originated from the message Zhang Tie had seen when the “Leakless Fruit” came into being. Zhang Tie had been unable to comprehend the message, thus he took the opportunity to ask Miss Daina about it.

“This student is really good at thinking. This is a special question. As this is your final semester at school, I had planned to talk about body energy in a later class, but unexpectedly, you’ve already noticed it. So, I will talk about it with you now...”

“Dingling dingling...”

The moment she opened her mouth, the bell rang. Miss Daina waited until the bell finished ringing before giving an embarrassed smile. “Class is over, it’s time for a break. Since this topic will take much time to explain, let’s talk about it in the next class...”

After class, a few people left the classroom, while the majority stayed in the classroom. Some students even purposely asked Miss Daina foolish questions concerning the previous biology class, and Miss Daina would patiently answer their questions, seemingly as though she did not notice their intentions. Glaze and his three followers almost surrounded Miss Daina as Glaze talked loudly and laughed exaggeratedly from time to time, as if showing that he was very familiar with Miss Daina. He pretended that he was getting along well with Miss Daina and would turn to the remaining people in the classroom when Miss Daina didn’t notice, showing a pleasant and blatant expression.

“Glaze is an idiot!” Hista muttered aside, “If it wasn’t for his accomplished dad... if it wasn’t for his good family background... Bagdad could definitely beat him up! It wouldn’t be his turn to show off here!!”

This assessment really made Bagdad pleased. Hearing their assessment, Bagdad made a cold “humph” and gazed at Glaze. Every member of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood knew that Glaze was the very target that Bagdad had set in his mind to surpass.

“I hear that the final recommendation list will be determined by the end of this semester. If Glaze wants to obtain a recommendation to enter the Andaman Alliance’s Military Officer Training Academy, he needs to have a good performance this time. Within our school gates, a LV 2 fighter is truly amazing; however, outside of the school gates, he is nothing at all. I’ve heard that in the recent years, the lowest requirement for apprentices from Blackhot City to join the Andaman Alliance’s Military Training Academy is LV 3 fighter. To conclude my analysis, currently, Glaze is somewhat unqualified!” Leit added.

“Suppose he doesn’t get enrolled in the academy. Glaze is already something special!” Sharwin said admirably.

“Sharwin, the Andaman Alliance’s Military Officers Training Academy is already something special for the commoners; however, it is not the best. We, the Andaman Alliance, are just a small power in the Blackson Human Clan Corridor that could only protect itself reluctantly. In the end, the alliance is not good at combat. Although the Andaman Alliance’s Military Officer Training Academy is a comparatively senior learning agency within the Alliance, outside the alliance, it’s not something to show off about. Outside of the alliance, there were real talents like Li Shizhen, who was directly taken away by a senior member of the Pharmacists Union and became an apprentice of a mysterious senior member. Li Shizhen was thousands of times greater than Glaze. Even Glaze’s dad is just a pile of bullsh*t in front of him!” said Barley like an old man as he Sharwin’s shoulders lightly.

“I heard pharmacists could make a lot of money?” Zhang Tie was interested in every highly paid industry, thus hearing the word “pharmacists”, the first thing Zhang Tie thought of was money.

“There are only four pharmacists in the entire Blackhot City. Three of them are long-term advisers at the three fighting clubs in Blackhot City, while the last one is the supplier of the CSIF. Of course, they are rich! No one else could make more money than pharmacists on the whole continent...”

“If only I could be a pharmacist!” the manly Doug said like an idiot.

The moment Doug opened his mouth, nobody else replied. Instead, they all turned to him. Doug pretended to be arrogant. After a long while, Barley patted his shoulders. “Doug, I never thought you’d be this funny!”

The ten minute break soon elapsed and the last morning class began. With their hands on their desks, they pretended to sit well again. Without further

explanation, Miss Daina started to draw something on the blackboard with a stick of chalk. After a few minutes, a time-honored tree, twisted with numerous vines, appeared. Nobody knew what it meant. Afterward, Miss Daina put the stick of chalk on the desk and turned around as she clapped her hands.

“Last class, a student asked whether our human body is losing energy over time. I will now explain it to you with an anatomy diagram of the urine routes and blood vessels neighboring the bladder of the human body. The old tree-like thing is the urine routes neighboring our bladder, and the vine-like things coiling around them are tiny blood vessels, which are similar to the tree roots, that absorb the rarely seen elements and energy from the urine back into the human body in order to avoid waste. The science of anatomy provides a tool for us to recognize the secrets of our body; however, this tool is also limited, as our body is the most precise instrument in the world. The instrument has numerous secrets that could never be explained by anatomy. Actually, even though our body has numerous complex systems and function whose purpose is to reduce the amount of body energy wasted, our body is still wasting a large amount of energy over time. Take urine for example. As you have learned in the survival class, when you are stranded in a cold environment, you would be able to last five more hours than others simply by just not peeing. When you are in a situation where you have no access to food and water, you can collect your urine, and by drinking it, you would be able to last another 48 hours. Urine is very important when it’s concerning life and death, as it contains a large amount of body energy and beneficial substances. The body energy and beneficial substances that should’ve been staying in our bodies run off for no reason. Although our body has adopted numerous means to prevent the loss, it can only slow down the loss. Much of the body energy escapes through various means. I know some special communities use their urine as a medicine, so as to improve their health. The first thing they do after getting up in the morning is going to pee, followed by collecting the urine and drinking it. They believe that they can prevent the loss of body energy and beneficial substances in this manner...”

Everyone in the classroom was at a loss for words, for they thought that drinking urine was much more terrifying than the “blood clan”, especially when the words came out of Miss Daina’s mouth. They became so oddly excited that they almost exclaimed.

“Miss Daina, are there actually people who drink their urine?” a horny student in the first row couldn’t help but ask.

“There is!” Miss Daina looked stern. Not feeling embarrassed from the question, Miss Daina seemingly treated it as a purely “educational question”. “When they drink their first urine in the morning, they believe that the energy within the urine could help them maintain their youth and health. Actually, they are all famous person now, as they live longer than commoners. They also treat the urine of children and infants as good medicine to cure diseases. They believe that the urine of children and infants contain the purest life energy!” The whole classroom became bustling.

“Using the example of urine, I wanted to tell you that much of the energy within the human body is wasted over time for no apparent reason. Nobody knows how much energy is wasted precisely. I only know that if a person could recollect all of this wasted energy each day, even a bit of them, it would be a very large amount. Besides urine, there are other ways that waste even more of our body energy!”

“What ways, Miss Daina?”

“Wet dreams and masturbation!” Miss Daina looked stern and calm. When the two nouns came out of Miss Daina’s mouth, the classroom oddly calmed down once again. They looked left and right with very weird expressions. Some of them directly lowered their heads and dared not to look at Miss Daina at all. Zhang Tie glanced at those horny students of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood and found very excited expressions on their faces.

At this time, no one opened their mouth. Miss Daina looked around and continued, “When a sperm from a man combines with the egg from a woman, it could create a living being. Each sperm contains the great miracle of life that’s waiting to enter the world. Have you ever thought about the rule behind it? Each sperm contains huge amounts of life energy. A mature female could only produce one egg a month, while an adult male could produce hundreds of millions of sperms a day— this means hundreds of millions of life miracles! Do you know how powerful these sperms are? This is something you’d never know and neither would I. The only thing that I know is in the ancient East, Qi cultivators treated the life energy from their sperm as treasures that could make them stronger and allow them to live longer. Besides giving birth to kids, they would never let their sperms flow out for no reason. Another thing that wastes our energy is having too many thoughts in our minds, which consumes a large amount of spiritual energy over time. However, in this age, there are powerful cultivators and fighters who use this large amount of life energy and spiritual energy to ignite their burning points, breaking through cultivation realms one by one solely depending on their self-discipline and mysterious

cultivation techniques before finally becoming revered fighters and powerful individuals who can safeguard humanity. If you want to become a powerful person, you have to learn how to prevent your body energy from escaping...” Seeing the students who were thinking over her words in the classroom, Miss Daina showed a pleasant smile. “Do you want to know my dream?”

With their mouths gaping, the horny students stared at Miss Daina. Zhang Tie’s eyes also shone in anticipation, not knowing what she would say...

Under their anticipating looks, Miss Daina spoke a paragraph that changed all their views and their outlooks on life and the world.

“My dream is for one of my students to become a powerful fighter or a powerful person who could protect humanity. At that time, I will dress nicely and get married to him. Unfortunately, I have not encountered the right person yet. That’s why, I beg you to make a promise with me...” The mature and seducing smile on her face and her glittering, beautiful eyes made them all gape. They gazed at Miss Daina, who was genuinely beautiful, and said nothing. Unexpectedly, she had said something so surprising.

“The promise between you and I is: marry me when you are strong enough to protect me.”

Marry me...

Marry me...

Marry me...

These words reverberated within all of their minds and shocked them all. They couldn’t believe what they had just heard. The classroom instantly became bustling...

“Do you agree to make such a promise with me?”

“I do!” the horny students shouted at the same time, causing the windows to almost shatter into pieces.

“Well, then it’s a promise. You are tough guys now, but females have limited youth and it’s impossible for me to wait for my whole life. That’s why, for our promise, if any one of you can become a Bloody-Scorpion Fighter before the age of 20, then I will marry him!”

“Good!”

At this moment, they could not understand of the lie called love, which could weave the most beautiful bliss and expectation of the world, becoming the largest driving force for a person to mature. Right then, all the horny students stared at Miss Daina with red eyes, sucking in a deep breath. The only thing they could feel was the blood rushing to their p*nis and their head simultaneously.

Zhang Tie also became excited at this moment as a sentence reverberated within his mind — become a Bloody-Scorpion Fighter by the age of 20...

Chapter 34: Bloody-Scorpion Fighter

Like the other horny students, Zhang Tie was also unable to control himself for the duration of the afternoon. For all the undergraduates, this biology class had become unforgettable. Some among them still couldn't believe that they had made such a promise with Miss Daina. They would never have imagined that they would have a chance to marry Miss Daina one day!

Even though the chance was slim, it was still enough for all the horny students to unexpectedly burst forth with high morale. The excitement of the students that afternoon greatly shocked the coach.

However, for the duration of the afternoon and even after he had returned from Donder's grocery store, Zhang Tie kept on thinking about two things.

The first thing was the Leakless Fruit. According to Miss Daina, the human body lost a huge amount of energy every day through urine, masturbation, sweat, and even from undigested food. Nobody could tell how much energy they contained. After thinking for a long time, Zhang Tie realized that since last week, he had not had a wet dream for five consecutive days. Usually, he would have at least three wet dreams a week. Does this mean that the life energy from the thousands of millions of sperm was absorbed by the Leakless Fruit? Neither Zhang Tie nor Miss Daina knew how much energy was contained within those sperm. The only thing she had said about this topic was that in the ancient East, there was an ancient, mysterious cultivation system that described some Qi cultivators who converted tangible sperm into powerful, intangible life energy — “Qi”. This seemed to be related to the huge amount of life energy produced by the reproductive system. However, this

was only one source for the Leakless Fruit. Zhang Tie recalled that his urine was much cleaner than before. Besides that, he now had a good appetite and sweated less than before when doing exercise. Were these the benefits of the Leakless Fruit?

Miss Daina mentioned that these were simply just tangible energy loss, while there was also more invisible energy loss. For example, our body was constantly releasing energy over time. Before the Catastrophe, human beings had already discovered the magnetic field and the brilliant rays circling our bodies as well as an energy called electricity that was produced in the human body every second. In contrast, the source of the most energy loss was something that could not be seen with the eye — having numerous, ever-changing disorderly opinions and thoughts. This was also known as human spiritual and mental movements. Some of those tangible spiritual and mental movements were called evidence consciousness, while the intangible movements were called sub-consciousness or over-consciousness. Miss Daina had mentioned that mental and spiritual energy was wasted during dreams or disorderly and blind conjectures. This reminded Zhang Tie that he had slept really well for the past couple of days. He was clear-minded each morning. Was the leaking mental energy absorbed and converted by the Leakless fruit?

Then what miraculous functions would the Leakless Fruit have after it absorbed all the tangible and intangible energy that leaked from his body for a whole week?

This made Zhang Tie become more expectant towards the Leakless Fruit that would be ripe within three days. Zhang Tie still couldn't figure out what "Leakless" meant. No matter what it meant, he thought that there was nothing greater than the badge of a Bloody-Scorpion Fighter.

The second thing that Zhang Tie thought about for the entire afternoon was how he could become a Bloody-Scorpion Fighter before the age of 20. This way, he would become strong and would be able to protect and marry Miss Daina. However, at the moment, Zhang Tie was not able to see even the slightest bit of chance for this to happen.

Bloody-Scorpion Fighter — Among the 5 classes of fighters, a Bloody-Scorpion Fighter was a LV 9 professional fighter that belonged to the 4th class and was authorized by the Continental Fighters Union. A Bloody-Scorpion Fighter would have ignited 34 burning points on their backbone and would have high-end fighting force that could only be awed by many people in the

rest of their lives. They were even an existence that was even more powerful than the one-eyed Captain Kerlin. A 20-year old Bloody-Scorpion Fighter — what a dazzling great existence! If it wasn't that, who else could match with Goddess Miss Daina?

As for the poor boy who had not even ignited his Shrine burning point, how could he become a Bloody-Scorpion Fighter, which required 8 consecutive increase in ranks, within 5 years? This was his only chance to garner the favor of Miss Daina. This was not possible unless he was a genius...

But as he had the Castle of Black Iron and the marvelous tree, he became determined to fight for Miss Daina...

Thinking of Miss Daina's promise, Zhang's heart began to thump.

On the way back from Donder's grocery store, watching the road lamps being ignited one by one, the 15-year old boy had a stern expression. He started to envision the goal that he had never dreamt of before — to become a powerful fighter with an image of Bloody-Scorpion on his back before the age of 20.

Gulugulu... His belly started to growled once again. "I'm more like a foodie now," Zhang Tie muttered to himself as he began running home...

When he arrived at home, Zhang Tie found the gate unlocked and was even half opened. "Is there a thief?" Zhang Tie's heart started pounding. He slightly pushed open the gate and walked in quietly. Clasp onto a wooden stick that was previously hidden, he moved closer towards the entrance. Before he entered, he heard a strange voice

"I only have one daughter at the age of 20, and now she's pregnant because of your son. She no longer has any face to live. How can she get married anymore? Today, I brought her here for you to bring her into your Zhang family. If you don't admit that the baby in her belly belongs to your Zhang family, then I'll beat her to death. If you admit it, you'll have to tell this news to the neighborhood..." The voice was full of fury. At that moment, Zhang Tie heard a "pa" sound and the curses of that man, "I will beat you to death, you son of b*tch..."

A woman's cry drifted from inside. The moment Zhang Tie entered, he found the door curtain pushed aside and Boss Wang from the tailor store and his wife walked out. Boss Wang looked really infuriated when he saw Zhang Tie.

Zhang Tie instantly hid his wooden stick behind him and forced a smile. "Boss Wang, don't leave so fast. Have a seat..."

"Humph, all of you Zhangs are scumbags!" The man left furiously as he hit the gate. His wife glanced over Zhang Tie carefully and followed him away with a deep sigh. Seeing them leave, Zhang Tie closed the gate and hid the wooden stick again. He then pretended to cough and walked into the guesthouse...

There were three people inside the guesthouse. Zhang Tie's dad was smoking with a frown. The smell of the poor quality tobacco spread everywhere. In normal circumstances, Zhang Tie's mom would definitely scold him; however, his mom was comforting a crying woman, whose head was lowered as she cried. Seeing this woman, Zhang Tie remembered the sound of "papapa" from his elder brother's room in the recent couple of months. Then he understood everything. Dad and mom also knew what had happened.

"Unexpectedly, my dashing elder brother stirred up some trouble now, heh... heh..."

"Your supper is in the pot. Go eat it now!" Seeing Zhang Tie come back, his mom raised her head reluctantly. She then continued to comfort that girl.

Dad also peered at Zhang Tie. Zhang Tie knew what to do. "You guys continue. I'll go eat supper!" Then he ran into the kitchen and took out the food from the pot. Although the food was simple, it was made by his mom and smelled fragrant, thus Zhang Tie engulfed it all very soon.

After eating, Zhang Tie washed the bowls and chopsticks and cleaned the kitchen to gain another point of merit value. Thinking about it happily, Zhang Tie saw his dad come over. It seemed that his dad and mom had already made the decision.

"Zhang Tie, come here. I need to talk with you..."

"What's up, dad!"

"Your elder brother, that bastard, he slept with that girl and made her pregnant" Zhang Tie's dad felt really felt reluctant when he mention that.

"Does this mean I have a sister in law now!?" Zhang Tie asked with a grimace.

“Quiet!” Zhang Tie’s dad stared at him with eyes widely opened and flicked Zhang Tie’s head with his fingers which made Zhang Tie spring up from the pain. “Above all, your elder brother is not at home at the moment, so that girl will live in your elder brother’s room. Be polite and call her sister when you see her. Am I clear? Don’t let her feel uncomfortable...”

“Uncomfortable with what? She has already entered my elder brother’s room more than once already...” Zhang Tie touched his head as if he was being wronged and muttered.

“What?” Zhang Tie’s dad widely opened his eyes once again.

Zhang Tie hurriedly made a wry smile. “It’s nothing. When I think about how you’re going to be a grandpa, I’m really happy for you!”

Before his dad had a chance to kick his butt, Zhang Tie had long run away. Zhang Tie had already thought it through while he was eating just now. According to his dad and mom’s temperaments, they would never force her to have an abortion. To have an abortion would be a huge problem. Additionally, she was innocent and although she wasn’t beautiful, she wasn’t ugly either. They lived on the same street and almost grew up together under the watchful eyes of mom and dad. No other girl could be her match. The fault lied with his elder brother, who was too rushed and did not make sufficient preparations.

When his elder brother returned, the two families would discuss the marriage between the two. Additionally, when Zhang Tie mentioned that his dad was going to be a grandpa, although he looked furious, he couldn’t conceal his excitement.

Zhang Tie didn’t think of it too much. After supper, he washed his feet and brushed his teeth. Afterward, he went to the guesthouse to say goodnight to his mom and his sister-in-law before returning to his own room.

In his own room, Zhang Tie sat on the bed and started to practice in accordance to . Through a couple days of studying, he had noticed that cultivation became more effective by visualizing in accordance with before and after cultivation. If he practiced visualizing in accordance with before igniting his Shrine burning point, his spiritual energy would be slightly more condensed. If he visualized the golden abacus after cultivating and igniting the Shrine burning point, he could recover much faster. Zhang Tie felt like he has already learned the mysterious functions of .

Through a couple days of cultivation, Zhang Tie found it to be easier to enter meditation before, as it took less time now.

In the past, it would take him more than two hours to enter meditation since he felt distracted. In recent days, he would instantly enter meditation the moment he sat down and closed his eyes. He was always clear-minded now. Being “polished” by the pure spiritual energy, the Shrine burning point over the navel radiated an increasingly bright indigo flame and responded more easily to the crystal. It seemed that in a couple of months, the flame would become completely blue and would help him reach a higher level. Was all of this the result of the Leakless Fruit? Zhang Tie was not certain about it. No matter what, these were good changes. What made Zhang Tie uncomfortable was the piece of crystal that he used to cultivate. Gradually, it was unable to provide enough energy for him to cultivate. This made Zhang Tie dejected like a thirsty person who moved his mouth in front of the water faucet but found that the size of the tap was as small as a needle. The amount of water that trickled down did not meet his demand. This was rightly what the poor people faced. If Zhang Tie owned a pyramid-based crystal, he believed that his Shrine burning point would already be radiating purple flames.

After almost two hours of cultivation, Zhang Tie stood up from the bed and slightly moved his numb legs. Heaving a deep sigh, he placed the white crystal back into the crystal sand by the windowsill, so as to refill the energy. After peering over the pitch dark street which was not matched with roadside lamps, in order to ensure that nobody outside was peering in, he closed up the window again.

“What’s elder brother doing now?” Zhang Tie suddenly wondered.

Before he fell asleep, Zhang Tie entered the Castle of Black Iron as usual.

——Eyes closed... Lock... Enter

It felt much easier to enter...

Opening his eyes, Zhang Tie found himself already inside.

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

Zhang Tie casually touched the basic attributes panel.

——Castle of Black Iron

——Length: 1 Krosa

——Width: 1 Krosa

——Aura value: 7.3

——Merit value: 52

——Basic energy storage: 0.5

——Special output: void

As expected, he gained 5 more merit value points; 2 at home and 3 at school. However, the growth of spiritual energy really surprised Zhang Tie. After closing the attributes panel, Zhang Tie went to his field. Squatting down, he checked his plants carefully.

Surprisingly, he found rows of stubborn, fresh sprouts coming out of the niblets' land.

"The niblets have already sprouted." Zhang Tie instantly became excited. They sprouted three days earlier than Zhang Tie anticipated. "It seems that the soil here is suitable for the growth of plants," Zhang Tie muttered. Thinking of the increasing price of food, Zhang Tie glanced over the vacant Castle of Black Iron that spanned almost 1,000 mu¹ of land. He instantly thought of a crazy idea, "Will I become rich if I plant more than 100 mu of grains and fruits here in the Castle of Black Iron..."

1 mu is equal to 666.666 m²

Chapter 35: Realization

Since he was young, Zhang Tie has always lived a simple and boring life that consisted only of going to school and working at Donder's grocery store. After school on Wednesday, he arrived at the Iron Thorns Fighting Club on Bright Avenue once again. For Zhang Tie, this fighting club has greatly changed his life. Through the part-time jobs at Donder's grocery store and the Iron Thorns Fighting Club, Zhang Tie could meet numerous people. Some people would have been driven mad by such a mechanical lifestyle, while Zhang Tie simply found it boring. He had already known since he was young that there were

only a few people who had the power to choose their own lifestyle. Both of Zhang Tie's parents were commoners in Blackhot City, thus he was born with no such power. In any age, only a few people could live an easy and cool life with activities like riding battle horses, fighting on the battlefields, hugging beauties, and drinking alcohol. Most people could only do regular jobs before retiring, much like those defective objects on the assembly lines that would be abandoned when sent off. Most people didn't even have the time to explore and travel the world at all.

The Seventh National Middle School in Blackhot City was undoubtedly an assembly line in a workshop where most of the products would be delivered to the army, factories, and farms before being abandoned. If there were no accidents, Zhang Tie might also follow this routine. In the past couple of days, Zhang Tie found himself much more clear-minded than before. He would think about many topics that he would never have thought of or considered before. Refusing to become a bad-quality product that could not choose its own destiny on the assembly line, Barley and the others formed the Hit-Plane Brotherhood, Glaze strove to be a LV 2 fighter since a young age, and numerous people put on the uniforms of pioneers and strove for an uncertain future at the cost of their own lives. In batches, they would step into that unknown black region and never return...

When he arrived at Bright Avenue, he recalled the following image: an old man in a pioneer uniform with pure white hair and a beard buying something in a grocery store. He then sat outside the gate of the grocery store and leaned against the wall on the other side of the street. With a broken sword in hand, he smiled, drunk alcohol, and watched the sunset. After a short rest, he stood up, tightened his waist belt, and walked towards the railway station. From then on, Zhang Tie never saw him again...

Zhang Tie was deeply impressed by the stark contrast between the old man's peaceful smile and his situation. Zhang Tie could not fully understand why he smiled when he sat on the roadside ground as he drank the poor quality alcohol and watched the sunset. But that smile on his time-honored face always appeared in Zhang Tie's memory. At this moment, Zhang Tie gradually understood what the time-honored smile meant. His face displayed pride and gave off a message — I have tried to live my own way!

Everyone in this age was working hard. Some worked hard to become a superior product on the assembly line in hopes to gain higher compensation. Some worked hard to jump out from the assembly line regardless of whether they would lose their life in the process. While others worked hard to become

an owner of the assembly line. And those who owned one assembly line wanted to own more!

When he was in Bright Avenue last time, everything on the street made Zhang Tie dwarfed and uncomfortable; however, when he was in Bright Avenue at this moment, seeing everything on the magnificent Avenue, Zhang Tie suddenly realized that the “uncomfortable” feeling was simply the natural fear and lack of confidence that an unfinished product felt when it saw its owner and the manager of the assembly line. This was the game rule in the Blackhot City: before you are able to rid yourself of your ordinary status as an unfinished product in the eyes of others, everything on this street would make you breathless.

“It seems that I am changing from an ordinary unfinished product to a good unfinished product! Ho... Ho... unfinished product? Motherf*cker, I should not take myself as an unfinished product! Mom would never agree on this. In her eyes, I am her most precious baby! In this world, when it comes to their opinions of me, I will solely pay attention to the opinions of three or four people and will ignore the evaluations of other people! Others’ opinions have nothing to do with me, and I will never pretend to be an unfinished product that was meant to make the lives of others easier!

When he recalled that he insisted for his mom to stop calling him “baby” two years ago and to call him another nickname like “Guoguo” instead, a smile appeared on Zhang Tie’s face. Then, he strode forward with candid and confident steps on Bright Avenue and arrived at Avenue Bright No.18, the place where the Iron Thorns Fighting Club was located.

The four guards outside the gate glanced over Zhang Tie and let him enter directly. Zhang Tie stared at their glittering full-body armors admirably. They owned a surprising defensive force. Being similar to the full-body armor worn by the average heavy-armored pikemen, the entire set of armor weighed more than 70 kgs. It looked magnificent and powerful. Those who could move freely in such armor were at least LV 5. For them to arrange four fighters above LV 5 on both sides of the gate, the Iron Thorns Fighting Club was terrifyingly powerful.

Entering the gate and detouring the fountain, Zhang Tie arrived at the reception desk once again. Zhang Tie also finally understood why Mary praised him as “ambitious” last time. A woman who wanted to jump out of the assembly line by depending on her external qualities, beautiful appearances for example, naturally didn’t want to be related to a guy who seemed to have

no bright future. Thinking about what happened last time, Zhang Tie felt like he acted like a rogue and had overreacted.

The moment he felt sorry for her, Zhang Tie saw the row of featured beauties once again. Unlike last time when he was soon ignored by them, when he entered this time, Zhang Tie found that all of them were glaring at him, 80% in contempt and the remaining 20% in curiosity. He could easily identify their contempt as they sharply gazed at Zhang Tie, much like a true swan having seen an “ambitious” toad. Those who glared at him with contempt proudly turned away their heads, raised their heads, and didn’t look at Zhang Tie again, while those who were curious kept gazing at him with a faint smile.

Mary was not here? Zhang Tie glanced over the beauties behind the reception desk and hurriedly put his right hand into the pocket to press down on that relentless p*nis. The beauties were wearing uniforms that consisted of a tight sleeveless shirt with a low-opening collar and a loose pair of sporting trousers. Glancing over them, Zhang Tie saw all the white skin and plump breasts, causing him to almost have a nosebleed.

As nobody greeted him, Zhang Tie also didn’t want to cause trouble, so he passed the reception desk. Several steps later, Zhang Tie heard discussions behind him.

“He’s just a kid. It couldn’t have been that bad!”

“You cannot judge people by their appearance. Kids these days mature early. Mary said this guy was really disgusting and even more excessive than those guests. He wanted to molest Mary the first time he saw her. Besides, he even did obscene movements to us!”

“Really? But he doesn’t look like the type of person!”

“Is your heart pounding? You can go give him a try!”

Then their laughter drifted towards Zhang Tie...

“F*ck!” Zhang Tie knew that his good image had been fully destroyed among them.

This was his second time here. Naturally, Zhang Tie didn’t need to report to Manager Hance’s office; instead, he just needed to report to Director Beck, who was the one he had met in Manager Hance’s office. His main

responsibility was to take charge in greeting the LV 1 guests in the Fighting Club. In other words, he in charge of serving those rich and powerful kids. As the flesh-bag of those kids, Zhang Tie was naturally managed by him. Director Beck always spoke too many words, which might be attributed to his occupational disease. Sometimes, he would unconsciously repeat what he had said already for several times.

Seeing Zhang Tie come to report to him, Director Beck was very happy. He then murmured to Zhang Tie in his narrow office for more than half an hour. He told Zhang Tie about what he should pay attention to, such as where he could go and where he couldn't, etiquettes towards guests, and some rules that he should remember as a "training partner". Although they were all simple and trivial things, Director Beck unconsciously repeated them twice.

Half an hour later, noticing Director Beck couldn't control himself and started to repeat them for the third time, Zhang Tie felt the blood rush to his head and hurriedly opened his mouth to stop him.

"Well, Director, I've remembered everything you have said. Should I go take a bath and put on my uniform now to wait for the guests in the rest area?"

"Oh..." Looking at the clock that hung in the office, Director Beck opened a drawer and threw a key with a number plate to Zhang Tie "This is the key to your locker. Put your personal belongings inside. You have two uniforms change — the clean set will be worn when you arrive each time, while the dirty set can be handed over to the reception desk where someone will wash it for you. We will provide a new pair of socks for you every week. These are your benefits! Work hard, young man!"

Chapter 36: Come on, Baby

Using the memory of the paths of the fighting club, Zhang Tie took the key and entered the dressing room. As he was somewhat lost when he was here last time, he didn't clearly see the size of the fighting club. This time, he realized that the fighting club was really huge.

The sixth floor of the fighting club was more than 200m in length, and more than half of this floor was reserved for LV 1 guests. The sixth floor was mostly occupied by a public training field, which included various equipment and instruments that Zhang Tie had never seen before, as well as two standard

speed testing tracks. Aside from the resting areas and the dressing rooms, the public training field was the only place where workers could stay. What Captain Kerlin had said was not out of reason. If Zhang Tie could train here when he was free, he could definitely improve his strength and physique greatly. Compared to this training field, the training field at school was like a rural field being used to dry fresh millets. Seeing those training equipment for the first time, Zhang Tie almost began to drool. Those training equipment could definitely strengthen each and every one of his muscles. In truth, given enough time, Zhang Tie was fully confident that they could make him as masculine as a sculpture and strengthen his physical traits greatly.

Aside from the public training field, there were also some independent training rooms. Director Beck had said those training rooms were matched with more advanced training equipment and were only available to guests, causing Zhang Tie to be extremely curious about the special equipment.

Zhang Tie could only use the independent staff staircases and paths from the first floor to the sixth floor, while the guests and VIPs were qualified to take the elevators, something which Zhang Tie had never seen before. Although there was no electricity in this age, that traffic tool invented by humans before the Catastrophe was still preserved. However, the driving force of elevators became steam engines and turbines that were built within the building. Additionally, each elevator was matched with a professional looking worker who wore a uniform.

From the first floor to the sixth, although sound-insulation partitions were installed, Zhang Tie could still hear the loud crashes and cries from the rooms on each floor. Some of the sounds seemed to have originated from underground, giving off a feeling that was akin to rolling thunder to those above ground. As a result, the entire staircase hummed...

The sixth floor was for LV 1 guests, the fifth floor was for LV 2 guests, and the fourth floor was for LV 3 guests. Previously, Zhang Tie didn't understand why they were arranged in this manner. When he went upstairs, he suddenly realized that the higher the level of the guests, the more powerful and destructive the training would be; therefore, they had to arrange the high-level guests on the lower floors in order to reduce the damage to the building. The training fields for guests above LV 5 were on the ground; however, Zhang Tie was not qualified to know what was installed inside those training fields.

Zhang Tie went to his locker, locker No. 613. The dressing room was linked to the bathroom, which was one of the benefits of the Fighting Club. At the very

least, Zhang Tie could take a bath in the luxurious bathroom. This place would be very nice if he wasn't here solely to be beaten.

Entering the dressing room, Zhang Tie found no one else but a muscular man sitting on the bench. The muscular man was trying to apply something to the obvious wounds on his back. Feeling that this man seemed somewhat familiar, Zhang Tie recalled that it was the man who had woken him up when he had passed out last time.

Seeing Zhang Tie, the manly guy grinned and smiled simply. Raising a brown vial, he said, "Hey boy, so it's you. Come help me out!"

Zhang Tie walked over and took the vial from the man's hand; it smelt like a medicinal liquor. He didn't know what it was made of, but he knew that it was used to speed up the healing of wounds, thus Zhang Tie rubbed his hands for a while and put some of the medicinal liquor on one palm. He then evenly applied it onto the wounds.

"I almost forgot, you woke up me up last time. Really, thank you!" Zhang Tie said as he applied the medicinal liquor onto the man's back.

"It's no problem! I'm Anuo, what's your name?"

"Zhang Tie!"

"Chinese clan?"

"Yea!"

"You people from the Chinese clan aren't physically strong. I've rarely seen a Chinese training partner here!"

"That's bullsh*t. I will keep getting stronger!" Zhang Tie replied stubbornly.

"What a tough boy!" the manly guy muttered.

After he finished applying the medicinal liquor, Zhang Tie covered the vial and gave it back to the manly guy. The man took the vial, stood up, and prepared to wear clothes. All of a sudden, he shot out a powerful punch toward Zhang Tie. Before Zhang Tie was able to respond, the fist had already arrived in front of Zhang Tie's face. The fine hair on his face could even feel a strong gust. The moment Zhang Tie thought that his head would be broken like a

watermelon, the fist stopped 1 cm away from his face. Zhang Tie's face turned pale.

The manly guy didn't care for Zhang Tie's response. He simply shook his head and made three movements in front of Zhang Tie. "As a training partner, you should remember three basic movements. Firstly, when you lower your head, you should protect your head with your arms. Never expose your head to your opponent. You should respond to it unconsciously..." The manly guy demonstrated the movement twice.

"Secondly, although it is not allowed in the fighting club, if your opponent attacked your lower body, you should lift your right leg..." The manly guy patted his strong right leg. "You should never put the center of gravity of your body under your feet. That would make you react slowly; instead, you should do this..." The tough guy quickly raised his right leg and leaned to his side. "This way, your opponent's instinctive attacks will land on the muscles of your thigh and butt, which can afford to take a hit!"

"Thirdly..." The tough guy bent his body. "Make your back naturally bent to tighten the muscles. A bent back and tightened muscles can form a natural arch which can let your back stand powerful attack. This will protect your bones and guts. If you cannot avoid your opponent's attack, you should use the places on your body that can take a beating to absorb the opponent's attack. For example, your shoulders, back, chest... Am I clear, boy?"

Zhang Tie was shocked by Anuo's patience. He nodded and was slightly moved. He didn't know what to say while Anuo simply smiled. He patted Zhang Tie's shoulders. "I'm expecting you to become powerful!" He then put on his clothes and left.

Zhang Tie repeated those movements several times alone in the dressing room and slightly nodded. Then he opened his locker. There were two sets of uniforms, a clean towel, and a pair of clean socks. He instantly removed his clothes and brought the towel into the bathroom to take a comfortable hot water bath. The moment he wore his uniform and his socks, a worker came in to inform him to make preparations to serve the guest in Room No.4.

Near the dressing room was a professional equipment room. The moment Zhang Tie entered, two workers helped him put on a set of protective equipment.

“Boy, don’t get knocked out this time; otherwise, we’d have to carry you back!” the man said with a smile of contempt as he helped Zhang Tie put on the complex equipment. After he finished, he patted Zhang Tie’s back twice, implying that Zhang Tie could leave.

“Do you think he’ll be knocked out this time?”

“I bet he will pass out within 10 minutes for 20 copper coins!”

“I bet he will pass out within 5 minutes!”

“Ok, that’s the deal!”

Hearing the two bastards sneering at him, Zhang Tie gritted his teeth and decided to not pass out this time.

Entering Room No.4 like last time, Zhang Tie waited there for less than 3 minutes before the door was pushed open. Entering together with an arrogant 12-year-old kid was Mary. Seeing the cold smile on Mary’s face, Zhang Tie cried out inwardly. How could she be so narrow-minded!?

The kid arrogantly glared at Zhang Tie. “Mary, is he the scumbag you told me about?”

“That’s him!” The goddamned Mary nodded.

“If I knock him out, you will?” saying this, the arrogant kid gazed at Mary’s plump breasts and swallowed saliva with difficulty.

Mary said nothing. She simply bent her body and showed a lecherous smile. Stretching out her tongue, she licked one of the kid’s ear and murmured something as the kid began to laugh in high spirits.

Zhang Tie coldly stared at the two. Within the depths of his heart, an uncomfortable appeared when he saw Mary’s lecherous smile and the arrogant kid. He didn’t know if it was because of fury or desire.

“I am Zhang Tie. It’s my pleasure to serve you!” Zhang Tie clasped his fist and greeted the kid monotonously in accordance to Director Beck’s instructions. Meanwhile, he coldly glanced at Mary, who was staring at him pleasantly on the side.

Under the thick head protector, others could only see the pair of black eyes and the row of holes for breathing. Seeing Zhang Tie turning back as he stared at her, Mary felt savageness and a coldness that was akin to ice through that head protector. Her heart started to pound and her smile instantly froze.

“If you are smart enough, you should kneel down in front of Mary, apologize to her, and slam your face ten times. If you do that, I will let you go. I won’t beat you up too fiercely!” pretending to be a man, the kid shouted.

F*ck! How could these rich kids be so disgusting!? Zhang Tie said nothing. He only bent one finger towards this kid in contempt as if he was calling a puppy or a pet. “Come on, baby!”

“I will kill you!” In a split second, the kid charged toward Zhang Tie and launched an extremely sharp kick toward Zhang Tie’s stomach...

Chapter 37: It Depends on Your Attitude

It was an extremely fierce kick. However, Zhang Tie had long been prepared and instantly avoided it by leaning his body. As a result, the kick didn’t hit him. Before he had time to rejoice, Zhang Tie noticed a punch rushing towards his chest. At this moment, Zhang Tie intended to test the kid’s strength by grabbing onto his arm. A muffled sound was heard from the armored arm of Zhang Tie. He felt a strong impact on his arm, causing his arm to become numb. Being forced to take a few steps back, Zhang Tie was surprised at the strength contained within that punch. It almost matched his own strength. Zhang Tie never realized that this kid, who was two years younger than him, was so powerful. Given the strength of that punch, Zhang Tie knew that the kid was slightly more powerful than him and was slightly weaker than Bagdad.

Even then, fighting him alone, Zhang Tie was not afraid of him in the least. After all, he was a couple of years older than this kid, meaning that he at least held the advantage in height and weight. However, if he could only be beaten and not retaliate, then the result would be obvious.

Although the thick armor uniform could lessen the impacts from his enemy’s attacks, it also affected Zhang Tie’s agility. Several fighting moves later, Zhang Tie’s response was delayed by the uniform, and as a result, the kid

took this opportunity and directly kicked Zhang Tie in the chest, sending Zhang Tie through the air before landing on the ground.

Zhang Tie felt dazed and suffocated. Panting, he picked himself up from the ground after quite a while. At the same time, Zhang Tie saw Mary wiping the sweat off the kid with a towel and kissing his face while the kid still displayed an arrogant face as he drank water and glared at Zhang Tie in contempt.

“I thought you would be powerful, but you’re just trash!”

Zhang Tie felt like he would lose face if he argued with such an innocent kid. Should I tell you that I’m only here to be beaten to ripen the Iron Body Fruit? You’re actually here to serve me. Hah, what a nice feeling...

“Manjusaka Karma Fruit Tree, I love you!” Zhang Tie shouted inwardly...

Under the head protector, Zhang Tie forced an ironical smile. As he was focused on helping the Iron Body Fruit ripen, he didn’t care about being beaten at all. After standing up, Zhang Tie slightly moved his limbs and took a few deep breaths. Besides the pain from his chest, everything else felt fine. Once again, he bent his index finger towards that kid.

“Come on, baby!”

.....

The anger on the kid’s face flashed instantly. He put down the bottle of water and rushed towards Zhang Tie once again. Seven or eight minutes later, Zhang Tie was sent flying by a leg-sweep and fell onto the ground miserably. It took him half a minute to pick himself back up. At this moment, the kid was already panting.

“Come on, baby!”

More than twenty minutes later, the kid broke Zhang Tie’s guard and seized the opportunity to quickly throw out four or five consecutive punches towards Zhang Tie’s chest. As a result, Zhang Tie was hit and was forced five steps back. Soon after, the kid shouted as he elbowed Zhang Tie’s stomach using a bow step[1]. Zhang Tie directly felt blood rushing to his neck, and the vessels around his neck were painful and swollen. Aside from this, his eyes were dazed

As his stomach was soft, Zhang Tie wasn't sent flying; however, he felt as if he was stepping on a marshmallow and had to kneel down. At the same time, Zhang Tie felt a gust blowing over his ear. In a split second, he used what Anuo taught him and instinctively used his arms to protect his head.

"Bang!" The moment Zhang Tie responded, a muffled sound reverberated. At the same time, Zhang Tie felt a powerful kick and instantly fell onto the ground. He rolled several times on the ground before stopping two meters away, losing the power to move.

Once again, Zhang Tie saw the kid heavily panting and sweating all over. He was staring at Zhang Tie, who was lying on the ground. A fight like this meant a huge physical exhaustion to both the attacker and the defender.

In the Iron Thorns Fighting Club, there were only a few training partners who fully worked as flesh-bags like Zhang Tie. As training partners, besides being beaten, they were sometimes here to assist the members improve their fighting techniques. Additionally, training partners could exchange their experiences with one another. In fact, a senior training partner was a mentor who could help guests of the club improve themselves. During training, training partners could find the mistakes of the opponent, like the weaknesses of his attacks, wasted movements, problems in attack rhythms, and possible defects that might arise from mental preferences. The guests were able to benefit from these experiences and improve their fighting techniques. Golden training partners usually got along well with the experts of the fighting club and were one of the most important figures in the fighting club. As Zhang Tie was new here, he was not eligible to meet the top figures in this industry. Moreover, the opponent today was invited by a woman who was specifically here to give him trouble. Naturally, he would not show sympathy. As a result, the fight today was a little bit harder... If it was not Zhang Tie but someone else, they would have long been defeated. Even if they weren't defeated, they would still feel the obvious frustration and hopelessness that came after being beaten repeatedly by a kid.

However, lying on the ground, Zhang Tie was not thinking about that; instead, he was thinking about the kid's kick. After recovering his composure, Zhang Tie realized that he should not have covered his head with his arms to prevent from that kick, but rather he should have withstood it with his shoulders or his back, which were the places on the human body that could take the most beating. When met with an unavoidable attack, you have two choices — the positive choice was to hide or to defend, while the negative choice was to intercept the attack. With a different choice, you would face a different result.

However, hiding and defending were the natural instincts of human beings. Without experience or training hard, it was impossible to alter this natural instinct in front of a life or death situation.

Thinking it through, Zhang Tie slowly picked himself up. “I have benefitted from those kicks. The Iron Body Fruit in the Castle of Black Iron should be ripe soon! Haha, I really can’t wait for it. Come on! More kicks! You are working for me, but I will not pay you! I’m not mistreating him like what a boss did to a child laborer. Haha...

Different perspectives on an event may lead to completely different feelings, which would cause different attitudes and bring different results, forming different fates. At this moment, due to the existence of that small tree, Zhang Tie had a stronger mental fortitude than others, who would normally be afraid of those terrifying attacks. Though, at this moment, Zhang Tie had yet to realize this.

Zhang Tie felt like he could derive pleasure from watching others work until they’re tired. Like an immortal spring in the desert, this job made him energetic, rather than feeling pessimistic and frustrated.

After Zhang Tie recovered his strength, Zhang Tie slowly picked himself up. Twisting his neck and body, Zhang Tie bent his index finger towards the kid and Mary.

“Come on, baby!”

.....

Several minutes later, Zhang Tie was knocked over once again. Then he stood up again in an optimistic and absent-minded manner...

“Come on, baby!”

.....

“Come on, baby!”

.....

Outside the ring, Mary became increasingly frightened whenever she saw Zhang Tie constantly being knocked over and picking himself up in an absent-

mindful manner. It seemed that Zhang Tie was addicted to being beaten and even grew increasingly aggressive after being beaten. Besides his increasing aggression, in Mary's eyes, Zhang Tie's face gradually became more and more ferocious and looked much more stubborn than before.

.....

Zhang Tie didn't know how many times he had tried to pick himself up. He felt pain all over. Finally, he was no longer able to stand. He simply sat on the ground, panting for air.

As his body was sweating all over, Zhang Tie's clothes fully stuck to his skin. His sweat had also entered his eyes, causing his eyes to become hot and blurry. Trying to wipe his sweat, Zhang Tie attempted to undo the damned head protector that almost broke his neck; however, he was unable to touch the thin string on the back of his head. At this moment, Zhang Tie even found it difficult to lift up his hand.

A bottle of water rolled towards Zhang Tie's feet. Zhang Tie reluctantly glanced at that kid, who was also threw himself onto the ground, as his face turned slightly pale. His sweaty hair stuck onto his head. The kid was drinking a bottle of water like a fish as he looked at Zhang Tie in an indescribable manner that lacked any trace of arrogance. Behind the kid, Mary was giving him a restorative massage. She didn't even look at Zhang Tie.

Zhang Tie then also took the glass bottle of water. He opened the glass lid and intended to have a drink; however, he realized that he had not even undone the head protector. As there were only several rows of holes for breathing over his mouth and he was already too weak to undo the head protector, he covered the glass lid cooly.

The two simply stared at each other as they gasped for air. After a while, that kid staggeringly picked himself up and recovered his arrogance. "Remember my name. Beneta, Andrew Beneta. I swear that I'll beat you so ferociously that you won't be able to get up next time. I won't stop until you apologize to Mary..."

The kid then left the room with Mary. Seeing Mary's back, Zhang Tie couldn't help but flirt with her. "Sister Mary, don't forget our appointment!"

Mary's back quivered, seemingly as if she would fall down...

“Are my words that powerful?” Zhang Tie intended to scratch his head curiously but found his fingers touching the thick leather layer. “F*ck! Who invented such a head protector...”

Bow step — a martial skill by bending your knees to form a bow for the benefit of attacking the opponent.

Chapter 38: An Inevitable Life

The impact of being beaten in the Iron Thorns Fighting Club on Wednesday slowly appeared on Thursday morning.

Yesterday, Zhang Tie casually took a comfortable, hot-water bath in the staff-only bathroom before returning home. Thankfully, there were only a few bruises on his body and none on his face. Therefore, Zhang Tie didn't need to worry about his bruises being discovered by his dad and mom.

After supper, Zhang Tie chatted with his dad, mom, and sister-in-law for a while. After washing his feet and brushing his teeth, Zhang Tie stealthily took two sweet potatoes and a handful of soybeans to his bedroom.

Zhang Tie then naturally began his land reclamation inside the Castle of Black Iron. Beside the sprouted niblets land and the potatoes land, Zhang Tie buried the two sweet potatoes inside the soil and sowed a row of soybeans like what he had previously done with the niblets.

When those sweet potatoes sprouted, he would need to move the sprouts into separate pits like what he had done with the potatoes. This was something that was taught in school. As for the soybeans, similar to what he had done with the niblets, he simply poked holes with the steel bar and buried them into holes one by one.

The aura value in the Castle of Black Iron kept increasing and had already broken through to 13. On Wednesday, besides those sprouting niblets, Zhang Tie had found that the casually spread grass seeds had also sprouted from the ground.

Over a day was left before the first Leakless Fruit would become ripe. On the other twig of the small tree hung a tiny silver fruit. Touching the fruit, Zhang Tie found that the fruit still had a bit less than three-quarters of progress to go before it became ripe. It seemed that the fruit would almost be ripe after another four to five beatings.

Leakless Fruit... Iron Body Fruit... Heh heh heh heh...

Finishing his cultivation as usual, Zhang Tie muttered the names of the two fruits as he fell asleep...

On Thursday morning, when Zhang Tie's biological clock passed 6:15, Zhang Tie woke up. The moment he wanted to get off the bed, his face turned pale. Dense drops of sweat appeared all over his forehead as excruciating pain could be felt all over his body. Every place where he was beaten was so painful and was almost broken, especially his two hands that were used to block kicks and punches yesterday. This phenomenon could be explained through two reasons. Firstly, this was a natural reaction from his body after suffering from external damage after a night's worth of rest. Secondly, it seemed that he truly exercised a lot yesterday; therefore, his muscles ached and felt swollen after one night's rest.

He sucked in a deep breath and slowly put on his clothes. During this process, whenever he made a slight movement, he would feel an indescribable pain.

Zhang Tie now understood that it was not that easy to be a training partner, and the Iron Body Fruit was also not that easily obtained.

Today, it took Zhang Tie twice as long to get to school from his home. Throughout the day, he moved sluggishly.

Arriving at the school gates, Zhang Tie saw the august, one-eyed man standing outside the school gate. With lowered heads, students walked past the school gate as far away from him as possible while he patted the iron stick on his other palm, producing a loud sound.

"Good boy, I heard you performed well yesterday. You didn't make me lose face!" Zhang Tie did not expect that Captain Kerlin would praise him before he greeted him.

Looking bashful, Zhang Tie forced a smile. At this moment, Zhang Tie didn't know whether he should thank or hate this one-eyed man.

Arriving at the classroom, Zhang Tie realized that the horny students weren't discussing amongst themselves about why nobody cleaned their desks and chairs. Instead, a group of his horny classmates was hiding in a neighboring classroom this morning in hopes to see the "idiot" who arrived early each morning to clean their desks and chairs. Unfortunately, they were unable to find anyone at all, thus they became boisterous.

"Motherf*cker, I have to secretly do good deeds from now on," Zhang Tie thought to himself. Since his horny classmates were so curious, he was no longer able to use this method to earn merit value points.

After acquiring the Castle of Black Iron, Zhang Tie didn't want to become the center of attention at school or the classroom, as it would be quite strange for a normal student to do good deeds so passionately for no apparent reason.

Although it was difficult for people to associate what Zhang Tie did with the merit value points from the illusory land, Zhang Tie still thought it would be considered wise to be low-key.

The morning classes proceeded as usual. Perhaps due to the fact that they would leave school forever in two weeks, the teachers taught fewer theories than before; instead, they lectured about their experiences. As a result, the students would sometimes be completely immersed within their teacher's life experiences and perceptions.

Starting next month on June 1 and ending on August 31, according to the rules held by all schools in Blackhot City, every undergraduate would have to participate in a two-month mandatory survival training. This test was a great assessment of the knowledge and abilities that the students had learned at school. As the survival training was the best test, no other test would be arranged. Consequently, those unqualified to survive in this age would be eliminated. Every year, there would be casualties among the undergraduates of Blackhot City during the survival training. Last year, five students were eliminated; four of which were dead, while the other one became a cripple. In its history, more than twenty undergraduates from the Seventh National Middle School have been eliminated during the survival training. For the horny undergraduates, the two-month survival training was seen as a coming-of-age ceremony.

It would be a coming-of-age ceremony at the cost of one's blood — and even one's life! This coming-of-age ceremony was without the protection of the high

city walls of Blackhot City, implying that the horny students would encounter the most realistic situations in this age.

After two months of survival training, their days as students would come to an end. Following the survival training came a three-month holiday before most of them would be enlisted in the army to serve for a long term. Over their three-month holiday, before receiving the official notice of serving the army, a few talented individuals would have the chance to obtain the recommendation from school and would have the opportunity to learn in a more advanced place. They would directly become the elites of the age and would be backed by many huge powers and organizations. By this point in time, the direction of many people's lives would have already been fixed. The period of serving in the army was equal to the time they spent in compulsory education. It was their right to accept compulsory education and their obligation to serve the army. Eight years later, when most people finished serving the army, they would realize that they are completely different than those who had a chance to accept better education.

After the four classes in the morning, those horny undergraduates rushed into cafeteria again. Like usual, when the group of students lined up to get a dining plate, Glaze's group swaggered inside. Jumping the queue, they became the first in line after chasing away the timid and unlucky fellows at the front of the line.

Look at the way Glaze's group acted over the past few days, Zhang Tie always asked himself, "What would I do if that unlucky moment happened to me?" Within his heart, he knew the answer. Every time at lunch, he would choose a spot near the end of the line. He would try to avoid trouble; however, for a 15-year-old adolescent, this was a really hard choice.

At lunch, Fatty Barley told Zhang Tie that he would help Zhang Tie complete another coming-of-age ceremony.

"From then on, all of us, the members of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood, will no longer be virgins!" Hearing Barley's great declaration, the horny brotherhood members at the table smiled obscenely.

In truth, although Zhang Tie was dreaming a day ago about his "happy life" and the "astounding love" between him and Miss Daina in the future, hearing Barley's declaration, Zhang Tie's heart started pounding. He gradually aspired to become a real man. After a series of images came to mind, his crotch area of his trousers finally raised up like a tent. Zhang Tie then had to admit that as

a member of the horny students, he was not more sensible than the other members of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood. However, Zhang Tie still considered his affection for Miss Daina sacred!

For the remainder of their lunch, the horny members of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood started to laugh at Zhang Tie's raised tent. However, as Zhang Tie has gotten used to these guys, he didn't mind it. After lunch, those guys went to play cards in the classroom, while Zhang Tie entered the small woods beside the cafeteria and sat down to cultivate. According to the book, he had to visualize the three-column abacus in a split second in order to reach the requirements of the first level. Once he reached the first level, he would instantly be able to get the computation result of the four operations within three digits.

It was still quite a distance away from reaching the requirements of the first level described by the book. Within 15 seconds, he was only able to visualize the three-column abacus, and it took him longer than 4 seconds to compute using the four operations. When he thought of the sentence on the cover of that book — After-Class Readings for Preliminary Students — Zhang Tie felt ashamed. This seemed like an ability that was mastered by preliminary students, yet he was not able to reach the first level even after so many days of practice — so ashamed!!

At that moment, it seemed that someone wanted to make him even more ashamed. Standing in front of Zhang Tie was one of Glaze's followers. While Zhang Tie was curious about his sudden appearance, the slightly gloomy guy threw a pile of dirty dining plates onto the patch of grass where Zhang Tie sat.

"Clean them and hand them over the cafeteria!" The guy threw the dining plates and left without even glancing at Zhang Tie. It seemed as if he had never considered that the common looking student sitting against the tree would refuse his orders.

Gazing at the four messy plates, Zhang Tie scratched his head and felt dejected. There were always some hard choices that you had to make in life...

Chapter 39: A Bloody Case Arisen from Several Plates

During the training class in the afternoon, the sun shone fiercely. The instant the bell rang, the horny students instantly assembled into a matrix formation

and waited for the orders of the coach, who would usually wave a flag as he stood on the commanding platform. However, nobody appeared on the commanding platform until two minutes later. During this period, every one of the horny students held their breaths. Then instead of the coach they were familiar with, the awesome one-eyed man appeared. The icy, cold Qi field around him frightened everyone beneath the commanding platform. Not knowing what was about to happen, they realized after seeing the black leather whip in his hand and began shivering.

As a semi-militarized school, extremely strict punishments would be meted out to students who didn't follow the rules. Among all punishments, the least offense punishment was running dozens of laps around the playground, while in some cases they would be whipped. However, in the worst case scenario, they would be handed over to the court of Blackhot City for judgment .

Glancing at the whip in Captain Kerlin's hand, everybody knew that someone would be ferociously whipped this time. Over the past years at school, every time the one-eyed man held a whip, some presumptuous fellow would suffer a cool public whipping.

Standing in a matrix formation under the commanding platform, Zhang Tie saw the icy expression on the one-eyed man and knew what was about to happen.

"Do you regret it?" Zhang Tie asked himself.

"F*ck!" he answered himself.

"Glaze, Sharon, Garner, and Zuhair, come out of the matrix!" Captain Kerlin shouted, causing the crowd to become bustling and shocked. Glaze? Glaze? Glaze's group?

"This is going to be a good show!" Standing next to Zhang Tie, Fatty Barley became thrilled. He touched Zhang Tie slightly with one foot.

"Yea, we're going to see some fun! Then some fun will fall upon me!" Zhang Tie thought to himself...

Under everyone's watch, the group of four, headed by Glaze, moved out from the formation as their faces turned pale. The first to walk out was Sharon, the one who had thrown the plates in front of Zhang Tie. At the same time, Sharon seemed to have realized something and turned back, seemingly as if

he was looking for something in the matrix formation which Zhang Tie stood. His eyes were filled with a dangerous look.

Zhang Tie simply looked at Sharon coldly. Even now, he did not regret what he had done earlier. For others, this decision might be difficult and painful; however, for Zhang Tie, it was an easy choice. Before he made the choice, he only asked himself one question — which choice would make my parents feel proud?

In response to Captain Kerlin's call, the group of four came out from the matrix formation. The moment they stood on the platform, several law enforcement members instantly removed their leather training armor, revealing their naked upper bodies, thereby confirming everyone's previous assumption that Captain Kerlin was here to whip them.

"Captain Kerlin, I believe I have the right to know the reason!" Glaze growled as the veins on his forehead became pronounced when his arms were held back by the two law enforcement members.

"According to Article 27, each student should clean their dining plates and hand them over to the cafeteria after lunch. Violators of this rule will suffer 2 lashings. According to Article 6, each student should not purposely damage public properties. Violators of this rule will suffer 4 lashings. Glaze, Sharon, Garner, and Zuhair didn't hand over their dining plates to the cafeteria. They simply threw them into the small woods casually; therefore, they have violated the above two school rules, prompting my decision to give each of them 6 lashings! Am I clear?" The one-eyed man coldly stared at the group of four headed by Glaze. As a result, the group of four was shocked like being struck by lightning.

Standing in the matrix formation, Zhang Tie carefully observed their expressions. After Captain Kerlin finished whipping the Glaze's group, Zhang Tie realized that the three from the group of four did not stare at Sharon, but rather they glanced from time to time at the matrix formation in which Zhang Tie stood. At this moment, Zhang Tie became aware that what had happened at noon was not a coincidence; instead, it was deliberately planned by this group in an attempt to embarrass him. As they were always unruly at school and would usually find some timid fellows to wash their plates before handing them back to the cafeteria after lunch, Sharon had never expected that he would be refused this time. This explains the current situation.

Once Zhang Tie came to realize this, he became depressed, as he has always tried to be low-key at school. Without knowing it, he had offended this group.

Seeing the leather whip in Captain Kerlin's hand, the group of four turned pale. Seemingly as if he had something to add, Sharon said, "Captain Kerlin, I have something to say..."

Gazing at Sharon, who was swallowing his saliva, Captain Kerlin coldly muttered, "Go ahead!"

"After lunch, I gave our dining plates to someone else..."

"Where?"

"In the small woods next to the cafeteria!"

"How?"

"I... I placed them in front of the man!"

"In front of him? On the ground or in his hands?"

"On... On the ground!"

"Why would you place them on the ground in front of him?"

"I... I... I let him wash our plates before sending them back." Probably due to his lack of confidence in front of Captain Kerlin, despite his usual defiant attitude, he lowered his voice.

"What did that man say?"

"Nothing... he didn't say anything!" Sharon knew that Zhang Tie was in the nearby matrix and could show up at any moment to refute his lies in public; therefore, he dared not to tell any lies.

"What happened then?"

"Then..." Sharon gazed at Captain Kerlin dejectedly. "Then I left..."

"I know what you're trying to say. You're trying to say that since you threw several plates in front of him and he ignored your orders to wash the plates,

he should be the one to be whipped in your place? Do you feel wronged? In your eyes, since that man refused your orders, do you feel insulted? Do you feel like he should take responsibility for what happened? If you threw your plates in front of me, does that mean I would be the man who should be whipped?" The one-eyed man's face was emotionless; however, his words made the look on Glaze's group worsen. They didn't speak again.

"What a good excuse! Unfortunately, you are not powerful enough to write your bastard logic into the laws and rules of Blackhot City!" With a cold smile on his face, he added, "Therefore, you deserve the six lashings!"

.....

Afterward, all the horny students in the matrix formations began to appreciate the art of punishment by the most terrifying one-eyed man in Blackhot City. In the eyes of the students, his lashings were always the cruelest and most horrible punishment available in the Seventh National Middle School in Blackhot City. He wouldn't use too much strength until his final lashing; although it would hurt greatly, it would not wound the veins, bones, or innards. Today, all the other horny students heard 24 screams and, like eating a popsicle, felt refreshed about what had happened. Then the group of four led by Glaze was carried away from the playground by the law enforcement members of the school under the glare of the public. Unfortunately, they had passed out.

"That was motherf*cking cool!" After being oppressed by the group of four led by Glaze for so long, this was what all the horny undergraduates thought.

Although Zhang Tie still felt pain all over, after the morning break, he gritted his teeth as he finished the afternoon training.

This afternoon, there were no battle cries heard from the training ground. Compared to before, all the horny students were more lively. During the breaks, they were discussing about who was the hero. Ever since Glaze had been promoted to LV 2, he had always been unruly at school, causing nobody to dare act against him. Unexpectedly, he has encountered such an event.

With the exception of Zhang Tie and Barley, every member of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood also became excited. Zhang Tie was thinking about how Glaze's group would take revenge for the 24 lashings they had to suffer. Those bastards would definitely take revenge more ferociously.

"It looks like I won't have to worry about not having enough Iron Body Fruits later!" Zhang Tie mocked himself as he thought about it helplessly.

Fatty Barley was also not that excited; he had turned gloomy ever since he heard Sharon's words.

Every member of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood knew that Zhang Tie would stay in the small woods after lunch. As Barley was good at observing others' expression, he might have already noticed something from his expression, thus Zhang Tie felt that Barley might already know that he was the supposed "hero"...

.....

After school, Zhang Tie asked the other members of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood to wait for him in the classroom for a while. He then decided to calmly declare his decision...

"What... Bighead, you want to leave our Hit-Plane Brotherhood?" Doug gazed at Zhang Tie in surprise. "Why? What's happening? We will help you be a real man next week!"

Same as Doug, Hista and Sharwin were also shocked. Bagdad was filled with anger as he clenched his fists.

"I might have been accustomed to be alone, so please respect my decision..." Forcing a smile, Zhang Tie didn't say anything as he walked out the classroom, leaving behind the members of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood in the classroom, who were blankly staring at each other.

"This bastard, I should have punched him one more time!" Bagdad fiercely punched a wall in the classroom, resulting in a few pieces of limestone falling down...

"Even though we treated him as our good brother... Pah..." Doug spat towards the door. "It seems he didn't want to be our brother at all!"

"What's wrong?" Sharwin looked at them.

"How could he be so foolish to leave our brotherhood before enjoying the coming-of-age ceremony?" Hista couldn't understand.

Leit rolled his eyes and stared at Barley, who was silent and had lowered his head, as he said nothing. Seeing Barley's actions, they all became silent as well. Then, Barley raised his head and glanced at them.

"I have already realized it back in the playground. What Bighead did has truly verified my judgment of him. You're all mistaken about him. He was leaving our brotherhood because he doesn't want to stir up trouble for us!"

"Trouble, you mean..." Sharwin seemed to have realized it.

"Bighead was that hero. He was the man who refused to wash dining plates for the Glaze's group and made them so miserable today!" Barley explained all of a sudden, shocking everyone else. "Glaze's group will definitely take revenge on him. Zhang Tie didn't want us to get involved, that's why he chose to leave!"

Barley glanced at each one of them. "Glaze's group will probably take revenge on BigHead — and it will definitely be fierce! As Bighead is one of our Brotherhood, we have to suffer the revenge together with him. As this concerns our personal interests and safety, nobody could make decisions for others; therefore, I want to hear your opinions. If we treasure Bighead as our brother, we should face revenge together with him. If not, we are all safe and can just pretend that nothing has happened. We will raise our hands to make the final decision in five minutes!"

At this point in time, every member of the Hit-Plane Brotherhood became silent

.....

Five minutes later, Barley glanced at them solemnly. "Those who agree to face the revenge together with Bighead, raise your hands!"

The others looked at each other and nobody spoke.

"Well, since you're all silent, I will be the first to decide. Although Bighead broke my nose before and got me the nickname 'mucus mucilage', I feel that he is righteous, that's why..." Doug scrunched his nose. "I want to help him..."

Doug raised up his hand...

“Is Glaze, a LV 2 fighter, that great? I will surpass him sooner or later!”
Bagdad coolly raised his hand as well...

“If we abandoned our brother just because of such a small problem, wouldn’t that mean we would disband our brotherhood in front of bigger difficulties?”
Hista spoke as he raised his hand.

“I feel like this guy always does the unexpected. I also feel like he is someone who wouldn’t escape in front of a Red-scarf Burglar and would never push us into trouble, much like what he did today. He might have a solution. That’s why I’m relieved to have a brother like him!” saying this, Leit shrugged his shoulders and raised his hands.

“Since all of you have decided to stand on Zhang Tie’s side, there’s no way I can back down now. And don’t all of you feel cool today?” Sharwin smiled coyly and raised up his hand as well.

Just as everyone cast their eyes on the solemn looking Barley, he finally showed a brilliant smile and raised his hand. “If our brotherhood wants to get a foothold in Blackhot City, then Glaze’s group will be our first milestone. If we don’t face troubles together, how could we be called brothers? If we don’t experience these trials together, how could we be called brothers?? Speaking of this, I really have to thank Bighead. I’ve been wanting an opportunity to test our loyalty to the Hit-Plane Brotherhood, and unexpectedly, here is the opportunity!”

The members stared at each other as their eyes gradually glittered. Through this difficult and unanimous choice, they all felt much closer to each other. Filled with bravery and confidence, each one of them felt warm all over their bodies...

“What is the slogan of our brotherhood?” seeing everybody growing more and more ambitious, Barley shouted.

“Hit the plane!” Doug exclaimed. At the same time, everybody turned and glared at him. Doug instantly felt that this joke was not appropriate and shrunk himself.

“One more time, our slogan is!” Barley shouted again.

“Anyone who gives our brothers trouble will be in trouble!” the horny students growled in unison...

Chapter 40: Plot and Rat Poison

Zhang Tie didn't know what had happened in the classroom after he left, as he had already walked out of the gate of the Seventh National Middle School by then.

Life was sometimes unfortunate like this: While you're sitting under a tree in a daze, someone suddenly throws some messy plates in front of you. As a result, you have to make a choice — being an unpaid dishwasher or being beaten to death.

F*ck! The one-eyed man's words were correct: "When faced with someone, if you refuse their request, then they would feel like you insulted them." Even now, I will insult you. Let's see whether you dare to bite me or not!

The moment he went out of the school gate, Zhang Tie coincidentally encountered the one-eyed man. Naturally, as it seemed like the two had to walk on the same road for a while, he couldn't just pretend to not have seen him and pass him.

"Captain Kerlin, are you going to the fighting club?" Zhang Tie took the initiative and greeted him, as it was not a secret that Captain Kerlin was a part-time coach in the Iron Thorns Fighting Club.

Captain Kerlin knew that Zhang Tie performed well yesterday in the Fighting Club, thus he felt that Zhang Tie was manly enough as his impression of him has begun to improve. He felt like he had made the right decision. "Yea, I'm heading to the fighting club. I heard that you have another part-time job at the grocery store?"

Captain Kerlin didn't have an inkling that Zhang Tie was that "hero" nor was he interested. For Captain Kerlin, he believed that everyone should take care of themselves. Even now when the "hero" dared to stir up trouble with Glaze's group, he should be brave and face it. Besides, there were so many students at school and Captain Kerlin was not their babysitter.

Zhang Tie knew the temperament of the one-eyed man; therefore, he didn't mention what had happened at noon. Instead, he talked about something else with Captain Kerlin.

“Yea, it was introduced to me by my family. I’ve already worked there for a long time!”

“How do you feel about working over there?”

“The boss is kind, and I can learn a lot...”

They kept talking and walking in this manner...

When they were far away, Glaze’s group appeared from behind a tree close to the school gate dejectedly. Seeing the backs of Zhang Tie and Captain Kerlin, they gritted their teeth.

“What the f*ck! That guy is walking really close with the one-eyed man. It seems that they are very close!” Sharon said dejectedly. Zhang Tie grabbed Glaze’s opportunity to perform in front of Miss Daina, so Glaze wanted to take revenge on him. This explains what had happened at noon. In Glaze’s mind, he should be the only star in Seventh National Middle School. This was the most critical stage that determined his future, and nobody else should be able to match him. Naturally, he thought it would be easy to bully someone weaker than him. They never thought that Zhang Tie would refuse, resulting in them suffering the darkest afternoon of their lives.

Hearing what Sharon said, everybody frowned. At the same time, from the fresh whip wounds on their backs came a sharp pain that was similar to rubbing salt in a wound, reminding them of the insults they had suffered.

“If we deal with this guy, Captain Kerlin would definitely help him. He probably refused to listen to our orders at noon because he found someone to rely on — Captain Kerlin. We’ll have to plan it well before setting him up!” Garner complained loudly.

“Once he leaves school, Captain Kerlin would not find any evidence. We would have more than enough time to deal with him, humph... humph...” Zuhair sneered.

“What’s your plan?” Sharon asked Zuhair.

Zuhair looked around. The others instantly felt that the plan must be terrifying. Thus, they moved back behind the tree and listened to Zuhair’s plan.

"If we do this, the result would be hard to control!" Zuhair looked at Glaze and waited for his final decision.

"Won't... this be... somewhat excessive? I just want to fiercely beat him. After all, we are... classmates... and this plan might kill him!" Garner, who was obviously startled by Zuhair's scheme, staggered.

"What's wrong? Garner, you wanna back out?" Sharon stared at him coldly. "Have the wounds on your back recovered so soon?"

"Garner, you are still naïve. 'Classmate' is worth nothing in this age!" Zuhair sneered.

"I... I... I mean..." Before Garner finished explaining, his neck had already been tightly gripped by one of Glaze's hand. The huge physical difference between Glaze, a LV 2 fighter, and a common student was obvious. Garner's feet were already in the air as his face gradually turned red, slowly showing a miserable expression.

"What's there to explain?" Glaze sneered. Garner found it increasingly difficult to breathe as he struggled while desperately waving his hands. Glaze then loosened his hand, resulting in Garner kneeling on the ground as he coughed heavily.

"So we've made the final decision. He will have few days to show off. During the surviving training, I will give him a lesson he'll never forget..." Glaze showed a terrifying and cruel expression. The three people by him showed obscene smiles, either sincerely or reluctantly.

So what if the result was uncontrollable? Worst case scenario, a death of a black-haired kid that nobody would care about. Deaths happened every day in Blackhot City.

Zhang Tie usually called them horny students at school because he felt that everybody his age in the Seventh National Middle School were like rutting calves; however, he never thought that there were true emotionless horny students like them.

.....

When Zhang Tie entered the grocery store, he found Donder busily greeting three guests at the same time. At the sight of Zhang Tie, Donder obviously heaved a sigh of relief...

“Show them our ‘powerful rat poison’...” Donder said to Zhang Tie...

Several minutes later, the three guests left. Donder then counted the gold coins with a big smile.

Zhang Tie realized that the number of magistrates and soldiers on patrol neighboring the railway station has increased since the message concerning the Red-Scarf Burglars spread. Despite the news being spread, Donder’s grocery store has had more guests than before — at least 20 percent more than before. Various goods, even goods used to do bad deeds, sold well. Among the bestsellers, the ‘powerful rat poison’ had the highest sales volume. It was said that the ‘powerful rat poison’ was a raw material of the most terrifying weapon. Before the Catastrophe, anybody who was close to it would endanger their lives, even if it was just within the same room. His teachers said that it was called “radioactive substance” before the Catastrophe. It was the Catastrophe and the mysterious particle carried by the Star of God that let the “radioactive substances” lose their radioactive energy and made its basic properties change. As a result, they could no longer be used to produce the most terrifying weapons; however, its toxic property was preserved. Prior to the Catastrophe, it required people to adopt extremely sophisticated means to extract the substance, but after the Catastrophe, many people found the substance among the ores underground due to large geographic movements. The natural, virulent mineral ore was called “Monster’s Store” and was extremely toxic after being ground into powder. In the history of the Blackson Human Clan Corridor, this “rat poison” was used by evil organizations to instigate malicious events that led to almost ten thousand wounded or deaths. Therefore, among the official regulations in the Blackhot City, this substance was specially regulated. In fact, for professional adventurers and pioneers who were striving to explore the land and find new places for humans to live, this substance was sharp weapon against low-level magical beasts and monsters. By putting just a bit of “rat poison” on their simple bait, it was possible to send several magical beasts to their deaths. After being simply extracted, the poison could be smeared onto weapons, making them more powerful. That was why the substance could never be completely forbidden. Although it was forbidden to sell in ordinary stores, the government of Blackhot City just kept one eye closed on it, as they could not completely forbid it.

People named it as “rat poison” so that it could be properly advertised in public. Naturally, it could be found in a grocery neighboring the railway station where passengers from all walks of life passed. Donder sold both the real “rat poison” and the so-called “rat poison” that could not only kill those rats at home but also kill those large, terrifying mutated rats outside the gates of the city. This substance was colorless and tasteless. Without using special means or reaching at least LV 10, a level where one would develop very sharp senses and would be able to use spiritual observation, no man or magical beast would be able to notice it. That’s how terrifying this powerful “rat poison” was.

Ever since the curfew in Blackhot City had been imposed in hopes to protect its residents from the Red-Scarf Burglars, the sales as well as the price of the “powerful rat poison” in Donder’s grocery store had increased from selling 5 to 6 vials per month at 75 silver per vial to more than 3 or 5 vials per day at 1 gold per vial. Most of the buyers were commoners. Thinking of what had happened at school today and the potential revenge, Zhang Tie became dejected...