

## **Black Iron 471**

### **Chapter 471: The God's Manifestation (I)**

One hour before the bloody and fiery curtain, everything was developing towards that merciless track along the fixed cruel trace. In such a dilemma, everybody was exerting their full effort.

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Sharba was holding tightly his short sword and following the other pioneers with stiff and tense footsteps onto the battle field.

The handle of his short sword was wrapped with a rough cloth strip. At this moment, the cloth strip had been soaked by Sharba's sweat. Therefore, it felt smooth in hand.

Before going to the battle field, Sharba drank up all of his drinking water.

Since this tunnel completely collapsed along with a terrifying earthquake last week, all the pioneers were sent in a terrifying and despairing situation.

Sharba was only 18 years old. Like how it was described in the popular story among many pioneers, because his father was a pioneer, he was then a pioneer. He didn't know whom his mom was. Since he was sensible, he joined the team of pioneers along with his father and wandered around the world.

His dad passed away two years ago. Before death, his dad's last wish was to see Sharba to settle down in a human city, find an average job, marry a woman and live like commoners...

He did not understand his dad's wish until last week. Although he understood it now but it was impossible for him to live it up this dream because Sharba knew that he was going to die. Even though he could survive today, he would die tomorrow.

The despairing mood had been spreading among the pioneers for one week. This relics was like a cage and a graveyard in the dark which was going to bury all the pioneers here.

Facing such powerful and well-trained army of the allied forces, only after 2 days of confusion, all the pioneers had realized that none of them could leave this graveyard...

The abyss-like despair made the pioneers suffocated. Therefore, they were driven mad for the last time.

One week ago, none of the pioneers could imagine about the outcome to fight the allied forces; but now, the pioneers not only fought the allied forces, but also launched a counterattack towards the allied forces and occupied two water sources.

At this moment, a coarse hand fell on Sharba's shoulder and slightly patted him.

"Sharba, just follow me; take it easy; we will be free after today..." said uncle Milan, the 50-year odd head of the small team of pioneers. In the past few days, uncle Milan's lips had cracked due to thirst. The brilliance in his eyes also faded away. He was now full of despair and frustration.

"Will...we die?" a hoarse voice sounded. Another partner in the team asked, who was 2 years elder than Sharba.

Uncle Milan smiled in a frustrated and weak manner, "In the legend of pioneers, such a relic is a place being cursed. Before Catastrophe, this place had already swallowed numerous spiritual beings and fresh blood. Now the tragedy started once again. Because those who come here to disturb the dead spiritual beings, all of them have to accompany these dead spiritual beings at the cost of their lives..."

"I...I don't want to die..." someone started to wail in a low voice.

"Don't worry, we're together with you. It will be okay for a short while. If we win, we can live some more days..." uncle Milan comforted himself, which was more like a hopeless sigh.

The pioneers moved in the battle field one team after another. They had no fixed formations; instead, they just followed their familiar person and their head towards the death place.

If they joined the battle several days later, they would be too weak to fight. Therefore, no matter what, they had to solve the battle today. On the battle field, to be killed might be better than being thirsty and starved to death.

...

"This is a hopeless battle which is nothing about the sense of honor!" In a place being far away from the battle field, watching tens of thousands of pioneers gathering 1 km away from the allied forces like how moth charged towards flames, Roslav let out a sigh, "No morale exist in the two armies at all. No party will win the battle. They are all killing people for their own survival. I won't join such a battle!"

"What a pity!" Waajid also sighed as he turned around, looking at the camp of the allied forces over 5 km away and waved his head, "Previously, I thought that person might be the one we need, I've not imagined..."

"Not all the 17-18 year old teenagers could sustain the stress from the coming death and despair. Many geniuses finally could not grow up. Because they could not bear the huge stress. Even some soldiers in the allied forces could not bear that stress and would be driven mad!"

"Perhaps we have put too much unrealistic hopes on him. That's why we can barely accept the fact now!"

"Hopefully, he would recover his composure!"

"No matter what, we have to take our huge bear warriors back safe and sound. Their lives and missions belonged to our lord. They should not die here for no reason!" Waajid turned around and glanced at that team of the huge bear warriors behind him.

Roslav nodded in a solemn look.

...

"Pass my order, all the supplies and booty of each soldier in the fight don't have to be submitted!" Gangula's voice sounded in the main tent of the allied forces.

Hearing this order, all the heads and officials of other tribes in the main tent became thrilled. Many people ran out to pass the latest order to their own soldiers of each tribe.

Before the war, Gangula caught sight of the bear-killing hammer hanging over a weapon stand, he then instantly remembered Zhang Tie's handsome movements on waving that terrifying battle hammer. So he asked, "Where's Peter, what is he doing?"

"He's still sitting on that short building!" Nurdo replied in a calm voice.

"Oh!" Gangula peered at Sabrina who looked calm and O'Laura in mask who held her fist tightly when she heard about this question. After that, he revealed a smile, "Alright, remember to send some food to him after winning the war and bring a doctor to him. Don't let him be starved to death. No matter what, he's our guest!"

Hearing this, some heads of small and medium-sized tribes hurriedly responded with a sneer like having heard a joke from Gangula.

O'Laura responded with a cold harrumph as she turned around and walked out of the tent.

"What are you laughing at?" Gangula looked at those guys who mocked just now and asked icily with bloody eyes. Hearing this, those guys' sneers ceased at once like chicks whose necks were clutched.

...

A place far away from the battle field and close to the camp of the allied forces was not influenced by the tense atmosphere of the coming war in the distance. If this relic was a huge graveyard, that place would be the graveyard of the graveyard.

This was the wounded soldiers division of the allied forces, a more despairing place.

Not knowing how long had he slept. Maxim slowly woke up and gradually picked himself up from the rough bed on the ground. Feeling scorching in his throat, he took out his notebook and pen from his portable bag.

As a trivial logistical secretary in the small tribe of the allied forces, he was injured when he joined the action of the allied forces three days ago. After that, he was sent here for death like many other wounded soldiers after a simple treatment.

He was truly here for death. When they were sent here, their supplies were reduced by 2/3 at once.

After holding the notebook and the pen, Maxim instantly felt hopeful. After dozens of years, his professional habit had already become his instincts and joys of life. As long as he held his notebook and pen and could write words, he would feel as safe and stable as a snail who carried its shell once again.

Maxim moved his body hardly. Finally, he found a corner being close to a fluorite lamp in the circled yard and was going to write something. Right then, a sneer drifted in his ears.

A soldier who was weakly leaning on the ground mocked Maxim at the sight of what he was doing at this moment.

"You're really diligent, ha. Are you writing your will? If you have time, you'd better check whether Sher on your side is still alive. If he's dead, call people here to carry him away right now; otherwise, those who are alive would die soon..."

Seeing a lot of wounded soldiers turning around and looking at him, Maxim kindly put down his notebook as he struggled to pick himself up from the ground and came to the side of a wounded soldier who was lying not far from him. He started to check the wounded soldier carefully.

Sher's lips had been covered with a layer of paste; thankfully, they were still quivering. Maxim lowered his body and drew his ears close to Sher's mouth. He heard a faint voice, "Water...water..."

There was a military flume in the yard; however, it was already dried inside and was covered with dust. A huge cheap average-looking tin water bottle was dropped on its side after being excavated out of the relics by a pioneer for the wounded soldiers. After struggling towards the flume, Maxim forcefully took up that water bottle and turned the bottle upside down. After a few seconds, a small water drop finally formed and suspended at the mouth of the water bottle.

"Sher wants water; however there's no water here..."

Everybody became silent when the despairing and frustrating atmosphere started to spread from that dried flume and the mouth of the water bottle. Even that wounded soldier who spoke with irony to Maxim also lowered his eyes...

After putting down the bottle in a frustrated manner, Maxim didn't say anything; instead, he struggled back to the corner. Sitting on the ground, he opened his notebook and wanted to write something on it; finally, he only left a paragraph on the paper.

—October 7th, 890th year of Black Iron Calendar. The shadow of death covers the wounded soldiers camp. This is the 5th day since we lacked water. I don't know how long can I survive...Nobody knows how many days can they survive whether they are in the wounded soldiers camp or not. In this place which could only be brightened by fluorite lamps, each one is breathing despair and fear about death...I know that I'm not pious, neither do I have any belief. However, at this moment, I would exert my full efforts to pray piously. If God really exists in the world, please save these people who are struggling here with despair and fear; please let the humble and mortal people see the manifestation of the God and bathe the honor of the God. Wish our mortals' awe to the God could make us not that humble and fearful anymore.

The boom of the battle drums in the distance disrupted Maxim's moods. He stopped his pen, raising his head, he looked at the distance. He knew that many people would die there today. This relatively open wounded soldiers camp might be a crowded flesh and blood market by tomorrow...

...

Half an hour later...

The boom of battle drums and battle calls between the allied forces and the pioneers drifted from that battle field. Having determined to fight to death, those pioneers burst out great potential and were twining with the allied forces. As a result, the battle field was separated into hundreds or thousands smaller battle fields by the terrain of the relics...

Out of the battle field, Roslav, who had been watching the battle situation suddenly felt his heart pounding. He turned around and was stunned by what he saw in the direction of camp of the allied forces.

Several miles away, a huge, eccentric battle-Qi totem slowly appeared above the horizon like a burning banner. It was rising, which brightened the greater part of the sky like a sun in the dark underground.

"What's that?" after feeling that huge glow from his back, Waajid looked around and was stunned by what he saw.

Even those who were fighting on the battle fields noticed the glow and the burning bloody curtain which brightened the entire space. Facing such an eccentric and rare scene, everybody became shocked and didn't know what happened...

After receiving the notice, Gangula also walked out of his tent. He looked at the distance when an amazed look flashed across his eyes...

At the sight of this weird scene nearby their camp, all the heads of small and medium-sized tribes widely opened their mouths...

O'Laura looked around and found the place where the bloody and fiery curtain rose. "It seems...seems to be rising from where Peter was." O'Laura instantly darted towards there.

"That seems to come from where Peter was!" Sabrina muttered as Gangula's eyebrows kept jumping...

Being influenced by such a weird scene, the battle calls gradually disappeared. All the soldiers and pioneers looked around and watched that eccentric scene in the distance.

...

"Maxim, what's up? Is it burning outside?"

"Ah, that must be a big fire..."

"Impossible. There are no firewoods. How come it burns so heavily?" a wounded soldier asked restlessly while lying on the ground and watching the rising glow from the camp on his side. Those who could hardly move still struggled towards here to see what was happening.

At this moment, Maxim had long been flurried at the sight of the figure in the glow in the distance. He saw battle-Qi totem before; however, he could never connect the current scene with those battle-Qi totem he saw before. That felt like a sun rising from his side.

In Maxim's amazement, that figure slowly walked towards the wounded soldiers camp. Each of his step was full of a sacred sense and made Maxim's heart race...

...

Chapter 472: The God's Manifestation (II)

Earlier than O’Laura, Waajid and Roslav, thousands of soldiers residing in the camp of the allied forces rushed out of their camp under the leadership of the military officials and arrived at the small building where Zhang Tie was sitting on.

After seeing the 200-m high bloody and fiery curtain behind Zhang Tie from such a short distance, thousands of soldiers became quiet. Like a deity walking out of the blood and fire, Zhang Tie flew off the small building. After landing on the ground by feet, he walked towards the wounded soldiers camp which was not far from the small building.

Those soldiers didn’t know what was happening to Zhang Tie at all. They didn’t know what was that suffocating bloody and fiery curtain behind Zhang Tie. They were just awestruck about the unknown, powerful and sacred power. Besides, they also felt a bit afraid. After a glance at Zhang Tie’s bloody and fiery curtain, everybody’s face turned pale, not to mention to draw closer to it.

The burning fresh blood in the bloody and fiery curtain fell down the sky like thousands of burning bloody shooting stars. In the dark underground, the 200-m high curtain and the constantly burning fresh blood brightened up the area within almost 1 km from Zhang Tie.

Zhang Tie just walked towards the wounded soldiers camp silently. Seeing him walking towards them, all the thousands of soldiers hurriedly gave a way to him.

Waajid and Roslav also came here with the team of soldiers of the huge bear tribe. At this moment, even if there was no glow of the bloody and fiery curtain, the faces of Waajid and Roslav along with the team of soldiers behind them had already turned red because of excitement.

At this moment, the exciting aria of Pontiff Sarlin started to sound in the mind of all the soldiers of the huge bear tribe.

"My Lord, the Lord who’s destined to conquer all the oceans in the world. You come from afar by sea. Under your foot, the surging waves are as plain as bright road..."

"My Lord, the creator of things who opened his immortal undertakings. You come from east and south. At this moment, you’re on the ocean and in the sky..."

"The most powerful weapon of our Lord is that javelin in his hand. With the terrifying lightning-bolt like power, it could destroy all the enemies on our road ahead..."

"My Lord’s look is his own, yet could not be identified by others..."

"When my Lord attends the battle, he will erect his great banner to summon all of his soldiers. All the soldiers following him could see that for sure..."

"He’s the supreme one among all the gods; he ruled all the gods. He will bring the brilliance to the secular world from the heaven. He will return the original honor to each person, man or less, regardless of races!"

Javelin, banner, holiness. At the sight of this, all the soldiers from the huge bear tribe felt that their blood started to burn.

"That’s right, that’s right; that’s him for sure; that’s him for sure..."

Waajid and Roslav exclaimed inside. Although they had faintly expected for that before arriving here. When they really saw what was happening in front of them, both Waajid and Roslav felt their heart pounding. Their blood rushed to their heads at the same time, making them a bit dizzy. They really wanted to scream so as to present their excitement. However, at the sight of this scene, they could not even utter a single word.

Although some contents was confusing in pontiff Sarlin's prophecy, Waajid and Roslav had already ascertained that Zhang Tie was that Lord.

All the soldiers of the huge bear tribe heavily panted with their nostrils. Widely opening their eyes, they were standing aside like the other soldiers of the allied forces. Meanwhile, they fixed their magma-like scorching eyes on Zhang Tie. Being afraid of illusion, they didn't even dare to blink their eyes.

Their fathers, grandpas, grandpa's grandpas had been waiting for the arrival of this day for hundreds of years in Ice and Snow Wilderness.

O'Laura also arrived. Her grim metal mask looked red under the brilliance of the bloody and fiery curtain, making it especially weird. With her eyes on Zhang Tie, she didn't believe that this man was that rascal whom he knew.

At this moment, Zhang Tie's face looked solemn, which became holiness under the reflection of the unyielding bloody and fiery curtain.

O'Laura wanted to say something; however, she swallowed her words back in front of the shocking scene.

"Tsa..."

"Tsa..."

Everybody could only hear the rustles of Zhang Tie's moving steps on the ground.

Zhang Tie walked into the wounded soldiers camp calmly. After a glance at those wounded sounders who were shocked too much and could not even utter a word, Zhang Tie walked to the side of the flume under the quiet gazes of thousands of people and slightly took up that empty tin kettle.

Zhang Tie's movement was very weird. Nobody knew what he was going to do.

As he took up that kettle, Zhang Tie took a deep breath. He knew that as long as he started this, he would have no way to regret. He had to stand whatever happened next.

At this moment, Zhang Tie glanced at those wounded soldiers. All those who could sit up had already sat up. Many wounded soldiers were gazing at him with widely opened eyes and mouth as they panted heavily. Many wounded soldiers were only 17-18 years old, who were at Zhang Tie's age like his brothers...

Zhang Tie finally opened his mouth.

His words were loud, slow and muffling. However, they spread over each inch of this wounded soldiers camp.

Everybody could hear it.

"Those who believe in me will be saved!"

After saying the first sentence, Zhang Tie lifted the kettle and bottomed it up; however, there was still not water inside...

Everybody watched him silently...

Hearing Zhang Tie's first sentence, Maxim instantly felt mouth parching and tongue scorching. He almost fell down the ground while his heart was palpitating heavily...

"Those who follow me, even if you walk in the desert, you will get sweet spring water from above stones..."

Soon after the second sentence, limpid water flew out of the empty tin kettle and entered the flume of the wounded soldiers camp...

Hearing the sound of water flow, thousands of people froze. Widely opening their eyes, they could not believe what they saw in front of their eyes just now...

Perhaps, there was water in the kettle; any average powerhouse could prevent it from flowing out—such a whim flashed across many people's minds. How, those who thought about this instantly quivered as the water flew out of the kettle constantly. Its amount had been several times more than that of the kettle.

Waajid and Roslav were quivering...

So was O'Laura...

Under the silent gaze of thousands of people, the water flowing out of the tin kettle had already filled the huge plume.

It was not a kettle any more; instead, it was an endless fountain.

Under the gaze of everybody else, an arm-injured soldier struggled to the side of the plume and scooped water from the plume with a military canteen in his left hand. After that, he raised his head and drank it...

Crystal water-drops dropped onto the ground from his beard...

"It...it's real...this is...this is...mysterious manifestation. We're saved!"

The soldier knelt down in front of Zhang Tie in the most pious way...

It's God's manifestation. Only God could create such a marvel under the gaze of everybody else...

All the wounded soldiers who could barely move knelt down in front of Zhang Tie with tears all over their faces. They knew that they were saved. They don't have to wait for death and struggle in the hopeless dark anymore...

Yes, it's God. They were saved by the God's incarnation!



"God's manifestation...God's manifestation..."

Someone exclaimed with high spirit outside the wounded soldiers camp.

At this moment, without any doubt or hesitation, Waajid's and Roslav's eyes turned red and as they knelt down piously, followed by the team of soldiers behind them. Seeing the members of the huge bear tribe kneeling down, all the thousands of people outside the wounded soldiers camp also knelt down piously with high spirits.

Many people witnessed the God's manifestation. Even some of them without faith also knelt down piously...

Those who could not sit up in the wounded soldiers camp also struggled to sit up at this moment...

Zhang Tie walked over there with holy words, "All the darkness is because of lack of light. All the guilt is because of lack of mercy. You're suffering from pains and fears because you're separated from me. If you want to have your traumas cured, you have to open your forbidden soul to me..."

Zhang Tie came to the front of those heavily wounded soldiers who could not sit up. After slightly touching their chests, he turned around and walked out of the wounded soldiers camp. Unexpectedly, when he walked out of the wounded soldiers camp, those wounded soldiers who could not move had already been able to pick themselves up from the ground...

#### Chapter 473: The God's Manifestation (III)

With that average-looking tin kettle, Zhang Tie walked towards the battle field in the distance under the reflection of the bloody and fiery curtain.

Thousands of people were still kneeling down the ground, including O'Laura. Everybody was stunned by this God's manifestation. At this moment, Zhang Tie was both familiar and strange to O'Laura. She showed her awe to Zhang Tie. Not until this moment did O'Laura realize that she didn't understand this man, whom she thought she understood very well and presented the God's Manifestation.

At this moment, Zhang Tie became too bright and holy that nobody dared to see him directly. O'Laura immediately felt dwarfed inside. She knew that the one in front of her was not that Peter whom she could hug and touch casually.

The kettle in Zhang Tie's hand formed an endless sweat spring which gurgled out the water constantly. He walked to those soldiers who were kneeling down in front of him and sprayed the water onto them from the kettle. The crowd started to be noisy while everybody pushed towards Zhang Tie. Kneeling down the ground, they raised their heads and stared at Zhang Tie with pious and desiring eyes. Meanwhile, they reached out their quivering hands, wanting to touch the God's manifestation.

Everybody touched it and realized that it was real water. Water was flowing out of the kettle constantly...

When the icy, sweet spring was sprayed on their hands, some could not wait to catch it with their hands and drink it while others piously daubed the spring water on their own faces and bodies...

At this moment, thousands of people shed tears along with the spring water...

Despaired ones wept as they saw hopes...

Sufferers cried as they felt relieved...

Pious ones dropped off tears as they were moved by the holy movement of Peter...

Those with no belief also sobbed due to shamelessness and self-accusation...

Numerous hands were striving to touch Zhang Tie's garment corners. However, no hand dared to directly touch Zhang Tie's body as they didn't want to profane him. Some even kissed Zhang Tie's footsteps.

Zhang Tie was a holy and solemn incarnation.

Zhang Tie came to the front of O'Laura. O'Laura also reached out of her hands. When the crystal spring water flew across her palms, O'Laura's last doubt disappeared. "This is a God's manifestation, a real God's manifestation." The one who presented this God's manifestation was that man in front of her.

"You're my mate; you don't have to kneel down in front of me!" Zhang Tie's voice drifted clearly as he held fast O'Laura's hand and pulled her up.

For some reason, although having been very intimate with Zhang Tie, O'Laura still felt very thrilled like being injected with a great power while Zhang Tie pulled her up by his hands.

Zhang Tie continued to walk forward with O'Laura on his side.

Zhang Tie caught sight of Roslav and Waajid as well as that team of soldiers of the huge bear tribe. If he was gazed by a team of men, who were kneeling down the ground and supporting their swords with hands which were inserted into the ground, with such hot and exciting eyes in usual days, Zhang Tie might have turned around and escaped away. But now, he had to bear it.

Zhang Tie knew that since he had started it, he had no route of retreat now. He had to act like a god to the end.

Zhang Tie sprayed water on the soldiers of the huge bear tribe. All the soldiers looked as fascinated as experiencing a good rain after a long drought.

Roslav and Waajid were still kneeling down the ground. While being thrilled, their scorching eyes seemed desiring for something more. They were waiting for something...

Zhang Tie gritted his teeth...

When the onlookers saw Zhang Tie dipping water in the kettle and reached towards Roslav's forehead, they all held their breath and widened their eyes to witness the sacred moment.

Roslav and Waajid grew more thrilled. Keeping their eyes closed, they both raised high their heads.

With a calm look, Zhang Tie dipped water with his finger and drew three horizontal lines and one vertical line on the foreheads of Roslav and Waajid. It was a Chinese character "王". The whole process was like a mysterious baptism.

"My blessing to you comes from the brave warriors in Ice and Snow Wilderness. From today on, even if you're in the darkest and most hopeless situation, if you follow the brilliance, bravery and loyalty in your mind, you will always get the honorable road and never get lost!"

Closely after Zhang Tie's words, a brilliance appeared on Roslav and Waajid while numerous purple sparkles gathered into a huge bear. After a muffled roar, it slowly dispersed.

Zhang Tie didn't know what was that; however, he remained calm. Those who knew the meaning of the brilliance and the pattern on Roslav and Waajid were shocked once again...

"LV 2 sublimation; LV 2 sublimation..." someone cried...

Unexpectedly, soon after the mysterious baptism, Roslav and Waajid had already broken through LV 2 sublimation.

Everybody owed this to Peter's mysterious baptism and his mysterious mark of blessing on the foreheads of Roslav and Waajid. At this moment, everybody was throwing their admiring eyes towards Roslav and Waajid. As a result, Roslav and Waajid were very excited.

Only Zhang Tie knew that Roslav and Waajid's LV 2 sublimation was nothing to do with him. He had no ability to let them break through at all. He didn't know what was LV 2 sublimation either. This breakthrough should be related to their changing mentality and spirits. The power of one's spirit and belief was marvelous. In special situations, if one was stimulated, one's potential would burst out. It was not strange for an average person to lift an object which weighed tons at critical moment.

Whereas, the two people realized their LV 2 sublimation at the very critical moment. What a coincidence! After glancing at the onlookers who were watching him, Zhang Tie knew that from now on nobody would doubt his words any more.

This was the power of belief and spirit!

This power would be kind in someone's hands which could nourish everything; however, in someone's hands, this power became very terrifying as it could destroy everything like storms and lightning bolts.

At his moment, Zhang Tie needed this power. Only with this power could he finally help everybody escape out of here.

Zhang Tie walked towards the battle field in the distance with a solemn look. At this moment, he didn't even need to say anything as everybody was following him firmly. Roslav, Waajid and their team of huge bear soldiers were walking on Zhang Tie's right hand. Roslav and Waajid looked solemn with a strong sense of mission. They were like Zhang Tie's guardians. O'Laura was walking on Zhang Tie's right hand.

...

When Zhang Tie's overwhelming bloody and fiery curtain drew close to the battle field, both parties, pioneers or soldiers of the allied forces became curious and nervous. For the sake of safety, both parties rapidly narrowed their front. Leaving their wounded soldiers on the battle field, they all looked around at the distance.

When the bloody and fiery curtain drew closer, its glow had almost covered the whole battle field, finally the soldiers clearly saw the bloody sparkles that dropped off the sky.

Like those people behind Zhang Tie, these people also became quiet at the sight of this scene.

Zhang Tie didn't speak; however, those behind him seemingly had reached an agreement with each other. 5000-6000 people roared what Zhang Tie had said just now. The sound was so loud that it resonated in the enclosed underground space. Everyone felt very holy inside.

"Those who believe in me will be saved!"

...

"Those who follow me, even if you walk in the desert, you will get sweet spring water from above stones..."

...

"All the darkness is because of lack of light; all the guilt is because of lack of mercy. You are suffering from pains and fears because you are separated from me!"

...

The sound grew closer and louder. Gradually, it started to resonate over the relics. As a result, all the soldiers and pioneers on the battle field changed their faces.

With a solemn sound, Zhang Tie appeared in the battle field with a tin kettle under the brilliance of his bloody and fiery curtain...

Spring water was flowing out of the tin kettle all the way here...

When encountering those wounded soldiers of the allied forces or pioneers, Zhang Tie would stop with mercy before slightly pressing their chests...

Closely after that, thirsty people had their powers back...

Those in coma woke up at once...

Wounds of those who were slightly injured started to recover...

Wounds of those who were heavily injured stopped deteriorating. They had a chance to survive on...

...

"Those who believe in me will be saved!"

...

"Those who follow me, even if you walk in the desert, you will get sweet spring water from above stones..."

...

"All the darkness is because of lack of light; all the guilt is because of lack of mercy. You are suffering from pains and fears because you are separated from me!"

...

Watching such an unimaginable scene and the kettle from where the water constantly flew out, uncle Milan dropped his weapon onto the ground, causing a sound "bang" as he muttered, "God's manifestation...God's manifestation...we're saved, we're saved...the God is coming to save us..." After that, he knelt down facing the one who brought the brilliance and started to cry like a kid...

On the battle field, rows of soldiers and pioneers dropped off their weapons and knelt down the ground. Although the firm-minded soldiers and pioneers didn't drop tears in battle just now, they were all crying like babies at this moment...

Just because...

In the despair and dark...

The God's manifestation...is to save a humble person like me!

...

In the main tent of the allied forces, watching so many soldiers and pioneers joining that team behind that person and singing together, Gangula's face turned pale. He started to quiver. Watching the soldiers of the allied forces, even the soldiers of the wild bear tribe joined the team behind that person, they didn't even glance at him...

...

"Those who believe in me will be saved!"

...

"Those who follow me, even if you walk in the desert, you will get sweet spring from above stones..."

...

"All the darkness is because of lack of light; all the guilt is because of lack of mercy. You are suffering from pains and fears because you are separated from me!"

...

This sound almost made an earthquake.

At this moment, the so-called secular authority and personal dignity had become as humble as the dust on the ground.

Seeing Zhang Tie walking towards them with that sacred kettle, all the military officials and soldiers outside the main tent knelt down the ground. Even the heads of all the tribes hurriedly knelt down in front of that unimaginable God's manifestation. Although Gangula wanted to stick to his own willingness, he felt his feet becoming weak...

Sabrina also knelt down. When the others knelt down on her side, Sabrina also did that. On Gangula's side, she revealed a wisp of smile as she looked at that dignified man with a shocking and unspoken satisfaction, "My elder brother, do you stick to your dignity in front of such a God's manifestation?"

Although Gangula was a mad dog, he was not silly. He knew the outcome to be distinctive at this moment. If he acted distinctively, he would become a dead dog very soon!

Gangula was the last person who stood outside the main tent. He wanted to preserve his dignity for a longer time. However, he finally succumbed to Peter while oozing sweat over his forehead under the gaze of tens of thousands of people behind Zhang Tie. Even Roslav and Waajid who was over 50 m away from him had started to narrow their eyes on him.

...

Seeing Gangula kneeling down in front of him, Zhang Tie finally let out a sigh as he knew that he had made it.

"Those who follow me, as long as you have a firm mind, you will be able to move the mountain and turn the abyss into a plain road. That's my promise to you..."

Chapter 474: Continue to Play as the God

As everyone had prepared one-month dried rations before entering the underground world to search for the super relics. Therefore, they didn't lack food now. However, they lacked clean water in the relics.

The moment the water problem was solved, all the soldiers and pioneers started to work on breaking through the tunnel under the leadership of Zhang Tie.

Over 60,000 people worked in shifts around the clock. Everyone could burst out huge energy and endless potential under the aspiration and guidance of powerful spiritual energy. Therefore, they worked faster and faster, which made Zhang Tie amazed.

By now, Zhang Tie had become the real spiritual leader and pillar of these people. Wherever he was, he could always see people bowing towards him.

Among the soldiers of the allied forces and those pioneers, many of them would throw themselves down at Zhang Tie's feet or kneel down the ground and stare at Zhang Tie with burning eyes the moment they saw him. After Zhang Tie passed by them, they would kiss Zhang Tie's footsteps in the most pious and humble gesture. It seemed that all the places that Zhang Tie passed by became sacred.

In such an atmosphere, more and more pious followers gathered around Zhang Tie, such as Roslav and Waajid. All the soldiers of huge bear tribe voluntarily became Zhang Tie's guardians. Roslav and Waajid would always follow Zhang Tie wherever he went.

O'Laura, Setton and the soldiers of the grey eagle tribe also closely followed Zhang Tie...

Sabrina and her female cavalries also joined in...

More and more people started to draw closer to Zhang Tie...

Although being tired to play as the God, Zhang Tie could only act like the God so as to lead all of them out of here with full morale and confidence by joining hands with each other.

What Zhang Tie needed to do everyday was to keep smiling and manifesting the God's will under their expectation...

The average-looking tin kettle had become a sacred object in everyone's eyes.

When it was not used, the tin kettle was put on a stone platform in an exclusive tent while being covered with a thick yellow cloth. Commoners could barely see that. The tent was guarded by soldiers around the clock. Besides Zhang Tie and O'Laura, nobody was qualified to touch it.

Zhang Tie handed the tin kettle to O'Laura. Each time Zhang Tie wanted to manifest the God's will, O'Laura would hold that kettle and stand aside Zhang Tie in a solemn way. Because of this, O'Laura won a new name in a couple of days—Goddess Kettle!

Many people were staying with Zhang Tie, such as military craftsmen or those who had various expertise among the pioneers. Zhang Tie ordered some of them to make 7 huge stone vats using the huge stones which collapsed and blocked the tunnel and put them at the entrance of the tunnel so as to provide water for people.

Each of the 7 huge stone vats was higher than 1 m and wider than 2 m. Each of their volume was about 3 cubic meters. Therefore, the total volume of the 7 water vats was over 20 cubic meters.

Most of the soldiers and pioneers were above LV 3. Their physical potential had been developed to a certain degree. Each of them only needed about 150 ml water to survive a day; even though they had to do a lot of labor works a day, they only needed at most 300 ml water a day.

Now, over 40,000 people lacked drinking water in the underground space. These people required about 12 tons of water a day. After filling the 7 huge vats, Zhang Tie made up the shortage at once.

The most important thing that Zhang Tie would do everyday was to manifest the God's will by filling those huge vats with that kettle.

It was the most solemn and sacred moment for Zhang Tie to manifest the God's will each day, under the breathless gaze of tens of thousands of people, Zhang Tie took over that sacred kettle from O'Laura's hands. After that, the crystal water started to pour out of the kettle and filled the huge vats in a few minutes.

After the Catastrophe, human beliefs spread in an explosive way. At this moment, even the world views of those who had no beliefs or those atheists collapsed at once, not to mention those who believed in the existence of God.

Besides the God's will, people could never figure out how so much water flew out of an average kettle constantly. In the eyes of those who had beliefs, even a water drop appeared in the eye of a sculpture would be taken as the tear of the God, which was pretty sacred, not to mention this scene.

Those who were responsible for guarding these huge vats and distributing water to those people who queued up here everyday were Sabrina and her female cavalries. Because of this, Sabrina even won a new name—Goddess Water!

Whenever Zhang Tie manifested the God's will in the public, his image would grow taller and more sacred.

On the 7th day, when Zhang Tie filled the 7 vats with that kettle, under the gaze of everyone, a wrinkled pioneer with pale hair walked out of the crowd in heavy footsteps. He knelt down in front of Zhang Tie. After that, he raised his face which was covered with tears and stared at Zhang Tie. Meanwhile, he raised his hands and prayed.

"The most divine person in the world. You've undoubtedly manifested the God's will in front of us and showed us the greatness and mercy of the God. We've been appreciating you so much. Please show us the immortal truth with your mercy and wisdom so that we, the lost lambs, could return to the kingdom of the God, and see light in the dark and hope in the pain and return to the God's territory in case of being depressed!"

This was absolutely an accident. Zhang Tie had never predicted it before. Zhang Tie realized that it might be because his performance was too successful these days, everyone was enjoying it, including himself. Everyone believed in the God's manifestation.

Zhang Tie looked at that senior pioneer in a calm look. Given the wrinkles and tears on the senior's face, Zhang Tie knew that he did it voluntarily. Perhaps, seniors would become more desirable about belief.

"Of course the truth needed to be preached in the public. However, I'm not qualified to be a preacher at all. I could only fabricate some words; if you really request me to talk a lot of nonsense, I'm afraid that I would fall down the altar at once." At this moment, Zhang Tie became very anxious inside. If not being gazed by so many people, Zhang Tie really wanted to kneel down in front of that old man and beg loudly, "Grandpa, forgive me please. I'm only an average guy who graduated from the Seventh National Middle School in Blackhot City. Are you going to make me embarrassed? Even though if you want to make me embarrassed, you should do that after we leave out of here. This is not the right moment..."

Zhang Tie forcefully swallowed his saliva. When he prepared to cheat the senior, more and more people knelt down...

"Please reveal the truth to us..."

...

"Please reveal the truth to us..."

Even Roslav and Waajid knelt down in front of him with one knee and gazed at Zhang Tie with desiring eyes. Zhang Tie became dumbfounded immediately.

Certainly, Zhang Tie's dumbfounded look also indicated that he was meditating in a solemn way in others eyes.

"Just do that! Castle Lord, this is an opportunity!" Heller's voice sounded in Zhang Tie's mind.

"Ah, but what to say? I'm afraid that my trick would be exposed in 10 minutes!"

"Don't worry about that. Castle Lord only needs to read the words!"

"Read what?"

The moment Zhang Tie asked, he felt his head becoming slightly swollen while many pieces of message flew out of the marvelous arch door. They seemed coming from a complete book.



"What's this?"

"This is the "Immortal Book" which has long disappeared in the long course of human history. Tens of millions of years ago, this book preserved the most powerful and prosperous worldwide religion. It is the sacred code carried forward by all the followers of that religion!"

Zhang Tie became slightly shocked. He didn't ask why Heller had this book. At this moment, his mind had been filled with the expression of the most powerful and prosperous worldwide religion, "Is it okay for me to expose the contents of this book to the public?"

"No problem. In the age when this book became popular, people didn't pursue the power of fighting strength, but the sublimation of souls and the fulfillment of the spiritual world. This is completely different than the pursuit in this age. In this age, fighting strength is the pursuit. However, the contents of this book just cater to people's pursuit for spiritual truth."

After hearing this explanation, Zhang Tie became reassured, "It's okay as long as they don't threaten my life or do bad things with the contents. But why is Heller so passionate this time?"

After thinking about this question for a couple of seconds, Zhang Tie decided to solve the current dilemma first...

The contents of the "Immortal Book" flew across Zhang Tie's mind while the solemn expression reappeared on Zhang Tie's face.

"Do you know what is truth?"

Zhang Tie's question shocked everyone else. "What is truth?" nobody had thought about this question before...

However, Zhang Tie didn't need their answers at all; instead, he started his preach...

"Truth is not classified by size, difficulty or immortality. All the truths contain the same meaning—perfect love!"

After hearing this explanation, everyone was stunned once again.

"Truth itself is not the key. The key lies in its source, which is the original point of all lights and sacred things. The value of truth is immeasurable..."

"Truth is the manifestation of love. The real truth lies in the love. All those originate from love is truth; whereas, all the sacred things and miracles that you see are the most real expressions of truth..."

"Each one is entitled to have holiness; whereas, before having the holiness, one has to purify himself or herself; otherwise, the holiness would hide itself..."

"All the truth imply lives. The connection between truth and life is redemption. It's redemption when rich people helps poor ones, when powerful ones protects weaker ones, when those on the riverside pulls out the ones who were almost drown and when smart guys teaches silly ones to identify righteousness..."

After hearing Zhang Tie's sincere words, the tens of thousands of people became quiet once again...

...

Maxim had been too thrilled that he started quivering all over because of a sacred sense of mission. He noted down each of Zhang Tie's words by quivering hands...

...

From today on, Zhang Tie had one more job—to preach after implementing the God's will every day!

After Zhang Tie's preach, the working efficiency increased again. What made Zhang Tie amazed was that even Gangula had rolled up his sleeves and moved stones on the third day since his preach.

Additionally, Zhang Tie found a side effect after the preach, namely nobody dared to see his eyes, including Sabrina, O'Laura and Setton; instead, they all lowered their eyes piously.

...

Although being blocked by the huge stones, they could still contact with the outside by remote sensing crystal.

Zhang Tie didn't know that the entire Ice and Snow Wilderness was boiling when he was trapped here.

On October 8th, ten thousands of xiphodon cavalries of the huge bear tribe flashed across the Costari Plain in the central part of the Ice and Snow Wilderness and headed towards south...causing an earthquake in the Ice and Snow Wilderness...

Chapter 475: Welcome, My Lord

Over 20 days had passed in the underground space. It was November now. Precisely, it was November 2nd. After 5 more days, it would be one month since Zhang Tie was taken as the God. Zhang Tie should get his monthly salary by then, if possible.

Most people's food was almost bottomed out. Although they were not starved, Zhang Tie was afraid that he had to manifest the "God's new will" in a couple of days.

"I really wonder how to explain them if I teleport food here, even fleshies of huge deep-sea monsters out of the void."

—In order to feed you, the Almighty God killed a huge deep-sea monster and brought its fleshies to you.

When this whim flashed by Zhang Tie's mind, Zhang Tie felt hilarious.

"If it's sacred to have spring water at God's will..."

"It should be acceptable to have food out of void..."

"But if a pile of fleshies came out of void, would it be?"

Zhang Tie remembered that God never sent roasted meat to those starved people in any religion or legend. When Moses and a great number of people felt hungry, the God turned dew and water drops into pies, instead of steaks or roasted meat.

If he had to do this, Zhang Tie decided to slip away the moment he returned to the ground. "F\*ck, I cannot disguise as the God any longer. This is not a human job at all. Before being caught away and cut into pieces for study, I'd better escape away from Ice and Snow Wilderness as soon as possible."

If he truly feed them with the flesh of huge deep-sea monster, Zhang Tie was not sure whether someone would connect the attack of the huge deep-sea monster against the Polar Light with this. By doing this, he might greatly break apart his halos and increase his risk. That would be very irrational.

Thinking of the halos, Zhang Tie was still confused about the new look of his battle-Qi totem. He wondered about the meaning of the new totem. Heller's explanation was very simple, "The new totem is the reflection of Zhang Tie's will, spirit, desire and his mysterious strength. The secret of the new totem could only be explored by Zhang Tie himself. Heller could not tell him much about it now."

Although Heller didn't tell Zhang Tie about the answer but what he said did arouse Zhang Tie's curiosity. Zhang Tie was sure that the new totem was not simple. As for its function, he could figure it out gradually. The priority was to leave out of here.

The only good news these days was that Golden Roc Bank and the huge bear tribe had already dispatched their rescue teams here and had helped them from outside for many days. Benefited from this, they could leave out of here earlier than that they expected.

"If only the tunnel was broken through before the depletion of everybody's food." Zhang Tie walked out of the tent as he thought about this.

He slept in the main tent of the allied forces, where Gangula once slept in. Everyone thought it was reasonable, including Gangula, except for Zhang Tie, who felt a bit shameful about that.

It was really spacious to sleep in such a tent alone. If it was before, Zhang Tie felt that Sabrina and O'Laura should always visit his tent; unexpectedly, they both kept a distance with him. Although they were on his side, even touchable, they regarded Zhang Tie with more reverence because of Zhang Tie's different status. Not only O'Laura, even Sabrina became increasingly more solemn when facing Zhang Tie.

"Is this the sacrifice that I have to make as a fake God?" Zhang Tie finally knew why those evil fathers in Blackhot city were so abnormal. "D\*mn it, they have to do that..."

Seeing Zhang Tie walking out of the tent, all the soldiers who were guarding outside the main tent looked solemn.

At this moment, Roslav and Waajid walked over here. They were more like granites which had been weathering for 1000 years.

O'Laura also walked towards him while holding the sacred kettle with hands. Zhang Tie could not see her expression under the mask; after glancing at her tidy green skirt and the bracelet and finger ring that he had gifted her, Zhang Tie let out a sigh. Zhang Tie knew that O'Laura didn't care about these details

before. Compared to her current look, if she wore a set of wearable warrior's clothes and carried that ugly kettle by one hand casually, Zhang Tie would feel much better.

However, Zhang Tie knew that it was impossible. Even though she disliked dressing herself up but she would also pay attention to her image in the public sacred spot. If you want a woman to dress herself casually in such a scene, it was nothing different than ruining their looks.

At the beginning, O'Laura was not used to the bracelet because emerald was very fragile for a LV 10 strong fighter. It could be easily broken. In such case, it was not suitable to wear it. Nevertheless, after noticing that Sabrina was wearing a bracelet gifted by Zhang Tie, O'Laura also wore one. Besides, she put on her finger ring of eagle's eye, which was very eye-catching. Especially when she held that kettle, her finger ring and bracelet attracted others' eyes naturally.

When Setton exposed that Zhang Tie sent the gifts to O'Laura, O'Laura's status became special. Wherever she went, she would gain respect. Although Sabrina didn't say anything, Zhang Tie could sense that her eyes turned increasingly gloomier.

Zhang Tie knew that O'Laura and Sabrina disliked each other. Unexpectedly, they were still contending with each other at this moment.

Sabrina's counterattack made her a real Goddess. As she was responsible for distributing the water in the 7 huge vats, Sabrina could touch more people. Zhang Tie checked there when she was working and found that her smile was so pure and kind. Her gentle attitude almost made Zhang Tie mistake her for someone else.

Therefore, in this period, the Goddess Water's name was even louder than that of the Goddess Kettle.

Zhang Tie walked ahead of them quietly in a sacred and solemn way.

After a few steps, Zhang Tie looked around and stared at Roslav and Waajid, "You two don't need to be that serious, so doesn't others. If you don't know how to relax the muscles on your face, you can attempt a smile. I won't mind that. So won't others!"

Hearing Zhang Tie's words in a solemn manner, Roslav and Waajid slightly frowned their foreheads. After exchanging glances with each other, Roslav twisted his strong neck as he ordered his soldiers, "Have you heard that? Relax your facial muscles and smile!"

Looking at those twisting faces, which could almost scare kids to cry, Zhang Tie was finally defeated, "Alright, whatever you want. But don't force yourselves to smile. Take it easy!"

Everything recovered.

After accessing to the path which was surrounded by tens of thousands of people, they arrived at the entrance of the tunnel, where Sabrina and her female cavalries were waiting in the most pious manner.

Although everyone had seen what Zhang Tie was going to perform for many times, they still kept their eyes on the water which flew out of the kettle constantly like enjoying a very beautiful drawing in a pious and solemn look. Many people knelt down the ground while putting their palms together. It seemed that their minds were filled with holiness...

When he caught sight of their expressions which were almost the same, Zhang Tie understood it right away. He was afraid that he could not make their faces relaxed before they escaped out of here.

The God's will was manifested once again. After the ceremony, Zhang Tie handed the kettle to O'Laura. After that, he started an hour preach...

The moment he opened his mouth, everyone became fascinated while Maxim rapidly noted them down...

...

When Zhang Tie was preaching, the other end of the tunnel was completely different.

A 1000 m long team of 70,000-80,000 soldiers were moving away all the stones that blocked in front of them...

A huge rock blocked their way, which could be barely moved.

"Go away!", hearing this roar, those experienced ones hurriedly ran away. With a gleaming battle-Qi, a figure flew over here. With only one punch, he had inserted his palm into the huge rock. The huge rock was broken into pieces at once, which now could be easily moved.

Closely after that, the soldiers rushed forward and moved all the stones in a wink like diligent ants.

Half an hour later, after another huge rock was broken into pieces, the soldiers yelled as they had broken through the tunnel.

What made everyone curious was that nobody was in the opposite. When they were dumbfounded, a team of powerful fighters had already rushed in.

Hearing the footsteps surging towards him from behind, Zhang Tie's heart pounded heavily. He was so thrilled that he wanted to jump up. Thankfully, he stood still and didn't move. So didn't the tens of thousands of people.

After breaking through the tunnel, the soldiers only saw a handsome young man sitting on a stone platform in a solemn way. Those tens of thousands of people whom were supposed to be flurried and thrilled were all sitting calmly in front of that young man while crossing their legs. They didn't even look that the newcomers at all.

Only that person's sound was resonating clearly in the relics.

Two women were standing on the young man's sides. One woman was holding a kettle. Roslav and Waajid were standing behind that man with a team of the huge bear soldiers.

The scene in front of them had undoubtedly indicated that young man's status.

Those newcomers drew in a deep breath.

"All the fear comes from your false perception, which is the nightmare. Suppose I cast light on a person who is making the nightmare, he would also include the light into his nightmare and intensify his fear. When he wakes up, if he recognizes the light, he will become fearless while the false nature of nightmare will be exposed. This doesn't rely on your illusions and false perceptions, but on your

perception about the real world. The perception not only makes you free, but also makes you clear that you're born to be free..."

After saying this, Zhang Tie stopped, as he calmly looked at those soldiers who had just rushed in. Zhang Tie sensed a powerful Qi from these fighters.

Zhang Tie finally let out a deep sigh. He knew that his career as the fake God would finally come to an end.

However, Zhang Tie became happy too early...

When the team of soldiers arrived in front of Zhang Tie, they all knelt down in front of him with one knee when Zhang Tie thought that they would say something. Even Roslav, Waajid and those huge bear soldiers walked to Zhang Tie's front and knelt down together with them.

Not only Zhang Tie, even O'Laura and Sabrina didn't know what was going on.

"My Lord, the huge bear tribe welcome you back to the Sacred Mountain!"

When they knelt down, they caused a boom, which woke up everyone else.

Zhang Tie's brain powered off for a few seconds. If not he knew that nobody was behind him, he really wanted to see whether these guys were talking to him or not.

"Roslav, what's going on? When did I become the lord of huge bear tribe!" Zhang Tie calmly said while his heart was pounding. "Are they playing a trick with me?"

"Since you were born, you were doomed to be our Lord. This is the prophecy of our great pontiff Elzida. Pontiff Sarlin has already confirmed it. We've already waited for this day for hundreds of years. Please forgive us. Waajid and I have already confirmed your status. However, we didn't tell you about that. If you're angry about our concealment, hope you can be satisfied with this..." after saying this, Roslav and Waajid exchanged glances with each other while a fortitude look flashed across their eyes. Meanwhile, they drew out their daggers and stabbed towards their own hearts.

Seeing this, Zhang Tie raised his hand and fly out to knock off their daggers at once...

After thinking about it for a short while with his eyes closed, Zhang Tie finally opened his eyes, "Is Pontiff Sarlin above there?"

"As Pontiff Sarlin is too old, he's not convenient to come inside. Although he's together with the army, he could only welcome you above there!"

"Let's leave out of here first!"

Zhang Tie picked himself up and walked towards the entrance of the tunnel...

Chapter 476: My Lord is Returning!

Three days later, on the evening of November 5th, when everybody ran out of food, tens of thousands of soldiers of the allied forces and pioneers finally returned to the ground and saw the bright stars above Ice and Snow Wilderness after being trapped for 1 month.

As they've stayed in the underground for too long, many people had adapted to the dark environment. Zhang Tie especially chose this period for them to return to the ground because if they came out in the daytime, many of them would be blinded at the sight of the dazzling sunlight; but there should be no problem if they came back in the evening.

After breathing the fresh air above Ice and Snow Wilderness, Zhang Tie finally became relaxed after being nervous for about a month. It was like a dream for him to bring so many people back alive. Even though Zhang Tie was not a narcissist but he also had mixed feelings at this moment.

"I made it, my brothers!" Zhang Tie muttered with inner feelings as he was fully moved.

When the first wisp of night wind blew over, Zhang Tie's eye corners turned a bit wet. It was because of pleasure, excitement and a bit pride. Even if he had disguised as the God, he successfully brought most of the figures out. For Zhang Tie, it was the most meaningful thing that he had done ever since he was born. "If dad and mom knew this, they would be proud of me for sure..."

It was uneasy, precisely, it was impossible for anyone else except him.

Even in the three days of travel back onto the ground, it was still not smooth as the contradiction between the tens of thousands of warriors of the huge bear tribe and those who were trapped inside had broken out since the beginning.

The contradiction between the two parties was caused by the 7 stone vats. Although they were valueless vats in Zhang Tie's eyes, they led to the conflict between those warriors of the huge bear tribe and those being trapped underground.

Although they were common in Zhang Tie's eyes, the huge vats were much more valuable than gold in other's eyes. Because they witnessed the God's will, they possessed special meanings as sacred objects.

The warriors of the huge bear tribe wanted to take away the huge vats; however, those pious followers of Zhang Tie stood out as they didn't allow the warriors of the huge bear tribe to move them. For the belonging right of the stone vats, they even drew out their weapons, making the atmosphere very tense.

For those warriors of the huge bear tribe, all the honors created by their Lord should return with their Lord. By contrast, for those people who had been fobbed off by Zhang Tie in the underground for almost one month, nobody could take away the redemption gifted by Peter.

Not until then did Zhang Tie fully understand what Donder said, "The thing which has been confirmed by the public is the fact!"

When the public thought the stone vats were unusual, the stone vats were unusual.

In human history, this thing being related to God's will and belief always had unmeasurable, great values. Numerous legends, wars and plots were caused by these special things. Numerous powers were created or vanished because of them.

The cup that Jesus used at the last supper became a sacred cup. It was said that the sacred cup could make people eternal!

The wooden cross which Jesus was nailed on became the sacred object of the Christianity. It was worshipped by numerous followers as the true cross.

A common centurion stabbed that common lance into Jesus's body. Being sprayed with Jesus' fresh blood, it became the famous lance of Longinus. Finally, this lance became the God's object and was used by the Roman empire to show off his power and meritorious deeds.

A common cup, a wooden cross and an iron lance became the most sacred objects because they were related to someone. Whether an object was sacred or valuable was not determined by its own value but what it had experienced and people it had met.

What Zhang Tie manifested was undoubtedly the most sacred in eyes of these people. Similarly, the above three special objects being related to God's wills could not be measured by money at all.

The cup that Jesus used became a sacred object, the toilet bowl that an emperor once used became a cultural relic. Then what the object that the God used would become?

Everybody knew it. Also because of this, when Zhang Tie decided to leave the underground space, the value of those sacred objects became outstanding at once.

At this moment, of course Zhang Tie would not disappoint his pious followers. Therefore, Zhang Tie ordered his followers to carry out the 7 huge stone vats.

The warriors of the huge bear tribe followed Zhang Tie's order immediately. However, everyone fixed their eyes on the sacred kettle which O'Laura was holding tightly.

As each stone vat weighed tons, it was very difficult to carry them out. In the course of transportation, all the warriors exerted their full efforts. As long as they could touch the vats, they would feel honorable.

One day before they arrived at the ground, when they rested in the evening, Zhang Tie manifested the God's will for the last time in the underground space by filling the 7 vats.

This time, ten thousands of warriors dispatched by the huge bear tribe to rescue them also witnessed the God's will...along with many rescuers from other tribes in Ice and Snow Wilderness...and tens of thousands of people dispatched by Golden Roc Bank from Eschyle City...

The total population exceeded 100,000.

Zhang Tie accomplished this rite in the most attractive place of the underground space. At the sight of the God's will for the first time, many people became so thrilled, especially the warriors of the huge bear tribe, all of them knelt down.

"Here's our Lord, here's our Lord..."

Each warrior of the huge bear tribe shouted loudly inside. After waiting for hundreds of years, they finally welcomed their Lord. Who else was more qualified to be their Lord than a man who could



manifest the God's will. The entire huge bear tribe would be honorable about this person! This Lord was gifted by the God.

"We will leave out of here tomorrow. Therefore, this is the last manifestation of God's will..." Zhang Tie's voice resonated clearly in the huge karst cave as he glanced at those silent people with a solemn look at a high risk of being seen through.

Everyone became silent and shocked. Zhang Tie was satisfied with this effect very much. He found that was the difference between the big figures and humble ones. When big figures made the decisions, they didn't have to explain anything; especially at his position, nobody dared to doubt him.

However, Zhang Tie still made an explanation to them, which also became pretty sacred.

"If one's belief has to be induced by God's will and wonders, one must have entered the wrong way and misunderstood the truth and the meaning of being sacred!"

After hearing Zhang Tie's explanation, everyone felt relieved. They then regarded Zhang Tie with more reverence and felt lucky. Especially those who survived the relics, the bitterness and despair that they had experienced in the relics was really trivial than what they had obtained and witnessed.

Of course, the so-called God's will was precious and shocking because of rarity.

In the next 2 hours, Zhang Tie preached once again. He kept talking until he finished the rest of the "Immortal Book". Finally he drew a full stop to his status as a damn father.

Those who listened to the contents of the "Immortal Book" dropped tears one after another. They felt like they had heard the immortal truth and saw the true light.

The moment Zhang Tie's preach ended, numerous people had swarmed forward. Zhang Tie then dipped the water in the vats using his fingers and flicked it over those people with a faint smile, which also indicated that he was bidding a farewell to the one-month period as a damn father...

Over one night, Zhang Tie's deeds and words in the relics had been spread to everyone.

Under the gaze of everyone, he let pure water flow out of the sacred kettle...

He even healed many slightly and heavily wounded people by just putting his hand on the chest of the patient or wounded people. Each one who was cured by Zhang Tie on the battle field could witness that...

His blessing was also priceless. Under the baptism and blessing of Peter, Roslav and Waajid even completed their LV 2 sublimation...

And that sacred totem, like the new-born sun, the bloody and fiery curtain which could brighten the dark...

He even spread the immortal light and truth to everyone...

Finally, he led tens of thousands of people out of the dilemma and granted everybody with a new life...

When others spread his meritorious deeds, over one night, Zhang Tie also became completely relaxed like having relieved his heavy burden.

The three-days travel felt like a triumphant return.

Zhang Tie finally led everybody out of there.

Under the starlight all over the sky, Zhang Tie faced a borderless, silent jungle of square formations composed of blades and spears which stood as firm as stones. The gloomy armors reflected the pale blue moonlight.

Some seniors with white beards were standing in front of the formations. The one in the middle of them was especially eye-catching as he was wearing a snowwhite sacrificial robe while the faint light over him was slighting expanding and shrinking. Standing there, he felt like breathing the starlight over the sky.

With a sound "boom", the whole earth quaked while the borderless steel and iron jungle knelt down with one knee before roaring.

"My Lord is returning!"

...

"My Lord is returning!"

...

"My Lord is returning!"

...

Chapter 477: Doubts!

Zhang Tie and some white-beard seniors stared at each other for about 2 minutes in the spacious main tent. None of them spoke a word.

At this moment, Zhang Tie felt being an eccentric item as those seniors eyes made Zhang Tie feel being naked like how mercury penetrated in the marrow.

A couple of minutes ago, Zhang Tie's heart pounded heavily as he was shocked by what he saw. However, he had already recovered his composure now. Additionally, after leading his men out of there, Zhang Tie felt having completed his mission. He didn't need to disguise as the God anymore. He could be himself once again. Therefore, he was relaxed all over.

After over 1 month, 5 more leakless fruits had become ripe on the small tree. Zhang Tie could advance to LV 8 at any time. Plus the 9 huge wolf seven-strength fruits which had not been eaten, Zhang Tie felt that his target in Ice and Snow Wilderness had almost been reached. At this moment, he thought he could directly change his look and leave.

Thinking of this, Zhang Tie recovered his composure. In the past three days, he realized that the prophecy of the pontiff Elzida of Ice and Snow Wilderness indeed existed. Many people knew about it. According to the prophecy of Elzida, a great Lord would appear, who would rule all the tribes across Ice and Snow Wilderness and establish a country. After that, he would lead all the Slavs towards a great

rejuvenation. Although the prophecy was true, Zhang Tie would never believe that he was that Lord in the Prophecy which had been spread for hundreds of years.

This was too ridiculous, just like someone suddenly foisted a lottery in his hand on the street and could not wait to tell him that he hit 5 million gold coins. That must be a plot.

Staring at these seniors, Zhang Tie slowly sorted out his thoughts. "These seniors must have realized my value after knowing that I manifested the God's will in the underground space. Therefore they want to push me to the throne of the king of their own tribe. After that, they could threaten me to rule the other tribes and make me their puppet."

This was also feasible for Zhang Tie. "Like doing a business, as long as it was advantageous to both sides, and these seniors could afford me, I don't mind being a puppet."

Zhang Tie admitted that the huge bear tribe was very rich. His ambition was also stimulated by those strong warriors. Zhang Tie realized that he could use the relationship between him and the most powerful tribe here.

Zhang Tie thought that he had found the truth; therefore, he slowly revealed a sneer. Arms crossed, Zhang Tie directly leaned against the back of the chair. Meanwhile he put his feet on the table arrogantly.

Zhang Tie imagined that if he had a cigar in his hand while O'Laura and Sabrina were standing behind him in a hot low-chest butt-tightening skirt, and one of them was peeling off a grape for him while another one was pinching his shoulders. That would be perfect! At least he would not be beaten by these seniors on Qi field. Pitifully, besides him and these seniors, nobody else was involved.

These old guys were damn fathers. Therefore, it wouldn't work by disguising as a damn father anymore. Neither would Zhang Tie like to disguise anymore.

"Honestly, what do you want me to do? What is your condition? As we're all smart, don't waste time any more. As I've been moved by that scene for a couple of seconds, I can coordinate with you to put on a play. It's okay even to be your puppet as long as you can afford my demands. Additionally, there's one point that I have to tell you—I have my principle; if you want to cooperate with me, don't expect me to do those evil things together with you!"

Except for senior Sarlin, the eyebrows of the other two seniors on Sarlin's sides jumped as they turned around and stared at Sarlin.

Zhang Tie's ruthlessness didn't let senior Sarlin frown, instead, he revealed a wisp of satisfactory smile.

"We want you to be the clan elder and leader of the huge bear tribe, and we cannot give you any conditions!" senior Sarlin said with a slight smile.

Hearing this, Zhang Tie was enraged. He instantly sat up straight and patted on the table, causing a "bang!" in the tent. He glared at these seniors, "No way. You want me to follow your order without payment. What a nice plan!"

"Not because we cannot satisfy your demands. As all of our things belong to the huge bear tribe. After becoming the clan elder and leader of the huge bear tribe, you will have the entire tribe. You have the

right to dispose anything, including all the materials and warriors. We cannot trade with you using your belongings!"

Zhang Tie was dumbfounded as he had never imagined that pontiff Sarlin would answer him in this way.

"You mean the entire tribe belongs to me?"

"Yes!"

"I can casually dispose the properties of the tribe, even use up all the savings of the tribe?"

"Yes, as long as you will, you can dispose all the wealth of the tribe. If you're happy, you can even throw all the gold coins of the tribe into the ocean!" Pontiff Sarlin replied as calmly as before.

"Can all the warriors of the tribe follow my order?"

"Yes, it's their mission and honor to implement your will!"

"Even let them die?"

"If you want them to die, death would be the paramount honor for them. Each warrior in Ice and Snow Wilderness would like to die for their Lord!"

Zhang Tie revealed a sneer, "Fine, I agree to be your clan elder. I deliver an order right now. All the warriors prepare well for attacking the Eschyle City!"

After a deep glance at Zhang Tie, Pontiff Sarlin directly turned around and told another elder on his side calmly, "Toles, go summon all the military officials!"

After taking a deep breath, the elder stood up at once. Without saying anything, he strode outside the tent.

"As the only city in Ice and Snow Wilderness founded by the iron bear tribe. This city represents the iron bear tribe. We, the huge bear tribe has sophisticated relations with all the other bear tribes in Ice and Snow Wilderness. If the huge bear tribe wants to fight another bear tribe, nobody could deliver such an order, except you. Therefore, we will summon all the military officials outside. You will deliver the order to them by yourself!" Pontiff Sarlin explained it to Zhang Tie calmly.

Hearing this explanation, Zhang Tie put back his feet from the table. He sat straight and stared at pontiff Sarlin's face with narrowed eyes, wanting to see whether this old guy is telling a lie or not.

Pontiff Sarlin also stared at Zhang Tie calmly. They just stared at each other silently like the tranquil night scene.

"He's a liar, this old guy must be lying to me." Zhang Tie muttered inside, "He thinks that I will stop Toles if he said this. After that, I will believe in their next lies. Humph, humph, no way. I will see how the play goes on."

Zhang Tie thought those old guys were cheating him with a lot of reasons. Being slightly unexpected, Pontiff Sarlin directly order Toles to summon those military officials outside. Although such a trick could frighten average people, it didn't work in front of Zhang Tie.

Toles directly strode out of the main tent without any hesitation. Even when he reached at the entrance of the tent, he didn't glance at Peter at all.

Only after over 10 seconds, the fevered drums sounded outside the tent.

"All the military officials will arrive soon. Please take the main seat, clan elder!" Pontiff Sarlin stood up as he made a gesture to invite Zhang Tie. The main seat was about 1 m in width while the main table was covered with a snowwhite hide of an unknown beast, making it pretty gorgeous.

After peeping at Pontiff Sarlin, Zhang Tie looked solemn as he raised his head and strode towards the main seat. He then threw himself on the main seat.

Beside the main seat, there were three smaller chairs. Pontiff Sarlin and another old guy walked over there and sat down, Pontiff Sarlin's seat was closest to Zhang Tie while another old guy's seat was farthest to Zhang Tie, leaving the middle one empty.

After a short while, Toles walked in silently and sat straight on the middle chair beside Zhang Tie.

Seeing the solemn looks of the three old guys, Zhang Tie became slightly hesitated as a whim flashed across his mind. "Do they mean it? How come such a good thing fall on me? That's impossible! But if the old guys lied to me, it's unnecessary for them to do this. That would be a great loss. Liars would never do that."

When Zhang Tie doubted about that, all the military officials of huge bear tribe entered in armors while raising their heads, weapons over their waists...

#### Chapter 478: The Key Box

The huge bear tribe dispatched 100,000 people southwards. All of them were elite xiphodon cavalries. This population was equal to that of an elite corps. Zhang Tie knew that most of the tribes and forces in Ice and Snow Wilderness could not resist such a great power except for the bear tribes.

Over 20 military officials were qualified to enter the main tent, which included Aukin whom Zhang Tie picked up in the relics two days ago.

Aukin was a battalion commander, who ruled an armed force which guarded the sacred place of the huge bear tribe on Mount Elzida. The name of the armed force was "bear-killing camp". All the fighters of bear-killing camp were above LV 6. Across the Ice and Snow Wilderness, no tribe was able to establish a bear-killing camp of ten thousands of people except for the huge bear tribe.

The bear-killing camp was the main force that huge bear tribe dispatched to welcome Zhang Tie back in the deep underground space. They also witnessed the last manifestation of God's will in the underground. Although coming from bear-killing camp and were both LV 10 strong fighters, Roslav and Waajid were just Qi leaders. Therefore, they were not qualified to attend such a high-level conference.

The military establishments of the tribes in Ice and Snow Wilderness were different than that Zhang Tie had touched. The minimal military unit in the tribes was wu(伍), who led 4 soldiers; 2 wus formed 1 shi(什); 5 shis formed a team; 2 teams included 100 soldiers, the head of which was centurion; 500 soldiers

formed 1 qi(旗); 2 qis included 1000 soldiers, the head of which was chiliarch; 3000 soldiers formed a feng(锋); 10000 soldiers formed a battalion; 3 battalions formed a regiment; 10,0000 soldiers formed an army.

Briefly, the military ranks in the troops of the tribes in Ice and Snow Wilderness were as follows: wu leader, shi leader, team leader, centurion; qi leader, chiliarch, feng leader, battalion commander, regimental commander and army commander. There was no army group of hundreds of thousands of soldiers in Ice and Snow Wilderness at all. Only the clan elder of the tribe was qualified to manage so many soldiers, if possible.

Such military establishments were closely related to the ranks of the tribes in Ice and Snow Wilderness. Tribes were divided into rat tribe, eagle tribe, wolf tribe, leopard tribe, fox tribe and bear tribe. For example, a grey eagle tribe only had about 1000 regular soldiers. The rank of the head of a grey eagle tribe was equivalent to feng leader in Ice and Snow Wilderness, which was only a bit higher than chiliarch. O’Laura was a chiliarch in Ice and Snow Wilderness on the premise that she could completely take over the power of grey eagle tribe.

Ice and Snow Wilderness was also strictly hierarchical. Although being not as abnormal as Norman Empire, hierarchical barriers could also be seen everywhere here.

Take this moment as an example. The first batch of people who were qualified to enter the main tent were battalion commanders, whose personal power was at least fighting master or great fighting master. The moment they poured in, their powerful Qi field made Zhang Tie stressed, especially those leaders ahead of them. Although their Qi were not as powerful as that of knights that Zhang Tie had met but they could also cause a strong stress. If not being much more powerful than common LV 7 fighters and his great spiritual energy, Zhang Tie could not even sit firmly under the gaze and stress of so many people.

Sitting straight on the broad hide chair, Zhang Tie put his hands on his knees while glancing at those leaders one after another.

Previously, these leaders were told that Zhang Tie had some considerations about returning to the huge bear tribe and needed to negotiate with two elders and pontiff Sarlin. However, after entering the main tent, these leaders found that Zhang Tie had already sat on the main seat of the ruler of the tribe. Therefore, they all thought that Zhang Tie already admitted his new status as they all revealed an ecstatic and exciting expression.

After entering the tent, all the leaders showed their respect to Zhang Tie by raising their right hands and punching on their left chest armors.

"Clan elder!" over 20 people shouted in gruff voice in unison. This voice not only resonated in the tent, but also drifted outside of the tent. After that, Zhang Tie heard constant yells from soldiers outside the tent. Remarkably, after hearing "clan elder!", those soldiers outside the tent knew Zhang Tie’s stance; therefore, they started to cheer up.

Hearing the exciting and pleasant expressions on the faces of these leaders and the words "clan elder!", which arose louder yells, Zhang Tie knew that it could never be an illusion or trap made by Pontiff Sarlin; instead, it indicated that these leaders and soldiers accepted this prophecy, namely Zhang Tie himself.

"In this case, if someone would still use me to order the other lords, they would have trouble for sure."

"Clan elder has military order to deliver!" Toles stood up and said with no facial expression.

Soon after Toles' words, all the 20-odd military officials changed their faces. Chest raising, they all stared at Zhang Tie with gleaming eyes.

Zhang Tie glanced at Pontiff Sarlin, who still looked calm.

At this moment, numerous thoughts flashed across Zhang Tie's mind. Finally, all the thoughts converged into an icy and calm decision,

"Set out for Eschyle City tomorrow!"

Zhang Tie stared at those military officials in front of him. After hearing this order, some of them were surprised, some were confused while some were so excited that they even quivered all over with gleaming eyes. Zhang Tie knew that his decision was a bit ludicrous; therefore, he could understand why some were surprised or confused; however, he could not understand why some were excited.

Zhang Tie thought that some military officials would definitely inquire about the reason; at least, Pontiff Sarlin should inquire about it. However, nobody asked. After showing their respect to Zhang Tie by punching their chests once again, all the military officials of the huge bear tribe left the main tent.

Zhang Tie and three elders were left alone in the main tent. After delivering that order casually, Zhang Tie noticed that the other two elders looked stiff.

After half a minute, Zhang Tie heard a distant and rich mort outside the tent. In only a couple of seconds, the yells of soldiers ceased.

"That's the sleep mort. As we're going to fight tomorrow, our soldiers have to sleep and rest as soon as possible so that they could keep their energy for the battle!" Pontiff Sarlin explained.

"What if I was kidding?" Zhang Tie smiled which almost caused a heart attack to good-hearted people.

"I've told you that the entire huge bear tribe belongs to you. You have the right to make fun!"

Zhang Tie burst out into laughter's, "If you have some trump card, just show it; you will have time to regret. The longer you wait, the higher the cost of regret would be!"

"I indeed have one item for you. Gouras, take out the item left by great Pontiff Elzida!"

...

Two minutes later, an aged odd-looking, heavy bronze metal box was placed in front of Zhang Tie. The elder called Gouras put it onto the table in front of Zhang Tie.

Zhang Tie found it was a strange key box. Seven metal gears were put at the opening of the box. Each metal gear was respectively marked with traditional Chinese characters "零, 壹, 貳, 叁, 肆, 伍, 陆, 柒, 捌, 玖", which means "0,1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9".

The three gears on the most left side represented the very year of black iron calendar. The two gears in the middle indicated the very month while the rest two gears meant the very day.

"What's this?"

"Great Pontiff Elzida left that prophecy together with this box. He expressed to leave this box to the one in the prophecy. Only the very person could open this box. The code of this box is that person's birthday of black iron calendar."

"You mean your great Pontiff Elzida left this box to me?" Zhang Tie asked with an unbelievable look. Zhang Tie's feeling was like how those crazy followers witnessed his manifestation of God's will.

"Right. This key box is specially designed. It only allowed us to try three times. If you mistook the codes for three times, the device inside the metal box would destroy this box together with the item inside. Because of this reason, none of pontiffs in the history of the huge bear tribe dared to open this box. In fact, nobody touched this box at all!" Pontiff Sarlin explained in a solemn manner.

"What's inside?"

"No one knows!"

After hearing this answer, Zhang Tie doubted, "Are these three elders finding excuse for themselves. If I mistook the code for three times, they would have an excuse to declare that I'm not that very person in the prophecy. After that, they could kick me away. Otherwise, this box should be opened by any code. However, something dangerous could be hidden inside..."

"What a naive trick..."

With a smile, Zhang Tie pulled over the box and casually rotated the seven gears. He input a date which was different from his birthday before pressing down the metal handle of the box. Although with a click, the box didn't move. However, the seven gears started to rotate rapidly and finally returned to "0".

Zhang Tie input another wrong date on purpose. With another click, the box still didn't move while the seven gears returned to "0" again.

At this moment, Zhang Tie found Pontiff Sarlin changed his face while Gouras and Toles became tense.

Zhang Tie shrugged with a shameless smile, "Hehe, don't worry, I input the wrong dates on purpose. I just wanted to see whether this box could be opened by wrong dates. The fact is you are not lying to me!"

After hearing this faint statement, Gouras and Toles instantly glared at Zhang Tie.

Almost in a split second, Zhang Tie felt being pressed by two mountains. He was almost forced to kneel down.

"Knights, f\*ck" Zhang Tie swore inside. Although the two old guys' Qi field and stress was not as frightening as that of the elder of Huaiyuan Palace, they were undoubtedly very overwhelming.

Zhang Tie had not imagined that the two old guys were knights. He gritted his teeth while sweat flew off his forehead...

"One more time, the correct one is enough!!" Pontiff Sarlin's voice sounded while the two huge mountains instantly disappeared.



After forcefully swallowing his saliva, Zhang Tie mopped the sweat on his forehead. Even though he could not read people's heart, from the expression in the eyes of Gouras and Toles, Zhang Tie had already known what they were thinking about—how come such a r\*scal and b\*stard manifested the God's will underground? How come he is the Lord of huge bear tribe?

Under the glare of Gouras and Toles, Zhang Tie adjusted the gears for the third time. This time, he input his own birthday—8730326, namely March 26th, 873th year of Black Iron Calendar.

After inputting this date, Zhang Tie gritted his teeth as he pressed down the metal handle...

This time, the seven metal gears didn't rotate any more.

After rustles and slightly jarring frictions between the machine and metal, the metal key box slightly opened like a blossom...

The furious expression in the eyes of Gouras and Toles finally disappeared; instead, they watched the metal box opening one layer after another like blossoming in complicated looks. After bowing towards Zhang Tie, Gouras, Toles and Pontiff Sarlin left the main tent before the box fully opened.

As the item in the box was left to the very person by Pontiff Elzida, according to the will of the great prophet, only the one who opened it could see it.

The moment Zhang Tie caught sight of that item in the box, he was stunned...

Chapter 479: A Letter from Great Prophet

The three elders of huge bear tribe waited outside the tent...

At this moment, the camp of 100,000 soldiers was like a sleeping monster. However, it was still boisterous in the relics canyon which was a bit farther away. The huge bonfire rose high and reflected the sky, while tens of thousands of people were singing and dancing around the bonfires to celebrate their rebirth.

Seven huge stone vats were standing in the middle of those people. At this moment, the vats had become their sacred objects with numerous people praying around them. More and more people were crowding around the vats. They wanted to touch the sacred objects that had witnessed God's will.

Another group of people were sitting on the edge of the camp of the huge bear tribe. They didn't go to sleep after hearing the sleep mort, unlike the soldiers of huge bear tribe. Neither did they celebrate like the people in the relics canyon. They were just sitting outside of the cordon of the camp silently, watching the main tent from over there.

They had followed Peter here when Peter was welcomed by the soldiers of huge bear tribe. Nobody had asked them to come. After being stopped by the soldiers of huge bear tribe, they just sat silently like sculptures outside the camp, with legs crossed and eyes fixed in the direction where Peter had disappeared.

The group of people included soldiers from other tribes, pioneers and other various people. They would never have gathered together in the past. However, they converged now like water. Although it was silent, a great, invisible power was gradually surging.

The three elders slowly moved their eyes from the relics canyon to this group of people. They gazed at those people for a long time.

"I feel a great power, which is even more powerful and stable than that of dare-to-die corps!" Toles sighed, "If something happened to the person in the tent, these people would launch an attack towards the camp immediately. Even though they cannot defeat the 100,000 elite soldiers of our tribe, they would still attack us at any cost. None of them would retreat until the last one's blood had ran dry. If we had to clean up such a group of people, even though we outnumber them and our individual troops' fighting strength is higher than that of theirs, we would have to pay at least the same price as them!"

"This is the power of belief. That person is God in their eyes!" Pontiff Sarlin said.

"Honestly, numerous people have already witnessed that man's manifestation of the God's will. I still find it hard to believe that he turned a common tin kettle into an inexhaustible sweet spring!" Elder Gouras shook his head, "If it were true, I should have taken a look down there myself!"

"Are you sure that you won't act like those people after seeing it?" Elder Toles pointed at the batch of people who were still waiting there silently.

"I don't know. Perhaps I will see through the trick. Perhaps, I might also be trapped. In this world, even the most mysterious alchemy follows its own natural rules which can never be overridden. Even 3-in-1 strength, the most powerful legendary strength, comes from the accumulation, improvement and enlightenment of knights after long-term cultivation. But this completely violates natural rules. Unbelievable!" Elder Gouras said in a solemn manner.

"With rules we can achieve great power, but we should also show awe and humility towards unknowns. We should know that we're trivial!" Pontiff Sarlin said while his eyes were as profound as the stars all over the sky. "Since ancient times, nothing could be more eternal and greater than these stars. I have a premonition that what we see today might have an unimaginable influence in the future. Perhaps, in future, when people talk about what happened today, the trivial person in our eyes now will seem brilliant. However, we will be his humble subordinates..."

After hearing Elder Sarlin's words, Gouras and Toles drew in a cold breath at the same time. Gouras and Toles both knew what this premonition from Elder Sarlin indicated, as he could understand the rules of time and space. As if they seemingly understood something, they then threw their eyes once again towards those who were celebrating around the bonfires in the relics canyon with their hands touching the vats, and that group of people who were sitting silently outside the military camp.

After thinking for a short while, Elder Toles asked Sarlin, "Are we really attacking Eschyle City tomorrow? If we fight the iron bear tribe, the entire Ice and Snow Wilderness will topple over. Additionally, a big problem would arise. Although our tribe is powerful, we're not able to unify the entire Ice and Snow Wilderness using force."

"Are we smarter than our great prophet Pontiff?" Elder Sarlin asked.

Gouras and Toles both shook their heads.

"Can we see farther than our great prophet?" Sarlin continued.

Gouras and Toles shook their heads once again.

"Do you think that our great prophet betrayed Slavs?"

Gouras and Toles shook their heads forcefully. They would never doubt the great prophet's affection and responsibility towards Slavs. If not for the great prophet Elzida, all the Slavs would have been reduced to dust and demon's food in history.

"If so, let's believe in and follow the decision of our great prophet, who's more intelligent and more concerned about the fate of the Slavs!" Elder Sarlin set the tone, "If that person from the prophecy of our great prophet does what is within our expectations, he would be nothing different than us. If so, how do you expect him to do what we cannot do?"

"Pontiff Sarlin, before he opened the box were you also unsure about whether he was the right person?" Gouras asked.

"As the maze being interwoven with time and space is too mysterious, what I see and confirm are not always definitely true. For the lives and futures of the 100,000 soldiers of huge bear tribe, I have to stay modest and sensible. But at this time, I feel we have no reason to doubt at all."

"What on earth is in the box?" Elder Toles finally asked.

"Honestly, I don't know. The great prophet didn't want us to see it, so how could anyone know?" Pontiff Sarlin said in a sad mood.

...

When the three elders were pondering about the item in the box, Zhang Tie became stunned about the item inside the box.

Inside the box was no top secret item, no magic weapon, not even some valuable jewelry. It was only a piece of paper. That's right, it was a tidy piece of parchment on a black piece of flannelette with words on it. It seemed to be a letter.

After gazing at it for a short while, Zhang Tie picked up that piece of parchment, spread it and started to read the words on it. Although the piece of parchment had changed in color, its words were still very clear.

After glancing at just the first line of words, Zhang Tie almost sprung up. It was written tidily in Chinese. But what made Zhang Tie amazed was not that the great prophet could write beautiful Chinese characters, but the contents of that first line.

—Hello, Zhang Tie. Perhaps, I should call you Peter Hamplester. I'm Elzida.

After reading the first line, it was like Zhang Tie had been struck by a lightning bolt. In a split second, he felt goosebumps all over him as his face changed.

The key box might be a very delicate trick. However, this letter was definitely not a trick. Because even Zhang Tie's parents and his friends in Hidden Dragon Island didn't know about his whereabouts, not to mention that he had changed his appearance. Therefore, this letter was real. It had really been written by Elzida, the great prophet.

After being confused for about two minutes, Zhang Tie recovered his composure. He then continued to read the letter, full of awe.

—Don't be amazed about how I know you. When you are able to see through time and space, you will also know what will happen in the future, like me.

—Don't admire me as my road is very difficult and lonely, which doesn't fit you. When you read this letter humans won't need spectators, like me, who can see through time and space. What they'll need are brave warriors, who can embark on a blood-filled pathway with sabers and swords for the survival of the human race!

#### Chapter 480: The Contents of the Letter

"The third holy war between humans and demons will be far more miserable than that of the former two holy wars. I know you must want to know about the result of the third holy war and whether humans win the war or not. I can only tell you that, in the long course of history, I've seen too many variations of the future. None of them is fixed. The power of the demons and humans involved in this holy war has gone beyond that which I could predict."

"To a certain degree, I'm a spectator on the riverside of history. In other words, I'm just an ant on a huge tree. Compared to the ants walking on the ground, I can see farther than them, because I'm in a three-dimensional world and they are in a two-dimensional world!"

"However some humans and demons are like birds that can fly into the air from the top of a tree. Just as ants on the ground cannot imagine the world in the eyes of an ant on the tree, the ant on the tree also cannot imagine the world in the eyes of the birds. Neither can they predict where the birds are headed for, because birds are in an even more complex world of time and space!"

"You're that bird. Perhaps you can grow into an eagle. When you read this letter, you'll still be climbing on the ground, not having any concept of the sky. However, you will finally grow into a bird. Because you have a great power that is much more powerful than that of many other birds, even if you are on the ground, I still cannot clearly see your road ahead."

"Don't worry, I could not see too many of your secrets. I could only identify your two faces and your names in different situations, as your secrets are covered by a great power. There are so many unknowns and awesome things in the universe. Sometimes we have to admit that we're small and ignorant. It's your great power that reminds me of my own smallness and ignorance."

"Therefore, compared to your curiosity, I care more about the fate of the Slavs in Ice and Snow Wilderness. Because I'm also a part of the Slavs, all of my friends and relatives and those who love me are continuing their bloodlines and finding other ways to live."

"If I were a commoner and could only be responsible for my own fate, I would choose to accept everything as arranged by fate. However, when I climb up the tree and see the fate of those Slavs on the ground, I start to feel a heavy burden on me. I want to do something for these people who share the same bloodline as me. When I see a flood in front of their path, I want to lead them to a relatively safer place!"

"Of course, this is not enough. When the third holy war arrives, no place is going to be safe in this world. Not even in remote places, where it's far away from the Eastern Continent. Therefore, I left my prophecy to them and let them wait for your arrival in the most pious manner!"

"Please forgive me for my selfishness as an old Slav. I'm sorry for signing this contract with you without your consent. However, I have to do this. Because in the future that I see all the hundreds of millions of Slavs wail and die, which makes me sleepless, sorrowful and despaired. Only a great power, which I cannot touch and see, could prevent this from happening. Only by being influenced and covered by that power can the destinies of all the Slavs in the entire Ice and Snow Wilderness be changed!"

"You have that power!"

"I know that you will come to Ice and Snow Wilderness sooner or later."

"Therefore, I leave the prophecy and choose an unknown road for all the Slavs. Compared to the cruelty that I could see, an unknown road is my best reward and the last hope for Slavs to survive on!"

"When you read this letter, the Slavs in Ice and Snow Wilderness will have already split up into different tribes. After hundreds of years, although the Slavs in Ice and Snow Wilderness still respect me, more and more Slavs will have started to put their own demands and interests in front of my prophecy. Whereas, no matter what, the warriors of huge bear tribe and the priests in the hieron will follow my orders and carry forward my spirit until you arrive."

"The entire Ice and Snow Wilderness is my gift to you. Since you've opened that box, all the warriors of huge bear tribe and all the priests in the hieron will firmly believe in you, follow you, advocate for you and be loyal to you. They will be your greatest assistance and help you ascend to the throne, even the altar!"

"Promise me that you won't abandon the Slavs who will be loyal to you forever from today. Do not leave huge bear tribe. Please keep them hopeful. I beg this of you. If you have to leave Ice and Snow Wilderness one day, please keep more Slavs alive and sustain this human race. I know you have the ability to create such a wonder, as I've seen it!"

"Your promise would comfort me most!"

"—July 21, 617th year of Black Iron Calendar"

After reading this letter, Zhang Tie blanked out on the chair. He was completely confused by this letter. Although Zhang Tie knew that the great power mentioned in the letter was Castle of Black Iron and that small tree, he really didn't know what else in him could awe Elzida.

'Elzida actually choose Castle of Black Iron, not me. If not for Castle of Black Iron, I know that I would still be a teenager struggling for food and survival in Blackhot City, or a trivial person in the Zhang Clan of Huaiyuan Palace. If not for Castle of Black Iron, I wouldn't be qualified to have Elzida's trust at all.'

Zhang Tie knew the reason clearly, although it hurt his self-esteem.

Gradually, Zhang Tie felt his hands getting slightly hot. He found the letter was burning itself. Therefore, Zhang Tie hurriedly threw it onto the ground. The piece of parchment then gradually became ashes.

It seemed that Elzida had already treated the paper with some special method. The moment it was exposed to the air or was touched for a few minutes, it would burn itself. Therefore, besides Zhang Tie, nobody would know of the contents in the letter any more.

'I've suddenly become the ruler of a tribe.' Zhang Tie still felt like he was in a dream.

The smallest population of a bear tribe in Ice and Snow Wilderness was above ten million. As the most powerful bear tribe, huge bear tribe had more than ten million people for sure.

'Am I able to take responsibility for the fate of more than ten million people?'

When this question appeared in Zhang Tie's mind, Zhang Tie instantly felt great stress, and even great fear. However, Zhang Tie slowly recovered his composure.

'Now that I know the worst case scenario is the elimination of all the Slavs, no matter how I try it can't be worse than that. Therefore, I don't have to worry about that.'

Zhang Tie felt more relaxed now. He became spirited and intelligent once again...

But at that moment, Zhang Tie was yet to understand that being relaxed was the most difficult state to be in for him. Once he became relaxed, it meant that he'd become confident about being the ruler of huge bear tribe, and he started to loosen the reins on his rich imagination.

After eliminating his doubt, Zhang Tie started to imagine the various benefits of having a huge tribe in Ice and Snow Wilderness. His eyes gleamed.

Zhang Tie then called in the three elders.

The moment they entered, they caught sight of the ashes on the ground and felt Zhang Tie's calmness as he sat on the main seat of the clan elders.

"Elzida left a letter to me in the box. He explained that prophecy to me. After I read it, it burned itself!" Zhang Tie smiled after seeing them glancing at the ashes.

'The great prophet Elzida left a letter to this man and explained the prophecy to him?' The three elders became slightly stunned. After that, they became relieved as they let out a sigh.

"How many supplies has huge bear tribe brought here?" Zhang Tie asked Toles.

"The supplies are enough for a three month fight outside!" Toles didn't know why Zhang Tie had asked that. He just answered it honestly.

"I have some followers outside. Distribute one month's worth of supplies to them and tell them I've already become the clan elder of huge bear tribe. If they want to follow me, they can join huge bear tribe. Make each of them carry at least one two-hundred kilogram bloody-grain granite piece to huge bear tribe from the grey valley and wait for me outside!"

