

Dawn of a New Era #Chapter 121: Bloody Wind - Read Dawn of a New Era Chapter 121: Bloody Wind

Chapter 121: Chapter 121: Bloody Wind

The powerful physique of 14.6 gave him extraordinary eyesight, and his retinas were more sensitive to light, so as long as there was the slightest glimmer, day and night were almost indistinguishable to him.

The other two he didn't recognize, but that square-faced man, he had seen before.

Seeing this person, he still felt a bit shocked and incredulous.

This was a high-profile big shot, a prominent figure in Hedong City and even Jiangnan Province.

Yet unexpectedly, even he was a member of the Pantheon.

But at this moment, Chen Shouyi felt no sense of admiration.

"Kill me?"

"Then let's see if you have the strength to do so!"

He exerted great control over his murderous intent, now was not the time to act; facing three clearly Martial Artist Level strongmen, he had no confidence at all. Moreover, the bald captain might be even stronger.

No rush at this moment!

The Pantheon members did not linger long, they slightly cleaned up the traces and each picked up a piece of the corpse, walked into the dark construction site, soon a black business car sped out.

In a flash, it disappeared into the distance.

More than an hour later, feeling that quite some time had passed and the opponent shouldn't return, Chen Shouyi finally emerged from the darkness, glancing at the abandoned taxi nearby.

Only then did he notice that this car didn't have a license plate.

A chill crossed his mind:

"My social experience is still far too lacking, I haven't seen much of the sinister nature of humanity, fooled out by a phone call like an idiot."

"But it's alright! Everything will pay the price for it."

Next, Chen Shouyi took out his wallet and keys from his pocket, tore his blood-stained clothes to pieces, threw them on the car hood, removed his shoes, and then cleaved open the fuel tank with a sword. The sword cut through the metal, sparking a dazzling burst, and the gasoline ignited with a 'boom', flames soared three or four meters high.

Chen Shouyi stepped back, quickly turning to leave.

Passing through a village on the way, he quietly took a set of clothes similar to his size and left a thousand yuan as compensation.

...

It was already two in the morning, vehicles were sparse on the suburban road, and there wasn't a single taxi in sight. Probably because he was holding a sword, several cabs accelerated past without stopping despite his attempts to flag them down.

During this time, he even took several wrong turns.

When Chen Shouyi finally sat in a taxi and arrived at the neighborhood, it was already seven the next morning.

Before entering the neighborhood, he scanned the nearby surveillance and, sure enough, they had all been destroyed.

One learns from experience; before, he wouldn't have paid attention to such details at all.

"Senior, are you back from exercise?"

As Chen Shouyi walked into the residence building, Song Tingting came out of the elevator. She wore a school uniform and carried a backpack, obviously headed to class, her slightly chubby face carried a hint of shyness, with a gentle and lovely demeanor.

"Hmm, morning." Chen Shouyi nodded expressionlessly, not feeling like talking.

"Senior, were the grapes tasty yesterday?" Song Tingting asked softly, looking up shyly.

"Hmm, they were quite tasty!" Chen Shouyi replied politely.

"Oh, then I won't bother you. Goodbye, senior, I'm off to class." Song Tingting said, turning to leave the residential building, her steps turned into a slight bounce like a joyous lark among the branches.

...

As Chen Shouyi opened the door and entered the bedroom, he had imagined countless scenarios.

For instance, the Shell Lady might have fallen asleep on her own, or perhaps staying up sleepless with worry about not finding him. Or maybe...

But out of all his guesses, he never imagined this situation.

When he took out the key and opened the bedroom door.

To his surprise, she was still watching cartoons, not even sitting on the bed but on the computer desk, her eyes fixed on the screen without blinking, not even noticing his presence.

Just at this moment, an episode of the cartoon was nearing its end.

Chen Shouyi's expression was gloomy, silently standing behind her, wanting to see how she had managed to watch all night.

A few seconds later, when the cartoon finally ended, the Shell Lady quickly stood up, and her tiny body grabbed the large mouse beside her, eyes still fixed on the screen while her legs kicked busily.

The mouse cursor on the screen darted up and down, left and right, taking quite a while to align with the next episode.

Then, her small hands furiously hit the mouse button.

Quite capable indeed!

Learned quickly, could already click to watch cartoons by herself.

Seeing this, Chen Shouyi's anger boiled up, just as the Shell Lady was about to sit down, he scooped her up.

The Shell Lady screamed in fright, struggling desperately, her body flailing like a salted eel, but soon recognized it was Chen Shouyi, and her courage immediately returned.

"Giant, let me go." She said angrily.

"Tell me how long you've been watching, go to bed immediately!"

The Shell Lady seemed to know she was in the wrong, stopped struggling, huffed and turned her head away: "You are a bad giant, fine, sleep it is."

After feeding her honey, Chen Shouyi put her in the briefcase and zipped it up.

Then, he sat at the computer desk, dazed for a while, suddenly picking up the phone and quickly dialing a number.

"Hello, is this Liaison Bai?"

"You're looking for Xiao Ling, I'll call her right away!" The person answering seemed to be her mom.

Half a minute later, the phone had already switched to Bai Xiaoling.

"Hello, Advisor Chen, sorry for just brushing my teeth, are you looking for me to use the car?"

Chen Shouyi paused, speaking: "No, just wanted to remind you, I'm heading out today, you don't need to follow me."

...

After hanging up the phone, Chen Shouyi pondered, initially considering reporting the big shot, but after thinking it over, decided against it.

He simply had no evidence, might even be counterattacked.

In fact, if he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, Chen Shouyi wouldn't believe that such a high-ranking Martial Artist would collude with the Pantheon!

But this was also good, at least he wouldn't alert them. If they escaped, the consequences would be endless; he had family, not alone, he didn't want an enemy like a venomous snake constantly haunting him.

Only dead enemies are the best enemies.

As for Lu Weifeng...

A chill once again brushed his thoughts.

Chen Shouyi stood up, started packing, here was no longer safe to stay for the short term.

Perhaps when he walked into the residential area, he had already been exposed.

Yet, with the Shell Lady still at home, he had no choice but to risk returning.

...

He walked out of the neighborhood, taking winding detours through alleys; when people were around, he walked normally, but when alone, he traversed roofs and walls, easily leaping over common two- or three-story buildings. With his strength far exceeding an ordinary Martial Artist, the Martial Artist Level power, it was impossible to track him.

Half an hour later, Chen Shouyi entered a hotel.

Chapter 122: Chapter 122: Blood Rain

Third Category Affairs Bureau.

Lu Weifeng sat on the chair in the corridor, anxiously pacing back and forth, smoking cigarette after cigarette, his eyes bloodshot.

Since receiving the message at dawn, he hadn't been able to sleep at all.

Regret, worry, fear—numerous negative emotions alternated in his mind. Within just a few hours, his face had become much more haggard.

Lu Weifeng had been a peripheral member of the Pantheon for less than a month.

He had always had a wide circle of friends, was eloquent, and got along well with everyone. After becoming a Martial Artist, he became a regular at the Martial Artist Club.

There, he befriended quite a few Martial Artists and met several influential figures.

Especially one such influential figure who seemed to regard him highly, with a particularly kind attitude.

In a private meeting, this person invited him to join a Martial Artist mutual aid organization, hinting at the enormous benefits it offered.

The person's high rank and trustworthiness made the organization appear harmless, so Lu Weifeng naturally didn't refuse. Since joining, he had become increasingly busy.

The organization issued tasks every week, and they were quite straightforward.

For instance, collecting the latest research results from local biotech companies and labs, or searching for information on Spatial Passages throughout Hedong. These tasks could be easily checked online,

yet the rewards were substantial, ranging from thirty thousand to fifty thousand dollars a week, transferred to an anonymous offshore bank card, almost like free money.

During this time, although he vaguely sensed something wrong with the organization, greed and fear prevented him from stopping.

The influential figure had hinted more than once at the consequences of leaving the organization.

He thought it wasn't too bad; after all, the money was real and the tasks were simple.

Until last week, when everything changed.

The influential figure suddenly invited him to a private gathering in the suburbs—yet when he got there, he found not one, but four people, and was asked to call and invite a familiar Martial Artist over...

...

The director's office door opened, and a voluptuous secretary stepped out, wrinkling her nose in disdain at the smoke-filled corridor: "The director will see you now."

Lu Weifeng said nothing, snuffed out the cigarette butt violently, entered the office, and closed the door.

Cao Zhenhua glanced at him and said indifferently, "Fool, I remember telling you not to come looking for me."

"But I had no choice, Chen Shouyi..."

Cao Zhenhua's face darkened, and he interrupted solemnly, "Shut up. I admit I underestimated him, but he won't be a thorn in my side for long. You've already been exposed. If I were you, I would hide now, the farther the better."

Lu Weifeng's face turned pale as he recalled the strength Chen Shouyi demonstrated during the Martial Artist assessment. Fear gripped his heart, and he realized how risky it was to come here today.

At this moment, Cao Zhenhua suddenly had a thought and looked up at Lu Weifeng.

Lu Weifeng's intuition also kicked in, and he happened to look at him.

Their eyes met.

Lu Weifeng trembled, a chill running down his spine.

Only he seemed to know the person's true identity in Hedong, and it was clear he had already been exposed...

The more he thought about it, the more fearful and uneasy Lu Weifeng became. He dared not stay any longer and hurriedly said, "Director Cao, I'll leave now."

"Then go quickly!" Cao Zhenhua waved dismissively.

Lu Weifeng swiftly opened the door, feeling the cold gaze behind him as he swiftly exited the Third Category Affairs Bureau building.

The sunshine overhead enveloped him, but he felt a chill in his heart.

Run, he had to escape, the faster the better.

He quickly walked to the parking lot, opened the car door, and just as he settled into the driver's seat, he heard a faint "whoosh."

Suddenly, his body stiffened—a sharp object pierced through the seatback and into his waist. He looked down at the exposed sword tip, spotless and shiny as new.

Through the rearview mirror, a stranger sat solemnly in the back seat, wearing a wig and with mustache-covered lips, his cheeks seemingly stuffed with something, making his face much larger.

But perhaps because he was focused, Lu Weifeng recognized him at a glance and said tremulously, "Chen... Chen Shouyi!"

Chen Shouyi chewed on two grapes in his mouth, swallowed, and grinned bloodthirstily, revealing gleaming white teeth:

"How do you want to die?"

"This is the Third Category Bureau. How dare you?" Lu Weifeng hissed, terrified.

"So what!" Chen Shouyi said, abruptly grabbing his hair with immense force, snapping the seat in two. With a ripping sound like tearing fabric, he ripped a bloody patch of scalp away.

Lu Weifeng screamed in agony, his head covered in blood.

The sound stopped abruptly.

Chen Shouyi grabbed his neck, pulling him into the back seat.

Lu Weifeng struggled desperately, kicking and punching, but Chen Shouyi's body was as immovable as cast metal.

"You're too weak, truly uninteresting!" Chen Shouyi shook his head.

In Lu Weifeng's face of despair, his hand suddenly tightened.

With a series of cracking bones, Lu Weifeng's body twitched like a deflating balloon, and his limbs went slack.

Glancing at the crushed neck, Chen Shouyi produced two more grapes, popped them into his mouth without peeling, then pulled the sword from the seat and opened the car door.

He had just exited the car.

Chen Shouyi saw someone hurriedly heading toward him.

He involuntarily paused.

Plans couldn't keep up with changes; Chen Shouyi originally intended to use Cao Zhenhua to find the other two persons' whereabouts and deal with them one by one, but unexpectedly, he ran into this now.

Cao Zhenhua's eyes met Chen Shouyi's and the blood-stained sword in his hand, and his body froze.

"Who are you?" he asked darkly.

"Director Cao, what a coincidence. I was just contemplating when to visit you," Chen Shouyi smiled. Given the situation, he naturally had no reason to let it go, while he'd have to find another way for the other two.

"You know me!" The raw killing intent he felt made Cao Zhenhua's heart ring with alarms as he cautiously stepped back.

His sword was still in the car, he didn't carry a weapon. For a Martial Artist, not having a weapon wasn't as severely limiting as a soldier without a gun, but it greatly reduced combat effectiveness.

"The renowned Director Cao, a Pantheon member—how could I not know!" Chen Shouyi sneered coldly, advancing step by step with his sword. Suddenly, clarity struck him:

"I wondered why you're here—it was to silence me, just as I thought."

"So it was you!" Enlightenment dawned on Cao Zhenhua:

"Chen Shouyi, don't be foolish. Do you think your skills are enough to kill me? If you leave, I'll pretend none of this happened, and we can coexist peacefully. If you're willing, I can even have you join the Pantheon as an official member like me."

Do you think I'm an idiot?

Chen Shouyi stopped wasting words. Although he had shot down several nearby cameras with stones, this was still the Third Category Affairs Bureau; someone might appear at the parking lot at any moment, and he had no desire to end up wanted.

His expression turned grim as he moved swiftly across the thirty-meter distance in the blink of an eye.

The oncoming gale made Cao Zhenhua's face begin to quiver. At such an astonishing speed, his expression changed drastically, and he retreated hurriedly.

Finally, he understood why Eric said the adversary was formidable, beyond imagination.

Cao Zhenhua roared in despair, his face flushing with blood.

A second later, the two collided, and sword light flashed like lightning as two blurry shadows moved at high speed. After several exchanges, Chen Shouyi sheathed his sword, took a few steps, and quickly left the parking lot.

Cao Zhenhua's enraged eyes bulged as he stood rigid, then his whole body shuddered. His head toppled from his neck, and blood spurted like a fountain.

...

Cautiously avoiding surveillance, Chen Shouyi hurriedly left the Third Category Affairs Bureau, navigating the alleyways and taking a corner. He quickly removed his disguise and took off his shoes, retrieving lifts inside them.

Soon after, Chen Shouyi stepped out of the alley and headed toward the hotel.

Chapter 123: Chapter 123: Ambush

A room on the seventh floor of a five-star hotel.

Chen Shouyi, having changed his clothes, quietly stood in front of the window with the curtain pulled open just a crack.

His room was located diagonally across from the Third Category Investigation Bureau, allowing him to clearly see the situation over there.

At this moment, three police cars were parked at the entrance of the bureau, and several officers were moving two bodies, already placed in body bags, into a police van from the parking lot. All around were martial artists with fearful expressions.

He wasn't worried; not to mention he was already in disguise, he intentionally avoided surveillance. Even if there were suspicions, as a newly initiated martial artist, how could he possibly have the power to kill a major martial artist, even if the other was unarmed?

According to the records, he had only become a martial artist about a month ago.

In comparison, the rampant Pantheon recently was the biggest suspect.

Who knows, Cao Zhenhua might even receive a posthumous honor for dying in the line of duty.

Good for him!

This incident was unexpected; previously, Chen Shouyi had only intended to kill Lu Weifeng, and hadn't thought he would encounter Cao Zhenhua, but since he did, he decided to solve it together.

But he didn't care.

He only cared whether the enemy was still alive.

He watched expressionlessly for a while, then lowered the curtain and the room grew dim.

"Two more!" Chen Shouyi muttered to himself silently.

...

"Mom, you bought so many grapes today!" Song Tingting walked into the kitchen, looking at the bag of grapes on the counter, and asked.

"If I don't buy more, what will your dad and I eat later?" A middle-aged woman dressed smartly rolled her eyes and said.

"So stingy!" Song Tingting said, then asked, "Did you buy the same grapes as yesterday?"

"All you care about is eating. They're bought from the same supermarket. If you cared about your studies as much as eating, I'd be grateful," the middle-aged woman said

irritably, "Look at your classmate Li Siyuan; not only did he get into Shangjing University and Shuimu effortlessly, he even passed the martial artist apprentice test."

"Why do you always compare me with others' children? I'm in the top fifteen of my class, isn't that good enough, Mom? Pack my share separately; I want to eat out." Song Tingting said.

...

After dinner, Song Tingting took a bath, changed into a ladylike skirt, grabbed the grapes, and said, "Mom, Dad, I'm going out."

"Come back early!"

"I know."

Song Tingting closed the door, skipped a few steps, and stood in front of Chen Shouyi's house next door, gently pressing the doorbell.

However, after a full minute, no one answered.

Could it be that the senior went out tonight?

She thought to herself, her originally cheerful mood gradually faded.

Hmm, maybe he'll be back later.

...

Her father found it strange that his daughter came back so soon with the grapes, and asked:

"Why did you come back so fast? Aren't they good?"

"They're very sweet, but I'm quite full from dinner. I want to rest a bit and go out later. I'll do my homework first!" Song Tingting said with a smile.

...

That night, there was no mention of Cao Zhenhua's death on Hedong City's official news website. His death seemed like a drop in the ocean, without causing any ripples.

This isn't surprising; martial artists and ordinary people are almost in two different worlds. The Third Category Investigation Bureau is quite famous among martial artists, but ordinary people might not even have heard of it.

Chen Shouyi closed the webpage, picked up the long sword, and began carefully honing the strength in his muscles, an invisible sharp force pulsating at the sword's tip.

After two hours, he stopped and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

He opened the attribute panel.

He noticed that today both his will and perception had increased by 0.1, reaching 12.7 and 11.8 respectively. He was about to close it, but suddenly noticed the number after Energy Accumulation, and was a bit surprised.

When was the last optimization?

It seemed like only sixteen days ago.

But the Energy Accumulation had already reached 2.12, when normally it should be only about 1.6.

Since obtaining the Book of Knowledge, its energy accumulation had always remained extremely stable.

Secure in both prosperity and adversity, it never decreased, nor increased, with a fixed daily growth of about 0.1.

Initially, Chen Shouyi checked it several times a day, then only glanced at it every few days, and later, unless the energy was nearing three points, he couldn't be bothered to look at it.

Now, he realized the Book of Knowledge seemed somewhat "abnormal".

"If there's been a change, maybe it's from absorbing the divinity that made the World Tree grow a bit!" Chen Shouyi thought.

Recalling the time, it was precisely ten days ago.

"Calculating this way, the daily energy growth has reached about 0.15 points, a fifty percent increase."

...

In a suburban villa.

A bald man sat on the sofa, his hand unconsciously tapping the armrest.

The Southeast Asian man nearby paced the living room in frustration, frequently glancing at the door, stopped, and spoke with a sinister look: "Captain, it's already ten

o'clock, could Cao Zhenhua be backing out? Over the years, he's refused the organization's tasks several times, likely having a tendency to leave."

"No rush, wait a bit longer, he's a smart man, he knows the consequences of betraying the organization, maybe he's been held up," the bald man said, looking at the time seriously.

Though he felt impatient too, Cao Zhenhua was a local player; without his cooperation, the organization would be blind in Hedong.

"How about we call?" The Southeast Asian man said impatiently.

"Do you want us exposed? With all the commotion, the phones of all major martial artists in Hedong are probably being monitored. Now we wait," the bald man glanced at him.

"By the way, is the body taken care of?"

"It's already placed into the body-dissolving pool; poor Eric brother, he's probably just a few bones now. We must avenge him, but that kid is probably hiding by now."

"Complete the organization's task first, but since we promised Eric, this revenge must be taken unless he goes into hiding forever; otherwise, he'll pay someday," the bald man said coldly.

.....

The next morning at six-thirty, Chen Shouyi bought a large bag of breakfast from a place near the hotel.

He was stuffing buns into his mouth while continuing to monitor the activities at the Third Category Investigation Bureau diagonally across.

The room was playing cartoons, and the Shell Lady, who had slept for over twenty hours, had become energetic and lively again.

Chen Shouyi wasn't bothering with her anymore; he couldn't manage her anyway.

She had become incredibly lively now.

Even if she became near-sighted, she deserved it.

After ten minutes, fifty or so buns were stuffed into his stomach, he drank some milk, and glanced at a dark-skinned, fierce-looking young man pacing back and forth at the retractable gate in front of the investigation bureau.

Chen Shouyi's eyes narrowed slightly.

Chapter 124: Chapter 124: Extermination

Coret paced back and forth irritably.

FU*CK, one day you'll pay for this!

The repressed anger in his heart was like a balloon about to burst.

Last night, the two waited all night, but Cao Zhenhua never showed up.

He was an orphan raised by the Pantheon since childhood, and to him, the Pantheon was like home. He couldn't stand those selfish people who were careless with organizational tasks, and it irked him even more that these people were more valued in the organization than he was.

However, no matter how angry he was, he had to endure.

...

Time ticked by second by second until it was time for work, and cars started pouring into the gates of the Third Incident Investigation Bureau.

Yet he never saw a glimpse of Cao Zhenhua.

After ten o'clock, he could no longer hold his patience and headed to the security room.

"Are you looking for Director Cao?"

A young security guard looked at him oddly.

"Yes, I had an appointment with Director Cao today. Brother, do me a favor." Coret handed over a stack of money.

The security guard took it inconspicuously and said, "Didn't you know Director Cao had an incident yesterday?"

"An incident? What happened to him?" The Southeast Asian's heart skipped a beat, and he hurriedly asked.

"He was killed yesterday, right in this parking lot. But you didn't hear that from me!"

...

Coret quickly walked towards a black SUV parked by the roadside, his face grim and his heart cold.

Have I been exposed?

No way, I must leave Hedong today.

The Great Xia Country isn't one of those small nations that the organization can manipulate at will; it's one of the world's top powers, with unfathomable depths.

The more he thought about it, the more uneasy he became. Once he sat in the driver's seat, he quickly started the car.

The car raced forward.

Over half an hour later, it approached a semi-hill villa area in the suburbs and soon stopped at the gate of a villa. Coret got out to open the iron gate, then drove the vehicle slowly into the villa.

At this moment, he suddenly felt a strange sensation and calmly glanced at the rearview mirror, reaching for the long sword beside him.

He didn't see anything unusual, but he trusted his instincts for danger.

Once his hand clasped the sword hilt, his eyes sharpened, and he swiftly drew the sword, slashing behind him, splitting the front seat in two.

"Clang!"

Accompanied by a piercing metallic clang.

From the back seat, a silhouette suddenly sprang up.

"Damn, I've been tracked."

Coret's mind was ablaze with rage, and he fiercely slashed at the silhouette, only to be instantly blocked by the other party.

Separated by a mere half-meter, the two clashed intensely in a confined space.

Every sword strike was dangerous, with even a slight negligence potentially leading to life or death.

Sponge fragments flew like exploding flowers, scattering everywhere, as the entire car shook violently.

The two swords clashed madly, creating a nearly continuous sound, shooting out a burst of blinding sparks.

"Boom! Boom!"

The front and back car doors exploded open in succession, and two silhouettes shot out one after another.

Sensing his speed wasn't as fast, the Southeast Asian in front quickly halted after running ten meters, turning to face him.

A deep bloodstain stretched from his cheekbone to his chin, leaving a massive gash across his mouth, his face streaming with blood, and his expression vicious: "Who the hell are you?"

Chen Shouyi, disguised, wore a cold expression, didn't speak, and charged swiftly toward him.

Every second counted now; there could very well be another accomplice inside the villa, and facing two would be perilous. He didn't have time to waste.

A second later, the two clashed again.

Compared to inside the car, the noise this time was much less, only the bright, chilling sword light slashing through the air with a hissing sound. After seven or eight strikes, Chen Shouyi slightly tilted his body, evading the other's thrust, while his long sword swiped upward like a venomous snake, crackling with lightning speed.

Just then, a tall figure wielding a sword darted out of the villa with a thunderous shout:

"You're courting death!"

Chen Shouyi swiftly retreated several meters, sheathing his sword to look at the swiftly approaching bald man, standing his ground.

A gentle breeze blew by.

The Southeast Asian in front exploded in a mist of blood, his body tilting as it split in two and slid down to the ground, releasing a strong bloody stench.

"It's just you now." Chen Shouyi sneered.

The bald man's speed quickly slowed down, taking deliberate steps towards them, the rage on his face gradually slipping away, replaced by calmness, as he spoke deeply: "So Cao Zhenhua is dead too?"

As soon as he finished, Chen Shouyi's toe tapped, and the grass exploded into a small crater as his body shot out like a fierce gale: "Go to hell and ask him!"

"Arrogant! You're still too green!" the bald man snorted coldly, swiftly drawing his long sword to block his thrust.

"Clang!" Chen Shouyi staggered back several steps, his hands tingling from the shock.

His face flushed slightly, his insides somewhat shaken, barely steadying himself as a silhouette swiftly lunged forward.

Sword light slashed at his throat, and Chen Shouyi continued to retreat.

Last night in the memory space, Chen Shouyi had inhabited this formidable body, roughly estimating its power to be three to four times greater than his own, though he hadn't paid much mind then.

In the past two days, facing several martial artists in combat, he found his agility far exceeded theirs, and no matter the strength, without rapid reflexes, it was merely a target.

But now he realized, when a martial artist possessed such power, it was terrifying; with just one hit, his sword nearly flew out of his hand.

Coupled with even stronger reflexes than the prior adversaries, confronting this man made Chen Shouyi feel pressure for the first time.

After taking several steps back, he quickly stabilized against the fierce offensive, deftly dodging the attacks nimbly, while his long sword flickered like a serpent's tongue.

The battle between them was of entirely different styles.

One aggressive and brutish, with sweeping arcs, the other elusive and agile, swift as lightning.

Chen Shouyi stepped back slightly, dodging a slash, feeling a sharp pain in his chest as his clothing tore open, leaving a deep bloodstain across his chest.

"Sword Qi, damn! The opponent can use Sword Qi too, but not as frequent as I can."

Furious and alarmed, Chen Shouyi let out a low growl, took advantage of the brief pause in the opponent's actions, and suddenly lunged forward with a thrust.

"Boom!"

With a Sonic Sword strike shooting out like lightning, the bald man sidestepped, his clothes erupting instantly.

Chen Shouyi stepped forward in a flash, circumvented the man's side, and once again slashed his long sword towards the man's throat.

The bald man retreated again.

Chen Shouyi pressed on relentlessly, using his faster reaction speed to force the bald man into continued retreat, quickly approaching the Southeast Asian's corpse. Yet it seemed as if the man had eyes on his back, stepping over the corpse with a single retreating step.

The ground here had been soaked with blood from the corpse, forming a shallow pool of blood around.

In a flash, an idea came to Chen Shouyi's mind, and he stomped his foot down.

"Boom!" It was as if an explosive went off, sending blood mixed with dirt splattering everywhere.

The sudden turn of events caught the bald man off guard, the splattering blood and mud made him instinctively blink, momentarily distracted.

"Oh no!"

When he reopened his eyes and lifted his foot to retreat, he saw a blurry sword image rapidly approaching, the wind stinging his eyes.

The next moment, his mind came to a complete halt.

A long sword pierced straight into his forehead, blasting open a hole the size of a baby's fist.

Chapter 125: Chapter 125: Aftermath

Chen Shouyi drew his sword, and the injury on his chest made him gasp in pain.

During the fight, he was so focused that he felt no pain, but now, as he relaxed, his chest burned with pain.

He opened his blood-soaked shirt, revealing a terrible wound stretching from his left chest down to his ribs, with blood continuously gushing out.

Immediately, he controlled the muscles in his chest to close the wound.

Damn it!

He had never been injured this severely before.

Chen Shouyi coldly glanced at the bald man still standing there with eyes wide open, unwavering.

The long sword suddenly swung fiercely, and a head flew off into the sky.

Then he quickly strode towards the villa, covering five or six meters with each step, and within seconds, he was inside, glanced around, then went to the second floor and kicked open one of the rooms.

He took a pair of rubber gloves from his pocket, put them on, opened a wardrobe to find some random clothes, and a suitcase, then went to the bathroom to take off his bloody clothes, turned on the shower, and quickly washed off the blood.

During this, he checked the wound and found that the bleeding had completely stopped.

Half a minute later, Chen Shouyi changed into new clothes, put the bloody clothes and sword into the suitcase, carefully cleaned the blood traces left in the bathroom, and quickly walked out of the villa.

He didn't touch any of the valuables inside, not even the stacks of money on the coffee table in the living room; he only glanced at them before looking away.

This was a residential area, and the commotion from the fight likely had already drawn attention.

Chances are, the police are already on their way here.

He didn't exit through the main door, instead using a stone to break the roadside surveillance camera, jumped over the wall, and walked onto a shaded path.

Sure enough, within a few minutes, the sound of police sirens could be heard faintly.

Standing by the roadside outside, Chen Shouyi looked calmly as three police cars drove past, and shortly after, he flagged down a taxi.

At this moment, he keenly noticed the driver glancing at him through the rearview mirror from time to time.

Having just been through a slaughter, he was most sensitive to such attention. He said without a change of expression, "Driver, is there something on my face?"

"Oh, nothing? It's just that your beard seems to have come loose! Are you going to that cosplay thing?" the driver laughed, unaware.

"It's cosplay!"

"Right, right, cosplay, you youngsters have interesting hobbies, huh?"

Chen Shouyi looked into the rearview mirror and felt slightly relieved to find that indeed, the corner of his beard was sticking out, but thankfully it hadn't fallen off completely.

This glue is too unreliable; just one shower and it can't stick anymore. He fixed his beard again in the mirror.

As soon as the car entered the city, Chen Shouyi decisively got off.

He found a less crowded alley, removed his disguise, took out his sword, and left the suitcase aside.

After coming out from the other end of the alley, he got into another taxi and headed straight for the hotel.

...

"Today, the police received a report from a citizen about a major murder case in a high-end villa community in the Central District. Two people died on the spot in a fierce fight, and the killer fled the scene. After the police received the report, they quickly dispatched forces to the murder site.

But what happened next was a huge twist.

During the police search of the villa, several abductees were found in the basement, and in an aqua regia tank inside, the remains of un-dissolved bones were also discovered.

Reportedly, the two deceased were not Xia Country citizens but were tourists from abroad...

The police are still investigating this case closely. Citizens with any information are urged to contact this station promptly..."

Chen Shouyi closed the webpage.

"I didn't expect there were people hidden in the villa; they must be the martial artists who have gone missing recently!" he thought to himself.

Chen Shouyi completely relaxed. What he feared most was the police not finding any evidence, leading to an all-out investigation against him.

Now with solid evidence, not only were those two martial artists, but even Cao Zhenhua is likely exposed as well.

This way, the police's focus on this 'mysterious killer' would drop significantly.

Though his actions may not align with the law, they adhere to justice!

Moreover, for such figures as martial artists, his actions that completely disregard legal procedures would at worst be considered small missteps, likely to be overlooked by turning a blind eye.

At this moment, he felt the wound seem to itch more and more, as if countless ants were crawling over it, making him want to scratch it hard.

Chen Shouyi immediately took off his clothes and checked the wound.

At a glance, he was slightly stunned.

The wound on his chest had completely scabbed over, looking somewhat dark, as if more than ten days had passed. He gently pressed the scar and found that besides a faint pain, there seemed to be no major issue.

He moved his arm a bit and found nothing wrong truly.

It had only been seven or eight hours.

Is the effect of primary self-healing really this impressive?

Just then, the doorbell suddenly rang.

Chen Shouyi quickly put on his clothes again, closed the bedroom door, opened the door, and saw it was his neighbor again.

"Senior, you're back. Would you like to have some grapes?" Song Tingting said, joyfully.

She wore a loose long-sleeve T-shirt and a beige pleated short skirt below, revealing long, fair, shapely legs. She seemed to have just bathed, carrying a slight creamy fragrance, with a slightly chubby babyish face that was flushed pink, looking as tender as if it could be pinched to produce water.

Chen Shouyi looked away; this girl was really too polite. Didn't they eat before?

"Oh, thank you!"

Song Tingting, not being shy, seeing Chen Shouyi turn around, chuckled, and followed him in, quickly closing the door.

Coming back from the kitchen, having accepted her offerings twice, Chen Shouyi felt a bit embarrassed: "Didn't you say you'd like to learn some swordsmanship from me? When I have some time, I'll teach you."

"Really, senior!" Song Tingting said joyfully. Learning the sword wasn't important; what's important is she'd have a legitimate reason to interact with the senior in the future.

"Of course, but I'm not available every day." Chen Shouyi reminded in advance.

"How about now?" Song Tingting asked expectantly.

"Now?" Chen Shouyi hesitated for a moment, thinking he wasn't particularly busy: "Alright, I'll get a training sword for you."

He opened his bedroom door, closed it, glanced at the Shell Lady watching cartoons, took out both swords, walked out, and immediately shut the door, handing over one wooden sword: "Let's see you make a thrust first."

Song Tingting took the wooden sword and immediately felt its heaviness, probably weighing over ten kilograms.

No way!

She bit her lip in determination, gathered all her strength, thrust it sideways, her face flushed, and a fine sweat broke on her forehead.

Seeing her poor performance, Chen Shouyi immediately realized: "Does it feel a bit heavy? This sword is a heavy wooden sword."

"Still... it's alright, not too heavy. I can handle it." Feeling her sore arms, Song Tingting insisted: "Senior, please teach me."

Seeing the girl obviously struggling, Chen Shouyi said helplessly: "Forget it, if you can't even lift it, don't use the sword. Just do the movements directly."

"Okay then, senior." Song Tingting sighed in relief and carefully put down the wooden sword.

Chen Shouyi could already see how poor her fundamentals were—not to say they could be called fundamentals—she was far below even his initial stage, having literally no foundation.

What a bother.

"Start practicing with the footwork first!"

Chapter 126: Chapter 126: Weighing the Options

"Your explosive power is not enough. From heel to ball to toe, you need to apply force continuously, with a stepping action, all in one go!"

"Step aggressively, look straight ahead, imagine there's an enemy you hate right in front of you."

Chen Shouyi bent over, sitting on the sofa, occasionally chiming in with some advice.

Watching the swaying thighs and the flying hem of the skirt in front of him, he couldn't help but feel a bit restless inside.

He's only seventeen, at the age when teenage hormones surge, just seeing white thighs makes him think of nudity, and thinking of nudity leads to thoughts of unspeakable things.

Especially with his powerful body and extremely abundant energy, it brings even stronger desires.

"Uh, let's call it a day. Practice well when you get home." Chen Shouyi hurriedly interrupted, thinking he didn't know what he might do if this went on!

"Oh, thank you, senior. I feel I've made a lot of progress." Song Tingting, covered in sweat, stopped, panting slightly, her T-shirt soaked in sweat tracing out the shape of a young girl's curves.

Chen Shouyi averted his gaze and said, "Next time..."

"Senior, what about next time?" Song Tingting asked.

Chen Shouyi had initially intended to say wear more clothes, avoid skirts, and wear thicker T-shirts, but his thoughts shifted, realizing saying it would be revealing, so the words changed to: "Bring your own wooden sword next time."

"Okay, senior, then I'll leave first."

"Mm, I won't see you off," Chen Shouyi replied.

Song Tingting walked out the door, recalling her senior's awkward attempt to cover up his embarrassment, she covered her mouth and chuckled, walking happily to her front door. She took a deep breath, rubbed her face, and pressed the doorbell.

Her mom opened the door: "Why did it take you so long, see you're all sweaty, what were you doing?"

"Practicing martial arts in the neighborhood."

"Oh, working so hard today, hurry and take a bath, don't catch a cold," her mom said, seeing her drenched with sweat, and happily added.

Originally, apart from the school's specialized martial arts class, martial arts lessons weren't a necessity for others, merely meant to exercise students' bodies. However, recently, the Ministry of Education suddenly elevated martial arts lessons to mandatory status.

Though they don't count towards college entrance exam scores, passing them is now necessary for graduation.

This absolutely worried her.

She wasn't concerned about academics—her daughter's grades would easily guarantee entry to at least a decent university even if it's not an elite one.

The key issue was her daughter had always been pampered and spoiled, never having experienced hardship.

Martial arts had never been seriously practiced, except during school lessons where she'd merely coast through them.

Seeing her daughter's rare dedication, she couldn't help but feel overjoyed: "What would you like to eat tomorrow? I'll buy some for you?"

"Grapes!"

"You've eaten them for two days straight and a lot too, be careful not to upset your stomach."

"Mom, I just want to eat them!" Song Tingting pouted.

"Alright, alright!" At this point, her mom looked at Song Tingting's empty hands and immediately asked, "By the way, where's your fruit bowl?"

"Uh!" Song Tingting widened her eyes, suddenly realizing: "Seems like I didn't bring it over, I'll go get it now!"

"No need! It's dark outside."

...

Early the next morning, Chen Shouyi woke up and instinctively scratched his chest.

As a result, a large scab was ripped off. He quickly sat up and looked down to find that apart from the skin being somewhat tender at the exposed area, the inside was completely healed.

"I seem to be becoming less human!" he sighed softly.

Then, he peeled off all the scabs, tossed them into the trash bin.

He opened the wardrobe, casually picked out a set of clothes to put on.

Taking advantage of the fact that Shell Lady was still asleep, Chen Shouyi turned on the computer and logged into the martial artist internal trading network.

He then clicked on the categories for weapons and miscellaneous items, searching for war bows.

Soon, a list of war bows appeared.

Mostly martial artist level war bows. After filtering for war bows over a thousand pounds, only five pages remained.

Among them, the one at the top of the list had a draw weight of two thousand pounds.

Is this some company's display item to showcase their technological prowess?

Chen Shouyi looked surprised.

A pound is approximately 0.9 kilograms, meaning one must have at least 1800 kilograms of strength, or 900 kg, to use this bow.

Chen Shouyi's current arm strength is about 580 kilograms, and while it appears to exceed his strength by just over three hundred kilograms, to draw it, the arm strength must be at least 900 kilograms, and this is merely for drawing the bow. Practical use would require at least 1200 kilograms, or even more.

Chen Shouyi looked at the price tag—18 million.

He wasn't too surprised at the price; those capable of pulling such a bow wouldn't lack money for it.

Below this war bow were ones with draw weights of 1900 pounds, 1800 pounds, 1700 pounds. Chen Shouyi flipped to the last one, finally finding a war bow with a draw weight of 1000 pounds.

Actually, even a thousand pounds is apparently too heavy for his current strength; his arms would likely tremble, greatly reducing accuracy. Eight hundred pounds would be more suitable.

However, his strength was still growing. If, as with the previous bow, it became unusable just a month after purchase, that'd be quite awkward.

The cold weapon companies on the martial artist internal network are state-owned, offering much better prices than those on commercial websites outside.

The cheapest costs 3.8 million, only 1.9 million after discount.

His savings had already increased to more than 3.5 million, enough to afford it.

Chen Shouyi spent a long time choosing, settling on a bow priced around 3 million—a composite war bow made of nano-carbon fiber. After reading reviews and descriptions, he was satisfied with every aspect; it was far better than his second-hand war bow.

Just when he was about to click buy, his hand paused, and a thought flashed by, suddenly dispelling the urge to purchase.

"The Pantheon Incident is still fresh in the news, and any transaction on the martial artist internal network requires real-name registration and is processed. As a newly passed martial artist within a month's time, buying such a large martial artist level war bow would definitely stand out!" he mused to himself.

"Passing the martial artist apprentice and martial artist tests successively can be attributed to long-term accumulation and exceptional talent. But advancing from martial artist to major martial artist in under a month will inevitably be scrutinized under a magnifying glass.

How would one explain it?

Talent?

From childhood until now, I've just been a daydreaming slacker.

Hard work?

At least before acquiring the Book of Knowledge, hard work had little to do with me.

Resources?

From start to finish, I've only purchased one vial of Divine Marrow.

"Some things can't withstand careful investigation or deep scrutiny and might even invite trouble!" he locked his eyebrows, weighing his options.

Soon his brows relaxed.

Why take the risk?

When an event can go well or poorly, without a doubt, Chen Shouyi opts not to let the event occur.

...

He purchased another vial of Divine Marrow and shut down the computer.

He gently picked up the still-sleeping Shell Lady.

"#@¥'s giant!" It seemed she dreamt of something unpleasant, she muttered, wriggling her arms and legs.

Chen Shouyi snorted unhappily, stuffed her into his briefcase, zipped it up, grabbed a wooden sword, and left the room.

Chapter 127: Chapter 127: Discipline

In the following days, everything in Hedong City seemed calm and uneventful.

In a buffet restaurant, Chen Shouyi and Bai Xiaoling sat across from each other, the table piled high with plates.

While eating heartily, Chen Shouyi asked, "Did you resolve the Pantheon's issue while I was away these few days?"

"It's been resolved. Unfortunately, Director Fang died, but the other Martial Artists were rescued. It also turned out that Director Cao of the Investigation Bureau for the Third Category was part of the Pantheon." Bai Xiaoling said with lingering fear.

"The Pantheon has infiltrated deeper than I imagined!" Chen Shouyi remarked, as he picked up a large chopstick-full of lamb, scalded it in the hot broth, dipped it in some sauce, and stuffed it into his mouth.

"Yes, with an incident like this, they are expected to conduct a major review. It's said that a mysterious Grand Martial Artist intervened. Without him, the Pantheon might have succeeded. These days, mysterious disappearances of Martial Artists have occurred in many places." Bai Xiaoling said, looking at how much Chen Shouyi was enjoying his food, she couldn't help but reach for her chopsticks again.

Yes, I must start dieting tomorrow.

"A mysterious Grand Martial Artist? You don't know his identity either?" Chen Shouyi asked "surprised."

"Uh-huh, I don't know much. I guess the person must have disguised themselves. It might also be a Grand Martial Artist who hasn't been recorded." Bai Xiaoling said.

Quite the accurate guess.

Chen Shouyi was stunned for a moment and then stopped asking.

At this moment, Bai Xiaoling seemed to remember something, took the handbag, and pulled out a delicately crafted invitation card: "This is for you."

"What is it?" Chen Shouyi asked, puzzled.

"It's a social gathering organized by the City Government for single Martial Artists. Many social elites will bring their sons and daughters to attend." Bai Xiaoling said, looking at the handsome Chen Shouyi with a sour feeling, like her prized cabbage was being eyed by others.

Chen Shouyi took the invitation card, somewhat speechless, "Isn't this inappropriate for me? I'm only seventeen. This should be for older Martial Artists, right?"

"Actually, it doesn't matter if you don't go. It's just an ordinary cocktail party." Bai Xiaoling quickly said.

...

That evening, Chen Shouyi drank a cup of diluted Divine Marrow Liquid in one gulp.

Leaning against the wall, he waited for the pleasant sensation to gradually fade and the tingling on his scalp to subside.

He opened his eyes, immediately opened the attribute panel, glanced at it, and felt a bit disappointed.

The effect of the Divine Marrow was getting weaker for him. The first time he took it, his intelligence increased by 0.4 points, but this time it only increased by 0.1 points.

"This is probably related to the baseline. The first time I took it, my intelligence was only 12.6. By the second time, it had already reached 13.8, a difference of 1.2 points.

Therefore, next time I must buy two bottles in succession, or it won't have any effect," he thought to himself.

"After being stagnant for over ten days, my strength and agility finally increased in the past few days, each growing by 0.1, and perception by 0.1 as well. Soon I'll reach the 12-point threshold."

Of course, this growth isn't sudden but gradual, becoming stronger each day. The numbers change only when growth accumulates to a certain point.

...

"Giant, I smelled it, you were eating something tasty again!" The moment the Shell Lady was released, she started shouting.

"I didn't forget you!" Chen Shouyi irritably replied.

He took the spoon she used for honey, poured the remaining liquid from the cup onto the spoon.

The Shell Lady immediately ran over, holding the spoon, drank the diluted Divine Marrow Liquid, then carefully licked it clean with her little tongue, and then excitedly picked up the large cup, trying hard to pour the last drop into her mouth. Only after she managed to do so did she put it down, smacked her lips, and commented:

"It doesn't taste as good this time."

Then why did you drink it so happily?

But Chen Shouyi also noticed that this time after drinking, the Shell Lady didn't show the drunken stupor and confusion she had the last time. Her reaction was quite normal.

Has it no longer been effective for her after drinking it just once?

What a little aberration!

He was just thinking when he saw the Shell Lady struggling to open a notebook, trying to unfold it. After pulling it over a dozen times, she finally sat down on the floor, panting heavily, shouting, "Giant, help me open it."

You're so capable, do it yourself!

With a grunt, Chen Shouyi ignored her, picked up a sword, and began practicing.

She muttered something, rested for a while, then started bustling again.

Chen Shouyi glanced at her.

Well, it's good for exercising a bit. These days the Shell Lady eats and sleeps all the time, her face has gotten a bit chubby, looking rather plump.

However, Chen Shouyi still overestimated her patience.

After her second rest and third failed attempt to open the notebook, she finally exhausted the last bit of her patience.

She angrily hammered the notebook with her small fists and furiously shouted: "% ¥ # Giant, I want to look at Prepared, or I'll smash it."

Chen Shouyi couldn't help but feel a rising fire of sarcasm. Since when has it come to this?

She's already spoiled. If she doesn't get a lesson, I can't imagine what will happen.

He snorted coldly, "Go ahead, smash it. If you do, you'll never get to look at it."

The Shell Lady was struck dumb by his words, her fist froze in the air, her expression changing, not lowering her fist for a long time.

Suddenly, her lips quivered, she was overwhelmed with sadness, tears streaming silently down her face as she cried and yelled, "Bad Giant, you're so mean, I want to go back home."

Here we go again.

"Then go back!" Chen Shouyi snorted.

The Shell Lady was infuriated, she wiped her tears away, jumped off the table in a huff, "I'm really leaving!"

"Go right ahead now." Chen Shouyi motioned towards the bedroom door.

"Waaah!" The Shell Lady cried loudly, tears pouring down like rain, angrily saying, "#@# Giant, you'll never see me again!"

She stomped angrily towards the door.

With such a temper, is she really leaving?

Chen Shouyi hastily said:

"You haven't taken your gems."

This was a complete trump card. The Shell Lady had just reached the doorway when her body stiffened at these words. She turned around with a tear-stained face, sniffled with a snot bubble, and said in a wronged tone: "Those are mine."

"You're not getting them if you aren't good."

She wiped her tears with effort, pitifully saying, "I... I will be very good!"

"Close the door." Chen Shouyi said coldly, "If you throw another tantrum, I'll toss you out."

The Shell Lady didn't care about anything else, instantly ran over, pushed the door close with a thud.

Chen Shouyi scooped up the Shell Lady swiftly, placed her on the bed, and reprimanded, "Do you know what you did wrong?"

"I... I shouldn't have smashed things that have 'Prepared' in them." The Shell Lady said while sobbing.

"What else?"

"I... I shouldn't have sworn at you, you're a good giant."

"What else?"

...

Chapter 128: Chapter 128: Test

Chen Shouyi answered the phone call from his mom.

"Mom, I'm fine, what could happen to me? Everything's okay in Hedong now too."

"Yes, I eat on time every day."

"Clothes? With my constitution, can I still catch a cold?"

"Okay, okay, I'll definitely wear them."

"Why rush back? It's hard to get a chance to go out and have fun, no need to overthink, your son is making money now."

"Water sound?" Chen Shouyi glanced at the Shell Lady who was sitting in the basin, playing with water, and quickly covered the receiver. He told the Shell Lady, "Be quiet!"

The Shell Lady was stunned for a moment, nodded vigorously, and then immediately held her breath and submerged.

Chen Shouyi looked at the Shell Lady, who he had just reprimanded and obviously became more obedient, feeling satisfied in his heart, and immediately said, "Water? No, you heard it wrong."

After chatting a bit more, suddenly there was a splash as the Shell Lady quickly emerged from the water.

The breath-holding was really short.

"Nothing, nothing at all, just accidentally knocked over the basin earlier. Let's not talk now, I'm hanging up." Chen Shouyi hung up the phone.

"Have you washed clean?" Chen Shouyi squatted down and asked.

"Already clean." The Shell Lady stood up and twirled, showing off her snow-white, delicate body.

Really, knowing no shame.

Chen Shouyi muttered to himself, scooped up the Shell Lady with a big hand, wrapped her in a towel until she was a ball, dried her body, and placed her on the bed.

The Shell Lady quickly put on a Barbie Doll's princess dress by herself, sat properly, and said, "Oh great Giant, can I see Prepared now?"

Hmm, seems effective, Chen Shouyi thought proudly, but maintained a calm appearance, saying, "As long as you're good, of course, you can."

...

"Do you think our daughter is in early romance?" Zhang Jingyi, wearing pajamas and leaning on the bed with a facial mask on her face, suddenly said.

"Don't talk nonsense!" Song Qiran was reading a book and responded casually.

"I'm her mom, don't I know what she's thinking? Haven't you noticed she's in a good mood recently? With such pressure in her senior year, where does she get such a good mood?" Zhang Jingyi asked.

"Seems like it!" Song Qiran suddenly felt a bit uneasy, immediately putting down the book, "Should I call her over to ask?"

"She's already asleep, and can you even ask about this? You might make things worse. Don't be fooled by how obedient Ting Ting is; she can be as stubborn as a mule." Zhang Jingyi sneered.

"What should we do then?" Involving their precious daughter, Song Qiran also became anxious.

"Dating is no big deal, I'm just worried she'll be sweet-talked into something. Don't you have an invitation?"

"This is absurd, that's a Martial Artist matchmaking event, our daughter is too young to attend, and I don't intend to go." Song Qiran said irritably; as a provincial state-owned company's head, he naturally had an invitation.

"No one's saying you should take it seriously, just let her see the world a bit, so she won't be fooled by some silly boy."

...

Hedong City's Lanshan District, at a large biopharmaceutical company.

On the surface, this is just a regular biomanufacturing company, but nobody knows it's actually the Jiangnan Province contact point for the Pantheon.

A handsome young man in a suit sat in the CEO's office, skillfully accessing the dark web.

The dark web, also known as the invisible web, is like the world's day and night; the internet also has light and darkness. If the internet is an iceberg, the part we usually access is the 4% above water, while the 96% below the surface is the dark web.

The dark web harbors all conceivable evils: hacker trades, smuggling organs, assassination services, hired killings, drugs, crimes, and even platforms charging high fees for "viewing murder shows," brutally bloody, torturing to death.

This is virtually the hotbed of vice.

"The mission failed!" The young man said in a low voice, "Kubo Squad was wiped out, even one of the key plants we painstakingly cultivated was eliminated!"

"I noticed." On the video call, a blond, wooden-faced middle-aged man nodded nonchalantly, with people in hazmat suits bustling past in the hallway behind him, obviously a laboratory.

"Should we continue?" The young man asked.

"No, hide for now; the Martial Artist Level test subjects are sufficient for the time being. Hehe, don't provoke these superpowers' sensitive and fragile nerves, but I believe, it won't be long..." As he spoke towards the end, a touch of madness crept into his previously dull face.

...

Feeling a whim after morning training, Chen Shouyi bought several canned flame throwers and some dilute nitric acid. After closing the door, he prepared to experiment on the mysterious finger bone.

First, he placed the finger bone in the flame thrower.

This type of thrower can reach temperatures of 1500 degrees Celsius; he previously used it to melt gold.

"Hmm!"

He noticed the flame slightly avoiding the sides.

Does this bone still retain some power?

But he noticed this power was extremely weak, even less than his wind control ability on Earth, barely noticeable.

Its thermal conductivity was low, or maybe some internal force blocked the high-temperature invasion.

Chen Shouyi burned through four gas cylinders, and the finger bone only became a little hot and red but still unsoftened.

Clearly, its melting point was far above 1,500 degrees Celsius.

Unlike ordinary bone that emits a stench when burned, this crystalline finger bone had no odor, as if it had become another substance.

He immediately placed the red-hot finger bone into the prepared ice water.

With a "sizzle," the living room filled with steam.

Once the steam cleared, Chen Shouyi used pliers to retrieve it.

He was surprised to find the finger bone still intact.

Chen Shouyi thought this hard bone must be brittle, but its toughness exceeded expectations. He then placed the finger bone in dilute nitric acid, but it remained unchanged.

Looking at the acid-soaked, newly cleaned, and even shinier finger bone, Chen Shouyi marveled, played with it for a while, and then put it in his pocket.

"Gotta find a chance to use a heavy-duty hydraulic press on it."

He mused to himself.

Just then, the phone rang, and Chen Shouyi went to the bedroom to answer it.

"What's up?"

"Advisor Chen, there's a task, I'm waiting for you downstairs." The caller was Bai Xiaoling.

"Alright, coming right away!" Chen Shouyi felt his heart sink, hung up the phone, grabbed the Long Sword, and headed downstairs.

Bai Xiaoling's car was already running downstairs, equipped with a siren.

"What's the task?" Chen Shouyi asked as soon as he got in, opening the car door.

Chapter 129: Chapter 129: Effortless

"We received a report from a passerby and finally discovered a suspicious target with strange behavior on Southeast-West Road. The snipers are in position, but since there are too many pedestrians, we are avoiding alarming him to prevent any harm to innocent citizens. We are still monitoring him without alerting him," Bai Xiaoling quickly said, starting the car and leaving the neighborhood.

"Barbarian?"

"The situation isn't completely clear yet, but it's highly likely," Bai Xiaoling replied, showing her competence in handling affairs.

Chen Shouyi nodded, looked out the window, and said nothing.

It was noon, and the streets were filled with white-collar workers out for lunch, a beautiful landscape of long legs in stockings.

The car sped along, stopping quickly after a few minutes. Bai Xiaoling walked to a public phone booth, made a call, returned swiftly, took the siren down from the car roof, and returned to the driver's seat.

"Are we almost there?" Chen Shouyi came back to his senses and asked.

"He's already on Changting Road, about three kilometers away," Bai Xiaoling explained.

Without cell phones and unusable radio communication, the efficiency of the police action was reduced significantly.

The car continued driving, soon stopping by the roadside. A few plainclothes policemen emerged from the nearby cars, enthusiastically saying, "Advisor Chen, hello."

"Hello!"

...

Chen Shouyi nodded in acknowledgment, asking, "Where is he now?"

"Come with us, he's just ahead!"

The road was bustling with people, shoulder to shoulder, unaware of the danger nearby.

The group walked quickly for several hundred meters.

A peculiar figure appeared in their sight.

One of the middle-aged policemen suddenly whispered, "That's the person."

Chen Shouyi immediately looked up for a closer inspection.

He wore human clothing, his physique thick and strong. A loose T-shirt fitting tight, his mere form emitted a powerful sense of oppression, and the crowd instinctively steered clear of him.

His appearance, apart from looking somewhat odd, was largely similar to that of humans, falling within the human range of appearance at least.

Yet, when he walked, he seemed extremely cautious.

He felt as if he wasn't walking through a bustling and lively city, but a dangerous and unpredictable jungle, completely out of place among the people on the road.

In his eyes, Chen Shouyi saw not only intense vigilance but also curiosity and shock. Everything here seemed novel to him.

"We searched the national database via facial image search and found no matches. Most importantly, through observation, his outer ears have two helical rims, a typical trait of the Barbarians, confirming that this person is undoubtedly a Barbarian."

This characteristic was something Chen Shouyi was hearing about for the first time.

Hearing this, he looked carefully. With his sharp vision, he could see clearly even a fly a hundred meters away.

It turned out to be true, as humans have only one helix on the ear, whereas this person had two, both inner and outer, appearing quite peculiar.

Perhaps because the group stared for too long, the Barbarian suddenly looked over warily, a fierce glint flashing in his eyes.

"Act like you're chatting!" a policeman whispered.

The group began chatting as they walked, and the Barbarian, after glancing a few times, quickly tore his gaze away.

"Is the task to kill him this time?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"Yes, Advisor Chen!" the middle-aged policeman replied.

"Then I'll go ahead!" Chen Shouyi said.

"Maybe wait for the other security advisors, two of them are almost here. It'll be safer with more people," the middle-aged policeman hastily suggested, albeit subtly. Young martial artists tend to be rash.

Chen Shouyi hesitated for a moment and said, "Alright."

The group stopped beside the glass wall of a building. Chen Shouyi embraced his sword, leaned against the wall, closed his eyes slightly, pretending to rest his mind, and instantly entered the Memory Space, quickly immersing himself in the Barbarian's body...

A few seconds later, he opened his eyes.

The four policemen continued to chat aimlessly while waiting for the Barbarian to pass by, then would circle back to continue the surveillance.

Several groups were monitoring the Barbarian. They were just one group among others. There were also six snipers ambushed upstairs on both sides, ensuring nothing could go wrong.

Unexpectedly, the Barbarian left the sidewalk and headed towards them, seemingly attracted by the dazzling crystal objects in the showcase window.

As they got closer, the few policemen couldn't help but tense up, cold sweat seeping on their foreheads.

"Should we retreat?" a young policeman asked, instinctively reaching for his holster, his face slightly pale.

"Don't act rashly, and don't draw your gun. Handguns have little effect on Barbarians. Act like nothing is happening, continue chatting," the middle-aged policeman said, looking at the pedestrians all around.

Three meters, two meters, one meter.

Everyone began to stiffen.

Just as the Barbarian was about to pass them by,

they suddenly heard a soft "zing," and a blurred sword light flashed across their retina, almost like an illusion. Before the four policemen could respond, the sword was already sheathed.

Immediately, the policemen saw the Barbarian's body shake slightly.

The next moment, a head detached from the body and fell with a thud onto the ground, rolling seven or eight meters away.

Blood spurted like a fountain from his neck, making a hissing sound as it sprayed up.

After a moment's silence, the nearby crowd erupted into a piercing scream, and a slew of pedestrians desperately fled, causing chaos at the scene.

The four policemen then snapped out of their daze, immediately pulling out their police badges to maintain order with loud voices:

"Don't panic, we're the police. This person is a terrorist, and he has been killed on the spot. Everyone, step back in an orderly manner, don't crowd, stay calm!"

With the officers repeatedly shouting, the running crowd gradually stopped. Human curiosity soon overcame the fear of the headless corpse, and people started to gather around again.

"The task should be finished, right? If there's nothing else, I'll head off!" Chen Shouyi stepped over the twitching body and said to the group.

"Oh...oh, alright, nothing more," the middle-aged policeman was dumbstruck for quite a while before speaking.

...

Chen Shouyi opened the rear car door and got into the vehicle.

"Task completed?" Bai Xiaoling asked in surprise. She had now shifted to a clerical position in the police force and didn't need to go on missions.

"Yeah!" Chen Shouyi nodded.

"So quickly?"

"It was just an ordinary Barbarian!" Chen Shouyi said nonchalantly.

In fact, this Barbarian was much stronger than normal ones, even more so than the Barbarian Clan Leader. Ordinary martial artists couldn't handle him, but now, he was no match for me. Plus, being unprepared, it was nothing short of an ambush. Killing him was a breeze.

"Do you have any tissues?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"I do, do you need to go to the restroom?" Bai Xiaoling asked.

"Don't waste time with talk, hurry up!" Chen Shouyi replied, unamused.

Bai Xiaoling gave a dry laugh and quickly handed over a dozen sheets.

Upon receiving them, Chen Shouyi pulled out his sword, meticulously wiping off the remaining blood.

As he looked at the sword, now peppered with sesame-sized chips after several battles, he felt a twinge of heartache.

This nanofilm-hardened sword, while extremely sharp, required little maintenance, but once damaged, it was quite troublesome to repair.

The surface's hardened film had to be cleaned off first, the blade repaired, and then recoated with a new hardened film.

The cold weapon specialty shop had no repair capabilities; it had to be sent back to the factory for refurbishment.

The cost was nearly as much as buying a new one, with a turnaround requiring ten to fifteen days.

Rather than fixing it, it might be better to buy a new, better one.

"After using it for a bit longer, I'll go buy an even better sword. This one is also getting too light for me," Chen Shouyi contemplated.

To him, the sword was but a tool, holding little sentimental value. No matter the weapon, it just needed to be useful.

Chen Shouyi sheathed his sword. "Find somewhere to eat first."

Chapter 130: Chapter 130: Unexpected Encounter

In the evening, Chen Shouyi had just finished dinner outside and walked back home.

Song Tingting showed up again.

"Hi, Senior!" Song Tingting greeted with a shy smile, holding a wooden sword in her right hand and a large bag of snacks in her left.

Her lips were coated with jelly-colored anti-chap lip balm, glowing with a red, glossy sheen. She wore a beige cashmere mini dress, with no stockings on her feet, exposing a pair of snow-white, plump thighs.

The weather is so cold lately, can't you wear a bit more?

And aren't you here to practice swordsmanship? Why dress so prettily then?

Various thoughts flashed through Chen Shouyi's mind. He glanced at her, then quickly averted his eyes and said seriously, "Come in."

He stepped aside. As a fragrant breeze passed by, he closed the door.

"Senior, I brought some beef jerky and chocolate."

Ever since Chen Shouyi mentioned not wanting to eat grapes anymore, she brought a variety of things, different every day.

"Just put it on the coffee table," Chen Shouyi didn't refuse, treating it like tuition.

He sat down on the sofa, opened a pack of beef jerky, and while eating, asked, "By the way, after knowing each other for so long, I haven't asked, what grade are you in?"

"Senior three, I'm taking my college entrance exams next year."

Chen Shouyi couldn't help coughing, thinking she was truly a junior, only to find out she was actually in the same grade as him, possibly even the same age.

"Senior, what's wrong?" Song Tingting asked with concern.

"Uh, nothing, let's start practicing now."

"Oh!" Song Tingting picked up the wooden sword to start today's practice.

"Your leg kicks aren't powerful enough, your force needs to be fierce, twist your hips, and don't arch your buttocks too high. Carefully feel the transmission of force in your body, when thrusting the sword, there should be a sense of inevitability."

Song Tingting paused, touched her butt: "Senior, but I can't quite feel it, maybe you could demonstrate once."

"Alright, go wash your face first!"

Thinking of something, Song Tingting's face turned red, she quickly ran to the bathroom. Looking at her shy, spring-like reflection in the mirror, she couldn't help covering her face.

No shame at all.

After a few minutes, she finally came out.

She noticed the senior holding a wooden sword, standing in the living room, his tall, upright figure gave off an air of immovability.

So handsome!

"I'll demonstrate only five times, watch closely."

"Oh!" Song Tingting quickly perked up, her charming, moist eyes stared unblinkingly at Chen Shouyi.

"I meant for you to watch my waist, feet, and hands, not my face!" Chen Shouyi was a bit creeped out by her gaze, speaking helplessly.

How could she be so slow, even slower than he was back then, at least he never stared at the coach's face while learning.

"Oh!" Song Tingting blushed, stuck out her tongue, and hurriedly looked at his body.

Next, Chen Shouyi demonstrated slowly in a manner similar to slow motion.

"Did you remember?"

Song Tingting nodded, then shook her head, looking puzzled: "I think I didn't."

"Then keep watching!"

Chen Shouyi demonstrated again: "How about now?"

Chen Shouyi noticed Song Tingting was hesitating as if she wanted to say something.

"If you have something to say, say it boldly!" Chen Shouyi urged.

"Senior, you're wearing clothes, I can't quite understand, can I touch you?" Song Tingting mustered up the courage to ask, but she was already filled with embarrassment before finishing.

...

After a few minutes, Song Tingting left the room blushing, recalling how her senior awkwardly asked her to go back to practicing, she couldn't help but laugh inwardly. The senior seemed quite innocent.

Hmm, definitely still a virgin.

Just as the door opened, Song Tingting saw her dad and mom sitting on the sofa.

"Back?"

"Dad, you haven't gone back to your room yet?" Song Tingting blinked, feigning innocence and asked.

"Hehe, chatting with your mom." Looking at his daughter's radiant face that couldn't be hidden, Song Qiran chuckled. In his heart, he felt miserably that his precious "cabbage" was soon to be snatched by a pig.

It distressed him.

Song Tingting didn't suspect anything, quickly said: "Oh, you chat then, I'm going to take a shower after just training, I'm all sweaty!"

Hmph, knowing you have to train, why did you take a shower so early after dinner?

Song Qiran mused internally, but his face still wore a smile, "Wait a moment, there's a banquet tomorrow night, Tingting, do you want to go with Dad?"

"What's so good about a banquet, I don't want to go, I'd rather practice swordsmanship tomorrow night!" Song Tingting replied without thinking.

"There will be many martial artists at the banquet, some TV hosts and celebrities will be there too. If you ask some advice from those martial artists, passing the Martial Arts test might not be a problem." Song Qiran gently persuaded.

Song Tingting's eyes lit up slightly upon hearing the mention of martial artists. These people are enigmatic, representing the pinnacle of human strength, and usually impossible to meet.

However, compared to meeting with the senior, these seemed to lose all their appeal at once: "I don't want to go."

...

Sun and Moon Lake Hotel.

One of the most luxurious hotels in Hedong, luxury cars were being directed into the underground parking lot by security guards.

At this moment, a taxi stood out abruptly stopped at the entrance. A tall figure emerged from the cab, with a smooth, fair complexion, his face had an austere handsomeness, beneath thick eyebrows were a pair of deep, brooding eyes.

"This is the place!" Chen Shouyi murmured, stepping into the hotel.

"Welcome!" After handing over the invitation, at the doorway of the banquet hall, two rows of elegantly dressed hostesses in uniformed stockings stood with standard smiles, softly greeting.

Inside, Chen Shouyi saw a self-service banquet already bustling with many people.

Many were in small groups chatting, but besides a few faces that seemed vaguely familiar, possibly a host or minor celebrity, he recognized no one.

Oh well, might as well come for the buffet, after all, he hadn't had dinner yet.

"Handsome little guy, with your father?" A young lady in a low-cut evening gown approached with a glass of wine, a hint of a smile playing on her lips, she asked.

"Nope, I'm alone," Chen Shouyi said, placing several pieces of grilled lamb chops on his plate.

"You're quite bold then!" The young lady imagined he sneaked over with his parent's invitation and couldn't help but chuckle.

Chen Shouyi glanced at her, asked: "Aren't you a host of something? I recall seeing you in online news."

"From Hedong Channel One, Law News," the young lady corrected.

"I remembered, you're not married as well?" Chen Shouyi asked.

That comment stung a little.

"I'm only twenty-nine!" The young lady retorted, swiftly changing the topic.

Twenty-nine, isn't that old? Almost auntie age.

Chen Shouyi silently mused, impaling a lamb chop and taking a bite.

Tasted quite good, better than the buffet he had at lunch.

"And what are you here for, freeloading dinner?" The young lady teased in return.

"Just came to see something interesting, though it's more boring than expected, the buffet's the only decent part," Chen Shouyi said, opening a bottle of cola and taking a sip.

He glanced around, several men, obviously martial artists by their build, were surrounded by beauties.

Yet he, being so handsome, only had her, and she treated him like a child.

It wasn't fair.

Feeling frustrated, he tilted his head towards her, "Why don't you join them?"

"Men are all the same, the ones who come too easily aren't cherished. These things are about fate," the young lady glanced over, sipped her red wine, and replied with a smile.

Just then, a familiar voice suddenly rang out.

"Senior, why are you here too?"

Chen Shouyi turned and saw Song Tingting staring back in surprise.