

Dawn of a New Era

Chapter 36: Chapter 36: Crisis Approaches

After a simple lunch, he clapped his hands, dug a hole nearby, and buried all the plastic waste underground.

Next, he took out a book from his briefcase, pulled the thin rope tied to the Shell Lady, and dragged her over.

He planned to continue practicing his spoken language during this digestion break.

"Hello!"

The Shell Lady looked unwilling, not saying a word, not cooperating at all.

"Gem!"

This word was more effective than anything else; the Shell Lady immediately straightened up and sat respectfully.

Chen Shouyi was speechless inside, feeling that the Shell Lady was becoming increasingly uncontrollable, downright greedy for money, refusing to cooperate unless given a glass bead. Fortunately, the small glass beads were cheap, only a few cents each.

Otherwise, if this continued, he would go bankrupt.

"Hello!"

"Kalodo Ye, you too!"

Chen Shouyi listened carefully for a while and immediately looked up unfamiliar syllables.

Kalodo means respectful and great holy.

And Do Ye means giant, mountain peak, giant.

Combined, it means great giant or respectful giant.

Chen Shouyi was delighted at heart, thinking this title was really... too embarrassing.

He decisively took out a glass bead as a reward, which the Shell Lady gleefully grasped in her hand, becoming even more focused.

"Where are your parents?"

"I have no parents; I was born from the 'Yaqiao' flower," the Shell Lady said nonchalantly, not feeling sad at all about not having parents.

Chen Shouyi chuckled upon hearing this.

Is this a joke?

Mammals are supposed to be born live, aren't they?

If people could grow from flowers, wouldn't your female primary and secondary characteristics be redundant?

"Really?" Chen Shouyi asked skeptically.

"Really, I was born from the Yaqiao flower," the Shell Lady blinked, saying with a serious face, showing no signs of lying.

Chen Shouyi felt that asking further wouldn't yield anything.

He speculated in his heart that the Shell Lady probably suspected she was born from a flower because she hadn't seen her parents since she was little.

This was normal; as a kid, he used to believe he was picked up from a garbage pile.

However, he still looked up the word "Yaqiao flower", but even after flipping through the entire dictionary, he couldn't find it.

But thinking about it, it made sense; exploration of alternate worlds by various countries was still quite limited.

Not only because of the unpredictable dangers of alternate worlds but also because gravity alone severely limits human movement, making them like Chen Shouyi, restricted to limited activities near passage areas.

Plus, the unique slang and dialects that developed over long periods in different regions make this universal language dictionary less comprehensive.

"Then what about the Yaqiao flower?"

"Ate it!" The Shell Lady, or rather Flower Girl, said with a simple face.

Ate it?

Chen Shouyi couldn't help looking at her more.

Didn't you say you were born from the Yaqiao flower? That flower was your mother, and you just ate it!

She's still just a kid after all!

He snapped out of it and decisively changed the topic: "How old are you?"

The Shell Lady tilted her head, thought for a moment, and then started gesturing: "Many, many sunrises and sunsets; I can't remember. The first time I opened my eyes, the largest tree on the island was only this tall."

She pointed to the large tree where Chen Shouyi practiced swordsmanship, then flew up a meter off the ground to indicate the height to him.

Chen Shouyi wasn't sure if this tree was a fast-growing or slow-growing species, so he couldn't judge.

"Do you have a name?"

The Shell Lady shook her head indifferently.

...

After the conversation ended, Chen Shouyi rewarded the Shell Lady with another glass bead, and she happily flew away.

After the break, he picked up the war bow, used the tree as a target, and began practicing archery.

A 500-pound war bow was quite heavy, and with three times gravity, it was even more challenging than on Earth.

Chen Shouyi exerted all his strength to finally draw the bow fully.

He released the string, and the arrow let out a sharp whistle as if piercing the air, vanishing in the blink of an eye.

He didn't pay much attention, retrieving another arrow to continue shooting.

...

Three consecutive days passed.

The small island in the alternate world never showed signs of barbarians, so Chen Shouyi gradually set his mind at ease.

Every day he followed a routine, practicing swordsmanship and archery according to the alternate world's day-night cycle. Though life was dull, it was fulfilling. Watching the constant changes in swordsmanship and archery skills on his attribute panel, he felt himself growing stronger day by day.

During this period, he sold another batch of gold, earning a total of 250,000, instantly replenishing his quickly depleting account.

However, since last time, he hadn't asked Zhang Xiaoyue out in the evening.

The workload of senior year increasingly heavy, with small tests every three days, major tests every five days.

More frustratingly, the school had also started night self-study, lasting until nine o'clock.

And worried about safety, her father picked her up at night.

There was simply no opportunity to meet!

Which made Chen Shouyi deeply frustrated.

...

The dark clouds above rolled violently like ink, and the strong low-pressure felt like a boulder pressing on his chest, making it hard to breathe.

Suddenly, lightning flashed across the sky, lighting up the entire world.

A deafening thunder sounded.

Chen Shouyi, holding a wooden stick, monotonously and tediously pierced the small ball repeatedly, completely immersed, sweating profusely. He only snapped out of it upon hearing the lightning sound.

He looked up at the sky, and a raindrop fell on his face. He touched it and remarked in surprise:

"It's going to rain."

This was the first time he'd seen it rain in the alternate world.

The rain came quickly, falling before Chen Shouyi could react.

The raindrops, under three times gravity, hit his face like hail, causing him actual pain. He quickly took off his clothes, covered his head, and ran towards the passage entrance.

He was becoming more and more accustomed to the gravity here.

In the past few days, his strength attribute finally increased by another 0.1, reaching 12.7, the standard for martial artists, though just the lowest standard.

In this alternate world with triple gravity, such strength allowed him to move around freely.

But like a weak, physically frail person, basic activities were fine, but running a hundred meters or lifting heavy weights was beyond him, not even comparable to ordinary barbarians living here.

The rain poured down harder; after just a few steps, he was soaked to the skin.

"This rain is lethal!"

At that moment, he saw the Shell Lady flying in the distance through the rain, the rope behind her pulled taut.

Was she trying to escape again?

The thought crossed his mind, but he realized she was clearly coming toward him.

She seemed to be shouting something at him.

Unfortunately, her weak voice, combined with the interference of the heavy rain, made it impossible to hear.

Raindrops kept hitting the Shell Lady, making her body rise and fall unpredictably, looking extremely battered.

Chen Shouyi was perplexed by her unusual behavior: "What's going on, what's gotten into her?"

"Go back, hurry back," he shouted loudly, wiping the rain and quickening his pace.

Half a minute later, the Shell Lady, looking like a drenched chicken, finally landed quickly on Chen Shouyi's shoulder, her face pale and body trembling. Just as she steadied herself, she leaned into his ear and screamed:

"Sea... over the sea!"

"The same giant as last time is coming!"

PS: Sorry, a bit late, had something come up in the afternoon.

Chapter 37: Chapter 37: Rainstorm Slaughter

The sky roared with thunder and lightning, the rain poured down relentlessly as if dumped from above.

Chen Shouyi could barely hear: "What, what are you saying?"

The Shell Lady pressed close to his ear, almost burrowing in, and shouted at the top of her lungs: "There are giants on the sea like last time, a lot of them!"

"Boom!"

A bolt of lightning streaked across the air, directly striking the sea, bursting into a ball of electric light, illuminating the world for a moment.

What?

His whole body jolted, finally understanding, he wiped off the rainwater, quickly ran towards a nearby gigantic rock, scrambling up, soon climbing onto the rock for a better view.

The rain poured heavily, severely affecting his vision.

Through the hazy rain curtain, he could only glimpse several long shadows resembling canoes, slowly approaching.

One, two, three.

His heart sank, not yet recovered from his shock.

The Shell Lady stood on his shoulder, shouted again: "There, there are more!"

Chen Shouyi quickly looked in the direction she pointed, and after distinguishing for a while, he could vaguely see a shadow.

If it hadn't been for her reminder, he might have overlooked it.

He suddenly realized that the Shell Lady's vision seemed rather extraordinary, quickly asking: "Take a look, how many giants are there!"

With these days of learning the common language, Chen Shouyi's usual conversations posed little trouble. Similar to learning English, junior high school level was enough to sustain simple dialogues.

The Shell Lady looked carefully for a moment, leaned close to his ear and shouted: "One, one, one..."

Chen Shouyi was initially puzzled, but soon he understood.

She seemed unable to count beyond one, perhaps she knew the other numbers but had no use for them.

"Count again!"

The Shell Lady repeated: "One, one, one... one."

He silently noted, realizing that the Shell Lady continuously said twenty-three ones in one breath.

Twenty-three people.

He couldn't help but draw a sharp breath, his face turning sour.

He had thought about other barbarians searching for those two missing people, and that some might find this place, but never did he expect it to be like stirring a hornet's nest, with so many barbarians arriving at once.

This is fucking insane!

Chen Shouyi couldn't help but want to shout aloud, venting his frustration and anxiety.

Twenty-three barbarians, each of them physically stronger than a martial artist.

In this torrential downpour, they definitely weren't here just for water.

They would scour the entire island, hunting for any trace of a clue.

A small island less than a square kilometer, what's the chance they wouldn't find the spatial passage?

Or rather, what's the chance it would go undiscovered?

He realized he had messed it up!

It was like gambling on a dangerous bet, suddenly collapsing!

If these barbarians passed through the spatial passage and entered the city's busy streets, it would likely cause a horrific massacre, with many innocents dying, not to mention his home was just a few blocks away.

Chen Shouyi couldn't help but regret it, for keeping the passage secret out of his own selfish greed.

If there were troops stationed, no matter how many barbarians, they wouldn't break through this passage.

Sadly, it was too late to go back and report it now, he saw the nearest canoe gradually beaching ashore.

He immediately jumped off the over-two-meter-high rock, ignoring the numbness in his feet, grabbed his war bow and long sword, and rushed towards the passage.

Within ten seconds, he reached the edge of the passage.

Looking at the passage about a dozen meters away, he slightly exhaled in relief.

This was his last retreat; if he couldn't hold off, he would retreat immediately.

As for everything else, he couldn't afford to care much more.

He quickly checked the arrows in his quiver.

Altogether twenty arrows, none missing.

Feeling the cold touch of the metal arrows, he gradually calmed down.

He wiped the rain from his face.

Regret was useless now, he took a few deep breaths, his expression steeling with resolve.

Seeing that Chen Shouyi seemingly wasn't leaving, the Shell Lady anxiously hopped and shouted loudly: "Escape! Escape! Escape!"

However, Chen Shouyi turned a deaf ear, standing on a high ground halfway up the mountain, with a good view, he could barely make out five barbarians jumping off the first canoe that arrived.

At that moment, an idea struck him, suddenly remembering to attack during a crossing!

Currently, there was only one canoe ashore, and the barbarians were wading through the shallow sea, greatly limiting their mobility—this was the best time for a battle.

And the middle of the mountain was only two or three hundred meters from the shore, even rushing over now, it would be in time.

His mind raced.

He gritted his teeth, deciding it was worth the risk, and immediately dashed rapidly down from the mountainside.

The Shell Lady was startled by his movement, instantly flying up, watching the distant-running Chen Shouyi, and then eyeing the nearby spatial passage, her small face struggling, but still dared not to enter the passage alone.

Chen Shouyi ran down the mountain, tearing through the impenetrable rain curtain, sprinting all the way.

On this otherworldly island, he had never run as fast as he did today. His body seemed filled with a blazing fire, surging with boundless power.

In just over twenty seconds, he had already reached the foot of the mountain.

At this moment, the foremost barbarian, holding a long spear, finally noticed Chen Shouyi's sprinting figure, shouting in terror, seemingly to alert his companions, then strode through waist-deep seawater, heading for the shore.

Time was of the essence.

Chen Shouyi knew once he reached the shore, it would become increasingly difficult to shoot him down.

Blood rushed to his face, he sprinted with all his might.

A hundred meters, eighty meters, fifty meters.

Chen Shouyi abruptly halted, without time to catch his breath, quickly nocking an arrow and drawing his bow, the five hundred-pound heavy bow pulled to a full moon.

Just then, the barbarian had only just set foot on the beach.

In the next moment, with a piercing shriek, the arrow tore through the impenetrable rain curtain like lightning, leaving a long scar behind.

The barbarian raised his long spear, seemingly ready to block, yet just halfway up, an arrow pierced through the air faster than a clap of thunder, drilling through his skull, the arrowhead protruding from the back of his head.

His whole body shuddered, falling backward.

Compared to traditional bows, recurve bows not only had higher accuracy but could also store more energy, giving the arrows greater kinetic energy.

On Earth, a five hundred-pound recurve heavy bow designed especially for martial artists could reach initial speeds of four to five hundred meters per second, far exceeding sound speed.

And due to the considerable mass of the arrows, their kinetic energy also far outstripped that of rifle bullets, with tremendous lethality at medium to short ranges.

Just as the first barbarian fell, his companions were still reacting when a second arrow arrived, instantly drilling into his eye socket.

He continuously nocked arrows, drew, and shot.

Despite Chen Shouyi's slight dizziness from nervousness, over a thousand daily archery practices had ingrained everything into instinct, needing no thought.

In just a few seconds, the five barbarians on the first canoe were annihilated, blood slowly staining the sea, bodies floating and sinking in the seawater.

The successful beginning steadied Chen Shouyi's heart, slightly easing the tension.

Noticing the second canoe still over a hundred meters away, he quickly stepped up, pulling the arrow out of the first barbarian's head.

The total number of barbarians was twenty-three, while there were only 20 arrows—a single extra arrow meant one less danger.

Unexpectedly, as he placed the arrow back into the quiver, a sharp short spear shot towards him from the sea like a bolt of lightning.

Just as Chen Shouyi felt a premonition of danger, a fierce gust of wind brushed past his face, causing the skin to sting.

His scalp tingled.

At that moment, he almost felt the icy breath of Death from behind.

As he quickly retreated, he swiftly nocked an arrow and drew the bow, aiming ahead.

On a distant canoe, a tall, robust barbarian stood straight at the prow, glaring furiously at him.

"You! Die!"

ps: Please recommend and collect.

Chapter 38: Chapter 38: Life and Death Sniper

The atmosphere suddenly became heavy, and the air seemed to become oppressive.

Rainwater continuously dripped into Chen Shouyi's eyes, like sand had gotten in them, irritating and painful, but he didn't dare to blink.

He held the strong bow, aiming for a long time, yet he didn't release the arrow.

At this moment, the canoe was still about a hundred and fifty meters away. At such a distance, factors like gravity and various environmental elements in the air needed precise calculations.

Especially now, with the heavy rain causing severe interference, he had not a bit of confidence.

Even during normal training, he had never shot over such a long distance.

After weighing the situation for a moment, he decided to give up.

Just as Chen Shouyi released the bowstring, that tall barbarian moved instantly.

He quickly pulled out a short spear about a meter long and as thick as a child's arm from his back, and hurled it forcefully at him once more.

A tiny dot rapidly grew larger, accompanied by a sharp whistling sound in the air, rushing toward him like a rocket; fortunately, this time, Chen Shouyi was not caught off guard like last time, and he instinctively sidestepped to the left, easily avoiding it.

The short spear plunged heavily into the sand, blasting out a small crater, sending countless grains of sand scattering, stinging his face.

Chen Shouyi's expression grew serious.

This barbarian's strength was terrifying, at least two or even three times his own.

His heart pounded fiercely as he quickly retreated, all the while searching for cover with the corner of his eye.

He couldn't run; if he ran now, he would die even faster.

Under the sporadic threat of that strong barbarian's short spear, it was utterly impossible for him to run back to the passageway without distractions.

He soon discovered a rock nearby.

He quickly took a few steps and crouched down behind the rock.

The rock was only about a meter high and one and a half meters long. After countless days and nights' impact by the tides, its surface was smooth and hard. Although not large, it was enough for cover.

As soon as he crouched down, a loud bang reached his ears. The rock vibrated slightly, and wood chips rained down on his head.

He quickly peeked out, then turned and sat against the rock.

Breathing like a bull!

Nervous, anxious, fearful, yet with a thrill like walking a tightrope over a thousand-foot cliff.

Chen Shouyi couldn't help but feel the urge to pee.

"Damn! Damn! Damn!"

"How did things turn out like this?"

Just a minute ago, his life was so peaceful, he thought it would continue like that forever.

But everything changed, and his life hung by a thread.

If not for how vivid everything felt, he'd suspect he was dreaming, trapped in a horrible nightmare!

He gripped the strong bow in one hand, an arrow in the other, leaning his head against the rock, eyes closed, letting the rain pour over him!

Time seemed to crawl, with every second feeling like an eternity for Chen Shouyi.

Yet at the same time, he wished time could stretch on like this forever.

The attacks suddenly stopped, and he realized he hadn't heard that sharp whistling sound for a long time.

He kept his eyes closed, quietly listening to the sounds outside, not missing a single note.

But the chaotic sound of the torrential rain outside drowned out everything, and he didn't hear any useful information.

Until, after more than ten seconds, a faint splash sound reached his ears.

Soon after, he heard a second splash, a third... a total of six sounds.

Six barbarians had jumped off the canoe.

His breathing quickened, and he immediately moved from sitting to a crouch.

He didn't rashly sneak a peek nor attack hastily.

Because the distance was simply too great, he had no confidence.

Silently counting in his mind, Chen Shouyi lost track halfway, a sudden daze making him forget the previous number.

"Damn it, keep calm, damn it!"

Chen Shouyi slapped himself hard, leaving a red mark on his face.

The sharp pain brought him back to his senses, and he restarted counting.

Until he reached twenty.

He took a few deep breaths, quickly nocked an arrow and drew the strong bow, stood up from behind the rock, and with a glance saw the tall barbarian wading through waist-high seawater.

In fact, this tall, strong barbarian had been watching here intently, prepared to attack the moment Chen Shouyi showed himself.

Their gazes met in an instant.

In a flash, Chen Shouyi released the bowstring, and the barbarian simultaneously hurled the long spear in his hand.

Their responses seemed equally matched, but in fact, one was already prepared, just waiting to release the bowstring, while the other was hastily reacting after spotting the target.

One involved a brief release, the other at least three lengthy movements, making Chen Shouyi's reaction noticeably slower.

At this point, they were about sixty meters apart, a distance covered in the blink of an eye.

Chen Shouyi didn't check the result, only ducked his head down instinctively, and the short spear crashed into the rock.

He didn't check the result, quickly nocked another arrow, drew the bowstring, counted to one, then stood up and swiftly released another arrow.

He ducked behind the rock again.

This time the retaliating short spears increased to six, with the other five barbarians also throwing attacks. The short spears rained down like a storm, with one almost piercing through his exposed foot.

He quickly retracted his body.

Chen Shouyi felt a sinking in his heart as he realized he had shot two arrows, yet the tall barbarian remained unscathed; either expertly dodged or knocked away, but either result wasn't promising for him.

Time was running out.

Growing more anxious inside.

Once they crossed the sea, sword combat would be his only option.

However, facing six barbarians, especially the mighty one, no matter how confident he was, he didn't dare believe he could win; their terrifying physical strength was enough to crush him.

Moreover, the last two canoes were close to running aground.

"A strategy shift is needed!"

His mind raced, then suddenly he stretched out and fired an arrow.

A short, muffled grunt.

Followed by an angry roar in his ears.

"Finally, one's dead!"

Yet he felt no joy, as he hadn't shot the tall burly barbarian; two failed attempts made him decide to first clip the wings before tackling the strongest barbarian.

Once the barbarians' counterattack subsided, he leaned out again and swiftly let loose another arrow.

A muffled sound came again.

...

Except for the strong tall barbarian, the other barbarians clearly weren't as formidable.

One of them managed to dodge an arrow, wasting a shot.

No more surprises occurred. After six consecutive shots, the last strong barbarian left on the second canoe was now furious, his face twisted.

The veins on his neck twisted like earthworms, his muscles swelled, straining with each step.

The terrifying power caused the seawater to splash loudly, creating waves.

Eventually, he even began running in the water, his speed increasing.

Chen Shouyi hadn't moved for a long time, simply squatting behind the rock, quietly listening.

At the true moment of life and death, his previous agitation and fear strangely vanished, replaced by a profound calm.

His breathing became steady, and his gaze sharper.

Listening intently, the sound of water growing louder and closer, the rhythm quickened to match that of a normal person's running pace.

He could even faintly hear the barbarian's bull-like gasps!

He slightly closed his eyes, and a second later, abruptly opened them, moving with the speed of the wind, standing up sharply.

Without any close observation, he released the bowstring, relying solely on instinct, and instantly shot an arrow.

The short distance of just over twenty meters was negligible for the five-hundred-pound strong bow.

The running barbarian barely managed to shift his body slightly when an arrow pierced his chest. His eyes widened in disbelief, trembling hand reaching as if to extract the arrow.

But the next moment, another arrow swiftly penetrated his skull.

He staggered, and his impossibly strong body fell heavily.

...

At this moment, the other two canoes just barely ran ashore; one barbarian was about to jump into the sea when he witnessed this scene, struck as if by lightning:

"Clan Leader! The Clan Leader is dead!"

PS: Seeking recommendations and favorites.

Chapter 39: Chapter 39: Survivor of the Calamity

At this moment, a dramatic scene unfolded.

The death of the clan leader of the tribe caused the morale of the barbarians to plummet, and panic began to spread.

This is a primitive tribe with only a few hundred people, where societal development has not yet reached agriculture and relies on fishing, hunting, and gathering for food.

Whoever can secure more game, feed the tribe members, and protect the tribe becomes the clan leader.

Like the monkey king to a troop of monkeys, the competition for the position of clan leader has always been fierce and brutal, facing countless challenges at all times. When aging and weakening, the wise step down voluntarily through "abdication" or are killed by a newer, stronger challenger.

Thus, every reigning clan leader is the strongest and most formidable warrior in the tribe.

The death of such a figure is a devastating blow to a group of barbarians with loose organizational structure and lax discipline.

...

Just as Chen Shouyi prepared to seize the opportunity and flee toward the passage entrance.

The barbarians on two dugout canoes also hurriedly picked up their poles. Several barbarians used their combined strength to push, causing the two canoes to gradually detach from the stranded beach and slowly head toward the ocean.

Chen Shouyi ran a few steps, seeing no further commotion behind him, he couldn't help but look back.

They actually ran away?

Seeing this scene before him, his mind was still in a bit of a daze, and he instinctively ran a few more steps.

Wait a minute, since that's the case, why am I still running?

Wouldn't that make me appear guilty, showing a lack of confidence?

He came to his senses and immediately turned around, heading back the way he came.

He stopped only when his feet touched the seawater.

From afar, he drew his bow and shot a few times toward the sky, venting loudly:

"Come back so I can kill you."

"I'll cut off your... uh!"

He suddenly stalled, not knowing how to say 'head,' a word he hadn't learned yet.

However, this did not affect the actual effect; the barbarians looked increasingly scared as this mysterious figure wielding a terrifying weapon continued firing attacks, and they rowed even more desperately.

Initially, the contents of the Tree God's oracle were quite vague.

As a divine creature that has not yet ignited the Divine Fire, its abilities are quite limited, and danger foresight is just a vague sense, only knowing danger exists to the north.

But the degree of danger is unclear, whether it is merely a small risk of a few followers dying or a crisis in which even it might fall.

Once the oracle was delivered, it was inevitably exaggerated by the barbarians.

This operation had assembled most of the tribe's young adults, clearly aimed at confronting a tribe-extinguishing level of danger.

Yet before even fully landing on the island, nearly half of the personnel were dead or injured, and even the strongest clan leader was killed by the enemy.

This not only proved the correctness of the oracle but also in the eyes of the barbarians, Chen Shouyi had been portrayed as a demon capable of devouring people.

...

Chen Shouyi vented for a while, watching the two dugout canoes rowing farther and farther away, and finally sat down on the ground.

He felt as if he were exhausted, with not a single ounce of strength left in his body.

He actually survived?

Survived the chase of twenty-three barbarians!

He leaned back, lying on the beach, closing his eyes, letting the rain pour down. He couldn't help but show a smile at the corners of his mouth, which grew larger and larger.

The feeling of being alive is damn good!

...

The rain became lighter, and before long, it stopped.

As the clouds dispersed, sunlight poured onto the ground.

After lying there for a good half hour, he finally stood up and walked toward the corpses.

His drenched clothes clung askew to his body, and his shoes were filled with water. With every step, they made squelching sounds, making him extremely uncomfortable.

He took off his shirt.

However, he didn't remove his shoes. This wasn't a manicured artificial beach; the sand was full of sharp gravel and shell fragments. With his uncalloused feet, he would soon cut them and bleed.

On the beach lay only two barbarians: one was the barbarian he first shot, the other was the barbarian clan leader.

He didn't need to handle those in the sea.

The plentiful small ocean creatures in the shallow sea are the best scavengers; soon these bodies would be reduced to mere bones.

He first checked the ordinary barbarian body and found that besides the animal skin on him, this barbarian was entirely devoid of belongings. As for the stinky, tattered animal skin, he couldn't even bear to glance at it.

Chen Shouyi lifted the corpse, waded through the seawater, and casually threw it, completing the task.

Then he walked toward the tall, strong barbarian clan leader.

Compared to the ordinary barbarian, this barbarian clan leader was much more affluent. Just the sleek, water-resistant animal skin around his waist seemed quite extraordinary, faintly emitting weak fluorescence.

He couldn't help but touch it, feeling a warm texture that even imparted a faint repelling force.

Clearly, this animal skin was not left by ordinary beasts.

Unfortunately, even if he thought about it, it wasn't of much use, merely interesting to look at. Was he supposed to wrap himself with animal skin or make a leather jacket?

But still, he couldn't overcome his disgust and ripped the animal skin off the corpse.

After all, it was a trophy; even as a collectible, it's not bad.

"Oh! What's this?"

Just as he tore the animal skin off the corpse, an eye-sized object, pointed on both ends like a fruit pit, rolled down.

Chen Shouyi's gaze was immediately drawn to it.

It bore mysterious patterns yet had a crystal stone-like semi-transparent nature, emanating charming radiance in the sunlight, shimmering brilliantly. It looked rather beautiful.

This meticulously crafted item seemed entirely out of place with these primitive barbarians.

If it wasn't acquired from elsewhere, it must have formed naturally.

It seemed as if it carried a kind of magical power; the more Chen Shouyi looked at it, the happier he became, his heart racing, he reached out to pick it up.

As soon as the skin on his finger touched the mysterious "fruit pit," before he could scrutinize it, an anomaly suddenly occurred.

Vaguely, a weak and gentle voice seemed to echo in his mind, as in whispers, as in murmurs, filled with temptation, urging him to listen closely.

His thoughts began to blur as if he were immersed in a dream.

Yet, although his thoughts were muddled, his subconscious instinctively resisted this.

Gradually, the voice transformed from temptation to threat, from kind to intimidation, as if countless subtle voices were questioning, reprimanding him deep in his heart.

At this moment, the mysterious whisper suddenly became fearful, seemingly frightfully shocked, screamed, and quickly withdrew.

He shuddered awake.

He felt dazed earlier, without any recollection of the previous voice.

He then looked down at the mysterious "fruit pit."

With surprise, he found it was now riddled with cracks, as if weathered, and its mystical, alluring radiance had completely dissipated. It no longer had the previous seductive appeal.

"Oh, why does my body feel so hot?"

PS: A new week, seeking recommendations!

Chapter 40: Chapter 40: An Unexpected Surprise

In this wave of heat, he felt the light in front of him seemingly becoming brighter, the view clearer, and simultaneously, all the muscles in his body alternated between contracting and relaxing.

This feeling was somewhat familiar to him, but before Chen Shouyi could fully comprehend it.

The heat wave came quickly and disappeared just as fast, lasting only a few seconds before vanishing without a trace.

Feeling his body becoming somewhat light and floaty, Chen Shouyi finally recalled.

Wasn't this the same feeling as when he first entered this small island, and the Book of Knowledge transformed his body?

His heart stirred, and he quickly opened the attribute panel.

Strength: 13.1

Agility: 13.1

Constitution: 13.8

Intelligence: 12.6

Perception: 11

Will: 11.8

Knowledge: Chinese Language (Mastery 6); Physics (Proficient 12); Chemistry (Proficient 11); Mathematics (Proficient 9); English (Proficient 6); Computer Science (Beginner 6); Culinary Arts (Beginner 5); Body Refining Thirty-Six Styles (Proficient 8); Meditation for Self-Cultivation (Proficient 8); Swordsmanship (Proficient 12); Archery (Proficient 6)

Innate Ability: Natural Healing

Energy Accumulation: 2.95

His attributes had undergone dramatic changes.

Strength increased from 12.7 to 13.1, an increase of 0.4 points.

In addition to this, agility, constitution, and intelligence all increased by 0.3 points.

Even will power increased by 0.2.

However, Chen Shouyi speculated that this was not due to a change in his body, but rather the result of this life-and-death battle.

The more Chen Shouyi looked, the more delighted he became.

Although this increment was incomparable to the previous increase of at least one or two points, it's like finding an unexpected monetary windfall under your mattress; you can't ask for more.

A strength of 13.1, translated into concrete numbers, is approximately 350 kilograms, well above the minimum standard for a martial artist.

After a bout of excitement, he suddenly calmed down, confused by a thought.

With an additional 0.3 points in intelligence, his mind became more active.

Abilities such as memory, observation, imagination, thinking, and judgment were all enhanced.

He looked at what seemed to be a ravaged "fruit core."

And couldn't help but ponder.

Anomalies must have a reason; this is definitely not a coincidence.

This "fruit core" had been closely kept by that Barbarian clan leader without any change, so there was no way it would release its power as soon as he got hold of it, transforming his body.

If such a boon existed, the Barbarian clan leader would have used it long ago.

Comparing himself to the Barbarian, the only differences are twofold: First, he is not a native of this world.

Second, he holds the Book of Knowledge.

He quickly dismissed the first, as it was an unlikely possibility.

The second, therefore had to be due to the Book of Knowledge existing within him in the form of the World Tree.

Its origin is prestigious, with material made from the heartwood of the World Tree and forged into a Divine Artifact; although it is severely damaged and its powers are latent, it still possesses some special abilities.

Unfortunately, with too little information, he could not make a specific judgment.

However, he faintly felt that this item was not benign, looking at it instilled a sense of aversion.

...

In fact, Chen Shouyi was unaware that this was the influence brought by his subconscious.

Although he had no recollection of the mysterious, hypnotic whisper, his subconscious had developed resistance and caution against it.

Ultimately, this boiled down to Chen Shouyi's willpower not being strong enough.

The "Tree God," though called a god, was still far from a true deity, merely a divine creature with fairly weak capabilities. Against a seasoned warrior, such distraction would have been easily ignored or completely blocked.

...

Chen Shouyi gently squeezed, and the fruit core crumbled under his grip like flour, immediately disintegrating.

His finger lightly rubbed the fragments and felt some moisture in the powder.

Indeed, it was a fruit core.

He discarded the powder, clapped his hands.

Then started pulling out the two arrows lodged in the Barbarian's body, hefting the corpse over his shoulder, and headed toward the sea.

It felt lighter than he expected.

Of course, he knew well that this was just an illusion caused by his enhanced strength.

Carrying the corpse, he progressed cautiously, trying to adapt to the newly augmented attributes.

Fortunately, the growth wasn't substantial, and he adjusted shortly afterward.

After discarding the body, he began to deal with the two canoes stranded not far away.

Times have changed!

Previously, worried that the canoes being left on the island might be discovered by passing Barbarians at sea, he had no choice but to push them back into the ocean.

Now, the concern was unfounded.

Instead, he was apprehensive that they would reclaim the canoes if set adrift again.

The canoes were quite large, about four to five meters wide and ten meters long, with jagged and uneven cabin interiors, rough to an extreme, covered everywhere with dense layers of chiseling marks. Clearly, a hole had been laboriously dug into a massive log to form them.

Moreover, the chisel cuts were not smooth, indicating that the original wood structure had been severely damaged and reduced to loose fibrous threads. This showed the tools used were not sharp, but rather achieved through repeated forceful hacking.

How long would it take the Barbarian Tribe to build one of these canoes?

Chen Shouyi himself reckoned that if there were enough people, it would take at least three to five years from selecting and harvesting the log to hollowing it out.

Even though the Barbarians were significantly stronger than humans, the trees here were just as dense and tough as metal, making constructing such a large canoe an enormous project for them.

This estimation still accounted for the presence of specialized shipwrights within the Barbarian Tribe solely dedicated to building canoes rather than engaging in other production activities.

In reality, the time taken might be even longer.

Such a canoe was a precious asset within a tribe, passed down for decades or even centuries, and was a crucial tool for daily survival in hauling in their fish catch.

Losing two of them was a significant blow to the Barbarian Tribe, not unlike having a meal slashed from their lives.

Chen Shouyi certainly couldn't let them recover these boats, even if there was just a possibility.

...

He waded through the seawater and climbed onto the canoe.

Immediately, various strange and unpleasant stinks wafted directly into his nose.

He immediately held his breath, picked up a coarse rope woven with vine strips that connected to the bow's hole, waded through the seawater again, and tied it to the rocks onshore.

Then, he secured the other one similarly.

...

Of course, he didn't forget about retrieving the arrows from the floating corpses at sea, washing and collecting each one back.

This battle had shown him the immense power of bows in warfare.

An archery expert, when given distance, could usually outmatch a stronger opponent.

Though the Barbarians had greater strength and speed than him, in the battle, aside from the Barbarian clan leader, the others were lethally struck with just one hit.

Once he retrieved all the arrows, Chen Shouyi found eight missing.

Those fell into the sea, impossible to recover.

It didn't bother him, as he wasn't short of money. These metal arrows, given complimentary by the seller, were about twenty yuan each, allowing him to buy five for a hundred; he'd decided to purchase another batch when he returned.

Picking up the war bow, clothing, and the pelt left on the ground, he glanced back before turning to head for the passageway at the mountainside.

From a distance, he saw the Shell Lady fluttering excitedly in the air.

As soon as Chen Shouyi approached, she immediately flew down to his shoulder, hopping and yelling enthusiastically, "One... one giant was killed by you, one... one giant was scared away by you!"

Is there anything new?

I knew it already.

Chen Shouyi tried to appear indifferent, though he couldn't help but smile at the corner of his mouth.

Then, recalling the Shell Lady's timely warning earlier, he felt a need to reward her.

He searched his pocket, generously producing two small glass beads:

"Gems. For you, for spotting the giant!"

The Shell Lady immediately flew in front of him, gleefully grabbing a bead with each hand, beaming as she exclaimed:

"Great Giant, you really are a good person!"

PS: Sorry for the delay, asking for a recommendation.