

Dawn of a New Era

#Chapter 61: Rage - Read Dawn of a New Era Chapter 61: Rage

Chapter 61: Chapter 61: Rage

At this moment, Chen Shouyi suddenly thought of his sister and couldn't help but feel uneasy.

Fifteen or sixteen years old, just the age of his sister.

Just as he was planning to rush home to check on her, two black cars roared up and stopped near the crowd.

The sound of screeching tires pierced the air.

With the sound of several dull car doors closing.

Eight men dressed in black suits got out of their respective car doors.

"Move aside! Everyone clear the way, don't crowd around here!"

These eight men had cold and imposing expressions, walking like the wind, intimidating at a glance, and clearly not to be trifled with.

The crowd quickly stepped aside, making way.

After the men walked past, they crossed the police line without hesitation, while a young policeman seemed ready to stop them, only to be held back by an older policeman, who advised, "Don't cause trouble, they're from over there."

The young policeman's face immediately changed, his eyes showing a hint of awe.

"We are from the Third Category Investigation Division, we'll take over from here." The leading man in black pulled out a badge from his chest and flashed it coldly.

He was about thirty to forty years old, with a tall build and a serious, square face that exuded a righteous aura.

Soon, a middle-aged police officer who seemed to be in charge rushed over. The two shook hands, "I've long heard of Chairman Xia's renowned name."

"You're too kind, Vice Director Zheng. Compared to Chairman Xia, I prefer if you call me Captain Xia." The man in black quickly withdrew his hand and said coldly.

The middle-aged officer's expression didn't change, unaffected as he smiled and obligingly said, "Captain Xia, is there anything you need help with?"

"Help? No need, this incident is extremely dangerous, you all can leave."

...

Chen Shouyi watched for a while, then turned away.

At that moment, the leading man in black suddenly looked at the departing figure of the young man, his brow slightly furrowed.

"What's wrong, Captain?"

"Nothing, let's go inside!" He snapped back to reality and smiled to himself, thinking he was too tense if even a young man gave him a sense of danger.

...

On the way back, Chen Shouyi felt a heaviness in his heart.

The invasion of the Mysterious Force Field from the otherworld, did it mean that the tendrils of the otherworldly gods had already begun to extend here?

Humankind is in danger!

For the past nearly twenty years, two worlds have maintained peace.

Not because both are peace-loving.

Judging from humanity's brief history of civilization, humans are not a peace-loving species; war is almost an eternal theme.

And the otherworldly gods, endlessly in pursuit of faith, are equally not the gentle, vegetarian type.

The reason why the two worlds can maintain long-lasting peace is due to the limitations of each environment, leading to severe restrictions on either side entering the other's world.

Even powerful as gods, once on Earth, Divine Power would dissipate, and the extraordinary would fade, at most becoming an ordinary creature with an extremely

strong physique, with little resistance against humanity's large-scale weapons of mass destruction.

And for humans, the restrictions are even greater; virtually all gunpowder weapons would turn into scrap iron once entering the otherworld.

The term "virtually" because there is still one weapon that can be used.

That is nuclear weapons!

This, the most powerful weapon humanity currently possesses, reliant on atomic fission or fusion, is entirely unaffected by the otherworld's Mysterious Force Field.

This is also the only weapon that can deter the otherworld.

However, the limitations on delivery capability also greatly reduce its effectiveness.

In these recent years, the development of Martial Arts has evolved rapidly, yet those who can become Martial Artists are still just a few.

For Dongning City, a city with a population of nearly a million, the total number of Martial Artists is estimated to be less than ten.

As for higher-level Martial Artists, there are none.

Not to mention that even advanced Martial Artists can only cautiously explore the otherworld, in danger of misfortune at any moment.

If Earth and the otherworld were to fully merge, this fragile peace could be instantly shattered.

By then, how much resistance could humanity offer?

And how many could remain unwavering against the temptations of otherworldly gods?

There is great terror in life and death.

Humans' fear of death and what lies beyond is the most fundamental fear of every living being.

Even many abide by some vague and illusory gods; how much more for those real otherworldly gods.

...

In the past few days, with stable supplies at the farmers' market, the family restaurant resumed business today.

When Chen Shouyi returned home and managed to escape Mrs. Chen's nagging, he immediately inquired about his sister's whereabouts.

Not until Mrs. Chen mentioned that his sister had come home not long ago did he finally breathe a sigh of relief.

Luckily, his sister was unscathed.

As he went upstairs, he saw Chen Xingyue silently practicing with an Alloy Sword in the living room, seemingly oblivious to him even as he approached.

It must have been the recent events that put immense pressure on her.

Chen Shouyi watched for a while and was about to go to his room to set down his briefcase.

Just then, Chen Xingyue suddenly thrust the sword at his arm.

Chen Shouyi instinctively sidestepped, dodging it effortlessly.

"What the heck, are you crazy?"

With his current strength, a Martial Artist Apprentice like his sister was not worth his attention; even distracted, he could easily evade her.

Chen Xingyue did not speak, her face expressionless, continuing to slash horizontally with the sword.

Still not giving up!

Chen Shouyi was a bit annoyed; if he didn't dodge, he wouldn't get hurt, but his clothes might be cut by the sharp sword.

His hand, like an afterimage, instantly pinched the spine of the Alloy Sword, then gave it a slight shake and a strong tug.

The next moment, the Alloy Sword was already in Chen Shouyi's hand: "What's going on with you acting crazy?"

"Waaa!" Suddenly, Chen Xingyue's emotions collapsed, and she began to wail.

He was taken aback; since she entered junior high school, Chen Xingyue hadn't cried, let alone cried so bitterly and hysterically!

He suddenly realized something had happened.

"Xing Yue, what happened? What's wrong?"

Chen Xingyue cried for over half an hour before sobbing, "Brother... Wu Wu Wu! Zhang Qianru and Lu Shuyuan are dead!"

Chen Shouyi looked shocked!

These two were Chen Xingyue's close friends; he had met them once during Chen Xingyue's Martial Arts Apprentice assessment, but he never expected they were dead.

He could hardly believe it and asked, "How did they die?"

"They were killed by cultists."

Chen Shouyi suddenly remembered the bodies the police had just carried out and couldn't help but feel a chill.

But soon he realized something was off. The incident had just occurred, and the police had only just arrived when he came over.

He quickly asked, "How do you know?"

"This morning, they came to my house to ask me out for shopping, and on the way, we ran into someone handing out flyers, saying a cosmetics company was going out of business and all products were being sold at low prices, so we didn't think much and went there." She recounted in sobs, her face pale.

Listening to his sister's halting narrative, Chen Shouyi finally understood.

The moment the three arrived, they were immediately controlled; Chen Xingyue had no power to resist.

Listening to her description, besides twenty or so girls like them who were lured there, there were dozens of cultists, each wearing mysterious black robes with hoods obscuring their faces.

Moreover, some were quite powerful, with even actual Martial Artists among them.

Chen Shouyi's expression grew serious; he initially thought they were just ordinary people, or at most some Martial Arts Apprentices, but he never imagined real Martial Artists were involved. He quickly asked:

"So how did you escape?"

"During... during the ceremony, I was near the window, so when they weren't paying attention, I smashed the glass and jumped out. Fortunately... the floor wasn't high, and there was an awning outside the ground floor shops, so I didn't fall to my death."

Her face was full of terror when she spoke of the ceremony, and she trembled all over.

"But... Qianru and Shuyuan, they never came out. After I escaped, I went to report it to the police, but it was too late."

Chen Shouyi felt a wave of fear listening, and looking at Chen Xingyue's anxious and regretful face, a strong fury rose in his heart.

PS: Please recommend, ah, ah, ah

Chapter 62: Chapter 62: Crisis

Although he and his sister have never been very close since childhood, his sister is still one of his closest relatives.

Now someone is targeting his sister, how could he remain indifferent?

Chen Shouyi tried to suppress his anger and calmly think of a countermeasure, then quickly said.

"Your appearance has been exposed and you are the only eyewitness. Some members of the cult may hold high positions in Dongning City and they will definitely search for you. It's best not to go out these days!"

At this moment, Chen Shouyi thought of something, his expression changed slightly, and he hurriedly asked:

"By the way, when you reported to the police, did you expose any personal information?"

"I... I registered!" Chen Xingyue also realized the key point and suddenly became somewhat lost and panicked.

Although she is smart and clever from a young age, she is after all only a fifteen-year-old girl who hasn't experienced the world, and given her panic and fear at the time, it's inevitable her considerations weren't very thorough.

"Brother... What should we do, shall we call mom and dad and flee? Let's leave Dongning City immediately."

Chen Xingyue didn't even notice that the brother whom she used to look down upon had now, in the face of life and death matters, become her reliance with his calm and steady demeanor.

"Calm down, don't panic. The more you panic, the more chaotic it'll be," Chen Shouyi said in a deep voice.

Then he quickly strode to the balcony and gently opened a slit in the curtain, looking outside carefully for a while.

Before long, he keenly noticed two young men with sinister expressions squatting by the street curb opposite, smoking and chatting intermittently, their eyes occasionally glancing at the restaurant across the street.

"They came so quickly; obviously, this cult is deeply infiltrated," he muttered to himself.

Chen Shouyi hadn't learned any counter-surveillance skills, but the other party's brazen behavior was still easily noticeable to him.

Perhaps they thought this family was powerless to resist and could only be at their mercy!

He gently lowered the curtain, his face gloomy, a murderous intent rising in his heart.

When he turned around, his face had already resumed to calm:

"There are too many eyes during the day; let's leave at night. Also, don't mention this to mom and dad for now to avoid alarming them and alerting the enemy. Now, go to your room and remember not to open the curtains."

Chen Shouyi couldn't be sure whether they would use a sniper rifle or not; some people, to avoid possible exposure, might do anything.

Chen Xingyue didn't say anything, wiped her tears, and nodded vigorously; she was already lost in face of such a situation.

He watched as Chen Xingyue walked into the room heavily.

Chen Shouyi also entered his bedroom.

After putting away his briefcase, he sat down in the chair and closed his eyes, a little distracted.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes, grabbed a porcelain pen holder on the desk, and crushed it along with the pens.

"Damn, it's really fucking arrogant."

The intense irritation and murderous intent in his heart were like a blazing fire burning fiercely in his chest; he wished he could rush out and crush the heads of those two watching youths.

But he knew it was not yet time!

If they continued to pretend as if nothing happened, these people, to minimize social impact and avoid exposure, might wait until late at night to take action. Killing those two now would be like alerting the enemy prematurely.

Moreover, handling corpses in broad daylight isn't easy either.

As for reporting to the police, he had thought about it.

But he quickly dismissed the idea. Even putting aside whether the police would believe him, even if they deployed officers to protect the reporter 24/7, how many risks would that entail?

Furthermore, to cooperate with any potential sting operation by the police, his family wouldn't be able to leave in the short term, always remaining in danger.

Not to mention, how his family's information was leaked was terrifyingly suspicious to think about!

He could disregard his own safety, but he could not ignore the safety of his parents and sister. The best approach was to leave Dongning City at night; even if he were wanted for murder, given the current situation of power and internet outages, once they left Dongning City, it might just end inconclusively.

As for that spatial passage, in such a situation, he could only give it up.

Chen Shouyi planned to find a way to report it once they left Dongning City and were settled down.

Those barbarians were already terrified by him, and short-term, there shouldn't be any issues.

Chen Shouyi took a deep breath, threw the porcelain dust and broken pens into the trash can.

The most important thing now is to get his weapons; even if it exposes him in front of his parents and sister, he couldn't care less.

He opened the window, looked around the alley below, and while no one was watching, he leaped down.

Walking on the street, he glanced at those two men watching out of the corner of his eyes, his fist clenched slightly before he quickly relaxed and briskly left the area.

Those two surveilling youths probably couldn't imagine that, just now, their lives had walked through the gates of hell.

...

In the otherworldly island, night had already fallen, and the sky was dark.

An ominous atmosphere lingered.

The thin mist on the ground moved gently and eerily as if alive.

After experiencing so much, Chen Shouyi no longer felt the initial fear towards these weak natural spirits.

He unconcernedly came to the cave, took out his backpack, and poured out the food and camouflage uniform, scattering them all over the ground.

Then he stuffed in the components of the War Bow and the arrows.

The backpack was a mountaineering bag, approximately 80cm in height, barely fitting the two long bow limbs.

But the sword case was a bit too long, so Chen Shouyi had to carry it in his hand.

Afterward, he picked up all the gold and strode away from the passage.

On the street, he hesitated for a moment, then suddenly changed direction.

Ten minutes later, he arrived at the residential area where Zhang Xiaoyue lived.

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Chen Shouyi saw an elderly man sitting idly in the pavilion of the community and immediately walked up to him.

"Hello, do you know Zhang Xiaoyue, a girl about my age?"

"Zhang who?"

"Zhang Xiaoyue, do you know her?"

"Zhang Xia what?"

"Never mind, I won't bother you. I'll ask someone else," Chen Shouyi replied helplessly.

He asked everyone he met on the road in the community, but all said they didn't know, so Chen Shouyi soon gave up this futile inquiry.

In the city where neighborly relations are indifferent, many people have lived here for over ten years and probably don't even know how many people live across from them.

But there was one thing that comforted Chen Shouyi.

No incidents had occurred here yet, and no one had died, nor had any bodies been unidentified. Otherwise, if such a major event occurred, the community would likely be in an uproar.

He didn't stay long and hurried home.

Seeing Mrs. Chen at the restaurant's cash register head down calculating, Chen Shouyi breathed a sigh of relief.

Then he quickly walked past the restaurant door, went around to the alley, and reached under his bedroom window.

After waiting for a few pedestrians to pass, Chen Shouyi retreated a few steps.

With a few running strides, he suddenly leaped, his body soared three to four meters high, then grabbed the window ledge, flipped over, and was already inside the bedroom.

He sat at the desk, took the Long Sword from the sword case, picked up a piece of silk, and carefully wiped the blade until it gleamed before reinserting it into the sword scabbard.

Then, he took out the components of the bow from the backpack, assembling and adjusting them one by one.

Looking at these two weapons, which were long stained with blood, Chen Shouyi gradually calmed down.

He had never killed a person before, and never thought there would be a day he would kill.

But adding up the barbarians he had killed, it amounted to over twenty.

Chapter 63: Chapter 63: Before Departure

The sky gradually darkened.

Mrs. Chen lit the candles and pulled down the rolling shutter, complaining:

"Business is getting worse and worse; no one even comes to dine anymore."

"What more do you want? So many people have lost their jobs; earning just a little is already good enough." Chen Dawei put down the food, wiped his hands on his apron, and said.

"I don't know why today, my eyelids keep twitching, and I feel uneasy. Do you think there could be problems with our loans? If we can't recover them, we're in trouble."

Jiangnan has always valued commerce, and the underground finance scene is quite prosperous. The returns are often much higher than bank interest, and Chen Shouyi's family naturally invested their extra money into it.

"Why not go collect it on another day; losing some interest is a minor issue. In this situation, who knows when things will recover? The risk is a bit too high!" Chen Dawei said worriedly.

"If we wait any longer, it'll be too late. I'm going to take it back tomorrow." Mrs. Chen immediately said; she's always been decisive in her actions.

She walked to the stairs and shouted loudly: "Are you two going to stay in your rooms and skip dinner? Hurry up and come down!"

...

In the darkness, Chen Shouyi opened his eyes, changed into black clothes, grabbed the long sword from the table, and opened the door.

At that moment, the door next door also opened, and Chen Xingyue, with reddened eyes, walked out.

In just a few hours, she became much more haggard and also quieter.

"Brother, you..." Seeing the sword in Chen Shouyi's hand, she exclaimed in surprise.

She was surprised by her brother's decisiveness and puzzled about the sword's origin.

"There are already people watching outside. They might kill us later; are you afraid?" Chen Shouyi said calmly: "As for how I got this sword, don't ask too many questions."

"Brother, I'm not afraid. They all deserve to die!" Chen Xingyue hesitated, then said coldly.

Remembering her two tragically killed friends, tears welled up in her eyes, and she quickly turned back to her room, also retrieving her alloy sword.

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The two of them descended the stairs one after the other.

"Why are you carrying swords?" Chen Dawei was startled to see them: "And Shouyi, when did you buy that sword?"

Chen Xingyue didn't speak.

"Dad, let's eat first, and I'll explain later." Chen Shouyi forced a smile.

Mrs. Chen, being more observant, noticed her daughter's swollen eyes and sullen face, as well as her son's forced smile and evasive words. Noticing the swords they carried, a bad feeling crept up:

"What did you do to your sister? If you don't explain, there will be no dinner!"

It's no wonder Mrs. Chen was suspicious; seeing their demeanor, anyone would think something was amiss.

What's going on here?

Even though Chen Shouyi was brimming with murderous intent, he was at a loss hearing his mother's scolding.

On the other side, Chen Dawei also became serious and asked sternly: "Shouyi, you two..."

"Dad, Mom, what are you talking about?" Chen Xingyue couldn't help but interject.

"Then why are you carrying swords?" Mrs. Chen, seeing Chen Xingyue's reaction, finally felt she might have misunderstood and became a bit embarrassed.

Chen Shouyi, with a head full of black lines, felt that without a clear explanation, there would be no way to eat dinner. He glanced at the closed rolling shutter and said seriously:

"Dad, Mom, something big has happened."

Influenced by Chen Shouyi's grave expression, Mrs. Chen and Chen Dawei felt a chill in their hearts. Chen Dawei quickly asked: "What happened?"

"A lot of people died nearby today; you should know about it!"

They immediately nodded; this matter had already spread like wildfire nearby—how could they not know?

"Xing Yue was there too, but she luckily escaped. Later, she reported it to the police and leaked information. By the afternoon, there were people watching outside." Chen Shouyi explained the situation in a general sense.

"Tonight, we must leave Dongning City!"

Seeing Chen Xingyue also nodding, Mrs. Chen became a bit flustered. Even though she was shrewd and capable, she was still an ordinary person: "How could there be such lawless people? Can't we call the police?"

"Calling the police won't help; it can only solve immediate issues, not long-term ones. They're all madmen." Chen Shouyi unequivocally rejected the idea, then turned to Chen Dawei: "Dad, is there enough gas in the car?"

"Yes, there is! After refueling last time, I haven't driven it. It can run for a few hundred kilometers without a problem."

Chen Dawei felt that he couldn't appear useless in front of his wife and children, and he calmed himself, saying: "We should indeed leave Dongning City; we must let go when necessary. The safety of the family is more important than anything, even if it means living a hard life for a while."

"But what about the people monitoring us?" Mrs. Chen asked worriedly.

"Mom, leave them to me." Chen Shouyi said calmly.

With that, he instantly drew the long sword, and with a light "zing," it gleamed like lightning. Before the others could even see clearly, the sword had been returned to its scabbard.

The next moment, a corner of the dining table suddenly fell to the floor due to gravity, making a crisp sound.

The surroundings fell into silence.

Chen Xingyue's eyes widened in astonishment. She had already sensed that her brother was strong in the afternoon but never imagined he could be this powerful.

Even she couldn't quite see how he sheathed the sword.

"Brother, are you... a Martial Artist now?" she couldn't help but ask.

"Almost there!" Chen Shouyi replied.

In such a crisis, he couldn't care to hide his abilities; the stronger he appeared, the more reassured his parents would be.

Listening to their conversation, Mrs. Chen and Chen Dawei glanced at each other, then at Chen Shouyi, feeling as if they barely recognized their own son.

"Shouyi, are you really a Martial Artist?" Mrs. Chen still couldn't believe it.

Meeting their excited gazes, Chen Shouyi nodded.

It's not quite bragging to say that; at least in terms of physical condition, he far exceeded Martial Artist standards long ago.

Mrs. Chen felt both excitement and relief; the power of a Martial Artist had long been embedded in people's minds, and each one of them was regarded as a figure above the ordinary, rare even in all of Dongning City.

She then began to worry about something else: "At that time, you must not impulsively kill anyone."

"Don't worry, Mom; I'll just knock them out." Though Chen Shouyi already harbored a killing intent, he said that to reassure his parents.

Chen Dawei snapped back to the present and hurriedly interrupted:

"Now's not the time to chat; let's eat first!"

"Yes, yes, and the luggage too."

...

The atmosphere at dinner was a bit tense; except for Chen Shouyi, no one had much appetite.

Mrs. Chen ate a few quick bites and immediately dragged Chen Dawei to pack their luggage.

It's hard to leave behind family possessions, especially since they didn't know when they could return, so they needed to take many things along.

A dozen minutes later, both of them carried large bags down the stairs.

"I've packed your clothes, Shouyi. Why is there a bow under your bed?"

"Mom, don't ask for now. I'll explain later." Chen Shouyi said, feeling a headache coming on.

Chen Xingyue noticed the oversized giant bow and the large pile of practical arrows in her dad's hands; she turned her head, sneaking a glance at Chen Shouyi as if he were a monster.

Brother, what have you been doing secretly lately?

"Mom, did you take my briefcase?" Chen Shouyi suddenly remembered something and hurriedly asked.

"Yes, I stuffed it into your backpack with your clothes!"

What?

Chen Shouyi's face turned to surprise, and his scalp went numb. He immediately put down the bowl and walked quickly over: "Mom, let me handle it. Let's see if anything's left behind!"

Soon, he took the backpack, feeling it stuffed to the brim with items.

Could the Shell Lady have been crushed?

He turned away from the others, quickly opened the backpack, and began to pull out clothes from inside. Finally, with bated breath, he retrieved a severely squeezed briefcase from the bottom.

He took a deep breath and quickly unzipped it.

Seeing the Shell Lady, although pressed into a look of terror, still unharmed, he let out a sigh of relief.

"That really scared me."

Chapter 64: Chapter 64: Night of Murder (Part 1)

The night gradually deepened.

A crescent moon hung high in the night sky, bringing a hint of light to the darkness.

At the corner of the street, two shadowy figures leaned idly against the wall.

The faint glow of the cigarette butts flickered on and off.

"Brother Xu, we've been watching for nearly a day. When are we going to make our move?" A young man threw his cigarette butt on the ground, ground it under his foot, and asked impatiently in a low voice.

"Wait a bit longer!" The one called Brother Xu glanced at his watch and whispered, "We'll wait until they're sound asleep; otherwise, the noise might catch the attention of the patrol officers. This operation must be foolproof."

"Do we really have to kill them all?" The young man seemed a bit reluctant.

"What, can't you do it? Or is your faith in the Lord wavering?" Brother Xu turned his head, his face grim.

"No, no... no, my faith in the great God of Hunting is unwavering," the young man said hurriedly, frightened.

The God of Hunting is indeed a True God; during the noontime ceremony, he truly felt Her presence.

Divine Power was like a prison, its majesty unfathomable.

Some high-ranking members were even granted Divine Power during the ceremony.

During the ceremony, identities were kept secret, and there were only one-way communications between the higher-ups and the lower ranks.

He couldn't discern their exact appearances, but he could sense that some of the high-ranking figures were elderly men at the end of their lives.

"That's good. We are the first batch of followers of the great God of Hunting on Earth. This mission is but a small test of our loyalty to the Lord!"

"Of course, I know!" The young man's expression became firm.

Brother Xu nodded, his expression relaxing a bit, and continued:

"This mission isn't difficult. This family of four, aside from that little girl who has some strength, the others are just regular people. When the time comes, I'll handle the little girl, and you deal with the other three."

"Got it!" The young man said without hesitation this time.

"Remember, when you make your move, you must be decisive; don't have any mercy..." He said halfway, then suddenly shut his mouth, making a silencing gesture.

The other young man was puzzled for a moment until he heard footsteps approaching from afar.

Damn it, what are they doing out so late at night in the dark? Are they looking to die?

The young man sneered, bored, and pulled out a pack of cigarettes, lit another one.

Just as he took a puff, a figure appeared at the street corner, turned a corner, and started walking down this alley.

In the dim moonlight, you could see this was a teenager, appearing about seventeen or eighteen, dressed in a black tracksuit, his complexion fair and handsome.

He seemed to sense someone by the roadside and instinctively looked over, noticing the two figures leaning against the wall, and he was immediately scared stiff, stopping in his tracks.

After a while, he hesitated and slowly walked over, keeping a wary eye on the two of them.

"You little rascal, what are you looking at? Get lost!" The young man threatened.

Seeing the boy quicken his pace in fear, he couldn't help but laugh heartily.

The two drew nearer.

Ten meters, five meters.

Gradually, the young man named Brother Xu suddenly realized something was off about the other person.

He noticed that although the boy looked a little scared, he wasn't walking closer to the side of the road; instead, he was walking in the middle of the road.

Most crucially, he noticed the boy's eyes were as calm as a bottomless dark pool.

He was suddenly gripped with fear, his hair standing on end: "This isn't good! Mo-"

But by then, it was too late.

When Brother Xu uttered the first syllable, the boy was still standing on the road.

But when the second syllable left his throat and he reached into his coat to pull out a weapon,

the figure of the boy had already turned incredibly blurry, as if a phantom appeared in front of his retinas.

At the same time, a fierce gust of wind arose out of nowhere, blowing his hair wildly and making his face tremble intensely.

Just as the short sword in his jacket was exposed by half a foot, and he only just began to say "mo-", he saw a thin chopstick rapidly enlarge in front of his eyes, terror hadn't even risen in his heart when the next moment his body spasmed violently, eyes widened as he leaned against the wall, slowly sliding down to the ground.

The boy leisurely pulled out the blood-stained chopstick, it was still intact.

He turned to look at the other young man.

The young man was frightened, retreating continuously, his eyes glimpsing the corpse of Brother Xu, and a rush of urgency built up:

"D-Don't come near me, I-I'm a follower of the God of Hunting, killing me will bring you bad luck."

The boy sneered slightly: "The God of Hunting, what kind of thing is that?"

As soon as the words fell, the boy's figure blurred, then turned around and walked back.

A few steps later, a heavy body rolled to the ground, a deep bloody hole on its forehead, twitching uncontrollably all over.

Undoubtedly, the boy was Chen Shouyi.

He glanced at the police still patrolling in the distance, walking home calmly.

When he came out, he jumped down from the bedroom window, but now obviously that was no longer needed.

Before knocking on the door, he slipped the blood-stained chopstick into the small hole of the street manhole cover and carefully checked his clothes,

fortunately, there was no trace of blood on his clothes.

"Dad! Mom, open the door quickly!"

A few seconds later, the roll-up door was half lifted, and Chen Shouyi immediately ducked inside.

As soon as he came in, Chen Xingyue impatiently asked: "Bro, is it dealt with?"

Facing everyone's nervous or excited glances, Chen Shouyi nodded: "Now the surveillance is gone, time is running out, we must leave immediately."

"You didn't kill anyone, did you?" Mrs. Chen asked.

"Mom, don't worry! I didn't, just knocked them out," Chen Shouyi hesitated for a moment in his heart, but chose to reassure her.

Chen Xingyue couldn't help but glance at her brother, seeing Chen Shouyi slightly nod, for the first time a smile appeared on her face that had been tense since the afternoon.

Aware of nothing about the little signal between the two, Mrs. Chen continuously murmured: "That's good, that's good!"

Chen Shouyi understood his mother's mindset, every parent wishes for their child's safety, and not for them to become a murderer, even if the murdered were evil villains beyond redemption.

Because the law has no consideration, murder is murder, it wouldn't go unpunished even if the victim was a villain.

"Enough talking, let's go quickly!" Chen Dawei urged.

"Right! Right! Right!"

Mrs. Chen hastily pulled down the shutter door, locked it again.

The group exited through the back door.

The car was parked in the garage at the back, bags and luggage already packed inside.

With the surveillance gone, everyone quickly got into the car, ready to set off.

Due to business needs, sometimes transporting goods as well, the family owned a small van, offering plenty of space.

Yet even so, the already removed back seats were still piled full of luggage like a mountain.

After several attempts to start the engine, fortunately, it finally started smoothly.

The car slowly drove out of the garage, soon entering the street, gaining speed.

Chen Shouyi and Chen Xingyue sat in the back seats, each with a Long Sword and a War Bow beside them.

No one spoke in the car, everyone seemed to be preoccupied, silent except for the humming sound of the engine.

Chen Shouyi looked out the window, right as a firework soared into the sky, followed by a burst of beautiful red light illuminating half the night sky.

Hopefully, this journey will be safe and smooth!

Chapter 65: Chapter 65: Night of Murder (Part 2)

It was almost eleven o'clock, and there were pitifully few cars on the road. The journey was smooth.

Chen Shouyi looked out the window for a while, then retracted his gaze.

At this moment, a doubt flashed in his mind. Who would be setting off fireworks in the middle of the night instead of sleeping?

He looked out the window again and found that the fireworks had stopped.

A bad premonition suddenly arose in his heart, and he said:

"Dad, drive faster."

"It's too dark, I'm already going sixty miles an hour. Going any faster would be dangerous," said Chen Dawei.

"Better to go slow, better to go slow. A car accident would be terrible," Mrs. Chen also said.

Seeing his parents insist, Chen Shouyi did not persuade further; indeed, driving too fast at night was risky.

Maybe he was just overthinking it.

Chen Shouyi thought to himself.

Ten minutes later, as the car entered the national highway, there were even fewer cars on the road, and often several minutes would pass without seeing a vehicle coming from the opposite direction.

The car gradually moved away from the city, and Chen Shouyi gazed back at the dark city behind him with some melancholy.

This was the city where he had lived from childhood to adulthood.

It was filled with countless memories, and it was also where his first love resided.

He didn't know when he would be able to return after this departure.

Nor did he know when he could meet Zhang Xiaoyue again.

Love to Chen Shouyi was like an elusive breeze on a hot summer day, unexpected yet vanishing without a trace.

...

As time passed, the buildings on both sides gradually gave way to farmland.

Chen Dawei also increased the speed appropriately to seventy miles per hour: "We'll be in Pingqiu City in about half an hour."

"Once there, we'll stay overnight in a hotel. Tomorrow we'll look for a house. I just wonder if we can find a hotel once we arrive?" asked Mrs. Chen.

"If not, we can just manage in the car for a night!" Chen Dawei said.

Perhaps because they were getting close to Pingqiu City, the oppressive atmosphere since their departure began to ease.

Chen Shouyi glanced at Chen Xingyue and found that she was already a bit drowsy, her head nodding up and down, her eyelids struggling to stay open.

It's understandable, today had been a day full of events for her, her nerves had been taut like steel wires, and any relaxation would lead to exhaustion.

At this moment, a light shone into the back of the car.

Chen Shouyi turned to look and saw through the bright light a car speeding toward them.

This speed must be over a hundred miles per hour?

A sinking feeling gripped his heart, and he nudged Chen Xingyue.

She gave a startled jolt and woke up abruptly, "Brother, what's wrong?"

"Stay alert!" Chen Shouyi said.

Just as he finished speaking, the rear window shattered instantly, and he heard a burst of gunfire in his ear.

He quickly pushed Chen Xingyue's head down, and the next moment, the car shook as if a tire had been blown out, causing the vehicle to skid sideways rapidly.

There was a burst of screams from inside the car, but fortunately, Chen Dawei reacted quickly, immediately steering the wheel sharply and slamming on the brakes. After an ear-piercing screech, the car finally came to a stop.

"Get down, get down, stay in the car, don't come out. Don't worry, leave these people to me." Chen Shouyi crouched down while speaking loudly, quickly picked up the war bow beside him.

"Be careful!" Mrs. Chen said worriedly.

"Brother, be safe."

Chen Shouyi didn't respond. His breathing gradually steadied, his heart pounding fiercely.

The gunfire continued for a brief moment, then ceased.

Immediately, he heard the sound of the other car stopping.

Now's the time!

Chen Shouyi took a deep breath, swung the car door open, and sprang out like a leopard.

Before he even stood still, he twisted his body, swiftly drawing the bow, and loosed an arrow fiercely.

Some twenty or thirty meters ahead, a black car was filled with people.

A gunman in the front passenger seat, having just swapped out a fresh magazine, reached for the car door. Just as he was about to step out, a lightning-fast arrow pierced through the front windshield and his skull in an instant.

The others, seeing this, were terrified and hurriedly ducked down.

Chen Shouyi, with a stern expression, swiftly pulled out another arrow and shot towards the driver's seat.

The five-hundred-pound war bow had incredible short-range power; the thin metal sheeting of the car was as fragile as tissue paper against this strong bow. The arrow shot through the car's hood next to the window, pierced the plastic dashboard and continued its momentum, embedding itself in the body of the driver hiding behind.

Chen Shouyi fired ten more arrows in quick succession, and the entire car looked like a porcupine, filled with arrows.

He threw aside the war bow, pulled out a long sword, and began walking toward the car to check for any survivors.

However, he had only taken a few steps.

Then unexpectedly it happened.

With a thunderous bang, the car door was violently blown a few meters away, landing on the road with a clang.

A burly man in a black suit, one hand holding a sword and the other an arrow, emerged from the backseat. He twisted his neck and clicked his tongue, saying:

"I didn't expect just coming here to see, I'd encounter such a skilled expert."

His footsteps were unhurried, his demeanor composed.

His walking posture was very peculiar. Though he took step by step like an ordinary person, if one looked closely, one would notice his body didn't sway at all. It was as straight as a line.

If not watching his legs, it seemed as though he was gliding, yet it imparted an unparalleled sense of coordination.

"As expected, those trash are unreliable. It's up to me to handle it myself." He tossed aside the arrow in his hand, "Oh, by the way, you almost managed to harm me earlier."

Chen Shouyi felt a heaviness in his heart, but his tone was unyielding. Just bluffing, who wouldn't?

"You should be grateful you lived a few seconds longer, trash! Lapdog of the Barbarian God! Traitor."

"Hahaha, lapdog." The man in black seemed provoked, "Ah, youth is indeed naive. Unfortunately, you won't survive the night."

"So much talk before dying, come on then!"

Chen Shouyi sneered, drew his long sword with a metallic "clink," discarded the scabbard, and his body transformed into a blur, swiftly stabbing toward the man in black.

A loud "clang" was heard.

Sparks flew, saturating the air with a metallic scent.

The swords parted as quickly as they clashed.

The man in black parried his long sword and advanced with a sword strike aimed at Chen Shouyi's throat.

His swordsmanship was honed through countless battles, far superior to Chen Shouyi's. Each strike, each move was as elusive as a graceful antelope and vanished like a sudden glimpse of a flying swan, akin to lightning.

Fortunately, Chen Shouyi reacted more swiftly, stepping to the right, tilting his body, and simultaneously counter-thrusting with his sword.

All along, he had a misconception, believing a martial artist's strength had to be at least 12.7 points. He assumed agility needed to be the same.

In reality, compared to strength, increasing agility was exponentially more difficult.

This was related to neural response speed, and the regular 36-style body refinement routine didn't effectively enhance neural response speed. Apart from continuous reflex training, one had to rely on innate talent.

In truth, agility only needed to be about 12.3 to meet martial artist standards.

And Chen Shouyi's agility was 13.2, even if the opponent was already a martial artist, his reaction ability was three levels faster than the man in black. These three levels completely compensated for his weaker swordsmanship experience.

In the darkness, the two figures moved at high speed like illusions, each leap and bound flashing like electric swords, occasionally bursting with sparks.

After the initial phase of the battle, which brought immense pressure, Chen Shouyi soon became increasingly at ease, gaining the upper hand.

A few seconds later, his body flickered, avoiding an incoming sword light, swiftly countering with a strike while stepping past the man's flank, the sharp blade lightly dragging along through his rapid movement.

The fight suddenly ended.

Both stood still at their original positions.

"You..." The man in black uttered a single word just before a rustling sound from his abdomen, as a large heap of intestines spilled from his belly, his body swaying before collapsing to his knees.

Chapter 66: Chapter 66: A Place to Stay (Part 1)

The entire fight lasted only seven to eight seconds from start to finish, and a winner was already decided.

Cold weapon combat is always dangerous and brutal, unlike barehanded fighting, where even if you end up with bruises all over, you can still go several more rounds.

This type of battle is entirely about life and death in an instant.

After being cut open in the abdomen, the man in black still couldn't die immediately; he knelt on the ground, the sword long discarded, his hands trembled as he desperately tried to stuff his guts back into his stomach, his face full of terror and hopelessness.

"Got the guts to act tough again?" Chen Shouyi walked over and kicked the sword next to him flying, preventing the man from a last-ditch counterattack.

The man in black raised his head, mouth covered in blood foam, just about to say something when he suddenly spat out a mouthful of fresh blood.

"Shou Yi, what are you doing, need help?" Mrs. Chen asked anxiously.

During the previous battle, he was so focused that Chen Shouyi didn't notice that at some point, his parents and sister had already gotten off the car.

He suddenly looked a bit awkward and said:

"Uh, it's rather bloody here, you guys stay back, I'll be right there."

He quickly stopped showing off, grasped the long sword in his hand, and swiftly slashed it across the man's throat.

Blood sprayed from the carotid artery like a breeze through a bamboo grove.

Then, he looked at the arrow embedded in the car.

The arrow still had his fingerprints on it, which could possibly reveal his information.

For safety's sake, Chen Shouyi felt he should retrieve it.

He glanced at his clothes, which had been sliced open in many places; these were from narrowly dodging the black-clad man's sword during the earlier battle. Fortunately, his body wasn't injured.

He took off his clothes, then wrapped them around his hand.

In no time at all, he collected back the arrows stuck in the car and on the bodies one by one.

There were a total of four people who came this time, besides the black-clad man with martial artist skills and the two he killed first, there was another person in the back seat.

But before he could show himself, a sharp arrow penetrating the front seat had struck his chest, and now he was long silent.

On the way back, he saw the long sword he had kicked away earlier, picked it up, and also found the sword scabbard discarded by the roadside.

During this time, there was no vehicle passing by the road.

At this moment, Chen Dawei had already changed the tire and shouted to Chen Shouyi: "Quick, get in the car, let's leave here."

Once he took all the weapons and got back in the car, the car started immediately. This time, Chen Dawei stomped on the gas pedal, and the car shot forward like an arrow off the string, going faster and faster.

"Shou Yi, you... are you hurt?" Mrs. Chen asked nervously as she noticed the faint bloody smell inside the car.

"Mom, don't worry, it's all someone else's blood, your son is perfectly fine."

"That's good, that's good, just now watching you fight with that person, my heart was in my throat." This time, Mrs. Chen didn't even bring up the matter of killing, it was obvious, wasn't it? If her son didn't kill, it would be her son and the whole family who would end up dead.

After speaking, the car became somewhat silent.

After all, such a major event occurred, having killed so many people, it's impossible to shake off this kind of immense psychological shock so easily.

For ordinary people like Mrs. Chen and Chen Dawei, they probably wouldn't even dream that one day the family would be chased down like this, although the pursuit was temporarily resolved, the result of the son killing someone was still there.

...

Chen Shouyi sat in the back seat, holding the long sword from the man in black, carefully examining it.

This sword was about ten centimeters longer than his own, nearly 1.1 meters, gleaming coldly, the blade seemingly coated with a layer of translucent grease.

He had seen such high-grade swords on the cold weapon e-commerce site.

The surface layer resembling grease is actually a high-strength nano-hard membrane.

This nano-hard membrane's hardness is several times that of diamond, yet it doesn't have diamond's brittleness.

This sword is not only extremely sharp, cutting through hair effortlessly, but it is also immune to corrosion and requires no maintenance typically. He had seen it on the second-hand weapons market, with a minimum price of 300,000, and if brand new, at least over 500,000.

He cautiously touched the sharp blade with his fingers, realizing that even after all the prior collisions during the battle, there wasn't a single nick left on the blade.

On the other hand, his own sword was already looking like interlaced saw teeth, the deepest notch even reaching a centimeter; if the battle lasted a bit longer, or if the blade was any thinner, it might have broken.

If the sword breaks during battle, it would likely lead to different outcomes.

Luckily, none of this happened.

He fondly toyed with the sword for a while, then sheathed it back.

Now this sword was his own.

...

The car drove for a dozen minutes and began to approach Pingqiu City.

Pingqiu, like Dongning, is also a small city, though it developed much better than Dongning City, with thriving industry and commerce, and a permanent population of over a million.

Of course, that was before.

...

"Dad, don't go to the city center, are there any towns ahead?"

"Yes, yes, there's Changmen Town ahead, I've been here a few times!"

"Don't go over yet, find a secluded place and stop for a bit first."

Small towns aren't like rural areas; the floating population is small and any extra people stand out, nor are they like city centers with strict management and patrols everywhere — perfect for a temporary stop.

Chen Dawei asked no further questions; having gone through so much, he no longer treated his son like a child.

The car turned a corner, heading down a secluded road, and after running for another minute, it stopped.

On both sides, there were fields, about one or two kilometers from the town area.

"I think we shouldn't find a hotel; let's make do in the car for the night and look for a place to stay tomorrow," Chen Dawei said worriedly.

Right now, they're criminals on the run; blatantly staying in a hotel, he doesn't have the mental fortitude for it. If stopped by a policeman, he's worried he might give himself away.

Mrs. Chen was about to agree when Chen Shouyi immediately vetoed:

"No way, our car has bullet holes, once a cop sees they'll know something's wrong!

Bring money and some essentials with you, then abandon the car and make sure to take the license plates off to discard them somewhere."

Chen Shouyi wasn't clear on how deeply the cult had infiltrated, but it's always better to be cautious.

"But..." Mrs. Chen was still reluctant.

Chen Dawei immediately reacted, "Son is right; why are you worried about material things now? As long as the family is safe and sound!"

Just then, Chen Xingyue suddenly began to cry, emotions somewhat unstable:

"Waa... it's all my fault... all my fault! If I hadn't escaped back then, I wouldn't have brought this upon you, making everyone anxious and afraid."

Chen Shouyi found his sister's childish thinking both amusing and exasperating, hurriedly consoling: "Don't be silly, when someone wants to kill you, were you supposed to just stick out your neck? Moreover, you're my sister, even if you died, do you think I would let them go?"

"Yeah, what are you thinking about, as a family we should be united, it's talked about being a burden or not a burden, if you died, your dad, no matter if his teeth were broken, would still bite them!"

"What are you saying about dying? Xing Yue, you better not let your mind run wild!"

Chen Xingyue quickly wiped her tears, but the more she wiped, the more they flowed, uncontrollable.

...

After a good ten minutes, all four finally walked out of the car with their luggage, Chen Xingyue still had red eyes.

"Wait, Dad, give me the lighter." Chen Shouyi said.

Chen Dawei was puzzled but handed over the lighter.

Chen Shouyi took it, went back into the car, and when he came out, wisps of blue smoke were already seeping through the car windows.

Facing everyone's amazed gazes, he returned the lighter to Chen Dawei and said, "Just to be safe, let's go quickly. If the police find out, it'll be a disaster."

Chapter 67: Chapter 67: Finding Shelter (Part 2)

It's almost midnight.

In the bright moonlight, a family of four is walking quickly.

In the distance, the fire is getting bigger and bigger, and the whole car is engulfed in flames.

Fortunately, it's in a rural area, remote and late at night, with no one noticing at all.

While passing a river, Chen Dawei decisively threw the license plate into the river.

After walking for half an hour, the group finally arrived at the town, but before finding a place to stay, they were stopped by a patrol officer on the road.

"What are you doing so late?" A patrol officer asked, sweeping around with a dim flashlight.

Thankfully, they had already rehearsed their story and were mentally prepared for such a situation. Chen Dawei forced himself to remain calm and said, "The car broke down on the road, and we're looking for a place to stay overnight."

The officer looked at the group, some big, some small, each carrying luggage, speaking in the local accent, and didn't suspect anything. Instead, he warmly suggested:

"At this hour, it's hard to find accommodation. Try knocking on the door of a small motel. The owner might open the door!"

"Thank you very much, then we won't bother you anymore. We'll get going!"

"Okay, be careful on the road. The security has been a bit off lately. Yell if you encounter any trouble; we usually patrol nearby." The officer said.

The group, having had a fright, quickly left the area.

Chen Shouyi finally noticed that Mrs. Chen, who was usually dominant at home, was actually weak inside. Faced with such a scene, she was completely stunned just now, her expression stiff.

Thankfully, Father Chen had a strong heart.

Otherwise, it'd be up to him, but he's ultimately not an adult, which might arouse suspicion.

Luckily, everything turned out fine without incident.

Next, the group went to several motels and finally got one to open the door.

The motel owner was an old man. He lit a candle and pulled back the curtains to glance at the four of them before opening the door, grumbling: "Coming to sleep so late! How many rooms do you need?"

"Three rooms!" Chen Dawei said.

"A total of 120, plus a 100 deposit. By the way, candles cost extra; how many do you want?"

"Three, and give me two lighters." Chen Dawei said.

"That'll be 330 in total. The price of candles has gone up recently. If you want hot water, take it from here. The bathroom is in the hallway. Take this candle with you." The old man said.

Throughout, the old man didn't mention anything about ID cards, which relieved everyone.

...

With a motel costing only 40 per night, naturally, there was no need to expect much quality or sanitation.

However, for Chen Shouyi's family, at this moment, any place to sleep was enough, and they wouldn't dare ask for more.

Chen Xingyue's room.

Mrs. Chen, holding Chen Xingyue's hand, said, somewhat worried: "Don't overthink things, sleep early, everything is over now."

"Yeah, once things settle down, we'll open a restaurant again, and everything will be just like before." Chen Dawei said.

Chen Xingyue nodded vigorously, her eyes somewhat moist: "Mom, Dad, Brother, I'm okay now, you should sleep early too."

Mrs. Chen and Father Chen said a few more words before getting up to leave.

Chen Shouyi also returned to his room.

He lay back on the somewhat smelly bed, sighing slightly.

Just a day ago, he was still thinking about how to completely resolve the hidden dangers of the spatial passage, clean up all the barbarians' canoes, and find Zhang Xiaoyue. A day later, he was forced to hide shamefully in a small, unknown town in another city.

Life never progresses according to your plans.

He felt like a rootless duckweed, drifting with the slightest breeze or wave, nowhere to rely on.

Ultimately, it was because he had no social influence.

He has the strength of a martial artist but lacks the corresponding social status of one. His words are worthless. If he were a registered martial artist, would cultists dare deal with his family so openly? There'd be no need to hide so sneakily, afraid of being exposed.

It's the cultists who should be afraid of exposure, not the other way around!

Thinking of this, he couldn't help but feel aggrieved.

Unfortunately, he's not only not a registered martial artist, but not even an apprentice.

From an age perspective, he's still a minor with no political rights.

"I wonder when the martial artist apprentice exams will resume."

It's not that Chen Shouyi didn't want to take the martial artist exam directly, but only through the apprentice could he qualify, and martial artists aren't tested in small cities

like Dongning or Ping Hill. He'd have to go to the Jiangnan Province Martial Arts Branch to take the exam.

...

At this point, he finally remembered the Shell Lady.

Since she got restrained, he hadn't checked whether she was injured.

He immediately took the briefcase, unzipped it, and found her sleeping soundly.

He took out the Shell Lady, untied the straps, and peeled off the tape on her face.

"Damn giant, you woke me up." The Shell Lady was startled awake and shouted angrily.

As a being from another world, the Shell Lady's sleep duration is quite long. Sleeping seventeen or eighteen hours in one stretch is typical for her.

Chen Shouyi originally thought she would mention nearly being crushed to death earlier, yet she was annoyed about being woken. It seemed she was perfectly fine.

Indeed, otherworldly beings are remarkably resilient.

"Aren't you hungry?"

The Shell Lady thought for a while and said: "Hungry!"

That's it then.

Chen Shouyi took honey from his backpack and mixed it with hot water.

The Shell Lady's thoughts are simple, anger comes quickly and subsides quickly as well. She stood on the bed curiously observing the surroundings: "Giant, why has your sleeping place changed again?"

Chen Shouyi didn't want to answer that sad question and placed the spoon on the bedside table:

"Eat quickly, then go back to sleep!"

The Shell Lady immediately moved her little legs, ran over, and jumped onto the bedside table.

After she finished eating, Chen Shouyi placed the Shell Lady on the edge of the bed against the wall, blew out the candle, and lay down on the bed.

He closed his eyes, practiced "Entering the Quiet to Refine the Self."

Then, despite his fatigue, he entered the memory space to review the battle with the man in black.

Initially, this fight seemed easy, but in reality, it was extremely dangerous. Any slight relaxation or mistake could have resulted in his death.

Even now, viewing the battle from a third-person perspective, he felt cold sweat as if he were walking along the edge of hell.

Compared to the life-and-death sniper duel with the Barbarian Clan Leader, this cold weapon combat was undoubtedly more thrilling, with no opportunity for respite.

This black-clad man's swordsmanship was unbelievably skilled, each move made with instinctive ease, transcending any formal posture. The sword forms were blurred, with smooth and natural transitions between moves, showing tremendous power with every motion.

He watched for a while and immediately immersed his mind into the body of the man in black.

The first feeling was a slight weakness, much weaker than his own body.

The second feeling was harmony. The body was incredibly coordinated, as if the muscles were oiled, allowing every subtle action to mobilize all muscles.

Clearly, the man in black's control over body muscles was at an amazing level, completely instinctual.

In fact, to become a martial artist requires meeting two basic standards: having a body that meets the martial artist's physical strength and completing the muscle refinement stage of the "Entering the Quiet to Refine the Self." He had long achieved the former but still lacked in the latter.

Of course, of the two standards, only the first is mandatory while the second one is just the path to achieving a martial artist's powerful combat capabilities.

Someone like Chen Shouyi who can already kill a martial artist in one-on-one combat is undoubtedly a martial artist.

He carefully experienced this sense of precise control over all muscles and soon couldn't resist the fatigue of his mind, falling into a deep sleep.

Chapter 68: Chapter 68: Resting Place (Part 3)

The next morning, Chen Shouyi accompanied his parents to look for a rental house.

The house wasn't hard to find. In the current situation without electricity and a lack of orders, most factories had already closed, and many migrant workers had returned home, so there were plenty of houses waiting to be rented.

"Oh, ma'am, it really can't be any cheaper. In the past, people scrambled to rent for fifteen hundred, now it's only twelve hundred, which is much cheaper." The landlord was a well-dressed middle-aged woman in her forties, gentle and looked like a cultured person.

However, bargaining has nothing to do with being cultured or not; it is an innate ability of every middle-aged woman.

"You also said that's in the past. Now, who would come to rent a house? If we don't rent it, it's just empty here, a thousand can't go any higher." Mrs. Chen's bargaining ability was not weak either.

"Oh, but isn't this temporary? Can't be no electricity all the time, when the electricity comes back, the house prices will rise immediately."

"Buying and selling depend on the market price, not whether it can appreciate in value. Who knows when the electricity will come back?"

...

The two women started bargaining with each other back and forth.

Chen Shouyi, his sibling, and Chen Dawei just stood there dumbfounded, unable to get a word in.

A dozen minutes later, Mrs. Chen still had the upper hand, successfully closing the deal at a thousand per month.

The house was a self-built five-story building, with the landlord's family living from the fourth floor up, and the first floor rented to another family.

The other second and third floors were still vacant, and Chen Shouyi's family chose the third floor.

To facilitate renting, the landlord specially built an outdoor staircase on the side of the house, avoiding the trouble of passing through the first floor.

Since they had little luggage, the move didn't take much time.

However, the subsequent shopping took the whole day; whether pots and pans, oil, salt, sauces, vinegar, or various daily necessities, pillows, and quilt covers, all needed to be repurchased. Even autumn clothes had to be newly added.

During dinner in the evening.

Chen Shouyi looked at Mrs. Chen's worried face and couldn't help but ask, "Mom, are we out of money?"

"These are adult matters, you don't need to worry about it." Mrs. Chen reflexively said, but immediately felt it was somewhat inappropriate after saying it.

Last night she tossed and turned, unable to sleep, not entirely due to fear, but mostly thinking about her son's nonchalant attitude after killing someone, treating life with indifference.

Although her son had been helping the family kill chickens and fish since he was young.

But killing people is different. Even she and her husband, watching from afar, felt high-strung and nervous.

Yet her son, afterwards, seemed unbothered, not only calmly cleaning up the scene but also pulling the arrows from the bodies one by one.

She had a feeling that her son certainly wasn't killing for the first time, otherwise, he wouldn't act so calmly.

Since he could kill, robbery seemed even simpler.

If he thought the family was out of money, would her son resort to robbery?

The more she thought about it, the more uneasy she became, quickly saying, "We have enough cash for now; I'm just worried that withdrawing our savings will cause trouble."

Chen Shouyi, unaware, said, "Let's not withdraw for now to avoid exposing information. If we're out of money, I still have some on hand."

"How much do you have?" Mrs. Chen immediately asked.

"About ten thousand!" This ten thousand was what he had previously withdrawn from the bank, and over the past few days had only spent a few hundred.

Only then did Mrs. Chen exhale, but then heard Chen Shouyi continue, "Additionally, I have a few pieces of gold, if sold, should fetch twenty to thirty thousand."

He didn't dare say too much, fearing to scare his parents.

In fact, he had accumulated more than two kilograms of golden sand during this period, even if its purity was only in the eighties, it could fetch around three hundred thousand on the black market. Including savings, he had about half a million now.

"Where did you get the gold?" Mrs. Chen immediately asked seriously, "By the way, I haven't asked how you got the bow and sword?"

Chen Xingyue couldn't help but look at her brother, wanting to see what excuse he would use.

"Uh, the gold is actually natural gold, picked up by the creek. Sold some, then bought a bow and sword." Chen Shouyi paused, hurriedly recapping the excuse he had already thought of.

"How much did it cost?" Mrs. Chen asked with skepticism.

Now, she didn't believe a word from this son.

Picked up gold by the creek, if there was gold, it would have long been picked up by others, yet you found it?

This son used to be so obedient, always listening to her, never daring to disobey.

But she didn't know when he started becoming unrecognizable to her.

If not for this incident, who would have thought that her son had such a side? Probably the two people monitoring their house last night were not knocked unconscious by him but killed by him.

"More than ten thousand, they are all second-hand." Chen Shouyi said, to prove it he went back to his room, retrieved a few larger pieces of gold from the pocket of his backpack, and placed them on the table with a clatter:

"I found quite a lot back then, now there's only this bit left."

"Then why buy a sword and a bow?"

Mrs. Chen glanced at the gold pieces and was about to ask more but was interrupted by Chen Dawei who said:

"Don't ask anymore, Shouyi, take the gold back, your mom and I aren't that old yet, enough to support this family.

You are grown up now, and have your secrets, we won't ask much more, besides your mom and I are ordinary people, we can't manage anymore. But you must always stick to your principles, never do anything illegal."

Chen Shouyi was moved and quickly nodded, "Got it, Dad!"

...

In the bedroom at night, Chen Shouyi sat on the chair, holding his breath, staring intently at the candle.

The candle flickered slightly.

"There is still a faint power presence, although it has almost become like nothing." Chen Shouyi thought secretly in his heart.

Once on Earth, his attribute panel for the talent ability of "Control Atmosphere" had disappeared. But he found that this ability had not completely disappeared; he could still weakly interfere with the flow of air.

Just because the ability was too weak, it did not display on the attribute panel.

After a while, he drew his sword.

Recalling the feeling of triggering Qi Force last time, he concentrated all his attention, slowly approaching the flame.

When the tip of the sword neared the flame, the flame suddenly shook violently, as if a breeze was blowing from the tip of the sword.

He stopped and again thrust the sword slowly at the same speed; unlike the first time, he relaxed his mind this time.

This time the flame barely trembled.

"Is this the ability to control the atmosphere? Or some other unknown power?" He wondered, "However, from the degree the flame deviated just now, it seems to far exceed my ability to manipulate the atmosphere."

Then an idea struck him, he left the bedroom, found a box of tofu from the kitchen.

Unwrapped, drained the water, cut a small piece and stood it vertically on the study desk.

Then focused his mind, aimed the sword tip at the tofu, and slowly thrust it out again.

He noticed, when the tip of the sword was within three centimeters of the tofu, its surface started to tremble slightly. When it was one centimeter away, tiny tofu strands fell continually from the surface.

Chen Shouyi immediately retracted his sword, examined the tofu for a while, and was surprised.

It seemed the tofu surface was repeatedly sliced by some force, forming a narrow slit about three to four centimeters long and less than half a millimeter thick.

After slicing the tofu vertically, he found that the deepest part was even a centimeter deep.

"Could this be Sword Qi?"

Chapter 69: Chapter 69: Fishing

Right after, he picked up the sword, paused for a moment, aimed at the candle, then executed a horizontal slash, with the sword tip passing less than one or two millimeters from the candle in a flash.

The sword's speed wasn't fast, hardly causing any air shockwaves.

Yet the candle was already split in half, cut into two pieces.

He picked up the burning top half of the candle, discovering the cut surface was smooth and flat as a mirror, as if it had been cut by an extremely fine laser.

Chen Shouyi felt deeply intrigued, then proceeded to experiment with paper, chopsticks, and a metal spoon.

The first two items could be cut through, but the latter couldn't.

After a slash, only a faint mark was left on the surface, unable to continue, and after repeated trials, he felt his mental power was consumed greatly, with his scalp faintly swelling, finding it hard to concentrate.

Chen Shouyi rubbed his forehead and helplessly stopped, pondering:

"This force is clearly a form of mental power, unsure whether it is willpower or perception, or both."

He now had 12 points of willpower and perception increased by 0.1 today, reaching 11.2.

Chen Shouyi thought for a while, but couldn't come up with a clue, so he resigned to stop.

...

"Dad, Mom, I'm going out for a walk, will be back in the evening." The next morning, after breakfast, Chen Shouyi stood up and said.

"Be careful, don't get into trouble." Mrs. Chen knew what he was up to but didn't stop him, only expressing concern.

"Got it!"

"Mom, I want to go too!" At this moment, Chen Xingyue also spoke up.

"What are you going for? These days, you should stay home properly."

Chen Shouyi, carrying a briefcase with Shell Lady inside, walked down the stairs.

He found someone practicing sword early in the morning in the courtyard, and couldn't help but pause.

It was a girl about Chen Xingyue's age, holding a wooden sword, repeatedly practicing the lunge stab, her ponytail bouncing with energy.

Seemingly sensing a gaze, she glanced at Chen Shouyi, letting out a cold snort.

Chen Shouyi smiled and gestured, then walked out of the courtyard.

Passing by the newsstand, he casually bought a newspaper.

"Major murder on the Dongping section of National Highway 312, a car with four people, all brutally killed."

"Police found pistols, knives, and swords at the scene, with arrow holes in the car, initially deduced to be a gang clash... It is reported that police are conducting a full investigation, citizens with information are encouraged to inform the local police station promptly."

Without the internet, the timeliness of news is greatly delayed, only appearing in local newspapers a day after the highway murder occurred the previous evening.

Chen Shouyi calmly finished reading, crumpled it into a ball, and tossed it into the nearby trash bin.

Without surveillance and eyewitnesses, the chance of cracking such a blind case is really low.

...

He entered a nearby convenience store, bought a baseball cap and sunglasses, made a simple disguise, and headed to the place where he first parked.

Soon, he arrived at the small road, the car was gone, but the burn marks were still visible around.

He acted as if passing by, continued walking toward the front, and soon arrived at a farmhouse by the roadside a kilometer away that was still operating.

Inside was quiet and empty, with few guests.

He glanced around at the surroundings as he walked.

Quickly a young man in a floral shirt approached: "Boss, what do you want to play?"

"Is there fishing here?"

"Yes, of course, thirty yuan for half a day, fifty yuan for a whole day, thirty for rental of the fishing rod, bait is free, the price of caught fish is extra!" The young man's lips skillfully rattled off a string.

In ten minutes, Chen Shouyi was sitting on the opposite edge of the fish pond with a fishing rod, starting to fish.

The current situation clearly affected business here, with few people fishing, besides him, only four others. Two middle-aged men and two elderly men.

He glanced and felt they were all ordinary people, so didn't pay further attention.

Martial arts practitioners often reveal traces in their gestures unless intentionally concealing like Chen Shouyi.

He leaned back in the recliner, leisurely holding the fishing rod, yet always vaguely focused on the movements on the opposite road.

People came and went on the road, but no suspicious figure was found.

Lunch was settled here, and until evening, he languidly went home with the sole grass carp he caught.

"Oh, you went shopping for groceries?" Mrs. Chen asked.

"Caught it at the farmhouse."

"You can fish?"

"What's so hard about that, I learned in no time."

...

For two consecutive days, Chen Shouyi went fishing at the farmhouse, gradually becoming acquainted with the young man who seemed to be the owner's son.

"That's not how you fish, you're just feeding the bait to the fish this way."

"Jiang Ziya fishing, willing fish take the bait, fishing is all about mood!" Chen Shouyi nonchalantly replied.

"Whatever makes you happy." The young man let him brag, replied with a smile.

"I heard a car burned down here a few days ago?" Chen Shouyi casually asked.

"Who wouldn't say, the whole car was burned into a shell, heard someone started the fire, wonder who did it, too wicked, all of us here were questioned by the police several times." The young man excitedly said upon mentioning this incident.

"Has the car owner been found?" Chen Shouyi asked calmly.

"I suppose they've been found, two days ago someone asked me about it, I directed him to the police station."

Chen Shouyi's heart sank.

They traced it here?

Actually, he didn't need to think about it, a martial artist being gutted and throat slit is quite a shocking event.

This entirely suggests another martial artist participated in the incident.

This is undoubtedly a thorn in the throat, a prick in the back for cultists who can only operate underground without exposing themselves, posing a risk of toppling the organization. If they can't eliminate, they need to at least know who the other party is and whether they can recruit them.

The power of a martial artist not only lies in their personal combat prowess, but like martial artist apprentices having militia status, most martial artists hold public positions, either honorary or actual leadership.

No matter which, it grants enormous social influence, even reaching higher levels, unmatched by mere martial artist apprentices.

It can be said now cultists activated all their strength to find this mysteriously emergent martial artist.

...

The young man chatted with Chen Shouyi a bit more before attending to other matters.

Chen Shouyi restrained his agitation and continued fishing for another hour before packing up to leave.

"Done fishing today?" The young man asked.

"Got things to do this afternoon, can't always be so idle." Chen Shouyi said.

...

Carrying a palm-sized carp he caught, Chen Shouyi returned to the rented house and again saw the girl.

She was sitting on a stool wearing a plaid dress of red and gray, exposing her slender white legs, at the well edge with the landlord shelling soybeans.

Noticing Chen Shouyi's gaze, she quickly crossed her legs and pulled the dress forward.

"Back again, caught another fish today?" The landlord recognized Chen Shouyi, politely said.

"Exactly, got lucky, this fish bit the hook and refused to let go, so I reeled it in, I'll go upstairs." Chen Shouyi smiled.

He hadn't seen the landlord's husband these days, unsure if they divorced or if he was working abroad?

The landlord smiled, when Chen Shouyi left, she withdrew her gaze: "The young man is quite mature, his sister seems about your age."

"I've seen his sister recently, seems quite proud, doesn't socialize much." The daughter said, pouting. "Her brother isn't good either, his eyes were lewd, staring at me for a while yesterday morning."

Chapter 70: Chapter 70: The Professor

Evening.

The Shell Lady wrinkled her nose as if drinking bitter medicine, licked a bit of honey, and then looked over at Chen Shouyi nearby, sullenly asking, "Giant, when are we going to the small island?"

She's been terribly bored these past few days, spending most of her time sleeping in a briefcase, only able to get some fresh air at night.

No matter how much she likes to sleep, she can't sleep for this long!

Beside her, Chen Shouyi finished a complete set of the thirty-six styles of body cultivation, feeling the itchiness in his body fading, replaced by a deep numbness, he exhaled and casually replied:

"Let's talk in a few days."

If the Shell Lady knew there would be no going anymore, she would definitely cause a scene.

All her treasure is still hidden there!

He continued practicing; compared to the mysterious power-rich alternate world, exercising on Earth is far less effective, so he decided to practice more rounds each day to make up in quantity what was lacking in quality.

But the Shell Lady was not easy to fool now, earnestly questioning:

"Is it after one sunrise and sunset, or another sunrise and sunset, or yet another sunrise and sunset?"

After finishing another round, gasping for breath, Chen Shouyi said:

"At least ten days!"

Creatures from the alternate world naturally have the ability to understand languages, giving them this advantage. Even though Chen Shouyi's way of speaking differed from hers, the Shell Lady could still understand.

The Shell Lady counted on her fingers, earnestly counting several times to finally realize how big the number ten was. She sighed dispiritedly, "Giant, can't you go a little earlier? There's plenty of the golden sand you wanted there, so much of it."

Oh, can she even entice me now?

Chen Shouyi nearly lost his composure upon hearing that but managed to finish another round, saying, "Not recently, but we will definitely go in the future."

"#@# giant, you're a liar!

"You #@%!"

"You said before that it was prepared, but after so many sunrises and sunsets, I haven't seen anything."

"Give me back my gemstones! Give me back my preparation! I want to go back to the small island!"

The Shell Lady finally erupted in anger, standing up with hands on her hips, stomping her feet hard on the desk with a thudding sound. Then she looked at the unpleasant honey and felt fed up, kicking the spoon away with her foot.

Seeing the Shell Lady's outburst, Chen Shouyi immediately felt a headache and also felt somewhat guilty.

It was then he recalled that during the new bedroom set up a few days ago, there was a small bowl-sized crystal ball in the drawer, presumably left by the previous owner.

He quickly opened the drawer and took out this crystal ball, intentionally tossing it in front of the Shell Lady.

As soon as she saw it, the Shell Lady's eyes widened as she closely followed the crystal ball's movement.

"Now can you be quiet?" Chen Shouyi asked.

The Shell Lady vigorously nodded, like a chicken pecking at grains.

"Can this large gemstone compare to all your gemstones?" Chen Shouyi asked again.

The Shell Lady thought for a while and nodded again.

Though this time, she nodded with some hesitation.

"Then don't make any more noise!" Chen Shouyi generously smacked the crystal ball on the table.

Chen Shouyi originally thought that the Shell Lady would rush over joyfully and laugh out loud.

But to his complete surprise, when the Shell Lady saw the crystal ball clearly, she screamed out in fright, shrinking behind the teacup like a startled rabbit, trembling slightly all over.

Uh, what's going on?

He wondered as he picked up the crystal ball, not feeling anything scary about it.

Isn't it quite pretty?

There's even a Snow White figure inside; aren't little girls especially fond of such things?

Hold on...

He then looked at the Snow White inside.

Could she think it's a creature sealed inside like that?

He looked at the Snow White inside and then back at the Shell Lady, finally realizing his mistake.

"Don't be afraid, it's not a real person in there; it's fake, all fake," Chen Shouyi amusingly comforted the Shell Lady, who didn't dare to look at him.

"Come on, come out already, stop hiding."

After calling her several times, perhaps realizing she had nowhere to escape, the Shell Lady timidly emerged, her legs still trembling, no longer having that earlier wild and chaotic energy.

"Gr-great giant, can I dance for you?" she forced a smile onto her pale face and said.

Looking at the Shell Lady's expression, fearful like a mouse seeing a cat, and her cautiously flattering demeanor, Chen Shouyi couldn't help but feel a bit heartbroken amidst his amusement:

"No need to dance; I already said it was fake! Fake! Don't be scared!"

"Watch me crush it later?"

As he spoke, he squeezed with force.

The crystal ball shattered easily, after all, it wasn't real crystal.

Outside, it was a layer of glass, and inside, it was solidified gel.

As the crystal ball crumbled, a plastic Snow White figurine quickly fell out.

He picked up the figurine from the ground and placed it in front of the Shell Lady, gesturing to her.

"Look, it's all fake."

The Shell Lady covered her eyes tightly with both hands, too scared to look.

After a long time, her hands slowly parted to reveal a thin slit through which she cautiously examined the much smaller-than-her figurine in front.

Only then did she realize, it wasn't any kind of creature.

At first glance, it felt false.

The anxiety in her heart finally eased, she released her hands from her eyes and exhaled a long sigh of relief.

Suddenly, she looked at the shattered crystal fragments and burst into tears:

"You #@#, you... you ruined my gemstone!"

...

At the cost of a large crystal ball, he was finally able to console the Shell Lady.

Then, he picked up the broom, swept up the shards on the ground, and tossed them into the trash bin in the living room.

If he didn't throw them away, he was somewhat worried the Shell Lady would sneak up and retrieve them at night.

...

Returning, as he passed his sister's bedroom, he heard deep breathing sounds coming from inside.

Lately, she seemed almost obsessed, desperately practicing martial arts, her demeanor turning colder day by day, as if harboring heavy thoughts.

Evidently, the last incident left a shadow that she still hadn't overcome.

Chen Shouyi's steps hesitated, he pondered for a moment before walking up to knock on the door.

After a short while, the door opened:

"Brother, what's up?"

She wore a loose short-sleeved T-shirt, drenched in sweat, her clothes nearly soaked, faintly revealing the pale skin underneath.

However, between siblings, there was no need to be reserved.

"I wanted to talk about something," Chen Shouyi said.

Once Chen Xingyue stepped aside, he walked in; compared to her former bedroom adorned with figurines all over, it now appeared rather sparse, without a trace of a girl's private sanctuary.

Since the last incident, she seemed to have matured greatly all of a sudden.

"What are you practicing?" Chen Shouyi quickly retracted his gaze, asking.

"Body Refining Thirty-Six Forms, I feel my strength is too feeble, I can't really contribute," Chen Xingyue replied with a hint of melancholy.

"Actually, no one needs you to assist, don't put too much pressure on yourself! By the way, have you practiced the 'Entering Silence Refining Self' technique I taught you last time?"

"No, I tried several times but really can't control my subconscious, now I'm practicing the previous one," Chen Xingyue admitted with some embarrassment.

"They're about the same, one is hard before easy, the other easy before hard, not much difference. I have a set of Body Refining Thirty-Six Forms here that should boost your practice better. Have a look."

Without waiting for Chen Xingyue's confusion.

Chen Shouyi demonstrated it from beginning to end.

The version he taught was a once-optimized edition, easy to start, with few alterations in actions from the original one, and those with original Body Refining Thirty-Six Forms experience could quickly pick it up.

While the twice-optimized version was incredibly difficult, not only physically taxing but demanding staying conscious in deep silence; without the embedded dream memories from optimization and his own deep proficiency, it would be impossible to practice.

Instead of like last time teaching 'Entering Silence Refining Self,' which his sister couldn't practice, it was better to teach the simpler ones first.

After demonstrating, he began teaching the first form.

"Brother?"

"Don't ask, just focus on learning, watch my first form, there are some changes here, the arm should swing backward vigorously until there's a tingling sensation at the joints."

Chen Xingyue set aside her doubts and promptly followed along.

...

An hour later, as Chen Shouyi exited the room, he turned and cautioned, "This set of movements is modified based on my own insights, practice well, and don't tell anyone about it, remember to keep it secret."

"Brother, I understand," Chen Xingyue nodded forcefully.

If it were before, she wouldn't have believed her brother could modify the Body Refining Thirty-Six Forms, but since he demonstrated martial artist prowess, she began trusting him blindly.

With a martial artist's understanding and experience of their body, isn't it just natural to modify the Body Refining Thirty-Six Forms a bit?

Not realizing, if it were so simple to modify, the Great Xia Martial Arts Bureau and countries around the world wouldn't release a new version only every few years.