

New Era 231

Chapter 231 - Massacre Unleashed

Qin Shufen, the eldest aunt, was scared out of her wits.

This is a solid wood table.

Although she had heard from her daughter that her previously unassuming nephew was now a Martial Artist, it was all hearsay. It felt distant until this moment when she truly felt her nephew's transformation.

He almost seemed like a stranger.

Chen Shouyi noticed the sudden quietness of the atmosphere and felt something was off. He awkwardly said, "Sorry, I got a bit excited."

"No... no problem!" Qin Shufen instinctively swallowed and quickly said, "You came all the way from Hedong; you haven't had dinner, have you? Let me fix you something to eat."

"Aunt, I'm not hungry. No need to trouble yourself," Chen Shouyi interrupted. "I came today to take you away. This isn't something to delay; I think it's best to leave tonight."

Chen Yuwei's eyes flickered with a glimmer of hope, her face full of expectation as she said, "Can we really leave? There are cultists everywhere; I'm afraid we might implicate you!"

"Sis, don't worry about implicating me. But you must think it over; there will be certain dangers on the road, and in intense battles, I might not be able to ensure your safety," Chen Shouyi said seriously.

Qin Shufen sighed, her face darkened. "If it weren't for Yu Wei, I've already thought about committing suicide these days. I'm not afraid of danger; I'm fed up with this life!"

Chen Yuwei's face showed emotion, "Mom..."

At this moment, Chen Shouyi suddenly shushed, interrupting Chen Yuwei, stood up, walked a few steps to the door, quickly opened it, and saw a middle-aged woman sneakily pressing her ear against the door.

Chen Shouyi's face turned cold, "What are you doing?"

With his hearing, he should have noticed long ago, but it was his oversight. He never imagined someone would do this in the middle of the night.

The middle-aged woman's eyes dodged, a trace of embarrassment on her face. Then she looked past Chen Shouyi at Qin Shufen, and in a villain-outraged-first manner, said, "Shufen, I say, can you keep it quiet in your house? All this banging, I thought something happened. The whole building is woken up by you guys."

"Sister Liu, I'm really sorry, accidentally knocked over the table, please bear with us," Qin Shufen said politely, her face a bit flustered.

"Be more careful next time," the middle-aged woman said and hurried into the opposite room, closing the door.

Chen Shouyi was infuriated, closed the door, and said, "This is insane!"

Suddenly he noticed his aunt clenching her fists tightly, looking uneasy.

"Aunt, what's wrong?" Chen Shouyi asked.

Before his aunt could speak, Chen Yuwei coldly said, "This person is a devoted cultist, always keeping a close watch on us, very active, frequently eavesdropping on our door. She probably heard everything just now, and now the surveillance on outsiders is very strict. Visitors or friends at home must be registered at the local church beforehand..."

Before she could finish speaking, a sharp sound came from outside.

"Dong, dong, dong..."

As if someone was forcefully banging a metal basin.

"An outsider has broken in, trying to help the unbeliever Qin Shufen and her daughter from unit 502 in building 12 escape. Church members hurry up and catch them..." soon, the middle-aged woman's piercing scream sounded, exceptionally harsh in the quiet night.

Qin Shufen and Chen Yuwei turned pale upon hearing this.

Chen Shouyi tightly clenched his fists with a grinding noise, anger burning inside with no outlet.

He never thought people could be so wicked. This is simply madness. He decided promptly, "We can't delay any longer, let's go immediately."

"But, our luggage..."

"Mom, forget about the luggage. In a little while, we won't be able to leave," Chen Yuwei hastily said.

"Alright, alright!"

Chen Shouyi shouldered his backpack again, took his sword and briefcase, and expressionlessly opened the door. At this time, he already heard many downstairs residents opening their doors. He coldly glanced at the stairs, then looked at the door opposite, walked up to it in a step, and kicked it hard.

"Boom!" a loud bang.

The anti-theft door, along with the adjoining wall, flew into the living room, causing the plaster overhead to fall like rain.

The middle-aged woman who had been shouting stopped abruptly, her neck stiffly turning, looking in astonishment at the anti-theft door now completely folded together and the wall turned into a big hole, looking in disbelief.

The next moment, she saw the young man she had encountered across the hall stepping into her living room:

"You... you... what are you going to do?" she said in panic-struck confusion.

Chen Shouyi's face was indifferent. Without a word, he swiftly approached, grabbed her throat, and forcefully slammed her to the ground.

The body hit the ground violently, with a dull thud like a watermelon bursting. Without even looking at the result, he turned and walked back.

The bedroom door opened suddenly, and a plump middle-aged man came out, cursing, "What are you doing? If you're going to report, report, no one said to dismantle the house."

Halfway through his words, he suddenly froze, not moving a muscle, and cold sweat kept seeping from his forehead.

Chen Shouyi coldly watched him for a moment, then withdrew his gaze and walked out of the now gaping doorway.

Qin Shufen and Chen Yuwei were already waiting at the entrance.

"Shouyi, what just happened?" Qin Shufen asked, looking at the blood-stained clothes he wore.

"Handled a small pest, let's go," Chen Shouyi said.

"You guys better not think of leaving, give me back my wife's life," the middle-aged man, previously petrified with fear, now somehow mustered the courage to charge out with a kitchen knife.

Chen Shouyi's heart chilled, without even looking, he twisted his waist and kicked with force. "Boom!" the middle-aged man's head exploded from the impact.

Qin Shufen and Chen Yuwei took one glance and felt their stomachs churn, quickly turning away, afraid to see more.

By now, quite a few people had reached the fifth floor; the leader, a burly man wielding an iron pipe, stopped abruptly at the bloody scene, bluffing loudly, "You dare kill, you're done for; no one can save you now!"

"Everyone return to your rooms, or die!" Chen Shouyi said in irritation, his eyes flashing fiercely.

"Someone's already informed the church guards, you can't escape."

He had already warned them once; he wouldn't say it again.

"Sis, take my briefcase!" Chen Shouyi said coldly to Chen Yuwei.

After Chen Yuwei hurried to take it, he took a leap, jumping down eight or nine steps, and punched through the chest of the burly man, then charged into the crowd, grabbing one person by the neck with each hand, and with a slight twist, their necks snapped.

A woman screamed continuously, her pretty face distorted by fear. As she stumbled backward, slipping on the blood under her feet, she fell awkwardly to the ground, whereupon a foot stomped ruthlessly on her chest with a sharp crack, collapsing instantly with splatter of blood and flesh.

"Bang!"

A sudden sound rang out, with a pang in his chest. A bullet rebounded off, hitting a nearby wall, leaving a hole.

Chen Shouyi was slightly surprised, ripping open his chest, revealing tight, robust muscles. He glanced down, discovering that aside from slightly reddened skin, his body was unharmed.

"This... this is impossible, impossible!" a youth holding a gun on the fourth floor nearly collapsed, his body trembling uncontrollably.

Chen Shouyi swung an arm, hurling a nearby old man against the wall. With a crash, it cracked like a spider web, the old man spat a mouthful of blood, then fell silent. Before his body could slide down, Chen Shouyi grabbed the old man and hurled him forcefully at the youth.

The wind howled, and the next moment, "bang," both the youth and the old man fell to the ground, silent.

...

In little more than five seconds, a group of over ten people lay scattered on the ground.

A lot of blood flowed down the stairs continually, filling the entire hallway with a strong, bloody scent.

The previously chaotic footsteps in the building suddenly quieted down, with only the sound of blood dripping down the hallway breaking the silence.

Chapter 232 - Massacre Unleashed (Part 2)

Qin Shufen and Chen Yuwei looked at the bodies sprawled across the stairs, their faces pale, their whole bodies weak, terrified by the gory scene.

Chen Shouyi kicked away the old man's corpse and picked up the pistol from the floor.

It was a military pistol, likely picked up from the battlefield. Given the situation in Dongning, it's estimated that many guns have ended up in civilian hands.

This type of pistol has an initial bullet speed of only four to five hundred meters, far inferior to a rifle, not to mention a sniper rifle. It's capable of defending against pistols, but it's far from being immune to all light weapons.

"Click"

He fumbled for a while and took out the magazine, finding it still more than half full. He then reinserted it and shouted back, "Aunt, Sis! Let's go quickly; there's no time to waste."

The two women recalled the Church's cruelty, shuddered all over, and cautiously made their way down through the slippery blood, their hearts trembling with fear.

The Barbarian God Church is not as gentle or harmless as modern religions, with freedom of belief and free entry and exit.

Think of the dark ages of the Western Middle Ages to understand the cruelty of the Barbarian God Church.

This was a time when civilization had reached the feudal era, had some degree of civilization, and had no extraordinary power, with deities nominally being virtual deities, let alone in a primitive, barbaric, alien world church with an actual deity.

Despotic and cruel internally, bloody and barbaric externally.

In particular, the God of Hunting, who has a habit of blood sacrifices, deals with traitors solely through cruel blood sacrifices, offering their sinful souls to the deity for judgment.

"Aunt, take this gun to defend yourself," Chen Shouyi said, handing the pistol over.

Qin Shufen glanced at the blood-stained gun and felt sick, waving her hand repeatedly and saying, "Don't... don't give it to me, give it to Yuwei instead."

Chen Yuwei hesitated, gritting her teeth and taking it warily, feeling the sticky blood and piercing stench in her hand. It felt like she was holding a cold, dark viper rather than a firearm. Her scalp tingled, and she wished to throw the gun away and scratch around madly.

Yet, she held onto it firmly, her knuckles turning slightly pale; it was her and her mother's only means of self-defense.

As the three descended the stairs, door-closing sounds echoed, and many peeped through observation holes, cautiously watching them, their eyes emitting fear and hatred.

A young man, a Martial Artist Apprentice, silently opened the door as they passed, charging with a sword in an attempt to ambush. Chen Shouyi grabbed the blade, and with a light push, the sword hilt went through the attacker's chest like piercing tofu, continuing into the wall behind him.

The youth's body was half hung on the wall, screaming in agony.

Qin Shufen and Chen Yuwei watched Chen Shouyi in shock, unable to comprehend the impact in their hearts.

"Go quickly!" After swiftly dealing with the Martial Artist Apprentice, Chen Shouyi moved briskly toward the downstairs.

His heart sank slightly; he already heard the noisy shouting and footsteps outside. The God of Hunting Church's control over this city surprised him.

There certainly wasn't a lack of cooperation from collaborators and the zeal of the ignorant common folk.

Otherwise, such an all-encompassing mobilization ability wouldn't be possible.

Upon exiting the building, Chen Shouyi saw a group of cultists, holding torches and various weapons, rushing toward them.

"It's them; quickly, capture them," a plump middle-aged woman shouted shrilly from a window on the third floor of the building.

Chen Shouyi's expression cooled, as he pulled a coin from his pocket and flicked it forcefully.

"Whoosh!"

The woman's voice instantly turned from shrill to a scream, then abruptly stopped, as a coin embedded several inches into her forehead. Her body swayed and fell backward.

With this pause, footsteps echoed from behind; even without looking, he knew his group was trapped between two sides.

"Aunt, Sis, return to the corridor for now; fire at anyone you see without hesitation," Chen Shouyi said solemnly.

"Oh! Okay... okay, I understand," Chen Yuwei replied frantically, gripping the gun tightly, pulling her panicked mother along.

As the two entered the corridor, Chen Shouyi bellowed mightily, his voice booming like thunder:

"Anyone who wants to die, come at me. I just don't believe no one is afraid to die."

The crowd quickly fell silent, as the atmosphere grew unbearably tense.

"They betrayed the great God of Hunting, kill him!" someone shouted from within the crowd, causing everyone to become agitated.

"He's alone!"

"It's time to prove our devotion."

"Die and ascend to the Divine Country!"

A half-brick flew from afar, striking Chen Shouyi in the chest. Without flinching, the brick bounced off, falling to the ground, as he coldly scanned each face in the crowd, whether excited, fearful, twisted, or fanatical.

These people were already insane.

Divine Country?

On Earth, one couldn't reach the Divine Country after death.

But even if he explained, they likely wouldn't believe him anyway.

Several muscular men holding clubs eagerly approached Chen Shouyi.

Chen Shouyi flashed a bloodthirsty smile, a hint of ferocity, stomping the ground fiercely; the wind howled, and before his front foot landed, his sword was already out with a "clang."

"Ssssss!"

Four successive soft sounds of the sword piercing flesh, Chen Shouyi brushed past four people, swiftly charging toward the crowd.

The four stood rigidly, unmoving; the next moment, blood spurted fiercely from their necks as their heads tilted and fell to the ground.

By now, Chen Shouyi had already plunged into the crowd. A bespectacled young man holding a baseball bat was still alight with excitement when his upper body slowly slid down from a blood gash along his chest and abdomen; his expression changed suddenly, letting out a piercing scream.

...

His reaction speed was nearly seven and a half times that of an average person. In some sense, the world seemed slowed down by seven and a half times in his eyes.

To him, ordinary people were little better than stationary wooden stakes.

Blood sprayed like fountains, and severed limbs flew in the air.

Only when Chen Shouyi had slaughtered over a dozen did the crowd finally panic, screaming as they desperately retreated, trampling over one another, with many falling to the ground.

Screams echoed continuously, resounding through the night sky.

Chen Shouyi stopped, holding his Long Sword, blood dripping steadily from the tip.

Watching the chaotic crowd flee desperately, he showed no expression.

As he turned around, the crowd behind had long vanished without a trace.

Only one young lady, filled with terror, sat collapsed on the ground. Seeing Chen Shouyi approach, covered in blood, her face went pale, and she scrabbled back, hands and feet struggling and a rapidly spreading puddle beneath her, having lost control of her bladder.

Chapter 233 - Massacre Unleashed (Part 3)

After the earlier massacre, the three of them managed to leave the neighborhood smoothly with a mix of walking and running.

However, Chen Shouyi didn't feel any lighter, but rather more solemn. The huge commotion here couldn't possibly not spread. In fact, on the road, he saw from afar that more than one person had already run out of the neighborhood gate.

But he didn't chase after them.

He still had his aunt and cousin to care for. If he left, the two might be torn to pieces by the fanatical cult followers seeking revenge.

Moreover, even if he wanted to chase them, he couldn't intercept them all one by one.

"Shou Yi, we've dragged you down. You should go alone, otherwise, none of us might be able to escape," Qin Shufen said, panting heavily.

Running with small steps from the neighborhood to the gate, even though it was only a few hundred meters, she was already out of breath.

"Aunty, don't overthink it. Since I'm here, I must take you out. Otherwise, my parents would kill me." Chen Shouyi snapped out of his thoughts and quickly comforted them.

He opened his backpack, placed it by the roadside, and took out the components of the war bow, assembling them one by one. He adjusted it, pulled the bowstring, and took out two quivers to hang on himself.

He sighed slightly. The number of arrows he brought this time was still too few.

With only two quivers, there were only forty arrows in total, which was indeed too few.

It was also his carelessness. Before coming here, he hadn't expected Dongning's situation to be so dire, with the cult so deeply entrenched, and himself almost having the whole city as his enemy in Dongning.

"Shou Yi, let me carry the backpack for you!" Chen Yuwei said.

Chen Shouyi shook his head: "Sister, no need. It's not that heavy. You just carry the briefcase for me."

His cousin, although physically better than his aunt, was still limited and was just at an average person's level, better if he carried it himself.

At this moment, the sky slightly brightened.

"Boom!"

He immediately looked up, seeing a flare explode into a red spot in the night sky.

Chen Shouyi felt a surge of alertness in his heart:

"Everyone, pick up the pace!"

...

At the top floor of an old Catholic Church, a barbarian elder enveloped in shadows watched the burst of fireworks through a circular window. After a while, he sighed and said:

"Another rat has snuck in?" He spoke in perfectly fluent Chinese.

"This is unavoidable, Chief Priest.

My lord, the great God of Hunting, has only claimed one city. This city is still so insignificant; there are over a thousand cities like this in this country, not to mention multiple times that number globally," a middle-aged human respectfully standing behind him said with burning eyes. He paused and then urged,

"A truly unbelievably vast country, may my lord's brilliance cover this land," the elder said, turning to look at this man blessed by the gods. He could see the substantial divine light on him, so much that it almost blinded him.

In just half a year, he had gone from being an ordinary human to become a high priest, second only to him. Soon enough, he might stand on equal footing with him.

However, he didn't harbor much jealousy. If not for his cooperation and proposing various astonishing yet effective suggestions, this vast city, with its population of over a million, might still be in chaos.

He truly sensed what it meant to be wise.

The elder said as he clapped his hands.

A barbarian, covered in blood-red totems and incredibly strong, bowed his head and walked into the top floor, a suffocating aura rushing towards him. He glanced disdainfully at the middle-aged man, then respectfully knelt on the ground, speaking loudly in the barbarian language: "Honorable Chief Priest, what are your orders?"

The middle-aged man standing by showed no expression on his face, but his secretly clenched right hand betrayed his inner turmoil, which was far from calm as he imagined.

"My strong warrior, send out the most cunning hunters to find the intruder. By dawn, I want to see him kneel before me."

"Yes, Chief Priest!"

...

Under the water-like night sky, it was quiet, without a single sound—only faint breaths coming from dark alleys or corners.

Countless people hid in the darkness.

Chen Shouyi gripped the bow in his left hand, and his right hand pinched an arrow as he walked quickly, keeping a vigilant eye on his surroundings.

With a physique of 15.2, he already had considerable dim sight, far surpassing ordinary people, even though it was still not as good as the Shell Lady.

Suddenly, his hand blurred.

With a "boom" sound in the air, the bowstring vibrated, and the arrow in his right hand vanished without a trace.

In the distance, a man in black holding a rifle aimed at him had a face that suddenly broke open with a large, bowl-sized translucent hole, with half of his face gone, immediately collapsing. The two beside him were scared out of their wits, desperately scrambling away.

Chen Shouyi flicked his hand, and another arrow appeared in his right hand, but he did not continue attacking, letting the two leave.

He couldn't afford to waste his limited arrows carelessly.

So far, Chen Shouyi hadn't encountered high-level forces, mostly still just ordinary people wielding firearms.

He worriedly glanced at the two beside him, his aunt clutched her abdomen, her face pale with pain, gritting her teeth to continue, while his cousin was already breathing heavily, her forehead covered in sweat.

From leaving the neighborhood, the three of them had been jogging for over ten minutes, already nearing their physical limits.

"This won't do. We might collapse before even getting out of the urban area," he thought to himself.

"Aunty, should we rest for a while?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"No, I can still... hold on," his aunt shook her head and refused: "Don't worry about us."

At this moment, Chen Shouyi sharply sensed a trace of danger from his back. Instinctively, he drew his sword and swiftly swept behind him, slicing a blurred arrow in half. Only then did the sonic boom reach his ears.

A hint of fierceness flashed in his eyes.

Martial Artist!

He released the sword hilt, swiftly pulled out an arrow, and shot it fiercely in the direction the opposing shot came from.

Then he grabbed the longsword that hadn't yet hit the ground. With a violent stomp on the ground, sending cement flying, his body shot forward.

With a "boom" sound.

The arrow deeply embedded into a large rock in the roadside park, splitting it with a deep crack. The assailant was quite alert, hiding behind the rock after shooting an arrow.

Unfortunately, hiding only worked for a while.

Chen Shouyi's figure followed closely, slamming heavily into the rock.

The strength of a martial artist typically refers to the sustained strength of both arms, with explosive power and the integrated strength of the back being several times, even ten times that.

This rock, one and a half meters tall and two meters long, weighing over 10 to 20 tons, exploded with his strong hit, thoroughly shattering into pieces. One of the two people hiding behind was struck directly in the chest by a three hundred pound rock, accompanied by dense bone-cracking sounds, breaking numerous ribs. He staggered back a few steps before collapsing backward, spitting blood.

The other person reacted more quickly, retreating quickly but with a face full of fright.

However, just as he moved his feet, a blurred figure rushed close amidst the flying dust.

The fear hadn't fully left his face, and his face began to twist in terror.

The next moment, a sword light swept past like a rainbow, slicing through his throat in an instant.

His head rolled off!

Chen Shouyi flicked the sword, sheathing it, and quickly approached the injured person.

"Don't... don't kill me, I was... forced," he said, his face full of fear, breathing heavily, trembling in his voice.

Chen Shouyi, expressionless, lifted his foot and stomped fiercely on his head.

"Boom!"

The soft earth beneath exploded with a splash of dirt flying everywhere.

Without even a glance, he walked back quickly.

Behind him was a deep pit over twenty centimeters deep and nearly half a meter wide, with a bizarrely arched corpse lying in it, its head deeply buried in the pit. Very soon, threads of fresh blood began seeping from the depths of the pit.

Chapter 234 - Falling from the Sky

The hazy moonlight was obscured by a thin cloud.

The light gradually dimmed.

Watching the cousin walking briskly this way, exuding a violent and bloody aura all over.

Chen Yuwei's mouth slightly opened. The repeated psychic shock along this journey had left her completely numb.

She even suspected that her cousin wasn't human at all!

But rather a fierce beast entirely wrapped in human skin.

Thinking of how she often made him cry when they were children, she wasn't sure whether to feel proud or worried.

Her cousin had grown up so much, matured so much, surely he wouldn't hold a grudge over what happened when they were kids... right?

...

Chen Shouyi walked along, killing all the way.

The arrows in his hand were reduced to just over a dozen.

The most dangerous moment was facing a sniper's ambush. If he hadn't sensed the danger and dodged in time, he might have been seriously injured, but the sniper only had that one chance.

Soon, Chen Shouyi found the opponent and killed him on the spot.

His aunt's home was in the east of the city, and Chen Shouyi didn't choose to retrace his route as that would have required crossing the entire city, which was too risky. The God of Hunting Church could control all of Dongning City, not just because of the remaining influence of the God of Hunting and those fanatic cultists, but they surely possessed significant military strength.

He chose to move directly east, planning to enter Ningzhou first, then figure out a way to return to Hedong City.

Chen Shouyi looked at his watch.

This watch, bought less than two days ago, was now covered with cracks, presumably from shattered rocks when he previously collided with a boulder, but luckily, it was still working fine.

"It's eleven fourteen at night, I've been walking for about half an hour now."

The commercial buildings on either side of the street had been replaced by an industrial area.

But compared to the Hedong Safety Zone's nonstop factories, this place was shrouded in darkness and deathly silence. The factory gates and dirty road alike were littered with garbage. A cold breeze blew, rolling a few plastic bags across the street; this industrial area had evidently been abandoned for a long time.

This was already the outskirts which led to the countryside.

Chen Shouyi looked at the figures hiding in the shadows far away and the fireworks that had just burst in the air, a trace of violence flashing through his mind.

Seeking death!

It was these stalkers who kept exposing their whereabouts.

Earlier in the city, he endured it.

He had no choice but to endure.

The place was densely populated, full of neighborhoods, full of people who would report positions; even if he unleashed killing sprees, he couldn't kill them all.

Rather than waste time, it was better to take a few more steps and leave as quickly as possible.

However, this was an industrial district, once naturally bustling, but now deserted, especially at such a time of night. It was difficult to find a figure here.

Once the stalkers were eliminated and the route changed, given current communication and transportation, coupled with no surveillance, finding their group would be like searching for a needle in a haystack.

Murderous intent grew stronger in Chen Shouyi's heart, ready to attack when he suddenly sensed something and looked towards the distant sky.

Under the hazy night, a dozen enormous flying creatures, like shadows of death, silently flew this way.

Chen Shouyi's heart sank a little, a thread of caution arising within him.

These were creatures from another world.

Since the mutation, otherworld flying creatures on Earth had become more common. Even in Hedong, one could occasionally see these creatures circling at high altitudes.

Yet, rarely did they appear at night, and never in such large numbers.

The more Chen Shouyi thought about it, the more something felt off.

Passing by a factory security room.

"Auntie, Sis, let's stop here for a moment!" Chen Shouyi said.

Saying this, he took a step forward to the iron gate, grabbing a rusted chain with both hands and giving a low growl. With a forceful tug, the muscles of his arm swelled up dramatically, veins in his neck bulging like earthworms.

"Snap!"

Sparks flew.

The chain was broken off and thrown aside with a clattering noise.

He opened the iron gate, walked to the security room door, and gently pushed it. The lock inside the security room door snapped open: "Auntie, Sis, you can rest inside for a while."

"Is there danger again?" The aunt panted, her hair already drenched with sweat.

"Don't worry, it's just a little trouble." Chen Shouyi said lightly.

...

Chen Shouyi walked out of the security room.

Pulling out an arrow, he looked up at the sky.

The delay had brought those flying creatures closer, now likely just one or two kilometers away.

"Sure enough, they're coming for me." He focused his gaze, a trace of seriousness on his face.

The flying creatures had a set of reins hanging around their chests and abdomens, resembling halters. A silhouette could vaguely be seen lying on the creatures' backs; these were not wild otherworldly birds but domesticated battle birds.

Judging by the size of the silhouette, Chen Shouyi could estimate that these battle birds had a wingspan of around fourteen to fifteen meters, an astonishing size. Even without wingspan, just their bodies compared to an Earth creature was like a large land animal comparable to a Siberian tiger.

Chen Shouyi kept a calm face, lightly gripping the arrow in his hand, breathing gradually becoming steady. The more tense the moment, the more he needed to maintain composure.

"Hoo... hoo..."

The sound of battle birds flapping their wings gradually approached, becoming louder and louder, filling the entire sky.

The wind began to rise around.

First a seemingly imperceptible breeze, quickly growing stronger, lifting several plastic bags off the road, swirling them in the air endlessly.

Then, one of the leading battle birds suddenly folded its wings, beginning rapid small flaps, diving from the sky swiftly. Creatures capable of flying under triple gravity had highly developed wings, far surpassing Earth's birds; within seconds, it reached near supersonic speeds.

The massive body, rapidly enlarging in his view, approached at a speed of thousands of kilometers per hour.

Like the rumbling of distant thunder,

Ordinary people might collapse just from the sheer presence, yet Chen Shouyi stood unyielding, gaze sharp.

Five hundred meters...

Three hundred meters...

A hundred meters...

In an instant, Chen Shouyi moved, swiftly drawing his bowstring with phantom-like speed, an arrow already launched.

"Boom!"

Almost simultaneous with the sound, the battle bird's chest and abdomen showed a fist-sized bloody hole, the entire arrow deeply embedded within.

In the next moment, it screeched shrilly, the massive body crashing heavily on the road not far ahead, causing an explosion-like impact, creating a deep pit.

The barbarian on the battle bird was evidently not an ordinary barbarian. Before it crashed, he swiftly jumped off the bird, rolling several times on the ground to absorb the impact.

Yet, he hadn't even stood before an arrow flashed past his neck, instantly severing half his neck, exposing the white spine, blood spurting like a high-pressure hose.

The barbarian's body trembled, hand shakingly touching the horrific neck wound, a look of disbelief on his face, seemingly unable to accept that his life was ending.

He stood for a few seconds, then collapsed on the ground.

Chen Shouyi, face cold, quickly pulled out another arrow, aiming at another battle bird.

Frightened, the already-diving battle bird immediately fluttered its wings fiercely, trying to return to the sky.

Chapter 235 - Sweeping Clean (Double-Length -)

Chen Shouyi's face was cold, as he swiftly drew out another arrow, aiming at another warbird.

This warbird, which had already begun its dive, was so frightened that it hurriedly flapped its wings, trying to ascend back into the sky.

However, it was too late. An arrow pierced its belly instantly, bursting a bloody hole. It let out a mournful cry and plummeted from the sky.

Chen Shouyi's actions did not stop, arrows were shot one after another.

Arrows at three times the speed of sound pierced the air with a thunderous roar, leaving white trails in the sky, like crisscrossing lines.

From time to time, warbirds plummet from the sky.

Although Chen Shouyi was accustomed to attacking within a hundred meters with his bow and arrow, due to the higher accuracy and greater power at this distance, it didn't mean that his 800-pound war bow's attack range was limited to this.

In fact, these arrows at three times the speed of sound, each weighing three to four ounces, were even more powerful than shells fired from a cannon, able to easily pierce through four to five millimeters of standard steel plate even at eight to nine hundred meters.

The warbird's mournful cries, one after another, echoed through the night sky.

Chen Shouyi shot thirteen arrows in a row before finally stopping.

His quiver was left with only two arrows.

Unfortunately, the results were meager. Besides the initial two, the ten arrows only fell three warbirds. One of the warbirds was hit but, due to the distance, the arrow was only shallowly embedded, causing only a minor external wound.

"Nine more to go." Chen Shouyi frowned slightly.

"Boom!"

Chen Shouyi sensed a warning, quickly sidestepping as a sharp short spear whistled past him, the fierce wind tearing his shirt into shreds, scattering in the wind.

"Almost forgot, there are still bugs following down."

Chen Shouyi's face turned cold as he swiftly turned around.

In the distance, on the highway, a strong Barbarian man assumed a defensive posture, half-crouched, slowly approaching him.

He had learned to wear trousers like humans.

But his upper body was bare, revealing blood-red tattoos of fierce beasts. A human's long sword hung at his waist, and he held a throwable short spear, exuding a fierce beast-like aura.

At this moment, Chen Shouyi glanced to the other side, seeing another Barbarian leap out from the factory area, the two coordinating seamlessly, slowly attempting to surround him.

It was clear that these Barbarians were elites among elites, not to be compared with ordinary Barbarians.

It's understandable, even on Earth, those who become part of the airforce are all elites, and the significance of these warbirds to a tribe, to some extent, far exceeds that of human aircraft, making them an absolute strategic military force.

Chen Shouyi's gaze narrowed as he ripped off his tattered shirt, muscles tightly knotted were exposed.

He glanced at the distance, the group of warbirds had lowered their altitude again, seemingly preparing to land.

"I must resolve this quickly!" he thought alertly.

Chen Shouyi dared not be careless. Before they could completely surround him, he took a step forward, his body like an arrow off the string, rushing rapidly towards one of the Barbarians.

Just as he moved, a short spear whistled past behind him, grazing and stinging his back.

Chen Shouyi was undeterred, maintaining his speed, crossing the distance of over a hundred meters in a breath.

"Clang!" Before he was within more than ten meters, Chen Shouyi had already drawn his sword to stab.

Under the effect of his ability to control the atmosphere, the air within a dozen meters around him suddenly expanded, bursting into a circle of dust.

"Clang!"

Two long swords clashed violently, sparking bright sparks, illuminating the figures of the two people brightly.

"Desecrator, die!"

The Barbarian's arm muscles bulged as he shouted fiercely, the blood-red tattoos on his body glowing faintly. With one sword stroke, he parried his opponent's sword, stepping forward to slash horizontally at his waist.

However, he slashed into thin air.

A figure nimbly followed the force of the previous sword, already circling to his back.

He felt a chill in his heart, without thinking, he rolled forward, just as his head dipped, he felt a cool sensation on his head, and a blood-soaked piece of scalp flew off.

Chen Shouyi's face remained unchanged at the failed strike, watching the Barbarian preparing to roll forward, he took a step, his figure shot out like lightning, channeling all his strength through to his toes, kicking the air explosively, heavily striking the Barbarian's spine.

Accompanied by a crisp sound of breaking bones.

The Barbarian spat a mouthful of blood, crumpling promptly to the ground, most of his body already paralyzed.

"Boom!"

Before he could deliver the finishing blow, another short spear whistled in.

Chen Shouyi shifted slightly, easily dodging. In combat, he kept a portion of his attention on the other Barbarian, wary of a sudden sneak attack.

For high-speed, long-range weapons like arrows, short spears, or firearms, seeing and not seeing make all the difference.

Because the opponent's attack intent was already exposed, with ample time for prediction, even a well-trained ordinary special forces soldier has a good chance of avoiding a bullet shot from the front.

After dodging the short spear, Chen Shouyi stepped forward swiftly, stomping heavily on the Barbarian's back, with a thud, his back collapsed like a deflated balloon, spewing a mouthful of blood with organ fragments, and he was silent.

Immediately, Chen Shouyi charged fiercely towards the other Barbarian.

This Barbarian was even stronger and taller, over two meters, with muscles like steel, containing terrifying strength.

Chapter 236 - Sweep (Double-Length -) Part 2

And his weapon also reflects his immense power.

It's an iron ball, half a meter in diameter, attached to a thick iron chain.

Seeing Chen Shouyi rushing over, he immediately jerked the chain alertly, the iron ball whirring around him, with its nearly half-ton weight, it would injure if touched, kill upon impact.

Chen Shouyi sneered, maintaining his speed, as he approached, he suddenly kicked the ground, his body almost hugging the surface, gliding swiftly forward, the Barbarian's face changed abruptly, hastily swinging the iron ball to change direction.

Unfortunately, such a high-mass weapon, while powerful, also has huge inertia, lacking agility.

The iron ball had just moved when a figure had already slipped in, touching the ground, penetrating the attack zone, and the next moment, he felt something cool on his right foot; a foot had already separated from the body, and he let out a frightened roar.

But before he could exhale fully, the roar abruptly stopped.

A cold gleam streaked across his back, then the upper body was carried away by the iron ball, intestines spilling out.

Listening to the heavy crash of the iron ball hitting the ground, producing a loud bang, Chen Shouyi remained expressionless, resting on his knees, panting heavily.

Even with his strength, after fighting all the way, he started to feel a bit exhausted.

"Gurgle!"

A hunger signal came from his stomach; since noon till now, he hadn't had any food, the food in his belly was completely digested, and now he was incredibly hungry.

At this moment, he heard some noises, and lifted his head, seeing battle birds landing on the ground one by one like dumplings, with winds stirring up dust.

He took a deep breath, his breathing entirely stabilized.

The truly difficult battle was just beginning.

Chen Shouyi glanced around at the surrounding factories, moved his body, took a few strides, and leapt over the walls of one of the factories.

...

"Search!" A Barbarian with a fierce beast tattoo on him said grimly in common language, "Three people in a group, find this prey for me!"

"Do we catch him alive?" a Barbarian asked.

"Kill him, this is hunting, not a game. A smart hunter would never risk his life!"

"Yes, captain!"

...

Under the night, three Barbarians swiftly entered a dark factory like ghosts, where machine tools were arranged neatly everywhere.

"The thick stench here seriously interferes with my nose, I hate this world," a young Barbarian muttered.

"Keep quiet, there are footprints here, he's right here," a middle-aged Barbarian with frightening scars on his face whispered.

"I'll go inform the captain!" another tall Barbarian said.

"Hurry!" Scarface nodded, this prey was quite powerful, one bad move and the three of them might all die here.

The tall Barbarian didn't say anything, got up, and quickly left the factory.

The remaining two continued searching, the surroundings silent, except for the sound of their breathing, there was no other noise.

The tall Barbarian jogged all the way, just as he ran out of the factory door, a figure silently dropped down, causing no air movement whatsoever.

The tall Barbarian faintly sensed something amiss, prepared to look back, when a pair of big hands gripped his head firmly, then twisted forcefully, with a crisp "crack," his head bent at an odd angle.

Before the body landed, the figure silently descended to the ground, quickly stepping forward to adjust the Barbarian.

"Not good, retreat!"

Hearing the crisp "crack," Scarface Barbarian already sensed something was wrong, as an experienced hunter, he could not fail to discern the sound of bones breaking.

The young Barbarian understood and immediately retreated slowly with Scarface.

At this moment, the two suddenly heard faint footsteps, their hearts tensed, quickly turning around:

"Wu Sang, why did you return so quickly?"

The opponent stood beside a strange gigantic machine of this world, silent, head bowed, body swaying slightly, then slowly toppled to one side, the two glanced at each other, a chill rose from their hearts.

Just then, a fierce wind began to howl around.

A blurry silhouette shot out from behind a piece of machinery like lightning, the young Barbarian barely reacted, his whole body shuddered, his head pierced with a large hole, taking down one Barbarian with a sword strike, the silhouette didn't pause at all in its advance, bypassing the corpse, charging at another Barbarian.

Scarface reacted, alarm bells ringing, swiftly backing away on foot, meanwhile reaching for his sword, just as the sword was drawn an inch, the silhouette was still two meters away, when the sword was fully drawn, a sword light had cut into the neck's skin.

...

"Six more to go!"

Chen Shouyi thought to himself.

He lightly shook the Long Sword, blood not yet flowing off the blade instantly shook off, becoming shiny as new, then his body merged into the shadows, swiftly leaving the factory.

...

The supernatural ability to manipulate the atmosphere is a boon for assassination; he could completely negate air movement while walking, even expel some air, creating a thin air zone around him, reducing the noise while moving.

The sounds heard by the ears are mostly propagated by air, the thinner the air, the fainter the sound, as long as he lightens his footsteps, he can walk almost completely silently.

A minute later, he applied the same technique, successfully eliminating another group of Barbarians.

However, this was the last stealth attack.

He stood expressionlessly in a pool of blood beside the bodies, panting heavily, the remaining three Barbarians stared at him furiously yet fearfully, hesitatingly advancing towards him step by step.

Chapter 237 - Sweeping Clean (Double-Length -) Part 3

He glanced at the leather bag at the waist of the corpse out of the corner of his eye. With a flick of his long sword, the leather bag fell into his hand. It was a whole bag of jerky. He pulled out a piece and eagerly stuffed it into his mouth, wolfing it down.

The jerky was very tough. An ordinary person would probably only leave a mark on it even if they broke their teeth.

But to Chen Shouyi, it only felt slightly hard.

The hard jerky was continuously bitten and ground down by his teeth, swallowed into his mouth, piece after piece disappearing rapidly.

Feeling the hunger in his stomach gradually fade away, he let out a long breath.

His previously depleted strength also began to slowly recover.

Chen Shouyi tossed aside the now-empty leather bag, shook his neck, producing a "creak" of crisp sound, and grinned fiercely, revealing a set of gleaming white, dense teeth:

"Since you don't dare to come, then I will!"

He took down his bow. In an instant, an arrow pierced through the air and flew towards a burly Barbarian. Barbarians of such build were often strong but reacted relatively slowly.

This Barbarian was already prepared in his heart, hurriedly sidestepping with a large stride. Just as his foot touched the ground, his whole body shuddered.

"When did this happen?"

With a face full of disbelief, he looked down at his chest, where a massive bloody hole had appeared...

"Kill!" After one of his team members was taken down, the leading Barbarian could no longer restrain himself, let out a low roar, and charged at him. His powerful burst of speed almost seemed to explode the air around his body.

Chen Shouyi also discarded his war bow and rushed towards him.

Three consecutive streaks of sword light came slashing at him. Chen Shouyi's body dodged like duckweed, avoiding each one. Just as he was about to strike back, another Barbarian arrived with a gusting wind.

Chen Shouyi instantly felt an overwhelming pressure facing him.

Barbarians were naturally formidable, and even an ordinary Barbarian's physical condition was stronger than that of a Martial Artist.

A Martial Artist's abilities were considered the limit of human capabilities, but for Barbarians, it was just barely the threshold of strength. The Barbarians here today had combat abilities comparable to Lei Ruiyang and Xiao Changming, and their physical qualities were even more superior.

Especially the leading Barbarian, even Chen Shouyi had to be fully focused and dared not be careless. Together, the two of them posed an intense threat.

In an instant, the three engaged in a rapid exchange of over a dozen moves.

Chen Shouyi was already injured. A streak of sword light slashed across his chest and abdomen diagonally. If he hadn't dodged swiftly, his body might have been cut open.

In this level of combat, his barely adequate defense had completely lost its effectiveness.

Chen Shouyi felt his chest and abdomen burn with pain, and he was getting anxious. He continuously changed his position, dodging the sword lights, desperately seeking an opportunity to take one of them down. Unfortunately, the two Barbarians coordinated seamlessly, giving him no chance.

"Shhh!"

Another streak of sword light slashed open his back.

"I can't go on like this. I won't last much longer."

Chen Shouyi steeled his heart, facing a sword coming from the leading Barbarian. After slightly dodging a fatal point, he stepped forward instead of backward, his long sword piercing straight into the Barbarian's right chest. The leading Barbarian quickly retreated.

Yet having paid such a huge cost, how could he allow him to escape,

"Ah!"

Chen Shouyi let out a fierce roar, the muscles around his wound pinching tightly.

The Barbarian's figure inevitably paused slightly. In the next instant, a streak of sword light swept across his forehead, slicing away half of his head in an instant.

Chen Shouyi, with the corpse leaning against him, advanced a few more steps. Noticing no movement behind him, he finally stopped in confusion, turning to see the other Barbarian swiftly fleeing into the distance.

He didn't give chase; with his current injuries, he couldn't catch up even if he tried.

Once he relaxed, his throat itched, and he suddenly coughed up a mouthful of fresh blood, his breath becoming labored. Clearly, this cut had injured his lung and was causing significant bleeding.

Luckily, as long as it wasn't fatal, it was just a minor injury for him.

He gripped the sword's hilt, yanking it out forcefully, shivering in pain, and broke into a cold sweat. His body staggered, nearly falling to the ground.

"Damn it!"

After a few seconds, Chen Shouyi finally regained his strength, exhaling a breath.

He swiftly controlled his muscles to close his wounds, staggering towards the road.

Chapter 238 - Bloodlust

Chen Shouyi walked while occasionally coughing lightly, blood frothing out from his mouth and nose incessantly.

He reached out to wipe it, his hand was full of blood, with traces of lung fragments mixed in.

This injury was more severe than the one from a couple of days ago, where the wound couldn't heal due to toxin contamination, leading to excessive bleeding, and was merely a superficial injury. But this time, his lungs were severely damaged, opened into a large hole.

He glanced at the wound which he tried to close by tightening the surrounding muscles, but it still gushed blood like a small mouth, so he reached to cover it forcefully.

This kind of Sonic Sword is not easy to bear, just like a bullet piercing a steel plate, the hole in the steel is often several times the bullet's cross-sectional area; before he could close this wound, it was large enough to put a little girl's fist into it, and this wasn't even the most damaging part—the worst was the air bubble effect created within the body at supersonic speed.

Though he couldn't see his back, he could imagine his back wound was definitely much larger than the one on his chest.

If it weren't for his body becoming resilient enough from practicing the Thirty-Six Horizontal Training Styles, which reduced the damage several times, he probably wouldn't be able to stand now.

His legs felt like they were filled with lead, wobbling as he staggered forward. Unaware, he tripped and fell to the ground.

He propped his hands up, trying to stand again, but the motion tugged on his injury, causing piercing pain.

He spat out a mouthful of fresh blood and fell back to the ground,

"Damn it!"

A surge of animosity flared up inside him, his palm slapped the ground.

With a "bang," the cement ground cracked.

He coughed a few times, spat out a mouthful of bloody froth, regained some strength, stood back up and continued on.

The wound gradually began to heal, and the speed was increasing, intense itching made him feel as if countless ants were gnawing and crawling, he noticed that the hunger that had faded returned again.

This time the hunger was even fiercer, utterly volcanic.

By the time he returned to the highway, his stomach was already feeling scorched, acidic fluid relentlessly surged upward.

Hungry, incredibly hungry.

This was an unbearable hunger.

Chen Shouyi suspected that if he didn't eat soon, his body would start consuming itself to heal the wound and repair his lungs.

"Must find something to eat!"

He regretted not thoroughly searching the Barbarian's corpse, perhaps he could have found some jerky or something.

His eyes glowed green, scanning the surroundings.

Not far away, a battle bird, still struggling after being wounded by an arrow, emitted pathetic cries, and Chen Shouyi instinctively swallowed, dragging his heavy legs, staggering towards that bird, leaving a trail of blood on the ground.

However, after only a few steps,

He was surrounded by people—a group that had been tracking him.

"Damn it!"

He forced down the hunger, stopped in his tracks, coldly scanning the group.

Among them were men and women, young people and elderly, their weapons varied, with some even just holding a piece of brick.

These people apparently saw his injury and dared to come out boldly.

But they obviously didn't realize that even an injured tiger is still a tiger, something a rabbit couldn't contend with.

"He's done for, it's because of people like him that we endure the alien gaze of the world's Priests. It's time to prove our devout faith," spoke a scholarly-looking middle-aged man holding a gun, sweating profusely under Chen Shouyi's cold, severe gaze, his throat quivering as he forcefully steadied himself:

"Kill him!"

"Kill him!"

Incited by the middle-aged man, the group enthusiastically rushed forward together.

Facing these religious fanatics, Chen Shouyi's heart had completely numbed, unable to muster much anger anymore.

"Bang!" A heavy stick struck his head, snapping in two.

Chen Shouyi swung his hand, the Long Sword slashed across the opponent's abdomen, severing them in half, eliciting a desperate wail.

A young man holding a knife stabbed heavily at Chen Shouyi's abdomen, but the blade tip was blocked by his skin, leaving nothing but a red dot, with no effect. The young man showed a hint of alarm, hurriedly retreating to flee.

But it was too late, a large hand like iron pincers grabbed his neck, with a slight twist, a "crack" sound followed, bending his neck bizarrely.

An old man wielding a kitchen knife, eyes bloodshot, panting heavily, tried to approach but was kicked in the chest by Chen Shouyi. With a series of bone-cracking sounds, his chest entirely caved in and he collapsed heavily to the ground, silent forever.

...

In about ten seconds, bodies lay scattered around, with only the middle-aged instigator left, standing a short distance away holding a gun.

The not-so-intense movements affected his wound, causing the healing injury to tear open again. Chen Shouyi spat out a mouthful of blood while step-by-step walking laboriously towards the middle-aged man:

"Only you left."

"You monster, go to hell!" The middle-aged man's face was filled with fear, frantically pulling the trigger repeatedly while backing away nonstop.

"Bang bang bang..."

Chen Shouyi didn't even bother dodging, merely shielding his eyes with his hand, allowing the bullets to hit him, only to be rebounded by his skin and muscles. Only one bullet, unfortunately, hit the wound on his abdomen and embedded itself inside.

"Click-click-click!"

The pistol emitted a series of empty clicks.

Chen Shouyi reached into his wound, felt for the deformed bullet, pulled it out and tossed it onto the ground, producing a tinkling sound.

Having exhausted all the bullets, the middle-aged man watched this scene unfold, and his handgun dropped to the ground, his emotions completely collapsing, trembling as he said: "This... this is impossible."

Chapter 239 - Bloodlust

He hastily prepared to flee.

But just as he turned around, he felt a pain in his chest and despairingly lowered his head. A black sword blade had pierced through his chest, with a large amount of blood slowly flowing down the tip. He continued to walk a few steps forward, his body went limp, and he collapsed to the ground.

Chen Shouyi stepped forward and gently pulled the sword out from the corpse.

He felt even hungrier.

...

The battle bird sensed Chen Shouyi approaching and began to struggle fiercely, its wings flapping desperately, causing a violent wind.

Only when up close to this battle bird could one truly feel its immense and incredible size. With its two wings spread wide, it nearly covered the entire road, comparable only to the Wind God Pterosaur of the Cretaceous Period.

The black wings shone with a metallic coldness, while its two gray claws, resembling old tree bark, were covered in interlocking scales, with sharp talons that curved like daggers, and a beak lined with serrated edges.

This battle bird was obviously not benign but a terrifying fierce bird.

With its intense struggle, blood spurted from a small bowl-sized wound on its abdomen, accumulating into a large pool beneath it. Such a wound would be fatal even for a creature of its size.

However, its vigorous vitality clearly prevented it from dying immediately.

Chen Shouyi stood about twenty meters away, hesitating and somewhat afraid to approach.

In his prime, facing a wounded fierce bird, he would have rushed forward without hesitation, but now he could barely walk steadily, with only a fraction of his former strength remaining. A single mistake could lead to dire consequences.

"Why not wait a bit longer? Perhaps in a few minutes, it will be dead," Chen Shouyi thought to himself, staring at the struggling, impressive battle bird while bracing against the strong wind.

But after waiting half a minute, Chen Shouyi gave up.

Too hungry!

Waiting a few more minutes, he didn't know if the battle bird would perish! But he knew by then he would be on the verge of collapse.

The healing speed of his wounds had already started to slow down, and at the same time, his body was growing weaker.

"Can't delay any longer!"

He gritted his teeth, dragged the long sword in his hand, his body swaying under the fierce wind, and stepped forward towards the battle bird.

"Sweetie, don't be afraid, calm down, I won't hurt you!" Chen Shouyi murmured to himself, squinting slightly.

The battle bird struggled even more fiercely, clearly recognizing Chen Shouyi as the one who had harmed it.

It emitted a sharp cry, causing Chen Shouyi's heart to tighten and his eardrums to throb. Under the flapping of its wings, countless stones scattered like bullets, sending sand and rocks flying.

But this violent struggle also accelerated its weakening and death. Compared to half a minute ago, it was greatly diminished, left only with death throes.

Chen Shouyi steeled his mind, braced against the gale, and endured the intense pain of his wounds. Using all his remaining strength, he quickly moved a few steps, barely dodged the weak pecking attack, and then, with his neck muscles bulging and a furious roar, he swung the sword at the opponent's slender neck.

The battle bird's head and neck were severed in one swift motion, spraying blood all over his face and head.

Chen Shouyi's legs went weak, and he sat down heavily on the ground, seeing stars before his eyes. It took him a while to recover. He looked at the large pool of blood on the ground and eagerly bent down to sip a few mouthfuls.

Still warm blood flowed into his stomach quickly, transforming into warmth and then turning to even greater hunger.

He spat out a few stones and shakily stood up, looking at the headless bird corpse still twitching, with eyes almost green from hunger, and quickly rushed over, embracing the bird's neck.

Though the neck of such a fierce bird was slender, that was relative, as it was as thick as an adult's thigh. He found the artery and gulped down the blood.

The strong stench of blood from this otherworldly bird stabbed his nostrils, causing nausea, yet at this moment, Chen Shouyi felt blissfully sweet.

When truly starving, blood was nothing. Even bark and dirt could be eaten without hesitation.

After gulping down a few large mouthfuls of blood, as his strength slightly recovered,

he began tearing into the flesh.

Blood ultimately does not satisfy hunger. It dissipates quickly after reaching the stomach, unlike meat.

The feathers on the bird's neck were roughly torn off by him, biting off a piece and swallowing it whole without chewing.

A few minutes later, he had gnawed the fierce bird's neck down to just a blood-soaked spine.

After consuming about six or seven pounds of meat, his body finally signaled that he was full.

Chen Shouyi exhaled deeply, feeling like he'd come back to life.

At this point, he noticed the itching sensation at the wound had disappeared unnoticed. He stood up, reaching out to peel the old scab that had started to fall off.

Feeling some blockage and itchiness in his trachea and lungs, he coughed forcefully a few times, immediately spitting out several mouthfuls of black clotted blood, with his nose similarly expelling quite a lot.

Once these blockages were cleared, he could breathe smoothly again.

"This time was really a narrow escape. Next time, I must carry food with me. If I had enough food, I wouldn't have been so desperate!" Chen Shouyi spat out saliva mixed with blood, feeling a slight nausea thinking about all the blood he had consumed earlier.

He looked up at the sky, seeing several battle birds circling and wailing endlessly. He couldn't tell if they were mourning their fallen comrade or lamenting for their owner.

Chen Shouyi withdrew his gaze, not daring to stay here long.

The barbarians he had fled from likely reported back to the city by now, and though he had just recovered from severe injuries, his strength was still quite diminished, with less than seventy percent of his former power remaining. Facing another battle like this, he would likely be doomed.

In fact, if another incident occurred, Chen Shouyi believed the forces dispatched by the God of Hunting Church would be even more formidable, even striking with overwhelming force.

He quickened his pace, swiftly moving towards the security room up ahead.

...

Under the cover of night, the group of three trudged along a rugged mountain path.

To avoid the barbarian battle birds searching for them, once the group had left the outskirts, Chen Shouyi chose the mountain path, as the trees provided the best cover and it was the quickest route to Ningzhou.

He led the way, clearing the road of thorns and shrubs with his sword, creating a path.

"Rustle!"

Chen Yuwei slipped, about to fall to the ground, but he quickly turned and stepped over, reaching out to steady her: "Sis, be careful!"

Just hold on a bit longer, once we cross this mountain, we'll be safe."

Chen Yuwei panted, her chest heaving: "I'm fine, I just stepped on a loose stone and slipped."

Chen Shouyi noticed Aunt Qin's face had turned pale from exhaustion: "Aunt, should I carry you?"

"No, you're already tired enough. If we encounter danger, you'll need to fight. Don't wear yourself out any further. I can manage!" Aunt Qin promptly refused.

With that, she gritted her teeth and took the lead to continue walking.

...

During the journey, Chen Shouyi observed the battle birds flying over their heads several times and circling back. Each time this happened, the group hid under large trees or in dense grass, always avoiding detection.

As dawn broke, the forest echoed with various bird calls.

The group finally descended the mountain.

At the foot of the mountain lay a small village, but it was eerily empty.

Seeing this, Chen Shouyi was unexpectedly delighted.

This village had clearly been evacuated, and not far beyond, one could assume there was the military stationed.

Indeed, once they exited the village, he soon saw a familiar outpost in the distance: "Push a bit further, just ahead is the army. Once we're there, we'll be safe."

Having walked all night and nearly collapsing from exhaustion, Qin Shufen and Chen Yuwei lifted their spirits upon hearing this, with their fatigue seeming to lighten considerably. They then quickened their heavy steps.

Chapter 240 - Tattoos

"Stop, crouch down with your head held, and cooperate with the inspection!"

From a distance, a soldier harshly shouted, and all the soldiers immediately stood on guard with their guns at the ready. Even the machine gun on the watchtower began to slowly adjust its aim toward their group.

The atmosphere was tense and oppressive!

However, it wasn't surprising given that Dongning had completely fallen; this was now the actual frontline.

Facing the dark muzzles, Qin Shufen and Chen Yuwei were so frightened their legs felt weak. They quickly crouched down to await the inspection.

Chen Shouyi also made no unnecessary conflict, complying with the soldiers' demands and crouching down.

Soon, two soldiers trotted over, gripping their rifles tightly and looking highly vigilant.

The two women could be ignored; at a glance, they were ordinary people with not even the fighting strength of a goose. The main focus was on the young man, who was bare-chested, his exposed muscles tight and exquisite as if woven from steel wire. His pants were tattered and stained with blood.

In addition, he carried a bow and sword, marking him unmistakably as a dangerous person.

"To prevent cultists from sneaking in, we hope everyone will cooperate with our inspection. During this period, there should be no misunderstandable actions. I'll repeat once more..." a soldier shouted strenuously.

Qin Shufen hurriedly said, "Comrade, we really aren't cultists of the Barbarian God!"

"Whether you are or aren't is not for you to decide," the soldier interrupted sternly, yet their expressions relaxed slightly upon hearing the derogatory term "Barbarian God."

"I am a martial artist from Hedong, and I have my ID and yesterday's train ticket!" Chen Shouyi explained, "These two are my relatives; I'm here to take them back to Hedong!"

With the soldiers' approval, Chen Shouyi took out his ID and train ticket from his wallet.

One of the soldiers checked them carefully, especially examining the ink-printed train ticket from Hedong to Dongxing, and the tense atmosphere immediately eased.

After further anti-cult investigation and simple inquiries about the situation in Dongning, the group smoothly passed through the checkpoint.

Speaking of anti-cult investigation, Chen Shouyi had to admit that the method was simple yet effective.

It involved uttering blasphemous remarks against the God of Hunting.

Whether one was a cultist or not was immediately apparent under such examination.

...

The area bordering Ningzhou and Dongning had almost become a military camp, filled with the aura of war.

Numerous steam trucks loaded with heavy artillery, rocket launchers, or soldiers continuously rolled down the highway, with airships buzzing above.

This area seemed to be ceaselessly mobilizing forces nearby, preparing for the next conflict.

Particularly noteworthy were the three gigantic blue-painted airships floating high in the sky.

These were nuclear-powered strategic armored airships!

Chen Shouyi had seen such war beasts once in Hedong City, and he was surprised to see them here again, their gigantic nuclear warning symbols daunting to behold.

Perhaps it was this deterrence that kept the God of Hunting from rashly making a move, maintaining a fragile balance, which clearly was now about to shatter.

The nearby villages and towns had been evacuated, leaving them deserted. The group couldn't even find a place to rest and eat until they passed by a mulberry garden, where they picked some ripe mulberries to barely fill their stomachs.

They walked and stopped intermittently until they finally reached the outskirts of Ningzhou by evening.

Although the wartime atmosphere was growing stronger at the front, it hadn't yet affected this area, except for an increased solemnity. He occasionally saw small restaurants open by the roadside, and there were quite a few pedestrians on the road.

"Let's have a meal first, then find a hotel to stay and rest well. We'll leave Ningzhou by noon tomorrow," Chen Shouyi said.

"Find a nicer one," Qin Shufen weakly requested.

She looked pale and was so exhausted that she could barely stand, and Chen Yuwei wasn't much better off.

Even a strong man would probably be spent after walking for a day and night, let alone two women who seldom exercise; making it this far was already an effort sustained by sheer will.

After the meal, Aunt insisted on paying the bill.

This time, she hadn't brought any luggage, just cash.

Before Dongning fell, both Uncle and Aunt had stable jobs in public institutions. Although they didn't have much money, they had some savings, which was a hundred times better than being unemployed and needing aid.

Chen Shouyi couldn't argue, so he complied.

Fortunately, the area was near rural parts, and the food was cheap; even with his big appetite, it only cost a little over two hundred, much less than before the mutation.

...

Next, the group searched for a long time before finally finding a family-run inn that was open to stay in.

Entering the room, Chen Shouyi plopped down on the bed and exhaled a long breath; even he was quite worn out from all the commotion along the way.

He regained his composure, stood up, drew the curtains, and released the Shell Lady, who had been kept confined for two days and nights.

"You finally remembered me, huh?" the Shell Lady turned her head with a face of anger, no longer calling him her "good giant" as she usually did.

"With two hungry troublesome giants following me, it wasn't safe, so I didn't let you out," Chen Shouyi replied unperturbed.

The Shell Lady's angry expression changed at his words, and she quickly asked, "Was it a female giant? I kept hearing you talking to them."

Chen Shouyi immediately nodded.

"Good giant, you were right," the Shell Lady said seriously, "Hungry giants are the fiercest."

"Are you hungry?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"I've been hungry for a long time!"

Chen Shouyi took out a small bottle of honey and a metal spoon from his backpack, noticing the bottle was dented, likely squished during a fight. Luckily, it was a plastic bottle; had it been glass, it probably would have shattered.

He unscrewed it and gave her a spoonful, then mixed it with warm water, "Hurry and eat."

The Shell Lady grabbed the spoon, gulping it down in one go, licked it clean meticulously, and returned the spoon to Chen Shouyi, curiously looking around, "Good giant, where is this place? It's not pretty at all."

Chen Shouyi, long understanding her little schemes, knew she was just thinking about the crystal balls and pretty clothes back home.

"A faraway place; sleep one night, and we'll go back tomorrow!"

"Oh"

...

In the bathroom, Chen Shouyi bathed while reminiscing about last night's battle.

He noticed that the barbarians he encountered this time were drastically different from ones he had faced before; not only were they far stronger in combat, each bore various mysterious beast tattoos on their bodies.

Of course, if they were regular tattoos, Chen Shouyi wouldn't care. The key was these tattoos emitted varied faint glows during combat, appearing very mysterious.

It was clear that these were not mere simple tattoos but more like some kind of empowerment.

"If this is true, then this God of Hunting may be much stronger than the God of Courage, and the barbarian tribe's power is accordingly more formidable," Chen Shouyi contemplated silently, for it was the first time he saw something beyond innate supernatural abilities, with an artificial application of mysterious power.

"Who knows what secrets these tattoos hold?"

His interest piqued, he recalled one of the barbarian's tattoos, moistened his fingers with water, and slowly drew it on the tiles from memory.

His 14.3 intelligence had already granted him eidetic memory.

Shortly, an image of a ferocious beast with scales and armor appeared, but Chen Shouyi looked at it and shook his head in disappointment.

Although it seemed similar, one was a roughly sketched pattern of simple lines, while the other seemed to possess a soul, resembling a real living creature.

"These tattoos are obviously not that simple; they must involve some unknown secret!" Chen Shouyi wiped off the pattern, deep in thought.