

New Era 331

Chapter 331 - Encountering Nuclear Explosion Again

With His powerful and almost prophetic intuition, He could keenly sense that these iron birds came from nearby.

For gods and humans, the sense of spatial distance is different.

The distance from Pingzhou to Hedong Air Force Base is only fifty kilometers in a straight line. For humans, it might be a long distance, but for a god like Him, it was only a few steps. Even on Earth, it would take no more than a dozen minutes.

...

Wisps of aurora danced enchantingly above Him.

This was definitely a colossal being.

The tail of the lower body alone was over a hundred meters long, and the upper body stood twenty meters tall.

Large, basketball-sized fiery red scales, like burning coals, emitted a hazy fire aura, stretching from the tail along the side of the waist. The upper body's muscles were knotted, and long hair like seaweed flowed wildly. On His head, two ram-like spiral horns pierced straight into the sky.

He looked like a terrifying Demon God.

Since He had no legs and could only crawl, His speed was not fast.

The speed was about three hundred meters per second.

But even so, the momentum generated by such speed was awe-inspiring.

His massive body, moving at high speed, raised a fierce gale. As He passed, the skyscrapers on both sides trembled with a mournful sound. Trees along the road were blown away, glass shattered, and deep snake-like grooves appeared on the asphalt road.

It was simply an apocalyptic scene,

In just a few minutes, He had already left the city.

He charged straight through a village; the low buildings here couldn't impede His path.

The two- to three-story houses in His way were smashed to pieces by His colossal form as if they were mere building blocks.

It took quite a while.

Only then did the surviving villagers, terrified, walk out of their homes.

The entire village seemed to have acquired a new, winding ravine, stretching beyond sight, with smoke lingering above, still emitting scorching heat.

The villagers from the houses beside the ravine had died silently, their faces twisted in fear at the time of death, scorched marks still on their bodies.

When the true form of a god descends, it is utterly terrifying.

The God of Courage, having dropped in godhood, was only a demigod, but this God of Fury, even after one fall in godhood, still remained a True God with Weak Divine Power.

No ordinary life could even get close!

The mere aura He emitted could obliterate souls.

"Buzz..."

Five bombers formed a formation, flying in from afar, with a low roar echoing in the sky.

His body stopped, and He roared upward, the air twisted, forming a tangible sound wave.

He grabbed a handful of soil from the field and hurled it into the sky.

"Boom!"

The air was torn open.

Countless bits of soil shot into the sky like anti-aircraft machine gun bullets.

A bomber shuddered slightly, and the wing appeared with a few transparent small holes. Fortunately, it faced no danger and hurriedly ascended to a higher altitude.

Dozens of seconds later, hundreds of thermobaric bombs rained down like dumplings.

This is a powerful bomb that uses air explosives to create a thermobaric effect, exploding and burning, developed as an advanced version of a fuel air bomb.

The blazing fire instantly covered several square kilometers.

However, this destructive attack was utterly ineffective.

Even before the bombs exploded, the God of Fury had already evaded this area; the blast shockwave only made His body stagger slightly, leaving Him unscathed, and instead, He became even more enraged, His whole body shrouded in a layer of faint red flames.

Curse those ants!

Suddenly, He felt a strong sense of danger, His scales beginning to bristle, an invisible force erupted, distorting the surrounding magnetic field, and countless lightning bolts danced like dragons and snakes.

...

Since it was not yet time to get off work, the street was sparsely populated.

Chen Shouyi walked into a cold drink shop.

"May I ask what you would like to drink!" a young waitress said enthusiastically.

Chen Shouyi glanced at the cold drink menu on the counter wall.

Since the mutation, logistics have been disrupted, industry declined, and the supply of goods has withered significantly. There was no ice cream or desserts of the past, nor milk tea or milkshakes, just various local fruit juices.

"Give me a cup of iced watermelon juice!" Chen Shouyi withdrew his gaze and said.

"Okay, please wait a moment!"

A few minutes later, a cup of watermelon juice with ice shards was delivered.

Chen Shouyi took a sip, the coolness slid down his throat into his stomach, feeling all his pores relax wide open, and on a scorching summer day, there was nothing more satisfying than drinking a cold drink.

It had been a long time since he felt so relaxed.

Just then, two young girls laughing and chatting walked in, dressed in cool clothing, with long legs exuding youthful vitality. As soon as they saw Chen Shouyi, they quickly quieted down.

After ordering their drinks, they chatted softly.

"Where did you apply?"

"Of course, Jiangnan University, it's close to home."

"Me too, I wanted to go to another place to study, but it's so chaotic now, and my parents feel uneasy."

"Yes, things are so chaotic lately. Many people have died in our Hedong as well."

Without realizing it, the end of his senior year in high school had come, Chen Shouyi thought with emotion.

Sometimes life is so mysterious, full of various crossroads. If he hadn't discovered the Book of Knowledge, with everything developing normally, he would probably be preparing for college now.

Of course, more likely, after his sister got involved in a cult event, their whole family would have been silenced.

The roar of the warplanes in the sky never stopped.

The juice gradually reached half empty, when the ground suddenly shook.

"An earthquake!"

Fortunately, the tremor was not strong and quickly subsided after a second or two, attracting little attention, but for some reason, Chen Shouyi felt a trace of unease in his heart. He took out his wallet, fished out a hundred yuan, placed it on the table, and quickly walked out the door.

The street was quiet, with a few pedestrians standing motionless like petrified figures under the scorching sun, staring eastwards.

Chen Shouyi's heart suddenly skipped a beat, and he quickly looked up in the direction, just in time to see a mushroom cloud slowly rising from the horizon, surrounded by a faint circle of clouds like a star ring.

Even the white clouds above had a hole pierced by invisible force.

This is a nuclear bomb!

Chen Shouyi's face was slightly stunned: "What's happening?"

The distance to see the mushroom cloud of a nuclear bomb with the naked eye was definitely not far, but why would they drop a nuke on a perfectly fine Hedong City?

His mind was in a whirlwind.

Apparently noticing Chen Shouyi's anomaly, the two girls in the shop and the staff ran out, and just as one girl was about to strike up a conversation, she was interrupted by a cry of alarm from the other.

"Oh my God!"

But before she could finish speaking, another blinding flash of light appeared on the horizon, and a mushroom cloud several times larger slowly rose into the air.

Seven or eight seconds later, when the light passed, it seemed as if the world had dimmed; even the sun overhead turned pale, and the two girls, caught in the glare, teared up with tears streaming down their faces.

With an abrupt scream from the crowd, everyone awoke as if from a dream, and panic began to spread.

Chapter 332:: So Am I Still the One at Fault?

The entire Hedong City was in a state of panic.

More and more people surged onto the streets, staring blankly at the sky.

A large number of military officers began to maintain order, holding loud tin megaphones, shouting for citizens to orderly enter the air raid shelters.

Since humans discovered the other world twenty years ago, a large number of air raid shelters have been built. In cities like Hedong, there is an air raid shelter almost every few kilometers. Even every newly built community requires developers, according to national regulations, to construct a certain area of underground civil defense engineering.

These air raid shelters are primarily not for defending against invasions from the other world, but to guard against bombs being thrown from overhead by armies.

Of course, there are plenty of Safe Zones too.

Chen Shouyi also did not dare to be reckless. Given the unclear situation now, who knows if a nuclear bomb might be dropped on the Safe Zone the next moment.

No need to worry about his parents and sister.

They should have entered an air raid shelter as well.

Chen Shouyi followed the crowd and walked into a nearby air raid shelter.

Inside, it was bustling, some were speaking loudly to vent their inner fears, and some were leaning against the wall, squatting on the ground, silently dazed.

The air was filled with a mood of oppression, uneasiness, and anxiety.

A baby wailed loudly in the arms of a young lady, but the young lady looked lost and did not react at all.

"Your child is hungry!" Chen Shouyi reminded.

"Oh! Oh!" The young lady snapped back to reality, subconsciously lifted her clothes and began to breastfeed.

The sight of that swelling whiteness made Chen Shouyi's face slightly red, and he quickly turned his gaze away.

...

Chen Shouyi stayed in the air raid shelter for over an hour. Seeing no more nuclear explosions, he began to leave along with the others.

Upon returning home, Chen Shouyi found his parents were already back.

"Why are they dropping nuclear bombs for no reason, Shou Yi? We're not going to be affected by radiation here, are we?" Mrs. Chen said with some panic.

"Don't worry, it should be fine. The nuclear bomb's distance is still far from here! But don't leave home for the next few days, let's see how things unfold first!" Chen Shouyi thought and spoke calmly. Besides this time, he had already witnessed nuclear explosions twice, even close enough to approach the nuclear crater. He was no longer as panicked as ordinary people.

The nuclear bomb exploded roughly tens of kilometers away, a distance already far exceeding the effective killing range.

"I kept saying it's fine, this far away, how could it be a problem, always worrying needlessly," Chen Dawei said.

"What needless worry, didn't you hear clearly? Shou Yi said, don't go out, let's see how things unfold first!"

Seeing the two elders starting to bicker again.

Chen Shouyi went out again to find Bai Xiaoling.

"What happened with this nuclear explosion?" Chen Shouyi asked as soon as they met.

"I don't know either, there was no notification at all, but I think it might be a problem on Pingzhou's side," Bai Xiaoling said.

"A few Barbarians?"

"Maybe it's not Barbarians?"

"Barbarian God!" Chen Shouyi's heart skipped a beat, and he understood instantly.

Pingzhou City is very close to Hedong, the Barbarian God invasion incident not long ago is still fresh in memory. The memory is vivid, the entire Hedong City panicked, and a huge number of people fled. Now the city is sparsely populated, turned into a ghost town, the impact of that time still lingers.

The authorities are clearly worried that once the truth is revealed, many people might flee again.

...

Chen Shouyi returned to the bedroom and closed the door.

Shell Lady emerged from beneath the pillow and said, "Good Giant, you're finally back!"

"Mm!" Chen Shouyi sat down at the edge of the bed and responded.

"There was just thunder!"

"I heard it!"

Chen Shouyi replied perfunctorily and then silently got lost in thought.

There was the shock of the nuclear bomb and the worry over the newly appearing Barbarian God. No matter how confident he was, he dared not face the real Barbarian God. It was a pity communications were poor, all messages were not timely.

"Forget it, thinking too much is useless, let's see what happens tomorrow!"

Chen Shouyi sighed, walked into the bathroom, and prepared to wash his face. Suddenly, he saw the stopper of the test tube had been removed, and he wondered in his heart, clearly remembering he had sealed it tightly.

He picked up the test tube and walked out of the bathroom: "Little One, did you open it?"

Shell Lady, who was organizing her clothes, looked up at his words, turned her back to him, and ignored him.

Seeing this, Chen Shouyi felt a pang of irritation in his heart, this was evidently guilty behavior!

He repeated his question.

Shell Lady finally spoke, saying with grievance: "You secretly eat yummy things while I'm asleep!"

As she spoke, she felt increasingly wronged, her mouth cupped, and tears finally started to flow uncontrollably:

"Wah wah wah... And to think I covered you with a blanket!"

Chen Shouyi opened his mouth, looked at the test tube in his hand, and then at the aggrieved Shell Lady, unable to find words.

Could it be my fault!

...

A village had already turned into ruins, mixed inside were sporadic bodies, a few fallen trees were burning fiercely.

All around was dead silence!

Only the sound of the wind could be heard coming from a distance.

A short-haired young man looked indifferently at all this without a trace of emotional fluctuation on his face.

After a long time, he stepped over a twisted corpse and quickly walked forward.

The rice seedlings in the field had been uprooted and were floating on the water, with scorch marks on them.

The whole land was in ruins, everything above ground, whether buildings or trees, had been leveled, many places were burning with flames.

After several minutes, he stood on a bare small hill.

Life had completely vanished here, with large amounts of radioactive ash falling like goose feather snow from the sky. It hadn't been long before he had become a "snowman".

Not far away, within a giant pit six to seven hundred meters in diameter, scorching and viscous lava was boiling violently, with waves of hot air blowing intermittently.

He watched for a long time but didn't see what he wanted to see.

"What an idiot!" he whispered, a flash of fear in his eyes.

Undoubtedly, he was the God of Hunting in the Saint descension state.

He had never left Pingzhou City. Once the nuclear bomb was detonated, he came here promptly.

He originally intended for the God of Fury to divert human attention, but didn't expect that idiot to die so easily.

This time, humanity's attack was far more powerful than what he encountered last time. He dared not confidently say his true form could evade attacks like before, making him all the more certain he couldn't let his true form descend.

This world is far more dangerous than the Tamu world.

Assuming personal risk on the battlefield, one misstep may lead to death, requiring cautious planning.

"However, there is some gain!" he muttered to himself, "At least, effortlessly acquired another land of faith."

With the God of Fury dead, His earthly realm became ownerless as well.

"Buzz..."

He looked up at the sky, a helicopter was flying in from the horizon.

He sneered, stepped down quickly from the small hill, and soon disappeared into the distance.

Chapter 333: Library

Faced with the distressed and tearful Shell Lady, Chen Shouyi had no choice but to comfort her for a while until she calmed down.

Not long after, Chen Xingyue also came home early, as the school had been given a day off.

Due to the impact of the anomaly, classes have been severely disrupted, and this year in Hedong, major institutions did not have summer vacation and continued their normal schedules.

The shock from this nuclear explosion was immense; no one could stay calm and unaffected while watching a mushroom cloud rise.

Since the invention of nuclear weapons, especially after the discovery of the other world, the nuclear stockpile of various countries has skyrocketed, and the shadow of nuclear war has constantly loomed over the world.

Although Ningzhou had previously released a nuclear bomb, it was too far from Hedong to feel more deeply until witnessing it firsthand brought a trembling sensation akin to facing the might of heaven and earth.

...

"Fellow citizens, do not panic, trust in * and the government... According to the latest test results, the nuclear radiation affecting Hedong is negligible and within safe levels, posing no harm to health..."

Chen Shouyi opened the curtains, and a government worker was holding a metal loudspeaker, shouting hoarsely.

The area outside was filled with soldiers, and the entire Safe Zone was under martial law.

However, this had become routine.

If a month passes without martial law, it would be something worth celebrating.

Chen Shouyi watched for a while and then closed the curtains.

Shell Lady was happily playing in the basin; her dog-paddle swimming was skillful, and she was quite good at diving, with no worry of drowning.

"Good Giant, can you swim?" Shell Lady asked.

"Yes!"

Growing up in the countryside, swimming was an essential skill.

Shell Lady opened her little mouth in surprise upon hearing this: "You're so big, won't you sink?"

"I won't!" Chen Shouyi replied, "Quick, wash up!"

"All done!"

Chen Shouyi placed her under the faucet to rinse off the foam, not bothering to attend to her further.

Raising Shell Lady is quite hassle-free; she requires little attention.

These days, she's already learned to dress herself and occasionally gets the urge to wash her clothes independently.

Very capable!

Chen Shouyi finished practicing the thirty-six moves of Horizontal Training.

Turning around, he saw that she had collapsed on the bed and was fast asleep. He approached and called softly:

"Little one, wake up!"

"Wake up!"

He called several times and even rolled her over a few times, seeing no reaction, he felt reassured.

He walked over to the cabinet, taking out a suitcase, and retrieved a large pack of Divine Blood Soil from within.

The Divine Blood Soil was packed in a thick plastic bag, wrapped in dozens of layers of cling film, and he took it to the bathroom, shut the door, and remembering something, opened the window for ventilation.

After doing all this, Chen Shouyi cautiously opened the pack of Divine Blood Soil.

Even in darkness, the damp Divine Blood Soil emitted a hazy brilliance.

...

Bai Xiaoling was very efficient and delivered a library card early in the morning.

"Honorary Professor!" Chen Shouyi looked at the title on the card and asked, puzzled.

"This is specially approved by the school leadership at Jiangnan University; though purely nominal, the privileges are the same as a full professor's, allowing you to borrow up to thirty books," Bai Xiaoling explained.

"Thanks for going through that trouble!"

"No trouble at all, it's my job to serve you," Bai Xiaoling replied eagerly.

"Sister Xiao Ling, is the nuclear radiation really safe?" Chen Xingyue, standing beside, asked with concern.

"I'm not sure about this either, but it should be fine; otherwise, the authorities would have organized an evacuation long ago. You see, leaders are people too; no one wants to be exposed to nuclear radiation," Bai Xiaoling said.

Chen Xingyue thought about it and felt relieved.

...

Once Bai Xiaoling left, Chen Xingyue asked, "Brother, you got the library card to visit the library and read books?"

"If not to read, what would I go to the library for?" Chen Shouyi responded irritably, seeing her express surprise as if the sun rose from the west.

"Like picking up girls, or something!"

"Shallow!"

The two bantered for a while, and Chen Shouyi checked his attribute panel.

Intelligence increased by 0.1.

Better than nothing.

After breakfast, Chen Shouyi pushed out his bicycle and prepared to go to the library.

Soldiers were still enforcing martial law along the way. There were barely any pedestrians, and only a few breakfast stalls were operating. As he passed a newsstand, it had a long queue.

Since the anomaly, newspapers became the sole information source, and seeing the long queue, Chen Shouyi decided against buying one.

A few minutes later, Chen Shouyi arrived at Jiangnan University.

He dealt with numerous inquiries about directions, questions about the library, and dormitory inquiries from female students, eventually reaching the library.

The library was a ten-story building, and the Martial Arts book section was located on the ninth floor.

He initially thought there wouldn't be many such books but realized upon arrival that he had underestimated.

From ancient to modern times, domestic and foreign, the shelves were filled with all sorts.

Of course, most were academic journals or theoretical works.

In the past twenty years, Martial Arts has been a global research hotspot.

Many are international collaborative research projects with ample funding.

Countless researchers and labs worldwide have been drawn into it, publishing a substantial number of academic papers each year!

With so many books, there's no way to finish reading them in a short time.

To save time, Chen Shouyi directly searched by book title, choosing books with titles containing words like wisdom, insight, thought, brain, etc., grabbing enough to thirtyp, then left the library.

...

"It's my fault; I shouldn't have jumped to conclusions. Please give me another chance, come back, if I hit you again, I'll... be lower than pigs or dogs."

"Don't touch me, show some respect. We're divorced."

"Don't be like this. Is it really so easy to let go of all those years of feelings, let's remarry."

"I've given you countless chances. Every time, you chase shadows without evidence; I'm fed up and tired."

...

Chen Shouyi passed by a small grove, his keen ears catching a faint yet familiar voice.

It was Guan Miao!

Curious, he quietly approached.

A few steps later, Chen Shouyi saw Guan Miao and a man standing in a pavilion.

The man was middle-aged, bald, and seemed scholarly, wearing thick glasses, his face resigned.

Beside him, Guan Miao appeared cold as ice, her eyes slightly red.

"They really did divorce; the man seems to be her ex-husband!"

"But surely it's not because of me!" Chen Shouyi reflected for a moment and felt certain.

He and Guan Miao had only met a few times, all in public places.

Plus, he was only eighteen, while Guan Miao was likely a thirty-year-old "old woman."

Even if her husband saw them talking, he wouldn't be jealous or suspicious... right?

He listened for a bit longer but lost interest, quickly retreating. At that moment, Guan Miao accidentally noticed him; her expression turned frantic, and she hastily checked her watch and said to her ex-husband, "I have class this morning, I'm leaving."

Chapter 334: Pingzhou City

Chen Shouyi picked up a book called the Heart Sutra.

In Sanskrit, "Prajna" means wisdom.

When Chen Shouyi opened it, he realized it was a Buddhist scripture, but fortunately, there were annotations at the back.

With an intelligence of 15.7, he could skim ten lines at a glance, memorizing each page almost instantly, and reversing fluently. Within a few minutes, he finished reading the entire book.

It discussed the philosophical mindset of Buddhist teachings, breaking the attachment to the desires of ordinary people, advocating a saintly state of unattachment, which left Chen Shouyi feeling completely befuddled and confused.

What's the difference between lack of desire and vegetation?

He's still planning to get married and have kids!

And how does this relate to wisdom?

Chen Shouyi thought to himself, soon tossing the book aside.

The following books on traditional cultivation methods from various countries were mostly misleading, falling into the domain of religious philosophy rather than relating to the brain at all.

Only modern Martial Arts writings mentioned some relevant topics.

But even these were mostly theoretical, speculative, and conjectural, primarily approached from a biological perspective, without any established cultivation techniques.

Hours later, he finished all thirty books borrowed from the library.

The result was fruitless.

Chen Shouyi found that the scientific community leaned more towards researching specific drugs to stimulate brain intelligence improvement rather than through cultivation.

Perhaps this was more likely to succeed in comparison.

After all, there were already tangible samples, like Divine Blood and Divine Marrow!

As long as the effective components could be synthesized, immediate effects could be produced.

As for brain cultivation, there's simply no starting point.

"It seems the brain truly is humanity's forbidden zone." Chen Shouyi stood up, walked around a few times, pondering deeply.

However, he wasn't ready to give up, having only read thirty books, which was merely less than one percent of the entire collection.

He couldn't believe that after reading all the books, he would still find no breakthrough.

...

After a peaceful day, Chen Shouyi received another mission.

"The helicopter is ready!" Bai Xiaoling said, "Stay safe!"

Chen Shouyi nodded, grabbed his bow bag and a bag of luggage, and left the room.

Several minutes later, a helicopter on the rooftop of a nearby building took off, quickly flying towards the distance.

The military helicopter generated a buzzing noise, accompanied by intense vibrations.

The experience was quite uncomfortable.

Chen Shouyi sat in his seat, gazing out the window.

In the distance, two giant craters were visible, with the inside and the surroundings filled with a glass-like black substance.

Undoubtedly, these were nuclear explosion craters.

Though the nuclear explosion occurred only two days ago, there were already dozens of excavators at the site, and a large number of workers in nuclear suits could be seen busy all around.

Chen Shouyi silently estimated, noticing the craters were about half a kilometer apart.

Clearly, the first nuclear bomb didn't kill the Barbarian God entirely, allowing It to escape but it should have been severely injured, greatly affecting Its movements.

The second bomb was what truly killed It.

At the instant of the nuclear explosion, the temperature inside could reach tens of millions, or even billions of degrees Celsius. In such horrifying heat, everything in the world becomes plasma.

No matter how strong an otherworldly Barbarian God may be, faced with such destructive force, It would likely be vaporized instantly.

"Chief Advisor, we are counting on you for Pingzhou City this time," a colonel accompanying him forced a faint smile on his somber face.

He came from the garrison troops of Pingzhou City. Although the war was brief, its intensity was astounding, completely crippling their troops within days, causing severe casualties. His visit to the provincial capital was to request assistance from high-level martial artists.

Despite the Barbarian God's death, numerous barbarians were still roaming the city.

Now, a large number of troops had been dispatched to the Dongning Battlefield. Military strength was stretched thin across regions, with limited support, unable to amass tens of thousands of soldiers as easily as they did in Ningzhou for a ground assault.

Moreover, Pingzhou City still housed a significant number of civilians who hadn't managed to escape in time, and disregarding innocent civilian casualties to obliterate the city directly was not an option.

"I will do my best," Chen Shouyi withdrew his gaze, responding solemnly.

He checked his attribute panel.

Strength: 16.7

Agility: 17.6

Constitution: 16.7

Intelligence: 15.9

Perception: 14.2

Will: 15.9

Energy Accumulation: 6.56

After using the Divine Blood from the Divine Blood Soil yesterday, although the effect swiftly weakened, he still gained 0.2 intelligence and 0.1 strength.

"Now my strength... has already surpassed 1,500 kilograms." He clenched his fist tightly, the air around it vibrating slightly, becoming a blur.

...

The helicopter continued flying for over ten minutes, and it was now above Pingzhou City.

The entire city as far as the eye could see was ravaged, ruins scattered everywhere, with many helicopters hovering in the air. Occasionally, the thunderous sound of machine guns echoed, making the gunfire of the whole city roll like fireworks on New Year's Eve.

Chen Shouyi saw firsthand, not far away, a search helicopter flying through a gap between two buildings was suddenly hit heavily by an office desk that smashed through a building window.

The helicopter's wings instantly broke, the body tilted, crashing into the building opposite.

A few seconds later, with a loud explosion, a torrent of fire burst out, and the building began to burn fiercely.

Chen Shouyi pointed at the burning building and said softly, "Let's go there!"

"But, we haven't gone to the command post yet..." the major officer said instinctively.

"Going a little later won't be a problem, right?" Chen Shouyi turned and asked.

"No... no problem!" The major officer came to his senses and quickly replied.

Soon, the helicopter turned and headed toward that building.

"No need to land on the rooftop, just hover at about fifty to sixty meters above the building," Chen Shouyi said.

If they descended too low, they would be easily attacked.

"That high, is it okay?" The officer was somewhat surprised.

An ordinary person falling from such a height would likely splatter like mashed meat.

"It's fine!" Chen Shouyi replied.

A few minutes later, the helicopter hovered above the building's rooftop.

"Watch my luggage for me!" Before jumping off, Chen Shouyi reminded the officer.

After all, his treasure, the Shell Lady, was inside!

This mission wasn't going to be a one or two-day affair, it could well take up to ten days to half a month here.

He couldn't leave the Shell Lady unattended at home and feel at ease!

"Oh, okay, okay, no problem, I'll ensure your luggage is safe," the major, though confused as to how it could get lost here, still hurriedly promised.

Chen Shouyi said, then stood up and slid open the cabin door.

The strong wind blew his hair wildly, and he glanced at the rooftop below, then leaped down.

The wind roared, and within seconds, he rolled to disperse the force and stabilized himself.

Suddenly, he sensed something and looked towards the opposite building.

Behind one of the windows, a tall barbarian clad in animal skins was staring at him full of killing intent.

"Truly ignorant of death!" Chen Shouyi's eyes turned cold.

He stepped back several meters,

then accelerated, his body instantly turning into a blur.

The next moment, he pushed off powerfully with his foot, an invisible airwave blowing away the dust, the rooftop shaking violently, the ground beneath his feet creating a meter-wide hole, as his body shot like lightning toward the opposite building.

The murder in the Barbarian God's eyes hadn't completely dissipated when his face already showed horror.

As the rapidly enlarging figure came into view, he felt as if plunged into an icehouse, coming to his senses, he immediately turned and fled.

Yet after only a few steps!

With a crash, the building's tempered glass shattered into pieces.

Amidst the flying debris, a figure tore through the air, rapidly approaching the barbarian.

The barbarian felt the increasingly intense wind behind him, gritted his teeth, and roared explosively. His skin instantly flushed, his muscles swelling, countless veins bulging like earthworms.

A berserk strength emanated from his body.

As an equally ancient deity, the God of Hunting had high-end earthly power through Totem Warriors, while the God of Fury had Furious Warriors. Through implanting bloodline seeds and transforming the bloodline, they made the body stronger, and in critical moments, could undergo a frenzy, exploding with several times the usual combat power.

But the side effects were serious, rendering them completely unable to fight for several days.

Yet at this moment, he couldn't care about that.

This human was exceedingly terrifying,

not going berserk would surely mean death!

"Die!"

He prepared for a desperate fight.

But just as he stepped sideways, a figure swiftly brushed past him, the wind whipping his face.

He shuddered, his body stiffening in place, eyes wide open in anger.

The red in his eyes rapidly faded.

Then a thin line of blood quickly spread diagonally from his left neck to his lower abdomen.

His body wavered slightly, and half of it began to slide along the bloodline.

Chen Shouyi took a look, flicked his sword to shake off the blood, and sheathed it. With a few steps, he ran and jumped out of the window.

Chapter 335: The Bad Giant

This battle made Chen Shouyi feel that his strength had undergone an earth-shattering transformation.

Explosive power like a volcanic eruption, reactions swift as lightning, lightning-fast thinking speed, and the hidden support of willpower made this battle seem effortless, as easy as reaching into a pouch.

In fact, that Barbarian did not appear as weak as shown.

The strength could completely compare to that of an ordinary Martial Artist, and after going berserk, even a Senior Martial Artist would need to take it seriously.

However, now in Chen Shouyi's hands, they couldn't withstand a single move.

Compared to the last battle with the God of Hunting under the presence of the Saint, his combat power has now increased several times over.

Thirty to forty meters were leapt across by Chen Shouyi.

"Bang!" A sound.

Debris flew in all directions.

Chen Shouyi grasped the window frame heavily with both hands, and the concrete was like brittle cookies, pierced deeply by his fingers.

Then he exerted force with his hands, his body soared more than three meters high, gripping the window frame again.

He climbed twelve floors continuously, reaching the rooftop again.

...

The Lieutenant Colonel, seeing Chen Shouyi's figure appear on the rooftop, snapped awake as if from a dream and quickly reminded the helicopter pilot: "Quickly, descend!"

"Yes, sir!"

The helicopter shook slightly and began to descend slowly.

The Lieutenant Colonel couldn't help but glance at the time.

Unfortunately, he couldn't remember when the other had jumped down.

It seemed like just now.

He even doubted whether it was half a minute, feeling as if he had just entered the building, and after a few seconds, he came out again.

So powerful!

So terrifying!

Before long, Chen Shouyi boarded the helicopter again, bringing with him a faint bloody scent, as if a fierce beast had entered the cabin, causing it to quickly quiet down, with only the humming engine noise resonating.

Perhaps because the atmosphere was too awkward, the Lieutenant Colonel's mouth moved, seeming to want to say something to lighten the mood, but after a long preparation, he didn't say a word.

The helicopter turned direction and flew all the way until a few minutes later, Chen Shouyi saw a vast ruin with a large number of weapons deployed around it, heavily guarded, and he broke the silence, curiously asking: "Is that the spatial passage?"

"Yes, it is!" The Lieutenant Colonel hurriedly said, then added: "Behind the passage, there's still a stationed army of Barbarians, and even now, Barbarians occasionally come out to scout the outside situation."

It seems they don't know that the Barbarian God is already dead, Chen Shouyi thought to himself.

The command center is nearby.

The helicopter quickly landed on a street below.

This place was completely in ruins.

The trees on both sides were broken, and all the windows smashed, the surrounding buildings, some completely collapsed, some stacked like blocks, with one building still blazing with fire, thick smoke billowing.

Chen Shouyi even saw a shattered tank embedded in one side of a building, with a huge piece of armor teetering precariously.

Although he had seen this from above, the different perspective gave him a completely different feeling.

"The command center is not far!" The Lieutenant Colonel quietly reminded Chen Shouyi, seeing him standing still for a long time.

Chen Shouyi withdrew his gaze: "Then let's go."

The air was filled with the strong stench of corpses, and the road was littered with bodies and some dismembered limbs and organs, decomposed and blackened, soaked with grease.

Many bodies, bloated like balloons under the blazing sun, seemed ready to burst at any moment.

Even someone like Chen Shouyi, accustomed to seeing death, felt heavy-hearted and slightly uncomfortable at this scene.

...

The commander of the local Pingzhou garrison, a middle-aged man in his forties, looked dull and weary, as if he hadn't slept for days.

But upon seeing Chen Shouyi, he still forced himself to be spirited and came forward to greet him.

"Chief Consultant, I'm Luo Hua Army, I've long admired your name, and finally I've managed to invite you here."

The provincial chief security consultant, although without a specific rank, is generally considered departmental-level, equivalent to a Major General in the army, on the same level as him.

Moreover, this time there is something to request from the other.

The two shook hands.

"Commander Luo, you're too kind, I'm truly undeserving!" Chen Shouyi replied courteously.

"During wartime, we'll keep things simple without superficial formalities. All in all, I'm very thankful you came; now I can rest assured. Your accommodation is arranged, and I'll have someone take you to look at it. If you're not satisfied with anything, feel free to mention it."

Chen Shouyi didn't refuse and, in the company of a female communicator, he left the command center with his luggage, heading to a nearby hotel.

The hotel was considered mid-range, though it was probably the best-preserved hotel in the vicinity.

The lobby of the hotel clearly hadn't been cleaned for days, with a thick layer of dust on the floor, showing only a few scattered footprints:

"Is there nobody staying here?" Chen Shouyi asked in confusion.

The female communicator, nervous from Chen Shouyi's taciturn demeanor, quickly replied: "Y-yes, but I specially cleaned your room this morning, definitely hygienic!"

She was young, with an oval face, looking demure and quiet, yet facing this provincial security chief consultant, who even the usually stern and assertive Commander had to warmly receive with a low posture, she was so nervous she stuttered.

"Relax a bit, where are the other Martial Artists of Pingzhou City?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"In another place, staying with the soldiers," the female communicator explained.

This must be privilege, Chen Shouyi thought to himself.

After becoming a Martial Artist, his status was completely different from ordinary Martial Artists.

Martial Artists, even Great Martial Artists, remain in a weak position against the military, but Martial Artists already hold a somewhat equal conversation status.

The two arrived on the fifth floor, with the female communicator hurrying ahead to open the door for him. Inside, it was spotlessly clean, with a scent of air freshener: "I don't know if you're satisfied. Every morning, I'll come to clean."

"Very satisfied, but there's no need to clean, I can handle it myself!" Chen Shouyi looked around, placing his luggage down.

"But..."

"No buts, alright, you can go now!" Chen Shouyi interrupted.

The female communicator was too frightened to speak, hurriedly exiting the room.

Chen Shouyi looked frustrated, was his tone really that harsh?

Am I really that scary?

After the other left, he closed the door.

Then released Shell Lady, discovering she was already awake.

"Stupid Giant, I almost suffocated," Shell Lady complained.

"I just checked, you seem fine?" Chen Shouyi laughed, poking her with his finger, making her body sway.

"Hmph, bad Giant." Shell Lady stepped back, huffing angrily.

She then jumped down from his palm, quickly dissipating her anger and curiously looking around: "You changed your sleeping place again, did you bring my jewels?"

"Yes, I brought them!"

"How about my clothes?"

"Yes, I brought them all."

Thankfully, they're small items, otherwise, he really wouldn't have bothered.

He took her things out of the luggage and placed them on the bed: "I'll be going out in a while, you stay here and play by yourself, I'll be back after sunset."

"Can't the Little Dot go?" Shell Lady looked up, eager to go along.

"I'm going to kill bad Giants, do you want to come?"

"I'm very obedient, I'll play by myself." Shell Lady immediately replied seriously.

Chapter 336: Shit Stirrer (Part 1)

Chen Shouyi drew the curtains and looked outside.

This area was basically devoid of gunfire sounds. Apart from the occasional soldiers jogging by, it seemed quite peaceful outside. Clearly, the Barbarians here had been completely cleared out. He watched for a while before pulling the curtains down.

"If you hear any noise, hide immediately, got it?" Chen Shouyi said.

The Shell Lady nodded quickly like a pecking chick, her small face tense as she said, "Mmm, I'll hide very well, I won't be found by those bad Giants!"

In fact, there was no need for him to remind her. She was always quick-witted and timid. If there was the slightest movement, she would hide faster than anyone.

"Good girl."

"I'm always the best," the Shell Lady nodded earnestly.

Next, Chen Shouyi got some honey ready for her, making her drink it in advance in case he didn't come back at night. After taking care of everything, he picked up his sword, grabbed his bow bag, opened the door, and prepared to leave.

Just before the door closed, the Shell Lady suddenly jumped off the bed, walked quickly to the door, stopped, and with a pitiful look said, "Good Giant, come back soon!"

Chen Shouyi paused his steps, turned back, and said, "Stay in the room, I'll be back after sunset!"

...

Minutes later, a military helicopter took to the skies.

Chen Shouyi held the War Bow, standing by the open hatch, his fingers pinching an arrow, scanning the ground below.

Suddenly, his hand blurred.

In the next instant, with a "boom," the arrow in his hand shot out like lightning. Almost simultaneously, a hundred meters away, a window shattered, and an arrow glanced past a Barbarian's cheek, tearing off a piece of flesh in an instant.

Before he could react, blood from his facial wound had not even flowed, and another arrow followed swiftly, creating a football-sized bloody hole in his chest, nearly cleaving him in two.

The Barbarian fell without a struggle, convulsing uncontrollably.

The military provided Tungsten Steel Armor-Piercing Arrows, each weighing a pound, heavier than regular arrows. Although the initial speed was slower, it could still maintain supersonic speed beyond a hundred meters. If it hits the torso, survival was impossible.

Seeing the helicopter hovering, Chen Shouyi reminded, "Keep flying!"

"Got it!"

The helicopter pilot snapped back, exchanged a glance with the gunner, and both saw the shock in each other's eyes.

At Chen Shouyi's request, the helicopter flew low, around a hundred meters, lower than some of the tall buildings here and potentially within reach of Barbarian attacks at any moment.

The two helicopter crew members were prepared for sacrifice, but things didn't seem to be as dangerous as they imagined.

Two minutes passed, and another Barbarian was killed.

This time luck was bad, taking four shots to finally take down.

Chen Shouyi didn't admit his archery was lacking.

His archery was already at "Mastery: 13," so how could he be lacking!

The problem was the distance was too far and the helicopter was flying with intense turbulence, making his accuracy significantly affected.

Fortunately, his shooting speed compensated for everything.

With his nerve reaction twenty times that of ordinary humans and thinking speed more than eleven times faster, he found his shooting speed nearly doubled. He could now easily reach 30 arrows per second.

If one shot missed, there was a second, and a third...

Three arrows, just over 0.1 seconds, in the blink of an eye.

Just then, he glimpsed a figure flashing by in a building, he stomped, and as the helicopter dipped suddenly, he flew swiftly towards a building several dozen meters away.

...

In the subway station.

A group of over a hundred Barbarians lay prostrate, repeatedly praying aloud.

Ahead, over a dozen men and women had their hand bones broken, mouths crushed, and bodies writhing like meat worms, faces filled with terror and despair.

In a corner of the hall, a mound of piled bones reached high, with countless flies buzzing, a few skulls with hair attached scattered around, crawling with maggots, and the air reeked of a strong stench.

The followers of the God of Fury held cannibalistic habits.

In the Tam World, food, especially meat, was precious. Whether it was an executed enemy or their own deceased tribe, the followers of the God of Fury would not waste their corpses.

The tribes could eat without hindrance, let alone if it was humans from another species.

...

"Oh great Lord, mighty and merciful, we humbly offer you your sacrifices, please give us, your lost believers, some divine revelation!" A young Priest prayed loudly with a mournful and gentle tone.

He then took out a stone blade and stepped forward, slitting the throats of the men and women serving as sacrifices one by one.

Blood began to gush, and the fetid air was suddenly filled with a thick scent of blood.

As the humans struggled and convulsed, the Barbarians prayed even louder.

Since arriving in this world, the Barbarian army had been shattered by a bombing as if struck by divine punishment. The scene of shredded corpses everywhere had utterly broken Barbarian morale, making them scatter like headless flies.

This group had spontaneously gathered only in recent days.

"Priest, what revelation does the great Lord give?" as soon as the prayer ended, a strong Furious Warrior asked.

"None!" the young Priest shook his head bitterly.

The hall began humming, and every Barbarian's face showed unease, in an unfamiliar world, facing terrifying enemies and elusive attacks, a dark cloud loomed over all their hearts.

"Priest, pray again, maybe the sacrifices aren't enough? I'll go capture more humans!" another Furious Warrior, built like a small Giant, rumbled.

Before the Priest could speak, a distant, ethereal voice accompanied by crisp footsteps came: "Humble mortals, no need to pray anymore, Kasa that fool is already dead."

The Barbarians were all shocked and immediately on alert.

"Who dares blaspheme my Lord!" the previous Furious Warrior immediately grabbed a Bone Spear and roared in anger.

Along with a faint descent of divine power, a figure soon appeared from afar: "Oh humble mortals, I am the merciful God of Hunting."

His appearance transformed again, entirely a Barbarian's visage.

As soon as he finished speaking, everyone was as if struck, hairs standing on end.

The hall became deathly silent, with only the heavy breaths of the Barbarians.

Kasa was the divine name of the God of Fury. To address him so casually and with such motivation implied a being of equal status, and paired with the divine power emanating from him, his identity was irrefutable.

Yet the news was so horrifying, as if the sky had collapsed.

The Priest fought back fear, swallowed hard: "Great God of Hunting, how can my Lord... be asleep?"

"Do I need to deceive you mortals?" the God of Hunting said leisurely, his gaze indifferent.

"This... this is impossible!" The Priest's legs gave way, collapsing to the ground instantly.

Distress, fear, doubt, many Barbarians appeared dejected, eyes filled with confusion and despair.

"The war is lost, oh poor mortals, mercifully, I offer you a bright path. If you wish to live, start fleeing, the farther the better!"

To him, these mortals' only use was to further disrupt this world.

Only through chaos could he better fish in troubled waters.

Though the benefit might not be great, it was better than nothing at all.

Chapter 337: Beating Up the God of Hunting

He reshaped his appearance, restrained his aura, and walked out of the subway station. Not long after, he met someone face to face.

He couldn't help but be slightly taken aback.

Even as a god, a slight thrill rose uncontrollably in his heart.

A human proverb suddenly surfaced in his mind:

"The road to heaven is open, yet you don't take it, while you force your way into hell with no gate!"

That battle was his disgrace. For a dignified god to be helpless against a mere mortal, he had no choice but to retreat.

Now, he was much stronger than when he first descended; in the Tam World, he had specifically used his divine power on this body, not only washing away the aura of death but also gaining some enhancement. Even now, without borrowing divine power, the strength of his body alone had stabilized at the legendary level.

Last time, he was only a quasi-legendary.

A cold smile appeared at the corner of his mouth as he proceeded step by step.

He was already eager to hear the wailing of his soul.

...

Having taken care of the barbarian, Chen Shouyi waited for the helicopter to land on the street.

Then he heard footsteps and turned his head for a glance.

It was a young man with an ordinary appearance, dressed in black clothes and trousers, a long sword hanging at his side.

He assumed it was a local martial artist.

Chen Shouyi didn't think much of it and was about to look away after a glance.

Suddenly, he vaguely felt something was amiss.

Weren't all local martial artists conscripted to cooperate with the military's operations?

He looked again. With the sun high in the sky and the weather scorching hot, the temperature was at least above forty degrees, yet the other wore heat-absorbing black clothes and trousers. Wasn't that strange?

What was even more bizarre was that the other person didn't sweat at all.

The helicopter was slowly descending, dust started to swirl, and the loud noise from the rotor blades strangely irritated Chen Shouyi.

The other person was approaching step by step.

One hundred meters!

...

Fifty meters!

...

Thirty meters!

At this moment, the other suddenly glanced at him, with a seemingly ordinary face, but a pair of bright eyes captivating, the corner of his mouth curling into a cold smile.

Instantly, Chen Shouyi's hair stood on end, feeling an intense sense of danger.

"God of Hunting!"

Without hesitation in his heart, acting decisively, he flung the war bow far away while swiftly transforming.

The distance was too close; using the bow was just courting death.

In the instant of transformation, the opponent drew his sword with a step forward, the air tearing apart, as if moving instantaneously, his shadow extending into a phantom.

Chen Shouyi felt a fierce wind hit his face, a sword light rapidly closing in. In a critical moment, he dodged to the side.

A "boom" was heard.

His clothes were shredded by the air before he could even gasp; another blurry sword light sliced toward his throat, prompting him to retreat with a slide step, dodging again. He kept retreating, forced to the point where he couldn't even draw his sword, feeling as though he was dancing with death at every moment.

Within a few sword strikes, his forehead already glistened with a light sheen of sweat.

The Giant Transformation required time.

At least one second was needed.

Within one second, the opponent could attack dozens or even hundreds of times.

His entire spirit was highly concentrated, his scalp tingling, stretched thin, but the absolute disparity in strength wasn't something escapable merely by trying to dodge. With a hiss, only four moves in, he felt a chill in his abdomen, a long bloody gash cut by the opponent's sword light.

The opponent's power had become even stronger!

Meanwhile, Chen Shouyi's height had just broken two meters.

"I surrender!"

Chen Shouyi quickly shouted loudly.

He had assumed such a lowly trick wouldn't deceive the opponent at all, but unexpectedly, it really stopped the action.

"Mortal, are you ready to submit to me?" The God of Hunting forcefully withdrew the sword aimed at his throat, speaking coldly.

He still had some tolerance.

The opponent held a considerable status among humans, was powerful too. If he could submit, things would be much easier.

He had long recognized a fact: the barbarians were ignorant; conquering this world needed reliance on the native inhabitants here.

Seizing the opportunity while the other spoke, Chen Shouyi quickly completed his transformation, thoroughly exhaling in relief, a faint sarcasm showing on his face, in a muffled voice:

"Fool, you'd believe me just after one sentence?"

Hearing this, the God of Hunting was slightly stunned, immediately filled with rage, eyes ablaze.

No one!

Could deceive his emotions like this!

No one!

Could humiliate him so wantonly.

Yet before his wrath could explode, he felt the air suddenly thicken as a fist the size of a clay pot enveloped in white mist rapidly enlarged before his eyes, tearing his clothes before even striking.

His expression changed urgently, retreating ghost-like, taking only one step before being hit by a gust of air, sent flying backward.

The Giant Transformation's amplification of strength and physique correlated with body size in proportions.

For instance, from an original height of 1.80 meters to a transformed height of 3 meters,

The amplification was 1.67 times.

Strength wasn't increased by 1.67 times but rather by 1.67^3 , equating to a 4.6 times increase.

Physique was the same.

Only agility diminished by twenty percent.

While his strength hadn't increased much over this time, it still rose by 0.4, equivalent to a twenty percent increase, reflecting the same growth in the Giant Transformation.

Although the God of Hunting had become stronger, he improved even more, particularly in agility and intelligence, nearly doubling, significantly narrowing the gap between them.

...

The God of Hunting secretly thought, "this isn't good."

In midair, unable to leverage, this wasn't some otherworld where he could use divine power to fly; on earth, he was much like an ordinary being, forced to watch as the giant form neared, step by step.

The next moment, an enormous hand, thick with atmosphere, bore down on him.

He swiftly twisted, thrusting his sword at Chen Shouyi's chest, intending to save with an offensive maneuver.

However, Chen Shouyi paid no heed, even as the sword pierced his chest, his hand heavily landed on the god's chest.

Only a "boom" was heard.

His body was slammed heavily to the ground, creating a shallow pit.

The God of Hunting felt intense pain throughout, bones groaning, somewhat disoriented from the fall, and before he could react, he felt his leg grabbed.

In the next moment, everything spun wildly.

With a "boom"!

He spat out a mouthful of blood suddenly, bones emitting crisp breaking sounds.

Chen Shouyi, grabbing his leg, displayed a savage expression, ceaselessly slamming him heavily onto the ground.

The scene resembled an adult mercilessly beating a child from kindergarten.

Ferocious and brutal.

The explosive thunder of impacts, relentless and unending, rippled across the street in waves.

The asphalt road continuously shattered, dust swirling, a veritable whirl of sand and rocks.

The scent of blood in the air grew sharper, and the struggling weaker.

Chen Shouyi vented by smashing a dozen times before stopping.

Feeling utterly exhilarated!

The God of Hunting had turned into a battered, blood-smeared figure, with all bones shattered, yet he wasn't dead, his torn mouth moving slightly, his sole remaining eye full of venom:

"You... desecrate... the god... tiny ant, we... will meet again..."

"Shame, you said the same thing last time too!" Chen Shouyi dismissed with a laugh.

With that, he stomped heavily with a large foot, unleashing tens of tons of force abruptly.

With a crunching noise, the god's skull shattered like a watermelon, brain matter splattering the ground.

Chapter 338: Killing as Easily as Cutting Grass

Chen Shouyi was about to revert his transformation when suddenly his knees gave way and he collapsed to the ground.

A colossal being with a bird's head and human body emerged in his mind, roaring with anger, an endless power surged from it, lightning and thunder flashed around, its form warped and blurry, shrouded in mist, only a pair of scarlet giant eyes pierced through the fog, clearly imprinting in his mind.

He felt like he was struck by lightning, under its gaze, his will was being rapidly drained like a dam bursting.

Fortunately, his will was incredibly solid, and after just half a second, the image began to collapse and soon vanished without a trace.

His figure quickly shrank, he knelt on the ground, gasping for air.

"Hehe... hehe!" He laughed somewhat maniacally, his mouth stretching wider and wider, then holding his head, he stood up, swaying like a drunkard.

"Was that just now the true form of that God of Hunting?"

"It's nothing more, if he dares to come here himself, let's see if I can't... see if a nuclear bomb can't kill you."

If his current mood could be described in one sentence.

It would probably be:

"I am already invincible in the world."

Killing a Barbarian God, even if it was just a possessed form, was enough to make Chen Shouyi proud.

He glanced at the nearby mangled corpse, then kicked it tens of meters away.

"Hiss!"

The movement tugged at the wound on his chest and abdomen, causing the corner of his mouth to twitch in pain.

There were two wounds, one on the abdomen, though it was long and seemed like the entire abdomen had been sliced open, it was just a superficial wound.

The other was on the left chest, nearly piercing the heart, the lung was punctured, but fortunately, his body was tough and strong, the wound was small, and after closing it with muscle, it looked like a shallow seam.

After checking, he spat out a mouthful of bloody foam and paid it no more attention.

Just minor injuries!

The God of Hunting left almost no relics, except for the sword he carried, there was nothing else.

Truly poor beyond measure.

He picked up the sword buried under rubble, gently shaking off the dust.

His face immediately showed a hint of surprise.

The whole sword was much heavier than his own sword, probably over twenty kilograms, entirely snow-white with a touch of pale gold, perfectly clean, smooth as a mirror, but somehow he felt an inexplicable sense of discord when holding it.

He was puzzled and examined it closely again, the sword was a standard Martial Arts Sword, with a thick spine, symmetrical blade, well-balanced, about 130 cm long with the hilt, only slightly longer than his Black Sword.

Except for being a bit heavier, it had no difference from a normal Martial Arts Sword.

But this weight was nothing for his strength.

"Perhaps it's because I'm used to my own sword!" Chen Shouyi thought to himself.

He pressed his finger against the sword's edge and slid it along.

Looking down, he found it had sliced open a bit of skin.

Immediately intrigued, he exerted more force, and his finger was cut and began to bleed.

"It's actually this sharp!"

Bear in mind, his skin now was bullet-resistant.

His Black Sword was already sharp enough, taking four or five times the strength to cut his skin, but this time he only used a tenth of that force.

The sharpness of this sword was evidently above that of the Black Sword.

No wonder his formidable body had no resistance when being attacked.

Fortunately, it was his now.

"Oh right, the sword scabbard?"

He quickly scanned the area, finally pulling the sword scabbard embedded in the opposite building's wall.

Obvious evidence of being launched during the fight.

The sword scabbard was also metal, etched with various bizarre and fierce beast patterns, and depictions of barbarian hunts, emanating a barbaric and mysterious aura.

The more he looked, the more delighted he became.

He had always loved collecting such items with an otherworldly style!

"Whirring..."

The helicopter that had taken off in surprise from the battle began to descend again.

Chen Shouyi snapped back, quickly finding a longer strip of cloth to wrap his now bare lower body, avoiding embarrassment.

The helicopter slowly descended.

Chen Shouyi retrieved his War Bow, preparing to board, only to see a Barbarian reappear at the street entrance.

He saw the helicopter and Chen Shouyi, and couldn't help but be slightly stunned before quickly retreating again.

Chen Shouyi gestured, prompting the helicopter to take off again.

The arrows he had originally carried had long scattered on the ground amidst the earlier fierce battle, even the strap of the quiver had broken. He casually picked up a few arrows from the ground and quickly walked toward the place where the barbarians had disappeared.

This time, the duration of the Giant Transformation was only about half a minute, not consuming much energy, and by now, he had largely recovered.

He had noticed early on that the Giant Transformation didn't consume stamina but directly burned the body's chemical energy (blood sugar, ATP). If the chemical energy was depleted, the body would almost be immobilized; similarly, as long as it wasn't depleted, stamina would recover quickly.

Now besides having over-exhausted his willpower, experiencing some headache and mental fatigue, his physical strength had already mostly recovered.

Within a dozen seconds, he arrived at a metro entrance.

A strong stench of corpses mixed with the smell of blood instantly assaulted him, and his keen hearing faintly caught the noisy voices of the barbarians.

Their numbers seemed considerable!

Chen Shouyi hesitated slightly, glancing at the wounds on his body.

The wounds were already healing, sending waves of tingling sensations.

However, in the next moment he had no time to hesitate, as three fierce-looking barbarians holding long spears appeared at the entrance of the subway station. Apparently, the barbarians who had fled earlier had gone in to report.

Chen Shouyi immediately drew his bow and readied his arrows.

The three barbarians hadn't reacted at all before being lifted off the ground by arrows carried by powerful kinetic energy, their bodies exploding in a mist of blood.

Just as the three corpses fell to the ground, more barbarians surged at the entrance of the metro.

Chen Shouyi released two arrows in quick succession.

Killing four barbarians instantly.

Among them, a stroke of luck allowed one arrow to pierce through three consecutively.

"Kill this lowly human!" a strong barbarian shouted.

His skin instantly turned ruby red, muscles swelling all over, countless blue veins surfaced like worms as a berserk power spread from his body, as he, with a frantic expression, rushed toward Chen Shouyi.

Chen Shouyi's expression cooled slightly, tossing the bow and previously acquired sword to the side, pulling out his long sword, and met the attack briskly without any change in expression.

The two rapidly closed in.

The barbarian immediately lunged, but Chen Shouyi elegantly dodged.

Before the barbarian could react, a flash of sword light darted like a startled swan, slicing through the air, instantly cutting across his chest, splitting his heart into two along with his torso.

With a flick of his sword, the blood splattered everywhere. He growled harshly at the crowd ahead, charging toward them with both himself and his sword.

One barbarian was about to raise a long spear when a swift arc of sword light made him stumble, half of his skull fell off.

A barbarian attempted a sneaky attack from behind, but Chen Shouyi, as if foreseeing it, took a light step forward, backhanded a slash, the sword edge slicing through the throat.

A full-throttle Chen Shouyi was like an efficient meat grinder, changing his actions twenty times a second, cutting down a dozen barbarians per second, leaving behind a path strewn with severed limbs and viscera.

These barbarians, the weakest among them were comparable to human martial artists in physical strength, and the stronger ones could meet the standards of martial masters, but in Chen Shouyi's eyes, they were almost indistinguishable, like crude wooden stakes and lambs waiting for slaughter, entirely two segments by a single sword.

His swordsmanship was fierce, efficient, and concise, each stroke seen shedding blood, filled with a cruel beauty.

Less and less barbarians remained, while more and more corpses littered the ground.

The remaining dozen or so barbarians, finally unable to bear the terror, began to collapse.

It wasn't that the barbarians were brave and fearless, maintaining high morale until this moment they collapsed, but rather the slaughter was too swift, only now they awakened.

Unfortunately, how could they possibly escape?

Chen Shouyi took one step forward, his figure darting over a dozen meters like a fierce tiger descending the mountain, plunging into the dispersing crowd. Ten seconds passed before he directly pierced the chest of the last barbarian from behind.

His body was bright red, steaming with vapor.

Injured, weakened, and with the fierce exertion from earlier, he finally found it hard to support anymore.

The nearly healed wounds began to split open again.

He stayed still catching his breath for quite some time before walking into the metro station.

Glancing sideways over the hall filled with corpses and bones, he sighed slightly with little ripple in his heart. He had already seen too many scenes like this today and had become numb.

The city was full of bodies everywhere.

He withdrew his gaze, listening carefully, his keen hearing clearly captured the chaotic footsteps rapidly receding within the metro, growing fainter.

"Looks like many escaped!"

Chen Shouyi initially wanted to pursue, but his body felt a slight weakness.

He had no choice but to reluctantly abandon pursuit.

Swiftly retracing his steps, picking up the discarded war bow and sword, it wasn't long before he boarded the helicopter.

Chapter 339: Upgraded Treatment (Part 1)

The helicopter emitted a buzzing noise.

Chen Shouyi tore open an energy bar and quickly shoved it into his mouth. The intense hunger made his body seem like a black hole. After a few energy bars, not only did he not feel full, but he was even hungrier.

For a peak martial artist like him, the number of mitochondria is ten to twenty times that of a normal person, with terrifying explosive power. Once engaged in intense combat, his power output is comparable to a car running normally.

If he undergoes a giant transformation, he is akin to a heavy truck.

During light activities, he could go days without eating, but if he underwent serious physical exertion, he needed a large amount of food to replenish. Eating over ten kilograms of food in one meal was commonplace.

Fortunately, ever since becoming a divine creature, Chen Shouyi's body could spontaneously absorb the original force of the universe, converting it into the energy needed for life, which greatly reduced his food consumption. His daily intake was not much different from Chen Xingyue's.

It was only after a giant transformation that the excessive energy drain made him feel this long-lost hunger.

"Chief Advisor, who was the one you fought just now?" the helicopter pilot finally mustered the courage to ask, as this question had been brewing in his mind for a long time.

"The God of Hunting!" Chen Shouyi said casually, tearing open another energy bar and chewing on it.

The pilot's scalp tingled as if shocked, and his hand shook, causing the helicopter to nearly plunge down. He quickly reacted and pulled it back up.

The God of Hunting was a nightmare for the soldiers of Jiangnan Province, even more so than the name of the God of Fury. He opened his mouth, feeling his throat dry, and his voice stuttered:

"He... He... He was killed by you!"

"How could it be? That wasn't his real body, just a possessed form," Chen Shouyi replied, speechless at the misunderstanding.

If I could kill him, I would truly be invincible in the world.

Hearing this, the shock of the two passengers in front lessened. The weapons operator, who had been silent, couldn't help but add:

"That... that's still an incredible feat, at least a special commendation!"

After saying this, he realized how inappropriate it was. For someone as powerful as this, such accomplishments must be beyond count.

Chen Shouyi smiled and said nothing. The cabin then fell into complete silence, with only the noise of the rotor blades echoing through.

They shot down two more Barbarians as the sky gradually darkened, and the helicopter began its return journey.

After washing up at the makeshift military base, just as he finished dinner, the commander of the local garrison and several military officials rushed over, calling from afar: "Chief Advisor Chen, forgive us for the lack of hospitality."

"Commander Luo, hello!" Chen Shouyi stood up.

Luo Junhua quickly stepped forward and warmly shook hands with Chen Shouyi:

"Chief Advisor Chen, you've given us quite a surprise. We've long suspected that the recent events in Pingzhou were related to the God of Hunting possessed by Xiao Changming who escaped from Hedong last time. To think he was indeed here. Thanks to you, this hidden danger was resolved. Otherwise, who

knows what scheme he'd have concocted or how many people would have been harmed. On behalf of Pingzhou City, thank you."

"Commander Luo, you're being too kind. I've always had a grudge against him. We fought once before, and if I don't eliminate him, he'll come after me!" Chen Shouyi replied with a smile.

"Chief Advisor is too modest!"

The commander's arrival caused quite a stir, quickly drawing the attention of the base leaders, who came rushing over. Luo Junhua pointed at the base leaders and said: "Remember, Chief Advisor Chen is an honored guest of ours. Make sure you treat him well when he visits."

"Yes, sir. We'll make sure Chief Advisor is satisfied," the head of the logistics base replied promptly.

...

Chen Shouyi left the logistics base, smelling the thick stench of corpses in the air, and the sense of being lauded brought his inflated mood back to calmness.

Back at the hotel, he found the young female communication officer standing at the door, swatting at mosquitoes from time to time.

It was unclear how long she'd been standing there.

"You have something for me?"

"Chief Advisor, I brought you hot water!" the female communication officer said nervously.

"In the future, just leave it at the door. No need to wait," Chen Shouyi said, noticing she hadn't left yet, so he asked in puzzlement, "Anything else?"

"Do you have any clothes that need washing? I can take them to be cleaned."

"I don't need any laundry done!" Chen Shouyi refused. "Go get some rest."

His clothes were always disposable, and the current set he wore was borrowed from the logistic base's soldiers.

The young female communication officer hesitated for a moment: "I'll head back then. I'm staying right across the hall. If you need anything, just call on me."

Ah, the local military is too hospitable.

What kind of service could he need?

As the young female communication officer entered the opposite door, Chen Shouyi picked up the two hot water bottles and opened the room door, closing it immediately after.

"Alright, you can come out now."

After a short while, the Shell Lady crawled out from under the bed, dirty all over, with cobwebs in her hair and her face looking like it had cat scratches, with patches of black and gray. She said resentfully:

"Good giant, why did you come back so late?"

"Didn't I say I'd be back after sunset? It's just now sunset," Chen Shouyi replied, placing the war bow and two swords on the table and drawing the curtains. The sky had only just darkened.

"But there was a bad giant outside trying to grab Tiny!" the Shell Lady said, pitifully.

Chen Shouyi was speechless. This was a truly unique complaint.

"Alright, alright, I'll come back earlier next time!" Chen Shouyi said casually to comfort her, as he moved to light the kerosene lamp and was about to give her a bath, only to find that the Shell Lady had disappeared again.

"Where did you go? It's time for a bath."

"I'm under the bed, I'm really busy now!" came the weak voice from beneath the bed.

Chen Shouyi was confused for a moment,

until he soon saw the Shell Lady pushing out a crystal ball about her height from under the bed, then returning back.

Then a second one!

The third one!

The fourth one!

...

A full fifteen.

But this wasn't all. In Chen Shouyi's dumbfounded gaze, the Shell Lady then pulled out ordinary glass beads, small glass beads, Barbie Doll clothes, and a small mirror from under the bed one by one.

"Tiny is exhausted." The Shell Lady flopped onto the ground, panting heavily, her face flushed with effort.

Chen Shouyi was at a loss for words.

What a clever little thing!

Not only did she hide under the bed herself, but she swiftly moved her treasures there too.

Fortunately, the floor was carpeted with a thick rug here; if it were tile, the crystal balls and small mirrors might have been shattered.

He walked into the bathroom, turned on the faucet, and surprisingly found running water, probably from the hotel's own storage tank. The water was clear, so he scooped some with his hand and sniffed, finding no strange smell.

"Stop sitting there, hurry and take off your clothes, time for a bath," Chen Shouyi called out to the outside.

"Okay!" the Shell Lady responded, promptly getting up and stripping.

Soon, she was completely naked, rushed into the bathroom without any sense of shame.

After pouring in some body wash, Chen Shouyi bent down, grabbed the slippery Shell Lady like a mudfish, and tossed her into the sink:

"Hurry and wash!"

Chapter 340: Divine Artifact

Night.

The sound of gunfire from several kilometers away echoed faintly, producing a muffled noise.

The cold moonlight poured through the window onto the head of the bed.

Chen Shouyi lay with his eyes open, staring at the ceiling, unable to sleep for a long time.

The excitement from the battle during the day hadn't yet faded, and recalling it brought both exhilaration and a lingering trepidation.

The battle was extremely perilous, almost lingering on the brink of death. Without the Giant Transformation, the opponent could have taken him down within three to five moves.

Fortunately, he was quick-witted.

He managed to delay enough time to complete the transformation.

If the opponent hadn't fallen for his tactics, the outcome would have been entirely different.

This time, by killing the embodiment of the God of Hunting, he didn't gain any tangible benefits. Whether this was because the opponent was a True God or lacked any Divinity, unlike when he killed the Divine Creatures at the reservoir and gained substantial benefits.

The only gain was a rather unwieldy Long Sword.

He glanced at the clock on the wall and found it was only midnight.

He got up, and under the hazy moonlight, he picked up the Long Sword of the God of Hunting from the desk.

As soon as he grasped the hilt, Chen Shouyi furrowed his brow slightly.

That disconcerting sense of dissonance rushed into his heart once again. He swiftly drew the sword, and the blade, white with a hint of gold, glinted in the moonlight, looking quite beautiful.

However, after a few random thrusts, he had an urge to toss it aside. He had never wielded such an awkward sword before—even a roughly made Wooden Sword he could handle effortlessly.

It felt as if... as if the sword was rejecting him.

Chen Shouyi chuckled at his own unintended thought.

A sword with integrity!

But gradually, his expression turned serious.

The Sword Form was normal, the balance perfect, and although the hilt was etched with mysterious and intricate patterns, there was nothing peculiar about it.

Eliminate all impossible factors, and whatever remains, no matter how implausible, must be the truth.

He thought briefly and concentrated his will, thrusting the sword once more.

Suddenly, it felt as if something had struck his mind, causing a slight tremor, as if another will was confronting him.

But after barely half a second, this will utterly collapsed, and his thought instantly prevailed. An invisible Sword Qi erupted from the blade, and simultaneously, that dissonance vanished without a trace.

At this moment, however, Chen Shouyi wasn't focused on any of this.

He closed his eyes, holding the Long Sword, maintaining the thrusting posture, his body motionless like stone.

He felt his sensory perception radius had expanded almost three to four times, from the original three meters to about eleven or twelve meters, encompassing most of the hotel within its range.

He could sense the shapely silhouette of the young female communicator in the room opposite.

He could sense a rat scurrying stealthily through the hallway on the second floor, foraging for food.

Especially within the room he was in, he could almost perceive every detail here, the Shell Lady sleeping soundly on the bed, perhaps dreaming of something unpleasant as her brow furrowed and her mouth pouted.

All things in the world emitted their own complex information. Vision is merely the subjective sensation obtained through the visual system's sensory organs (the eyes), which receive electromagnetic wave stimuli within a certain wavelength range from the external environment and undergo encoding, processing, and analysis by the central parts.

Different species perceive colors in vastly different ways; dogs see the world in black, white, and gray, while flies see it in vibrant colors, so who perceives the true world?

Since gaining Perception, Chen Shouyi had specifically read books about it.

The most authoritative explanation is that the secondary attributes of objects, such as color, texture, taste, and the sounds they emit, are acquired and rely on the cognitive perception of human senses. Only by surpassing the senses can one understand their true nature, and in a sense, Perception belongs to this super-sensory realm.

This kind of perception is not visualization; it has no colors, or rather, is only an intensely clear intuition, a concept in the mind, not blocked by objects, and can even penetrate certain materials, allowing simultaneous "viewing" of the inside from the surface...

Of course, strictly speaking, Perception also cannot recognize the world's true nature. All Knowledge of physics comes from human cognition. The brain cannot surpass its own cognition to understand the world; all received information is transformed into information that humans can understand.

Chen Shouyi opened his eyes, a trace of delight flashing across his face.

"This sword..."

It's simply bewildering, entirely beyond Chen Shouyi's comprehension.

He immediately examined the attribute panel.

Strength: 16.7

Agility: 17.6

Constitution: 16.7

Intelligence: 15.9

Perception: 14.3+3.1

Willpower: 15.9

Energy Accumulation: 6.76

...

As expected, Perception increased by 3.1 points, and with a fifty percent enhancement per attribute point, it increased about 3.5 times, quite astonishing.

The expansion of Perception has great benefits; the so-called early warning akin to the cicada feeling the autumn breeze first, it acts like all-encompassing radar during combat, making ambushes or sieges nearly impossible for him.

Although combat power won't visibly increase, survival capability could certainly rise up a level.

And this is merely one part of it; Perception and Willpower are interrelated, effectively two sides of the same coin. The range of Perception is also the range that Willpower can influence, and it is also the control range of his Wind Control Ability.

To confirm this.

He focused on sensing that rat on the second floor.

Concentrating his mind and spirit.

The poor rat rapidly floated up, struggling violently in vain, squealing shrilly, then its body twisted, bones broke, and blood oozed from its mouth.

He could now use Willpower to levitate objects weighing about thirty kilograms.

Although this power still couldn't kill a Barbarian, it could easily kill a rat.

He used his Willpower to guide the rat's corpse out of the hotel along the corridor.

Then he looked at the sword in his hand, growing more delighted the more he examined it.

He had thought it was merely a sharp sword, but it possessed such a wondrous ability.

He swung it casually toward the wall, the blade slicing through the air with a slight "chi" sound.

"Huh!"

Chen Shouyi moved closer to inspect, seeing a barely noticeable slender crack on the white wall.

"Was I standing this close just now?" Chen Shouyi touched the wall, puzzled.

As a top Martial Artist, Chen Shouyi's spatial distance mastery had long been precise to the millimeter. When swinging a sword, whether to decapitate or slit a throat, the result was already known in his mind before the attack.

Even though this sword wasn't his usual Black Sword and was about ten centimeters longer than the Black Sword, the discrepancy shouldn't be this significant!

He immediately took two steps back, concentrating as he swung again, the sword tip passing twenty centimeters from the wall, leaving another four to five centimeter long slit.

"Unexpectedly, it's true; this sword can augment Sword Qi."

He took another ten centimeters back.

This time, no mark was left.

Chen Shouyi experimented repeatedly, finally determining that the length of the Sword Qi had reached twenty-two centimeters, instantly boosting it by forty to fifty percent.