

New Era 381

Chapter 381: War Has Begun

In the middle of the night, Chen Shouyi dragged his exhausted body, had just laid down on the bed not long before Luo Jingwen came over to knock on the door.

Chen Shouyi awoke from his meditation of self-cultivation, got up, and opened the door.

"How is it?" As soon as the door opened, Luo Jingwen asked impatiently in a low voice.

"Just as we suspected, it's a cult conspiracy. Zhu Xueqing was never captured. I got it straight from the demigod's mouth!" Chen Shouyi said.

"Now I can sleep." Luo Jingwen breathed a sigh of relief and prepared to leave without asking further questions.

"Aren't you curious about the details? You were quite brave!" Chen Shouyi asked curiously.

"What's there to know? The you in your memory only represents the past you, it's not really me, it's unrelated to me. Besides, if I had your kind of memory world ability, I would also find a way to get information out of the demigod!" Luo Jingwen said plainly, feeling slightly bitter inside, thinking, should I stay to watch you show off?

"I have fought with a demigod!" Chen Shouyi couldn't help but say.

"You must have been killed miserably, right? If you had won, we wouldn't need to hide here now." Luo Jingwen said dismissively, "I'm going to sleep."

Watching Lao Luo's quickly departing back.

Chen Shouyi felt extremely frustrated, unable to enjoy showing off: "Ah, sleep! Sleep!"

...

In the following days, the two completely went undercover, like the cultists in the city, they prayed every morning and evening, and desperately trained at night.

The money issue was resolved on the second day.

A peak martial artist disguised as a thief would be of divine thief level, even under everyone's watch, common people couldn't detect it.

Five days passed in a flash.

By noon, the two were eating lunch in the living room.

The food was cooked by Luo Jingwen, as they often eat out and their appetite is too big, it's really too conspicuous.

Initially, they agreed to take turns cooking.

But after Chen Shouyi cooked once, he was dismissed.

Which left him, the son of a chef, quite frustrated.

"Today, I went to the market to buy groceries, the streets seemed much more relaxed, and checkpoints were removed." Chen Shouyi said in a low voice while eating.

Luo Jingwen nodded: "They should have left, that presence hasn't appeared since yesterday. In a few days, we will go investigate the military port situation on that side, then immediately leave East Sea Province."

"Not going to investigate the capital?" Chen Shouyi asked, the original plan was to go to the capital.

"There's no point anymore. From Qujiang City's situation, there's probably no resistance left there. And it's too dangerous with demigods present, once exposed we will have nowhere to escape." Luo Jingwen said. He's not a stubborn person, if it wasn't for last time's nuclear matter, which is too significant and threatens national security, he wouldn't take such a risk.

Chen Shouyi nodded and couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief: "Then let's wait two more days."

The atmosphere here is really too oppressive, tense every day, he's eager to leave at any moment.

...

At night.

"Good giant, come and smell if little one is stinky!" Shell Lady stripped completely, sniffed her little arm and worriedly asked.

Due to no water, neither Chen Shouyi nor Shell Lady had taken a bath in a week.

Chen Shouyi finished practicing the complete set of Horizontal Training Thirty-Six Forms, took a breath and reassured, "Not smelly at all, you're the most fragrant!"

"Really?" Upon hearing, Shell Lady smiled broadly: "Am I really the most fragrant, even more than fragrant bubbles?"

"How could I lie to you, you're a hundred times more fragrant than fragrant bubbles!" Chen Shouyi glanced at the narcissistic Shell Lady and said.

Now she's satisfied!

"Yes, little one is the most fragrant!" Shell Lady said seriously, then looked at Chen Shouyi: "But good giant, you're quite stinky!"

Even she dislikes me now.

But indeed, Shell Lady at least changes clothes every day, while he hasn't bathed and didn't even change his clothes.

Chen Shouyi felt very frustrated and simply ignored her, continuing to practice Horizontal Training Thirty-Six Forms.

After practicing eighteen full rounds, steam enveloped him, his skin was burning red, emitting waves of heat. He panted heavily, collapsing onto the bed and opened the attribute panel:

Strength: 17.0

Agility: 17.7

Constitution: 17.0

Intelligence: 16.3

Perception: 14.9

Willpower: 16.2

Energy Accumulation: 2.92

During this period, looking at the data, he's made considerable progress. The agility that had been stagnant for nearly half a month finally increased by 0.1 points to 17.7, the perception advanced the fastest, increasing by 0.2 points to 14.9. In addition, even willpower increased by 0.1 points.

"Pity, it doesn't significantly impact combat effectiveness." Chen Shouyi felt a bit disappointed.

His agility was already excessive, even increasing more wouldn't be beneficial, not to mention this enhancement was the result of long-term accumulation. As for the growth in perception and willpower, they provided limited direct improvement in combat effectiveness.

He sighed, sitting on the bed, waiting for his strength to recover.

Just then, a familiar buzzing sound came from outside the window, quickly growing louder, even the glass window began to slightly vibrate, as if the whole world was resonating. His face froze, and he hurriedly went to draw back the curtains.

With sharp eyesight, leveraging the hazy moonlight outside, he vaguely saw silvery white dots in the night sky, formed into a formation, flying high in the air, a full hundred of them.

"It's planes!" What he saw made his heart surge with excitement, an indescribable emotion filled his chest.

This is human power.

"Bang, bang, bang!" The bedroom's door was knocked rapidly.

Chen Shouyi promptly opened the door, seeing it was Luo Jingwen.

"I can't see from my side!" He said quickly, stepping into the bedroom and heading to the window.

Chen Shouyi glanced at the bed, the Shell Lady had cleverly hidden herself under the quilt, then walked over to stand by Luo Jingwen.

"The war has begun, it's not safe here!" Luo Jingwen quickly said after observing for a moment, "No need to go to the military port now, we must leave here immediately!"

"Leave now?" Chen Shouyi asked.

He was not surprised, after all, a nuclear submarine had sunk in the waters near Qujiang City's naval port, carrying millions of tons of nuclear weapons, the authorities wouldn't let it pass easily, but he didn't expect the response to be so swift.

"Yes, leave now, or it will be too late." Luo Jingwen said.

War is terrifying.

Even as a peak martial artist, being on a battlefield means facing life-threatening danger at any time.

When necessary, nuclear weapons might even be deployed, and if affected by that, one would die without knowing how.

Luo Jingwen said while quickly returning to the bedroom to pack belongings.

Just as Chen Shouyi lifted the quilt to put the naked Shell Lady inside the briefcase, the distant sound of machine gun fire faintly reached them!

His heart trembled, realizing that the war had indeed started.

Chapter 382: Injured (Part 1)

"Boom!"

In the distance, flames erupted, illuminating half the sky.

"Bang bang bang..."

At the same time, numerous anti-aircraft guns fired from various parts of the city, like fireworks, bursting into balls of fire in mid-air.

Chen Shouyi and Luo Jingwen packed their belongings and as they stepped onto the street, they found the place already in complete chaos.

A large number of cultists swarmed the streets, watching the distant flames and the planes belonging to the Great Xia Country.

Their faces showed confusion, fear, unease, and more often, complicated emotions.

In the distance, several giant creatures flew into the air, quickly shot into flames by combat-formed fighter jet guns, falling from the sky like meteors,

After occupying East Sea Province, the cult showed little interest in technology, instead, deliberately hindering its development.

Life here seemed to have reverted to ancient times.

While steam-powered cars were already common in other regions, here there wasn't a single one, not to mention the newer generation of diesel and gasoline-powered machinery, as well as electricity and telecommunications.

Human strength, which had plunged into a trough after the mutation, was rapidly recovering, growing stronger by the day.

When agile, high-speed fighter jets replaced the sluggish zeppelins and could seize air superiority, human strength took a significant leap forward.

"Zzzz..."

A long streak of fire, like the whip of death, swept down from high above, causing nearby anti-aircraft guns to rapidly cease fire, seemingly hitting a shell and triggering a violent explosion, the flames reaching the sky.

The air filled with thick smoke.

Someone in the crowd shouted, "Hide quickly!"

Everyone on the street was suddenly awakened from a dream, fearfully scattering.

Chen Shouyi and Luo Jingwen didn't waste any time, holding their long swords, deftly avoiding the pedestrians on the street, and moving forward quickly. As for whether they'd be exposed, with the war upon them and the city in chaos, the cult here no longer had the mind to pay attention to such things.

A Chinese priest in a robe stood at the entrance of the church, looking up at the sky with an uneasy expression, muttering prayers continuously.

His meticulously kempt long hair was now disheveled.

His ceremonial silver-edged robe, symbolizing status, was also wrinkled.

Seeing the distant priest, Chen Shouyi felt a surge of anger, his temples throbbing.

For days, every morning and evening, he'd listen to the priest's incessant brainwashing prattle.

After each session, he felt thoroughly unwell.

He had long wanted to kill him, but had never gotten the chance.

He quickly brushed past him.

Drawing and sheathing his sword in one smooth motion like lightning, Chen Shouyi didn't even look back as he continued to run with Luo Jingwen.

The priest shuddered.

A bloody line rapidly spread across his neck, and a trickle of blood shot out.

His face was filled with terror as he instinctively reached for his neck, but before his hand could move, his head fell from his body...

Screams erupted around them, chaos ensuing.

...

Dull explosions echoed occasionally, and a few Southeast Asian soldiers on the road ran madly like headless chickens, one even tossing his gun away, stripping off his uniform in the street, and blending into the crowd.

The bombing was just the prelude to war, and it was obvious that large-scale ground troops were gathering nearby. Not everyone was truly fearless in the face of death for the sake of faith.

At that moment, a low-flying jet in the distance suddenly broke a wing, smoking as it plummeted into a building, erupting in a massive mushroom cloud.

Immediately, a glowing figure shot skyward.

"It's that demigod!" Chen Shouyi recognized and said gravely.

"She hasn't left yet!" Luo Jingwen panted.

It's so treacherous; if the war hadn't come and they had acted rashly, they would've been in danger.

The female demigod had just soared skyward when fighter jets spotted her.

Four fighter jets immediately changed direction, targeting her, their guns firing rapidly.

The demigod's flight speed wasn't fast, only about one to two hundred meters per second, but her movements were extremely agile.

She held a long spear, advancing instead of retreating, easily dodging the incoming shells, quickly confronting the fighter jets.

One jet got too close and couldn't dodge in time; she swiftly closed in, thrusting a spear into the plane's underbelly, turning it into a fireball.

She was blown back dozens of meters by the explosion, then charged towards another plane.

The fighter jet turned up its power, trying to pull away.

But it was too late; she threw her long spear, and with a thunderous boom, the jet was instantly destroyed.

She summoned back her spear, reluctantly abandoning the now-distant jet.

In just over twenty seconds, three jets were destroyed sequentially.

Chen Shouyi felt his scalp tingle: "Avoid her!"

Luo Jingwen nodded.

The two reached a street corner, quickly changed direction, and ran for their lives.

Sometimes, though, luck is poor, even drinking cold water can get stuck in your teeth.

They had only run for about ten seconds.

"Boom boom boom..."

A barrage of cannon shells extended rapidly in their direction, leaving a line of deep potholes on the ground.

The two swiftly dodged out of the way!

No need to look to know these were armor-piercing rounds; the fighter jets of the Great Xia mostly used 30mm caliber guns, capable of penetrating tanks. They're incredibly powerful, and getting hit would likely result in severe injury or even death.

The two had just dodged, when another line of fire streaked towards them.

Chen Shouyi looked up.

"Damn it!"

Sure enough, overhead was the female demigod again. She had become a firepower magnet; wherever she flew, shells rained down.

Chen Shouyi silently cursed.

The two changed direction again, running desperately.

Just then, a dull sound echoed from the sky; he couldn't help but glance back to see the once-invincible female demigod hit by a streak of fire, her body stiffening and staggering back a few meters. The next moment, another streak hit her head-on, and she fell like a meteor straight towards them.

Suddenly he touched his face, looked at his hand.

It was divine blood, glowing gold.

She was injured!

"Thud!"

A muffled sound.

The female demigod crashed onto the street hundreds of meters away, half-kneeling, the ground cracking, forming a shallow pit.

The next moment, her tall figure stood up, her face full of rage.

Chen Shouyi noted her chest and thigh were bloody, her skin slightly charred. She glanced angrily at the jet in the sky, then ran towards them with her spear.

Compared to the memory world, her speed was no longer as quick, her walk now a limping one.

"Run!" Luo Jingwen, feeling an oppressive presence drawing near, shouted, his entire body bristling.

Conveniently, there was a small alley beside, and Chen Shouyi instinctively dashed into it.

But after a few steps, Chen Shouyi's pace slowed, finally coming to a stop.

Chapter 383: Slaughtering the Demigod

Luo Jingwen took a few steps, feeling no one behind him, stopped, and anxiously shouted back: "Chen Shouyi, what are you doing? Run quickly!"

"Watch the bag for me." Chen Shouyi tossed the Shell Lady's briefcase aside.

Luo Jingwen reached out to catch it and watched Chen Shouyi's body rapidly expand, his clothes bursting apart, and suddenly realized: "It's a Demigod, you're insane!"

"She's already injured. I have confidence!" Chen Shouyi said in a deep voice.

If he doesn't take this chance to eliminate her now, given her mobility, humanity might find it hard to kill her in the future, and next time, she will definitely be more cautious.

Moreover, the fear and hiding he's endured in the past few days, he remembers it all in his heart.

Faced with such a good opportunity now, how could he let it pass?

He has long wanted to try godslaying!

He drew his sword and quickly hid around the corner.

Luo Jingwen, hearing this, fell silent, knowing he couldn't persuade him. He carried the briefcase and retreated over dozens of meters, heart pounding.

Amidst the dense gunfire of the artillery, a series of heavy footsteps drew nearer, and a suffocating atmosphere gradually spread.

Chen Shouyi took a deep breath and exhaled slowly.

With each breath!

His emotions rapidly calmed.

There's always been a hint of madness in his character. Back when he was a Martial Artist Apprentice and discovered an unknown Spatial Passage, he dared to venture in alone. When he encountered the danger of Barbarians, he even dared to personally face the island and annihilate them.

As long as he had some confidence, he couldn't help but want to try.

He silently counted in his heart.

Three!

Two!

One!

Just at the moment the Female Demigod appeared.

Chen Shouyi stamped heavily on the ground, blasting open a deep pit, his massive body instantly whipped up a typhoon of over a dozen levels, and in an instant, he was upon the "petite" figure, slashing diagonally down with a two-handed grip on his sword.

The air at the sword's edge was extremely compressed, forming layers of shockwaves, spreading like waves.

Before the sword even got close, the Female Demigod's hair flew wildly, and her facial skin trembled.

Her body, which was running, seemed to stop abruptly without any inertia, her eyes bursting with intense flames, electromagnetic chaos enveloped her, her demeanor as cold as dripping icy water.

In that critical moment, she fiercely blocked with her Long Spear.

"Clang!"

Sword and Long Spear clashed fiercely.

An eye-piercing spark lit up the night sky.

The Female Demigod, in her haste, had her Long Spear knocked from her hand, sent flying dozens of meters away, and the screeching sound waves shattered the windows of the surrounding buildings.

Chen Shouyi was relieved, ignoring his numb arm, immediately advanced with another sword, aiming for her head.

However, just as he moved, a "petite" figure crashed into his embrace.

The next moment, pain wracked his abdomen as though his intestines were about to twist into a knot.

His massive body was knocked off the ground.

A circle of shockwaves rapidly spread out.

But her strength was really fading.

If it were in the Memory Virtual World, his entire abdomen might have been pierced, even his spine could have broken, but now, Chen Shouyi only felt intense pain, and her attack speed had slowed enough for him to barely catch.

She was already severely injured.

"Boom!"

His figure crashed into a building, breaking a large hole in the thick wall, the Female Demigod followed, only for Chen Shouyi to evade with an aerial kick. As soon as his feet touched the ground, he charged at the Female Demigod again, not giving her any breathing room.

Chen Shouyi remembered her weapon could be summoned.

Once her weapon was in hand, his danger would increase drastically.

Outside, Luo Jingwen, staring at the gaping hole in the building, felt the whistling wind blow through, his expression changing, but in the end, he gritted his teeth and quickly followed.

The next moment, he witnessed the frenzied battle between Chen Shouyi and the Female Demigod.

Wherever they passed, shockwaves spread, marble floors exploded into deep pits, rubble shot out like bullets, even the ceiling swiftly filled with cracks—he was terrified, unable to even get close.

It was like two raging Giant Beasts battling.

A second passed!

Two seconds passed!

Three seconds passed!

The battle showed no signs of stopping.

Chen Shouyi mostly defended, rarely countered, and even when he did, she agilely dodged.

Fortunately, more and more of her golden blood flowed, leaving her chest and thighs drenched in blood, and her strength was rapidly declining.

"Boom!"

His body was hit by a heavy fist, smashing him against a building's support pillar, nearly knocking the wind out of him.

The pillar, unable to bear the weight, shattered significantly, lime powder flying.

The Female Demigod instinctively squinted slightly, her actions inevitably pausing, and Chen Shouyi immediately seized the opportunity, abandoning his sword and using the pillar's impact to push off with a heavy stomp, lunging forward.

Like a tiger pouncing.

With his obviously much larger frame, he instantly pinned the unsuspecting Female Demigod to the ground.

"Aow!"

The next moment, he received a severe injury in his lower body, his entire body drenched in cold sweat, veins on his forehead nearly tying up.

The intense pain birthed a hint of ferocity within him.

He hugged her body, headbutting her forehead heavily!

"Boom!"

The ground cracked, rubble scattered.

Chen Shouyi felt his head buzz, blood flowing down, watching the Female Demigod struggling desperately with no sign of change on her forehead.

He bit his tongue viciously, crazily ramming again.

"Boom boom boom..."

He rammed more than a dozen times.

His vision flickered with golden stars, spots of darkness, close to blacking out, blood staining his face, but seeing only a slightly scratched forehead on the Female Demigod showing no signs of dizziness, he finally abandoned this foolish attack.

Damn, her defense is stronger than his!

Even if he breaks his skull, she probably wouldn't faint.

He looked at Luo Jingwen not far away, shouting, "Come help!"

Luo Jingwen, stunned by the violent scene, snapped out of it, drew his sword, and quickly approached.

"Damn alien race, Godslayer, I curse you, you'll pay for this," the Female Demigod roared and struggled wildly, but her strength was so weak she couldn't break free from Chen Shouyi's hold.

Chen Shouyi held her tightly, sneering: "You're just a Demigod, humans have killed plenty!"

Luo Jingwen watched the air ripples bursting from the strength contest between the two giants, gulping involuntarily, not daring to hesitate, aimed at her neck, and fiercely thrust with all his might.

However, the Long Sword only penetrated halfway before being stuck.

Perhaps triggered by the threat of death, the Female Demigod let out a low roar, her Divine Fire suddenly flared, her strength bursting.

She nearly broke free.

In that critical moment, Chen Shouyi rammed his head hard once again.

He keenly felt her strength rapidly decline after the burst, immediately pressing down on her chest, quickly freeing one hand to grip her throat, and with the other, pulled the sword from her neck, reversing the blade.

The Female Demigod, sensing death approaching, calmed instead of struggling, showing a hint of pleading on her face.

Chen Shouyi's hand paused slightly, the next moment the sword tip thrust fiercely into her temple, piercing straight through to the other side.

Chapter 384: Escape from Death

The female Demigod's eyes widened instantly, her whole body shook, convulsing violently.

A faint flame spewed from her mouth, nose, and ears.

In Chen Shouyi's mind, it was as if a massive bell tolled, leaving him in a disoriented daze. Fortunately, he was prepared for this. After being tempered by the True God's Divine Blood, his willpower was now incomparable to before, allowing him to barely maintain a sliver of clarity.

The veins on his neck bulged as he let out a low growl, gritting his teeth as he fiercely pulled out his sword.

Grabbing her shoulder with a large hand, he lifted her up.

Her body was now limp and powerless, left only with violent convulsions. A faint fiery mist seeped from her entire body, feeling somewhat scorching, but for Chen Shouyi, it was tolerable for a couple of seconds.

Immediately, with a swift swing of his sword-wielding hand.

It pierced into the flesh with difficulty.

The next moment, a head with eyes wide open in death rolled to the ground.

Divine Blood gushed out like a fountain.

Chen Shouyi's spirits relaxed, and his knees buckled, collapsing to the ground.

His body rapidly shrank in size.

"Chen Shouyi, are you okay?" Luo Jingwen ignored the spraying Divine Blood and hurried over to support him. Demigods were not True Gods. To a veteran peak Martial Artist with such strong will, the Divine Blood of a Demigod could no longer harm them.

Similarly, bathing in Divine Blood now basically had no effect.

"I'm fine, just a bit dizzy, it'll pass soon." Chen Shouyi pushed away Luo Jingwen's arm, covering his lower body, sitting in the pool of blood.

Feeling a burning sting and trickling blood from down below, he was somewhat filled with a soft sadness!

Even the excitement of killing a Demigod was greatly reduced.

He dared not even look, afraid to see a tragic scene of devastation.

Although he would eventually self-heal, seeing such a scene, Chen Shouyi felt he would definitely have a psychological shadow in the future.

This Demigod was truly despicable, specifically targeting there.

Vulgar and shameless!

Deserved to die!

"You're incredible, you actually took out a Demigod up close, I bet even Ye Zong couldn't do that." Luo Jingwen exclaimed, looking at the massive Divine Corpse separately still twitching.

"It's not the same, she was already seriously injured, her combat power wasn't even a tenth of what it was!" Chen Shouyi said weakly, his mind groggy. The Book of Knowledge seemed to have some disturbance, as if there was a problem.

But right now, he had no mind to pay attention.

"Please help me find a set of clothes!" Chen Shouyi said.

"Okay!" Luo Jingwen agreed quickly, running out through a wall hole.

Seeing Luo Jingwen walk away, Chen Shouyi took a deep breath and couldn't help but move his hand slightly to the side.

With a sidelong glance.

"Hiss!"

He quickly covered it with his hand, not daring to look again!

"Damn! Damn! Damn!"

He suddenly punched the ground, causing the wound to throb with pain.

Damn it hurts, even more than the last time his lung was pierced.

Outside, explosions rang out continuously, occasionally large-caliber aircraft cannons penetrated the walls of the building, embedding into the ground, with debris flying.

At this moment, Luo Jingwen came rushing over with a set of clothes, looking anxious.

"Hurry, they're bombing this area now!"

No sooner had he spoken, a heatwave mixed with dust and debris surged in through the break in the wall.

Obviously, seeing that the Demigod had disappeared, the aircraft began large-scale bombardment of this area, trying to force the Demigod out.

Chen Shouyi dared not delay, immediately stood up, took the clothes, barely wrapping them around his waist, grabbed the briefcase, and quickly evacuated the place.

Just as he stepped out of the building, several thermobaric bombs landed over a hundred meters away.

Instantly, they exploded into terrifying fireballs, while thick mist-like clouds descended, constantly exploding.

Just a glance made Chen Shouyi's hair stand on end. Ignoring the pain in his body, he and Luo Jingwen ran desperately for their lives. However, after just a few steps, a shockwave hit their bodies, lifting them off the ground.

In a critical moment, he quickly protected the briefcase with his body.

Fortunately, by the time it reached them, the speed of the shockwave was only slightly more than twice the speed of sound, unable to harm two peak Martial Artists.

As soon as they landed, the two continued to run desperately.

Chen Shouyi couldn't help but glance back at the building he had been in earlier. The over ten-story high-rise looked ravaged, swaying, and threatening to collapse at any moment, reduced to a pile of ruins in the next second.

He didn't look back again. The two kept running, covering several kilometers before finally stopping.

They paused and looked back, and the firelight from that area could still be vaguely seen.

"The most dangerous thing on the battlefield is often not the enemy but the friendly fire. That was too dangerous earlier!" Luo Jingwen said with lingering fear.

Chen Shouyi was also a bit frustrated. He had originally intended to retrieve that Long Spear used by the Demigod, but now it was clearly impossible. However, he couldn't blame the air force. With communication down, who knew the Demigod had been killed by him.

"By the way, you killed a Demigod. I'll report your accomplishment. Once confirmed, the nation will definitely reward you handsomely!" Luo Jingwen said enviously.

Chen Shouyi, who had been groggy and spiritless, suddenly perked up, quickly asking, "What kind of reward?"

"I've never killed a Demigod or asked Ye Zong, so how would I know? But for such a great feat, the reward is surely not trivial!" Luo Jingwen said blandly.

People with powerful innate abilities are the most annoying.

Like Ye Zong.

And Chen Shouyi too.

And this one is even worse, seemingly in bulk, and not just one.

Can't people just be a little more down-to-earth?

Can I just... also have one?

"How long will it take to issue it?" Chen Shouyi naturally didn't notice Luo Jingwen's inner resentment, asking with some excitement.

Will it be enough Divine Marrow to drink to his fill, or Divine Blood enough for a bath?

Or perhaps a Divine Artifact?

The nation shouldn't be stingy, right?

"With the current situation, it's hard to say. There's definitely going to be a war here in East Sea Province. It could be half a month, or a month, you'll just have to wait it out!"

"So long!" Chen Shouyi's excitement waned substantially.

He somewhat missed the high efficiency of the past; back then, just clicking online would have it delivered in a day or two.

He then remembered the Shell Lady,

quickly opening the briefcase.

Inside, the Shell Lady's hair was messy, her little skirt crumpled, looking pitiful. As soon as she saw Chen Shouyi, her mouth pouted as if she was about to cry.

Seeing this, Chen Shouyi quickly closed the briefcase.

Hmm, she's so energetic, it seems she's fine!

At this moment, the road was empty, even those Southeast Asian soldiers had completely hidden away. Apart from sporadic anti-aircraft fire, there was little resistance left in the entire city.

After taking a short break, the two continued their journey.

A dozen minutes later, they had already stepped into the forest at the provincial border.

Chapter 385: The Book of Knowledge's Stirring

The forest at night is not tranquil.

Strange insect chirps and beast roars are everywhere.

The two moved quickly, and after about half an hour, they faintly heard the rumble of a helicopter in the distance.

"We're almost there." Luo Jingwen's voice was full of excitement.

Chen Shouyi, with his somewhat dizzy head, also tried to perk up after hearing this.

Luo Jingwen finally noticed Chen Shouyi's abnormal state and hurriedly asked, "Chen Shouyi, are you okay? I saw you bleeding earlier but didn't ask!"

"You must have mistaken it for someone else's blood!" Chen Shouyi hurriedly said, such a thing is impossible to admit.

Never admitting in a lifetime!

"Maybe I'm just too hungry!" Chen Shouyi disguised.

Of course, he's hungry, so hungry it burned, but not to the point of dizziness. He understood in his heart that the Book of Knowledge had some problems affecting his mind.

"Then you stay here, and I'll get some prey for you!" Luo Jingwen didn't think much; the Giant Transformation's terrifying power naturally couldn't come without consumption.

Last time, his appetite increased significantly; this time, it's evidently more serious.

"Thank you!" Chen Shouyi said gratefully.

"No need for thanks!"

Once the other disappeared into the forest, Chen Shouyi quickly closed his eyes and entered the Book of Knowledge Space.

Upon entering, he found the entire space filled with a dark and evil aura, with a hint of ominousness, as if countless resentful voices cursed and swore.

Chen Shouyi was not unfamiliar with this black mist.

This is the Curse of the Gods.

He had experienced it once during the encirclement of the God of Courage.

Back then, he fainted, had nightmares repeatedly, and nearly fell into eternal perdition.

This time, maybe because of killing up close with his own hands, the curse was more severe.

The entire space was filled with black mist, and the area of the World Tree was a pool of darkness as thick as ink. Fortunately, his will was much stronger than before, remaining conscious throughout, at most a bit dizzy.

Seeing this, Chen Shouyi breathed a sigh of relief.

He's experienced this once, after all.

He hesitated a bit and walked towards the World Tree's location. After a few steps, he was swallowed by the darkness. Countless black mist like tentacles grabbed towards him, reality was rapidly peeling away, and vaguely a fierce female giant roared towards him.

Chen Shouyi shook his dizzy head, focused his mind, and the surroundings instantly returned to normal, and he continued forward.

"Damn, not afraid of the living, why be afraid of the dead, let alone it's just a curse!"

After a dozen steps, a small tree surrounded by dense black mist appeared before him.

All its leaves were trembling slightly, occasionally shooting out fragments of light from the darkness, emitting pleasing celestial sound, yet the sound propagated little distance before being swiftly swallowed by darkness.

Seeing this, Chen Shouyi couldn't help but worry if this weak and small mutant World Tree could absorb these dense black mists as black as ink.

But after watching for a while, he completely let go of his worries.

He found that as time passed, the World Tree was visibly growing larger.

Absorbing all these black mists was only a matter of time.

Staying here didn't have much use, so he immediately left the Book of Knowledge Space.

Taking advantage of Luo Jingwen's absence.

Chen Shouyi took off the clothes and pants tied around his waist and looked down briefly.

Luckily, the wound was fully healed, recovering perfectly.

He swiftly put back on his clothes and pants.

After waiting for a few more minutes, Luo Jingwen returned, carrying a prey.

...

Midnight.

The two had just walked down the mountain forest when a team of soldiers stopped them.

Nanshan City had already become a military camp. Under the moonlight, the road was filled with tanks and armored vehicles lined up like dragons.

More than a dozen helicopters were constantly circling in the sky, guarding all around.

It was completely a battlefield air.

Guided by the soldiers, the two headed straight for the command headquarters.

Though it was already midnight, the place was still brightly lit.

With South City having no electricity yet, they used gasoline lamps.

Upon hearing the soldiers report that two martial artists had returned from in-depth intelligence gathering in the East Sea Province, the command headquarters immediately paid great attention, surrounded by a heap of large and small officers, even alerting the once-resting commander of the war zone.

High up, their understanding of East Sea City's intelligence was limited, almost blind.

Time was really tight.

To prevent the cult from gaining nukes, this war could be described as hastily commenced, without time to wait for detailed intelligence to emerge.

...

Upon a few consultants' inquiries, Luo Jingwen began to speak about the situation in Qujiang City and the survey's findings. When he talked about the demigod already slain by Chen Shouyi en route.

The commander who had been mostly silent beside finally couldn't hold back, "Killed, are you sure!"

He glanced at the seemingly dazed young man beside Luo Jingwen, incredulously.

The demigod, though not as terrifying as a True God.

But if killed easily, wouldn't be called a demigod.

Even now with planes back in the air and various mechanized weapons gradually resuming, a demigod is extremely hard to kill.

Such a terrifying being, with mighty strength and amazing reaction capability, freely avoiding bombs, is completely reliant on concentrated and extensive attacks to aim, not to mention luck.

Besides, even if hit, many times they wouldn't die, just be injured somewhat, with the intent to escape, couldn't chase up.

Luo Jingwen lightly nudged Chen Shouyi.

Chen Shouyi came to from trance and said, "I cut off her head, she should be dead right!"

Suddenly the surroundings quieted down.

The commander's eyelid couldn't help but twitch.

Realizing he couldn't only focus on personal glory, Chen Shouyi supplemented, "Actually the main credit is the air force, the demigod was heavily injured by the air cannon, otherwise I wouldn't have the chance to take him down."

The commander instantly breathed a long sigh of relief, now it made sense!

How could an unacclaimed young, civilian martial artist take down a demigod!

"Rest assured, we the military won't claim your civilian martial artists' credit, what's yours is yours!" He was in a good mood and generously said, "It's late now. You've been lurking in the occupied zone for a week; probably don't want to stay here. I'll dispatch a helicopter right away, to fly you back!"

...

The two walked out of the tent.

Luo Jingwen looked at Chen Shouyi as if he were an alien.

"What's the matter?" Chen Shouyi asked puzzled.

"I say you're really honest, how could you humbly let others seize this credit! Otherwise, they might think you killed a dying demigod, luckily this commander is magnanimous, or your credit would shrink!" Luo Jingwen whispered.

"Is there such a thing?" Chen Shouyi was amazed, apparently still too young!

"Ordinary tasks can't be seized by others and are unimportant, but slaying a demigod is a huge credit, never be humble in the future!" Luo Jingwen kindly advised.

Chen Shouyi nodded, accepting the counsel.

Thinking inwardly: Only once is enough!

This was mere coincidence and luck; if met with a full-strength demigod, escape would be overwhelming.

Quickly, a helicopter launched into the air and flew off into the distance.

Chapter 386: Faith Value (First Update)

An hour later, Chen Shouyi said goodbye to Luo Jingwen and jumped out of the helicopter.

Looking at the brightly lit city.

Chen Shouyi took a deep breath, finally home.

After dealing with a few soldiers' checks on the way, he dragged his weary body to the doorstep.

He first checked his body, carefully rubbed off the dried bloodstains on him, tidied up his wrinkled clothes and pants, and feeling it was barely noticeable, stepped forward to knock on the door, shouting loudly:

"Mom and Dad, I'm back, open the door quickly!"

"Hurry up and open the door!"

The light in his parents' bedroom on the third floor quickly turned on.

A busy yet joyful voice came from inside:

"It's Shou Yi back, stop sleeping, get up quickly!"

"Coming, coming!"

A minute later, the door opened quickly, and both Father and Mrs. Chen came down.

"Finally you're back, why did this mission take so long!" Mrs. Chen complained.

"I went to another province, you know it isn't so fast!" Chen Shouyi perked up and said with a smile.

Then he fabricated some amusing encounters on the way, the central idea being that the task was easy and not dangerous at all.

As for hiding, near-misses, or complete failures!

There was none of that at all.

"You just go on fooling me, don't think I know nothing, if it wasn't dangerous, why would they send a Martial Artist like you!" Mrs. Chen chided with a laugh.

"If it were too dangerous, they wouldn't send a Martial Artist; the military would've bombed it already." Chen Shouyi said.

"That's true, but you still need to be careful!" Chen Dawei said with a cheerful face, rubbing his belly.

"Don't worry, don't you know me? I've been the most timid since I was a kid!" Chen Shouyi said quickly.

Mrs. Chen immediately felt relieved, indeed, since childhood, her son had been the most honest one, never doing anything out of line: "Have you eaten yet, I'll ask your dad to cook for you!"

"I've already eaten!" Chen Shouyi replied.

"Then go to bed early, take a bath first, you stink!" Mrs. Chen said.

"I'll go right away. By the way, where's my sister?" Chen Shouyi asked curiously at this moment, if it were before, she'd have come down long ago.

"I almost forgot to tell you, Xing Yue went to another world for training and won't be back for a week." Chen Dawei said.

Chen Shouyi then remembered, indeed there was such a thing.

...

Chen Shouyi walked into the bedroom.

He turned on the light!

Looking at the clean and comfortable environment at home, thinking about the days in Qujiang City.

No matter how good, home is the best.

He closed the door and took the pitiful Shell Lady out of the briefcase.

As soon as she was placed on the bed, she pouted and burst into tears, tears that had been brewing for a long time finally fell like raindrops: "You... you are a bad Giant, Lil' one almost got smashed to death by you, Lil' one hurts!"

"Okay, okay, it's my fault!" Chen Shouyi quickly comforted: "Let me see, where does it hurt?"

The Shell Lady cried even more aggrievedly, pointing randomly on her body with her small hands: "Here, here, and here, all of them hurt... boo hoo hoo... do you know how many times Lil' one fell?"

"How many times?"

The Shell Lady paused upon hearing this, forgetting to cry, her little face earnest, seemingly in recollection, after more than ten seconds: "One-one-one..."

Chen Shouyi listened patiently for a minute, showing no signs of ending.

He couldn't help but go to the bathroom, put the Shell Lady's dirty clothes in the basin, soaked them with laundry detergent, brought a basin of water back, took some shower gel, and prepared to give her a bath, yet her counting still continued.

Chen Shouyi was helpless, secretly hating himself for asking a foolish question.

Finally, all he could do was sit down and wait.

Bored waiting for her to finish counting.

In the end, after a full three minutes, the Shell Lady finally finished counting, her little face blushing, panting: "That's how many, a lot, a lot!"

After saying that, she looked bewildered, as if she had forgotten something, the long counting having muddled her.

"Hurry and take a bath, there's your favorite fragrant bubbles." Chen Shouyi said.

"Oh!"

...

After attending to the foolish Shell Lady, Chen Shouyi also took a bath, washing away the dust and bloodstains on him.

He lay down on the bed.

Called upon the attribute panel.

However, it just flickered slightly and quickly disappeared.

Chen Shouyi had to give up, feeling a bit groggy, soon fell into a deep sleep.

The whole night was full of nightmares, as if something pressing him down, his eyelids heavy and unable to lift.

It wasn't until nine o'clock in the morning that he finally woke up.

He opened his eyes.

The sunlight outside, through the gaps in the curtains, cast a pillar of light on the floor, countless dust particles danced in the sunlight.

The Shell Lady lay beside the pillow, holding a crystal ball, breathing softly.

He felt his brain was completely refreshed, body feeling invigorated.

He silently chanted the attribute panel, and just as his thoughts moved, the attribute panel clearly appeared in his mind.

Strength: 17.0

Agility: 17.7

Constitution: 17.0

Intelligence: 16.3

Perception: 14.9

Will: 16.2

Energy Accumulation: 2.92

Faith Value: 4.25

"Oh!" Chen Shouyi quickly glanced through and let out a light exclamation.

The attributes hadn't changed, and the sub-options of gifted abilities remained the same, but there was a new Faith Value behind the Energy Accumulation.

Faith Value, it's obvious, should be the Power of Faith datafied.

But why is it so little?

He remembered he had at least five or six hundred Barbarian Believers.

Chen Shouyi looked at the Faith Value, and soon, a string of information flooded into his mind.

His face was shocked, then he excitedly got up from bed, pacing around.

One point of Faith Value represents the sum of the Power of Faith generated by a devout level believer's normal prayers over a year. Its function is somewhat similar to Energy Points; both can drive the Book of Knowledge to a certain extent through consumption.

However, Energy Points are mostly used for deduction and self-calculation,

while the Power of Faith can be consumed by burning to leverage the Book of Knowledge's ability to accelerate his mental speed.

"Why not try it!"

As soon as Chen Shouyi's thought moved.

In the next moment, he seemed to enter another world.

Quiet! Exceedingly quiet!

The whole world was tranquil, the sounds from outside the window became faint yet elongated, having an ethereal silent taste.

The subtle turbulence in the air was slowly changing, interfering with each other, following different trajectories.

The whole world seemed to come alive, he greedily paid attention to everything around him, as his vision moved, a torrent of information surged into his mind, rapidly processed by him.

His face was full of confidence, radiating brilliance, with eyes exuding the light of wisdom, for a moment, it felt as if the whole world was under his control.

Even the demigod he killed yesterday seemed not so dangerous anymore.

He looked at the clock hanging on the wall.

The rush of air brought by the turning of his head made the bedding on the nearby bed start to billow.

He looked at the second hand of the clock, which was moving slowly, tick by tick.

"Mental speed tripled, if converted to attribute values..."

It was at this moment, he felt the world shake, that feeling of having everything in control, mysterious confidence, faded rapidly.

The feeling was rather terrible, as if turning back from human to ape!

He was desolate and lost, blanked out for quite a while before readjusting to the drop in thinking speed.

He quickly opened the attribute panel.

And found that the Faith Value was completely exhausted.

"Damn, how could it be consumed so fast!"

"It was just pleasurable for such a while, and it's gone." Chen Shouyi felt his heart twitching with pain:
"My hard-earned Faith Value!"

Chapter 387: The Era of Martial Artists

Chen Shouyi roughly estimated that one Faith Value could only burn for a second.

Just now, he extravagantly wasted 4.25 seconds, spending it completely.

Thinking of this, he felt as if his heart was bleeding.

What can you do with 4.25 seconds?

It's enough to decide the outcome of a battle!

Tripling the speed of thought is equivalent to an increase of about 2.8 points in intelligence, boosting intelligence to an astonishing 19.1 points. At this speed of thought, all attributes can be fully...

No! One hundred and fifty percent exerted!

The strength increases completely in geometric progression.

Plus the Giant Transformation, even encountering a full-strength Demigod... It shouldn't look too bad!

"I mustn't waste it like this in the future. Even if I want to experience it, I can go to the Memory Virtual World. This is something that can save lives at critical moments!"

Fortunately, this Faith Value trickles in continuously. Although it's not much, it is always growing. During this time, the Faith Value has changed from 0.00 to 0.01.

"By the way, I wonder what changes have happened in the Book of Knowledge Space?"

Chen Shouyi felt a movement in his heart and lay back on the bed.

With his eyes closed, the next moment, he saw a large tree standing tall in the center.

The mutated World Tree was originally only about 3.5 meters high, but now it has grown to about six meters, appearing quite large.

The gnarled and robust trunk, carrying the weight of years, with lush branches and leaves, gives a sense of vitality.

The whole World Tree exudes a sense of serene eternity.

Unlike before, when the World Tree still had a touch of illusion, after this transformation, a strong sense of reality now appears.

It looks like an actual tree.

Moreover, the entire space has a radius of about one hundred meters, spacious and vast, even the ground beneath his feet gives a sense of a material texture.

"Alas, it ultimately just looks similar. Essentially, it's not much different from the Memory Virtual World. It would be great if it were a real space. Such a large area, I wonder how much stuff could be placed here!" Chen Shouyi sighed.

He watched for a while and then exited the space.

He got up to brush his teeth and wash his face in the bathroom, looking in the mirror.

His brows slightly furrowed!

One week unshaved, his hair has grown out a little.

Perhaps accustomed to the bald head, seeing the hair again makes him feel slightly uncomfortable.

He touched his head, feeling like it was pricked by needles.

If an ordinary person pats his head, they might get their hands filled with blood from the hair.

But generally speaking, no one dares to pat a peak Martial Artist's head.

Except for his parents...

"Forget it, forget it! Just shave it all, it's much more convenient!"

He took a Long Sword and carefully shaved off the short hair on his head.

Since obtaining Natural Healing, the scars from his childhood have gradually disappeared. Looking at the flawless bald head in the mirror, Chen Shouyi felt much more comfortable.

He picked up the fallen hair and swept it into the trash can with his will, then walked out the door.

...

The Safe Zone had become more prosperous.

On the bustling roads, you could vaguely see a trace of pre-mutation prosperity.

As time moved into October, the high temperature had gradually decreased, no longer so hot, but still filled with the feel of summer.

This is a season of hormone secretion.

Since a few rounds of conscription, the gender ratio in the Safe Zone has become severely unbalanced, and the streets seem filled with women.

After having breakfast at a breakfast shop, Chen Shouyi squatted on the street without any image, digesting his food, dazzled by the legs of various beauties.

He hadn't been this relaxed in a long time.

Every day was either training or completing tasks, without any proper rest.

After today's change in the Book of Knowledge and the emergence of the powerful "super-god state," his previously tense mind suddenly relaxed. He decided to rest well today.

It's rather pitiful to say, but Chen Shouyi hadn't properly strolled around this Safe Zone!

At this moment, a pair of white legs stopped less than a foot away from him, carrying a scent.

He was slightly taken aback and looked up.

"Senior, it really is you. I thought I'd mistaken!" a cute girl said with delight, accompanied by another girl with glasses.

"Song Tingting!" Chen Shouyi said in surprise, standing up.

"Senior, finally I found you. Why did your family move? I went to your old community several times but couldn't find you!" Song Tingting said, showing some excited emotions.

"Not long after you left, my family also moved to the Safe Zone!" Chen Shouyi said, sharing the joy of reuniting after a long separation. In fact, with his current status, finding someone in Hedong City would be a breeze.

But right after moving to the Safe Zone, there was the invasion of the Barbarian God. At that time, he had no mind left to deal with it. Then, amidst a series of subsequent events, he entirely forgot about this matter.

"So where does your family live now?" Song Tingting asked, unaware.

"Villa District, East Zone, No. 24!" Chen Shouyi replied.

Song Tingting's silent and quiet companion, Wang Xiaojuan, suddenly looked surprised because only dignitaries lived in the Villa District, even money couldn't ensure residence!

Song Tingting didn't feel much about it, only silently remembering the address.

The senior's parents both liked her, and the senior's sister was also her good friend.

Hmm! Visiting alone in the future wouldn't seem out of place!

"Oh, I forgot to introduce, this is my best classmate, Wang Xiaojuan. This is my senior, Chen Shouyi."

"Oh, hello!" Chen Shouyi greeted politely.

Wang Xiaojuan looked at Chen Shouyi, blushing: "Hello, senior!"

"Just call me Chen Shouyi."

"Senior, it's so hot here, there's a cold drinks shop nearby. Can I buy you some ice cream?" Song Tingting said excitedly.

...

On the way, Song Tingting couldn't stop chirping away excitedly, while Chen Shouyi responded intermittently.

The three soon arrived at the cold drinks shop.

Perhaps it was still morning, so business was sparse inside.

The group found a place to sit, and after ordering cold drinks, Chen Shouyi asked, "Why aren't you in class?"

"It's Sunday today!" Song Tingting laughed, covering her mouth.

Chen Shouyi suddenly felt a bit embarrassed, not having paid attention to the date: "I forgot. By the way, which university are you attending?"

"Jiangnan University. Now, no one from outside provinces comes to apply here, so the scores this year are very low. I just got lucky and got accepted!" Song Tingting said, "Also, senior, I've already passed the Martial Artist Apprentice test!"

"So fast!" Chen Shouyi said in surprise.

Does it become so easy to become a Martial Artist Apprentice now?

From a beginner to a Martial Artist Apprentice, it only took about a year.

It was tough for me back then to become a Martial Artist Apprentice...

Eh, actually, it didn't seem so hard!

Ever since obtaining the Book of Knowledge, it only took a mere one or two months.

Trained using the initially optimized version of Thirty-Six Stances of Body Refinement, it had an effect similar to the new national edition now issued.

But I wasn't a novice; I had some prior experience.

But just a year, disregarding other factors, was enough to reach the physical qualities of a Martial Artist Apprentice.

Has it finally reached the era where Martial Artist Apprentices are widespread?

"It's because you taught me well, senior. I feel like I improved particularly fast!" Song Tingting said with excitement, without any realization of her own weakness.

Chapter 388: Besiege Wei to Rescue Zhao

Meanwhile, as Chen Shouyi and Song Tingting were chatting.

At an airport in a military base in the Capital City, a combat formation consisting of three old bombers fully loaded with fuel and twelve old fighter jets roared into the sky one after another, heading to a Southeast Asian country to carry out a special mission.

Inside one of the bombers:

"Flight altitude 10,000 meters, speed 0.6 Mach, expected to arrive in three hours," said the co-pilot.

"The weather is good, landmarks are clear, no deviation from the course, everything is normal!" said the first navigator.

A bomber is not a civilian aircraft; there are a total of six crew members.

Besides the captain and co-pilot, there are the first and second navigators, and the first and second gunners.

Of course, the crew of the most advanced bombers of Great Xia Country has been reduced to four people long ago.

However, this bomber, belonging to a relic from the 1970s, had been retired for over twenty years and was only brought back from storage after the anomaly.

After extensive modifications, such as replacing the original low-pressure engines with turbocharged ones, removing various electronic instruments and communication equipment, and installing various mechanical instruments, it took to the skies once more.

The operation is more complex, requiring more personnel.

Nowadays, all planes are generally like this.

Except for the fact they all use jet engines, technically, they are not much different from early World War II planes.

Naturally, planes also lack satellite navigation, everything relies on visual estimation and the personal judgment of the navigators, fortunately, there are high-definition military maps for comparison, so there's no worry of getting lost.

The atmosphere suddenly became somewhat silent.

Only the enormous noise of the engines buzzes in the cabin.

Everyone knows what they are going to do?

This time, going to Southeast Asia is to conduct nuclear deterrence against the God of Order, opening a second front.

If the Barbarian God appears, at the very least, they can use its power in advance to shift its focus to Southeast Asia, reducing the resistance of the war in East Sea Province. If this Barbarian God is deterred by nuclear weapons and hesitates to appear, they could even negotiate to compel the Barbarian God's appendages to withdraw from Great Xia Country, reducing casualties in the war.

To some extent, this kind of Barbarian God with a base in a foreign country is actually easier to deal with for Great Xia Country, at least there's no need to be overly cautious and the decision-makers at the top won't bear immense political pressure, while those executing the mission can also reduce psychological stress.

Soon, beneath the fuselage was the calm sea surface, with sunlight reflecting upon it in a golden glow, and occasionally, scattered small islands dotted in between.

A solitary warship drifted on the sea surface.

"It's a Type 053C missile destroyer!" the navigator said in a deep voice, retracting the binoculars.

After the anomaly, warships lost power, and many warships carrying out tasks at sea turned into ghost ships drifting aimlessly.

"I wonder if anyone is still alive, it's been a year!" the gunner said.

"There must be people alive!" the captain said, "Mark the location. If we return safely, we'll report this situation."

The navigator quickly took out a map and carefully marked it.

The flight proceeded smoothly without drawing any attention, occasionally encountering a few dangerous birds from another world attempting to cross over, which were preemptively driven away by the escorting fighter jets using their aircraft guns.

After an hour and a half, the silhouette of small islands surrounding the target came into view.

The flight formation immediately ascended to a higher altitude.

...

At this moment, it was just noon.

In the largest city of a Southeast Asian country, sunshine enveloped the scene, with scales of white clouds hanging high in the sky.

Here, Barbarian Gods and humans coexisted, in a realm of orderly peace.

A robust Barbarian sat on a fearsome beast from another world, strolling down the street. Seeing the surrounding pedestrians giving way, a trace of pride appeared on the Barbarian's face.

This was their newly conquered world, these lowly and weak races, if it weren't for the Church's restraint, would merely be the best slaves.

They should be suffering and wailing under the lash, not basking in the glory of the great God of Order like them.

The God of Order is indeed too merciful.

Of course, this was just a fleeting thought in his mind, he dared not question the God's decisions.

Even if it was merely in his mind.

"Honorable sir, is this your first time on Earth? Do you need a guide?" A short Southeast Asian guy approached, speaking with a sycophant smile in the common tongue: "Just one hundred pesos."

The Barbarian shot him a disdainful glance and couldn't help but ask: "How did you know?"

"No gentry here would wear beast skins!"

The Barbarian glanced down at the beast skin of a transcendent creature wrapped around him, his eyes flashing with a hint of anger: "This is a warrior's glory, it ensures my safety, unlike the flimsy and showy lowly linen on you humans."

The Southeast Asian was so frightened that he knelt down, repeatedly kowtowing, regretting his loose tongue.

Barbarians were truly capable of killing, and killing a civilian would only incur a small fine, often ending without consequence. He wasn't a human priest or a martial artist, just a low-level civilian with no one to stand up for him.

The Barbarian finally remembered that he did indeed need a guide; this city was too vast, and he would never find his way relying solely on himself. He contained his anger and said calmly:

"Get up, I've heard there are fine weapons here, especially the 'bow'. Take me to see it!"

These lowly races still have their virtues, for instance, their ability to craft sharp and lightweight weapons and all sorts of ingenious, eye-catching adornments. Of course, as a pure warrior, he had no interest in the latter.

"Yes, yes, honorable sir." The Southeast Asian quickly stood up, scared to the point of exhaustion, with a patch of sweat dampening his back.

From then on, he dared not utter another word.

The two passed by a square, where a huge and vividly lifelike divine statue stood in the center, solemnly overlooking the land.

Many humans were kneeling under the statue, praying, the atmosphere solemn and respectful.

Upon seeing this, the Barbarian quickly dismounted from the war beast, prostrating on the ground and praying softly.

As for the human guide beside him, he appeared even more pious.

The same faith gave him a somewhat improved view of these lowly humans; he decided in his heart not to withhold the guide's reward later on.

As he was pondering this, a sharp whistling sound suddenly came from overhead.

He raised his head blankly to the sky and saw a dark spot falling from a high altitude, the sound growing louder and louder.

In the square, the previously praying people began to scream, scattering like headless flies, babbling in languages he couldn't understand.

Watching all this, a strong sense of fear surged within him, as if doomsday had arrived.

"What's happening?"

The next moment, an unspeakable light engulfed him instantly.

Chapter 389: Not Satisfying Enough (Part 1)

"Ting Ting, you were so exaggerated today, you didn't stop talking!" After Chen Shouyi left, Wang Xiaojuan, who had been quietly standing by like a wooden stake, couldn't help but speak.

Upon hearing this, the excited smile on Song Tingting's face faded, and a hint of worry appeared on her fair face, she said, "Did I talk too much? I wonder if he finds it annoying, I didn't talk much with him before, it's just that I was too excited today and couldn't quite control myself."

"You don't have to be like this, he's just a bit handsome, that's all. You look like you're completely ready to throw yourself at him. Be careful not to be taken advantage of and end up counting money after being sold!" Wang Xiaojuan, who couldn't comprehend this due to her average-looking and rational nature, said.

"He's not like that; he's really simple and very kind," Song Tingting immediately defended, and then continued, "Besides, what's the harm, I'm willing anyway!"

"You're truly hopeless, I'm not going to care about you anymore," Wang Xiaojuan said speechlessly, looking at Song Tingting who looked lovesick. "What should we do in the afternoon? How about going to the library to read? The academic pressure is so overwhelming now, just like high school senior year, I thought college would be easier!"

As she spoke, Song Tingting suddenly chuckled.

Wang Xiaojuan was completely at a loss at the laughter, silently recalling what she just said in her mind, but try as she might, she couldn't find any hidden joke or humorous point.

She pushed her glasses up her nose and asked, "What's the matter? Why are you laughing?"

"The senior's bald head is so funny, I really want to touch it!"

Wang Xiaojuan: ...

I guess you didn't hear anything I just said!

...

Without his sister to verbally spar with, Chen Shouyi felt a bit lonely.

Quite unaccustomed.

After dinner, Chen Shouyi returned to his room.

He checked his attribute panel and found his Faith Value had reached 0.05.

He looked at his watch, about twelve hours had passed.

"Under normal conditions, roughly one day accumulates about 0.1 points?" He thought to himself.

"Calculated this way, my five or six hundred Barbarian Believers, minus the exaggeration, converted into standard devout followers, yields only about 36.5. Apart from a few devout followers, the majority are mere shallow believers!"

This is normal, after all, he hasn't devoted much effort to cultivating, just let it grow wildly, having such results is already quite good.

This accumulation rate isn't fast, but it's not slow either.

At his level, a life-and-death battle would conclude in a few seconds at most, often less than one second.

In action, it all ends in a flash.

Victory means life, defeat means death!

Having one Faith Value point is enough to support a battle.

Just ten days of accumulation would suffice.

Of course, this is under normal conditions.

If a ritual is conducted, the Faith Value will rise dramatically, even shallow believers, under the influence of such feverish atmosphere, could temporarily become devout believers, reaching one point a day is possible then.

That would be more than enough!

"Rooster, White Rabbit, Mountain Goat, Tiger..." The Shell Lady lying on the bed opened a picture book that was large enough to be used as a bed, pointed with her fingers while reading aloud seriously: "Elephant, Giant Panda..."

He glanced at the adorably foolish Shell Lady.

Retracting his gaze, he thought to himself, "Hmm, let's test the battle power of this super divine state!"

Of course, not in reality, but in the Memory Virtual World.

Anyway, it would only take four to five seconds, and wouldn't consume much Energy Points.

In the morning, he was just experiencing it, plus being in the bedroom, he was afraid of causing damage with a wrong move, so he dared not make any intense moves, completely stopping at the surface, lacking deep understanding.

He walked to the bed and lay down.

"Great Giant, are you going to sleep?" The Shell Lady paused and asked, she had just woken up!

"You continue playing, I'll just close my eyes for a bit!"

"Oh!" The Shell Lady immediately put her mind at rest and continued reading aloud.

Chen Shouyi closed his eyes, and soon entered the Memory Virtual World.

Time rewound to the moment he woke up.

With excitement on his face, he opened the window and leaped out without hesitation.

The soldier on guard standing at the intersection stared wide-eyed at Chen Shouyi.

A passing thirteen or fourteen-year-old girl screamed, her face flushed as she looked repeatedly after recovering.

...

Wearing only underwear, Chen Shouyi faced many odd looks with an expressionless face, completely unconcerned.

They're just NPCs, everything is an illusion.

Even if he ran naked... he wouldn't feel any pressure, the reactions weren't known to anyone.

He had a thought!

Boom!

The sense of distance from reality came again.

Time seemed to sink into a swamp, flowing slowly, endless information flashed through his mind clearly and methodically.

"This is such a wonderful feeling, everything is under control!" He thought to himself, his face glowing.

With a tap of his toe, the air around him rippled, the ground's concrete cracked, and simultaneously his body moved forward rapidly, he felt his speed had slowed significantly, his body with a sense of powerlessness.

The feeling was like entering a dream, unable to exert force.

Of course, he knew this was just the body's illusion; in fact, his starting speed was faster than ever, his push off more solid and powerful.

His body's neurological response and muscle force transfer couldn't keep up with his thought speed.

He even had time to observe whether his body exertion was coordinated, how his Wind Control talent automatically reduced air resistance while advancing, he even observed the subtle changes in the young lady's expression as he sped past.

From astonishment, to shock, to fright, finally opening her mouth screaming, and as he passed by, the skirt lifted by strong winds...

He glanced back,

Everything appeared clearly!

The intense pleasure of mastering information made him want to shout out loud.

The villa area here, inhabited by dignitaries and nobility, heavily guarded.

Especially since the incident with Xiao Changming, the security suddenly became stricter.

The soldiers on duty ahead saw a blurry figure rapidly approaching, reacted quickly, and immediately became highly alert, loudly warning.

Chen Shouyi acted as if he hadn't heard.

Immediately bullets fired one after another toward him.

The speeding bullets carried a twisting air mass, filled with a peculiar beauty.

He slowly extended a finger.

The next moment, a bullet was caught between his fingers.

The fingers slightly vibrated, stirring a ripple, then completely dissipated the momentum!

At this moment, the super divine state quickly faded.

His head felt slightly dizzy.

Seven or eight bullets hit his body, bullets clinked to the ground, unfortunately leaving only slight red marks, without a scratch.

"Phew! Not enough, too short really."

Chen Shouyi's face still carried remnants of excitement.

It's not just the super divine state but also the reckless attitude in the Memory Virtual World.

Chapter 390: The Situation in East Sea Province

From the second day onwards, Chen Shouyi resumed his normal routine of daily training.

Time passed peacefully, and ten days went by in the blink of an eye.

That evening, Chen Shouyi returned home from the desert of the alternate world and saw Qin Liuyuan sitting in the living room, chatting with his father. His face was flushed, and he exuded an air of confidence and vigor, completely different from before.

Chen Shouyi was a bit surprised.

Since the reservoir mission, where Qin Liuyuan tried to get him to stand up for the rights of civilian martial artists and Chen Shouyi refused, they hadn't seen each other.

"Why are you back so late today? Your colleague has been waiting for you a long time!" Chen Dawei breathed a sigh of relief upon seeing Chen Shouyi enter.

"Didn't come long, just dropped by to visit, come to drink with you!" Qin Liuyuan stood up upon seeing Chen Shouyi and said cheerfully, his attitude much more casual than before.

"Sorry, I lost track of time during training!" Chen Shouyi looked at Qin Liuyuan and smiled, "How rare to see you have time today, haven't seen you in a long time."

He then turned to Father Chen, "Dad, I'm going out for dinner!"

Father Chen understood and said, "Go ahead, don't be too late!"

His son was good in all aspects, just too much of a homebody, staying in his room all evening, who knows doing what?

Doesn't look like a martial artist at all.

In his mind, a martial artist should be either rough in personality, drinking large bowls of wine, eating large chunks of meat, and not caring about minor details, or dignified, with eyes like lightning, gaining authority without anger, just like on TV and movies, right?

But his son was nothing like that.

Obedient, well-behaved, had none of the martial artist's demeanor!

Sometimes he even suspected, was his martial artist certificate fake?

...

Nowadays, curfew was enforced at eight, with only city inns remaining open 24 hours, though there were certain identity restrictions.

Both of them had no issues.

"Welcome!"

After Qin Liuyuan showed his credentials, the two young, long-legged greeters at the door immediately welcomed them in with smiles.

Chen Shouyi, with his sharp eyes, was surprised to find it was a martial arts instructor certificate.

Qin Liuyuan got a private room, ordered a small table of dishes, and a case of white liquor.

Soon, the dishes and liquor were served one after another.

"Haven't seen you in a while, what have you been up to?" Qin Liuyuan clinked glasses with Chen Shouyi.

"What else can I do, training, or executing missions!" Chen Shouyi said. His life was always monotonous. As he spoke, he drank his glass of white liquor in one gulp, slightly frowning, as he wasn't used to drinking, especially strong white liquor, which was too harsh on the throat.

If given the choice, he'd prefer soft drinks, but unfortunately, couldn't buy them anymore even with money.

Chen Shouyi put down the glass and said with a smile, "Congratulations on becoming a martial artist!"

"I was lucky to have a fortuitous encounter," Qin Liuyuan said, acting casual, though a hint of joy appeared on his face. He couldn't help but whisper, "Did you hear about the war in the East Sea Province?"

"Yes, I did!" Chen Shouyi replied, having just returned from East Sea Province not long ago, how could he not know?

"A demigod died there. The military conscripted martial artists from nearby Jiangnan Province to clean the battlefield alongside soldiers. I was lucky to find the divine corpse in the ruins, gaining quite a bit of divine blood!" Qin Liuyuan said excitedly.

This was indeed a fortuitous encounter.

This time, he specially invited Chen Shouyi for a drink to release his inner joy. Such a thing would lose much of its effect when shared with others of lower status.

Chen Shouyi, hearing this, was astonished: "Your luck really is..."

He didn't quite know how to describe it,

This demigod, might it be the one he killed?

Seems like it was this demigod.

But he didn't feel any pity.

The divine blood from this demigod had no effect at all on a peak martial artist like him.

Back then, he sat directly in the pool of blood, letting the divine blood wash over his body without enhancing his attributes in the slightest.

"Yeah, without it, I might never have become a martial artist," Qin Liuyuan said, grinning at Chen Shouyi's gaping expression.

Now he could finally stand shoulder to shoulder with him.

Chen Shouyi glanced at his teeth and noticed they hadn't taken on a Buddha-like appearance yet, which was similar to Xiao Changming and Lei Ruiyang who had gained from demigod blood before, still just aspiring martial artists.

"Has the war over there ended so quickly?" Chen Shouyi wondered, taking a bite of food.

It had been less than half a month.

Even before the changes, it wasn't this fast.

Not to mention now, with the Barbarian God still existing.

"Indeed, upon arrival, only less than one-fifth was recovered.

Strangely enough, this war seemed like child's play, with hardly any decent resistance encountered, just some deranged cultists, while the barbarians and invading Southeast Asian soldiers almost disappeared.

In the end, there was no bombardment, and the army simply retook the cities. We Jiangnan Province martial artists stayed for a week before rotating with civilian martial artists from other provinces!" Qin Liuyuan said, flushed from drinking.

"The Barbarian God hasn't appeared?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"No, at least we didn't hear of it before we returned!"

This was peculiar.

A complete retreat?

Has the Barbarian God become so weak, not resisting even once?

Seems like something must have happened.

...

While eating and chatting, the table was soon cleared of food and drink.

Nearly all the case of liquor was consumed by Qin Liuyuan.

In the end, even Qin Liuyuan's constitution felt somewhat tipsy, he sighed: "I understand now, in this dangerous world, a martial artist's strength is the most important, everything else is superficial, no matter how much influence you have."

As the saying goes, your position determines your perspective, last time we met he talked of uniting civilian martial artists to form a force, fighting for rights with the government, now not a word was mentioned.

...

Under the night sky, the crescent moon hung high, casting a cool light.

The two walked out of the inn.

After parting ways with Qin Liuyuan,

Chen Shouyi took a solitary stroll through the streets, the smooth progress of the war on East Sea Province easing his mind.

East Sea Province bordered Jiangnan Province.

If the war in East Sea Province changed, it could spread to Jiangnan Province, leading to another disaster.

He opened the attribute panel:

Strength: 17.2

Agility: 17.7

Constitution: 17.2

Intelligence: 16.3

Perception: 15.2

Will: 16.2

Energy Accumulation: 4.52

Faith Value: 3.42

Three rounds of optimized horizontal training thirty-six styles, the effect remains evident, strength and constitution have increased by 0.2 points each over the past half month, approaching two tons.

At the same time, perception increased by 0.3 points, reaching 15.2, crossing the threshold of 15.

As for Faith Value, it accumulated to 3.42 points.

During this period, under Chen Shouyi's continuous issuance of "divine orders," the Barbarian Island held five grand sacrificial ceremonies, with the abundance of food in winter being the only thing keeping such grand ceremonies going.

Luckily, the effects were quite evident.

The Faith Value shot up to 3.42.

Looking at the "huge" Faith Value on the panel, Chen Shouyi let out a breath.

A sense of security emerged.

This was his capital for indulgence!

He quickened his pace and soon returned home.