

New Era 411

Chapter 411: Court of Death

"You also went there, why didn't you join us?" Qin Liuyuan asked in confusion.

"I left earlier, with the martial artists from the Capital City!" Chen Shouyi showed a hint of embarrassment on his face, and continued, "I had some luck and killed an injured demigod, which might have drawn the attention of the higher-ups."

Qin Liuyuan picked up his teacup, took half a sip, and suddenly sprayed it out.

Chen Shouyi reacted quickly, in a flash, his will intensified, and all the water droplets bypassed him, flew past, leaving him spotless and dry.

Qin Liuyuan was momentarily taken aback, not paying attention to this anomaly, and said with disbelief:

"A demigod... you killed a demigod."

"It was an injured demigod," Chen Shouyi humbly emphasized.

"Was it the demigod in Qujiang City that you killed?" Qin Liuyuan continued to ask.

"Just an injured demigod," Chen Shouyi tried to remain humble, "Actually, it's no big deal; people have killed demigods before. Have you heard of Ye Zong? He's the strongest martial artist; he's killed two. I'm still far behind him."

Qin Liuyuan: ...

He suddenly felt he didn't want to talk anymore.

Recently, he acquired a large amount of demigod Divine Blood and finally became a martial artist. His long-time aspiration was realized, and he was so excited he couldn't help but drink with Chen Shouyi, feeling that the gap was closing and they were on the same level.

Unexpectedly, the gap not only didn't close but widened, even the demigod was killed by Chen Shouyi.

Noticing the atmosphere suddenly turn cold, Chen Shouyi felt a little awkward.

He wished he hadn't said anything.

Fortunately, Zhang Miaomiao came in carrying a pile of lunchboxes: "General Manager Chen, President Qin, you've worked hard, I brought lunch for you!"

"No clues yet?" Chen Shouyi looked at the time and asked, realizing it was already past noon.

Zhang Miaomiao shook her head. All day, the entire building felt oppressive, the tension suffocating: "Quite a few soldiers and civilians died, but by the time we arrived, the culprit had long escaped without a trace."

Chen Shouyi remained silent. The city was complex, with skyscrapers everywhere. To hide someone was like searching for a needle in a haystack.

Moreover, it's a terrifyingly powerful individual. As long as they are careful not to confront the military, they can come and go as they please, like they own the place.

Qin Liuyuan also quickly adjusted his mindset. Since knowing Chen Shouyi, the latter had always been stronger; psychologically, it wasn't hard to accept. He asked, "The killer is still in the Safe Zone and hasn't left?"

"Judging by the current situation, it seems so!" Zhang Miaomiao replied.

...

Inside a room.

Three corpses lie on the ground. The barbarian faced calmly, wielding his sword, practicing constantly in the living room; the sword cutting through the air with faint sizzling sounds, emitting wisps of sharp light.

His swordsmanship was extremely proficient; each move flowed like mercury, filled with an exotic beauty, akin to a seasoned martial artist who's practiced for over a decade.

"The alien race's swordsmanship seems simple but is infinitely profound, truly using the body's strength to the fullest, making each move incredibly powerful. Unfortunately, the body is too weak; ultimately, the gods will win this war," he contemplated.

After a ten-minute practice, he walked to the window, where he could observe the Provincial Government Building; a helicopter circled nearby.

The defenses here were growing increasingly stringent.

A cold smile flashed across his face.

As one of the legendary strongmen recruited by the God of Hunting for planar war.

Before coming to Hedong, he stayed in Dongning with other legendary figures for a time.

Under the teachings of the human Great High Priest there, he gained considerable understanding of human culture, social structure, military strategies, and martial arts.

This world exceeded his imagination.

Endless food, countless skilled artisans, massive buildings like mountains, a strange social structure, and terrifying weapons akin to divine punishment that even feared gods greatly.

Regrettably, external factors remain external...

At that moment, his ears perked; several footsteps approached.

He thought to himself: Time to move again.

...

Chen Shouyi and Qin Liuyuan stood guard all day, still to no avail.

This attacker was more patient than expected, like a seasoned hunter patiently waiting for the prey to reveal a flaw.

Night began to fall.

Though it was time to clock out ages ago, not a single person left the building, as it felt safer here than on the soldier-filled streets.

Having been idle here for almost a full day and night.

Chen Shouyi was growing impatient.

He felt worried about his parents' and sister's safety; although the security around the villa was undoubtedly tight, his absence left him uneasy.

He told Qin Liuyuan, "Watch over things here; I'm going for a walk downstairs."

"Alright, no problem," Qin Liuyuan replied.

Then, Chen Shouyi supported himself on the railing and leaped down from the fifth floor.

As he landed, he felt a glance watching him.

The attacker was undoubtedly close by; his expression remained unchanged as he walked out of the square, the gaze followed his every step. Though he pretended to casually look around, all he saw were silhouettes watching him from windows.

He immediately returned upstairs.

"Why did you return so quickly?" Qin Liuyuan asked.

"The attacker has been nearby all along; to resolve this, we must lure him out," Chen Shouyi said gravely. "I'm going to see the provincial senior officials."

Qin Liuyuan's heart tightened at those words.

Soon after, Chen Shouyi directly knocked on the first office.

"How sure are you?" the provincial senior official asked solemnly.

"Sixty to seventy percent," Chen Shouyi replied.

The provincial official furrowed his brows, pondered for a while, and said, "The risk is too great; I can't gamble everyone's lives. I need to convene a committee meeting!"

...

Half an hour later.

By drawing lots, a portion of the civil servants, along with the stationed military personnel, slowly retreated; even the patrolling soldiers on the streets withdrew. The others stayed, prepared to hold out until the end.

The provincial official didn't choose to draw lots, staying as a gesture of leadership.

"Everybody's life here depends on you!" the provincial official gravely told Chen Shouyi with a pat on his arm.

Initially eager for the impending battle, Chen Shouyi suddenly felt a heavy burden.

Something he had never felt before.

The lives of hundreds were tied to him; if he failed, everyone would perish with him.

He regretted his suggestion.

He hated this feeling.

After a moment of silence, he said, "I'll do my best!"

"General Consultant, I believe in you; you can kill demigods, so you can do this!" Zhang Miaomiao hugged Chen Shouyi, encouraging him.

The provincial official noticed this and seemed thoughtful.

...

Time passed, second by second.

Yet the attacker didn't appear; however, that feeling of being watched grew stronger, not disappearing.

The attacker was evidently cautious, evaluating the threat level here.

Qin Liuyuan held his war bow, his face tense: "This is too risky; what if..."

"There's no what if!" Chen Shouyi replied.

His strength had long surpassed ordinary limits, even his normal state matched peak martial artists. With the Giant Transformation and god-like states, unless facing a demigod, he was confident he'd prevail.

Qin Liuyuan moved his lips but said nothing in the end.

Suddenly, Chen Shouyi said sternly, "Here it comes!"

A figure slowly walked forth from the empty street, casting a long shadow under the streetlights; an energy seemed to emanate from him, distorting the air around him, approaching the Government Building's square.

No gunshots rang during the process.

He suddenly stopped, sensitive ears detecting no incoming footsteps; it seemed to confirm no trap was set. He relaxed a bit and looked up at Chen Shouyi on the fifth floor, his expression flashed disdain, speaking in a strange tone:

"Foolish blasphemer, you seek a fair fight? You're courting death."

Chapter 412: Legend (Part 1)

"Not even a demigod, yet so arrogant!"

Chen Shouyi was about to retort, but Qin Liuyuan beside him had already drawn the string and released the arrow with a "boom," shooting it out.

His war bow was still a martial artist-level war bow, but its power was considerable, not much less than a 20mm caliber cannon shell, even a demigod getting hit would have their skin broken.

However, this barbarian didn't even dodge, a cruel smile on his lips, until the arrow was right in front of him, he suddenly reached out, grabbed the arrow, and the impact pushed him back a step, with a dull thud, the granite floor beneath his feet cracked like a biscuit.

"Weak humans!" The barbarian shook his head disdainfully and casually tossed the arrow aside: "If that's all you got, then just go to..."

Before he finished speaking, his expression changed, another arrow, almost twice as fast, whistled toward him, leaving a long trail in the air, and he quickly sidestepped to avoid it.

Hardly dodging, yet another arrow shot through the air, rapidly enlarging before his eyes, narrowly twisting his waist to avoid it at the last moment.

The arrows kept coming, like a machine gun, shooting rapidly one after another.

Beside him, Qin Liuyuan was shocked watching this scene, nearly forgetting to shoot.

The gap was so big!

The barbarian's figure was a blur, his clothes were torn apart by the wind force of the arrows passing by at high speed.

Chen Shouyi exhausted two quivers of arrows, shooting with gusto, thoroughly enjoying it, for he never had such a good target in practice, and it was real combat.

The only pity was, none hit the mark.

Everyone looked despairing, the hall was silent, with only heavy breathing and low sobs audible.

"Why weren't more arrows prepared?" The provincial high official asked sternly.

"I sent a box of five hundred, but maybe the chief advisor didn't have time to load the arrows!" Zhao Shuping quickly replied.

The barbarian, seeing the rain of arrows cease, finally breathed a sigh of relief; now his entire skin was red, steam billowed around him, emitting scorching heat, an invisible energy pervaded around him, and countless rubble underfoot trembled violently, even floating up.

Although another human continued shooting arrows, compared to this target, the threat was negligible; he casually brushed an arrow aside. A ferocious look flashed on his once-calm face:

"This level is far from enough!"

Then he suddenly stomped the ground, his body rushing towards the building entrance.

Qin Liuyuan's face changed dramatically, attempting to intercept, but he easily dodged at high speed.

Chen Shouyi expressionlessly discarded the war bow, his body already expanding rapidly.

His clothes were quickly torn apart, fabric strips fluttering down, he drew his sword, watching the rapidly enlarging figure, and instead of retreating, he rushed forward.

The barbarian watched the opponent's enlarging body, his expression slightly changing, but he quickly calmed down, his heart like a mirror lake.

In the Tam World, large-sized creatures were never lacking, though for him, as a legendary strongman, most were merely synonymous with clumsiness.

Even giants many times his size, he had slain, requiring only effort and care.

As their gazes locked, the next moment, large and small figures rapidly approached.

As the running barbarian's body flickered, he nimbly dodged the opponent's terrifying sword, his own long sword shooting towards Chen Shouyi's abdomen like lightning.

Before contact, Chen Shouyi's abdominal muscles reacted by tensing, gooseflesh covering his skin.

The sword struggled to penetrate less than three inches, then the blade was grabbed by an ironclad giant hand and twisted into a twist, at the same time, a knee slammed towards his chest.

Transformed, his power reaching 21 points, it was like an irresistible force.

The air burst apart in layers, generating an invisible shockwave.

Facing the formidable power, the barbarian's face changed instantly, in a flash he released the sword hilt, his body following the air blast evaded Chen Shouyi's knee strike like a phantom, as the opponent's leg exhausted, then suddenly stepping forward, throwing a punch, twisting his body, the force surged in stages, tens of tons of force struck Chen Shouyi's abdomen heavily.

It exploded like a bomb, the shredded fabric hanging from his body instantly torn apart.

With a "boom."

Chen Shouyi was swiftly sent flying back over ten meters by the force, the granite floor beneath him cracking as if stepping on a landmine, his intestines felt knotted up, the pain dyed his eyes with bloodshot veins.

Chen Shouyi's expression became slightly serious, not because of the strength of that punch, nor the fearsome reflexes.

In fact, his combat strength was only slightly stronger in his giant transformation state, not yet to the point of overwhelming.

What really caught his attention was that each of the opponent's attacks carried a strange energy, penetrating his abdomen through the punches and long sword, after the sharp pain, it immediately became somewhat numb, his muscles less responsive.

Both were on the brink of clash.

The spectators in the distance could only see two afterimages approaching, then Chen Shouyi swiftly retreating, causing them to be greatly shocked.

Desperation filled Qin Liuyuan's eyes as he quickly shot arrow after arrow.

If he had known it would come to this, he would have done anything to prevent Chen Shouyi's risky proposal.

The Barbarian didn't even look, casually swatting away arrows with his palm, striding towards Chen Shouyi.

In his indifferent eyes, a hint of pity emerged: "I didn't expect that among the weak humans, there would be a strong contender comparable to legendary power. Too bad you encountered me, a desecrator; your head is indeed valuable!"

"Is it?" Chen Shouyi sneered.

The battle had just begun.

He stomped his foot, and the two closed in once more, engaging in a frenzied fight. The ground shattered like tofu, creating deep pits, dust flying high, and debris scattering like bullets.

Even Qin Liuyuan could only see two blurry moving figures, let alone the ordinary people watching in the hall.

"Boom!"

A flagpole in the square.

It instantly broke, not even hitting the ground.

And the two figures were already dozens of meters away.

The opponent's furious energy repeatedly struck Chen Shouyi's body, making him feel his body beginning to stiffen.

His momentary carelessness allowed the opponent to circle behind him; a foot like a sharp cone viciously hit his spine. With a groan, his bones cracked, and his waist bent.

Feeling the fierce wind behind him, Chen Shouyi didn't turn back; in a split second, he rolled sideways, simultaneously sweeping his foot backwards. The opponent dodged quickly, and he took the opportunity to stand up.

Initially, he wanted to save some faith value and solve it with skill, but seeing it now, without using it, he might very well lose.

He summoned a thought.

The faith value rapidly burned.

The wind began to slow down; everything around turned quiet, carrying an ethereal solitude as countless information flooded into his mind with his gaze.

He slightly curled his lips, a confident glow on his face.

Everything was under control.

The Barbarian noticed Chen Shouyi's strange state, instinctively feeling something was off, but it was too late to think much; he stomped his foot, closing the gap instantly.

However, in Chen Shouyi's eyes, this speed was too slow.

He even had time to closely observe the swirling energy on the Barbarian's body and the sharp, cold gaze.

The next moment, the Barbarian's body swayed, deftly maneuvering to his side, with an elbow fiercely striking at his waist.

Then, it was firmly blocked by a hand that had been ready!

With a snap, the air exploded; taking advantage of his unstable form, Chen Shouyi seized the chance, twisting his waist for a punch that exceeded hundreds of tons in force, heavily hitting his chest.

His chest instantly collapsed with a series of dense bone-cracking sounds, blood splattering from his mouth, his body flying straight out.

In reality, even in an ultra-god state, his fully liberated speed at 17.7 agility was still somewhat inferior to this powerful Barbarian, but the predictive capabilities under thrice-thought speed made up for it completely.

Every move and action of the opponent became slow and clear in his eyes; a shoulder twitch, a foot lift, and he knew the next action — everything was under control.

The Barbarian's body had only flown two meters, his face just showing pain and despair.

A large hand already grasped his foot, then both hands held tight, disregarding his desperate struggle, swinging and slamming hard onto the ground.

points of strength, representing dual-arm force roughly equivalent to 8.65 tons, combined with speed, entirely surpassing hundreds of tons of impact.

"Boom!"

The granite within a dozen meters shattered instantaneously.

Amidst swirling dust, a crater vaguely shaped like a human appeared on the ground; the Barbarian had turned into a bloody mess. Chen Shouyi glanced at the Barbarian, lying like a dead dog, stepped forward and stomped down on his head heavily.

With a thud, the head instantly burst.

This powerful Barbarian resembled a frog cut off from its head, left with severe tremors and twitching.

Chapter 413: Energy

The battlefield was full of craters, as if bombarded by artillery, with dust and stone powder swirling around like a raging sandstorm.

Chen Shouyi exhaled a breath of turbid air, looking invigorated.

He felt that this battle was thoroughly enjoyable, so exhilarating!

The suffocating anger he had felt before was completely vented.

He came back to his senses, quickly exiting the superhuman state and returning to his normal form.

Looking down, he breathed a sigh of relief. This time, except for several finger-sized holes, his underwear remained intact.

In the distant hall, the crowd remained silent for a few seconds before erupting into intense cheers. Even those who usually kept a calm and stoic demeanor couldn't help but be filled with a little bit of excited exhilaration after surviving a catastrophe.

...

Chen Shouyi picked up the Long Sword and turned to look at the hall.

The cheers of the crowd paused a little. He grinned nonchalantly and then turned to leave.

Besides, he was only in his underwear now, which wasn't appropriate.

As for the War Bow, it won't be lost anyway.

He took a few steps, hesitated, and turned around.

He saw Zhang Miaomiao holding his War Bow and wallet, quickly running toward him in small steps. Ten seconds later, she reached him, her face slightly red: "Chief Advisor, your War Bow. Also, the provincial high official asked me to tell you, you saved all our lives!"

"Oh, it was my duty," the half-naked Chen Shouyi said somewhat awkwardly, taking the War Bow.

He thought to himself, why not send a guy? Secretary Zhao would have been fine; this is so awkward.

Zhang Miaomiao was initially a bit nervous facing Chen Shouyi, but seeing his slightly embarrassed expression, she relaxed, realizing that no matter how powerful or terrifying he was, he was still just an eighteen-year-old boy.

At this moment, she noticed a sword wound on his abdomen, with blood oozing out, and felt a twinge of concern.

Chief Advisor Chen was now the backbone of Jiangnan Province, indispensable to its importance. She quickly said, "Chief Advisor, you're injured, don't move! I'll call a car to get you to the hospital now!"

Chen Shouyi glanced down. The wound had closed instinctually by his muscles, leaving only a three to four centimeters long seam. He said casually, "It's okay, just a flesh wound, nothing serious."

This sword merely pierced the muscle, not even cutting through the intestines. What kind of injury is this?

It doesn't even count as a minor wound!

"But even a flesh wound can get tetanus. Don't underestimate it; it can even lead to sepsis!" Zhang Miaomiao said.

Tetanus? He had never gotten it.

It usually healed in a few minutes!

Chen Shouyi was momentarily dazed, and quickly said, "No need, I know my body well. It'll be fine in a day or two."

...

After Chen Shouyi explained for quite some time, Zhang Miaomiao finally believed it was just a minor injury and let him go.

Talkative women are annoying.

The soldiers on the street had resumed patrolling, but the lockdown had already been lifted.

After passing a soldier's check.

While walking down the road, Chen Shouyi twisted his waist.

"Crack! Crack!"

The slightly displaced spine instantly returned to its place.

"What a heavy kick!" Chen Shouyi muttered, rubbing his lumbar area, which felt numb, with even the nerves seemingly affected, making him feel a bit stiff while walking.

Besides, not just the lumbar area; several parts of his body felt numb, even the healing of the abdominal wound was extremely slow.

"What kind of energy is this with such strong destructive power?" Chen Shouyi thought to himself. The body containing energy, this was the first time he had seen it in a Barbarian, and he hadn't seen such a strong Barbarian before.

Chen Shouyi estimated that his power was about three to four tons, at least 19 points by attributes.

His reflexes must be over eighteen points.

Even stronger than the Saint manifestation of the God of Hunting back then.

At this point, Chen Shouyi suddenly remembered what the Barbarian had said before, claiming to have power comparable to a legendary warrior.

"Could it be that the opponent is a legendary warrior!"

He had read sporadic introductions to such beings in some literature about other worlds, deeply impressed.

A so-called legendary warrior is the strongest beneath gods; their bodies have reached their limits, undergoing a transformation, with astonishing combat power. Some powerful races' legendary warriors can even contend with demigods.

It's different from Divine Creatures.

Divine Creatures are a state, some strong, some weak. Those that are strong are extremely powerful, while the weak, like the Tree God encountered before, can't handle even a Martial Artist's strength when facing Chen Shouyi.

A legendary warrior, in some sense, is a measure of strength level.

The same race, a non-legendary warrior and a legendary warrior are completely different concepts.

"But that's all; totally undefeatable." Chen Shouyi thought internally.

He walked slowly, waiting for self-healing.

He checked his attribute panel, finding only three points of Faith Value consumed, with nearly eleven points remaining.

"Next time, maybe I'll try a demigod?" he suddenly had a thought.

Recalling the terror of demigods, he quickly shook his head, swiftly dismissing the idea.

Too arrogant!

Life is only once; better to live quietly!

He hadn't even gotten a wife yet!

...

After wandering outside for more than ten minutes, the wound finally arduously completed the self-healing. He immediately rubbed off the old scabs, feeling the still numb areas and stiff legs.

He finally frowned slightly: "Why hasn't it healed yet?"

Forget it, talk about it when I get home.

He jogged all the way home.

The stiffness in his legs made him feel unfamiliar.

Several times, he nearly tripped.

...

After dealing with his parents' questions, using much saliva to heavily explain why he came back wearing only underwear, he dragged his exhausted body back to his bedroom under their suspicious gazes.

Feeling mentally drained.

Is he such a person?

Exhausted!

Clearly did something sensational, killed a legendary warrior, and came home only to painstakingly explain why he ran back in underwear?

If it weren't for scaring his parents, he would have transformed to show them why he came back with only underwear.

Next time he fights, he must prepare spare clothes.

However, back in the room, there was still a little ancestor waiting for him to handle.

He closed the door.

The Shell Lady emerged from the quilt, sitting pitifully on the bed, hands cupped to her chest, tears of grievance streaming down: "Good Giant, why did you take so long to come back? Little Dot is starving because of you!"

Looking at her pitiful appearance, the initially irritated Chen Shouyi felt his heart instantly soothed.

"I came back late; don't cry. I'll get you something to eat right away!" Chen Shouyi quickly coaxed.

"Waa...waa..." It was worse not to coax; once he did, the dam broke entirely, with tears flowing incessantly.

"In the future...waa...waa...wherever Good Giant goes, Little Dot will go too...Little Dot is powerful...can help Good Giant, can help you carry things, can even help you chase away the bad bugs!"

"Okay, okay, wherever I go, I'll take you with me, don't cry." Chen Shouyi was so touched that his heart melted. On an impulse, he waved his hand, and the red Crystal Stone that the Shell Lady had long coveted flew into his hand, and he handed it over:

"Look, what's this? It's for you!"

The Shell Lady immediately forgot about crying, stunned for a moment, then tightly hugged it, eyes widening in disbelief: "Good Giant, are you giving this most beautiful big Ruby to Little Dot?"

"Yes, because you're so obedient and so cute." Chen Shouyi said with a smile.

The Shell Lady was flushed with red, dreamy, and once she came back to her senses, she quickly climbed onto Chen Shouyi's shoulder from his arm, excitedly kissing him several times:

"Muah, muah, muah!"

"Good Giant, you are the mightiest, kindest, greatest Good Giant." The Shell Lady said joyfully, as if her little mouth was coated with honey, and kissed him several more times.

"And you're the most obedient, cutest Little Dot," Chen Shouyi said.

The Shell Lady heard this and complained: "Good Giant, you missed one. I am the most obedient, cutest, bravest, most powerful Little Dot."

Chapter 414: The Scent of War

After the tiring task of attending to Shell Lady and then taking a bath himself, Chen Shouyi finally had time to address his own issues.

It wasn't painful, just a bit numb and swollen.

Yet this was worse than pain; pain is merely physical injury, self-healing can resolve it.

Numb!

Who knows what's wrong with the body?

Especially the tailbone area, already affecting the lower body, earlier when he urinated, what used to be a stream of three feet with just a thought, now nearly came to nothing even after half a minute of effort.

Chen Shouyi held onto his waist, looking gloomy as he stepped out of the bathroom.

Massaging with his hands for a long time, proved utterly useless.

"It couldn't be that, could it?" Thinking of such serious consequences made Chen Shouyi feel utterly despondent.

Maybe in the future, he'll have to rely on the pitiful Shell Lady to reluctantly live out a lifetime together.

"Why does every enemy attack the lower regions?" Chen Shouyi thought bitterly.

Ever since he acquired the ability of Giant Transformation, his lower body had been repeatedly injured - if not the lower abdomen or kidneys receiving blows, then it's the tailbone, buttocks, even...

He immediately stopped the thought.

Refusing to scare himself with wild imagination.

"No, I think there's still hope, but first I need to replenish the energy consumed by Giant Transformation, let's eat something first!"

Chen Shouyi tiptoed downstairs, his parents and sister were already asleep, the ground floor was empty.

Arriving at the kitchen, he found quite a lot of leftovers, some remaining dishes as well.

Too lazy to heat them, he devoured half a pot of cold rice, finally suppressing the hunger.

Returning to the bedroom, he glanced at Shell Lady, amusing herself by pushing a ruby with her raised behind. Then he sat cross-legged on the bed, closed his eyes to perform inner vision, and soon the internal scenes of his body began to reveal themselves in a four-dimensional image.

Chen Shouyi quickly identified the anomaly.

His abdomen and tailbone areas presented a glow of abnormal red light.

These red lights occupied and looked bewitching yet dangerous, accompanied by some interference, causing this entire region to be thoroughly shielded, making inner vision impossible.

Chen Shouyi watched for a while and immediately felt relieved.

He found that this energy wasn't difficult to resolve.

This energy perhaps contained a strong imprint of willpower, each time his sight focused on it, his mind would swiftly consume energy, accordingly, the red light began to oscillate, seemingly struggling to maintain its energy structure.

He immediately concentrated his mind, focusing on the most critical area, the thoracic vertebrae.

Not long after, the outermost red energy began to collapse, transforming into unaligned Original Force, was soon absorbed by the body, disappearing without a trace. His spirits lifted, pressing on, soon the surface began to disintegrate as well...

Ten minutes later, Chen Shouyi opened his eyes, his face lit with joy, immediately reached to touch his tailbone.

He could still feel the skin with a burning heat, the numbness had already withdrawn, sensation fully restored to normal.

To be safe, Chen Shouyi stepped off the bed to move around, finding no further problems, as agile as before.

"Really gave me a fright!"

Once his mind settled slightly, Chen Shouyi resumed resolving energy occupying other areas.

After over an hour of busy work, the abnormalities within his body were at last fully resolved.

...

Late night.

The bright moonlight poured through the gaps in the curtains.

Chen Shouyi, in deep sleep, was awakened by the roar of warplanes; the frequency of warplane deployment had been unusually high these past two days, perhaps yet another problem had arisen somewhere.

Since the mutation, Jiangnan Province hadn't been peaceful for a single day.

Once noise disrupted his slumber, Chen Shouyi thought of the words the barbarians said last night and couldn't fall back asleep. He went to the washroom to splash water on his face, leaned on the bedpost:

"From the barbarian's words, it seems these barbarians had come directly for him!"

"At least part of their aim was to kill him." Chen Shouyi mused, thoughtfully:

"Considering all the barbarians he's slaughtered, they're almost countless, perhaps a powerful brother, uncle or cousin, and some great uncle or another, might come for revenge, to take his life, it's not impossible."

Chen Shouyi shook his head, soon dismissing the thought: "Such a possibility is too small, the biggest likelihood must be the Barbarian God sending them."

Among the Barbarian Gods that he had offended and who are still alive, there are only two.

One is the God of Hunting, the other the God of Order.

The former he killed once, the latter he dealt with one of his important subordinates.

In terms of extreme enmity, most likely to take action presumably is the God of Hunting!

Initially, he had deceived him twice, even humiliated him with a brutal beatdown, finally stepping on him to death. Given the God of Hunting's vengeful nature, he must have long harbored a deep hatred.

"Could it truly be the case?" Chen Shouyi wondered, a hint of grimness crossing his face, but the matter was quite simple to ascertain.

He promptly closed his eyes, entered the Memory Virtual World for some interrogation, then once again slew the barbarian.

Half a minute later, he opened his eyes, looking gloomy.

Indeed, this legendary-level barbarian was dispatched by the God of Hunting to assassinate him.

"Damn, fortunately, I wasn't home at the time!"

Chen Shouyi felt a flash of fear.

Had he been at home, even if eventually killing the barbarian, his parents and sister surely wouldn't avoid collateral damage.

...

Dongning Battlefield.

At the foot of one mountain.

In the darkness of night, the area was dotted with watchtowers.

Massive searchlights swept back and forth.

A gust of wind blew, the distant mountains appeared bare, scattered with large and small craters.

On one watchtower, several lookouts, holding binoculars, surveyed inch by inch, one lookout noticed something, quickly picked up the phone: "Situation in zone 21 45!"

Seconds later, a rapid-fire cannon opened a probing shot, shells dropped onto the mountainside, bursting into balls of fire.

A dozen silhouettes swiftly scattered, moving quickly over the slope.

The "tearing cloth" sound of machine cannons grew loud, high-explosive shells, like a storm, bombarded the mountainside ahead into a blaze of fire.

Amongst it mixed the rattling of heavy machine guns.

"Whew!"

A grenade flew hundreds of meters far, accurately threading through the loophole of the watchtower.

With a "boom", an intense explosion.

One machine cannon immediately fell silent.

Moments later, several heavy cannons in the rear finally unleashed.

"Boom! Boom! Boom..."

...

In truth, direct ground warfare against the barbarians posed significant challenges for humans.

As time went on, barbarians grew ever more cunning, ever tougher, gradually adapting to human warfare rhythm, no longer standing still before muzzles without attempts at evasion.

Some barbarians even began learning to use human weapons.

Fighting here, with pauses, continued for half a year; barbarian raids and assassinations never ceased, combined with human pseudo-armies either coerced or cult affiliates; the defensive lines were breached several times.

Military suffered heavy casualties, within half a year, soldiers had dwindled by over fifty thousand.

Throughout Dongning City, though bombings were relentless from aircraft, ruins were everywhere, the frontline advanced ten kilometers, yet the war persistently endured, vast numbers of barbarians ceaselessly pouring forth from passageways, rushing to the battlefield, the war dragging on in a see-saw.

Nuclear weapons could be a definitive solution, but such arms, unless facing a Barbarian God directly or in dire emergency, won't be used lightly, the authorities wouldn't make that decision, particularly within their own territory.

Directly flattening Dongning might be convenient.

Yet next time, if the barbarians attacked another city, would flattening happen again?

By then perhaps few barbarians would be killed by the Great Xia Country, yet its citizens' morale severely undermined.

...

In recent days, barbarians suddenly intensified their assaults, frantically charging the frontline, instantly tightening the situation.

Numerous barbarians breached defensive lines, roaming around neighboring cities.

Bad news came one after another, particularly targeted decapitation operations in surrounding cities.

Dongning Battle Zone Command sharply sensed the war's breath, turmoil was brewing.

A true great battle was about to unfold!

Chapter 415: World Will

The next day, before heading out, Zhang Miaomiao came early carrying some supplements to offer her regards.

She obviously knew Chen Shouyi's routine.

In the living room on the first floor of the villa.

"This is wild Purple Dragon Beard, which is excellent for replenishing original qi, nourishing yin and strengthening yang, accelerating wound healing. It's very effective for those who are injured and physically weak!" Zhang Miaomiao said with a smile.

She was dressed in a light-colored business suit with a wide open collar, her waist was slim, her figure voluptuous, wearing light black stockings that accentuated her particularly long legs, exuding a calm yet intellectual aura.

Chen Shouyi curiously took a plain plastic bag and looked at the items inside that resembled purple sweet potatoes, unable to resist asking, "Wild?"

This was something he was very familiar with. When he was young and often sickly, he would frequently consume this.

Brewing tea, grinding into powder, holding in the mouth...

At that time, it was quite popular.

But it was indeed quite effective. After eating it for half a year, he never got sick again, and his body became much stronger.

Over twenty years of contact with the otherworld has led humans to discover many precious herbs. Many have been transplanted to Earth, successfully mass-produced. Artificially grown Purple Dragon Beard is now widely used in health products and pharmaceuticals, costing just one to two thousand per pound at pharmacies.

However, that's the artificially grown kind. The wild Purple Dragon Beard from the otherworld is as valuable as gold, its quantity scarce, and it can't be bought on the market. These herbs are nourished by the Original Force of the otherworld, their effects manifesting as a completely different species compared to the artificially grown ones.

And this large bag of dried goods weighs a full kilogram.

"This is stock purchased from explorers in the past. By the way, how are your injuries?" Zhang Miaomiao asked with concern, finally revealing the main reason for her visit. Seeing that Chief Advisor Chen looked rosy, she breathed a sigh of relief,

Given the tense situation everywhere now, not only in Hedong City has there been an attack, if Chen Shouyi were to have another issue, it would be terrible.

"Just some superficial wounds, fully healed now!" Chen Shouyi replied.

"Still, don't be careless. You'd better avoid bathing for a few days to prevent infection, and make sure to disinfect your wounds daily, also avoid spicy food." Zhang Miaomiao spoke gently, clearly showing disbelief on her face.

How could it heal so quickly, when just last night they were still bleeding profusely, with a noticeable gash, not resembling a simple superficial wound at all.

Even with a Martial Artist's constitution, it would take at least a few days to a week to heal completely.

She felt she should suggest to the provincial officials to arrange a healthcare doctor for the Chief Advisor.

No matter how strong he is, he's still just an eighteen-year-old boy and can't take care of himself.

"My injuries are completely healed?" Chen Shouyi couldn't help but emphasize.

If it weren't a bit inappropriate to lift his shirt, he would have wanted to show her.

"I know, so Chief Advisor, please rest well these days, and I won't disturb you anymore!" Zhang Miaomiao said on her own, then stood up.

...

Getting up to see Zhang Miaomiao off at the door.

Chen Shouyi scratched his head in frustration, wondering why no one believed him.

"Who's this young girl, quite pretty." Mrs. Chen curiously asked.

What young girl, I could call her auntie!

"From the Provincial Government!" Chen Shouyi said, then took the bag of Purple Dragon Beard from the table in the living room and said to Mrs. Chen, "Mom, you and dad can have this bag of wild Purple Dragon Beard!"

"This is wild?" Mrs. Chen exclaimed in surprise as she took it, "I heard it's really nourishing, better for you to eat it yourself!"

"Just rumors, it won't help me, a Martial Artist, and probably not my sister either, you and dad have it." Chen Shouyi said.

"We don't want to eat it, it'd be too wasteful, let's give it away during New Year!"

"As you wish!" Chen Shouyi had no objections.

With the intake of several doses of Divine Blood, his parents' constitution was now comparable to a Martial Artist's, making them look much younger and probably wouldn't benefit much from consuming it.

...

Chen Shouyi rode out of the door on his bicycle.

Suddenly looking up, he saw five fighter jets, flying in formation with a rumbling sound.

The frequency of fighter jet deployments these days was somewhat high, causing Chen Shouyi some anxiety. As he passed a newsstand, he stopped his bicycle to buy a newspaper and found out that the attacks on provincial and city governments in the last two days were only slightly mentioned in an unnoticeable corner.

There was no extensive coverage.

Probably to reassure the public.

Chen Shouyi skimmed through it, then tossed the newspaper into the trash can!

...

The sky of the otherworld was covered with dark clouds, lightning bolts danced like silver serpents.

A person and a bird, two silhouettes stood in midair, a thousand meters apart in a tentative standoff.

A terrifying aura, like an impending doom, caused countless wild animals on the ground to flop down in terror, soiling themselves, wailing everywhere.

"Great God of Hunting, I've never offended you, nor disturbed your followers. Why won't you give me a way out?" A giant bird with disheveled feathers pleaded in terror, its voice sharp.

"No, killing you is not my purpose." The God of Hunting said with a smile—a manifestation of weak divine power that completely took on a human form. Over this past year, as the faith from human followers gradually stabilized and their numbers increased, the god unconsciously began to adaptively change. This incarnation was a result of that influence:

"Kemola, truly the god as its name."

(Kemola: in common language means Wing of the Sky)

The god's eyes shone brightly, the greatest limitation for gods on Earth being their slow flying speed. A demigod naturally capable of flight like this was simply born for Earth's warfare. The god continued:

Chapter 416: World Will

"I come with sincerity, as long as you submit to me, you will be a subordinate deity under my protection and I can make you a True God; otherwise, death is the only outcome today!" He revealed a cruel smile.

During this period, He was not idle at all. To thoroughly harvest that fertile, masterless land of faith, He worked harder than in the entire previous hundred years combined, tirelessly coercing and cajoling a large number of powerful creatures without power daily.

Kemola felt the terrifying Divine Power emanating from the other and hesitated for a moment. Under the threat of death, he agreed with humiliation in his heart: "Great God of Hunting, I hope you will keep your promise."

After speaking, He couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

The otherworld is barbaric and bloody. Not only are the Barbarians in a state of primitive tribes, but this also includes the gods themselves. This is a savage world following the law of the jungle, where the strong reign supreme and the fittest survive.

As a Demigod, to mortal beings, He was naturally invincibly powerful, instilling fear and inspiring awe, held in high regard by mortal believers.

But to a True God, He was merely a somewhat larger ant who would compete with them for sustenance, and once discovered, they would seek to eliminate Him promptly.

No True God would be willing to have a large ant competing with them for faith.

He did not have a Divine Country to hide His true form, nor did He have the mighty power to repel enemies. He could only survive in the cracks, worrying and fearfully developing faith every day, fearing that one day, a True God who found Him annoying would eradicate Him.

His survival environment was extremely harsh.

If under the protection of a powerful True God, although losing freedom, it would be a good thing to some extent.

"We can sign a contract under Tamu's will," the God of Hunting said with a smile, "As long as you fight for me for one hundred years, then I'll allocate you a million masterless believers and grant you my protection."

"One million masterless believers, fighting for one hundred years?" Kemola was shocked.

He could hardly believe it in his heart. The terms were too generous, completely beyond His expectations.

A million believers, probably most True Gods do not even have that many.

Moreover, the time span is only a brief century, which would pass in the blink of an eye.

If such generous terms were offered earlier, He wouldn't have fled!

"Indeed, you didn't mishear!" the God of Hunting said, secretly despising in His heart, what an inexperienced Demigod.

Although a million believers are many, to that world, whose population is measured in billions, it's completely insignificant, akin to capturing a city.

Kemola, with a suspicious expression, asked, "No other conditions, just a hundred years."

He knew many gods sign harsh contracts, once becoming a subordinate deity, unless the Main God falls, they would never have a chance at freedom.

"Of course not, I am a merciful deity. After a hundred years, you're free!" the God of Hunting said with a smile. He is always generous to His subordinates, He could naturally sign even harsher conditions, but by then they might harbor resentment and work inefficiently, which would be completely counterproductive.

Besides, it is to be seen if the other can live through a hundred years.

If one manages to survive the plane wars, by then He might have already achieved medium Divine Power, or even Powerful Divine Power status.

...

The actual signed contract is naturally more complicated than what was verbally stated, with more terms and constraints.

Both gods swore under the name of Tamu's will, and soon, a contract condensed by Divine Power turned into countless golden light dots, slowly dissolving in the air.

Kemola felt a sense of relief in his heart.

Tamu is not only the name of the world but also the origin of all creatures. It's said that after this great supreme fell, His will merged into the entire world, becoming the world's will, ever-present yet traceable.

Only when He ignites the Divine Fire can He vaguely feel His existence.

No god dares to breach a contract signed under Tamu World's will.

Otherwise, at a minimum, one's divine rank would fall, plagued by calamities; in severe cases, one's divine form would be annihilated, every god would be unable to escape.

...

After just a few days of peace and training, Chen Shouyi got new assignments.

The security in cities around Dongning began to deteriorate sharply these days, with large numbers of Barbarians appearing everywhere, and cults reviving. Among them, the most severe city even had its local garrison attacked at night, with heavy casualties among the soldiers.

The local government was already unable to maintain the situation.

...

The helicopter emitted a loud noise, Chen Shouyi sat on the seat, resting with his eyes closed.

No one dared disturb him.

He checked his attribute panel.

Strength: 17.4

Agility: 17.7

Constitution: 17.3

Intelligence: 17.1

Perception: 15.4

Will: 16.3

"Finally, the strength reached 17.4, gaining a bit more power!"

Over this period, his strength, perception, and will all increased by 0.1.

Especially his strength, having broken through 2 tons at a stretch.

"The extreme strength data of a Martial Artist seems to be two tons, so now can I say I surpassed the Martial Artist?"

"It didn't seem that difficult, it was crossed easily!" Chen Shouyi mused:

"It must be because I weigh more than average people!"

Due to training in the Horizontal Training Thirty-Six Forms, he is now weighing almost 150 kilograms, completely twice the weight for his body type, the bigger the tonnage, the higher the strength limit naturally.

"Of course, it could also be due to being a Divine Creature!" he thought for a while, opened his eyes, and touched the Long Sword on his lap, recalling the energy from that legendary Barbarian a few days ago:

"I wonder how this energy is cultivated."

He also possesses energy.

The vortex in the Dantian has always been gradually growing stronger.

Unfortunately, besides allowing him to absorb Original Force spontaneously and strengthen his body, this energy is like stagnant water, impossible to mobilize in the least.

He clenched his fist, causing a slight boom in the air.

The pilot in front twitched his hand, causing the helicopter to sway left and right.

Accompanied by Chen Shouyi, Zhang Miaomiao, dispatched by the Provincial Government to understand the situation in detail, turned pale with fright and couldn't help but say:

"Chief Advisor, this is a helicopter, we are at five or six hundred meters in altitude, for the sake of your safety, please refrain from doing such dangerous acts?"

Chen Shouyi apologized with an embarrassed smile, he didn't exert much force, just clenched lightly, not even using half his strength, unexpectedly the pilot had such poor psychological stability!

He quickly apologized to the pilot.

One must show a certain amount of respect to those who can control your life.

Falling from four or five hundred meters high, even he would likely die.

"N...no problem, Chief Advisor, rest...rest assured, I...I will surely get you to the destination safely," the pilot stammered nervously.

You said that, but I'm more uneasy now.

Chen Shouyi muttered inwardly but didn't speak further to avoid making the pilot more anxious.

Fortunately, the pilot was still reliable.

A little over an hour later, the helicopter flew over Dongxing City. Through the window, Chen Shouyi found it even more desolate compared to the last time he passed by. Besides military police on the road, there were almost no pedestrians, shops were shut tight, and occasionally bloodstains were visible on the road.

Soon, the helicopter landed gently on a rooftop of a tall building.

He grabbed his luggage and sword and jumped off the helicopter.

At this moment, the distant sound of gunfire, dense as popping beans, faintly reached his ears.

He took a step over seven or eight meters far to the edge of the rooftop, gazing at the distance.

However, due to distance and building obstructions, he saw nothing.

Zhang Miaomiao walked over: "Chief Advisor, what are you looking at?"

She obviously hadn't heard a thing.

"It's a bit chaotic here, be careful, let's go!" Chen Shouyi said.

"Don't underestimate me, I'm not an ordinary person, I'm a Martial Artist Apprentice, too. I once passed the certification test; otherwise, I wouldn't have been dispatched here by the higher-ups!" Zhang Miaomiao smiled and said.

What difference is there between a Martial Artist Apprentice and an ordinary person?

Chen Shouyi thought quietly.

Going downstairs, people were already waiting there, and upon seeing the two, they enthusiastically came forward to greet them.

"Are you Chief Advisor Chen and Director Zhang? We've been eagerly anticipating your arrival. I am Qian Pengcheng, the District Chief of Lanshan District under Dongxing City, currently acting as the mayor. Welcome to you both, after a long journey!"

Chapter 417: Faith Returns to the Gods

Qian Pengcheng appeared to be in his fifties, with a thin, dark build. He was wearing an old-fashioned jacket, and beneath his semi-bald head, a few sparse strands of hair valiantly swayed in the breeze.

If he hadn't revealed his identity, Chen Shouyi would never have guessed that this little old man was a district chief, no, the acting mayor!

He shook hands separately with Chen Shouyi and Zhang Miaomiao, finally gripping Chen Shouyi tightly. A string of transparent blisters at the corner of his mouth became shiny as he spoke hoarsely:

"Chief Advisor Chen, I've seen your name in Everyone's Daily. With your arrival, we feel assured!"

Chen Shouyi gently struggled, but his counterpart seemed unaware. He had to endure the discomfort of being tightly held by an old man, and he said, "Mayor Qian, you're too kind. I'll do my best. Can you let go of my hand first?"

"Sorry, sorry, I got too excited." Qian Pengcheng quickly reacted, awkwardly releasing his grip, "Let's head to the temporary City Government now. The conditions are a bit crude, please don't mind!"

Only when he saw it in person did Chen Shouyi understand what "crude conditions" truly meant!

The two reached the parking lot of the building, only to see an empty parking lot with just two bicycles placed there.

"I'm really sorry, cars are easily attacked by Barbarians now. Bicycles are the safest and don't attract attention," Qian Pengcheng hurriedly explained.

"Is it that severe already?" Zhang Miaomiao asked, feeling a gloom in her heart upon hearing this.

"It's more serious than I've stated. Do you know why a district chief like me is now the acting mayor? It's because those ahead of me in line are either temporarily ill or have already sacrificed themselves, so I had to step up." A hint of self-mockery flashed across Qian Pengcheng's face, and then he sighed, "Even the officers of the guard troops have been replaced once."

Zhang Miaomiao's expression turned somber. If the terrible Barbarian in Hedong from a few days back hadn't been defeated and killed by Chief Advisor Chen, Hedong City would have likely ended up the same.

No amount of troops can counter the slash tactics.

The defense always has its lapses. There's no such thing as being able to guard against thieves for a thousand days, only having thieves for a thousand days.

"Enough talk, Chief Advisor, you can take my bike. It will only take a few minutes!" Qian Pengcheng expressed warmly.

"No, thank you; I'll ride myself!" Chen Shouyi responded.

"Then Director Zhang can accompany you!" Qian Pengcheng turned to Zhang Miaomiao, saying.

"I don't need it either; I'll ride with Chief Advisor!" Zhang Miaomiao quickly replied. Who would want to ride your bike with the smell of smoke and grease all over it.

Chen Shouyi naturally had no objections to Zhang Miaomiao wanting to ride with him.

She probably weighed under a hundred pounds, so he wouldn't be too burdened!

After Chen Shouyi got on the bike, Zhang Miaomiao jogged a few steps, skillfully sitting sideways on the rear seat, naturally wrapping her arms around his waist.

Chen Shouyi's body tensed slightly but soon relaxed again.

As they left the parking lot, Chen Shouyi keenly noticed that Qian Pengcheng wasn't alone; there was a casually dressed middle-aged man riding a bicycle on the street, secretly offering protection, likely a Martial Artist from the area.

The three of them didn't speak but silently rode together.

Perhaps due to the soldiers enforcing martial law, the streets were relatively safe, and there were no signs of chaos.

Actually, slash tactics are somewhat effective against humans but don't have much impact overall.

In a mature and stable government, no one is irreplaceable. A large team of government officials deeply embedded from the top down to the grassroots would ensure continuity even if the upper layers were all taken out, preventing chaotic collapse and allowing for quick stabilization.

However, if these fears persist and everybody feels vulnerable, the city could completely collapse.

A few minutes later, the bicycles entered a heavily guarded park and finally stopped in front of a green brick building from the 1950s or 60s.

Above it were several large red characters:

"Civil Defense Facility Entrance"

Chen Shouyi was momentarily stunned as he got off the bike.

This was too exaggerated.

It felt just like an underground party.

Qian Pengcheng seemed to sense their surprise, opening the outer iron gate while hoarsely explaining, "This is for safety; there's no other choice. Otherwise, no one can work peacefully!"

Chen Shouyi nodded, remaining silent.

When the three stepped inside, they found the inside less relaxed and more intense. Just 200 meters ahead of the passage, two armored vehicles were parked side by side, each armed with two 35mm caliber rapid-fire guns aimed at the entrance.

These guns typically mount shrapnel shells filled with powder and steel balls or steel arrows, iron fragments, etc. Their warheads have timed fuses, capable of exploding over the intended target or upon impact. If a Barbarian dares to enter, even a legendary powerhouse would face death in such a narrow, inescapable space.

Moreover, there's more than just one defense setup; similar arrangements are found at intervals.

Watching the gasoline lamps on the walls, Zhang Miaomiao asked, "Has there been a power outage here?"

Now, after grid renovations, major cities in Jiangnan Province have restored power supply.

"The power lines were destroyed a few days ago, but phones still work!" Qian Pengcheng explained.

In the depths of the bunker, people gradually increased in number.

Before long, the acting city officials and their team enthusiastically approached.

After some pleasantries.

The city officials immediately invited the two to the meeting room to discuss the situation in Dongxing City.

Chen Shouyi discovered that Dongxing City was already quite dire. In recent days, there had been daily attack incidents, with a substantial number of assailants, and none of them were ordinary Barbarians. They were not only powerful but also extremely cunning. Martial Artists from Dongxing City couldn't withstand them, and the only two significant Martial Artists in the city have already sacrificed themselves.

So far, only five Barbarians have been killed.

Behind every kill, a heavy price was paid.

Dongxing City, located next to Dongning, was obviously a key target for attacks.

Just as they were talking, there came a sudden knock on the door. When the city official said, "Please come in," a secretary entered quickly, leaning close to whisper with a solemn expression, "A small number of civilians in Haicheng District are walking the streets, shouting slogans demanding... demanding..."

"Don't beat around the bush, what are they demanding?" The city official interrupted.

"Demanding no war, peace, faith should belong to the gods, and secular matters to the government!"

"Utterly foolish, there must be sinister cult elements inciting this!" The city official slammed the table fiercely, his face red with anger, neck veins bulging.

Faced with the province's envoy and the province's Chief Advisor, such a major blunder left him somewhat disgraced.

Dongxing City's proximity to Dongning caused fear of the Barbarian God and skepticism about the future. He had long known that quite a few ignorant people, especially in some rural outskirts, secretly worship the Barbarian God, hoping for peace of mind.

It's even formed some underground secret circles.

Although the City Government conducts periodic and repeated grassroots propaganda campaigns and strictly cracks down on those worshipping the Barbarian God, unfortunately, this cannot be completely eradicated, especially since worshipping the Barbarian God has indeed produced some tangible effects, leading to a gradual spread.

"What's the current situation?"

"The crowd has been dispersed by the soldiers, but a soldier was killed." The secretary said.

"What happened?" The city official's face changed.

"The soldier was stabbed by a murderer taking advantage of the chaos during the dispersal, then blended into the crowd. We haven't located him yet!"

Chapter 418: Trap (Part 1)

The topic of opening up faith has always been sensitive and dangerous.

Indeed, to many, the Barbarian God of the alternate world doesn't need land or human wealth. It's not a life-or-death genocidal war; invading Earth is only for faith. It seems like letting it go wouldn't matter.

Peaceful coexistence is entirely possible.

Before discovering the alternate world, humanity already had countless religions. In many countries, religion even permeates all aspects of life, yet people still lived normally and developed well.

However, these gods were all imaginary.

For most people, faith had become a habit, a custom, a tradition.

Even many in the divine position view it merely as a livelihood.

With technological development, the old ignorance gradually vanished. Most people believe in gods as a spiritual support, a wish for a better future, a placebo. They do what needs to be done in daily life and go to hospitals when sick, rather than praying to deities.

Even if someone desecrated gods, it wouldn't result in murder out of anger. Most avoided it, at most leading to verbal disputes.

Today's religions have no power to intervene in political authority. The deterrent power of law outweighs religion.

However, the Barbarian God is different, he is a personified deity, real and existing.

In the hearts of believers, he is sacred, majestic, inviolable, and worth dying for.

The influence and destructiveness between the two are worlds apart, like a grenade compared to a nuclear bomb.

Whoever controls the mind controls everything.

When the majority starts to believe in the gods, the will of the gods becomes everything, and by then, nations and ethnicities will cease to exist, and society will revert to a dark theocratic medieval era.

...

Next, Qian Pengcheng personally accompanied the two to settle down.

This air-raid shelter was of high specification, quite large, with complete supplies and facilities. In some sense, it was a shelter.

There were quite a few living quarters inside, and the staff had been staying here during this period.

Qian Pengcheng opened the door, lit the kerosene lamp, and apologized:

"Chief Advisor, the conditions are humble, please don't mind!"

Chen Shouyi surveyed the room. It wasn't large, just like a hotel single room, but it was quite clean, and the quilts were new, evidently just tidied up:

"It's fine. As long as there's a place to stay!"

After Qian Pengcheng and Zhang Miaomiao left, Chen Shouyi closed the door, took out his briefcase, unzipped it, and released the Shell Lady.

Then he took a pile of her treasures from his backpack.

Chen Shouyi opened the bow case and quickly assembled the parts into a War Bow.

Half a minute later, Chen Shouyi stood fully armed.

"Play by yourself here; I'm going out for a while!"

The Shell Lady, playing with the Ruby, became alert and immediately put down the jewel, asking seriously, "Good Giant, are you going out to hit the bad Giant again?"

"How do you know?" Chen Shouyi asked curiously.

"Because every time you take this 'bang bang' thing, you go to hit the bad Giant!" The Shell Lady pointed with her white little finger at the bow in Chen Shouyi's hand, looking at him as if he couldn't fool her.

This little thing is getting smarter and smarter.

"Do you want to come with me to kill the bad Giant?" Chen Shouyi raised an eyebrow. Not long ago, the Shell Lady tearfully said she'd go wherever he went, and he remembered it clearly.

The Shell Lady hesitated for a long time, then decided against it. She suddenly yawned theatrically, "Little One is very sleepy now, won't go help the Good Giant, and will obediently wait here for the Good Giant to return."

Hehe!

Chen Shouyi was speechless towards this little drama queen: "Then sleep well!"

"Little One will definitely sleep well!" The Shell Lady immediately said, then uneasily added, "Good Giant, you have to come back early, or Little One will miss you."

...

On the rooftop of a skyscraper.

The cold wind was biting, making the clothes flap loudly.

This building, located near the City Government's park, was the tallest.

The weather in November had the damp cold of a Jiangnan winter, with temperatures around five degrees.

Nearby, a group of soldiers in charge of anti-aircraft guns, wearing thick coats, still had slightly purple lips due to the cold. But such temperatures felt like a spring breeze to Chen Shouyi, who was used to the icy and snowy conditions of the alternate world.

Even wearing a thin sports jacket, he hardly felt cold.

He scanned sharply, trying to notice any anomalies.

Unfortunately, he had been standing here for half an hour, and everything remained calm around him.

He was somewhat bored; honestly, he disliked these stealthy enemies the most.

Just as Chen Shouyi became impatient, gunshots rang out from afar.

The nearby soldiers felt a slight tremor on the rooftop, and his figure had already disappeared.

"He... did he jump?" a soldier stammered, looking at a suddenly appearing one-foot-wide dent nearby.

This building was at least one hundred and fifty to sixty meters high.

"Go take a look quickly!" the squad leader hurriedly said.

"Yes."

A soldier quickly ran over. As he reached the edge of the rooftop and before he could look down, he caught sight of a figure in the air flying like a bird. He excitedly said, "He... he's flying."

"Flying my ass, he jumped across!" said another soldier who came up later: "It's incredible, the building in front is a hundred meters away, with a drop of forty to fifty meters. Is this even human?"

"Shut up!" the squad leader hurriedly said.

...

In mid-air, the wind howled.

"Bang"

As his feet landed, a large section of the rooftop cracked instantly. After several rolls to dissipate the impact, he quickly stood up. A few steps of running start, and he continued to leap towards another building.

A minute later, he leapt several kilometers and rushed to the scene swiftly.

The area was already surrounded by military police.

Five corpses lay on the ground amidst a pool of blood, and the attacker had long vanished.

From the arrows and wounds left around, it was evident they were killed by bows and arrows.

Chen Shouyi noticed that two of the dead were wearing army fatigues, bearing a major's insignia and a lieutenant's insignia, respectively. It seemed they were targeted by the attacker for this reason.

"Damn it!"

Chen Shouyi's face darkened as he called over a soldier who appeared to be in charge, showed his credentials, and asked, "I'm today's Provincial Safety Chief Advisor Chen Shouyi, where is the Barbarian?"

"Chief... Chief Advisor, hello, they escaped." The soldier saluted quickly.

"Which direction?"

The officer quickly calmed down from his nervousness, pointed to a distant building, and said mournfully, "The arrows were shot from that direction, but they disappeared long ago. This was supposed to be a trap to lure the Barbarian, but we didn't expect them to use bows and arrows!"

"This was a trap?" Chen Shouyi then noticed that the soldiers here were all with enlisted insignias, none were officers, and there seemed to be numerous indistinct glances cast here, revealing hidden hands in the surroundings.

"Do you have the courage for another performance?" Chen Shouyi looked around and said to the officer.

Chapter 419: Knocked Flat

Half an hour later, Chen Shouyi dressed in a military uniform with a major's epaulettes, accompanied by six soldiers, pretended to be patrolling as they walked quickly down the street.

His War Bow had been disassembled and packed into a luggage bag, carried by one of the soldiers.

Other than holding a sword in his hand, he looked no different from an ordinary officer.

"Will there really be a Barbarian attack like this?"

"Most likely! These Barbarians are very familiar with human armies and will never let them go once they see them!" the officer in soldier's attire said, glancing tensely around.

"Don't be nervous." Chen Shouyi glanced at him and comforted him.

"I'm not nervous!" The officer's face turned slightly red as he hurriedly replied.

Just around a corner, Chen Shouyi keenly sensed he was being targeted. He whispered, "Careful, they're here!"

All the soldiers felt a tightness in their hearts upon hearing this, their bodies became rigid as they subconsciously gripped their rifles tightly.

Having witnessed bloodshed, none of them were paralyzed by fear, continuing to march steadily.

The opposite party seemed to be observing, assessing the danger, patient enough, until finally after over ten seconds, they couldn't hold back anymore and leapt out with a sword from a building's window.

While still in mid-air, the Barbarian saw that the human officer suddenly looked up at him, his calm face showing a pair of sharp eyes carrying a hint of cruelty.

His heart sank.

A trap!

He felt a foreboding omen.

The next moment, this feeling turned into reality. As he landed heavily, his body was stunned and paralyzed by the shock, and his eyes saw a figure instantly approaching. He felt like he had been plunged into an ice cellar, his complexion drastically changing.

In his final view, he only saw a flash of sword light, instantly slicing across his throat, causing his entire vision to rapidly flip.

Chen Shouyi shook his sword lightly and sheathed it.

"Let's go, continue." Chen Shouyi walked to the front of the group and said.

"Thud!"

The headless corpse fell down behind them.

It was only then that the soldiers woke up as if from a dream, exchanging glances.

What just happened?

I didn't see it either!

...

Two hours later, Chen Shouyi encountered another attack.

He swiftly reached out to swat away a rebar whistling his way. In the next moment, his figure moved like the wind, quickly stepping as if shooting through the night sky like a meteor, stepping to the front of the building, and leaping with force to smash the sixth-floor window lightly jumping inside.

The Barbarian, who had just shot the rebar, was stunned, his face changed drastically, and he let out a desperate shout, drew his sword, and lunged forward rapidly.

Two figures crossed paths.

The Barbarian ran another step, became stiff, his upper and lower body separated, tumbling repeatedly with intestines and innards spilling out.

Chen Shouyi turned without hesitation and jumped down from the window.

These Barbarians are not weak; each one can practically contend with a newly promoted Martial Artist.

In such a complex environment with people everywhere in urban warfare, any one of them can turn a city upside down unless traps are set. Otherwise, it's extremely difficult to kill these Barbarians, who are essentially single-combat kings.

But Chen Shouyi is stronger.

Strength, Agility, Constitution, Intelligence—all attributes above seventeen points make killing these Barbarians for him as easy as slaughtering chickens.

...

The sun gradually tilted westward.

At this time, Chen Shouyi said, "You should head back; let's wrap up here for today."

"Chief Advisor, we're not tired." The officer quickly said, even though his face showed signs of fatigue, his eyes gleaming with excitement, and he shouted, "Let us accompany you to kill Barbarians, it's been so stifling these last couple of days, today has been the most exhilarating!"

"Right, Chief Advisor, I feel I can last until dawn, no, a few days and nights is no problem!" Another young soldier said with a face full of admiration.

"We are not afraid of fatigue, not afraid of dying, just afraid of not killing the enemy." Yet another young soldier said.

Chen Shouyi looked at these resolute soldiers, two of whom showed youthful faces, not much older than him, and an indescribable feeling welled up in his heart.

If he were not a Martial Artist, if he hadn't obtained the Book of Knowledge but was an ordinary person, his performance would likely be far inferior to these men.

Nevertheless, he still insisted coldly and refused, "Go back. You might not eat, but I need to eat!"

Seeing him say this, the soldiers could only give up.

Chen Shouyi took the bag containing the disassembled components of the War Bow and, after the soldiers left, he quickly assembled the War Bow, shouldered the quiver, and sensed another gaze, though fleeting, it conveyed a subtle sense of danger.

He immediately realized he had encountered a formidable foe.

If it were like last time with such a legendary force, he could not worry about those soldiers then.

...

A cold wind blew through, and several plastic bags danced and rolled on the street.

A few scattered pedestrians hurried by.

In the distance, the cries of children and the shrill bickering of women echoed.

Chen Shouyi held his War Bow, taking steps forward, cautiously observing his surroundings. Unfortunately, since the feeling of being watched earlier disappeared, there hadn't been any further occurrence, and he regretfully sighed.

He immediately sped up his pace, returning to the shelter before dark.

...

In the evening, the City Government held a welcoming banquet for Chen Shouyi and his group.

At the banquet, Chen Shouyi was urged to drink a lot.

The main reason being that those persuading him were several beautiful young ladies. Seeing his youthful and handsome appearance, they weren't afraid of him at all.

He said he wouldn't drink anymore, just have some beverages, but the young ladies kept clinging to him, repeatedly urging him to drink and provoking him in various ways, causing Chen Shouyi's head to swell a size. Even seasoned warriors cannot withstand such a scene, let alone him.

Unconsciously, he drank quite a bit.

He directly knocked these women flat.

In the end, even Zhang Miaomiao, who initially claimed never to drink, started to drink white liquor, seemingly wanting to get him drunk too.

Once again, she was knocked flat!

Competing in drinking with a peak Martial Artist is simply overestimating oneself.

While rubbing his slightly bulging stomach, Chen Shouyi opened the room door with a slightly smug face.

"Good Giant, come back..." The Shell Lady just poked out from under the covers and hadn't finished her sentence before covering her nose in disgust, saying, "You smell!"

Chen Shouyi sat on the bed with a face full of mischief, saying, "Smell what? This is fragrance. Come closer and you'll know it's fragrant!"

"Getting closer to smell, really fragrant?" The Shell Lady asked doubtfully, quickly crawling along Chen Shouyi's arm, up to his shoulder, with her little face leaning near Chen Shouyi's mouth, "Let me sniff closer!"

Chen Shouyi mischievously blew a breath at her.

The high concentration of alcohol aura instantly blew like a storm, making the Shell Lady's hair messy.

The Shell Lady sniffed several times repeatedly, her face rapidly flushed with an extraordinary red, her body swayed as if intoxicated, falling from his shoulder.

He hurriedly reached out to catch her, placing her back on the bed.

Unexpectedly, the Shell Lady had such a low tolerance for alcohol.

"Bad Giant, you... you deceived me, not fragrant at all," The Shell Lady said with a flushed face, swaying adorably.

"Haha!" Watching the Shell Lady in her drunken stupor, Chen Shouyi laughed happily at her misery, then got up to go brush his teeth in the bathroom.

Chapter 420: Ambushed

The night was pitch black.

In a desolate, unfinished building.

In the corner, several stray dog carcasses, disemboweled, cut into large chunks of meat.

Six barbarians silently tore into the raw flesh, blood splattering from their mouths.

The environment dictates the customs; in the strange world, under normal conditions, it's hard to light a fire, and eating raw food has become a habit.

At this moment, an unusually strong barbarian cautiously and respectfully asked a massive shadow in the distance, "Respected master, Luo Ba, Heishan, and Majiao have not returned yet. Could they be dead?"

These barbarians were formidable warriors summoned from various tribes, but they dared not offend this vicious and fearsome master.

When they first arrived, a tribal leader from a small tribe, oblivious to the height of the heavens, spoke disrespectfully. However, the master only gave him a glance, and the man immediately froze, completely stiff, and was eventually eaten alive from head to toe.

The massive shadow, gorging beside them, lifted its head, revealing a ferocious face. It smiled bloodthirstily, sharp teeth dripping with blood and tendrils of flesh, and rasped, "Are you asking me?"

"Y-Yes, respected master," the barbarian couldn't help but swallow, replying.

"I don't know about the others, but Majiao is down to just one leg!" He extended a pale, large hand, lifting a leg, gesturing slightly towards the nearby barbarians. The leg, over a meter long, looked like a lamb's leg in his hand.

The surroundings suddenly went quiet.

"Y-You killed him? He was a devout follower of the Lord. Aren't you afraid of the great Lord's wrath?"

"Wrath, no, never! I would never anger a True God. I'm just eating his corpse; I don't think He would mind." The shadow said calmly.

Hearing it was a corpse, all the barbarians breathed a sigh of relief.

Cannibalism is quite common in the strange world. Many tribes never waste the corpses of their clan members after death. Unlike humans, they don't feel much discomfort about eating corpses. To them, a corpse is merely a vessel for the soul. Once the soul leaves, it becomes just a pile of flesh, no different from other meat.

"Respected master, do you know how Majiao died?"

"He was killed by a strong human!" the shadow said calmly, then began gnawing on the remaining leg, flesh and bone, the sound of cracking resonating eerily in the silent building.

"Humans have strong ones too? Aren't humans at most just like our ordinary warriors? We've killed so many these days," a barbarian said incredulously. He had just arrived on Earth recently and hadn't encountered any strong ones, though the humans' weapons were quite formidable.

"Humans do have strong ones, just very, very few!" another barbarian said gravely, then looked towards the shadow. "Respected master, why didn't you kill him? Is that human stronger than you?"

The shadow, busy feasting on the corpse, paused, then smiled bloodthirstily and said, "No, to me, you're all no different. I just don't like wasting food. One corpse is enough to eat; any more would have to be left for tomorrow, and it wouldn't be fresh."

...

Having finished practicing the Thirty-Six Forms of Horizontal Training, Chen Shouyi sat on the bed, checking his attribute panel:

"Finally, my willpower increased by 0.1 points!"

He exhaled, rested for a while, let his strength recover a bit, poured himself a cup of hot water, drank it in two or three gulps without minding the heat, and picked up his sword, "Let's see how the sword qi is!"

He tested the length of the sword qi against the wall.

"It's already 25 centimeters!"

Then, Chen Shouyi tested the weight he could manipulate.

He found he had made significant progress in this area and could lift up to fifty kilograms.

He became a bit excited.

Fifty kilograms, which is about the weight of a woman.

In theory, he could already make most women fly.

Of course, in reality, his strength was still slightly lacking.

Chen Shouyi had long noticed that living beings and non-living entities were different; living beings emitted a spiritual field all over (where perception and will combine into spiritual power, two sides of the same coin), and although an ordinary person's spiritual field was too weak to be noteworthy, it could still interfere with his willpower to some extent.

If his willpower could be fully unleashed on a corpse, it could only exert seventy percent on an ordinary person.

And the stronger the spiritual field, the greater the interference.

As for a peak martial artist like Luo Jingwen, whose perception and will were extremely strong, his willpower had virtually no effect.

Fortunately, there seemed to be no restrictions when applied to himself.

Chen Shouyi felt that when his willpower acted on himself, he felt significantly lighter.

Unfortunately, he weighed 150 kilograms; even minus fifty, he was still 100 kilograms.

"However, at this rate of improvement, once my willpower reaches seventeen points, I should be able to fly!" Thinking about flying through the air like a bird, Chen Shouyi couldn't help but smile faintly.

"Alas, I just don't know how long I'll have to wait." He sighed, sheathed his sword, and went to the bathroom to shower.

...

The news of killing three barbarians yesterday quickly spread.

Early in the morning, a deputy commander from the local garrison personally came to the door with a group of people, warmly expressing gratitude and specifically arranging personnel to continue the entrapment operation.

Unlike yesterday's hasty setup, to make it more convincing, the local garrison provided a set of Major General's military attire, an armored vehicle, and the bait was no longer ordinary soldiers, each one was a military martial artist.

Chen Shouyi initially thought more would be attracted this time once the barbarians discovered it, they would definitely swarm in.

However, a whole morning passed, and after running around a district, not a single barbarian appeared.

"Chief Advisor, perhaps we should eat first!" proposed a military martial artist.

"Alright," Chen Shouyi checked the time and saw it was already noon and said helplessly.

The meal was single-ration military food they carried.

Chen Shouyi tore open a packet of beef jerky, putting it in his mouth to chew, glanced at the armored vehicle a dozen meters behind, and asked, "Do you think it could be because of that big fellow that the barbarians dare not come?"

"It shouldn't be, those barbarians are powerful and bold, daring even to attack a military camp; such an armored vehicle is nothing in their eyes," said another military martial artist.

Half a day's interaction had made the military martial artists significantly more relaxed, not as tense as they initially were.

"Well, that's strange!" Chen Shouyi joked, "Could it be that they're afraid because I killed them?"

"I think it could be possible!" the military officer immediately complimented.

"Definitely scared!" another martial artist tactfully added.

...

After lunch and a short rest, they continued moving.

Passing a tall building, Chen Shouyi suddenly sensed a strong feeling of being watched, an inkling of danger, his face changed slightly, and he abruptly halted: "Everyone, retreat."

Just as he finished speaking, a massive chunk of concrete plunged rapidly from above, whistling like a shell.

The next moment, it crashed heavily onto the armored vehicle behind them.

The ten-ton armored vehicle was smashed airborne, rolling and shattering the opposite building's wall.

An adjacent military martial artist could not dodge in time and was hit in the head by a piece of debris, vibrating his whole body, his skull shattered, dead on the spot.

The sudden attack left Chen Shouyi with barely enough time to shield nearby martial artists from debris, unable to save everyone.

The next moment, he witnessed a massive figure leap from the building, landing on the ground.