

New Era 451

Chapter 451: Advancement

Chen Shouyi left the command headquarters and returned to the rooftop of the garrison.

He walked into his tent, put down his backpack, and still feeling a bit restless with excitement, paced back and forth.

The enhancement to one's strength from intelligence is the most apparent.

"Once the ten vials of low-grade Divine Marrow are delivered, my strength will undoubtedly undergo a world-shaking transformation!"

He felt that by then, he wouldn't need to fear even directly confronting a Demigod.

Thinking of this, he couldn't help but laugh out loud.

Though he had already killed two demigods, his true strength still fell far short of them.

The first female demigod was already seriously injured, so there was nothing to say about that.

The second bird-like demigod, however, abandoned its advantage by descending from the sky to the ground and even crawled into a low building. Its legs couldn't stand upright, its wings couldn't unfold, its movement was restricted, and attacking became difficult. It couldn't exert even one-tenth of its full strength.

His victory could only be attributed to favorable timing, geographical advantage, and human harmony, coupled with a death-defying gambit.

Any slight mistake could have led to death!

Chen Shouyi picked up some cold water from last night and drank it all in one gulp to suppress his excitement.

He rubbed his face and walked out of the tent.

"Chief Advisor Chen, is there any good news?" Feng Hansong greeted with a smile as he looked at Chen Shouyi.

Was it that obvious?

"You got it wrong, where's the good news?" Chen Shouyi curbed his smile upon hearing this, sat down at his seat, and said calmly.

It's better to stay low-key, acting pretentious easily provokes jealousy!

Feng Hansong didn't press further, took a sip of tea, and suddenly said, "I've got something to tell you guys, tomorrow I'll be transferred, and part of the troops in Hedong will be withdrawn as well."

"Where to?" Qin Liuyuan asked immediately.

"To Pingzhou! It's said that the battle there is intense, with heavy casualties!" Feng Hansong replied.

Chen Shouyi fell silent at these words, as urban warfare is the hardest of all wars, causing the most severe casualties. Pingzhou is the main base of the Barbarians. Although some have escaped through space, those still remaining in Pingzhou are likely not a small number.

Fifty thousand? A hundred thousand?

It might be much more!

If they were all Barbarians, it wouldn't be that difficult to handle; just lock down Pingzhou and bomb it, even resort to nuclear missiles directly.

The key issue is that Pingzhou has more civilians than Barbarians.

It's not like Dongning; after Dongning fell for more than half a year, the surviving civilians were mostly assimilated into cultists. Launching a nuclear bomb was more for strategic significance.

The situation was perilous at the time, and it was a measure of last resort to weaken the Barbarian God's power and sever their two-front assault.

But Pingzhou has only fallen for about a week, and the civilians haven't been assimilated yet. Now that the God of Hunting has fled and cannot return to Earth anytime soon, it is naturally impossible to use such extreme measures again.

To capture Pingzhou, a huge sacrifice will likely be required.

...

Originally, Chen Shouyi thought the delivery of Divine Marrow would arrive by dusk, but unexpectedly, it arrived shortly after lunch.

Chen Shouyi rushed back to the temporary command headquarters, where a team of fully-armed soldiers was already waiting.

After carefully verifying his identity, the leading officer saluted and handed over a metallic suitcase: "Mr. Chen, this is your delivery. Please check and sign for it."

Delivery?

Chen Shouyi was taken aback by the term.

But it was indeed quite fast!

Chen Shouyi opened the suitcase, checked that the ten vials of low-grade Divine Marrow were correct, and signed the document.

Immediately, he picked up the suitcase and left.

He casually found an empty hotel, randomly chose a room, and gently pushed the door open, causing the lock to fly off.

He walked in.

The room was full of dust, the air thick with a musty smell.

He frowned slightly, focused his will, and all the dust rose, making the entire room spotless in less than a second. Even the bed's yellow-stained mattress and sheets returned to a clean white.

He placed the briefcase down and sat on the bed.

Click...

He opened the suitcase.

Ten vials of low-grade Divine Marrow were lined up, emitting a clear glow like moonlight.

Like the most captivating jewels, they appeared so delightful.

He gently stroked it with his finger; his heart couldn't help but throb.

He picked one up, opened the cork with a "pop," and drank it in one go.

The same taste.

Fishy, salty, sticky!

He smacked his lips, feeling that the quality was exactly the same as last time, with no dilution at all.

As an electric tingling ran through his scalp, he felt mentally dazed, and after a few seconds, his brain quickly became clear.

He immediately checked his attribute panel.

He found that his intelligence had increased by 0.2, reaching 17.3.

"The effect is weaker than last time; the last time I took the final vial of low-grade Divine Marrow, I still gained 0.3." Chen Shouyi thought somewhat dissatisfied.

Then, he picked up another bottle, opened the cork, and drank it all.

This time, however, it only increased by 0.1, reaching 17.4.

His heart chilled slightly: "The effect is decreasing too fast!"

He took the third vial; thankfully, it still increased by 0.1, reaching 17.5.

The fourth bottle showed no improvement.

The fifth bottle saw a 0.1 increase, reaching 17.6.

The sixth yielded no improvement.

The seventh increased by 0.1, reaching 17.7.

The eighth yielded no improvement.

The ninth yielded no improvement.

The last bottle, after much difficulty, increased by 0.1, reaching 17.8!

The attribute panel had become:

Strength: 18.0

Agility: 18.0

Constitution: 18.0

Intelligence: 17.8

Perception: 15.8

Will: 16.9

Energy Accumulation: 11.3

Faith Value: 7.69

Looking at the string of 18.0 followed by 17.8.

Chen Shouyi sighed slightly, feeling it was still a bit lacking. If only it increased by 0.2 more, the first four attributes would align.

This time, the Shell Lady didn't wake up; she continued to sleep peacefully. For the past few days, she indulged daily, intoxicated by the taste of demigod flesh, which was satisfaction enough for her.

He didn't stay in the room long. Putting the empty glass bottles back into the suitcase, he quickly left the hotel.

As he reached the door, he suddenly stood still for a long time.

The world seemed to slow down again before his eyes.

A soldier in the distance was walking in a comical stance, moving slowly.

A gust of wind blew by, lifting a plastic bag at his feet, which danced in the chaotic air, constantly changing directions in the sky.

He focused on the plastic bag.

An influx of information poured into his mind.

He found that he could vaguely predict its next trajectory.

Chen Shouyi had a thought and used the Wind Control Ability.

The next moment, the countless chaotic air currents around were swept away by an invisible hand and completely lost their energy.

Everything became calm and peaceful, without any disturbances.

He took a step forward, heading towards the distance.

A few steps later, his speed became no different from that of an ordinary person, and before long, he returned to the garrison.

Chapter 452: Effortlessly Slaying a Legend

On the second day, Feng Hansong went to Pingzhou.

However, Chen Shouyi stayed just one more day than him, and was also urgently dispatched to Pingzhou.

Only Qin Liuyuan remained to continue overseeing affairs in Hedong. Fortunately, the cleanup of barbarians in Hedong City was nearing its end, making the situation more relaxed.

Chen Shouyi got off the helicopter.

The air was thick with choking smoke, and everywhere he looked lay ruins of walls and broken buildings.

Each crater looked like the surface of the Moon.

"This is near the spatial passage!" an accompanying officer introduced: "It has now been occupied by us!"

Chen Shouyi nodded.

The military's goal was clearly to annihilate the barbarians of Pingzhou completely, with no intention of allowing even one to return to the other world.

Passing a building with no windows, inside were densely packed tents. Many refugees stood by the windows, their expressions either sorrowful or numb, and the sound of crying came from within.

In times of chaos, human life is worth less than a dog's.

In war, human lives are just numbers!

Chen Shouyi sighed and then averted his gaze.

Next, he went to the command post to report in, and then joined the battlefield.

...

Barbarians, Pingzhou was filled with barbarians everywhere.

Many barbarians seemed to realize that escape was hopeless and began to go berserk, killing anyone they saw.

The thick smell of blood lingered over the entire city, with bodies of humans or barbarians scattered on the ground.

The sound of gunfire was like a boiling pot of thick porridge, violently rumbling.

It was Chen Shouyi's first time stepping onto a battlefield, and the intense smell of blood churned his stomach, taking a long time for him to get used to it.

Compared to the high-intensity war here, the war over in Hedong could only be described as counter-terrorism level, just on a larger scale.

This was the real war.

A complete meat grinder.

Along the road, a large number of injured were urgently being evacuated to the field hospitals in the rear.

However, more corpses remained on the front lines.

On the frontline, after walking less than one kilometer, he encountered seven barbarians exposed, which he shot down with arrows.

His skill bolstered his courage, and he traversed through the front lines without pause, directly into the depths.

The barbarians began appearing in groups, attacking in succession upon seeing Chen Shouyi.

However, this was just courting death.

Quickly slain by Chen Shouyi, he left behind body after body.

...

The winter sun shone with feeble light.

It was now December, and the weather was getting colder. Even on sunny days, the temperature was around minus ten degrees.

Chen Shouyi walked down the deserted street, his tattered clothes soaked with fresh blood. The sword in his hand constantly dripped with blood, but steam emitted from his body, radiating scorching heat.

He had spent the whole morning, not knowing how many barbarians he had killed, likely two or three hundred.

He touched his stomach: "Getting kind of hungry, should have brought some demigod meat!"

Demigod meat contains vast energy, and just a few pounds are enough to support a day of intense fighting.

Just then, he sensed something, looking up with a slightly cold expression.

A tall, strong barbarian wearing animal skins was walking slowly toward him.

He had no weapons, empty-handed.

At 2.3 to 2.4 meters tall, he resembled a small giant, yet his massive body was not clumsy at all, rather extraordinarily nimble. He walked as if skimming over water, his body carrying a unique rhythm.

Every exposed part of his body, including his face, was covered with dense mysterious totems, like a heavy tattoo enthusiast.

But these tattoos were not for decoration.

As he approached, the phantoms of three fierce beasts appeared behind him, and the air on his body surface began to refract and distort.

God of Hunting's totem warrior, he had seen many and killed many, but a three-fierce-beasts barbarian was a first for him, and the energy emanating from him clearly indicated he was a legendary barbarian.

Chen Shouyi's relaxed demeanor immediately became more focused, his heart starting to excite.

Finally encountered a worthy opponent!

Since reaching the human limit, he had been itching to test his strength, but the barbarians encountered along the way were too weak, with the strongest being slain with a single sword.

"Human, you are strong, but your life ends here, consider it an honor! I will twist off your head as my trophy." He grinned menacingly, revealing a mouthful of yellow teeth.

"Is that so?" Chen Shouyi said coolly, tossing his bow aside: "Your daddy, the God of Hunting, said the same before, but ended up fleeing like a 'dog'!"

"Courting death!" The barbarian's face twisted with rage. Seeing Chen Shouyi's body rapidly expand, he sensed something amiss and quickly accelerated, the concrete ground cracking underfoot, sending rubble flying everywhere.

In the blink of an eye, he closed the fifty meters.

During the last ten meters, he leaped into the air, elbow striking with concentrated air like a cannonball, piercing toward him forcefully.

As Chen Shouyi was about to dodge, one of the fierce beasts behind the barbarian suddenly bellowed at him.

Suddenly, he felt slightly tired, his movements faltering momentarily, and hurriedly blocked with both arms!

"Boom!"

A thundering explosion echoed, instantly shattering the windows of adjacent buildings.

Chen Shouyi's arms went numb from the impact, his face flushing red, his feet driven into the concrete pavement up to his ankles by the force.

The opponent's power was estimated at five tons. If he hadn't transformed halfway, this hit might have fractured his arms.

Landing after the strike, the barbarian noticed the opponent's massive body now towering over even him, his face changing, instantly closing in again, aiming a punch at Chen Shouyi's chest. In that split second, Chen Shouyi smirked, swiftly dodging while drawing his sword to slash at his chest.

The opponent's reaction speed was equally astonishing, his body leaning back to avoid the sword tip, only to feel a chill at his chest.

An invisible force cut across his chest in an instant.

Almost slicing open a third of his chest cavity.

Now Chen Shouyi's sword Qi was already thirty centimeters; carelessness meant instant death!

Startled, the barbarian's action did not pause in the slightest, taking advantage of the attack's gap, closing in swiftly, twisting his waist to kick at Chen Shouyi, the air exploding under the kick. Meanwhile, another illusory fierce beast silently roared again.

The original force in the space was subtly manipulated, and Chen Shouyi's body was suddenly covered with frost.

Unfortunately, this was Earth.

A temporary freeze at minus fifty or sixty degrees did nothing to him.

He sneered.

Don't think you're the only one with abilities!

He thought:

"Air Imprisonment!"

The opponent's movements stalled slightly.

Taking advantage of this gap, his massive body moved like the wind, his right foot stomping forcefully, all his strength converging as he lunged forward in an archer's stance, like an arrow, instantly striking the barbarian's head.

"Boom!"

A shockwave spread out.

His head was directly blown apart, brain matter and blood splattering the ground, his body blown backward by the wind from Chen Shouyi's massive form, landing heavily after flying a meter or two.

Only at this point did his giant transformation complete fully.

Chen Shouyi shook his head: "Too weak!"

Then quickly returned his body to normal.

Last time against a legendary barbarian strongman, he exhausted all means, nearly losing his life.

But this time, although this barbarian was stronger than the last, he handled it with ease. In just a few simple moves, he killed such a strongman, not needing even to use air imprisonment, with two or three more blows it'd be over, once he completed the transformation, the opponent stood no chance.

With the terrifying force of 22 points, it was practically god-stopping and god-killing.

Chapter 453: Licking Fingers

"It's not that the opponent is too weak, it's that I'm too strong!" Chen Shouyi stood by the twitching headless corpse of the Barbarian, sighing in his heart.

Barbarians that once seemed terrifyingly formidable now were as easy to kill as chickens or sheep.

"If I can kill just one more demigod, I'll surpass Ye Zong and become invincible in the world!" Thinking of this, Chen Shouyi couldn't help but grin widely.

It's lonely at the top!

A gust of cold wind blew past.

Goosebumps appeared on his skin.

He glanced down at his clothes, soaked with blood and torn into shreds.

He immediately ripped off the clothes, picked up a discarded, frozen solid piece of clothing from the roadside, gave it a light shake to send countless bits of ice and dirt flying, then put it on. Soon, steam began to rise from the fabric.

He picked up the discarded War Bow and refilled his quiver with arrows scattered on the ground, slinging it over his shoulder.

Suddenly, he turned, notched an arrow, and drew the bow, releasing a sharp arrow that shot out swiftly.

"Boom!"

A Barbarian who had just appeared was instantly pierced through the chest, blowing a large hole.

He quickly drew another arrow, aiming toward a residential area opposite.

At the window on the fourth floor of an apartment building, a Young Lady was excitedly waving her hand in this direction.

He lowered the bowstring, hesitated slightly, then turned and strode away, soon disappearing into the distance.

He wasn't here to save people!

...

This time, more than one Martial Artist had come to the battlefield; counting Chen Shouyi, there were five in total.

However, at dinner, Chen Shouyi only saw two.

None of them were familiar faces, all belonging to the military as Martial Artists.

One was named Xu Zhangtian, a middle-aged man with a beard covering his entire face, the other was named Lu Lingbo, a female Martial Artist.

Female Martial Artists were not only rare, but their appearances were generally not very attractive.

Lu Lingbo was typical among them, her physique even more robust than that of Chen Shouyi.

Nearly two meters tall, with a burly build and a square, dark face, if it weren't for her lack of an Adam's apple and a chest more prominent than most Martial Artists, Chen Shouyi would have thought she was a man.

Both looked haggard, with bloodshot eyes, gobbling up their food.

Being Martial Artists trained within the system, they weren't as free as civilian Martial Artists, having to step up at any dangerous moment, though their status offered slightly more freedom and better treatment compared to low-level military Martial Artists.

After a week of war, even iron men found it hard to endure.

However, with Chen Shouyi's arrival, the two dragged their fatigued bodies to stand and warmly greet him.

The Martial Artist circle was very small, a society of acquaintances where knowing a few people connected you to all Martial Artists.

With Feng Hansong being transferred here, his reputation had already spread.

...

Chen Shouyi's place of rest that night was in a rundown hotel.

When he returned to the room and closed the door, the Shell Lady emerged from the bed, complaining coquettishly, "Great Giant, when can we go home? It's been several sunrises and sunsets!"

Chen Shouyi sighed, knowing she had also shared in his hardships, never spending a peaceful day: "Just bear with it a bit longer; we'll be able to return soon!"

He himself didn't know how much longer they would have to stay; the war was advancing with significant difficulty, nowhere near a conclusion any time soon. He put away the War Bow and sword, noticing the Shell Lady hadn't responded for a while, turned to see.

Only to find her happily licking a piece of the demigod's flesh he brought with him.

Chen Shouyi was speechless.

Such a waste of my affection.

The once-docile and clever Shell Lady was now transformed into a silly licker.

He walked to the window, pulled back the curtain, and saw that dusk had started to settle outside.

The area was part of the rear but was only five or six kilometers from the front lines, where the sounds of intense gunfire and artillery could be heard in the distance.

All around was desolate, ruined buildings and debris everywhere.

Chen Shouyi then looked towards a distant thirty-four-floor tall building, which had a huge, transparent hole nearly carving out the entire structure.

The entire great hole was over thirty meters high, thirteen or fourteen meters wide.

Peering through the hole, he noticed similar holes behind the building in another nearby tower.

"These weren't made by shells, right?" Chen Shouyi wondered.

With nothing else to do, he opened the window and leaped down.

Half a minute later, Chen Shouyi arrived near the ragged building.

"This is..."

He gazed, stunned, at the ground, seeing a three- to four-meter diameter, radial-shaped pit, with a clear footprint at the bottom.

The footprint had only four toes and part of the forefoot, each toe a good thirty centimeters long.

Without a doubt, this was a colossal being.

Chen Shouyi jumped into the pit, pressing the toe-imprinted ground with his fingers, finding it firmly compacted.

Evidently, the creature was running at high speed, each step carrying immense, violent power.

"Could this be left by the God of Hunting?" His expression turned serious.

He had only seen the God of Hunting from afar, never up close; he only knew roughly what it looked like, with no idea how tall it was or how many toes it had!

"If this really is the God of Hunting, it seems the opponent might be in a bit of a hurry?" He looked at the building's gaping hole, pondering.

"Could it be evading nuclear artillery?"

Without sufficient information, he couldn't decipher the answer?

...

Not staying long, he soon returned to his room.

Sitting listlessly on the bed for a while, he ended up feeling quite lonely.

Typically, he could amuse himself with the Shell Lady, but she was evidently busy and thoroughly enjoying herself.

He simply got up to practice his cultivation.

This time, Chen Shouyi had brought quite a bit of demigod's flesh along, enough for a week's supply.

His physical strength had reached the limits of his current body; no matter how much he trained, his power wouldn't increase any further, but he hadn't given up at all.

He continued to train diligently every evening, continually pushing his body's transformation.

Especially in the past day or two, he had a peculiar feeling, as if a force deep within his body was slowly emerging, with an inkling that a breakthrough was near.

He drew his sword, walked to the massive chunk of demigod's flesh, and said to the Shell Lady squatting beside it with a flushed face, thoroughly absorbed in licking, "Move a bit."

"Okay!" The Shell Lady shifted her leg an inch, then continued licking with relish.

Can you still taste anything from that?

The blood's long been licked away!

He grumbled inwardly and directly moved the chunk of meat aside!

The Shell Lady was so entranced in licking that she didn't seem to notice, licking thin air in her daze.

Chen Shouyi found it amusing, playfully extending his finger.

Unaware, the Shell Lady licked his finger for quite a while until she realized something was off, spitting out water several times, placing her hands on her hips, and angrily saying:

"Naughty Giant, do you want to get bitten again?"

Chapter 454: Legend (Part 1)

What a fierce little creature.

But Chen Shouyi still didn't dare to provoke this little tyrant, and quickly tried to calm her down.

Lately, her strength has been increasing, and getting bitten by her is quite painful, especially on sensitive and thin-skinned parts.

Like her favorite, the ears.

After getting the Shell Lady settled, Chen Shouyi lit the gasoline lamp.

He then took a sword and cut off a piece of meat, about five pounds, tore off a chunk, and chewed vigorously.

Now that his strength had reached eighteen points, the demigod's flesh no longer felt as tough and impossible to bite through as it used to!

The fresh flesh was ground between his teeth with a terrifying crunching sound.

The Shell Lady licked a few times and then stared dumbfounded at the golden-red divine blood oozing from the corner of Chen Shouyi's mouth.

"Good Giant, is it tasty?" The Shell Lady couldn't help but ask.

"Not tasty at all!" Chen Shouyi swallowed the meat, said, and continued to tear into it.

"Oh!" The Shell Lady dumbly nodded, then turned to pitifully lick the blood streaks on the meat, soon looking back at Chen Shouyi:

"Good Giant, really not tasty?" she confirmed again.

"Yeah, not tasty." Chen Shouyi said with a muffled voice as he chewed on the meat.

The demigod's flesh was tastier than imagined.

Even though it was raw, there was no muttoney or fishy taste at all.

While chewing, his mouth watered, full of fresh aroma, juices overflowing, and perhaps being rich in Divine Power, eating it brought an intense sense of pleasure, making one feel euphoric.

Of course, if only it could be flavored with some soy sauce, the taste would undoubtedly be even better.

But even in its original flavor, it was a top delicacy, unmatched by any other ingredient.

If there is, it might just be a True God.

He had only eaten half of the large piece of meat when his body began to heat up.

His ability to digest the demigod's flesh had become increasingly strong, and he immediately sped up, devouring the rest.

Then he posed and began his training.

This time, he felt an even stronger sensation, a vague grasp of a certain opportunity as if his body's transformation was looming, yet it always felt slightly out of reach.

Half an hour passed, and until the effects of the demigod's flesh faded, he hadn't made a breakthrough, thwarted at the last step.

"I still don't believe it," Chen Shouyi looked at the remaining piece of demigod flesh on the desk, growing determined in his heart.

...

In an underground parking lot.

A large gathering of Barbarians, densely packed in a crowd.

The surroundings were silent and solemn, the atmosphere somber and heavy.

An old Barbarian with ears and neck laden with ornaments, holding a crystalline bone staff, looked upward at the concrete above, worry etched on his face. His gaze seemed to pierce through the concrete layer, seeing the cold, bright moonlight outside.

"Has Laiya not returned?" he asked softly.

A bald, muscular totemic Barbarian beside him bent low and respectfully said, "Leader, he hasn't returned yet!"

"He must already be dead! Don't wait any longer, let's proceed with the ritual!" the leader said flatly.

The bald Barbarian felt a heavy heart but didn't ask more questions; even their Lord had been badly hurt and left in slumber by this world's Alien Race, not to mention a legend like him. Since he's not back by now, it clearly means he's dead.

"Yes!"

Thousands of Barbarians quietly moved deeper into the parking lot.

Each fighting on their own, the Barbarians were scattered across Pingzhou; now, gathering them here had achieved this extent of numbers.

The bloody scent gradually grew pungent, along with a touch of frightening oppression.

Many Barbarians began showing signs of fear, yet still trudged forward. Rounding a corner, a massive Giant lay ahead.

A creeping, eerie aura emanated from its body, with a mountain of countless human corpses piled beside it.

Hundreds of unconscious humans were dragged out by the Barbarians.

They were then one by one, had their throats slit. The bewildered souls barely left the bodies before being shattered by the oppressive force, transforming into invisible fine light spots, drawn to the Giant's forehead ahead.

"Oh Great Lord, your power is vast and boundless, your glory shines across Tamu, you are supreme, you are the most merciful Father, I pray for your slumber to cease, awaken quickly!" The leader prostrated and loudly prayed.

Thousands of Barbarians in the parking lot similarly knelt, loudly praying over and over.

The long ritual lasting an hour ended, leaving the leader's old body trembling slightly, face full of confusion and fatigue.

"Oh Great Lord, if you continue to slumber, you will have no chance to awaken!" the leader thought despairingly.

In warfare, they could no longer sustain it.

Even their faith in their Lord was collapsing like an avalanche.

They really couldn't hold on much longer!

Even hundreds of human sacrifices were brought here extremely carefully under the cover of darkness, fearing being discovered by human planes in the sky and exposing the location, leading to the dropping of Devil's weapons.

He didn't notice that as he turned away, the once immobile gigantic Giant suddenly had a momentary twitch in its finger.

...

Inside a hotel room!

Chen Shouyi cut off a large piece of demigod flesh fiercely.

The portion easily weighed fifteen pounds, more than he'd ever eaten at once.

"This time, I refuse to believe I won't break through!" Chen Shouyi thought to himself.

He then cut the meat into over a hundred small pieces and swallowed them one by one without chewing.

By the time he was halfway through, he already felt full!

Yet he remained expressionless as he continued to swallow the meat.

After downing fifteen pounds of meat, he couldn't help but burp. Were it not for his inner stillness training having reached the stage of organ refinement, stopping his stomach from regurgitating, he almost threw up.

The food was already digesting.

The Energy contained in the demigod's flesh began to gradually release.

Chen Shouyi rubbed his bloated belly, feeling as if flames were burning within, within moments, feeling an overwhelming thirst and agitation as if his body was about to ignite.

He exhaled a hot stream of air.

His flushed face bore a strange excitement.

"This is the feeling!"

Not daring to delay, he immediately started practicing the Horizontal Training Thirty-Six Style.

But this time, he'd consumed so much demigod flesh that the Horizontal Training Thirty-Six Style couldn't vent the energy released after digesting the demigod's flesh.

His skin turned red, his body steaming, emitting an intense high temperature, seemingly unable to withstand the excess Energy, beginning to swell.

His entire body felt a slight tingling pain.

A fierce aura spread out.

The Shell Lady sensed the abnormality behind her, turning dully, worry in her heart: "Bad Giant, you seem so scary!"

...

As time went by, the situation grew more severe, his entire body becoming larger.

"Am I going to explode?"

A trace of hesitation crossed Chen Shouyi's mind, but he gritted his teeth and continued practicing.

Just a little more!

He could feel that he was getting closer to the opportunity, just a step away from becoming a legend.

Chapter 455: Legend (Part 2)

His body grew increasingly hot, sweat pouring from every pore and evaporating rapidly.

The intense heat radiating from him warmed the cold room considerably.

His body began to dehydrate.

His lips became parched and cracked.

However, his expression grew more excited, and a bright light shone from his eyes.

The next moment, a tremendous boom echoed in his mind, his thoughts momentarily blank, and his vision bursting with brilliance.

An indescribable power began to germinate from within.

The air around his body began to shimmer slightly. Everywhere, including his muscles, internal organs, skin, even his bones and marrow, tingled with an itchy numbness like ants crawling, while strands of warm energy sprouted from every part of his body.

The intense heat within him seemed to find an outlet, receding rapidly, and correspondingly, the energy swelled swiftly, each cell of his body seemingly soaked in it.

The hair that had grown out without being shaved, moved without wind, and the fine dust in the air vibrated violently.

A few minutes later, Chen Shouyi stopped:

"I'm dying of thirst!"

Without checking the results of this transformation, he grabbed a teacup and downed the cooled cold water in one gulp.

But still unsatisfied, he picked up the thermos, poured a steaming cup of hot water, and drank it in quick gulps, not minding the heat.

After drinking three cups in a row, Chen Shouyi finally felt a bit relieved and let out a long breath.

At this moment, he looked at everything before him with a slightly dazed expression. Upon stepping into the legendary realm, the whole world seemed to unveil a veil of mystery before him, presenting an unprecedented reality.

He could vaguely see Earth's magnetic field, the luminous life energy emitted by the Shell Lady not far away, the thin resentment permeating the air, and even faintly hear the wailing before death.

In a moment of distraction, all these illusory visions shattered like soap bubbles, vanishing instantly.

But as soon as he concentrated his mind, these anomalies reappeared.

"So this is what it means to be legendary, the peak of human, the strongest beneath the deity!" Chen Shouyi pondered within.

He decided to cease thinking about these matters and opened the attribute panel.

Strength: 18.1

Agility: 18.1

Constitution: 18.1

Intelligence: 17.9

Perception: 15.8

Will: 16.9

This time's breakthrough to legend did not cause an exponential change in attributes. The previously stagnant strength, agility, and constitution started growing again, each rising by 0.1 points.

However, for him, this was more than sufficient.

Especially since intelligence also increased by 0.1, which was an unexpected joy.

It remains to be seen if there will be further growth in the future.

"Seems like I've broken through the shackles of the human body." Chen Shouyi mused, "Perhaps now even my genes are quite different from ordinary humans, reaching another level of life."

He was elated, briefly glancing over the skills section, before continuing.

"Innate Abilities:

Natural Healing;

Atmospheric Control (Advanced): 2.64%;

Giant Battle Body (Intermediate): 80.53%."

"Level: Divine Creature, Legendary Being;"

Chen Shouyi sharply noticed that after reaching legendary status, the progress in atmospheric control increased by 0.5 percentage points, while the progress in Giant Battle Body grew by 4.22 percentage points.

Unexpectedly, the greatest surprise was here.

Though the numerical increase seemed small, the improvement in power was quite significant, especially the innate ability of the Giant Battle Body. Previously, spending 10 Faith Value points increased it by 1 percentage point, enhancing the power by twenty percent after a giant transformation.

This time, with an increase of 4.22 percentage points, no doubt, the power boost in transformation will be even greater.

He moved his body slightly, feeling as if every part was soaking in a hot spring, everything at ease, body light as a feather with not a hint of sluggishness!

Walking to the window, gazing at the patrolling soldiers outside, he dismissed the idea of testing the giant transformation outside.

...

"Bang bang bang!"

Chen Shouyi, who was sleeping soundly, was suddenly awoken by the urgent knocking on the door.

He quickly dressed in his clothes and pants, opened the door.

Two officers stood outside.

"What's the matter?"

"Emergency situation, the Barbarians are launching a large-scale breakout, the frontline soldiers can't hold on any longer..."

"I'll get my weapons!" Chen Shouyi's heart sank, immediately returning to his room.

By the time he reached the hotel entrance.

Two other Martial Artists were already waiting, looking exhausted with bloodshot eyes.

...

Hundreds of trucks formed a long dragon, carrying a large number of soldiers, speeding forward.

In the foremost vehicle, three Martial Artists sat together.

"Is this situation frequent?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"Every one or two days, perhaps!" Xu Zhangtian yawned, forcibly perking up, "Sometimes, more than ten thousand, at times several thousand. The Barbarians aren't fools, they know continuing this way leads only to death, often attempting a breakout."

"I wonder how many will die this time!" Lu Lingbo said heavily from the side.

Of course, she wasn't referring to the Barbarians, but the human soldiers!

Listening to the distant rumble like thunderous artillery fire, Chen Shouyi remained silent.

This war between humans and the otherworld, humans had sacrificed way too much.

The convoy advanced at full speed, reaching the front line within a few minutes.

Under the moonlight, the city was filled with thick smoke, and a large number of wounded were being carried and withdrawn from the frontline.

On the battlefield, soldiers and Barbarians intermingled, completely lacking any specific frontlines or defensible positions.

A building here, a parking lot there, a residential area elsewhere, could all serve as a battleground.

The unpredictable Barbarians, the rain of bullets.

The ruthlessness of urban warfare was vividly apparent.

The role of Martial Artists here, similar to Hedong, was to clear out the stubborn Barbarian elements breaking through.

Although freshly ascended to legendary status, Chen Shouyi was eager to try but still adhered to military command.

Killing one Barbarian strongman was more beneficial than taking out a hundred regular ones. Regular Barbarian soldiers could be handled by Martial Artist Level soldiers, but a Barbarian strongman could cause massive casualties among them.

Most of the losses were caused by those Barbarian strongmen.

...

The relentless warfare continued until three in the morning when the Barbarians' frantic breakout finally receded like the tide.

Chen Shouyi had killed a total of three Martial Master Level Barbarians and, in passing, more than fifty regular Barbarians.

On the way back in the vehicle.

Lu Lingbo suddenly remarked, "Feng Hansong is dead!"

"Dead, when?" Chen Shouyi hurriedly asked, incredulous.

Just the day before yesterday, the two were having tea together, chatting and laughing, and now he was gone.

"While on a mission, I saw his body on a rooftop terrace of a building!" Lu Lingbo murmured, her head slightly lowered, as she gently caressed her sword.

Beside her, Xu Zhangtian was silent for a long while before suddenly sighing, "Wang Qiang is dead, Li Huaming too, who knows whose turn it'll be next time!"

Chen Shouyi felt a faint pang of sorrow in his heart but remained silent, it was evident that these were all military Martial Artists.

The number of military Martial Artists had always been considerable, possibly greatly outnumbering the civilian Martial Artists if all military regions were combined, but losing three in just a few days of attrition at this rate, even the military wouldn't hold for long!

...

By the following evening, reinforcements from another division arrived in Pingzhou, along with two more military Martial Artists.

Chen Shouyi still didn't recognize any of them!

He considered this a positive thing,

when another Martial Artist fell on the battlefield,

it felt like the loss of a stranger without any connection to him.

Chapter 456: Evil God

Chen Shouyi returned from his task and had dinner.

He sat on the bed, looking at the remaining seventy or eighty pounds of demigod flesh, and suddenly stood up.

He drew his sword and cut it into five portions.

Then he took a newspaper from the side, carefully wrapped them in paper one by one, and got up to leave.

He walked to a room door and reached out to knock.

Not long after, the door opened.

Lu Lingbo, wearing pajamas and still sleepy, opened the door. Her large chest, unrestrained, lifted the pajamas high.

With the frequent battles these days, both her body and mind were exhausted, so she rested as soon as she finished eating.

Seeing that it was Chen Shouyi who knocked, her expression slightly froze, and a blush appeared on her dark face. She awkwardly said:

"Chen... Chief Advisor Chen, what brings you here? Uh, why don't you come in and talk? It's just a bit messy inside!"

Why would I go in?

Chen Shouyi said, "I brought you something!"

He handed over one of the packages of demigod meat.

"What is this?" Lu Lingbo hesitated for a moment, reached out to take it, and asked in confusion.

"It's demigod meat. I kept a little bit secretly, and it's quite nourishing to the body. Considering how tired you guys are, it should be useful!" Chen Shouyi said calmly.

Dem... Demigod meat!

Lu Lingbo's hand trembled upon hearing this, almost dropping the package to the ground.

The rumors of Chen Shouyi being a Godslayer were still just rumors. There's nothing like the impact of seeing real demigod meat with one's own eyes.

Even though she was a martial artist of the military, getting priority in resources, she had never seen real demigod meat!

This kind of thing was always fully utilized down to the last bit.

For example, demigod meat would be ground and centrifuged to extract harmless cell fluid, while the leftover residue would be made into high-energy supplements specifically for the military martial artists to train with.

But even so, given limited resources, it could never be supplied in unlimited quantities. It was still something exchanged for merits and qualifications, just like now, amidst this fierce war, the higher-ups didn't provide it.

"Chief Advisor Chen, this thing is too valuable," Lu Lingbo quickly said, then bit her lip: "I... I can't accept it!"

"You don't want it?" Chen Shouyi asked with a surprised expression: "Then give it back to me."

Lu Lingbo was suddenly at a loss, clutching the package of demigod meat, not knowing whether to return it or to keep it, her dark face flushed red.

She was just being polite.

How could Chief Advisor Chen take it seriously!

Shouldn't it be pushed back and forth a bit before taking it?

Just persuade me a little!

And I would accept it.

"Haha, just joking, take it. I have plenty more of this!" Chen Shouyi laughed, then turned and left.

He was most annoyed by this kind of politeness. Every New Year, when his aunt gave him red envelopes, Mrs. Chen always resisted with all her might, making it seem like they were about to fight. He didn't have the energy for that.

With his growing strength, apart from being honest in front of his parents, he was becoming more and more carefree with others, restoring his original self, unconcerned about external opinions.

After that, Chen Shouyi gave a share to each military martial artist.

As for the night-duty martial artists, others helped to deliver it.

Not much!

Each portion was about ten pounds.

Of course, it's not much to Chen Shouyi, but for an ordinary martial artist, even training for a whole night, they probably won't use up more than a pound or two.

When he first consumed demigod flesh, he only ate a pound before getting a nosebleed. Even then, he was already a peak martial artist.

He still had about thirty pounds left.

But it's easy to return, since Pingzhou and Hedong are adjacent. For the current him, it only takes an hour to go back and forth.

...

Since Chen Shouyi arrived in Pingzhou, three days passed in the blink of an eye.

As the battle progressed, the encirclement continued to shrink, and the barbarians' attempts to break through became increasingly frenzied.

Unfortunately, layers of nets had been spread out by humanity. Once the barbarians gathered in groups, they would either be bombarded with heavy artillery or immediately strafed by aircraft, and only a few could break through the encirclement.

...

"Boom!"

A barbarian punched Chen Shouyi heavily on the chest, tearing his clothes apart and revealing his muscular chest.

Chen Shouyi's body wobbled, and the air barrier behind him was shattered.

He chuckled lightly, gesturing to the frightened barbarian with a hand motion.

The barbarian roared in despair, charging again and attacking frantically.

He tried to flee, but couldn't escape. This terrifying alien legendary strongman was like a demon, blocking his escape every time.

The punches landed on Chen Shouyi's body with explosive sounds.

This was undoubtedly a martial master-level barbarian, each punch possessing nearly ten tons of force. However, hitting him felt like a tickle.

Chen Shouyi realized that after becoming a legendary warrior, he wasn't sure about his attack power, but throughout the past and present, no one he hit survived. However, the most notable change was his increased defense.

The opponent's punches, with their power spread evenly by his body's omnipresent energy, resulted in significantly reduced damage.

It's like how the same force that would easily pierce through wood with a needlepoint can't penetrate an iron block at all.

"No wonder I struggled so much when I first killed that legendary barbarian!" Chen Shouyi thought to himself.

Back then, using the giant transformation state, he struck with over a hundred tons of force per punch, hitting with more than a dozen punches before barely smashing the opponent's head. In terms of defense, it was far more formidable than he was back then.

At this moment, Chen Shouyi's heart turned cold, and he instantly lifted his knee.

How dare you, trying to attack my lower body?

Is that something you can hit?

No matter how strong a man is, that's always the most vulnerable spot.

Besides, what if it luckily didn't get hurt but broke my underwear?

In the next instant, knees collided violently, producing a crisp bone-breaking sound, and simultaneously, the barbarian's body was sent flying like a cannonball, with his thigh bending at an odd angle.

After crashing to the ground, the barbarian propped himself up with his hands and kept retreating, tears and snot streaming down his face.

Clearly, his spirit had already collapsed.

Too weak to withstand a hit.

Chen Shouyi felt somewhat bored.

He crossed more than ten meters with one step, arriving at the barbarian's side, and under the other's despairing gaze, he heavily stomped on the barbarian's chest, accompanied by a series of rapid, crisp bone-breaking sounds.

The entire chest caved in instantly.

...

In the underground parking lot.

A giant with the head of a bird and the body of a man grasped a bald barbarian's head in his enormous hand.

Ahead lay a dense carpet of barbarian corpses, each with twisted expressions, as if completely in disbelief in their final moments.

The bald barbarian, not yet dead, struggled violently. As a legendary strongman, to some extent, he could slightly contend with a god's power.

His face mixed with anger and despair, veins bulging from his forehead, he cried out in rage:

"Lord, why do this? We are your devoted followers!"

"Because..." A strange, chilling smile stretched across its birdlike face:

"Faith is toxic, and from now on, I need it no more! Only now do I truly feel how deep this world's fear of me is. Before long, I will be able to reforge my divine core!"

At this moment, the sacred aura that once surrounded it had vanished, replaced by an aura of evil, bloodiness, and eeriness.

Although faith had backfired, and It barely avoided demise, Its divinity had been corrupted by curses and grievances, twisting it into a deity of fear.

This kind of deity was quite unique, thriving on instilling fear into beings and extracting the fear and resentment directed toward It, no longer needing specific beliefs.

The bald barbarian fell into deeper despair: "You...you've become an evil god!"

As soon as he spoke, he felt the grip on his head tighten with increasing strength, producing creaking sounds:

"No..."

The next instant.

His head was crushed in a flash, brain matter splattering out.

Along with it, his soul shattered into lights unseen by ordinary eyes, inhaled by the God of Hunting.

"Legends do taste more delicious indeed!" It muttered softly with its grotesque, twisted smile, the shadows and lights in the dark underground parking lot swirling and fluctuating.

From afar, a muffled sound vaguely echoed.

Its bizarre smile slowly faded, glancing at the ceiling: "Humans..."

Chapter 457: The God of Hunting's Finale (Part 1)

Two days later.

"What, a large number of Barbarians were found inexplicably dead in an underground parking lot, and traces of the God of Hunting were left at the scene?"

In the command center, the commander of the army group area looked surprised.

It wasn't just him; everyone in the command center was shocked. According to the intelligence sent by the front-line soldiers, there were tens of thousands of Barbarian corpses, and none had any external injuries. Their expressions were terrified and distorted, as if they had seen something horrifying before they died.

This is not a good sign!

This indicates that something beyond control has happened, which is the last thing you want in a war.

"These are all followers of the God of Hunting, so it's unlikely that He did it, and He has already left. Could it be... an acute infectious disease?" a hesitant staff officer suggested, but immediately dismissed his own idea: "Impossible!"

Earth and the other world have been connected for over twenty years now. Any infectious disease would have broken out long ago, surely not waiting until now. Besides, apart from this site, other Barbarians are still lively and energetic.

"Do you think it could be the doing of some Martial Artist, like that General Manager Chen?" the deputy commander asked.

The commander shook his head: "He is indeed very powerful, but making thousands of Barbarians inexplicably die, without a single one escaping, is far beyond his capability, unless he is..."

Everyone exchanged glances, as the office gradually fell silent, and everyone couldn't help thinking of one possibility.

They felt a chill in their hearts!

Whether it's the God of Hunting or not is irrelevant; at least they could confirm one thing, that Pingzhou is still hiding a terrifying existence.

...

In the room.

Chen Shouyi placed his hand on the glass cover of the gasoline lamp.

The air on the surface rippled and distorted, making his palm look somewhat blurred.

The flame below leaped violently, changing into various shapes, as if it could extinguish at any moment.

"Is this the resistance to energy that legendary powerhouses possess?" Chen Shouyi thought to himself.

As time passed, he gradually discovered more mysteries of legendary powerhouses, such as better adaptation to various extreme environments.

When it comes to low temperatures, even with the current temperature of minus ten or so degrees Celsius, he doesn't feel much cold even if naked.

As for high temperatures, placing his hand ten centimeters above the flame, he doesn't feel much burning heat.

He simply opened the glass cover.

And directly placed his hand over the flame to roast it.

After two seconds.

"Sss!"

He quickly withdrew his hand.

Chen Shouyi looked at his smoke-blackened hand, concentrated his will, and soon his palm turned white and clean, with only the palm's center slightly red.

"Still somewhat weak. The temperature I can withstand for long is probably only two or three hundred degrees, while the gasoline lamp, even under the influence of the extraterrestrial Original Force, is over five hundred under standard atmospheric pressure.

However, at least I can bathe in boiling oil now."

He covered the lamp and checked his stats panel.

Strength: 18.2

Agility: 18.2

Constitution: 18.2

Intelligence: 18.0

Sensory: 15.9

Will: 16.9

Energy Accumulation: 12.7

Faith Value: 20.3

Still the same.

He sighed slightly. After entering Legendary, improvement had become increasingly slow.

Nearly seven days had passed, with at least forty catties of Demigod flesh consumed daily to aid cultivation. Yet, his home's bird leg was almost gone, and only strength, agility, constitution, and sensory increased by 0.1 point each.

"Oh, intelligence has increased by 0.1 point!" preparing to turn off the stats panel, Chen Shouyi suddenly brightened, filled with joy:

"Could it be that after reaching Legendary, the Horizontal Training Thirty-Six Techniques can also train the brain?"

Intelligence has always been a concern for him.

Out of all attributes, only intelligence cannot be enhanced through training.

Yet, this attribute is crucial, perhaps even the most important, providing all-around strength enhancement.

He had once spent considerable time immersing himself in library books related to the brain without any gain.

"No, it shouldn't be!" Chen Shouyi walked back and forth, calming down from the initial excitement.

"If the Horizontal Training Thirty-Six Techniques could train the brain, it would have shown results long ago, not waiting until now. This should be a natural transformation of the brain with the energy growth after stepping into Legendary!"

At this moment, he heard a loud commotion outside. Walking to the window, he saw many military aircraft flying towards him from afar.

"What's happening?" Chen Shouyi wondered.

The battle in Pingzhou was nearing its end, with few large-scale aircraft deployments.

Just then, someone knocked on the door.

Chen Shouyi opened it, revealing a colonel:

"General Manager Chen, the situation is urgent. Please evacuate immediately!"

"What's going on?" Chen Shouyi's heart skipped a beat as he quickly inquired.

The colonel hesitated slightly, then spoke in a deep voice: "Based on investigated intelligence, we suspect a Barbarian God has appeared in Pingzhou. To ensure the safety of Martial Artists, all are to temporarily evacuate Pingzhou!"

Martial Artists have no significant role in wars involving Barbarian Gods. The Great Xia Country cannot afford to lose any Martial Artists; losing one would be a substantial loss.

"The God of Hunting?" Chen Shouyi asked quickly.

"Unconfirmed yet!" the colonel said, checking the time: "A transport helicopter will be landing at the door in half an hour. Please pack your things quickly, General Manager Chen!"

...

The God of Hunting was sitting on the ground in a subway station, its massive body pressing a giant hole into the thick concrete overhead.

In just two days, the ominous aura emanating from Him grew even more terrifying, making this dark, lightless subway station seem like a ghostly domain, shadowy and eerie.

Any ordinary person accidentally exposed to even a trace of this aura would have endless nightmares, perhaps never waking again.

He had been hiding here for two days, waiting for a chance to escape back to the other world.

Since falling to Demigod status, He hadn't dared to take risks, becoming extremely cautious. He was no longer the powerful lesser Divine Power god, not even a True God, but merely a Demigod.

Although as a Demigod who had fallen from a True God, He was far stronger than regular Demigods, a Demigod nonetheless remained a Demigod.

At this moment, He heard the sound of numerous planes.

"Damn ants!" He suddenly stood up.

With a "boom!" His over twenty-meter tall body pierced through the subway station's ceiling, blasting the concrete into countless pieces like explosives, with nearby buildings instantly riddled with holes from the debris.

He had become skittish, reacting with fear to every slight disturbance. Then, a simmering, uncontrollable rage burst forth, leaving Him unable to maintain His composure.

The backlash of faith not only turned Him into an Evil God but severely corroded His nature.

Once sly and cunning, the God of Hunting was now a twisted, insane Evil God.

He felt fear, anger, an uncontrollable urge like a furious beast.

With a hint of madness in His expression, He roared towards the sky: "Ants, you think you can kill me? I'll show you what true fear is!"

Chapter 458: The God of Hunting's Finale (Part 2)

The officer quickly left.

Chen Shouyi closed the door, sat on the edge of the bed, and stared blankly into space!

A few minutes later, he got up and began to pack his luggage. He finally moved the sleeping Shell Lady into the briefcase, zipped it up, then picked up his luggage and opened the door.

As he walked to the hotel entrance, Xu Zhan Tian and Lu Lingbo were already there.

"General Manager Chen!"

"General Manager Chen!"

The two greeted him.

Chen Shouyi nodded.

Then, the three fell silent.

In some sense, they were all deserters, although this retreat was ordered from above.

Before long, a car stopped at the entrance.

Two military martial artists jumped out of the car.

"Where's Zhang Zhaoping?" Lu Lingbo asked as soon as he saw them.

"We haven't found him yet; he should be on his way!" The one speaking was Wang Shihui, who, like Wang Mingyu beside him, was a newly arrived military martial artist.

"What's the situation on the front line?" Chen Shouyi asked aloud; two days ago, he, Xu Zhangtian, and Lu Lingbo took turns performing nighttime tasks.

Upon hearing Chen Shouyi's inquiry, Wang Shihui quickly replied, "There was nothing happening before we left!"

"Don't you think the higher-ups are being too cautious? The war has been going on for days!" Wang Mingyu said solemnly.

"They must have discovered something," Xu Zhangtian remarked.

As they spoke, suddenly, there was a muffled bang from afar, like a thunderclap in the dry sky.

Chen Shouyi was startled, lifted his head, and looked at the sky, only to see a fireball explode in the air.

It was a fighter jet that had exploded.

Followed by the second, third...

His vision was sharp, clearly seeing that the attack on the jets was not from anything else but giant rocks. Nearby planes immediately began to ascend, yet the evasion was unsuccessful for four planes, which were hit by the rocks.

Everyone watched in a daze, speechless for a long time.

Nowadays, planes have no missiles, no computerized fire control, and generally don't fly high.

Firstly, to make reconnaissance easier; secondly, it makes dropping bombs more accurate, while the projectile descent time is shorter.

Of course, this also makes planes more dangerous.

Dust was gradually spreading in the distance, resembling a massive sandstorm, slowly approaching.

Suddenly, four to five kilometers away, a building shook violently, with dust rising furiously. Then, Chen Shouyi saw a massive and familiar figure burst from the other side of the building.

...

Command Center!

It was already in chaos.

The commander held the phone, shouting hoarsely, "What, broke through the front line? What's the precise location now?"

"Around the Shanfeng district... damn it, what are you doing?"

He slammed the phone down heavily.

Of course, he understood that he was asking for the impossible.

Now there are no reconnaissance satellites, no radar, no automated fire control; even the communications in the rear have barely recovered. With the Barbarian God's movement speed, trying to aim by human sight alone is impossible.

Before the anomaly, several dense formations could perfectly intercept supersonic missiles. But now, even with ten or a hundred, facing supersonic targets, they can only shoot blindly, not to mention the more agile Barbarian God.

But the army never understood any of this.

He unbuttoned his shirt and dialed again, "When will the nuclear strategic bomber arrive?"

"It'll still take an hour? By then, you might as well clean up our corpses!"

The nuclear strategic forces included independent units of air and land; there used to be underwater nuclear submarines, all under central command, with no regional military control.

Days ago, after the God of Hunting was confirmed to have escaped back to the other world, the nuclear strategic forces started withdrawing, leaving only one nuclear cannon outside Pingzhou's suburbs in case of sudden circumstances.

However, this cannon could only fire a nuclear bomb with a maximum yield of 10,000 tons and a damage radius of just 1.5 kilometers, which is still against humans. For existences like the Barbarian God, it needs to be within a kilometer to possibly harm Him; to kill Him, it needs to be within 500 meters.

Not to mention how to pinpoint the specific location, but with the Barbarian God's speed, 500 meters is only one or two seconds.

How could anyone have predicted that merely deploying several dozen fighter jets for some preliminary reconnaissance would fully expose the Barbarian God hidden in Pingzhou, who had remained idle?

...

"God of Hunting!" Chen Shouyi shivered violently.

The fear of the recent pursuit once again seized his heart.

Luckily the other just passed by, with a distance of a whole block between them.

In the blink of an eye, it vanished from sight.

"That was close!" He felt lingering fear, his heart pounding intensely.

Facing such a terrifying existence, he could only keep to himself and survive quietly.

Just as Chen Shouyi was about to breathe a sigh of relief, the next moment, the God of Hunting suddenly returned and reappeared at the street, looking directly over while roaring furiously, "Chen Shouyi!"

The voice was like thunder exploding, carrying overwhelming hatred that all the waters of the Yellow River couldn't wash away.

Chen Shouyi's scalp tingled, his heart struck like thunder.

Why?

Why does it always target me relentlessly!

So vengeful!

The next moment, the God of Hunting's massive body began to stride forward, thundering towards them, the ground exploding beneath His feet, dust billowing behind, with a formidable presence.

"Quick, disperse and run!" Chen Shouyi shouted hoarsely, looking desperate, immediately transforming.

Everyone snapped awake as if from a dream, their faces pale, swiftly fleeing in all directions.

Chen Shouyi looked left and right, searching for a manhole cover, attempting to escape into the sewer like last time.

Unfortunately, the ground was thick with trash and dust, frozen into a solid mass in the sub-zero cold, making it impossible to find a manhole cover.

No escape route!

Damn it!

He should have hidden in the room earlier.

He tossed the briefcase containing the Shell Lady far away, turned, and ran, the tremendous noise approaching closer and closer.

He quickly darted into a nearby building, shattered the walls, and burst out from the other side, having barely run a few steps.

He then heard a blast from behind, "Boom," as the God of Hunting also shattered the building, with an odd, twisted furious fire pursuing him relentlessly.

There was only one thought in His mind: to kill that human!

If there was any hatred within Him, the human armies ranked only second; Chen Shouyi was first—without that wretched human, it wouldn't have come to this.

However miserable He was now, His hatred for Chen Shouyi was equal!

One man and one god, one ahead and one behind, breaking through every building in their path, racing furiously!

By now, Chen Shouyi had transformed, increasing his evolution by 4.22 percentage points. In his Giant Transformation, he reached a height of three and a half meters, yet compared to the God of Hunting, he was insignificant, barely reaching Her knee.

The Hunting God was getting closer and closer; Chen Shouyi could even feel the evil, eerie, and insane aura from the other, terrifying him to the core. He quickly shouted:

"Wait, I have something to say!"

In response, a massive concrete block was casually ripped off from the building by the Hunting God.

Chapter 459: The God of Hunting's Finale (Part 3)

The concrete, traveling at four to five times the speed of sound, roared in, shattering glass along the streets with its shockwave.

Chen Shouyi's hair stood on end, quickly swerving his feet to dash into a nearby building.

If he could turn back time, Chen Shouyi swore, he'd never be dumb enough to stand in front of the hotel watching the commotion. He'd definitely find a sewer to hide in first!

"Wait, listen to me first..." he shouted again.

"Boom!" Another piece of concrete crashed in.

"You might have the wrong person, I..." Though not usually talkative, he couldn't help but babble when anxious and scared.

"Boom!"

"You lowly worm, damn bastard, an ant trying to fool the gods!!!"

The God of Hunting, now the God of Fear, finally couldn't hold back and roared.

Recalling how this ant repeatedly deceived him using his benevolence, the fury in His heart blazed fiercely and He went berserk.

Chen Shouyi felt a chill in his heart, mobilizing every ounce of his strength to run for his life.

After this transformation, Chen Shouyi's strength reached 19 tons, and this was just arm strength. His leg strength tripled, reaching an astounding fifty-seven tons.

His terrifying force, at the moment his foot pressed the ground, seemed to meet a solid barrier in front, while the noise in his ears became piercing and deafening!

This is the sound barrier.

Though now he could barely approach the speed of sound at the moment his feet exerted force,

yet by using the air solidifying under his feet when he leaped, to step again in the air for leverage, he greatly reduced the decline in speed, while also making the landing time much shorter.

His running speed had approached an astonishing three hundred meters per second (with sound traveling at about 340 meters per second under standard atmospheric pressure).

However, at this moment, Chen Shouyi still wished his parents had given him more legs.

The scenery on both sides zipped by at high speed.

A few soldiers stood by the road, dumbfounded as two high-speed figures rushed from afar, brushing past, then blown away by the incoming gusts.

The two were rapidly closing in.

Four hundred meters, two hundred meters, one hundred meters...

It sounds long, but in fact, only over ten seconds had passed since the God of Hunting started the pursuit until now.

Feeling the terrifying presence breathing down his neck, Chen Shouyi felt both despair and determination rising within him.

"Damn it, let's go for it!"

He was ready to gamble, since death loomed in every direction and there was no escaping, it was better to die gloriously and heroically.

When the messenger eventually informs his parents and younger sister of his death, they could at least be told that Chen Shouyi was a hero who didn't run from the Barbarian God and fought to the death, perishing tranquilly.

No, dying heroically!

Sadly, he still didn't have a son...

Nor could he care for his parents at their passing, but fortunately Chen Xingyue was there to look after them.

Hopefully they wouldn't grieve for too long!

...

After rushing out of a building, his body quickly dodged to the side, clutching the sword hilt fiercely, his expression vicious.

The Faith Value began to burn intensely.

Time seemed to slow down, the rocks he knocked into the air drifted far away, dust danced in the air.

The next moment,

With a "boom."

His heart jumped, he drew his sword instantly, toe pressing the ground, leaving an afterimage in place, hurtling forward as a massive terrifying form appeared in front of him.

Yet he was greeted by a foot radiating layers of shockwaves, a massive beast-like foot covered in terrifying red fur.

Chen Shouyi's pupils shrank, barely managing to place a thick air wall before his chest.

The rampant force smashed into his chest.

"Boom!!!"

His body, like a meteor, flew backward.

With a rumbling...

He crashed through a building until hastily forming an air wall behind to finally stop and land.

His throat felt sweet, and he spat out a mouthful of fresh blood.

His body felt trampled by countless giant beasts, numb all over, internal organs shifted.

In fact, if not for the greatly increased defense upon ascending to legend status, this strike would've been fatal.

Compared to the first time he was hunted by the God of Hunting, his power had multiplied. His physical attributes moved from above seventeen to over eighteen in all aspects, not to mention the Giant Transformation boosting his strength from the original 4.6 times to an increase of 6.8 times.

He barely had a chance to catch his breath.

The building wall exploded, and amidst the dust, the massive form of the God of Hunting appeared before him.

Chen Shouyi finally saw His true form clearly.

His appearance was bizarre, like an upright beast, eyes like hawks, a sharp mouth, no visible nostrils, hands and feet bearing beast-like claws, exuding a chilling, terrifying aura, completely different from what he had sensed before.

"Ant, you didn't die!"

"Barbarian God, your strength was just a scratch!" Chen Shouyi forced down the blood in his mouth and sneered.

He could lose his life, but not his dignity!

He raised his sword and charged at the God of Hunting again. At a moment like this, when determination takes over, all fears and worries vanish, leaving only ruthless survival instincts.

The irate God of Hunting couldn't control His fury, roaring: "Courting death!"

He watched Chen Shouyi's figure, raising His foot, and a massive foot stamped down.

This time, Chen Shouyi, mentally prepared, dodged with a burst of speed. His 1.23-meter-long sword, as small as a dagger in his hand, gripped in a reverse stance, lashed out fiercely towards the God of Hunting's knee.

He's too enormous, this was the handiest point for him to attack.

As they passed each other in a flash, causing a violent wind.

Chen Shouyi's heart sank, his face turned grim; his sword couldn't cut very deep, only half an inch into the flesh, barely breaking the surface on the God of Hunting's massive body.

Feeling His divine form damaged, the God of Hunting became even more agitated. He impatiently turned, bending down to strike at Chen Shouyi.

Chen Shouyi's body flickered, narrowly escaping again.

Avoiding the God's attack twice successfully, his heart settled a bit.

He keenly noticed that the God of Hunting wasn't as utterly invincible as he'd imagined.

Though possessing immense power and superior thinking speed and reflexes over his, the vast bulk which brought such massive inertia inevitably hampered flexibility.

Like how a frog might have slower reactions than a human, but catching or stomping one is quite challenging.

With the Faith Value burning fiercely, his intelligence now tripled, reaching 20.8 points.

Just barely comparable to a Demigod.

Although the God of Hunting's circumstance was unique, His fall from weak Divine Power, Divine Spark disappearing, and even a diminishing in His Divine Fire, while still wielding power far exceeding a Demigod, devoid of the Divine Spark, His thinking speed was merely that of a Demigod.

Even if he couldn't yet compare with the God of Hunting, relying on the flexibility of a smaller body, he could barely conduct a defensive skirmish.

Chapter 460: The God of Hunting's Finale (Final)

The battle between the two was as swift as afterimages.

In one second they were here, and the next they were a hundred meters away.

They fought from the street to the building, then moved from the building to the park, with their surroundings growing increasingly remote.

Waves of shock spread in the air, and violent air currents exploded, causing the ground to tremble like a five magnitude earthquake.

"Boom!"

An office building, seven or eight floors high, with load-bearing beams broken by the God of Hunting and covered with cracks from the shockwaves, finally couldn't withstand it any longer and started to collapse.

The God of Hunting fought more erratically as rage consumed him, fire fog enveloped his entire body, light and shadow twisted, and tiny arcs of electricity flashed around him.

The ant before him scurried around like a mouse, occasionally leaving a fine wound on him. This made him furious and helpless, prompting him to suddenly pull up a nearby streetlight.

The huge streetlight resembled a short spear in his hand.

The next moment, it swung towards Chen Shouyi.

In a flash, Chen Shouyi quickly dashed behind him, using a dagger-like Long Sword to slash across the back of his knee, cutting a thin slice of skin, never being greedy, striking, and retreating in an instant, like an assassin dancing on a knife's edge.

The opponent's attacks were incredibly fast, swift as lightning; he had to change position dozens of times in seconds. A single mistake or distraction could lead to certain death.

As he moved away, a loud bang resounded from behind.

The streetlight plunged into the ground like a falling meteor, its metal rod deeply embedded.

"Ant..." He roared like a beast, utterly enraged and senseless, striding towards a five-story building, trying to lift it and smash it towards Chen Shouyi.

An opportunity!?

Chen Shouyi hesitated for a moment, then quickly chased after him.

As time ticked by and his Faith Value was about to run out, making him somewhat impatient and reckless, he didn't realize it was a trap. Even with his senseless state, he possessed terrifying combat intelligence.

As Chen Shouyi approached, the God of Hunting suddenly turned around, a huge fog-covered hand descended from above like lightning.

"Boom"

Chen Shouyi was slammed onto the ground, bones cracking as he sank into the pit. Before he could get up, an iron-like massive hand grabbed him, lifting him up with a roar:

"Despicable ant, I've caught you, surrender now!"

Chen Shouyi's head was still swimming from the blow, his body weak, covered in blood; he spat blood at the God in defiance, realizing his Faith Value was depleted.

He was in despair; the gap in strength was too vast. Surviving this long was miraculous; death was certain, and begging for mercy wouldn't save him. Better to face death with courage!

The invisible force around the God repelled the blood spray.

The God of Hunting intended to see Chen Shouyi break down and beg for mercy for amusement, but seeing him resist made him angrier. His grasp tightened, piercing deep into Chen Shouyi's body, reaching his organs. The fearsome force caused his bones to crack, a side of his chest starting to collapse, as if it would soon be crushed into pulp.

He roared: "It's over!"

His eyes were like black holes, seemingly swirling with endless whirlpools.

Chen Shouyi desperately tried not to meet those terrifying eyes, but his body betrayed him, leading his consciousness into a daze, fear enveloping his heart, as if even his soul was being drawn in by an invisible force.

His eyes became hollow, expression blank, as a solid and pure soul gradually emerged from his shell. As a legendary entity and Divine Creature, his soul had begun to transcend into a divine state.

Yet, under the tremendous power of the God of Hunting, his soul was like snow under a scorching sun, evaporating, turning into mist, and merging into the God's eyes.

As his soul was about to disperse, sudden changes occurred.

The World Tree, dormant in his mind, suddenly shone brightly, its sturdy branches swaying, leaves rustling, producing a mysterious celestial sound. This sound echoed in both Chen Shouyi's and the God of Hunting's mind through the soul's channel.

While the celestial sound was a beautiful melody to Chen Shouyi, in the God of Hunting's mind, it reverberated like uninterrupted thunder, shaking the heavens, causing his Divine Soul to begin disintegrating uncontrollably.

"No!" The God of Hunting howled in despair and disbelief, "World Tree... ancient god... this is impossible..."

The claws that held Chen Shouyi so tightly loosened involuntarily, and he fell to the ground. Jolted awake, though unaware of what occurred, his survival instincts prompted him to roll to the roadside.

He attempted to stand, but his body couldn't muster any strength.

Blood continued to gush from his mouth, and the wounds punctured by claws bled profusely.

He reverted from Giant Transformation, dragging himself to the wall, leaning against it, watching the God of Hunting not far away, sometimes standing up, only to tumble again.

Confusion filled his heart; he had no idea what had transpired.

But surely it was something good.

"Heh..."

A satisfied smile appeared on his face.

Then, the smile fades, he closed his eyes, letting his head lean hopelessly against the wall.

The injuries were severe; his left chest had collapsed entirely, with his heart, lungs, and kidneys inside damaged, particularly his heart, pierced through by a broken rib.

The fractured left arm and claw-wound blood holes seemed almost negligible!

A second later, he opened his eyes, mustering all his energy!

He couldn't afford to wait for death!

His parents and sister were waiting for him to return!

And the clumsy Shell Lady needed his care too.

Without him, her fate was uncertain!

If caught by cats or dogs, she might be devoured, or if taken by others, abused, or worse, killed.

He shakily picked up the sword, ready to cut open his chest and commence self-rescue.

Seconds later.

Chen Shouyi's face darkened.

"I can't penetrate it!"

His forces were empty, incapable of even cutting through his skin.

"Damn it, I won't submit." He resumed, gritting his teeth against the piercing pain, thrusting the sword with all his might into his chest.

"Pfft!" Another mouthful of blood spurted out.

Gazing at the sword embedded in his chest, a breath of relief escaped him, as he relaxed his muscles to painstakingly carve open his chest.

A minute passed by the time he finished.

The sword clattered onto the ground.

His left chest cavity lay exposed; cold wind blowing in sent shivers throughout his body, perspiration drenching his forehead.

He felt even weaker, but gathering his focus, he inhaled deeply before shakily reaching into his chest, searching with a numbing scalp for his heart.

He slowly extracted the rib that was embedded.

Splurt...

Immediately, blood cascaded out, but Chen Shouyi controlled his heart to close the wound, gradually halting the flow.

"Whew!" He exhaled lightly, his face as white as paper.

Then he tended to the damaged lungs, kidneys, broken ribs, and left arm.

After closing the chest cavity, he slumped against the wall, consciousness fading.

"This should do, I've done all I can, now it's up to Natural Healing."

"I've heard that falling asleep now means never waking again!" He struggled to stay conscious.

...

Natural Healing didn't disappoint him.

Soon, Original Force rapidly converged, causing the wounds to itch slightly.

Lately, he devoured copious amounts of demigod flesh, his body brimming with excess energy, now proving beneficial during Self-Healing, with no fear of energy shortage.

A minute later, he had shifted from impending death to seriously wounded.