

New Era 571

Chapter 571: The Arrangement of Fate

But really seeing the big cat walk away without any lingering, the shell girl felt reluctant.

She looked at it for a while, until it disappeared, before reluctantly withdrawing her gaze.

This big cat doesn't look very powerful, it can't even stand steadily.

She quickly ran back onto Chen Shouyi's shoulder again and asked, "Good giant, will the big cat come back?"

"It won't come back!" Chen Shouyi thought she was still afraid of the little cat, and said casually.

"Oh!" The shell girl responded, then asked, "Will it bite the little one?"

You can't say she's timid, it's just that her size is too small. In her eyes, a cat is like an African elephant to an average person, just its sheer size gives a huge oppressive feeling.

Chen Shouyi realized and said with a smile, "No, otherwise I'll bring it back, and you can play with it."

He felt that the shell girl was sometimes quite lonely; even the boring mathematics she could study with great interest. Maybe keeping a little cat would be better.

The shell girl hesitated, then quickly shook her head.

She just wanted to watch from afar and definitely did not want to play with such a giant beast.

...

On the highway, trucks carrying a large number of soldiers drove one after another.

The Great Xia Country's army had already started recovering the war regions.

This international highway through Laos to the Tai Buddha Country was bustling with traffic, under heavy guard.

Here, there was a military post every one or two kilometers, especially not far from the border of the Tai Buddha Country, where a heavy troop was deployed.

If there was anyone likely to stir after the death of the God of Blood, it would undoubtedly be the God of Conspiracy at the border.

Today, the border that had always been peaceful suddenly received a suspicious group of people dressed in black, with strange divine emblems on their chests.

"Stop!"

"What are you doing?"

All soldiers immediately went on alert, pointing their guns at the group.

The group quickly stopped at a distance.

"We are envoys of the Tai Buddha Country, we come in peace, we want to meet the president of the Great Xia Country," a middle-aged man shouted far away, trying to stay calm.

"Who do you represent?"

"Our lord, the great God of Conspiracy, we come following a divine oracle."

The soldiers looked strange, not daring to make a decision on their own, reporting layer by layer.

The decision from above came quickly, negotiations could proceed.

This group of envoys was quickly given passage, with about a dozen elite special forces following throughout.

...

The God of Conspiracy, disguising as a mortal in the group, secretly observed, his expression constantly changing, secretly alarmed, as there were two senior warriors (Martial Artists) among the dozen human warriors, and the rest were all intermediate warriors (Martial Artists).

Are humans not very weak, a mortal from the Tam World could kill a large group, why is the Great Xia Country so strong?

"Did you hear, General Manager Chen smashed the God of Blood to bits, not even a bone was left," at this time, a soldier chatted casually, intentionally glancing at the group of envoys, the intent to show strength clear as day.

The God of Conspiracy immediately perked up his ears, feeling a chill run down his spine.

Too ruthless!

"It's already spread everywhere, they say the ground got hit until lava spurted out!" a soldier echoed.

These days the army talked most about this matter, it had such a legendary effect, boosting morale, that even without deliberate publicity, it spread quickly throughout the army, almost everyone knew.

The God of Conspiracy suddenly asked with an enchanting tone, "Soldiers of the Great Xia Country, do you have many strong ones like General Manager Chen?"

The air was filled with a faint fluctuation of divine power.

Faced with the divine art used by a true god's avatar, the soldiers had no resistance, spilling everything they knew.

"Not many, probably only one!"

Heh heh.

Just one.

He relaxed in his heart but then mournfully thought, whether it's one or two, it makes no difference to him, he can't beat them, even the stronger God of Blood is dead, let alone himself.

However, this is only temporary.

A malicious idea flashed in his mind.

As long as he meets the king of the Great Xia Country... no, the president.

When that time comes... heh heh!

...

"General Manager Chen, we'll trouble you this time, I feel these envoys are fraudulent," He Qingming said.

Conspiracy and the God of Enchantment.

Just hearing these names gives one a creepy feeling, it makes one uneasy.

To say there is no conspiracy would simply do an injustice to that title.

"If you're so worried, why not just kill all these envoys, and then directly recover the Tai Buddha Country!" Chen Shouyi said nonchalantly, the God of Conspiracy shouldn't be stronger than the God of Blood, as long as he dares to show up, I can definitely take him out.

He Qingming gave a bitter smile, for him, killing a true god with weak divine power might really be as easy as eating and drinking water.

"We also want to, but actually we can't; the impact would be too great. Our country's neighboring borders have more than just one Barbarian God, if we kill one Barbarian God, it's like killing a chicken to warn the monkey, but if we continuously kill two, in fear they might all join forces to attack, then our country will be in danger. Plus, we also need a weaker, negotiable Barbarian God to understand information about them."

Chen Shouyi nodded, understanding in his heart, though such compromise indeed made him feel somewhat aggrieved.

...

The vehicle carrying the envoys soon arrived.

The God of Conspiracy looked around while getting off the vehicle with the crowd, asking calmly, "Are we here? Can we meet your president here?"

"No, you'll need to undergo a temporary inspection here," a soldier said.

The God of Conspiracy didn't mind, his gaze arrogantly swept across the crowd, then he suddenly seemed struck by lightning, quickly lowering his head in fear.

This wild and powerful human, why is he here?

"You, come over here?" Chen Shouyi spotted him in the crowd at a glance.

Although his appearance was completely different from last time, the unique aura of a saint's descent couldn't escape his senses.

The God of Conspiracy felt extremely anxious.

Feeling that he had nowhere to run, even if he could escape his avatar, he couldn't escape the temple.

He hesitated, quickly squeezing out a fawning smile, jogging over: "Haha, honored sir, so you are here too, I come with peace and sincerity, to meet your president."

"General Manager Chen, is this?" He Qingming felt something was not right, and asked doubtfully.

"This is the God of Conspiracy's mind descending," Chen Shouyi said.

The atmosphere instantly became quiet.

He Qingming's jaw dropped in surprise upon hearing.

The nearby envoys couldn't help but change their expressions, quickly kneeling to pray devoutly, clearly unaware that the god they worshiped was mixed among them.

At the same time, countless guns pointed at the God of Conspiracy.

"Put down your guns, put down your guns, with General Manager Chen here, there's no need to worry," He Qingming, after the initial shock, quickly regained his senses, and hastily dispelled the alarm.

With General Manager Chen here, what's there to fear! Moreover, this is just the God of Conspiracy's mind descent.

Chen Shouyi looked at the God of Conspiracy, sneeringly said, "We meet again, huh!"

The God of Conspiracy felt an ominous premonition under Chen Shouyi's cold gaze and forced a humble smile, "Yes, yes, maybe it's a fateful coincidence... respected sir, you must believe me, we are on the same side!"

On the same side?

Chen Shouyi almost laughed.

"They're enough. You don't need to follow because you're a liar... never mind, I'll send you on your way to prevent you from any further schemes!"

The God of Conspiracy's mind was still spinning, thinking what being sent on his way meant, whether it was guiding him out or directly sending him to the Great Xia Country's president?

The next moment, a hand slapped heavily on his forehead, and his vision went black as his head and chest were crushed to pieces.

Chapter 572: Refugee Wave

The body fell to the ground with a thud, like a headless frog, its limbs twitching violently.

Chen Shouyi withdrew his palm, looking at the blood on his hand.

He felt disgusted.

With a buzzing sound, his palm blurred for a moment, and the blood splattered everywhere.

At this moment, he sensed something was off in the atmosphere and turned his head, only to see He Qingming beside him, his face covered in blood, looking astonished.

Chen Shouyi hesitated slightly, feeling a bit embarrassed, and said, "Commander He, sorry, I used a bit too much force!"

"Oh, oh!" He Qingming finally snapped back to reality, quickly wiped his face, and said, "It's nothing, it's nothing, I'll just wash it off."

Getting splashed with blood was just a small matter.

He didn't mind at all.

The problem was, killing the avatar of the God of Conspiracy so simply and brutally, isn't that a bit inappropriate?

After all, it was a True God. If He were to rage... Although the army had already heavily fortified the borders, prepared for any potential moves by the God of Conspiracy, the limited forces still didn't feel entirely secure.

He opened his mouth, then decided to keep it shut.

Reading makes one patient enough to converse with fools, but martial training makes fools patient enough to talk to you.

Faced with what could likely be the most powerful human in history, no amount of complaints or tempers could be voiced, only thought silently.

On the other side, the messengers who had been kneeling in prayer just now saw the twitching corpse on the ground and were instantly devastated, unable to accept it.

Their Lord who descended... was dead.

And died so miserably!

Died swiftly and decisively.

This is simply... what the hell!

"Blasphemer, die!" A sturdy middle-aged man among the messengers, eyes bloodshot and breathing heavily, suddenly roared, stomping the ground and rushing towards Chen Shouyi.

However, there was no need for Chen Shouyi to act. He had just taken a step when a loud bang echoed, and his head instantly exploded.

Another believer tried to rush a nearby soldier, attempting to take one hostage, but was quickly met with a dagger drawn and stabbed into his neck.

Surrounded by heavily armed soldiers, there were six or seven Martial Artists, and several snipers positioned at a distance, making a sneak attack as hard as climbing the heavens.

With the effect of the five hundred tons of Divine Flesh obtained by Great Xia, the nation's strength had nearly increased by a level. Martial Artists, once rare to see, were now not yet ubiquitous but at least numbered over ten thousand, increasing a hundredfold, especially common in frontline armies.

The believer clutched his bleeding neck, took two more steps, and fell to the ground with a thud.

"Hands on your head!"

"Kneel on the ground."

"Or be shot without warning."

"Consider this your warning!"

...

The soldiers around shouted, aiming their guns at all the Tai Buddha Country envoys.

The scene was solemn.

The cultists who had been hot-headed suddenly felt as though a bucket of ice water had been poured over them, chilling to the bone. They immediately sobered up, quickly complying by kneeling on the ground with their hands on their heads, no longer daring to resist.

"Honorable General, we're envoys from Tai Buddha Country. According to the international diplomatic relations convention, you can't do this!" A messenger, with a gun to his head, spoke with a face full of fear and a hint of indignation.

"Your side hasn't established diplomatic relations with our country, nor are you recognized as diplomatic personnel by us... Of course, as long as you obey our laws and don't do anything to cause misunderstandings, you're welcome to visit. But everything requires transparency and goodwill, which regretfully, you lack," He Qingming said expressionlessly.

Then he waved his hand, "Take them into custody first!"

"Yes, Chief!"

He felt exhausted, not knowing how the situation would unfold next.

Hopefully, the God of Conspiracy and the God of Enchantment would remain rational!

But for a descended avatar, perhaps He wouldn't care...?

Still, he had to muster up his energy and politely said to Chen Shouyi with a smile, "It's been hard on you, General Manager Chen. If not for inviting you over, we wouldn't have discovered that the God of Conspiracy was hidden among them. If sent to the Capital City, the consequences would have been unimaginable."

"Commander He, you're too kind, it was just a small matter!" Chen Shouyi said indifferently.

He Qingming's lips moved, but ultimately, he shook hands and bid farewell, leaving hurriedly.

...

The God of Conspiracy cared very much.

In the Divine Country.

The air was thick with anger.

The sky was dense with dark clouds, lightning flashing and thunder roaring.

Many supplicants knelt, loudly praying.

Fortunately, such things had occurred frequently lately, and they were long accustomed to it.

This was their Lord, angry once again.

In a magnificent palace, the God of Conspiracy clutched His throbbing head, letting out a deep, low growl.

He was a humanoid giant beast with black wings on his back, his body covered in green bristles, bulging eyes, and a sharp muzzle like a jackal, easily conjuring thoughts of cunning and treachery.

"This is... the second time, the second time!"

Losing an avatar of a Saint, while not as impactful as a Divine Power avatar, was still not negligible for a deity, as it involved the wounding of the Divine Soul. The successive destruction of two avatars had already deeply affected Him.

"Despicable, barbaric humans, you will regret everything you've done to me, you will definitely regret it... definitely..."

He paced restlessly and angrily, his mind running through various sinister ideas.

The God of Fertility in the south, that's no good... He's also a god of weak Divine Power, incapable of defeating that barbaric human.

The God of Power in the northwest is strong enough, but he's even more barbaric than the humans. Last time, just upon arriving, he lost an avatar, and wouldn't even listen to Him.

After much reflection, He finally decided to temporarily endure the humiliation.

"Sigh, why does no one believe me?"

...

Despite a large portion of the forces being restrained to guard against the God of Conspiracy, the war progressed exceptionally smoothly.

Tens of thousands of mechanized troops split into three paths.

Completely unstoppable.

By early May.

Chongzo Country was the first to be reclaimed, with a provisional government swiftly established primarily by the Chongzo government resistance forces, and by mid-May, the Barbarians in Myanmar Jade Country were similarly cleansed.

Simultaneously, waves of refugees began to pour into Great Xia Country in large numbers.

During the year of the God of Blood's rule.

The four nations' civilizations nearly regressed to a feudal state, with most industries at a standstill. A cruel and bloody regime had plunged humanity into an abyss, struggling to survive.

Once the Barbarians and cultists were purged, aided by Great Xia Country's deliberate leniency, a massive influx of refugees flooded into the still-standing Great Xia Country.

Even in a small town a hundred kilometers away from the border where the command post was located, numerous refugees speaking various languages had recently arrived.

Chen Shouyi and Li Wenwu walked the streets, observing the ragged refugees queueing for food under the soldiers' order maintenance.

"Will these people be sent back?"

Li Wenwu, just back from a mission to rest, shook his head, "I heard they won't be. Once refugees come to Great Xia, they won't be sent back. Now Great Xia... needs more people, especially the young and strong."

Chen Shouyi remained silent.

Two years of war had resulted in heavy casualties for Great Xia Country, with a population decrease estimated to exceed a hundred million. Coupled with extensive conscription, the male population ratio in Hedong City was only four-tenths, including the hundreds of thousands of stationed soldiers there.

Otherwise, it would likely only be three-tenths.

Walking down the street, women were everywhere.

Chapter 573: He Has Already Become a God

Over the Pacific Ocean, a large transport aircraft was flying at high altitudes.

This transport plane departed from the European Union, crossed the Atlantic Ocean, refueled twice in the United States, and crossed the Pacific Ocean, almost circumnavigating the earth.

There was no other choice; Central Asia was no longer safe.

And this route is now the safest international route from the European Union to the Great Xia Country.

Inside the cargo hold, there were soldiers responsible for escorting the cargo and a dozen fresh diplomatic interns who joined in. Their youthful faces mixed excitement with worry, as the current situation might prevent them from returning from Great Xia Country, thousands of miles from home, for years.

"Mr. Alvin, how are things in Great Xia Country?" a young man asked.

Alvin, the envoy of Great Xia Country who had just returned to the European Union to report and was accompanying the interns, said, "It's alright!"

He paused for a moment and added, "Still relatively safe, safer than the European Union, and you will see when you get there."

The situation in Great Xia Country was much better than in the European Union, maintaining overall social stability, unlike the European Union, which was not only riddled with battles but also plagued by severe anti-war sentiments and frequent riots.

The European Union has always had a strong religious atmosphere, with some fools believing that the Barbarian God is the same as the god they worship.

How could they be the same!

The god is benevolent, omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient, and omnibenevolent.

He asks nothing of humanity.

It is as if He... was never there.

But the Barbarian God truly exists and seeks to enslave humanity.

Look at those fallen regions.

The consequences of worshiping the Barbarian God are imaginable.

"Mr. Envoy, have you seen god Chen?" Feeling that the seemingly serious envoy was approachable, a pretty woman with freckles asked curiously.

Alvin, smiling from the boredom of the long journey, said, "I haven't met god Chen either. He truly is a Martial Arts Grandmaster, and the Chen Clan's training method has given him far-reaching influence. But in terms of strength, there are quite a few who can match him.

For instance, there's the European Union's Steel Warrior, Mr. Andre, the United States' Speedster, Steven, Lucy Country's Giant, Anatoli, and India's Ascetic, Summit. All of them have records of killing demigods."

But none are as handsome as god Chen, and god Chen is exceptionally talented, a genius of the highest order.

Unlike others who only know how to fight, what's the use of just being strong?

Many female interns thought secretly in their hearts.

"Mr. Envoy, what are these goods?" A young man asked, looking at the container boxes in the hold.

"Some blueprints, including complete technical blueprints for the second-generation nuclear fusion and the H3 engine."

Everyone's expression turned somewhat grim upon hearing this.

The second-generation practical nuclear fusion was born in the European Union a year before the changes, once causing a fervor throughout the European Union as a mark of glory.

Europe has been weakening for too long, almost to the point of obscurity.

They used to be the center of the world.

They sparked technological advances.

They led technological development.

Their warships filled the four oceans, making the entire world tremble.

However, after World War II, Europe rapidly declined. Even merging into an Alliance Country, relying on their old resources and foundation, they barely managed to keep up.

The second-generation practical nuclear fusion made them feel the return of glory, and the revival of Europe was no longer a mere extravagance.

But now, this national treasure technology is to be traded to Great Xia Country.

This is too unacceptable.

The soldiers escorting the goods also wore silent faces and gripped their gun handles tightly!

The air was filled with a sense of sadness.

"Young people, let me give you a lesson, this is the essence of international relations, an exchange of interests. To gain something, we must give something in return, even with allies! We need Great Xia Country's support!" Alvin said after a moment of silence.

"Now is not the time to consider whether the European Union can regain its glory, but whether the European Union can even survive. Otherwise, retaining the most advanced technology is useless, and even if we lose our technological advantage, we can develop something more advanced. If the European Union is gone, all of Europe will fall into darkness."

He didn't feel that this transaction was a loss.

Likewise, even the Prime Minister and Parliament thought it was a diplomatic victory.

Using suicidal nuclear deterrence, they made Great Xia Country compromise.

After all, putting pressure on northern strong enemies is a high-risk task that could backfire, and drawing a large army from Great Xia Country, already at war with the God of Blood, would be even more challenging.

...

The giant transport plane flew on.

By evening, it finally landed at Beijing International Airport.

The huge tires screeched as they rubbed against the ground.

As the transport plane with EU abbreviation letters came to a stop, Great Xia Country's soldiers began controlling the airport, smoothly conducting the cargo handover.

Watching the crane place the four containers onto the truck, many of the EU's diplomatic interns and soldiers felt their eyes turning red. One soldier even attempted to stop the truck from leaving, only to be knocked unconscious by his teammates and pulled aside.

Only when the nation is in peril can one truly realize how patriotic they are!

"Let's go!" Alvin sighed.

In the airport's public phone booth, he called the embassy, and only by dusk did the transportation vehicles finally arrive.

"Mr. Envoy, I didn't expect you to return so soon. I thought you would stay for a few more days. Are these all new interns?"

Alvin nodded, sitting in the passenger seat: "The parliament lords, this time, were quite efficient!"

"How's Berlin?"

"The same as always."

Casually chatting with the chauffeur, Alvin asked, "Willie, any important news from Great Xia Country recently?"

"Oh, I almost forgot, do you want to see this? It's definitely the big news you're looking for!" Willie took out a crumpled newspaper from under the seat: "Today's newspaper!"

Alvin calmly reached out to take it.

It was a copy of the People's Daily.

As a diplomat from Great Xia Country, knowing Chinese was a must.

He unfolded the newspaper and only took a glance.

His expression was suddenly stunned:

The headline read:

"Humans Can Defeat Gods!"

Four large characters.

Underneath the subheading it read:

"Founder of the Chen Clan's training method, renowned Martial Arts Grandmaster Chen Shouyi, killed the invading God of Blood in Luoyue Country."

His face flushed red, rapidly reading the content below.

His eyes widened even more.

"Is this... is this real?" he asked in disbelief.

The True God was killed by god Chen.

This is simply shocking.

Willie shrugged: "Maybe it's propaganda!"

"No, no, no, it shouldn't be propaganda!" Alvin pondered for a moment, then quickly denied himself: "Great Xia Country wouldn't deliberately deify someone; they haven't been pushed to that extent.

The only possibility is that it's true; his existence has made it impossible for Great Xia Country to ignore his presence anymore.

Perhaps, a new era has arrived!"

Chapter 574: At Any Cost

Sitting in the car, the intern listened to the conversation between the two people. Although he didn't know what was happening, the phrase "a new era has arrived" clearly indicated that something earth-shattering had occurred.

The car was silent, with only eye contact communicating between them, but unfortunately, no more details could be heard.

The car sped along and stopped at the embassy entrance.

Though it was already nine in the evening, the Beijing Embassy of the European Union was brightly lit inside.

Alvin arranged accommodation and meals for this batch of interns and learned that the ambassador was in a meeting.

Without bothering to eat, he rushed to the meeting room, which was already packed.

"Alvin, you're back," Ebel, the ambassador of the European Union, said.

"Mr. Ebel, I just arrived," Alvin replied.

"You must have seen the news in People's Daily today, find a seat!" Ebel said.

Once Alvin was seated, Ebel continued the topic that was previously interrupted: "The news in Great Xia didn't mention the whereabouts of the God of Blood's corpse, clearly intentionally concealing it. This is likely a complete corpse, not the severely contaminated leftovers from being vaporized by a nuke, possibly weighing hundreds of tons!"

As soon as the words landed, the meeting room was filled with murmurs of commotion.

Hundreds of tons!

It's a mind-boggling figure.

Any country acquiring it would undergo a transformative change, greatly altering the current dire situation.

"Undoubtedly, this corpse is either with God Chen or has been acquired by Great Xia, with the latter being most likely," Ambassador Ebel continued:

"After all, this shouldn't be God Chen's first act of godslaying. Just a few months ago, the Jiangnan Province had an auction where tens of tons of demigod meat and about one hundred pounds of true god meat was sold.

Various signs and information also prove that the Great Xia's military strength has been rapidly improving over the past two months, with some rewards for tasks from civilian martial artists now including Divine Blood and Divine Marrow.

This obviously comes from God Chen; only God Chen has this capability.

For him, the true god meat might just be..." Ebel paused, seemingly at a loss for words:

"Beef!" one subordinate quickly added.

"Yes, just like beef, as long as it's sufficient," Ebel looked at him approvingly and continued.

"Should we negotiate with God Chen? If so, he shouldn't have much to spare!" Alvin asked: "Moreover, money holds no significance to such entities!"

Everyone began whispering to themselves.

"No, no, no, you misunderstood my point. The transaction would naturally be with Great Xia, and at such a critical time, we mustn't antagonize Great Xia. What I meant was, is it possible to win God Chen over to our side?"

As for whether winning God Chen over to the European Union would antagonize Great Xia, it's evident that that's not a consideration in his mind.

"At any cost?"

"At all costs, even if he wants to sleep with the Queen, we'd clean her up and send her to his bed!"

...

Inside the bedroom.

Chen Shouyi's massive figure, standing three meters tall, was almost touching the ceiling.

The mysterious black tattoos all over his body accentuated his guise like a demon god, as he gazed at the attribute panel, frowning slightly.

"It seems like there's not much change?"

Spending three thousand Faith Value resulted in only a 3% progress.

It was hardly noticeable.

Except the black tattoos... seemed a bit clearer.

He felt quite cheated!

The arduous accumulation of three thousand Faith Value felt utterly wasted, barely showing any effect. In hindsight, he thought it should have been invested in the advanced "Control Atmosphere."

A few minutes later, Chen Shouyi returned to his normal size.

The increased attributes quickly reverted to their original state.

Strength: 19.9

Agility: 19.8

Constitution: 19.8

Intelligence: 19.8

Perception: 17.9

Willpower: 18.3

Energy Accumulation: 20.23

Faith Value: 153.3.

Chen Shouyi glanced at the attribute panel and quickly turned it off.

The growth was slowing down.

In nearly twenty days, aside from strength, willpower, and perception increasing by 0.2 points, the rest either increased by 0.1 point or didn't grow at all.

Fortunately, he wasn't anxious.

He had a vague feeling that reaching twenty points might be a threshold.

This step was like crossing from human to god.

Once crossed, he'd be indistinguishable from a demigod.

At this moment, the phone in the room rang, and Chen Shouyi answered: "Hey, mom, don't worry, my health's fine, no injuries.

I'm eating well, living comfortably, and pretty much idle every day!"

Of course, he was living well.

Now, he was extremely idle every day, besides practicing martial arts, doing nothing else, completely fed and clothed without lifting a finger.

To prevent Chen Shouyi from getting bored.

The dishes varied daily, even the uncommon seafood in inland areas was specially flown in from other provinces.

"Ugh, don't say death, it's unlucky." Mrs. Chen quickly said, then paused, asking, "Is what the newspaper said true?"

"Newspaper, what newspaper?" Chen Shouyi asked, confused.

"People's Daily!" Mrs. Chen said, then seemingly urged Father Chen nearby: "Quickly, bring the newspaper over."

"Let me talk on the phone?" Father Chen said.

"It's the same with me talking." Mrs. Chen said.

The old couple bickered a bit, but in the end, Mrs. Chen clearly won.

"The newspaper said you killed a true god named the God of Blood in Luoyue Country, is it true?"

Hearing this, Chen Shouyi paused. Being on the Southwest Border, the People's Daily, transported by railway, arrived a day or two later than in Jiangnan Province; this was the first time he heard this.

"Oh, uh, probably... true I guess?" Chen Shouyi couldn't help but scratch his head, quickly explaining:
"Actually, it was quite easy, no real danger, killed him effortlessly."

Dealing with his parents felt more exhausting than battling the God of Blood.

After saying this, Chen Shouyi felt there was no response from the other side.

"Mom, are you still there?"

"Hello hello, mom!"

"Yes, yes, uh, your mom's fine." This time it was Father Chen speaking, evidently having taken the phone: "Just a bit shocked, unable to recover, you... take care of yourself, be cautious and careful, don't be reckless, uh... that's it, I'm hanging up!"

Listening to the busy tone on the phone, Chen Shouyi smiled wryly.

This time, they are really shocked.

Whatever, the old couple will get used to it, just like when they heard about him killing a demigod last time, they'll be fine in a while.

Chen Shouyi turned his thoughts elsewhere.

He teased Shell Lady for quite a while until he annoyed her into biting him hard for half a minute before stopping sheepishly.

Chen Shouyi looked at the bite marks Shell Lady left on the back of his hand; her strength was indeed growing.

Then he took out true god meat, bit fiercely, and swallowed it down, beginning his continued practice.

He wondered about the changes that would occur after his attributes surpassed twenty points.

His heart was filled with anticipation.

Chapter 575: Shocking the World

Early the next morning, Chen Shouyi had just finished washing up.

There was a knock on the door from outside.

Chen Shouyi walked over and opened the door.

"General Manager Chen, your newspaper!" said a pretty female orderly with a smile.

She had been serving General Manager Chen these days and had long figured out his personality—easygoing, good-tempered, and so handsome that you wouldn't think he was the Godslayer Chen.

"Oh, thank you!" Chen Shouyi said, "In the future, just leave it at the door."

He didn't really read newspapers much unless his name was mentioned; otherwise, he wasn't interested.

"There's a report about you in today's People's Daily. You're a big hero." The female orderly boldly looked Chen Shouyi in the eyes, blushing as she spoke.

"Heroes are the soldiers who fear no death and face it gallantly. What kind of hero am I!" Chen Shouyi said, then took the newspaper, scanned it quickly, and folded it back up, planning to take a closer look once she left.

"General Manager Chen, you're too modest. In everyone's heart, you're a hero. Let me clean up your room!" the female orderly said enthusiastically.

"Ah, no need!"

But before he could finish speaking, the female orderly had walked in.

Chen Shouyi couldn't stop her for fear of hurting her.

"General Manager Chen, don't be polite. You're a big man, you probably don't clean up very well. If you have any clothes or socks, just call me to wash them," the female orderly said.

Faced with someone this friendly and unafraid, Chen Shouyi really didn't know what to do, so he quickly followed, but it was already too late.

The bed was in chaos.

On top of it was an open first-grade math book, with a few children's literacy picture albums neatly placed beside it.

The most awkward thing was the little skirt the Shell Lady had changed out of yesterday, lying by the pillow.

The female orderly was obviously stunned for a moment, her expression a bit odd.

Should I kill her to silence her?

Waiting online, it's urgent!

"These are for my cousin's daughter!" Chen Shouyi said with a rather unconvincing explanation: "Could you step outside for a moment?"

It took a while, but Chen Shouyi finally managed to get the overly enthusiastic orderly out the door, and he closed it with a sigh of relief.

Being handsome is such a pain.

There's always some kind of harassment.

He's not interested in women older than him, no matter how beautiful they are.

They have to be at least a year or two younger, if not the same age.

There are quite a few female soldiers around the command center, and these days, it's been exhausting handling them.

Looking at the Shell Lady crawling out from under the bed,

Chen Shouyi snorted internally, annoyed.

It's all your fault.

I lost face today.

He flashed an evil smile, which ended with the Shell Lady fiercely biting him for half a minute.

She looked smug and proud, as if she had won a great victory.

...

The report in today's People's Daily had a bigger impact than imagined.

It wasn't limited to Great Xia Country.

It was like a super nuclear bomb, and as time went on, with the newspaper being regarded as important intelligence, it was flown across the seas by various countries' embassies. The whole Earth was shaken violently.

This was the first time in human history that an individual slayed a god.

Not a demigod, but a True God.

This pushed the limits of imagination, and anyone with normal intelligence wouldn't believe such a crazy piece of news.

Killing demigods wasn't unheard of.

But never a True God.

Though both have 'god' in their names, the difference between them is like that between kindergarten children and adults.

For anyone who could see the newspaper, their first reaction was that Great Xia Country had gone mad.

To boost morale and lift the spirits of their people, they'd throw away all face.

However...

Upon seeing the name in the report, they had to take it seriously.

If it were anyone else, even a strong person who had killed a demigod before, the credibility would be much less.

But after the changes, news from other countries became scarce.

Except for domestic news, it was hard to learn about foreign information.

In the past year, though, news from Great Xia Country had been flowing steadily.

The Chen Clan's training method, the Horizontal Training Method.

"God Chen," this name might not be known to everyone, but at least seven or eight out of ten had heard of it, especially among the higher-ups of various countries; it was thunderous.

Strong, intelligent, young... and of course, handsome.

It's almost like a child of God.

The only pity is that he's yellow-skinned.

But now during wartime, even the freest countries have news control.

They wouldn't go out of their way to promote a foreigner.

Only the European Union, beset with internal and external problems and facing a precarious situation, released this news to inspire the alliance to resist the Barbarian Gods.

The rotating president of the European Union, Joseph, even gave a special interview.

"There is no doubt that this is a turning point in humanity's war against the otherworldly.

It proves that the so-called gods of the otherworld are just powerful, barbaric creatures, not gods, not our God!

They have nothing special; humans can achieve this level through training and evolution. Humans can slay gods!

God Chen has perfectly demonstrated this."

The reporter asked, "But thinking about it, it's a bit incredible, maybe it's propaganda by Great Xia Country."

Joseph frowned slightly at the words: "Great Xia Country's official media has always been relatively serious!"

The reporter said, "But so far, it's only God Chen."

"No, this is just the beginning, a sign. I believe it won't be long before more strong individuals emerge. Hardship is temporary; we are about to see the dawn of human victory."

The reporter asked, "Aren't you being too optimistic? Also, as Great Xia Country's influence grows stronger, will it affect the global landscape in the future?"

Joseph frowned again, wondering what was up with the reporter. Did he have no political understanding? Is now the time to consider such things? He said, "No, no, no, a strong Huaxia means a strong humanity. We mustn't have narrow-minded thoughts; we are united, loyal allies, close as a family. In the face of otherworldly threats, we are all human!

Humans will never be slaves!"

The reporter wanted to ask more.

Joseph, holding back his impatience, said, "Let's wrap it up for today."

He stood up and pushed open the door as an assistant quickly approached.

Joseph tilted his head and quickly said, "Call over the editor in chief, is that reporter out of his mind? Don't let him write carelessly. I'll have to review the draft later."

"He's Italian; you know people from there are typically... unique, politically lax!"

"Shit!"

As a German, Joseph couldn't help but curse at hearing this.

The European Union is a forcefully glued-together alliance, even before the anomalies, it was a loose coalition. Naturally, you wouldn't expect too much unity; almost every member state had its own little agenda.

Chapter 576: Bribery

It's been seven days since the last batch of emissaries of the God of Conspiracy was captured.

During these seven days, the human army continued to advance, and to guard against the God of Conspiracy, Tai Buddha Country amassed a large military force at the border, almost forming a surrounding circle around Tai Buddha Country.

This made the God of Conspiracy anxious and frightened, feeling a chill down its spine, and finally couldn't bear it anymore, sending out another wave of emissaries.

However, this time it dared not come in person.

The loss of any incarnation is too much to bear.

If it were slapped to death again... it would go crazy.

...

Not far from the border of the Great Xia Country.

Numerous guns were pointed at this group of cult emissaries.

"Res... respected General, we come bearing the oracle of our Main God, with a wish for peace, we wish to coexist peacefully with the Great Xia Country, in harmony and friendship..." said a human Chief Priest of the God of Conspiracy, Cang Chana, with cold sweat dripping from his forehead, speaking respectfully in broken Chinese, almost kneeling.

He did not feel embarrassed at all.

An irrational fanatic cannot become a priest.

As a priest of a deity, faith is secondary; the most important thing is to act in accordance with the way of the deity one serves.

In other words, being an efficient priest who acts in line with the deity's wishes and saves the deity trouble is a priest favored by the deity.

Though this time the meaning of the oracle was vague.

But just thinking logically, wasn't the purpose this time just to seek peace?

As part of the high echelon of the God of Conspiracy's church, he knew more than others.

Now, the situation in Tai Buddha Country is dire; the God of Blood has fallen, and the army of the Great Xia Country advances with unstoppable force, sweeping away the Barbarians. Tai Buddha Country, encircled, is like having thorns in the back, and the Great Xia Country could attack Tai Buddha Country anytime.

Though their deity is powerful, it cannot withstand the nuclear bomb of the Great Xia Country.

Otherwise, why would they repeatedly come over?

Furthermore...

Now he was having a gun pointed at his head, being able to speak a complete sentence already showed great nerve.

"Hehe, lower the guns, lower the guns," said He Qingming, then looked at Chen Shouyi standing beside him, politely asking, "General Manager Chen, is there any problem with this batch of people?"

"There shouldn't be any problem, the God of Conspiracy is not among them!" Chen Shouyi said.

Upon hearing Chen Shouyi's words, He Qingming felt relieved; with General Manager Chen suppressing everything here, the God of Conspiracy dared not play any tricks, and Tai Buddha Country had been behaving themselves in recent times:

"We, in principle, welcome your visit; our country has always adhered to the five basic principles of peaceful coexistence in diplomacy, anything can be negotiated... I ask you to stay here for a few days until the battle subsides, after which we will send you to the Capital City."

Now, the Great Xia Country is no longer in a hurry.

With the fall of the God of Blood, the relatively weaker God of Conspiracy couldn't stir up any more trouble, the situation in the southeast is settled, now is the God of Conspiracy's turn to be anxious.

The few cult emissaries of the God of Conspiracy couldn't help but look at each other when they heard this.

But there was nothing they could do given the situation.

"May I ask if you are General Manager Chen Shouyi?" At this moment, Chief Priest Cang Chana suddenly looked at Chen Shouyi and asked respectfully.

Chen Shouyi raised his eyebrows, asking, "That's me!"

"My Lord, the God of Conspiracy, has instructed his humble servant to bring you a gift!" Speaking, he presented a metal carved bottle with both hands.

The atmosphere quieted down.

That a powerful Barbarian God would send a gift to General Manager Chen was simply... astonishing.

Is this bribery?

"General Manager Chen, be careful of conspiracy," He Qingming hurriedly whispered.

A Barbarian God sending a gift, especially the Gods of Conspiracy and Enchantment, clearly had hidden motives.

Chen Shouyi nodded, with a thought.

An invisible force spread out.

The metal bottle swiftly slipped from Cang Chana's hand, flying into his hand.

It was a silver metal bottle, the size of a perfume bottle, with intricate patterns on the surface, engraved with various strange beasts, like a fine piece of art.

"What is this?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"The humble servant does not know!" Cang Chana replied respectfully, even their Main God treated this person with respect, he naturally dared not slight him.

As for why, he dared not think about it.

It truly was terrifying to ponder.

Even his faith was faltering.

Though, he never had much faith to begin with.

Chen Shouyi curiously played with the bottle, didn't dare put it into the space, since that was the residence of his soul, afraid there truly was a problem, he planned to study it when he had time: "Hmm, I'll take this thing, anything else?"

Cang Chana was stunned when he heard this, stammered: "N...nothing else!"

Next to him, He Qingming opened his mouth, hesitated to speak, under the bright sunshine, with eyes all around, openly receiving not just gifts from other countries... no, the bribe of a Barbarian God, also openly soliciting bribes, was this really okay?

The impact was really too bad, the circumstances too serious!

Forget it.

Just pretend not to have seen anything.

Anyway, General Manager Chen is not a public official.

Well, should conduct some confidentiality thinking sessions later, since spreading this would not have a good impact.

His heart was full of whimsical thoughts as he listened to Chen Shouyi say, "Commander He, since we're done here, I'll be leaving."

"Oh, oh, General Manager Chen, take care!"

...

Evening.

Chen Shouyi finished practicing, took a shower, leaned against the headboard, playing with this bottle in his hands.

The bottle looked silver, but it was shinier than silver, reflecting a mesmerizing luster under the light.

The surface faintly emitted fluctuations of Divine Power, evidently sealed with Divine Power.

"Could it be some poison or some terrible substance?" Chen Shouyi shook it, hearing the sound of liquid flowing inside, couldn't help but become a little wary.

He looked at the stopper carved with a beast head, slightly frowning, without confirming its safety, he dared not try it lightly.

After all, it belongs to the God of Conspiracy; it inherently causes unease.

At this moment, he had a thought:

"Let's test it in the virtual Memory Space first."

He closed his eyes.

After a shift in space, he quickly entered the virtual Memory Space.

"I want to see, what exactly it is?" Chen Shouyi pondered internally.

He pinched the stopper and pulled it out forcefully.

With a "pop" sound.

The Divine Power seal on the surface was violently broken by him, turning into specks of starlight, disappearing into the air.

Simultaneously, as the stopper was opened, an indescribable fragrance diffused.

Smelling such peculiar fragrance, his heart couldn't help but pound, giving rise to a longing, his spirit involuntarily rejuvenated.

"What is this?" Chen Shouyi felt surprised, pouring a tiny bit out, finding it to be a silver liquid, viscous like oil, the air's bizarre fragrance instantly becoming even more intense.

At this time, the Shell Lady, sleeping on the bedside, suddenly sniffed, groggily stood up, jumped to the ground, and started licking that puddle of silver liquid.

Chen Shouyi looked at the Shell Lady and then at the bottle.

"Seems drinkable!"

He hesitated slightly, then immediately took the bottle and downed it!

Chapter 577: Stingy

Chen Shouyi smacked his lips, unable to tell what flavor it was.

Just as it slid down his throat, within seconds, he felt something was off.

He found his thoughts starting to spiral out of control, countless distracting thoughts flashed by, let loose like runaway horses.

Gradually, even his spirit became somewhat dazed, and everything in front of him began to seem unreal, like a dream.

Chen Shouyi's face couldn't help but turn cold.

"I knew the God of Conspiracy had bad intentions!"

Since this was a Virtual Memory World anyway, Chen Shouyi didn't rush to exit. He wanted to see what on earth the effects would be.

He maintained clarity of mind, coldly observing his state.

However, unexpectedly, the daze only lasted for half a minute before gradually fading away. Before long, his spirit was already back to normal.

"Huh, it's actually fine now." Chen Shouyi was somewhat surprised.

Not only was it fine, but he felt refreshed, like the sensation of waking up naturally from a good sleep, feeling full of vitality.

And not only that, his original perception range was about a radius of seventeen meters, but now it exceeded twenty meters.

Chen Shouyi quickly checked the attribute panel.

He found that perception indeed leapt from 17.9 to 18.5, an increase of 0.6 points.

Chen Shouyi felt a bit embarrassed.

He truly wronged the God of Conspiracy; this was a heartfelt bribe indeed.

"What on earth is this thing, but it's too little!" He felt a bit regretful.

Perception had always been his weakest attribute.

There's no way around it; like willpower, it was basically cultivated step by step by himself.

At the same time, it almost has no sense of presence.

Whether high or low, it basically doesn't affect combat power.

After all, his battles mainly rely on the body, relying on fists, compared to strength, body, agility, intelligence, and even willpower which is becoming increasingly significant, perception is the least conspicuous attribute.

But this doesn't mean perception is unimportant.

Besides its intuitive role in exploring the surroundings like a radar,

Chen Shouyi long felt that perception and willpower are like two sides of the same coin, representing two attributes of the soul.

If the soul were to be described as a certain material.

Then willpower would be the quality, and perception would be the quantity.

A hundred grams of steel can only make a toy knife, but a kilogram of steel can make a big machete. His flight with full willpower lasted only a few minutes because his perception was too weak.

...

With a thought, Chen Shouyi exited the Virtual Memory World.

He glanced at the Shell Lady sleeping soundly, feeling it best not to disturb her sleep.

He then got up quietly, walked to the bathroom, opened the bottle cap, and drank it all in one go.

...

Time flew by, and in the blink of an eye, Chen Shouyi had been at the Southwest Border for a month and a half; the battlefield was nearing its end.

That's how the war with the otherworld is; when attacking, it's like a tide, overpowering. Once the Barbarian God falls, most of the war is over, and the remaining Barbarians and Cultists are completely demoralized, leaving only the cleanup of the battlefield.

...

In the mountains and forests.

A large and a small figure engaged in a frantic battle, wood chips flying, fierce winds rising.

A six-armed Giant had a twisted face, roaring and attacking wildly.

His height was about three meters, with six strong arms hammering down like a storm.

To have an opponent that required Chen Shouyi's intervention, it must be quite formidable, nearly at the peak of legendary strength.

Especially with the coordination of six arms and a massive body, Chen Shouyi even felt... a bit unwilling to kill him so quickly.

Chen Shouyi's hands were like phantoms, continuously blocking.

Either catching it hard or deflecting it with borrowed force, his movements were fast yet appeared at ease.

"Human, a lowly race, you can't kill me!" The six-armed Giant roared.

Chen Shouyi's face turned cold, agilely dodging the fists, suddenly stepping forward with a punch.

The power of twenty to thirty tons exploded on the chest.

"Boom!"

The Giant's massive body was swiftly sent flying, shattering three large trees in succession before coming to a stop.

Just as he got up.

A figure had already swiftly closed in.

The six-armed Giant's heart almost stopped in fear, regardless of the agony from his fractured ribs, he screamed loudly, wildly hammering his six arms at the approaching figure.

Yet a fist instantly broke through the shadows of fists.

Once again, heavily striking the position of the fractured ribs, penetrating into the chest cavity, the residual force of the punch completely shattering the heart and lungs inside.

Chen Shouyi withdrew his right hand, and the surface slightly blurred; his palm immediately became as fair as jade. He glanced at the six-armed Giant lying on the ground and turned to leave.

After walking a few steps, Chen Shouyi's body suddenly hesitated, his head tilted.

A boulder brushed past his ear in an instant.

Blowing his hair into the air.

A sinister smile appeared on his face as he turned back, stepped forward, and tapped his fingers like lightning on the forehead of the Giant, an explosive force erupted.

The air rippled like an explosion.

The Giant's whole body trembled.

The next moment.

"Bang!"

The eyeballs burst, and the vibrating brain matter sprayed from the eyes, nostrils, and ears...

...

Chen Shouyi took out a set of clothes and quickly changed, hiding far up in the trees, watching as the Shell Lady quickly flew down and landed on Chen Shouyi's shoulder, excitedly chattering nonstop.

She loved watching the Giants battle.

Both thrilling and exciting.

"Bang bang bang!"

Kill them all.

If only Little Dot were this powerful!

Chen Shouyi smiled, checked the attribute panel, and couldn't help but sigh.

It had been seven days since all his physical attributes reached nineteen points, yet apart from perception and willpower, which had grown by 0.1, there were no changes in other attributes; his strength had completely stagnated.

...

Chen Shouyi walked out of the forest.

A helicopter was parked in the clearing.

"Let's go back." He jumped onto the helicopter and said.

A few soldiers looked on with awe, and no one asked whether the terrifying six-armed Giant was dead; wasn't it obvious? Even the God of Blood was killed by General Manager Chen, let alone a mere Giant.

Soon the helicopter took off swiftly, flying into the distance.

Chen Shouyi leisurely looked out the window.

The sky was clear, a rare good day.

"By the way, where is the Tai Buddha Country?" At this moment, his mind shifted.

"To the west, over three hundred kilometers from here." The weapons operator in the front hurriedly said.

"So close, then let's go to the Tai Buddha Country." Chen Shouyi replied.

The last gift from the God of Conspiracy left him very satisfied, and these days he didn't feel any side effects, but the amount was too small, just such a little thing.

It's a True God, so there must be a lot of good stuff.

He thought it was necessary to ask for a bit more.

After all, if you don't ask, you won't get!

"This..." The two crew members in the cockpit exchanged glances.

This is a war zone.

Do you have to be this crazy? This is against military orders.

"You don't have to follow; it's fine to go as far as the borderline. Oh, and the fuel is enough, right?" Chen Shouyi was sharp-minded, quickly understanding, and added.

"It's enough, it's enough!" The crew members breathed a sigh of relief and quickly said.

As long as it's not violating military orders.

As for General Manager Chen, even their superiors couldn't control him; they would surely understand.

Chapter 578: Must Have Been Held Up by Something

A little over two hours later, the helicopter began to slowly descend as it approached the border.

Chen Shouyi stepped off the helicopter.

A large military force was stationed here, with the border completely sealed off. Only after passing several checkpoints was Chen Shouyi able to enter the Tai Buddha Country.

A large number of Barbarians were haphazardly camped here, warily watching the Great Xia Country's army on the other side.

Chen Shouyi, disinterested in slaughter, flew high into the sky and quickly crossed the line of defense.

Compared to the chaos and brutality of the Luoyue Country, this place was undoubtedly much better, peaceful and serene.

Tai Buddha Country always had a strong religious atmosphere, with many believers. Even after being occupied by the God of Conspiracy, there seemed to be no significant changes.

Of course, this is all relative.

The countryside was relatively better, exuding a pastoral charm and with few Barbarians in sight.

But the cities appeared desolate, in decay, with commerce in decline and severe depopulation.

There were not many people on the streets, and most had hungry faces, wearing tattered and old clothing.

From time to time, you could see Barbarians strutting around in human clothes, feeling superior.

But this is Tai Buddha Country, not Great Xia Country. As long as it doesn't concern him, it's none of his business!

...

A temple in the city.

Zonglawei Meng and a few Priest Apprentices finished praying in front of the Divine Statue and got up, instructing a few apprentices to prepare lunch.

This place was originally a Buddhist temple.

Even Zonglawei Meng himself used to be the host of this Buddhist temple, but now he had switched affiliations.

In the past, almost all priests were Barbarians, savage and cruel, like uncivilized beasts, making this place filthy and chaotic. Everyone feared and hated the deity more than they believed in it.

Fortunately, the great deity heard their prayers.

But over the past half year, the number of Barbarian priests had significantly decreased.

Instead, humans gradually began to take control.

And these monks, already skilled in their duties, quickly gained importance.

Zonglawei Meng was not dissatisfied with his current life; he was the uncrowned king of this diocese. Even within the entire city, he held a significant position, and as his efforts in spreading faith paid off, he foresaw that becoming the High Priest was not far off.

By then, there would definitely be a place for him in the Divine Country of the deity.

At this moment, the light in the front hall dimmed.

A casually dressed, handsome young man strode in, looking around curiously.

Zonglawei Meng's face turned angry at once; this was a temple dedicated to the deity, not a tourist attraction... though it used to be, but not anymore. Every believer who entered did so with solemnity, displaying reverence and awe.

The young man was undoubtedly Chen Shouyi.

He looked at Zonglawei Meng, clasped his hands together, and said, "Sawadee Ka!"

"Sawadee you motherf*cker."

Clearly a heretic. He was about to call the guards at the entrance, but upon seeing the sword at the young man's waist, he immediately changed his mind: "Sorry, prayers are in the afternoon, please leave first."

Chen Shouyi was baffled, realizing a troublesome issue; he couldn't understand the Tai Buddha language.

Luckily, that didn't stump him; he was quite good at English.

"Hello, How are you!"

Zonglawei Meng felt even more solemn; this was clearly not someone from Tai Buddha Country. From that heavily accented English, he was likely from Great Xia Country.

Don't ask how he knew; back when he was the host, he dealt with more visitors from Great Xia Country than anyone else.

He planned to have the guards apprehend him for a thorough interrogation right after he left; clearly, this was a spy from Great Xia Country: "We don't take visitors here. Please go out!"

Of course, Chen Shouyi understood, but he was already impatient and didn't want to haggle. He walked up to the main hall and approached the Divine Statue.

This was an ominous humanoid creature, entirely gold, four meters tall, sitting cross-legged.

In conjunction with the temple's Buddhist style, it felt like some bizarre Buddha statue.

Zonglawei Meng's face flushed with anger but he dared not speak up. Watching the mysterious young man quietly, he withdrew from the main hall. As he nearly reached the front hall, he opened his mouth to shout for the Defender of the Faith at the entrance, but at that moment, his eyes bulged.

The words he was about to shout out seemed stuck in his throat like phlegm, unable to be uttered, leaving him making unconscious choking sounds.

Just then, at the knee of the Divine Statue, the mysterious young man casually pinched off a large piece, kneading it at will like mud, accompanied by the creepy sound of metal being crushed!

This... this is supposed to be a gold-plated bronze statue!

"So it's fake! I thought it was gold, but it's just a thin layer of gold leaf," muttered Chen Shouyi to himself.

"You blasphemous heretic, stop it now!" Zonglawei Meng snapped out of it and, unable to care about his fear of the young man, shouted loudly, shaking all over.

Defiling the Divine Statue was an unforgivable sin, a crime so vile that even the deity would be angered, bringing down its wrath.

There had been rebellious heretics in the past, desecrating and toppling Divine Statues, but all met their demise under divine wrath, either crying and wailing to death in madness or burning in spontaneous combustion. And the priests of this temple were also guilty of a grave crime.

Chen Shouyi glanced back at the priest, not understanding what he was saying, then suddenly kicked hard. The Divine Statue, weighing over a dozen tons, was kicked over with a loud crash.

The Defender of the Faith outside and several Priest Apprentices rushed in at the sound, and upon seeing this scene, their faces turned pale.

At this moment, the atmosphere began to grow oppressive.

A vortex of air surged into existence inside the hall, turning the light dim and filling the world with a furious and stifling aura, awakening in everyone an intense feeling of impending doom.

Every believer, including Zonglawei Meng, fell to their knees, kowtowing endlessly, desperately praying.

"Who dares to desecrate, destroy my Divine Statue!"

A faint rumble seemed to echo in their ears, as if from an immeasurable distance, carrying a thunderous fury, filled with an overwhelming, arrogant disdain.

The Divine Statue was a coordinate of belief, a transit point, exceedingly important to a deity,

For a deity, having its statue destroyed was akin to someone barging into its home, wreaking havoc, and finishing off by dumping waste everywhere.

Absolutely unforgivable.

It had been a long time since anyone dared to desecrate its Divine Statue.

The atmosphere grew increasingly suffocating, nearly reaching a climax at one point, where everyone started trembling uncontrollably, seemingly on the brink of divine retribution... Yet in the next moment, the oppressive aura dissipated instantly, and everything returned to calmness.

It was as if nothing had ever happened.

Chen Shouyi was taken aback.

Gone?

I haven't even spoken yet!

He walked over to the fallen Divine Statue, kicking it a few more times until the entire bronze head was kicked off, clattering loudly as it rolled across the floor.

Yet no matter how he vandalized, the God of Conspiracy seemed entirely oblivious, with no further response.

The hall was filled with kneeling believers, watching the young man perpetually defile the statue, feeling bewildered, their faith beginning to waver.

Great Lord, please come out!

Open your eyes and look at all this, your Divine Statue has been destroyed, deliver divine punishment swiftly!

He must have... been delayed by something!

Chapter 579: Where Is the Trust Between People? (Part 1)

Fortunately, perhaps thinking that you can escape the monk but not the temple.

Not long after, the aura of Divine Power spread again, and these followers, the strongest of whom were only at the Martial Artist Level, had no power to resist. Their eyes quickly turned hazy, as if they were in a dream.

Before long, a seventy to eighty-year-old elderly woman staggered into the temple.

Chen Shouyi glanced over.

She was exuding a clear, dazzling light that was invisible to the naked eye. There was no doubt that the God of Conspiracy and Enchantment had descended.

Only... this was deliberate, wasn't it!

As soon as she saw Chen Shouyi, she gave a fawning smile, revealing a mouthful of... gums. Her wrinkled face almost squeezed into a chrysanthemum as she cautiously probed, "Honorable sir, you should have seen the envoy I sent. From now on, we are on the same side... May I ask what brings you here this time?"

"Don't worry, I'm not here to kill you. I just came to ask, what exactly was that thing you gave me last time?" Chen Shouyi asked patiently for once.

"This is the Essence of the Divine Soul from the Old Gods!" The God of Conspiracy's face turned even more obsequious: "It's only found where the Old Gods have fallen, extremely valuable!"

"Is there more?" Chen Shouyi inquired.

"No, that was the last of what I had, and I gave it all to you." The God of Conspiracy said with a compensating smile.

"Really none left, you're a liar, I can't believe you!" Chen Shouyi said.

"I swear, I truly did not deceive you, but I know where there are more." The God of Conspiracy hastily replied.

He chuckled malevolently in his heart.

Keep asking!

Quickly, ask more!

Just ask!

I'll tell you everything.

In fact, although he holds the Divine Position of Conspiracy and Enchantment and can even somewhat interfere with fate and prophecy, he finds it hard to use these in the otherworld, because each god's realm of belief is an independent kingdom, and no one believes in him. Instead, he uses open plots most of all.

This isn't poison, but an unparalleled treasure useful for even a True God's Divine Soul. In the face of a supernatural creature that could kill him, he dares not use any tricks, fearing it would backfire if detected.

It's just that the area is known as the Gods' Tomb, the site of an ancient battlefield.

It's said that many Old Gods fell there, and it not only hides terrifying ancient evil but also could trap you in spatial labyrinths at any moment. Even gods with powerful Divine Power, once inside, must be extremely cautious, as a single misstep could trap them forever.

He once accidentally entered it and barely escaped with his life.

Using the Essence of the Divine Soul he obtained, he successfully plotted the downfall of two gods.

As long as this human strongman is tempted to enter there.

By then...

Hehehehehe!

Hearing this, Chen Shouyi couldn't help but look at him and suddenly felt something was off. Trying not to show it, he asked, "Is it far?"

No choice, after all, it's the God of Conspiracy and Enchantment.

Whenever he speaks, it's best to be more cautious and always stay alert.

"Not far, not far, three days... well, about five days in this world's time." The God of Conspiracy quickly replied.

"Since it's not far, why don't you help me get some? Surely, you won't refuse to help a friend in need, right?" Chen Shouyi stared into his eyes with a smile.

The God of Conspiracy's face and entire body froze, his mouth opened: "This... I... I might have remembered incorrectly just now; actually... it's a bit far!"

Before he could finish speaking.

Chen Shouyi slapped him to the ground.

"Is it far or not?" Chen Shouyi impatiently pressed down on his chest with his foot.

Don't think that just because you've descended into an elderly woman's body, I won't have the heart to hit you!

"Far... very far!" The God of Conspiracy was about to cry, feeling that even this trace of consciousness was about to be lost.

The anger in Chen Shouyi's heart surged, damn, it seems there really is deceit here.

The God of Conspiracy sensed danger, and suddenly a moment of clarity hit him as he hurriedly shouted, "Wait, I still have the Essence of the Divine Soul!"

The atmosphere suddenly quieted down.

Even though Chen Shouyi was seething with anger, his expression turned momentarily confused at these words.

Facing such a shameless Barbarian God, he felt utterly exhausted.

Clearly, he had just vowed that there was no more.

And now, he suddenly says there is.

The trust between people is eroded by such repeated deceit.

"How much?" Chen Shouyi asked with a dark expression.

"Just a little bit!" The God of Conspiracy, lying on the ground, whispered, observing his expression.

"How much is a little bit?"

"About the same as last time..." Sensing that this savage human's greedy appetite wouldn't be satisfied, the God of Conspiracy quickly added: "Maybe a bit more."

Although the Essence of the Divine Soul is a Holy Artifact for enhancing and repairing the soul, for his powerful Divine Soul, this amount is like a drop in the ocean and cannot compensate for the loss of this trace of consciousness.

"How much more is a bit more?"

"A bit more... no, thirty percent more!" The God of Conspiracy quickly swore and vowed, "This is my final stockpile, there's no more!"

Another vow!

Chen Shouyi: ...

He was almost at a loss for words.

This God of Conspiracy, there's not a truthful word.

No matter how much he presses, it likely won't yield more, but at least this trip wasn't in vain.

"When can you deliver it?"

...

An hour later, a resplendent five-colored giant bird descended from the sky, obediently landing in front of the temple, spitting out a metal bottle.

"Honorable sir, do you see?" The God of Conspiracy fawningly handed over the metal bottle.

"I'm very satisfied this time!" Chen Shouyi reached out to take it, examined it a bit, and couldn't help but smile. Looking at the God of Conspiracy also became much more pleasing to the eye.

"As long as you're satisfied!"

Chen Shouyi quickly departed.

Watching his departing figure, the God of Conspiracy's expression changed rapidly, secretly gnashing his teeth.

Greedy, cruel humans, you will pay the price one day.

He is an immortal, eternal True God with an infinite lifespan. He believed he would see that day... certainly!

As for this little bit of humiliation and setback, he... doesn't care at all.

At this moment, he turned to look at the followers kneeling in the front hall. A few were trembling like sifting chaff, pale as paper, clearly having sobered up.

His expression suddenly turned incredibly sinister.

Daring to spy on the secrets of the gods.

They all deserve to die!

...

The weather in May had become increasingly hot.

Fortunately, wartime had largely come to an end.

Most of the troops from Great Xia Country had mostly withdrawn, except for those stationed in various countries.

"General Manager Chen, thank you for your hard work during this time. Resources are limited, and the hospitality was inadequate. I hope we meet again!" He Qingming tightly shook Chen Shouyi's hand, speaking warmly, followed by a group of officers.

"Commander He, you're too kind. I'm sure we'll have chances to meet again!" Chen Shouyi nodded, not feeling like he had worked hard at all. During this time, he had only completed two missions and even went abroad for some trips.

It's just that there were too many female hooligans here, always leaving Chen Shouyi overwhelmed.

He didn't want to chat further, withdrew his hand, and quickly walked towards the helicopter.

The helicopter quickly took off from the clearing, soaring into the distance.

Chapter 580: I Have One Club

Chen Shouyi sat in the helicopter, eyes closed, examining the attribute panel.

Strength: 19.9

Agility: 19.9

Physique: 19.9

Intelligence: 19.9

Perception: 19.0

Willpower: 18.5

Energy Accumulation: 26.23

Faith Value: 3326.8

A row of attributes over nineteen made Chen Shouyi feel quite comfortable. After consuming the Essence of the Divine Soul twice, his previously lowest attribute, perception, also leaped into the 19-point range.

Only willpower remained far from nineteen.

In fact, during this period, willpower didn't grow slowly at all.

When he first arrived in the Southwest, his willpower was only 18.1, but in just over a month, it increased by 0.4 points. Perhaps the improvement in perception spurred on the increase in willpower, which seemed to rise inexplicably during this time.

Energy Accumulation had also reached 26.23.

In just three days, it would reach 27 points, allowing for further optimization in entering a state of tranquility and refining oneself.

Finally, he turned his attention to the more than three thousand faith points accumulated during this period.

After some thought, he added three thousand points to the talent "Mastery of Air."

"Boom!"

A surge of heat erupted from within, spreading throughout his body, accompanied by tingling and itching.

He endured silently.

After half a minute, the heat gradually subsided.

The original Mastery of Air (Advanced): 2.04%

Had transformed into:

Mastery of Air (Advanced): 32.04%

He continued to keep his eyes closed, feeling the air around him become more intimate, as if it had become a part of his body. A wonderful sensation arose as he extended his hand, and a subtle airflow swirled around and between his fingers.

Faster and faster, soon his entire hand looked blurred, emitting a faint whistling sound.

Fortunately, the noise of the helicopter was quite loud.

The passenger in front was completely unaware.

Chen Shouyi quietly estimated.

The wind speed was about twenty-five meters per second, a level ten wind speed.

However, at his level, this was utterly useless. The wind stirred up when he ran was far stronger than this, let alone dealing with the Barbarian God.

The next moment, at his thought, all the wind instantly froze, like waves frozen in place, with visible patterns in the airflow.

He pinched with his hand, and with a slight cracking sound, the frozen air suddenly shattered.

"This power... can already completely imprison a Senior Martial Artist," Chen Shouyi's eyes flickered. "I wonder how effective it is against a True God!"

...

As evening approached, the helicopter finally arrived in Hedong.

Chen Shouyi walked to the front of his house and found a tall wall had been erected outside the yard, with the iron gate firmly closed. He nearly didn't recognize it.

Fortunately, this posed no challenge to him. With a light leap, he gracefully jumped over the wall.

"Mom, Dad, I'm home!"

The house doors were open, and the family was having dinner in the dining room.

Hearing Chen Shouyi's voice, they immediately stood up with joy on their faces.

"When did you come back? You didn't even call to say so?" Mrs. Chen put down her chopsticks, smiling and chiding, "Are you going back again?"

"Not going back, the war over there is over," Chen Shouyi said with a smile. "Actually, I was quite relaxed there. I stayed at the command center the whole time, never stepping on the battlefield, and even traveled abroad twice!"

"You're just fooling us. Don't think I don't understand!" Chen Dawei said.

His son might speak casually, but knowing him, he must have been on extremely dangerous missions abroad.

"Brother, you really killed a True God?" Chen Xingyue finally couldn't help but ask timidly, all her previous demeanor gone.

"I've killed a lot of Demigods, so what's strange about killing a weaker True God? It's almost the same feeling, I just whacked a few times, and it was dead!" Chen Shouyi boasted proudly.

"But...you use a sword, don't you?" Chen Xingyue asked, a bit suspicious.

Chen Shouyi explained, "I also have a stick, a big one. I'll show you next time!"

"Don't talk nonsense in front of your sister!" Mrs. Chen interrupted, unable to listen any longer.

He's been in the barracks too long and learned to talk inappropriately. She didn't mind elsewhere, but talking like this in front of his sister, what did that look like?

Chen Shouyi was bewildered, opening his mouth.

He wasn't talking nonsense.

He really had a big stick.

It was at least twenty-seven or twenty-eight meters long!

...

After dinner.

When the family wasn't paying attention.

Chen Shouyi picked up the old newspapers from this period and walked to his bedroom.

Let the Shell Lady sit on the bed doing math problems.

He poured himself a cup of tea, sat in a chair, and started carefully reading through the pile of newspapers.

Soon, he found quite a few useful articles, sorting them to the side.

Unfortunately, there were only six.

He took out four more from his space, opened a cabinet, and carefully placed them inside.

Looking at the stack of newspapers already half a foot thick inside, Chen Shouyi felt completely satisfied.

...

The next day.

Quite a few visitors came to Chen Shouyi's home.

There were high-ranking government officials, and visiting Martial Artists.

In just over a month, the number of civilian Martial Artists in Hedong increased by three, mainly due to the influence of the last auction. Except for one executing a task elsewhere, the rest all came together.

With the nationwide publication of the news in the People's Daily about Chen Shouyi killing the God of Blood, his status as the number one powerhouse in the Great Xia Country became unshakeable, akin to a giant Buddha guarding Jiangnan, holding a transcendent position.

...

"President Chen, I'm Xu Chengyang, you can just call me Xiao Xu." Xu Chengyang, a robust thirty-year-old man, said cautiously.

Chen Shouyi: "Xiao Xu... never mind, I'll just call you Lao Xu."

"President Chen, I...I'm Fan Tianxu, and I've always been your fan!"

"Everyone, don't be so formal, have a seat, have a seat!" Chen Shouyi said with a smile.

"I told you, President Chen is amiable and loves mentoring the younger generation!" Qin Liuyuan said with a smile.

Upon hearing this, Chen Shouyi quickly waved his hand modestly, "Hey, I'm only nineteen, you guys are the seniors!"

"You can't say that, there's no precedence in learning, those who achieve mastery come first!" Luo Peibin quickly said, "With a talent like President Chen, a prodigy among men, we can only humbly

follow." Unlike the first time he visited Chen Shouyi, holding himself back with some psychological barrier, he was now completely relaxed.

"Yeah! Yeah!"

"This is indeed a well-deserved title of senior!"

Everyone echoed.

Chen Shouyi couldn't help but smile broadly.

Oh, how pleasant these words sounded!

Taking advantage of the rare opportunity, several people immediately sought advice on Chen Clan's training methods and the experiences of breaking through to legend.

This towering figure standing atop the clouds was not someone they could encounter often; they'd regret not asking now when he was in a good mood.

The kind-hearted Chen Shouyi didn't hold back either and answered all their questions.

They didn't disturb for long, leaving after half an hour.

Leaving behind a big pile of gifts.

Chen Shouyi casually checked them out.

Damn!

All of them were tea leaves.

This gift-giving trend is really not a good thing.

Anything would be better than giving tea leaves!

He felt that the tea leaves he received today could pile into a whole box, enough to make tea eggs for a long time.