

New Era 581

Chapter 581: The Eerie Stillness—Refining the Self (Part 3)

More than half a year has passed since the last war, and Hedong City has recovered significantly, with scarcely any trace of the war left.

There are more factories in the suburbs, and the industrial area has been continuously expanding.

Looking from afar, the chimneys stand like a forest, spewing thick smoke day and night.

Electricity supply is still inadequate, and most factories are powered by coal steam.

Many people speaking foreign languages or broken Chinese are now on the roads.

Most of them come from the four Southeast Asian countries that were part of the God of Blood's territory. Clearly, Jiangnan Province has accommodated a large number of refugees during this period.

...

Another world, desert.

Chen Shouyi was enveloped in a mist of blood, emanating waves of heat. He practiced Horizontal Training thirty-six seven times in a row and finally stopped, his muscles twitching with spasms, his body teetering on the edge of collapse.

"It's been half a month of stagnation, and it's still not working!" he exhaled a breath of scorching white air, shaking his head.

Even without looking at the attribute panel, Chen Shouyi knew it had no effect.

19.9 seemed to be the limit of the mundane. No matter how he trained during this time, he couldn't break it.

"Do I really have to become a god like the Barbarian God through faith?" a thought lingered in his mind.

For him.

Becoming a god is merely a matter of desire.

He had two opportunities to receive a Divine Position, but he abandoned them both.

One was the "Ocean" Divine Position, the other was the "Bloody" Divine Position.

Along with his hundreds of thousands of followers and influence.

As long as he obtained the Divine Position in advance, he could ignite the Divine Fire to become a Demigod in just over a decade and, within a century, become a True God with Weak Divine Power.

Of course, this was only a thought, becoming a god had no allure for someone like him who had killed two True Gods.

Firstly, it took too long, he might even weaken after igniting the Divine Fire.

Secondly, becoming a god imposed too many restrictions, not only shackled by faith but also bound by Original Force.

Unlike now, even without a trace of Original Force, he at most could not use innate abilities, but still possessed near Demigod strength.

Most crucially, once he became a god, he might forever bid farewell to the mortal world.

Whether it's because the Divine Power brought by faith couldn't perfectly restrain like self-will, or the uncontrolled nature of the Divine Fire, all gods radiate Divine Power. Ordinary people might still endure a Demigod's Divine Power.

However, a True God's Divine Power could shatter ordinary people's souls, frightening them to death.

Chen Shouyi sighed, glanced at his blood and sweat-covered body, and with a thought, blood mist erupted from his body, instantly becoming clean.

At this moment, the Shell Lady slowly flew over, landing on Chen Shouyi's shoulder, carrying a floral scent.

"Good Giant, look at me, am I pretty?" the Shell Lady tugged at Chen Shouyi's ear, asking coquettishly.

At her words, Chen Shouyi turned his head, seeing the Shell Lady with her head adorned with various wildflowers, looking colorful, paired with a pink princess dress, she seemed like a Flower Fairy from a fairy tale.

Truly a little vain.

"Very pretty!" Chen Shouyi glanced at her, complying.

"Little Dot thinks so too." The Shell Lady nodded, then glanced at Chen Shouyi's head: "Good Giant, wait here, Little Dot will be right back."

Saying this, she left Chen Shouyi's shoulder and quickly flew off into the distance.

Chen Shouyi didn't have to wonder long before she returned, holding a small red flower much larger than her own body: "Good Giant, this is for you, if you wear it on your head, you'll be pretty too!"

Chen Shouyi, internally silent, said: "Good Giants don't need to look pretty, so they don't wear flowers."

The Shell Lady tilted her head, contemplating earnestly: "But you already look quite bad!"

Chen Shouyi's face darkened.

This little creature, truly unlikable.

...

After dinner.

Chen Shouyi lay on the bed, reading a book, while waiting for the Energy Accumulation on the attribute panel to approach twenty-seven points.

Regarding whether to optimize introspection or wait until it accumulates to 81 points to optimize the Horizontal Training thirty-six, he had already made up his mind.

Over the past few days, he vaguely suspected that his delay in breaking through might be due to the obvious imbalance between his physical and mental attributes.

Just like a common being lighting the Divine Fire to step into the Demigod stage, it requires not only a physique and a large amount of Power of Faith but also a more mysterious and unfathomable soul.

Perhaps when will and perception both reach 19.9, there might be a turning point.

Of course, this is just a speculation.

But this speculation alone was enough to make him give it a try.

As time ticked closer.

His heart started to pound intensely.

He wondered what changes might happen with this meditation?

As soon as the time came.

He immediately tossed aside the book, opened the attribute panel, and chose introspection to optimize himself.

...

A familiar drowsiness crept over him.

He quickly entered a dream.

The introspection technique was rapidly deduced, optimized again and again, and meditation went deeper and deeper.

Quiet!

Tranquility!

The entire consciousness and subconscious were gradually mastered by him completely.

His awareness was clear and tranquil, here he could see a multitude of complex and chaotic information.

This is the unknown information within the subconscious.

Normally imperceptible, yet subtly influencing a person's mindset and spirit.

This information includes behavior patterns from acquired experiences and experiences, as well as innate information passed down through generations via hereditary genes.

For example, when encountering man-eating beasts.

Some freeze up in terror, unable to move.

Some collapse, soiling themselves.

Some turn and flee.

Some bravely charge forward.

From a racial perspective, choosing bravery or cowardice has no significance. Surviving and passing on genes through the generations is the best choice. These "excellent" choices, proven survivable, also pass down through genetic information, subtly influencing behavior.

When crisis comes, the same choices proven correct before are made.

The saying "three years old sees the future" reflects this reality!

Of course, the postnatal environment and education can also overturn everything.

In the dream, he passively read this extensive information.

This information truly holds little meaning to someone like Chen Shouyi, who completely controls his consciousness, serving only as a deeper understanding of himself.

The evolution wasn't over.

When he finished "reading" all sub-conscious information.

His entire consciousness suddenly trembled.

A glimmer of light,

started to appear slowly from the depths of consciousness!

This was an unimaginable light, colorful and ever-changing, as if a rapidly shifting kaleidoscope.

Strange, mysterious, it seemed to contain infinite information, like the world's truth.

Chen Shouyi only glanced a few times, and his mind turned blank.

He suddenly snapped awake.

Chen Shouyi opened his eyes, panting heavily, his eyes blankly gazing at the ceiling, his face filled with shock.

He felt his mind thoroughly exhausted, his head aching as if splitting, his thoughts somewhat dull.

"What... what is this?" he murmured to himself.

...

Chapter 582: Anything Else to Sign?

Chen Shouyi lay for a while, waiting for his mind to recover slightly, then got up and walked down from the bed, reaching out to pull open the curtains.

"Pop pop pop!"

Outside, the street lights emitted a dim yellow glow, and several moths kept hitting the lampshade, making a "pop pop" sound.

"This time the optimization of deep meditation and self-cultivation is quite bizarre, seemingly evolving to the root of the mind. The entire consciousness, including the mysterious subconscious, holds no more mysteries in my eyes, all is laid bare before me." Chen Shouyi pondered:

"So this is what it means to illuminate oneself."

"And that light, it must be... Divinity!?"

Chen Shouyi had seen divinity before, but only in others.

But he had never seen his own divinity, nor sensed it.

It always hid in the depths of consciousness and soul, ethereal, elusive, as if it didn't exist at all.

Until today, he finally saw it with his own eyes.

Of course, it can't be called seeing.

It was more like a psychic feeling.

More shocking than what the eyes could see, filled with endless information.

The eyes, due to biological sensory limitations, cannot see the true essence of things.

For example, human eyes can only receive two-dimensional information, unable to see three-dimensional (3D) images.

The reason we can perceive a sphere as three-dimensional and form the concept of a sphere in our minds is entirely due to the light and shadow changes on the sphere.

If the sphere emits strong light or absolute darkness, the human eye can no longer discern whether it is a sphere or a circle.

A 3D painting or a 3D movie can completely deceive the eyes.

But the mind has no such restriction; it is three-dimensional.

It can simultaneously see the front, back, and even inside of objects.

Adding just one more dimension, the information it carries increases exponentially.

Two-dimensional images can be expressed with flat pixels, but three-dimensional images, seemingly only adding one dimension, suddenly have innumerable orders of magnitude more information.

And when deeply meditating, the brain's self-protection valve becomes almost non-existent, leading to endless information frantically pouring into the mind. Even with Chen Shouyi's intelligence of 19.9, it was almost clogged with information, making his whole head feel dizzy.

...

"But...is this still deep meditation and self-cultivation?"

It's almost completely overturned, with no similarities at all."

Chen Shouyi thought to himself, standing by the window for quite a while, feeling his mind almost fully recovered, preparing to draw the curtains and personally experiment to see if everything earlier was just a dream.

What is the reality?

It still requires personal experience.

At this moment, he suddenly felt a slight oddity. He keenly noticed that before his hand even touched the curtain, it started to slowly close by itself.

His hand paused slightly, watching the still swaying curtain, looking as if he had seen a ghost.

"I haven't even pulled it, nor focused my will, just...had a thought of pulling the curtain, and it closed automatically!?"

"Is my will really that strong?" he looked incredulous.

Chen Shouyi quickly checked the attribute panel and found no change in will, feeling somewhat excited:

"Could it be that with this reading of the subconscious, the conscious and subconscious have basically unified, obeying a single will?"

"Even without focusing, the mind can manifest power?"

He then closed his eyes, paced back and forth, carefully sensing this change.

He felt as if his every move was guided by divine assistance, a slight sense of ease and omnipotence surged in his heart.

Before his steps even moved, the air in front had already automatically parted, and his body felt incredibly light, footsteps soundless, almost like when focusing his will.

Of course, this power was much weaker than when concentrating will, probably less than one-tenth.

Yet his mind felt no exhaustion, everything was as usual.

"I wonder how many changes will occur when focusing will?" Chen Shouyi pondered, feeling a bit excited. He checked his watch and found it was already 1 AM, immediately dismissing the idea.

"Forget it, there's no rush, I'll leave it for tomorrow!"

He lay back on the bed.

Closing his eyes, he began the first practice of deep meditation and self-cultivation after the fourth optimization.

Soon after.

A gleam of light appeared once again.

It had no specific color or shape.

Because its shape and color were constantly changing, shifting instantly, even whether it was light could not be determined.

It seemed to come from a higher dimension, and Chen Shouyi could only sense its projection in this world.

Gradually, his mind began to go blank...

He didn't know how long it was until he awoke.

Only feeling mental exhaustion, temples throbbing with pain.

Chen Shouyi attempted to recall the earlier memory, only to find his head muddled, unable to remember anything.

The only impression left was that gleam of light.

He picked up his watch.

To his surprise, what felt like only a few seconds in sensation had in fact been an hour.

...

Early the next day.

Before Chen Shouyi could leave, Zhang Miaomiao came over with a stack of state-owned enterprise stock transfer contract documents.

...

In the tea room, silence prevailed.

Only the rustling of flipping contract pages could be heard.

The weather had grown hotter, Zhang Miaomiao was wearing a tailored business suit, perfectly accentuating her shapely, voluptuous figure, her long legs tightly closed, seamless in appearance, dazzlingly white.

After the mutations, textiles like stockings were no longer produced.

Two years had passed, and now it was rare to see anyone wearing stockings.

Of course, Chen Shouyi paid no heed to these things.

The contracts were as thick as books, with a total of eight volumes, filled with professional legal terms. After just a while of reading, he grew impatient, quickly flipping to the end, where the Provincial Government's seal and signatures of senior officials were already stamped:

"Do I sign here?" Chen Shouyi looked up and asked.

"Oh, uh, yes!" Zhang Miaomiao avoided his gaze, quickly responding.

She had just discovered something incredible: when President Chen flipped the pages earlier, it seemed his fingers hadn't even touched the contract, yet the pages magically reached his hand, as if offering themselves.

It appeared immensely mysterious.

Seeing Chen Shouyi pick up a pen to sign, Zhang Miaomiao suggested, "Would it be better to consult a lawyer to take a closer look?"

"What's there to look at!" Chen Shouyi signed one contract, picked up another, and asked, "Is there some trap in this contract?"

Zhang Miaomiao was startled, promptly assuring, "No, absolutely not."

"Then that's settled!" Chen Shouyi said. As his strength gradually increased, he became more relaxed mentally. What seemed like a massive three-billion asset to ordinary people was merely within grasp for him, untroubled in his mind.

Chen Shouyi meticulously signed each contract, looking at his neat handwriting, ever more satisfied, somewhat longing: "If there's anything else to sign, just bring it all out, I'll sign them all!"

"Uh, there's nothing else to sign." Zhang Miaomiao said, observing, taking out her notebook, she tentatively asked, "President Chen, could you sign for me?"

Such a request was too simple.

Chen Shouyi was always very patient with fans.

He smiled, taking the notebook, asking, "What blessing would you like?"

Chapter 583: Divine Blessing

"Then wish me to become younger and more beautiful!" Zhang Miaomiao joked.

In the eyes of outsiders, this human's mightiest man inspires awe and fear, but only through frequent interaction can one see he isn't so imposing. Instead, he appears somewhat innocent.

It's not an innocence born of naivety.

But rather, simple and pure, detached and independent from the world.

Those who know him can often see through his thoughts at a glance.

Although sometimes he tries to disguise, it's undoubtedly quite clumsy, like a naive young boy who hasn't stepped into society.

In fact, that's accurate, as he barely experienced any of the cutthroat societal trials before becoming the most powerful human in history, with everyone revolving around him.

He is a true superior.

It has nothing to do with power or money; his very existence makes all that detour.

No one dares to deceive him because of this.

A man who can kill a True God can also become something even more terrifying than a True God.

"Alright then!" Chen Shouyi smiled and glanced at Zhang Miaomiao, he said.

Women just love vanity, just like the Shell Lady.

He picked up a pen and quickly wrote down his blessing.

At that moment, an unbelievable thing happened.

As he began to write, an invisible force descended upon Zhang Miaomiao.

For some reason, she suddenly felt a lightness throughout her body, a faint joy filling her heart.

Chen Shouyi felt his energy rapidly draining, slightly surprised. After finishing his writing and signing his name, he looked up, about to speak, when he suddenly paused, seeing Zhang Miaomiao radiantly glowing, exuding a peculiar charm, as if she had become a year or two younger.

"Are you okay?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"I... I'm fine!" Zhang Miaomiao instinctively touched her seemingly smoother face, her expression incredulous.

...

Zhang Miaomiao soon left, looking as if she was questioning her life choices as she departed.

Chen Shouyi watched her retreating figure, scratching his head in some frustration.

Ugh, how did it end up like this?

At this rate, he won't be able to speak properly anymore. Does this mean he must learn to feign things?

That's really difficult!

Then a thought struck him:

"I wonder if I can curse?"

He thought about it and wasn't in a hurry to go to the other world.

He quickly walked to the yard, searching on the ground.

He soon found an ant.

This unlucky ant obviously didn't know its doom was approaching, still aimlessly searching for food.

"Die!"

Before the words were out of his mouth.

The crawling ant shuddered, then lay motionless. It kicked the bucket.

"Seems doable!"

Next, he found a caterpillar.

"Die!"

A grasshopper.

"Die!"

An earthworm.

"Die!"

A toad.

"Die!"

Chen Shouyi was still not satisfied, but unfortunately, he could no longer find more, so he had to give up reluctantly.

However, he could feel that he was reaching his ability's limit. When he cursed the toad, he clearly noticed the weakness, his willpower dispersed.

Moreover, living beings naturally have resistance to external harm.

Beneficial blessings are typically not resisted, but malicious curses make everything harder.

...

The fourth optimization's effect on self-cultivation shows not only in ordinary states but also in the manifestation of willpower in every move.

When concentrated, the effect is even more pronounced.

In the other world.

A figure breaks through the raging winds, "boom," soaring straight up, flying at high speeds.

Chen Shouyi felt his willpower's propulsion becoming greater.

The same willpower, which used to be about 1.2 tons, now could reach 1.5 tons.

Even in this other world with triple gravity, his speed could reach nearly 200 meters per second.

He flew higher and higher.

10,000 meters...

30,000 meters...

50,000 meters...

During this period, as his perception rapidly grew, he still felt energetic.

However, Chen Shouyi no longer intended to keep flying, slowly stopping, hovering silently at high altitude, overlooking the land.

In the distance, forests densely covered, mountains and rivers undulating, permeating a vast Domain of Faith. He didn't want to meddle, withdrew his gaze after a glance.

On Earth, at such altitudes, the landscape would start to show a definite curvature.

But in the other world, it remained a flat piece, with no discernible curvature.

If this were a planet.

Then this planet is unimaginably huge.

Humanity has always debated the construction of the other world, between the planet theory and the celestial square earth theory...

But what can be confirmed is.

This world is big.

Extremely big!

So big that two adjacent Spatial Passages on Earth, in the other world, could be separated by tens of thousands of miles.

A blurred rainbow light swiftly flew up from below, faintly emitting a sharp whistle.

Then it instantly landed on Chen Shouyi's shoulder.

"Whew, good Giant, this time you're flying so fast... whew... almost faster than me!" the strong Shell Lady said breathlessly, her hair messed up like a haystack.

"Then let's see who falls faster?"

"Okay." The Shell Lady barely finished speaking before eagerly diving down.

Cheating indeed.

Chen Shouyi hurried to follow.

...

In the days following, Chen Shouyi devoted himself entirely, living a life of back-and-forth between two points.

The effects of the fourth optimization version turned out better than imagined, with his perception beginning to soar, and more surprisingly, his willpower also advancing rapidly.

Perception and willpower form the soul, closely connected.

Like a weak physique unable to train powerful strength, perhaps previously his weak perception severely limited the progress of his willpower, now that constraint was lifted, leading willpower to rise accordingly.

He faintly felt the shackles restricting his body's transformation begin to loosen, with the rapid advancement of willpower and perception.

...

One evening upon returning, he found Zhang Miaomiao came again.

The two went to the tea room.

"What's the matter, haven't been waiting long, have you?" Chen Shouyi asked casually.

"General Manager Chen, I just arrived too. The situation is this: today the Provincial Government received a notice from the State Office. The President wants to personally award you, and I'm here to accompany you!" Zhang Miaomiao said excitedly.

"What, awarding a medal?" Chen Shouyi exclaimed.

"Yes!" Zhang Miaomiao said excitedly.

"What medal?" Chen Shouyi asked.

He already had the Godslayer Medal.

Of course, such things naturally pile up. Compared with newspapers, medals definitely have more style.

Those old generals in the movies, be they from Great Xia Country or foreign lands, which one doesn't have a chest full of medals? He only has one and is embarrassed to show it.

"Not yet clear, but it definitely isn't an ordinary military honor," Zhang Miaomiao quickly said, appearing even more excited than him.

Presidents don't personally award ordinary medals.

Chen Shouyi asked calmly, "When do we go?"

"In three days, but we have to leave tonight. The helicopter is ready."

Chapter 584: Assassination

Outskirts of the new district, Capital City, Great Xia Country.

A rare black car post-mutant event, passed through several checkpoints, slowly drove into an underground defense base 300 meters deep, capable of withstanding nuclear bomb attacks.

This is the wartime supreme authority organization — the Supreme Military Authority Committee location.

Director of the Security Bureau, Zhao Feiming, pushed open the car door and got out, walking quickly with a stern face towards the depths of the base.

Soon, he stood before the President's office, took a deep breath, and gently knocked on the door.

"Come in!"

Zhao Feiming pushed open the door: "Mr. President..."

"What's the situation?" The President asked without lifting his head from the documents.

"Only one is left, suspected to be Central Asian, the rest of the assassins escaped." Zhao Feiming swallowed nervously.

The President continued reviewing the documents, the only sound in the office was the scratch of the pen tip on paper.

The atmosphere was silent for a long time.

Cold sweat began to pour from Zhao Feiming's forehead.

A few seconds later, the President finally put down the documents and said in a deep voice:

"What are all of you doing here, this is the Capital. This is the nation's capital, all resources are prioritized for supply here.

With so many people in Security, so many strong individuals, you still can't catch a few assassins, how can you ensure the safety of the Capital?"

This incident was extremely serious and of an extremely vile nature.

During a morning inspection, the convoy was actually attacked by cult members, fortunately, it was just a decoy target, and the convoy only contained his body double, otherwise the consequences would be unimaginable, the entire Great Xia Country would be plunged into chaos for a while.

"These people are...strong, two might even be... legendary warriors." Zhao Feiming said under pressure, with difficulty.

Legendary warriors in such a densely populated city, if they want to escape, are almost impossible to catch or kill.

In the entire Security Bureau, the strongest is just a peak Martial Artist, not a single legendary warrior.

The President's expression changed slightly upon hearing this and asked, "Central Asians?"

"We suspect these people come from the God of Light from the northwest!" Zhao Feiming said: "The European Union obviously leaked the information on purpose!"

"That's obvious!" The President said in a deep voice.

Between nations, there is no true friendship, allies are meant to be betrayed.

In fact, it cannot be concealed, just a week ago.

Great Xia Country's military had already begun mobilizing, gathering towards the northwest border, this situation, as long as you're not ignorant, you can notice.

The simplest way to create chaos in a country is undoubtedly to assassinate the nation's leader.

These people clearly came with that goal in mind.

"Now the situation is very dangerous, the award ceremony in three days, perhaps you should..." Zhao Feiming carefully suggested.

"No, I will go personally!" The President interrupted decisively.

He had long wanted to meet this strongest person among humanity, to communicate their thoughts openly like friends.

This nation cannot withstand turmoil.

We must unite all forces that can be united, and General Manager Chen's attitude has already reached the height of affecting national strategic security.

"Moreover, with General Manager Chen present, should I still worry about safety?" The President looked at Zhao Feiming and said.

Zhao Feiming was taken aback, as if realizing the same.

To General Manager Chen, who can kill a True God, two legends and a group of martial artists are just like swatting some bugs—an effortless task.

He now even hoped that this group of people indeed hurried their approach, so they could capture them all in one fell swoop and relieve himself of this immense pressure.

...

In the evening, a helicopter slowly took off from the Provincial Government Building plaza in Hedong City, flying towards the distance.

Zhang Miaomiao looked a bit nervous, she had ridden in cars, trains, and airplanes, but it was her first time on a military helicopter. The loud noise and constant vibration made her feel really unsafe.

But seeing Chen Shouyi's calm demeanor, she couldn't help but feel at ease.

Hesitating for a while, she bit her lip and took out a new notebook she had prepared for a long time from her bag, shyly saying, "General Manager Chen, could you... sign it for me again?"

Chen Shouyi was taken aback.

Didn't he sign it last time, why another one?

But he didn't mind, he had never been resistant to signing autographs for others. He happily took the notebook and pen, asking, "What blessing do you want?"

"Wish me to be young and beautiful again!" Zhang Miaomiao whispered, her face reddening, feeling somewhat inexplicably ashamed.

The effect last time was very good, her skin became tender and taut, full of vitality, but unfortunately, the effect didn't last long, only two or three days before returning completely to how it was before, leaving her forlorn.

Chen Shouyi: ...

Heh, women!

He had seen through it long ago.

Then let you be pretty enough for once!

Chen Shouyi thought, then slightly gathered his will, the air immediately made a buzzing sound, tiny sparks of static flashed around with crackling noise, he concentrated his thoughts, waved his pen widely.

Just then, he suddenly heard a suppressed yet thin as a flute moan.

Chen Shouyi turned his head strangely and opened his mouth involuntarily.

He saw that Zhang Miaomiao's entire body appeared astonishingly flushed, her eyes glazed, lying limp against the backrest, her body still trembling intermittently.

Was it too forceful?

Wouldn't it cause a problem?

"Director Zhang! Director Zhang!" Chen Shouyi quickly said: "Are you okay?"

It took several calls for Zhang Miaomiao to recover from the intense pleasure, looking at Chen Shouyi with shame, her face unbearably flushed as if about to burst into steam: "I...I'm okay?"

Unexpectedly, she just... lost composure.

"That's good, I thought something happened to you?" Chen Shouyi breathed a sigh of relief, seemed like he should take it easy when signing. Ordinary people can't bear such blessings.

He paused, continued: "Your body is a bit weak."

Even Zhang Miaomiao in embarrassment and disbelief, couldn't help but feel powerless to retort. She had the strength of a Martial Artist Apprentice, didn't she? Of course, compared to this person, even Martial Artists would seem fragile!

...

The helicopter flew all the way.

As dawn approached, it finally landed slowly at a military camp on the outskirts of Capital City, and soon a special vehicle took both of them to a hostel where they had stayed last time.

...

The news of Chen Shouyi coming to Capital City for a commendation was not deliberately hidden and had long spread.

At the hostel entrance, stationed soldiers stared tightly outside, their faces tense like facing a great enemy.

A large number of foreigners of different skin colors were carrying old-fashioned video cameras or cameras, squatting or standing outside. This situation had persisted for two days. If it weren't for the curfew now, they might have camped outside at night.

These people were mainly journalists from various countries, though many were also doing intelligence gathering on the side.

Compared to other ordinary Great Xia Country news, God Chen was evidently more of a blockbuster, not only did the higher-ups pay attention, but the people also liked to watch. Just a brief appearance or a few words would be enough for them to embellish and write several news articles.

In this era of war, there were no global superstars, if there were, it would undoubtedly be God Chen!

Chapter 585: Kill Him in Passing

At this moment, a black sedan swiftly drove forward.

It slowly stopped at the entrance, producing a gentle scraping sound.

The soldiers at the entrance of the guesthouse seemed to have received a signal, and they quickly ran over, turning their backs to the car and forming a tight circle.

"Boom!"

The reporters on the scene immediately became agitated. Everyone already sensed who was inside the car, like flies that smell feces, sprinting forward at a hundred meters dash speed.

But they were firmly blocked by the soldiers outside.

The driver's door opened, and an officer quickly stepped out, bent over, and opened the rear door.

A handsome young man stepped out of the car.

"Clap clap clap..."

The next moment, countless dazzling flashbulbs lit up wildly.

"God Chen, can I interview you with a question?"

"Quick, look here!"

"I'm a reporter from the United States Hua State Post. I heard you killed a True God; is this true or just for publicity?"

Huh?

So many reporters!

Chen Shouyi's face froze for a moment.

"General Manager Chen, shall we escort you inside?" a soldier said nervously. These foreign journalists are really annoying, stationed at the entrance of the guesthouse every day, like a pack of hyenas, impossible to chase away.

Chen Shouyi looked at him strangely.

Escort, why escort?

If they want to interview, let them interview. So many reporters, and all are foreigners, it's the first time this has happened.

Then he said, "One by one."

Upon hearing this, the reporters immediately became energized and fiercely pushed aside the blocking soldiers.

The next moment, numerous microphones were forcefully shoved into Chen Shouyi's face.

A female reporter, fierce with fighting spirit, occupied the best position. She looked at Chen Shouyi with eyes glistening: "I'm Lucy, a reporter from the European Union's CBB Daily, God Chen, do you have a girlfriend?"

Chen Shouyi remained calm and composed, saying indifferently, "I'm still young right now, haven't considered it yet!"

The atmosphere around momentarily froze.

Many felt uncomfortable inside.

Fortunately, God Chen's age is not a secret, known to everyone here.

"Do you have any requirements for a girlfriend? Do you mind if she's a white woman?" The female reporter didn't care about the response and continued to ask, gazing intensely at Chen Shouyi's face. She felt she was completely captivated.

He really is so handsome!

Strong, young, wise, mysterious, and of course... handsome.

Simply like a godly figure.

Really want... to adore him thoroughly.

"I don't mind, as long as I have feelings!" Chen Shouyi said vaguely.

What's up with this woman? Why are all the questions like this, shouldn't she ask more serious matters?

"Do you mind if she's not a virgin..." The female reporter said with seductive eyes, trying to ask again but was silently squeezed aside by another reporter.

This is too much!

This is a serious interview, not a matchmaking event.

They're not entertainment reporters; they're official media from various countries, do you think God Chen would fancy you, you b*tch?

"God Chen, Your Excellency, what do you think of the war in the alternate world? Can humans achieve victory?" a reporter asked.

"Human technology is quickly recovering, I think victory is just a matter of time!" Chen Shouyi said, finally, the questions become normal.

"Is there any story behind your creation of the Chen Clan cultivation method?"

Chen Shouyi paused, "Hmm, seems like it's missing a story indeed."

Like Newton discovering gravity or Watt inventing the steam engine, it's almost a standard.

He thought quickly, and soon said without blushing, "It was a spring..."

...

After more than ten minutes.

Chen Shouyi was surrounded by a group of soldiers and walked into the guesthouse.

Zhang Miaomiao followed behind.

Originally, reporters were extremely curious about her and Chen Shouyi sharing a car, but after learning about her identity, they lost interest. Just a nanny and assistant from the local government of Great Xia Country, specifically handling trivial matters for God Chen.

...

In a sewer.

Eight people gathered in a group, everyone had high nose bridges and deep-set eyes, eyes sharp and determined like beasts.

Faith makes people not fear death.

As devoted warriors of the God of Light, each of them was prepared to sacrifice for their god.

"The assassination failed last time, the president of Great Xia Country is still alive, we must succeed this time!" said a bearded Central Asian, passing a newspaper to the others, speaking gravely, and then calmly biting into a skinned rat, the bones of which made a fine crackling sound under the grinding teeth.

There's not much in the sewer, but rats are everywhere.

"Could it be a false lead to bait us?" someone said after looking for a while, passing it to another.

"Every single one could be a false lead, each could be a trap, but now the whole city is under martial law. When more legendary powerhouses are mobilized by Great Xia Country for the search, our chances of success will only get smaller!"

"Chen Shouyi!" At this moment, someone looked at the name in the newspaper, reading with a strange tone: "Has anyone heard of this person?"

Everyone shook their heads, looking at each other.

Central Asia was occupied very early, and shortly after the mutation, it was taken over by the God of Light, long isolated from the human world.

And although during the war with the European Union, they captured numerous videotapes about the Chen Clan cultivation method, they all referred to him as God Chen, the actual name remained unknown.

"Maybe he's a general!"

"If there's an opportunity, then kill him too. A general who can be awarded alone by the president of Great Xia Country is obviously not an ordinary general!" A burly man who had been silent all along spoke coldly.

This time, the legendary powerhouses dispatched were not two, but three.

Additionally, there were five peak Martial Artists.

For this assassination, the God of Light put out all stops, such force in any country is terrifying.

"God of Light bless us!"

"God of Light bless us!"

The sewer echoed with deep prayers for a moment.

...

Chen Shouyi, mentally exhausted, dealt with a few diligent and enthusiastic pretty female attendants, closed the door, and let out a long breath.

The room was a presidential suite.

A real presidential suite, meant for national head-level guests.

Spacious, luxuriously decorated, all sorts of appliances are complete, though most are just for show.

Compared to his last time in the capital when he only stayed in a regular suite, his treatment is obviously a notch higher.

Yet to him, it didn't make much difference.

It's just a place to stay.

He searched around in the drinks area and found a can of two-year-aged soda in the ice bucket.

After opening it, Chen Shouyi was pleasantly surprised to find it still fizzy.

He took a sip, feeling euphoric as his hairs stood on end.

What a nostalgic taste.

The Shell Lady emerged from his chest, looking at the lavish room full of gems, her mouth formed an O shape.

"Good Giant, is this our new lair!" she said excitedly.

After Chen Shouyi nodded.

The Shell Lady's face flushed with excitement, immediately jumping down and beginning to explore everywhere.

Chen Shouyi ignored her, enjoying his cola leisurely and opened the attribute panel:

Strength: 19.9

Agility: 19.9

Constitution: 19.9

Intelligence: 19.9

Perception: 19.6

Willpower: 18.9

Energy Accumulation: 5.13

Faith Value: 1730.3

"Almost reaching 19.9 in everything!"

Chapter 586: Madness

Time flew by, and it was the third day.

Early in the morning, several main roads were blocked off, and the streets were filled with soldiers. There were even a few armored vehicles, while numerous snipers were deployed on rooftops and in hidden windows on both sides.

A scene of high alert.

...

"Click!"

The heavy sniper rifle closed its magazine, and two men, dressed in the Great Xia Country military uniforms, casually chewed on beef jerky, with the bodies of several soldiers lying nearby.

Currently, there were no wireless communications for individual soldiers.

Replacements for fallen soldiers took time to discover.

In their eyes, no matter how tight the security, it's full of holes.

Religion, oil, and the game of power among major countries have always made Central Asia a powder keg on Earth.

Amidst frequent wars, it also produced many outstanding warriors.

Abbas was one of the best among them.

He joined the resistance organization at seven, waging war with the Government Army with a rifle.

To him, a gun was like the closest of partners.

As long as he had a gun in hand and kept his distance, even legendary figures could fall with one wrong move!

"May the God of Light bless us. Abbas, do you think the convoy will come this way? There are too many firepower points here!" a Central Asian man nervously licked his lips and asked.

"The God of Light blesses us, don't worry, Abdul!" Abbas said lightly. "This isn't our job. Our task is to draw and clear fire, to assist Lord Atasi in completing the mission and withdrawing smoothly. The Lord is with us."

"The Lord is with us," Abdul murmured.

"Don't worry. We'll make it back. You mentioned you had a daughter?" Abbas chatted casually.

"Yes, she's only fourteen, very pretty, a charming darling, takes after her mother. After this holy war, I plan to spend some time with her at home," Abdul said, a kind smile appearing on his stern face.

"I really envy you. I'm sure the Chief Priest will agree."

At that moment, a soldier across the way gave them a signal to be on guard. Abbas lowered his head slightly and quickly acknowledged it.

The soldier seemed unaware, only his concealed arm behind was subtly moving continuously.

...

Early in the morning.

Chen Shouyi was assisted in putting on his suit and tying his tie by three hotel attendants.

"General Manager Chen, you're naturally a suit model, your figure is fantastic," a beautiful female attendant softly said, gently smoothing the wrinkles of Chen Shouyi's shirt, her face blushing.

The people who sell clothes would say the same!

Chen Shouyi thought to himself.

But why was wearing clothes so troublesome, with the three attendants busily working on him for over ten minutes, touching and arranging?

It was extremely meticulous and professional.

No thread went uncut and no fit left ignored. Even the slightest flaw wasn't overlooked.

Unlike how he could finish dressing in ten seconds.

If he went at extreme speed, he could do it in half a second.

Of course, going that fast might accidentally tear the clothes.

The door gently opened, and two more people walked in quietly, glancing discreetly at the other three, their faces reddening as they told Chen Shouyi, "General Manager Chen, we're here to do your makeup!"

"Makeup's not necessary," Chen Shouyi hurriedly replied.

Otherwise, who knows how long it would take.

Moreover,

He never cared about being handsome or not.

...

"Screech..."

The vehicle stopped at the hall's entrance.

Chen Shouyi got out of the car and immediately sensed a strange atmosphere. The security around was overly strict, with visible soldiers and several armored cars across the street, and many snipers hidden in the shadows. A quick scan revealed several of them.

A staff member accompanying him leaned in to whisper, "Recently, someone tried to assassinate the President. There might be another attempt today."

Chen Shouyi's heart tightened, and he asked, "Barbarian God?"

The staff member paused, nearly choking, "No... it's the Central Asian cultists."

Chen Shouyi nodded.

He thought it might be the Barbarian God!

This time, there was no detailed inspection or body search like last time, and Chen Shouyi followed the staff smoothly to the award ceremony hall.

There were only a few people inside, barely a dozen, but they were mostly military and political top brass.

As Chen Shouyi reached the door, everybody's gaze instantly turned to him, nodding with friendly gestures.

...

"...The Chen Clan's training method and the Chen Clan's Horizontal Training 36 Techniques pioneered by Mr. Chen Shouyi have profound significance for all mankind and have greatly contributed to the war between humans and the otherworld," said the President, who presided over the event with a solemn and grave expression:

"Their immense power defends our country's borders, making the Barbarian God cautious and unable to make a move. His presence is a beacon in the darkness, igniting hope in humanity, showing us that humans can defeat gods."

Even Chen Shouyi, with his thick skin, felt a bit embarrassed hearing this.

This was too exaggerated.

He just scared the God of Conspiracy with weak Divine Power.

"...Based on the High Commission's decision, we award Mr. Chen Shouyi the National Defender Medal for his outstanding contributions to the country. This medal is unique and will not be awarded again... Now, let's welcome Mr. Chen Shouyi to the stage!"

Amidst a thunderous round of applause, Chen Shouyi walked to the stage.

The two shook hands.

"Mr. Chen, congratulations!" the President said with a smile.

"Thank you, President, please just call me Chen Shouyi!" Chen Shouyi quickly replied.

The President was about to receive the medal and certificate from the ceremony host when a series of loud gunshots rang out outside.

The venue immediately stirred but no one panicked.

The President signaled to a middle-aged man in black sitting in the corner.

The man immediately stood, then swiftly leaped to the door and disappeared.

This man was evidently the legendary protector responsible for the President's security.

The President's brow furrowed, his expression dark, then he smiled, "Just a small matter."

He picked up the golden medal, preparing to put it on Chen Shouyi's chest.

Then there was a boom like an explosion.

A large hole blasted through the wall, rubble flying everywhere, with a figure rolling across the ground like a cannonball, colliding heavily with the wall before stopping. The figure tried to stand but spat blood and slumped down.

It was the black-clad man who had left earlier.

Amidst the smoke and dust, two Central Asian men, with crazed expressions, emerged from the hole, their clothes torn and bodies covered in blood, clearly already injured.

This final assassination attempt involved four people, two of whom, including a legend, had already fallen on the road to divert firepower.

Now only these two remained, but it was all worth it.

Their sharp eyes fixed on the podium, the target almost within reach.

...

Chapter 587: Should We Leave One Alive?

The incident happened suddenly.

The president on the rostrum paused involuntarily, his hand holding the medal instinctively pulling back. Immediately, he felt the medal in his hand being pulled away by an invisible force, tracing an arc, landing in Chen Shouyi's hand.

Chen Shouyi was slightly taken aback.

Uh!

This was a bit awkward!

This wasn't his intention at all.

He just had a slight thought.

As a result, the medal fell into his hand. This was so shocking, making it seem like he couldn't wait.

"I'll take it first!" Chen Shouyi forced himself to say calmly.

"Ah, oh, it's no problem!" The president came back to his senses and quickly said, watching as General Manager Chen remained composed and even casually held the medal. His heart calmed down too.

With General Manager Chen, who could slay gods, everything else seemed insignificant.

...

"Ding ding ding..."

Blood-stained bullets squeezed out from the bodies of the two Central Asians, falling onto the marble floor with a crisp ringing sound.

Actually, the two had already suffered fatal injuries. Charging through such heavily guarded gunfire, where even the bullets were armor-piercing, even a demigod would find it hard to come out unscathed, let alone two legends.

But legends are known for their formidable defense and vitality. Even when mortally wounded, it's hard for them to die instantly.

The two caught their breath, adjusted themselves back to peak condition, exchanged a glance, each seeing the resolve to die in the other's face:

"Take action!"

Not wasting a single moment on nonsense, the two rushed towards the rostrum, this was the heart of Great Xia Country, a horde of soldiers would soon arrive from outside, they only had one chance, the longer they delayed, the more unexpected the outcome.

At this moment, the young man on the rostrum, who had been facing away from them, slowly turned around.

His expression was calm, faintly familiar, with a trace of a sarcastic smile at the corner of his mouth.

For some reason, a creeping sense of dread arose from the depths of their hearts, spreading throughout their bodies, causing their hair to stand on end.

Danger!

Danger!

Danger!

Their minds screamed out warnings.

It was as if they were charging not at a target for assassination, but at a terrifying fierce beast, even death itself.

Impossible!

How could there be such a powerful human being!

They were already legends, the pinnacle a human could reach.

Even if someone was stronger, they couldn't be that much stronger.

Maybe... this was a hallucination just before death. Atasi, who was a step ahead, let out a roar, but just as his vocal cords started to tremble, the next moment, he felt a gust of wind hit his face, a blurred shadow arrived in an instant...

"Boom" - a loud bang!

His head exploded like a watermelon, blood and flesh scattering.

Chen Shouyi retracted his foot.

The other Central Asian legend, two steps behind, turned pale as he finally recognized who it was, crying out in desperation, "It's God Chen!"

But before he could finish speaking.

He was grabbed by the throat by a large iron-like hand, and was violently slammed onto the ground.

"Boom" - a sound.

The ground shook slightly.

Marble cracked, debris flew, dust filled the air.

Chen Shouyi looked at the president who seemed a bit dazed and asked, "Do you need a survivor?"

"Chen... General Manager Chen, he... he seems to be dying!" A recently arrived guard stopped in his tracks, speaking in awe and softly.

Hearing this, Chen Shouyi paused for a moment, looked back, and found the Central Asian man's neck bent weirdly, blood gushing from his mouth and nose, eyes wide open, only exhaling but not inhaling.

Why so fragile?

He prodded the head with his big hand, discovering the neck bone had been completely broken by him.

I didn't even use much force!

...

With this incident, the award ceremony naturally ended hastily.

Soon large numbers of guards rushed in, escorting the president and other high-level military and political officials away in a hurry. The legendary man in black protecting the president was also carried on a stretcher, it's uncertain if he would survive.

Before leaving, the president shook hands with Chen Shouyi, expressing apologies and thanks, agreeing to meet the next day.

Chen Shouyi didn't really care, he had merely stretched his arms and legs a bit.

It was just a pity that the suit he wore for half an hour in the morning got completely ruined, causing a slight bit of regret in his heart.

...

Outside, it was a mess, with corpses and soldiers running everywhere.

But this had nothing to do with Chen Shouyi anymore.

He took a transport vehicle back to the guesthouse.

Soon after he arrived, Zhang Miaomiao hurried over.

She wore a fitted black professional outfit, with a low-cut white cotton T-shirt underneath, revealing a hint of snow-white fair skin. After her recent blessing, her skin had noticeably improved.

It seemed as if it was covered with a layer of creamy fat, looking as if a breath could shatter it.

Of course, Chen Shouyi wouldn't look too much.

"General Manager Chen, did something big happen?" Zhang Miaomiao knocked at the door, asking impatiently before even catching her breath.

In the morning, gunfire echoed densely near the Great Hall, with soldiers everywhere, it was like a war, a nerve-wracking scene. This was the Capital City, such matters were indeed very sensitive.

"Not really a big deal, just some Central Asian cultists attempting to assassinate the president!" Chen Shouyi said earnestly, retracting his gaze casually.

Zhang Miaomiao opened her mouth in response.

My dear General Manager Chen, if this isn't a big deal, what is!

"And now?" she hurriedly asked.

"I solved it easily." Chen Shouyi took out a can of chilled Coke, casually gesturing to Zhang Miaomiao, "Want some?"

He hadn't even exerted much force!

He easily took care of it.

"No... no!" Zhang Miaomiao hesitated for a moment, refusing, then quickly returned to the topic: "The president... he wasn't hurt, right?"

"He's fine!" Chen Shouyi said, opening the can, savoring a sip. For someone like him, seasoned on battlefields, this was a small matter, hardly crossing his mind.

The atmosphere suddenly became a bit awkward.

...

After Zhang Miaomiao left, Chen Shouyi closed the door. Shell Lady emerged from under the covers.

By now, she was quite accustomed to hiding under the covers or under the bed when someone came, dodging faster than a mouse, it would be hard for an average person to spot her in the room.

He sat on the bed, taking out a gold National Defender Medal and certificate from the space.

He observed them for a long time.

Couldn't help chuckling twice.

Including the Godslayer Medal, he finally had two medals!

"Hey Giant, what's this?" Shell Lady climbed up Chen Shouyi's arm nimbly, asking with curious eyes.

"Nothing, but you can't play with this." Chen Shouyi quickly stowed the medal back into the space, being stingy.

This was a family heirloom.

It was to be passed down through generations.

From father to son, son to grandson... certainly not something for Shell Lady to play with.

Gold is soft, with Tiny's strength, pressing hard could leave a mark, asking for a replacement would even feel a bit embarrassing.

Shell Lady, hearing this, looked at the dumb giant with disdain, snorted, and jumped off his arm.

This thing, Tiny doesn't care to look at among the valuable stones.

She opened an elementary school math book and began angrily working on math problems aloud.

Chapter 588: Conversation

The next evening.

A car brought Chen Shouyi to a heavily guarded location.

This was a very private meeting, not in an office, but at the presidential residence.

Chen Shouyi had a meal, and the two chatted casually like old friends for a while, with a harmonious atmosphere.

During this, the President asked, "Do you have any ideals?"

Chen Shouyi said, "I don't have any ideals."

He once wanted to become the best in the world.

Unfortunately, he realized that goal by accident.

The President then asked, "Do you want to work for the High Commission?"

His words were already quite explicit.

It was completely asking, "Do you want power?"

For any rational person in power, politics is about making lots of friends and fewer enemies; if you can't control them, then absorb them into the system, uniting all possible forces and eliminating all unstable elements.

Great Xia Country couldn't withstand turmoil.

Today's situation made it clear to him how terrifying a strong person as powerful as a True God and not restricted by Earth's Original Force could be. Two legendary figures in Central Asia were killed in the blink of an eye.

It didn't even show the more terrifying Giant Transformation in the intelligence.

If there was no ambition, that's fine, but if there was ambition, it would be better to bring him into the system sooner rather than later.

Now isn't about national survival; he is just an elected President. If it weren't wartime and his term extended, he would have retired long ago.

Chen Shouyi responded without hesitation, "Not interested."

The President saw him glance at his watch at this time and couldn't help but smile bitterly in his heart.

Such a rare opportunity to meet him, who else would act like this?

Only this one.

However, he didn't mind in the least; instead, he felt relieved and somewhat admired him.

Perhaps only such a pure character could become the strongest human in history, comparable to a Barbarian God.

...

The next morning, Chen Shouyi and Zhang Miaomiao took the helicopter back.

"President Chen, did you meet with the President last night?" Zhang Miaomiao cautiously asked.

Chen Shouyi nodded, "Yes, he invited me to his house for a meal!"

The helicopter immediately wobbled slightly.

Zhang Miaomiao opened her mouth. These people standing on the cloud, how come their words are so... speechless.

Chen Shouyi saw there was no response and looked at her curiously.

Why aren't you speaking?

He felt somewhat uninterested.

Sigh, really can't chat, not as good as Qin Liuyuan and Luo Peibin.

Sitting idly was also boring; he simply closed his eyes and entered meditation.

Chen Shouyi drifted in and out of sleep along the way, and when they arrived near Hedong in the afternoon, he found his perception had unexpectedly increased by 0.1 points, reaching 19.7 points, a delightful surprise.

"President... General Manager Chen, can I have another autograph?" Seeing Chen Shouyi awake, Zhang Miaomiao took out her notebook, red with embarrassment, and whispered.

Chen Shouyi paused for a moment.

Is she addicted to signatures?

Now he was in a good mood, took the notebook, glanced at her, and asked, "Still wish you to become more beautiful and youthful?"

Zhang Miaomiao quickly nodded.

Chen Shouyi picked up the pen, signed it swiftly, and handed the notebook to Zhang Miaomiao.

Zhang Miaomiao felt the faint effect this time, vaguely disappointed, and pleaded with folded hands, "President Chen, can you... like last time!"

Chen Shouyi hesitated, "But your body is too weak..."

Last time, she had convulsions.

"It's... it's alright, I can handle it!" Zhang Miaomiao's face was so red she almost steamed as she spoke.

For beauty, she's really gone mad!

Chen Shouyi thought to himself.

However, if it's alright...

Well, well!

He concentrated his will, focused his mind, and quickly signed his name.

...

The helicopter slowly landed on the square at the provincial government entrance.

Zhang Miaomiao got off the helicopter, her legs went weak, and she almost sat down on the ground.

Her chest and face were covered in sweat, disheveled hair hanging wet on her face, and her charming peach blossom eyes were moist like pools of spring water.

Looking as if she was almost exhausted!

"Are you alright?" Chen Shouyi kindly asked for a rare occasion.

"President Chen, I... I'm alright, thank you for your autograph, I... I'll leave now." Zhang Miaomiao said, evading Chen Shouyi's gaze with a flustered face, then hurriedly dragged her weak body away.

"Really alright?" Chen Shouyi rubbed the fuzz on his chin, wondering with slight concern.

This time he used full force, his strong will transformed into a blessing power, entirely focused on her body.

Her whole body cramped...

Forget it, I won't think about it.

But as she could walk, she should be fine!

...

In the following days, the hustle and bustle passed.

Chen Shouyi's life returned to peace, and no one disturbed him again.

He lived regularly every day, spending almost twenty hours on cultivation daily.

His perception and will slowly advanced.

Half a month later.

His perception first reached 19.9 points with difficulty.

After that, like other attributes, it could no longer advance an inch.

Only the most challenging to improve attribute, the will, still remained at 19.2.

But such will was already extremely strong, allowing him to lift three tons of force with his mind, and when flying on Earth, the speed could reach subsonic, surpassing 300 meters per second.

In fact, that's not all.

For example, when attacking, it's not just the strength of his fists; there's also the added will. Three tons of strength means his attack power increased by three tons out of nowhere, and at the same time, the will also added an invisible protection layer to his body, making him immune to extreme heat and freezing cold.

...

Near space.

About hundreds of thousands of meters above the ground.

The air here is extremely thin, gravity is weak, and the sky is pitch black above.

A vast, half-black sphere below revealed a breathtaking outline as the dark earth was slowly invaded by sunlight, rapidly attacking and seizing ground.

The time was approaching dawn.

Chen Shouyi floated in mid-air, surrounded by silence, stars twinkling.

This was his first time reaching such a height and his first time flying near space.

Everything here was stunning.

Looking up at the starry sky, Earth was merely a speck of dust in this vast sea of stars.

He truly felt his insignificance. As strong as a Barbarian God, facing this vast universe, he was also so insignificant.

An hour later, he felt his body begin to feel uncomfortable.

This was already the ionosphere, with no breathable air for living organisms, and staying for an hour without breathing had reached his limit.

He gathered his will and immediately dived down.

The speed kept increasing.

One Mach, two Machs...

This was near space, where the air was thin with little resistance, plus the help of gravity, his speed quickly increased.

Like a meteoric descent.

His body began to emit a faint red glow, and his clothes started to curl. When approaching the atmosphere, his whole body began to burn fiercely, roaring.

Fortunately, the invisible will automatically protected his body, and he did not feel much unbearable heat.

When he approached ten thousand meters above the ground, he controlled his speed to rapidly decelerate, soon breaking away from supersonic. Minutes later, Chen Shouyi landed naked on the outskirts of the Safe Zone.

"This ultimate speed is really thrilling!" Even at this moment, his body was slightly trembling with excitement.

He looked around to ensure no one was nearby.

Quickly took out clothes from his space and swiftly dressed.

Then he walked briskly towards home under the starlight.

Chapter 589: Western Border Province

During dinner, Mrs. Chen suddenly mentioned, "Shou Yi, it's time for you to find a partner!"

"Mom, I'm only nineteen, isn't it too early?" Chen Shouyi said helplessly.

"Early? It's not early at all. Now, marriage laws allow people to marry at eighteen. The sooner you find a partner and get married, the sooner you can have a few chubby sons. You don't have to worry about it; we'll help you take care of them!" Mrs. Chen said.

"He should find a partner," Chen Dawei also advised, "Last time, who was that again..."

"Song Tingting!" Mrs. Chen said.

"Yes, Song Tingting, she's pretty and has a good temperament."

Considering that their son often performs dangerous tasks, if anything were to happen... it would be good at least to have some sense of continuation, and the Chen family would have descendants.

Chen Xingyue, sitting nearby, felt uneasy as she listened, focusing on her meal and fearing to be dragged into the conversation, as she was seventeen and already of legal marriage age for women now.

However, she had no intention of marrying and having children so early.

The thought of it was terrifying!

Chen Shouyi felt a headache coming on, wondering why they were discussing this: "Let's talk about it in a few years. Oh, by the way, Dad, Mom, I need to go out for a while soon."

The atmosphere suddenly became quiet.

"Why another mission? You've only been here for a little over a month!" Mrs. Chen's smile instantly faded, her face full of worry.

"Yes, just a small matter." Chen Shouyi picked up a piece of meat and put it into his mouth, mumbling indistinctly, "Nothing dangerous!"

"How long will you be away?" Chen Dawei asked.

"Not sure yet," Chen Shouyi replied.

Since the last assassination attempt, the Great Xia Country had accelerated its war preparations. Now, on the border of the Western Border Province, the military forces of both sides were confronting each other, and war was imminent.

The God of Light, an awe-inspiring deity occupying most of Central Asia and the Middle East, had its territory extending to the European Union in the west, bordering the Great Xia Country in the east, and standing against Lucy Country in the north. Its formidable forces had the European Union retreating steadily, suffering heavy casualties, barely holding the situation together.

This war's duration is entirely unpredictable; it could end in one or two months like last time if smooth, or it might drag on for a year or two.

"When are you leaving?" Chen Dawei asked.

"Right after dinner!" Chen Shouyi replied.

"So soon!" Mrs. Chen said, concerned.

Chen Shouyi nodded.

The mood turned somber after that.

After quickly finishing dinner, Chen Shouyi went to his bedroom, packed his luggage, and went downstairs.

"Remember to call every day." Mrs. Chen said as she, along with his father and sister, saw him off to the gate.

"Brother, be safe!" Chen Xingyue said.

"Got it, you all should go back." Chen Shouyi turned and said.

...

It was night.

At the military airport in Hedong City, a massive transport plane sped up on the runway before taking off slowly, heading into the distance.

Hedong was more than three thousand kilometers from the Western Border Province, and no helicopter could reach such a distant location in one journey.

The transport plane flew for five to six hours, reaching the Western Border Province by dawn.

After landing at the airport, they swapped several vehicles, finally arriving at the operations command center around noon.

An underground defense base, concealed from view.

...

"General Manager Chen, hello hello, I'm honored to meet you at last."

"It's such a relief that you're here."

"Your exploits in killing the God of Blood are truly inspiring!"

Upon Chen Shouyi's arrival, several high-ranking officials who received the news almost swarmed in to greet him. His reputation preceded him, akin to that of a True God, and a Godslaying Level powerhouse like a living nuclear weapon.

Just his presence here could increase the morale of the frontline troops significantly.

Chen Shouyi shook hands with them one by one, modestly saying, "It's all just undeserved fame; you're all too kind with your praises."

"Oh, no, General Manager Chen, you're too modest. When I first heard about the achievement, I couldn't believe it and thought it might be false. But upon hearing it was the Martial Arts Grandmaster, the creator of the Chen Clan's martial art cultivation method, I slapped my thigh and thought, of course, if anyone in this world could wield such power, it would be you, General Manager Chen."

The group of people stared blankly at the political commissar, then at the smiling Chen Shouyi.

Thinking to themselves, truly worthy of being the political commissar.

What he said was simply... impeccable.

...

After settling into his temporary residence, Chen Shouyi wandered around the base accompanied by a young female officer.

"This is the mess hall, open 24 hours. You must be hungry after the journey. Why not have a quick bite?"

"No, no need!" Chen Shouyi quickly declined.

Besides eating at home at night, he rarely ate meals now, mostly consuming Divine Flesh instead.

Just as he was speaking, the curtain was lifted, and someone walked out of the mess hall:

"Director Ye, you're here too?"

Ye Zong, upon seeing Chen Shouyi, initially intended to keep his head down and quickly walk past, pretending not to see him, but he was recognized anyway.

"Ah, it's Chen Shouyi, when did you arrive?" Ye Zong quickly smiled. As a senior surpassed by what used to be a nameless junior, he felt somewhat embarrassed facing this rising star.

"Not long ago, haven't seen you in a while." Chen Shouyi warmly greeted.

"I've often heard about you," Ye Zong smiled. In the past half-year, news about this person never ceased, appearing in the People's Daily every now and then, to the point his ears were worn out.

Nowadays, no one even mentions him as the strongest in Great Xia Country anymore.

Yet, for him, these are merely names on reputation.

He doesn't care much about it at all.

"Alas, the burden of fame. I can't even find time to train properly anymore," Chen Shouyi humbly remarked.

Ye Zong: ...

"Well, fame indeed isn't necessarily a good thing. Martial artists need first to maintain calm and focus, and too many mundane affairs can easily disrupt cultivation!" Ye Zong agreed.

"Yes, lately my training progress has been slow; I've been at a standstill for over a month," Chen Shouyi admitted with a nod.

Does a standstill for over a month even count? Ye Zong opened his mouth slightly, suddenly feeling very tired: "Well, I still have some things to take care of now, so I'll have to leave you. We'll exchange notes when there's time!"

"Of course!" Chen Shouyi said.

Ye Zong patted his shoulder and quickly left.

...

Chen Shouyi wandered around the base before returning to his assigned room.

He couldn't be bothered to deal with the silly adorable Shell Lady.

Sitting on the bed, he opened the attribute panel.

Strength: 19.9

Agility: 19.9

Constitution: 19.9

Intelligence: 19.9

Perception: 19.9

Willpower: 19.2

Energy Accumulation: 7.01

Faith Value: 4230.3

He looked at the 4230.3 Faith Value points, hesitating on where to invest them.

If added to the Giant Battle Body, it would only increase the progress by 4%.

If invested in air control, it could enhance it by 40%.

One increases by 4%, another by 40%; one is a super talent ability, the other an advanced talent ability, making it a tough decision.

Chen Shouyi pondered for a long time.

Finally, he decided to allocate four thousand Faith Value points to the "Giant Battle Body."

The Giant Battle Body represents defense, strength, and combat capability. Even if he could not beat his opponent, he could withstand a few hits and survive for... a fraction of a second longer.

Meanwhile, the air control's restraining ability doesn't work well against Divine Power.

For example, the God of Blood from last time was surrounded by strong Divine Power.

The surrounding magnetic field, gravity, matter, including air, all bent to the deity's will, making the deity the sovereign within a certain range.

Air imprisonment might slightly interfere with a Demigod with minimal Divine Power.

But attempting to obstruct a True God would clearly be inadequate, likely collapsing almost instantly under the influence of Divine Power.

Perhaps a qualitative change would only happen at the super level.

Given this, it's better to invest in the Giant Battle Body.

A surge of heat flickered inside him.

Dark markings reappeared on his body surface, accompanied by countless tiny threads of arc electricity dancing across his skin.

Emitting "popping" sounds.

After half a minute.

The heat gradually faded away.

On the attribute panel, the original Giant Battle Body (Super): 3.01%

had already turned into:

Giant Battle Body (Super): 7.01%

Chapter 590: Provocation

For some reason, during the point allocation process just now, an incredible scene flashed through Chen Shouyi's mind.

In the midst of the gray fog, he seemed to see a colossal body standing upright, entangled with endless energy, magnificent yet terrifying. The giant's face was blurry, but vaguely resembled him.

"Why is such a scene appearing?" Chen Shouyi frowned, pondering, "Could this be some kind of revelation!"

He looked at his hand.

At this moment, the black patterns on it had disappeared, even the tiny arcs of electricity were gone.

His heart stirred.

With a "tear" sound, his clothes burst apart, and his body instantly swelled to three meters.

Countless black patterns emerged again, with strands of lightning flashing across his body.

He immediately sensed a noticeable difference.

Unlike before, every time he transformed, he could clearly feel an omnipresent faint anxiety.

This anxiety stemmed from the subtle unease caused by the rapid depletion of physical strength.

But this time, he found there was none of that.

It seemed as though some kind of energy within him was continuously replenishing the body's consumption.

Chen Shouyi carefully sensed that this energy was not the legendary energy, nor was it worldly Original Force, or any known type.

It seemed to appear out of thin air within his body, integrating and continuously flowing.

In the past, when the progress was only 3%, this phenomenon wasn't obvious, he only felt his transformation was extended. But now, he could clearly capture the energy that was supplementing his expenditure.

Chen Shouyi glanced at the crackling arcs on his body, thinking, "These are probably the spillage of this kind of energy!"

He secretly clenched his fist. There was a low "buzzing" sound, the arcs exploded on his body, quickly dancing on his skin. The air rippled, sweeping a breeze through the room, causing the curtains to sway wildly.

"The power seems to have increased a bit as well!" he thought silently.

Then he glanced at the Shell Lady and couldn't help but find it amusing.

She was so scared she had shrunk into the quilt, only revealing a pair of fearful yet curious eyes.

As a small creature who had lived alone in the wild from a young age, things like electricity and fire are probably the things she fears the most.

He immediately returned to his normal size.

The Shell Lady was no longer scared at all, quickly crawling out of the quilt.

"Am I an impressive giant?" Chen Shouyi asked with a smile.

"Great giant, you are the most impressive!"

What an honest child.

Before Chen Shouyi could praise her, the Shell Lady asked, tilting her head up: "Then do you know what $85 + 47$ equals?"

"Seventy-one?"

"Great giant, you're so dumb, it's one-one... one-one!" The Shell Lady talked non-stop for a minute, breathless, then looked at the dumb giant with disdain,

Hmpf!

No matter how strong you are, it doesn't matter. When it comes to intelligence, she is still the smarter one.

...

The war remains in a stalemate.

The Great Xia Country has no intention of starting a war. The main purpose of amassing troops this time is to apply pressure and give the retreating European Union some breathing room, without any intention of igniting conflict.

Still, they have made preparations for war, in case the worst happens.

...

A jeep was rushing along an international highway towards the frontline.

Not far away, a giant self-propelled artillery piece was parked on the roadside, its massive barrel aimed directly at the sky. The barrel alone was estimated to be over ten meters long.

Surrounding this cannon were a battalion of soldiers providing guard.

"This is a nuclear cannon!" a military officer explained immediately upon seeing Chen Shouyi's interest.

Chen Shouyi looked up at the enormous object, even he felt a sense of awe, as it was a weapon capable of killing him.

Since the mutation, nuclear bombs, once strategic deterrents, have now become almost conventional weapons. A war without nuclear bombs is hardly considered a significant battle.

"How many are there?"

This was a military secret. The officer hesitated, but decided not to hide it and risk displeasing this important figure, so he said, "In total there are seven deployed!"

Then he added, "This must remain confidential."

"Understood!" Chen Shouyi nodded solemnly.

He felt silent inside.

These were merely the smallest yield nuclear artillery shells; the real high-yield nuclear weapons were still far in the rear, mounted on missiles and strategic bombers.

The brutality of nuclear war can only be felt by those who have experienced it, terrifying and hopeless.

Ordinary soldiers are just numbers in such a war.

"Hopefully, they won't be used," Chen Shouyi thought inwardly.

On both sides of the long battle line along the road, trenches crisscrossed like an intertwined network, with countless gray soldiers nestled in them.

Watching the jeep drive by, they saluted in unison.

With eyes full of curiosity and awe.

"How many soldiers are there here?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"One and a half million, and if the situation worsens, over two million more in the rear can be called for support at any time," the officer said.

"Do we need so many soldiers?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"They have nuclear weapons too, sourced from the fallen Israel, and some possibly seized from the European Union battlefields. Once this war starts, it's highly likely nuclear warfare will occur!" The officer's face turned grave.

Chen Shouyi was momentarily stunned, a bit disoriented.

All along, humans used nuclear weapons against the Barbarian God, everything else from Barbarians to human cultists were insignificant in such warfare.

But in this war, the Barbarian God stood high above, controlling the great war among humans.

No wonder the European Union was retreating continuously.

No wonder the command center was situated deep underground.

When both sides possess and potentially use nuclear bombs, the test lies in the soldiers' morale on the battlefield, and their fearless courage.

Evidently, in this aspect, the fanatic cultists are more capable.

The jeep drove along, quickly nearing the border line.

The other side was similarly littered with trenches and barbed wire everywhere. Chen Shouyi watched for a while, not discerning much, but it was clear this was the method of the human army.

This was a civil war among humans.

A tall, robust Central Asian man saw the vehicle opposite, stood upright from the trench, pounded his chest hard, and shouted provocations in heavily accented English.

"Fuck you, #@ ¥ #..."

"President Chen, please don't be impulsive!" the officer beside him quickly advised, worried Chen Shouyi would be provoked.

"Rest assured," Chen Shouyi said calmly.

This provocation was too crude, passing him like a breeze, he paid it no mind.

"Let's head back," the officer urged the driver.

The jeep began to turn around slowly.

"Boom boom boom..."

At this time, Chen Shouyi's face turned cold, and he suddenly turned around to see the Central Asian man firing a cannon, spraying fire, continuously shooting in this direction. Fortunately, he didn't dare to aim directly at the jeep, lightly starting a conflict, only leaving a line of small pits a dozen meters behind.

The jeep drove faster and faster.

Rough laughter from the Central Asian man rang behind.