

New Era 671

Chapter 671 - The Mighty Lightning Spear

In the evening, high-ranking officials of Zhonghai City came to visit and offer condolences, and after sitting for a while, they hurriedly left.

Nowadays, the entire city's affairs are myriad, and being able to come at all indicates they've taken time out of their busy schedules to express their stance, though Chen Shouyi wasn't really concerned.

At night, he lit the long-lost gasoline lamp.

Having gotten used to the bright electric light, lighting up the gasoline lamp now made him a bit unaccustomed. Through the window, the entire city was shrouded in darkness, like a black curtain had descended.

Chen Shouyi did not cultivate but instead read for a while before going to bed early.

...

After a few days, his body gradually recuperated, becoming increasingly robust, and the previously reduced attribute points quickly recovered.

However, the electricity had still not been restored. According to him, this affected not only Zhonghai City but a large portion of the coastal areas, with many power plants destroyed, and the prospect of restoring power seemed distant.

Still, most factories nowadays use steam power, and they've gradually resumed operations.

This invasion by the God of Lightning, though not causing many deaths, inflicted destruction on the Great Xia Country far beyond any previous war.

...

At night, Chen Shouyi went to the remote outskirts and soared into the sky.

After reaching an altitude of tens of thousands of meters, he flew rapidly toward the East Sea at a speed of forty to fifty kilometers per minute. With the current air defense system, such speed was completely invulnerable. Half an hour later, he landed on an uninhabited small island.

The entire island was about the size of a football field, barren, with only a few stray weeds and no other visible vegetation.

Chen Shouyi surveyed the area:

"This is it!"

He took off his clothes, put on armor, told the two small ones to stay far away, and then quickly transformed.

Soon, a giant over twenty meters tall stood in the middle of the island, setting up a vacuum field around himself.

He had to be cautious.

These days, the weapon he seized from the Lord of Lightning had been restlessly thumping, occasionally erupting with intense energy, but he had been hesitant to act.

His body was still weak, and rash actions could easily lead to an unexpected failure.

Only when his body had mostly recovered did he start to address this hidden danger. Simultaneously, he also wanted to observe the response of the Lord of Lightning to gauge its level of weakness.

"Let's begin."

Chen Shouyi took a deep breath and the next moment pulled out the Lightning Spear.

As soon as he gripped it, the Lightning Spear emitted blinding lightning, causing his body to go numb. The weapon, like a living organism, fiercely rejected him and struggled violently.

However,

its power was far from the terrifying level it had when the Lord of Lightning held it, not even a tenth of that. Chen Shouyi's hand, like an iron vise, held the spear tightly, and no matter how it struggled, it could not move a bit.

Feeling that he could still bear it, he simply dispelled the vacuum field.

Soon, the previously dazzling spear began to flash with arcs of electricity.

"Boom..."

An arc struck the ground, vaporizing it instantly and leaving a patch of scorching magma, the power far exceeding natural lightning.

"What a powerful weapon," he thought excitedly.

After all, this was merely an instinctive reaction.

The entire Lightning Spear was approximately forty-five meters long, almost tailor-made for him.

Since his giant transformations had grown larger, suitable weapons became increasingly scarce.

For instance, the three-and-a-half-meter huge sword he had crafted was now sitting in storage gathering dust, and even the twenty-eight-meter bone club had become cumbersome to use—too long on Earth and too short in another world.

In another world, his giant form reached eighty meters tall, and for him, the bone club was merely the length of a baseball bat.

While a baseball bat can still be used in battle, holding such a common street fighting weapon as the strongest human fighter felt quite unseemly.

However, the length of this Lightning Spear was just right, and it could be used as a sword.

The Lightning Spear only activated for a few seconds, its residual energy quickly depleting and weakening. After another few seconds, it fell completely silent, and Chen Shouyi could see its true appearance for the first time.

It wasn't quite a spear.

It resembled a bundle of solidified bright blue lightning, mottled and varied, with slightly twisted shapes. Both ends were sharp like arrows, emitting dazzling light, and the esoteric energy fluctuation caused the surrounding air to tremble violently.

Reflecting its extraordinary nature.

Compared to his crude and primitive bone club, this weapon was like comparing coarse pottery to exquisite bone china.

Beautiful, awe-inspiring, mysterious!

The weapon was utterly impressive.

The more Chen Shouyi looked at it, the more he liked it. He gently waved his hand, and the spear tip silently split through the reef without the least resistance, cleaving it in two.

He immediately began to remove the Lord of Lightning's imprint on it, concentrating his will and probing the Lightning Spear with his mind.

"Boom!"

In the mystical void, a giant covered with lightning opened his eyes angrily, casting his gaze over.

"Anyone who desecrates me will die..."

Chen Shouyi felt as if struck by lightning, his temples pounding.

He felt something, lifted his head to look at the sky, and saw the weather rapidly changing, the clouds above swiftly flowing. After watching for a while, he relaxed. This was merely an unconscious stir caused by the other's power and not an actual descent.

Moreover, the Lord's true form was likely in another world, and even if it came over, it couldn't possibly be this fast.

Sure enough, in no time, the clouds returned to normal, as if nothing had happened.

He rested for a while, allowing his mind to recover slowly, and then once again gathered his will to oppose the Lightning Spear's engraved will. The sky changed once more, then gradually calmed down.

Three times in succession.

The will imprint of the Lightning Spear was merely an imprint. He could barely contend with the opponent's true body, not to mention its divine artifact. By the fourth clash, he decisively shattered the remaining imprint.

As his will permeated the Lightning Spear, it lit up in an instant like a charged object.

"Boom!"

A tiny bolt of lightning burst from the spear tip, vaporizing a rock on the ground in an instant.

Through the abstruse and mysterious information gleaned by refining the Lightning Spear, he discovered in amazement that its capabilities extended even further. At his command, the spear rapidly shortened, and simultaneously, its color grew increasingly dazzling.

"This weapon is somewhat... incredible," he marveled, deep in thought.

"Could it be some form of solid-state energy?"

However, Chen Shouyi regretfully found that the Lightning Spear could not lengthen or shorten indefinitely, only being able to contract to a minimum of ten meters and extend to a maximum of one hundred meters before losing strength. Although it wasn't very practical in his normal form, during his giant transformations, it proved quite handy and was far more powerful than the bone club.

He experimented for a while, satisfied, and put the Lightning Spear into the space.

He retracted his body, called over the two tiny ones who dared not come closer, kicked off the ground, rose into the air, and quickly flew back home.

Chapter 672 - Have a Seat

Chen Shouyi flew silently back to his bedroom through the night sky, still feeling a bit agitated.

He had his own definitions for a divine artifact, like the Book of Knowledge and the Soul Pearl; only such items deserved the title. Meanwhile, a clumsy, thick bone club was merely a weapon, and this Lightning Spear seemed to blur the line between energy and substance, clearly classifying it as the former.

"Perhaps, the Lightning Spear is just as significant to the Lord of Lightning," Chen Shouyi mused to himself.

It wasn't a reckless venture for nothing!

Chen Shouyi fetched a basin of water and let the two little ones bathe themselves.

Perhaps with the Shell Lady as a learning role model, the number two little guy adapted quickly and had swiftly acclimated to his new life.

The two little naked bodies played merrily in the washbasin, their little white bunnies bouncing around. These creatures seemed like spirits of heaven and earth, with no flaws, though a bit silly in the head, perfect like little fairies stepping out of a painting.

Of course, Chen Shouyi wouldn't give them more than a glance.

"I'm done."

"Little One is done too!"

It was naturally the Shell Lady who called herself Little One. To claim this title, the two had countless fights, squabbling with turtle punches every day, until the stronger Shell Lady emerged victorious and defended the rights to the name.

Chen Shouyi took a towel and rubbed the water off the two little ones like kneading dough, then placed them on the bed.

It was late, and he performed several rounds of body-calming exercises before going to sleep.

...

The next morning, Luo Jingwen and Zhu Xueqing came to visit.

Chen Shouyi was delighted.

As his status grew more transcendent, the people he could communicate with diminished.

He used to lament the loneliness of experts, thinking it mere adolescent whining, but now he truly understood the isolating heights of greatness.

Sometime along the way, he began enjoying solitary strolls through the streets, relishing the life of ordinary people. Thanks to the current backwardness of camera technology, no one recognized him, and naturally, no one revered him.

No matter how many female hooligans flirted or took advantage of him, he remained unbothered.

When the two arrived, Chen Shouyi showed rare enthusiasm and specifically went to the nearby government guest house to order a few dishes.

At this hour, besides the guest house, there were only some breakfast joints open.

Once the dishes were all served, the waiter closed the door.

"Why haven't you returned to the Capital City?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"Train schedules are tight right now; we have to go by batches," Luo Jingwen replied, a bit reservedly.

Almost half of the nation's scientific researchers had come, and now that the crisis was resolved, naturally they needed to return.

Zhu Xueqing opened a bottle of beer, poured it for the three of them, and couldn't help but ask, "We heard it was you who drove away the Lord of Lightning?"

This rumor had been circulating in small circles for days, and they'd overheard it too, but it seemed too incredible, too outlandish.

Chen Shouyi laughed, "Heh, where did you hear that? You actually believe such tales."

He had long moved past the phase of flaunting himself like a teenager, especially given that this event was sheer coincidence.

Sure enough, they both visibly relaxed, the tension eased from their expressions.

"I told you, how could that be?" Zhu Xueqing raised her glass boisterously, "Come on, let's toast!"

Chen Shouyi raised his glass to clink it with hers, then looked at the much younger Luo Jingwen. "I haven't congratulated you yet, becoming a legend!"

"Just luck, can't compare to you," Luo Jingwen quickly raised his glass modestly, though he couldn't help but crack a smile.

Being a legend isn't just about enhancing strength and status; it's a transformation into a higher life form, turning from a short-lived species into a long-lived one that can easily reach several hundred years.

The entire country had no more than a handful, and even worldwide, the number barely topped a dozen.

"Elder Luo, you look even younger than me now, like a young lad," Zhu Xueqing joked, a hint of envy in her heart.

Men start worrying about aging after thirty, but for women, it's ten years earlier.

Approaching middle age, Luo Jingwen felt awkward hearing this, "It's too much, too much, I'm still not used to this appearance."

The three chatted for a long time, and even discussed issues related to cultivation.

When it was time to settle the bill, the guest house manager hurried over, a tense face saying it was already covered, and Chen Shouyi didn't insist, just signed his name and walked out the door.

"How about coming to my house to sit for a while!" Chen Shouyi suggested after leaving the guest house.

"Better not to disturb, we have a train at noon," Zhu Xueqing replied.

"Yes, it's getting late," Luo Jingwen added.

Chen Shouyi seemed a bit regretful, "I thought since you rarely come by, I'd give you something, but I guess it'll have to wait until next time."

The atmosphere quieted for a moment.

Luo Jingwen hastily checked the time, turned to Zhu Xueqing, and awkwardly asked, "Um, I suppose there's no rush, how about staying a bit longer?"

Not knowing what General Manager Chen would give, but with someone of his caliber, even a mere hair was more substantial than their thighs, whatever he gave wasn't ordinary.

Missing the train didn't seem like a big deal.

Zhu Xueqing, younger of face, blushed and dared not meet Chen Shouyi's eyes, softly saying, "Elder Luo, it's up to you."

"Haha, then let's stay a bit!"

The air was tinged with an awkward atmosphere.

Chen Shouyi chuckled, unconcerned, and upon returning home, found his parents and sister had already gone out. He casually said, "Please sit, don't be shy, serve yourselves if you want tea!"

Then he remembered something, asking, "By the way, do you have bags?"

The two exchanged a glance, shaking their heads in confusion; who brings a bag when visiting someone's house?

"I'll check the storage room then!" Chen Shouyi said.

He went to the basement and rummaged around, eventually finding only two large plastic bags. The chemical industry had shrunk, and the limited plastic was used in military applications, plastic bags were nearly nonexistent.

He shook his head, took some Barbarian God Flesh from his space, and placed it in the bags, about twenty pounds each, before leaving the basement.

Seeing Chen Shouyi emerge, the two couldn't help but stand, their hearts pounding wildly.

"Take this Divine Flesh back, a bit scarce, couldn't find larger bags!" Chen Shouyi smiled.

Couldn't find them, we can go outside to find some.

Luo Jingwen was momentarily stunned, thinking to himself.

We aren't worried about missing the train.

He wasn't one of the military legends. Although civilian missions now earned more generous national rewards, they weren't yet extravagant enough for the legends to eat Divine Flesh daily. It was the same for him, even more so for Zhu Xueqing.

The words on the tip of his tongue were, "Too kind, this is too much."

"Just take it! Sister Xueqing, be careful not to get blood on you," Chen Shouyi warned.

Divine Blood was equally toxic to martial artists, quite dangerous.

Noticing Chen Shouyi's gaze, Zhu Xueqing blushed, at a loss with the heavy gift. She wasn't sure if she should accept, although she had benefited from his generosity before.

"I'll hold it for her!" Luo Jingwen hurriedly offered upon seeing the situation.

Chapter 673 -

November 3rd, early morning.

The trilateral summit was held behind closed doors in the Capital City.

The human situation has reached an extremely critical point, and everyone knows that this retreat is merely a breathing space for humanity.

The meeting immediately fell into a heated debate.

"As the most powerful country at present, Great Xia must shoulder the primary responsibility of saving human civilization. The facts have proven that Great Xia has this capability," Joseph, the Prime Minister of the European Union, said sharply.

"Our country has just gone through a great war..." the President of Great Xia said with a slight frown.

"It's only the power and communication systems that were damaged. As far as we know, you didn't suffer many casualties," Lucy Country immediately interrupted.

Compared to the other two countries that are barely holding on, Great Xia's situation is undoubtedly much better. With its enormous industrial power and massive population, it still has resources to spare, even showing signs of becoming stronger the more it fights. So much so that at the beginning of the meeting, Lucy Country and the European Union stood on a unified front, collectively attacking Great Xia.

Anyway, no matter what, Great Xia has to be the leader. Whether it wants to or not, who asked you to be the strongest?

If Great Xia had such an opportunity before the mutation, it would naturally take up the responsibility without hesitation. But this is wartime, and peace is nowhere in sight. Being this figurehead leader offers no benefits, instead requiring sacrifices in human lives.

"Our overseas forces have reached ten million, effectively maintaining the peace and stability of more than a dozen countries. I believe this number speaks for itself," the President said in a deep voice.

Currently, Great Xia's military coverage extends east to the Rising Sun Country, west to the Middle East, north to Korea, and south to Luoyue Country, with garrisons in many countries.

After the God of Light was defeated, the European Union and Lucy Country lacked the power to garrison troops. Except for a few areas near their two countries, most other regions are guarded by Great Xia's military, which has established temporary governments.

Of course, saying this is meaningless; all countries are as if insects on the same rope.

"Alright, let's stop the endless debate. According to the intelligence you provided, it was God Chen who risked himself to drive away the Lord of Lightning..." the Prime Minister of the European Union said, his heart pounding. This strongest warrior of humanity is truly awe-inspiring. He swallowed and continued, "I want to know the specific strength of God Chen and how big the gap is with the Lord of Lightning?"

As soon as he finished speaking, the conference hall suddenly fell silent.

The President of Great Xia remained silent for a moment, then said solemnly, "The gap is large!"

Great Xia has gathered more intelligence than imagined. At that time, Chen Shouyi guarding the Spatial Passage was not a secret. Many people observed from a distance, several of whom were Martial Artists.

Although the battle process was vague and unclear and lasted only a moment from start to finish, it was still possible to see the absolute disparity. If President Chen hadn't cleverly used the power of the terrain to turn the tables, it would have likely been a different outcome.

...

Time passed by in the blink of an eye, more than ten days gone.

Snow-covered mountains in another world.

Chen Shouyi, eyes closed, practiced the Horizontal Training 36 Moves. Around him, light flows, the magnetic field distorts, the ground ice layers crack, and fragments of ice float up, transforming into fine ice crystals.

A terrifying aura permeates, making the surrounding tens of kilometers a Forbidden Land.

No creature dares approach here. Nowadays, even without transformation, he can contend head-on with a True God of Weak Divine Power. To him, ordinary life is as fragile as ants.

Once he finished a complete set, he opened his eyes to check the attribute panel.

Strength: 23.3

Agility: 23.3

Constitution: 23.3

Intelligence: 23.2

Perception: 22.2

Will: 22.2

Energy Accumulation: 58.46

Faith Value: 234.5

Innate Abilities: Self-Healing (Super): 1.01%; Giant Battle Body (Super): 50.01%; Mastery of Atmosphere: 27.01%

Compared to when facing the Lord of Lightning, over this past half month, his strength, agility, intelligence, and will have each increased by only 0.1 points, but perception increased by 0.2 points.

The fourth optimized version of the Horizontal Training 36 Moves has become less effective for him, relying only on the accumulation of time.

He glanced one last time at the Energy Accumulation value and closed the attribute panel:

"About three months until optimization, not long now!" he exhaled.

Incidentally, during this time, the accumulated Faith Values were all added to Mastery of Atmosphere, which played a crucial role in the last battle. Currently, his attack power isn't too weak; on the contrary, his attack power is terrifyingly formidable. What lacks is not enough reaction; he can't capture the opponent's movements.

Mastering the atmosphere can slow the opponent's actions.

Chen Shouyi rested for a moment, took out the meat mash of Powerful Divine Power, and wolfed it down, continuing his training.

Though progress is slow, it's better than none, and without training, even this bit of progress would not exist.

He somewhat misses the previous adventures in the Forbidden Land. The two Divine Stones he acquired boosted his strength significantly.

If not for the Forbidden Land being too dangerous, and the search for Divine Stones relying entirely on luck, spending a lot of time without necessarily yielding results, along with the optimization time approaching, he would have wanted to venture there again.

...

When returning at dusk, Chen Shouyi deliberately chose a different unfamiliar path.

Because the more he traveled the same road, the more the number of familiarly brazen women grew exponentially. Several female workers even waited at the factory gates, just to encounter him, initiate conversation, tease, or follow him.

It annoyed him to no end.

Of course, he knew that changing the path only treats the symptoms and not the cause, and it wouldn't be long before it becomes the same as before.

But... what else can be done?

...

The setting sun slanted wa.

Chen Shouyi rode his bicycle along an unfamiliar path and was surprised to discover a dense aura of the Power of Faith enveloping a distant village.

He paused momentarily, thinking: How could there be such a strong Power of Faith here?

Originally planning to go home, Chen Shouyi immediately changed his mind and headed towards the village.

It was the farming season, and the fields on both sides were full of villagers cutting rice. Though it's been three years since the mutation, there remains a shortage of agricultural machinery. Even here in Zhonghai, it's rare to see farm machinery.

His keen senses detected a faint hint of incense in the air.

Following the scent, he rode quickly and soon arrived at a small temple.

A pair of couplets hung at the entrance:

"Seek a child, send a child; seek a grandchild, send a grandchild, filled with children and grandchildren. Want a son, get a son; want a daughter, get a daughter, all wishes come true."

Undoubtedly, this was a temple dedicated to the Goddess of Childbirth, and inside it was bustling with incense offerings.

"But how can there be such dense Domain of Faith?" he pondered as he parked his bicycle and walked into the temple, gazing at the divine statue of the Goddess of Childbirth.

Great Xia strictly cracked down on the Barbarian God's cults but didn't interfere with normal faiths, as it involves too much.

This kind of faith lacks a source, generally speaking, no matter how much faith there is, it's like a rootless duckweed, unable to form a substantial Domain of Faith.

Yet the scene before him seemed to break this perception.

"There must be something odd about this!" he mused internally.

At this moment, a sinister voice sounded behind him:

"What are you doing in there?"

Chapter 674 - Temple Suppression (Part 1)

Chen Shouyi can hear the whispering of a couple ten kilometers away, see pedestrians on the road a hundred kilometers away like a reconnaissance satellite, and feel the touch of the finest dust against his skin.

His sensitive perception even reaches more than ten meters underground.

These complex pieces of information rarely attract his attention unless they come with shocking news or pique his interest, and he has long been accustomed to them.

He turned around and saw an elderly woman dressed in black cloth shoes, her body trembling slightly. She held a broom in her hands, her yellowish eyes carrying a hint of caution.

Clearly, she was just an ordinary woman.

"Grandma, I heard this place is very effective, so I came here specifically to pray," Chen Shouyi said with a smile.

Upon hearing this, the old woman immediately relaxed her guard and said warmly:

"It's very effective here, many people from neighboring villages have built Guanyin temples to pray for children. Let me tell you, there is a couple in our village who were married for ten years without children. They visited all kinds of hospitals and tried every medicine but still couldn't conceive. After praying to Bodhisattva, they immediately got pregnant and even had twins, a boy and a girl."

This truly seems like the work of Bodhisattva, rather than... someone else.

Chen Shouyi mocked in his heart, looking at the divine statue, which was already a standard divine statue, exuding a faint majestic aura. In the ethereal space above the statue, he could see a female deity holding a baby, half-naked and radiantly beautiful, gazing down at all living things.

His eyes narrowed slightly: This is definitely a Barbarian God masquerading as another.

He asked back, "Is it really that effective?"

"Pray and you'll see, but you must be sincere and come to pray every day. Soon enough, your wife will get pregnant," the old woman vowed confidently.

But first, he needed a wife.

"I came in a hurry today and didn't buy incense, I'll come back tomorrow," Chen Shouyi made an excuse.

The old woman showed a shrewd smile on her face: "I have incense at home, do you want some? Small incense is two yuan for three sticks, big incense is ten yuan for three sticks."

Haha!

"I didn't bring money," Chen Shouyi pulled out his big weapon directly.

...

Chen Shouyi did nothing, left the village, and didn't rush home, wandering around the surroundings instead.

He discovered many villages around here were covered by similar Domains of Faith.

Three years of war, the population of Great Xia Country decreased by at least two hundred million, most of them being young men, resulting in society now encouraging childbirth, banning the production of contraceptives and contraceptive devices, lowering the age limit for marriage, and offering various government subsidies for having children.

Speaking of which, although technology has regressed, most people's lives are just about getting by, but the pressure of having children has decreased, there are no high housing prices, nor fervent tutoring classes, and coupled with wartime restrictions on commerce, society feels as if it has returned to the seventies and eighties.

And this one is apparently a Barbarian God with a divine position related to fertility.

Chen Shouyi frowned slightly.

He had seen quite a few Barbarian Gods, like the God of Hunting, the God of Conspiracy, and the God of Light, who first conquered violently, demonstrated their power, and then spread their faith. But this kind of covert replacement spreading like a plague is unheard-of.

One directly conquers, the other indirectly infiltrates.

The latter is more concealed, quietly influencing things.

Who would suspect that behind a temple dedicated to Guanyin lies a Barbarian God? The key is that even if you destroy the temple and abolish the rituals, it might be hard to completely eradicate it.

As the sky darkened, Chen Shouyi stopped wandering and quickly headed home.

Walking on the street, he passed by a shop selling incense.

Chen Shouyi noticed a statue of Guanyin holding a baby inside the shop, and this depiction was quite different from before. It lacked the plump and rounded form traditional to Buddha statues, appearing charming and beautiful, like a youthful eighteen-year-old maiden.

He walked into the shop and asked the shop owner inside: "What kind of Buddha statue is this?"

"Guanyin, the One Who Brings Children!" the shop owner glanced up and replied.

"Why does it look different from the past?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"It's a new model, some people just like this kind, I've heard it's quite effective, not many people buy the old style," the shop owner said with a smile: "Do you want to buy one? Only fifty yuan."

...

Chen Shouyi took a statue out of the shop, mounted his bicycle, saw a trash bin ahead, casually tossed the statue inside, and quickly returned home.

...

After more than half a month of repairs, electricity and communication in Zhonghai City have been restored.

After dinner, Chen Shouyi called a high-ranking city official's office to report the matter.

When it involves Barbarian Gods, there are no small matters, and the city government takes it very seriously, especially since President Chen called personally.

They immediately dispatched personnel overnight to investigate and found the situation quite severe; three towns were affected, involving as many as ten to twenty thousand people.

The most terrifying part was that this was happening right under the government's nose without them realizing.

Early the next morning, Chen Shouyi was asked to be present at the scene.

...

Town Government Courtyard.

In the chilly November morning air.

Changqiao Town's Party Secretary Zhou Weiming stood at the back of the welcoming crowd, sweating on his forehead. Among the affected towns, his town had the worst cult activity.

He felt that his presence here wasn't because he was given leniency, nor because he had been transferred recently, it was just that the time was too short, and his handling hadn't been decided yet.

Cracking down on cults has always been the government's top priority, to have such a major occurrence in his jurisdiction without knowing it makes it impossible for him to absolve himself of responsibility.

But who could have thought this was a cult, it came as an unforeseen disaster.

He still felt he could salvage the situation.

"Here they come, here they come!" someone whispered.

A small sedan approached from afar, Zhou Weiming perked up, instinctively bowed slightly, and his face lit up like a chrysanthemum.

"Zzz!"

The car smoothly stopped.

Bai Xiaoling hopped out of the car, jogged to open the rear door.

The car swayed slightly, soon an attractive young man emerged from the car, and the crowd immediately rushed toward him.

"I am Zhao Song of the 107th Division of the 15th Group Army, welcome President Chen to oversee the scene. With you here, we feel reassured." a Major General saluted.

"Division Commander Zhao, you're too kind."

...

"President Chen, I'm Zhou Weiming, the Party Secretary here," after the introductions in the front, Zhou Weiming eased his face into the crowd: "The meeting room has been arranged, we can start the meeting anytime."

Such distinguished figures standing atop the clouds are rarely seen, normally there's no opportunity to curry favor.

However, even currying favor has its art, one can't just dive in blindly, you must hit them where they're itchy.

Typically, arranging a meeting for the leader is never a mistake.

Chen Shouyi froze for a moment upon hearing this, glanced at him, what meeting?

"You guys have the meeting, I won't be joining."

Chapter 675 - Temple Purge (Part 2)

Zhou Weiming didn't expect to flatter himself awkwardly, so he immediately changed strategy, "General Manager Chen, you haven't had breakfast yet, have you? Why not have some first?"

"I've already eaten." Chen Shouyi said casually.

Unless he had to eat at home, he basically didn't eat ordinary food at other times.

Everyone surrounded Chen Shouyi like stars around the moon, with mysterious smiles and obedient expressions.

Chen Shouyi paid no mind; he had experienced such situations many times before.

Regardless of status or age, it was basically the same. Some were subtle and reserved, while others were blatant and open. He used to feel a bit inflated, but now he's long since gotten used to it.

After all... it was like being handsome, there's nothing he could do about it.

Perhaps this is what maturity is; he had already passed the age of adolescence.

He looked at Division Commander Zhao beside him, "How's the situation now?"

"Everything is ready; we're just waiting for your orders to take action." Zhao Song quickly said, with a natural expression.

"Then let's begin." Chen Shouyi nodded and said.

"Yes, General Manager Chen." Zhao Song immediately saluted again, standing upright.

...

"Fellow villagers, according to the City Government's investigation, a cult has started spreading under the guise of the Goddess of Childgiving... please stay calm... We need to recognize the true face of the Barbarian God enslaving humans; our attitude towards the cult is to strike hard, without mercy!"

"In the face of the cult, do not listen, do not believe, do not spread, do not participate. Trust science, reject the cult."

Soldiers started propaganda with megaphones.

Thanks to the years of propaganda, even though the villagers were incredulous, nothing happened.

Truly devout believers were only a few; most were shallow believers, just joining in the fun.

Chen Shouyi didn't go in, but stood not far from the village temple, looking at Bai Xiaoling who was following him obediently: "You don't need to follow me; it might be dangerous here."

"I'm not afraid!" Bai Xiaoling said weakly, "I passed the Great Martial Artist test some time ago."

You can't compare people. Some struggle with all their might, sweat a ton, and still find it difficult to become a Martial Artist. Others just need to know Chen Shouyi.

Chen Shouyi's mouth twitched. Is there a difference between a Great Martial Artist and an ordinary person?

But he didn't persuade any longer. This time there's probably no danger. Even if a Barbarian God truly arrives, with his current strength, as long as it's not a Powerful Divine Power Barbarian God, ordinary Barbarian Gods aren't worth worrying about.

Soon, the first divine statue was pushed over by several military Martial Artists. The clay statue smashed onto the ground, shattering to pieces.

"Boom!"

Even though the sky was clear and blue, everyone heard a muffled thunder-like explosion.

The atmosphere suddenly became stagnant and oppressive, the air around started swirling out of nowhere, whipping up a strange wind, making nearby villagers who were watching from afar feel a sense of impending doom.

"This is the Bodhisattva getting angry!" Many people's legs went soft, kneeling on the ground, continuously kowtowing, murmuring prayers for forgiveness.

"You mortals who blaspheme the divine! You destroy my statue, you shall surely suffer divine punishment!" A sharp female voice, seeming both loud thunder and soft thunder, echoed with an endless fury.

The oppressive atmosphere seemed to climb indefinitely.

The Martial Artists who had pushed the statue retreated in fear, their faces pale.

The vast majority of Martial Artists have never faced a deity directly, nor do they know how terrifying a Barbarian God can be. Suddenly encountering it now, they were terrified.

"General Manager Chen, is everything okay?" Zhao Song quickly came over, looking serious and asked.

"Don't worry, it's fine." Chen Shouyi said, his face slightly cold, his will focused, and his mind explored the void above the statue. From his perspective, a Divine Power channel was forming.

The next moment.

Two forces violently collided.

"Boom!"

It was like an explosion, a strong airflow burst out from the middle.

Then the oppressive atmosphere suddenly dissipated, everything became calm.

Will and Divine Power are similar forces, both belonging to the Power of Thought. Except the former comes from individuals, the latter from the collective consciousness.

Under normal circumstances, the latter even if it's only Weak Divine Power, far outweighs Chen Shouyi's will. If forced to use otherworldly deific systems for a comparison, his willpower is only approximately equivalent to a Demigod's power.

The reason he so easily blocked the opponent was entirely because they were projecting their power remotely through a divine statue, heavily consumed, with only a tenth of the strength left.

It became quiet around, even those kneeling villagers stopped blankly, looking at Chen Shouyi with indescribable reverence.

This Bodhisattva... no, Barbarian God, seems so weak.

Then why should we bother worshipping?

All villagers expressed that their emotions have stabilized.

"General Manager Chen, has it been resolved here? That Evil God won't appear again, right?" Zhao Song, having witnessed the unbelievable means by which the Barbarian God was confronted, immediately became more naturally subservient.

"What's toppled is just a god statue, but the faith..." Chen Shouyi said halfway, only to find the Domain of Faith here was quickly fading.

Truly pragmatic believers.

Then he continued, "In any case, strengthen the propaganda."

Zhao Song made a listening expression and nodded repeatedly. In fact, there's no need for Chen Shouyi to specially instruct. The government has long summarized effective methods to eliminate cult faith, the simplest being desecration and derision.

"General Manager Chen, you've worked hard, have some water." Bai Xiaoling held back her excitement as she handed over a thermos bottle, her heart pounding wildly.

The scene just now was too thrilling.

Even her chest couldn't take it.

Chen Shouyi took it, opened the lid, sipped the water, and said, "Next time, don't put tea leaves."

Bai Xiaoling quickly took note of it.

...

There was more than one temple; almost every village in the area had one.

At first, the Barbarian God would still rage, but after being repeatedly defeated by Chen Shouyi, it seemed to have completely resigned to its fate, making the cleansing process faster.

...

"You say this Barbarian God is likely from the Southeast Asian God of Fertility?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"According to intelligence, its abilities are very similar to this Barbarian God!" With everything going smoothly, Zhao Song's mood lightened up, speaking of interesting news he'd heard, "It's said that where it's occupied, many have starved to death."

"Why?" Chen Shouyi turned his head and asked.

"Because too many people were born," Zhao Song said.

Chen Shouyi nodded.

Modern agricultural yields are closely tied to industrialization; which part of fertilizers and pesticides can be separated from modern industry?

In the Great Xia Country, where almost everyone practices martial arts, food shortages are avoided, ensuring a basic living standard. Besides having prioritized the recovery of these related industries, even without explicitly stating it, Chen Shouyi could roughly guess that those high-yield seeds are probably tied to genetic engineering.

And in Southeast Asia, it's clear they lack this technological capability.

Chapter 676 - Deployment

It wasn't until nighttime that I finally finished cleaning up the temples in a few towns. By the time I got home, it was already half past ten at night.

"Xiao Ling, it's so late. Why not stay the night here?" Mrs. Chen said warmly.

Bai Xiaoling blushed like she'd caught on fire, stumbling over her words, "Auntie... I'd rather not. My mom would worry about me."

"I see. Well, I won't hold you then," Mrs. Chen smiled. "I'll have Shou Yi see you out."

Bai Xiaoling wouldn't dare let President Chen escort her, hurriedly saying, "No, no! Uncle, Auntie, President Chen, I... I'm heading off."

...

After Bai Xiaoling left.

Mrs. Chen chattered, "I think Xiao Bai is quite nice too. She's pretty and has a good personality."

"Just a bit too old," Chen Dawei remarked.

"That's true. She's probably five or six years older, which is a bit unsuitable," Mrs. Chen acknowledged.

Watching his two elders talk about potential daughters-in-law as if he wasn't there, Chen Shouyi couldn't help but feel speechless. Was there really such a rush?

He was only nineteen, not even twenty yet. It's not like waiting a couple more years would be too late.

He pretended not to hear at all:

"Mom, I've been busy all day and I'm exhausted. I'm going to take a shower first."

"Then rest early. By the way, do you want a late-night snack? I'll have your dad make something," Mrs. Chen quickly said, seizing the distraction when Chen Shouyi spoke.

Chen Dawei: ...

"No need, I already ate before I came back," Chen Shouyi replied.

...

In the bedroom.

The Shell Lady and Red Tiny were letting out cries, their hands moving past each other so quickly they were shadows, before colliding in a noisy clash.

The two were well-matched opponents. After about ten seconds, they both stopped simultaneously, staring at each other like bristling stray cats, huffing and puffing.

The Shell Lady tilted her head and asked Chen Shouyi, "Good Giant, isn't Tiny the fiercest?"

Chen Shouyi controlled his strength, slowly exerting power, causing the surrounding air to solidify. He exhaled and perfunctorily replied, "Hmm, you're the fiercest."

Eating, doing math problems, fighting, playing games, sleeping—these were essentially the entire day's activities for these two little ones. Since Red Tiny arrived, the Shell Lady, who was on track to becoming a little chubby, had her trajectory interrupted.

After all, fighting was quite a calorie-burner.

"Next time, I'll be better. Today, I ate more than you!" Red Tiny piped up in her tiny voice, unwilling to concede as a fellow little one.

The Shell Lady quickly turned to Chen Shouyi, saying, "Good Giant, Tiny is hungry!"

"Good Giant, I'm hungry too," Red Tiny said, unwilling to be left out.

They're really like two little lords!

Chen Shouyi tugged at the corner of his mouth, resigned. He stopped what he was doing and fetched two spoons, giving each of the strong-willed tiny ones a spoonful of meat paste.

Let them eat to bursting if they want.

After doing all this, he continued honing his strength.

As his strength grew, controlling his power to avoid accidentally harming others became increasingly important. After all, people do not live in isolation and interactions with others are unavoidable.

Moreover, he would have a girlfriend someday.

Just imagine.

If a handshake broke bones, a hug cracked ribs, a...

What a tragedy that would be.

Fortunately, he'd always been careful about this, and no accidents had happened so far.

...

"The President has officially announced that by the end of this year, another twenty million soldiers will be laid off."

Early the next morning, Chen Shouyi perused the newspaper.

Combined with the thirty million from the last layoff, this year the number of soldiers being laid off has reached fifty million. Anyone unaware might think humanity has already achieved peace.

In fact, just this month, the Eurasian coalition had attempted to land in Yan State, testing the response of the Lord of Lightning.

The army of Great Xia Country is gradually becoming elite, with ordinary second- and third-line soldiers being retired and discharged.

In the past three years, the number of martial artists in Great Xia Country has exploded in growth, reducing the pressure on defense. Whereas before, an invasion by a few Barbarians could put an entire city on high alert, now they can't even make a ripple.

Not counting high-level forces, humanity can practically crush the otherworld.

Zhonghai City is now considering whether to lift the curfew.

...

Berlin International Railway Station.

The platform was filled with people bidding farewell.

With the recovery of Central Asia, the international railway known as the Eurasian artery has also resumed operations, with countless goods and people traveling back and forth every day.

"I'll be back in three years. Take care of our son," Fisher embraced his wife.

As part of the agreement reached at the trilateral summit, these military industry experts from the European Union will be dispatched to work in Great Xia Country for three years, as compensation for Great Xia Country sending its army.

"Don't worry, I'll take good care of our son," the young wife said, her eyes brimming with tears. "I'll always wait for you."

The two held each other tightly.

"Woo, woo, woo..."

The train slowly pulled into the station.

"The train's here, I should go. Once I get to Great Xia Country, I'll write to you right away," Fisher said, releasing his wife.

"Okay!" The wife forced a smile but quickly covered her mouth, tears streaming down her face.

Fisher glanced at the others who were already lining up to board the train, grabbed his suitcase, "I really have to go."

"Go quickly, don't worry about me."

Fisher nodded heavily, resolutely turning towards the train.

The train started moving slowly. He waved continuously through the window until he could no longer see, then sat on his bunk, feeling lost.

"You have a beautiful wife. I'm Aletto, specializing in aerodynamics," said a middle-aged man traveling with him, extending his hand and introducing himself.

"Thanks, I'm Fisher, specializing in metallurgy," Fisher forced a smile, shook his hand, and asked, "No one to see you off?"

Aletto shrugged, "You know, this damn war."

"Sorry!" Fisher quickly apologized.

"No need to apologize for this. It's long past. I volunteered for this trip to Great Xia Country, I've heard it's quite peaceful there, no war," Aletto smiled, saying.

"Maybe," Fisher replied. He didn't want to go to a foreign country, but his name was on the list, which was the most frustrating.

He knew he wasn't sociable and had a reclusive personality, with poor interpersonal relationships in the lab, yet he was sent to Great Xia Country, a foreign land thousands of miles away.

What awaits him is unknown?

Damned bureaucracy!

Damned politics!

Damned war!

Aletto saw that Fisher had no interest in talking, so he stopped the conversation.

Fisher stared blankly at the scenery flying past the window for a while, then opened his suitcase and took out a Chinese textbook to study.

No matter what, and no matter how unwilling, for the next three years, he would be living and working in Great Xia Country, and learning Chinese was a necessity. Fortunately, for someone as intelligent as he was, mastering an unfamiliar language shouldn't be too difficult.

Chapter 677 - A Warning

Time passed serenely day by day, and soon it was almost December.

Early in the morning, Chen Shouyi found that heavy snow had fallen outside the window, covering the ground in a blanket of silver, like a thick layer of cream. Unnoticed, winter had already arrived.

After washing up, he went downstairs, and soon Chen Xingyue followed.

"Bro, such a heavy snow!" she exclaimed excitedly.

While eating porridge and reading the newspaper, Chen Shouyi replied absentmindedly with a "Hmm." Having seen snow every day in the other world's snowy mountains, he had long grown tired of it.

"Yesterday the principal asked me to invite you to the school's New Year's performance. Are you going?" Chen Xingyue asked.

"I'm not going!" Chen Shouyi replied.

"Then I'll tell the principal." Chen Xingyue wasn't surprised at her brother's response; she had anticipated it.

Apart from his strong abilities, her brother was pretty much a homebody who didn't have many activities besides training every day. Invitations piled up at home, yet she never saw him go to any events.

Just then, the phone rang.

Chen Shouyi stood up to answer it: "This is Chen Shouyi!"

"This is the President."

"Hello, Mr. President," Chen Shouyi quickly said, "What can I do for you?"

"The evil cult issue you reported earlier, after investigation, turned out to be quite serious. Temples of a similar nature are everywhere across the country, so I'd like to ask you to take a trip to Southeast Asia..."

Chen Shouyi listened for a while and then said, "All right, no problem. You send me the specific information. By the way, would you like me to take Him out?"

The other side was silent for a moment, seemingly unable to keep up with Chen Shouyi's pace.

"If possible... just a warning will suffice," the President carefully phrased.

Now, in these troubled times, and with the major adversary of Lord of Lightning around, it's hard-won stability in neighboring areas; the balance of power should not be disrupted. Stability is beyond all, and development is the hard truth.

What humanity lacks most is time.

"Okay, I understand," Chen Shouyi said. After all, it's a foreign country; he didn't want to meddle further.

The two of them spoke a few more words and then hung up.

"Bro, did you get another mission?" Chen Xingyue asked.

Only then did Chen Shouyi realize that Chen Xingyue had overheard his conversation. Not caring much, he returned to his seat and said, "Just a small task; probably I'll be out for a day or two."

"What kind of task is it?"

"Just to deliver a message; someone is overreaching."

...

A few hours later, Bai Xiaoling hurriedly delivered the documents. Snowflakes dotted her head and her jacket was somewhat wet:

"General Manager Chen, the documents you requested."

"Aren't there cars available? Why are you still riding a bike?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"These cars are assigned to you by the government for your use; how could I use them?" Bai Xiaoling hurriedly said.

"Just use it; I can't drive anyway," Chen Shouyi replied.

He preferred riding a bike; except for the nuisance of frequent attention from women, it was much better than a car.

Bai Xiaoling felt touched.

Kind, approachable, and of course, handsome.

General Manager Chen was simply like the incarnation of perfection.

"It would be bad if the news spread."

Currently, these gasoline cars are not for everyone; without a certain status and rank, even having money won't help. In the entire Zhonghai City, there are probably less than a hundred cars.

Chen Shouyi said this and didn't continue persuading her, took the file bag, tore it open, and quickly browsed through.

This God of Fertility's domain lies on the Malay Peninsula, part of the former Tai Buddha Country and another part of the former Maxi Country. The territory is small, comparable to the God of Conspiracy, and when compared to the God of Order occupying the entire Southern Ocean Peninsula, it's completely insignificant.

Its strength is evidently not strong; probably about the same as the God of Conspiracy.

After looking for a while, he lost interest; it was not challenging at all. He stood up: "Notify my parents later; I may not be back tonight."

"Understood, General Manager Chen."

...

The snow fell thicker, gray and bleak.

Chen Shouyi walked to a secluded countryside area, kicked his foot against the ground, and a blast of air exploded, shredding the surrounding snowflakes. At the same time, his body soared into the sky.

Soon, he broke through the lead-gray clouds filled with ice crystals, reaching tens of thousands of meters in altitude.

The sunlight enveloped him again, and he identified the direction, racing on swiftly.

...

Tai Buddha Country.

Unlike the snow-laden Zhonghai City, this place was clear skies, bright sunshine.

A beautiful young lady and a lovely Tai Buddha Country maiden walked side by side on the street, both transcending the ordinary, beautiful as if stepping out of a painting, not seeming like mortals. Yet strangely, people around paid them no attention.

"Hehehe, you're finished; go ahead, leave this world," the maiden chuckled softly, a face full of schadenfreude, "Do you know why I didn't infiltrate that vast human nation? There's a huge number of billions of mortals and endless belief resources, but I remain honest because the dishonest have already perished, like the unlucky God of Blood."

The beautiful young lady frowned slightly at this, evoking pity. These days a trace of unease sprouted in her heart, especially as her tendrils stretched towards the Great Xia Country were cut off one by one; this unease grew stronger day by day—a sense of impending doom.

"I'm just responding to the wishes of my followers; it's not my fault..."

Divine Position is quite mystical, such as a Fertility divine position, as long as there are similar wishes and the other party worships a false god, the belief will be automatically absorbed by Her, inspired, becoming Her followers.

This is why the Child-Giving Guanyin was replaced unnoticed by Her, because only She on Earth possesses such a divine position.

"The Great Xia Country wouldn't see it that way; it's a mortal nation that even Lord of Lightning is helpless against." The green dress maiden said this with a slight shock in her heart.

No god wasn't concerned about that shocking war; it involved their own interests and safety. Everyone thought the entire Earth would be wiped clean by Lord of Lightning, yet no one expected the final result—a retreat caused by the Great Xia Country.

During this time, whether the God of Power, the God of Order, or She remained honest, fearing an attack from the Great Xia Country.

No one expected anyone to mess with the tiger's whiskers.

Not just foolishness, completely idiotic.

"I..." The young lady was about to speak when a distant rumbling sound faintly echoed.

Both instinctively raised their heads, and just a glance made their bodies feel thunderstruck.

High up in the tens of thousands of meters, a figure flew swiftly across the sky, emitting powerful energy waves.

Seemingly sensing the two of them, the figure quickly swooped down this way, turning into a fireball, plummeting toward the ground.

The maiden opened her mouth, face full of terror, her voice sharp: "It's that terrifying human!"

"Who is this?" The beautiful young lady asked, suspiciously.

The maiden suddenly reacted, looking at the young lady, fearing being implicated: "Get out, out, out, you're not welcome here."

Seeing the maiden's terror-stricken expression, as if that figure was a divine-devouring demon, the young lady felt cold all over, her heart sinking into an abyss, and stood frozen in place.

Chapter 678 - Open-Minded Culture

The pale red fireball descended from the sky at a speed of one or two kilometers per second, and the surrounding windows rattled with a loud crack.

"What is that?"

"Run quickly!"

An invisible fear gripped everyone's heart like a nightmare. People on the street began to flee in panic, and the street quickly became deserted. The young girl saw the young lady still not moving, set her jaw, and charged forward.

The young lady had just come to her senses when she was knocked back flying.

"Do you want to start a fight?"

"What do I have to fear, you foolish wench, you've doomed me," the girl said through gritted teeth.

...

When Chen Shouyi's feet slowly touched the ground, he was surprised to see two women fiercely fighting, covered in blood, their clothes disheveled.

What is going on?

He couldn't help but cough lightly.

Like a clap of thunder on a clear day, the two women quickly separated.

"Honored sir, may I ask what business you have with this little god?" The God of Conspiracy quickly put on a flattering smile, cautiously stating, "I have always been friendly with the Great Xia Country and have never offended it. Last time a soldier got lost, I had my followers send him back safely and never harmed him."

A weak nation has no diplomacy; for these weak barbarian gods, it is even more so, surviving only in the cracks.

The God of Fertility watched the God of Conspiracy's actions and was filled with fear, quickly squeezing out a meek smile.

Chen Shouyi nodded, "I'm not here for you. Who is this?"

He looked at the beautiful young lady and immediately knew she was another barbarian god.

As a deity with fertility as her divine position, even if she was just an incarnation of a descending saint, she exuded a seductive aura mixed with maternal grace. Her exposed skin made even Chen Shouyi's three-dimensional vision, familiar with all kinds of women, unable to resist a few more glances.

The God of Fertility's heart skipped a beat in terror, her face turning pale. To prevent the God of Conspiracy from taking advantage, before she could speak, the young lady hurriedly bowed and said, "Honored sir, I... am Vis, the God of Fertility!"

"So you are the God of Fertility!" Chen Shouyi's face turned cold, "Then the cult in Great Xia Country, was that your doing?"

"It was her, it's her," the God of Conspiracy immediately interjected.

"Pa!"

Before the words were even out, the God of Conspiracy was slapped to the ground, with Chen Shouyi retracting his palm, "I didn't ask you. Shut up!"

Anything that came out of her mouth seemed flavored with conspiracy without reason.

The God of Conspiracy covered her stinging face, inwardly pleased, showing no concern.

Her avatar was slapped but still lived.

What does this mean?

It doesn't mean that the brutal human had become weaker.

It means he had no intent to kill her; otherwise, she would have been killed effortlessly before. Her other avatars had died miserably, without the slightest hint of mercy.

The God of Fertility's chest heaved violently in fear, her face pale.

Too brutal!

"It... it was me," she stammered, feeling as if she fell into an icehouse.

As soon as she finished her sentence.

"Boom!"

A shockwave rippled out, and her head exploded instantly, turning into a bloody storm. Her headless body wobbled and fell to the ground, twitching all over.

Chen Shouyi retrieved his fist, expressionless, thinking to himself, "This warning is probably not enough. It's just an avatar that died."

The God of Conspiracy quickly crawled up from the ground, sidling up to Chen Shouyi, licking his boots without a shred of dignity, "Honored sir, you have become strong again. I know where that wench's land of faith is. Let me take you."

Between gods, there was no friendship, just interests. What could be more delightful than seeing one's neighbor fall into misfortune?

Chen Shouyi looked at her flattering yet determinedly sincere face and twitched his mouth, "No need!"

His foot pushed off the ground.

"Boom," the ground exploded, and his body soared into the sky.

The God of Conspiracy was instantly blown away by the air waves.

...

Half an hour later, Chen Shouyi flew over the land of faith of the God of Conspiracy, choosing a large city to land in silently.

The biggest impression it left on him was the numerous children and open atmosphere.

Women walked the streets, often with one child in their arms and a few more in tow, and many women bared their breasts without any concern for the gazes of others.

City walls occasionally displayed murals and sculptures depicting sexual unions, some extremely obscene and unbearable to look at directly.

Under the powerful divine position of the God of Fertility, pregnancy became easier, and the followers became more enthusiastic about reproductive activities.

As barbarian gods originating from Tamu, their divine positions often carried a bit of primitiveness and wilderness, somewhat out of tune with human civilization.

Many women looked at him with affection, boldly teasing.

When passing by a church, rhythmic tapping and waves of lewd sounds came from within, seemingly holding some mysterious ritual. He couldn't help but glance through the church door in curiosity.

He was immediately stunned, a scene he had only snuck a peek at in small videos before.

He never expected to see it in reality.

It was indeed... an eyesore.

He finally realized that the God of Fertility was actually quite restrained in the Great Xia Country, at least not actively spreading her doctrine or cultivating divine personnel, more akin to free-range breeding.

Otherwise, the harm and proliferation of such a cult would be even stronger... who could withstand it!

As Chen Shouyi wandered around, he found the women normal, but the men all appeared lean and somewhat lacking in vitality, obviously... greatly consumed.

Logically, she should have detected his presence long ago, yet the other side remained still, seemingly scared out of her wits by him.

Chen Shouyi wasn't in a hurry, taking the opportunity of being abroad to relax and tour this foreign land.

The sun gradually slanted westward, quickly nearing dusk, just as Chen Shouyi grew a little impatient.

Two young girls in thin gauze walked towards him, carrying a whiff of fragrance. Still five meters away, they knelt respectfully to the ground, "Honored sir, we have come with a divine message from our lord to welcome you. Please follow us."

They spoke in the common language.

Chen Shouyi chuckled coldly inside, curious to see what trickery awaited, "Lead the way then!"

"Yes, sir."

The two led Chen Shouyi to the main road.

The two girls appeared about eighteen or nineteen. One looked like a native Southeast Asian, while the other seemed to be of Chinese descent.

"Can you speak Chinese?" Chen Shouyi asked the Chinese girl, as he knew that most Chinese in Maxi Country could speak Chinese.

"Yes, sir," the Chinese girl replied, her face showing a hint of surprise and joy.

Chapter 679 -

"What is your status in this cult?" Chen Shouyi asked casually.

The Hua girl turned pale upon hearing this, her body trembling slightly. Such blasphemous words were considered unforgivable crimes, yet the other party seemed entirely indifferent.

"I... we are all provisional Saintesses!" the Hua girl said, gathering her courage to speak with a trembling voice: "Although... you are the Lord's honored guest, please... please, sir, refrain from speaking like that."

Chen Shouyi nodded nonchalantly, curiously asking, "Provisional Saintess? What do you do?"

"We are the servants chosen by the Lord, listening to the Lord's holy teachings and following the Lord's doctrines," the Hua girl respectfully said, with a hint of pride in her tone.

So, they were priests.

Chen Shouyi thought he understood.

Actually, he did not. These were entirely two systems; the selection for provisional Saintess was quite stringent. Firstly, the age must be under eighteen, secondly, they must have the strength of a Martial Artist, and finally, they must be beautiful.

Once becoming a provisional Saintess, their status is even higher than that of ordinary priests.

Before becoming a Saintess, they focus solely on martial arts and need not worry about anything else, but once a Saintess, they must breed with selected powerful males.

Every divine position in Tam World embodies natural rules.

Breeding's purpose is not only for the continuation of the race but also to drive evolution through generations, making descendants stronger and more perfect—from a certain perspective, an optimal birth and nurturing.

Many doctrines of the God of Fertility embody this thought.

For instance, besides treating external injuries, all healthcare is abolished, following the survival of the fittest; if one falls ill, they must endure it, unable to endure, they die.

Also, canceling the mating rights for the old, weak, and sick, and abolishing the monogamy system.

All contraceptive measures and abortions are seen as degeneration.

Of course, this isn't necessarily wrong; it just aligns with beastliness, not humanity.

In fact, this is already much improved over the years; if it were a few years ago, His doctrines were even more brutal.

"I heard many here starve to death?" Chen Shouyi recalled something, asking.

"Sir, the ones... starving are only the sick and old; they were already close to nature's embrace, and the Lord is merciful. As long as their faith is devout, they will be guided to the Lord's Divine Country, where there's no hunger or disease, and can enjoy eternal happiness."

Chen Shouyi found that although the other party was nervous, these words seemed matter-of-fact, as if it were how things should be.

"If you fell ill, would you not be afraid?" Chen Shouyi curiously asked.

"I'm not afraid because this is the Lord's doctrine and conforms to nature," the girl said firmly.

The God of Fertility has ruled here for far too long; the people have been thoroughly brainwashed.

Chen Shouyi thought to himself but didn't care; after all, this wasn't Great Xia Country, and he had no interest in managing such things.

Soon, he was led into a tranquil manor.

Countless girls dressed in sheer veils knelt all over the ground, trembling; these girls ranged from as young as thirteen or fourteen, looking like middle school students, to as old as twenty-three or twenty-four; aside from Asians, there were occasionally Caucasians and Africans.

What the heck?

Why are they all women?

Throughout the manor were various sculptures embodying fertility; sunlight fell with a hint of pink luster.

Chen Shouyi felt a bit agitated all over.

Something's wrong; really wrong.

He realized coming here was a complete mistake; from what he previously saw and heard, this God of Fertility clearly had no moral integrity.

He perhaps should immediately retreat!

"Sir, please follow me," the Hua girl said respectfully.

"Oh!"

...

In the hall, candlelight flickered, decadent music filled the air, a group of beauties danced gracefully.

All kinds of food from Earth or this foreign world were served generously on the table.

Chen Shouyi sat in the main seat while several beautiful girls cuddled up against him on both sides.

He had come here full of rage, intending to eliminate several of His incarnations harshly as a warning; yet at this moment, he had no place to vent his anger.

"Sir, open your mouth!"

Chen Shouyi woodenly opened his mouth, a peeled and seeded grape was pushed inside.

He glanced outside, realizing it had already turned dark.

He felt he could not stay here any longer; staying longer might lead to trouble.

Just as he prepared to rise, a beautiful young lady dressed in a splendid golden silk dress entered the room, swaying her waist, her eyes casting enchanting glances with a seductive smile.

As she walked gracefully, her clothes slowly came off, and with enticing lips, she charmed: "Sir, let this little god serve you."

Chen Shouyi could not help but open his mouth; this was utterly shameless.

...

A night passed with no words.

Before dawn broke, he gently lifted the legs and arms resting on him, took a glance at the God of Fertility's incarnation with slightly frowned brows still in a sweet sleep of spring, quickly dressed, pulled up his pants, grabbed the two little ones hiding under the bed, and left the bedroom.

Once outside, his body soared.

"Alas, can't resist the temptation!" Chen Shouyi sighed.

"But surely it was under the influence of Divine Power," he strongly confirmed within.

Because he certainly wasn't such a person.

Remembering last night, he couldn't help but sway inside, quickly shaking his head to dispel the thoughts from his mind.

Whatever, he didn't suffer much loss.

Previously, he was still quite curious and yearning about matters between men and women.

Now he found it was just that.

After seven or eight times, it was tiresome.

At this moment, Shell Lady crawled out from his chest, climbed onto Chen Shouyi's shoulder, stood up, grabbed his ear with a grievance:

"Good Giant, that mother giant was a bad giant, can you not sleep with her next time and also no kissing together?"

Yesterday, both she and the red little one hid under the bed all night, and Good Giant ignored her, making her really angry.

"Mm!" Chen Shouyi blushed, nodded, he wouldn't come again anyway.

"Little one shares bed with you, little one smells nice." Shell Lady said, giving Chen Shouyi a kiss: "Smell nice?"

"Nice!"

Red Little One heard Shell Lady's words, couldn't help but climb onto the other side of the Giant's shoulder for a kiss: "Do I smell nice!"

"Also nice, both of you smell nice!"

Chen Shouyi looked back at the God of Fertility's realm of faith, his smile faded, turning a bit cold, then looked away, flying towards the distance.

The sky drew a long, streaking trail.

...

Chapter 680 - The Letter

As soon as Chen Shouyi left, Vis, the God of Fertility, opened her eyes.

Feeling the ominous aura gradually fade away into the distance, she let out a gentle sigh of relief, a lingering fear in her heart.

She lifted the thin blanket, revealing her voluptuous snow-white body to the air. As a deity with fertility as her divine position, her charm, if it had attributes, would be at MAX.

This is a powerful divine position, encompassing male and female desires, pregnancy protection, natural childbirth, and various branches, it embodies Tamu's reproduction law.

Any male, upon seeing her, would experience the most primitive desire, regardless of race.

Even a god of a higher rank could unwittingly be tempted by her.

Of course, such a divine position is useless in battle.

A conspicuous bloodstain was on the bedsheet, to which the God of Fertility paid no mind, she sat up on the bed, at that moment her heart fluttered, her jade hand softly wiped beneath her, a trace of disappointment flashing through her heart.

She found that all the seeds left behind had no hint of life.

...

For Chen Shouyi, who had achieved cellular-level control over himself, it was completely a case of mind over matter. If he didn't want to conceive, naturally he wouldn't conceive.

Even if it was just subconscious, it was the same.

Of course, if he did want to conceive, the success rate would similarly increase greatly.

The snow in Zhonghai City had stopped.

The whole world was a blanket of white, the snow piled up to the thighs, early in the morning, soldiers and enthusiastic citizens were already clearing the snow, the scene was filled with zeal and energy, with children excitedly running around amidst the crowd, snowballs flying everywhere, turning everyone into snowmen.

Since the anomaly, the weather had become extreme, scorching hot in summer, and bitterly cold in winter.

And this was only the first snow of the year.

Fortunately, people's physical fitness nowadays was vastly different, unlike previous years where many could freeze to death annually.

He returned home to find his family was also clearing the snow.

"Brother, you're back." Chen Xingyue put down the shovel happily.

"Hmm, you didn't go to school?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"The snow blocked the roads, so we have a day off today." Chen Xingyue said cheerfully.

"Mom, Dad, let me handle it." Chen Shouyi said to the two elders.

"It's alright, we'll handle it, you just came back from a mission, go rest, don't wear yourself out." Chen Dawei laughed.

Hearing this, Chen Shouyi couldn't help but blush slightly, he indeed had a busy night, but it didn't consume much energy, leaving him far from feeling tired.

He didn't insist further: "Then I'll go rest."

...

Chen Shouyi returned to his bedroom and made a call to the President's office to report the mission information.

Though the process had some twists, it could still be considered a perfectly completed mission.

After finishing the call, he was about to hang up when suddenly a thought struck him, and he asked: "By the way, President, is there any residue of the Powerful Divine Power left?"

The President on the other end was taken aback: "Isn't there any left?"

This was three tons, and in just half a year, it's almost gone.

Chen Shouyi sensed the mass of Powerful Divine Power in the space, estimating the amount, and replied honestly: "There's about half a ton left, only for a month's worth."

The President was secretly astonished.

Half a ton would only last a month, equivalent to consuming 33 pounds a day, that's just... monstrous.

"This is already all our country's stock..." the President said.

Chen Shouyi felt a bit disappointed at this, but before he could speak, he heard the President continue: "However, other countries should still have some, rest assured, the nation will not mistreat its meritorious individuals."

Now, Great Xia Country is effectively the world's number one power, with the troops dispatched to Yan State occupying half of the joint forces. Although getting other countries to cough up these things comes at some cost to Great Xia,

It's all worth it.

President Chen's benefits and the nation's interests are one and the same; with each increase in President Chen's power, the nation is also more secure.

...

"Fisher, your letter?"

Zhonghai Baoshan Steel Plant Metallurgy Laboratory, the receiver knocked on the door holding a letter while speaking loudly.

Fisher quickly opened the door and said in broken Chinese: "Thank you."

"You're welcome, I won't disturb you then, bye."

Fisher clutched the letter tightly, suppressing excitement, and walked into the laboratory.

"Little Fish, is it from your family?" a middle-aged man smiled and asked.

"Uh, yes, Director, I would like to take an hour off." Fisher said somewhat embarrassedly; it's wartime now, the research tasks are intense, and there's no normal rest time for either the European Union or Great Xia Country, sometimes they even work overnight.

"It's alright, we all understand, you go ahead, I'll give you half a day.

"No, Director, an hour... no... two hours will be enough." Fisher hurriedly said.

...

Fisher jogged away from the laboratory building and returned to the dormitory, closing the door behind him.

He sat at the desk, eagerly tearing open the envelope.

"Dear Fisher:

Since you left, I've been thinking about you every day. I wonder if you're doing well and if work is going smoothly. John keeps asking where Daddy went. I told him the father went to work far away and would come back when he grows up."

He asked me when he would grow up?

I told him when you grow as tall as me, then you're grown up..." Fisher found his eyes blurring as he read.

"A few days ago, the price of bread went up again. Mrs. Smith next door said there was an otherworldly insect plague in France, devouring large fields, and the price of bread is expected to increase further..."

The letter was long, quite fragmented, filling up to five pages of paper.

Fisher read for a long time, taking a deep breath, and pulled out some stationery:

"Dear Joanna:

"I love you too. I'm doing well here, colleagues in Great Xia Country are very friendly, though it's a bit overwhelming; the diet is just something I'm not used to.

In recent days our department has made breakthrough progress in research, and I've contributed somewhat. This month we're likely to get a big bonus, so don't worry about money, I'll send some over every month."

Fisher wrote quickly with his pen, paused to think, and continued:

"Great Xia Country is more peaceful than I imagined, although I haven't been to the city, I've heard from my colleagues in Great Xia that it's very safe here. Apart from the last invasion by the Lord of Lightning, there have been very few large-scale fatal incidents.

Of course, I think this is related to the venerable God Chen residing in this city, I heard they're close to lifting the curfew here. I hope Berlin can be this peaceful someday too.

If possible, I truly hope you and John can come to Great Xia Country to live with me.

By the way, I've already learned Chinese, though my accent is still a bit odd, fortunately, I can communicate normally now.

...

After finishing, Fisher checked to make sure there was no sensitive content and then packed it into the international envelope. Despite the two countries being allies now, he wasn't sure if the letter would be censored.

Better safe than sorry.

He checked the time, realizing an hour had passed, quickly washed his face in the bathroom.

Then he exited the dormitory, slipping the letter into the mailbox along the way.