

New Era 681

Chapter 681 Divine Power Resistance

Outskirts, in the snow.

"Bang bang bang!" Chen Xingyue circled around Chen Shouyi, her fists like cannonballs, making the air roar "dong dong," with snowflakes swirling everywhere.

Before confronting the God of Lightning last time, even though Chen Shouyi gave Chen Xingyue a whole box of Divine Blood, she never returned it. Now her physical condition has fully reached the peak that a Martial Artist can achieve, and her attacking momentum is intimidating.

However, in Chen Shouyi's eyes, it still seemed like slow motion. His hand moved like the Thousand-Handed Guanyin, effortlessly neutralizing her attacks to prevent Chen Xingyue from getting hurt.

The two fought swiftly, appearing as mere blurred shadows to ordinary people.

After half a minute of battle, Chen Xingyue was exhausted, her chest heaving as she gasped, "Bro, what level am I at now? Have I reached Peak Martial Artist?"

"What do you think? Far from it!" Chen Shouyi chuckled and said, "Against a true Peak Martial Artist, you'd be dead in a few moves."

Reaching Peak Martial Artist requires more than just physical fitness.

Rich combat experience, a strong mental reaction speed, at least a level of refining marrow for introspection, along with peak level will and perception, all of these are indispensable.

The speed of mental reaction can be supplemented with Divine Marrow, but the rest can only depend on oneself.

Upon hearing that she could possibly last a few moves against a Peak Martial Artist, Chen Xingyue foolishly laughed, "Bro, I can really last a few moves against a Peak Martial Artist?"

No hope at all.

Chen Shouyi felt quite exhausted at heart. As a strong being of True God level himself, how could he have such a shallow-minded sister? He felt somewhat unwilling to speak and waved his hand, "Your mental reaction is too slow. Next time, I'll get you some more Divine Marrow."

"Bro, really?" Chen Xingyue's face lit up with joy, and she asked excitedly, "You're the best, when?"

"In the next few days, perhaps."

He decided not to worry anymore. Whether his sister could become a legend would depend on her own fortune.

But speaking of which, among the 1.7 billion population in Great Xia Country, though now perhaps only 1.5 billion remains, how many can truly become legends?

Until now, there have been only five legendary figures, not even one in a billion, each requiring talent, effort, and luck.

Of course, so did he.

Although with the assistance of the Book of Knowledge, he felt it couldn't erase his efforts and... hidden talent.

...

In the deep night.

Two little ones were already asleep, cuddling each other, snoring softly, with quilts kicked off.

Chen Shouyi covered the two little ones with a thin blanket and lay back on the bed.

His mind couldn't help but think back to last night, the flickering candlelight, the tender body, the eyes like water, the intoxicating touch... that night seemed to open the door to a new world for him.

"Wait a minute..."

"What the hell am I thinking?"

Chen Shouyi quickly shook his head, wondering how he could be captivated by a woman's charms, especially since the other party was a Barbarian God. Who knows if their true form is male or female, much like the God of Conspiracy, he couldn't figure out whether they're male or female, human or beast.

He simply opened the attribute panel.

Strength: 23.4

Agility: 23.4

Constitution: 23.4

Intelligence: 23.3

Perception: 22.5

Will: 22.3

Energy Accumulation: 68.55

Faith Value: 12234.6

Innate Abilities: Self-Healing (Super): 1.01%; Giant Battle Body (Super): 50.01%; Atmosphere Control: 26.01%;

Over the past month, his strength, agility, constitution, and intelligence each increased by only 0.1 points, and that was the result of cultivation aided by Powerful Divine Power, better than nothing.

He looked at the accumulated Faith Value of 12234.6 points during this period, itching to optimize something. His gaze swept across the three innate abilities.

He finally chose Self-Healing.

Self-Healing not only enhances his survival ability but also increases his resistance to Divine Power to some extent. Moreover, the optimization progress of Self-Healing is the lowest among the three innate abilities, making the improvement more significant and cost-effective.

Just like the last time fighting against the God of Lightning, the greatest harm to him was not the physical attack but the Divine Power, which not only had astonishing destructive capability but completely suppressed self-healing, rendering his powerful self-healing ability useless.

With a thought, nine thousand Faith Value points rapidly vanished.

At the same time, a surge of heat flowed throughout his body, accompanied by the rapid draining of his will.

Chen Shouyi closed his eyes, feeling a clearer connection with every cell in his body, even the skeleton seemed aligned with his mind, the surface of the cells emitting a faint, shimmering light, the glow of will.

The entire process lasted over ten seconds before gradually subsiding.

The original Self-Healing (Super): 1.01%.

Had transformed into Self-Healing (Super): 10.01%.

Chen Shouyi's body floated up from the bed.

Perhaps it was an illusion, but he felt flying had become more effortless and intuitive, without requiring much mental energy, as if with a single thought, every cell in his body responded in unison.

"Cells all contain will, but they are connected to and subordinate to the main will," Chen Shouyi muttered to himself.

He flew to the bathroom and retrieved the Shadow Sword from the space, extending his left arm, raising the sword, ready to test it out.

He hesitated slightly, then extended a small finger.

Resolving in his mind, he fiercely swung down the sword.

With a "clink" sound.

The small finger was cut off.

The finger didn't fall but hovered in the air, muscles spasming throughout the body, trembling continuously.

It neither healed nor bled.

As if some mechanism was preventing both.

Chen Shouyi thought it might be his subconscious.

Like the previous blood test, he found he could still sense the presence of the small finger, even feeling its pain, as if it remained connected to his nerves.

It was a fascinating phenomenon, as if his neural electrical signals had switched from wired to wireless.

He tested it out.

The next moment, the small finger began repetitively flexing and extending according to his thoughts, albeit sluggishly,

If anyone else saw this bizarre scene, they'd likely be scared out of their wits, but Chen Shouyi found it amusing. After half a minute, with a thought, the small finger flew back to its original position.

Veins and nerves, retracted by the severance, extended and rapidly reconnected with each other.

Despite the billions of capillaries and nerve endings in the finger, what's fascinating is that when reconnecting, the severed ends seemed to recognize each other, aligning seamlessly without control, and simultaneously, the broken bones and muscles quickly reattached.

In merely five or six seconds.

As the last of the pain subsided, the finger had completely healed. Chen Shouyi moved his little finger and found it as flexible as ever, with no sign of being severed moments ago.

However, no matter how fast self-healing was, he didn't pay much attention to it.

A few seconds to ten seconds, in the flash of battle, made little difference.

What he cared about was resistance to Divine Power.

But how much could it be increased?

Unfortunately, this could not be tested. He couldn't very well find a Barbarian God for testing.

Hmm?

He sensed something, recalling the God of Flames.

"It's time!" he murmured to himself, with a cold gaze.

Back then, he was forced into hiding, barely surviving, and almost unable to return. It even caused Hedong City to be abandoned and the entire city to relocate. He still remembered this grudge.

"Let's use them as a whetstone."

Chapter 682: Preparations

However, one must be fully prepared.

Even with his current strength, attempting to hunt a mid-level god in an alternate world is still not as easy as imagined. A slight misstep might lead to disaster, as the Giant Transformation, despite its immense power and strong defense, lacks agility in the air.

If the opponent decides to flee or attack from a distance, there aren't many options available to him.

Chen Shouyi lay back on the bed, pondering silently, and soon fell into a deep sleep.

Early the next morning, he headed to the snow mountains of the alternate world.

This year's winter marks the first time Earth and the alternate world have synchronized. It was unfortunate that there was a hailstorm upon his arrival.

The temperature had dropped to minus 50 degrees.

Hailstones the size of footballs fell like meteors under triple gravity, with a thunderous roar that echoed across the land, an awe-inspiring sight.

Even the rare white dragons that occasionally appeared dared not to venture out in such conditions.

Chen Shouyi controlled the surrounding hailstones to reach an ice cave for shelter.

He found the ice cave to be quite sturdy, remaining intact despite the hailstorm. He lifted the frozen, hardened blanket, gave it a shake to scatter the ice shards, and steam began to rise as the heat spread.

A few seconds later, the blanket was dried by willpower. Chen Shouyi then took a thick mattress from his space and laid it down, placing the two little ones from his arms inside, leaving only their little foreheads exposed.

"Are you two cold?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"Not cold."

"Not cold at all."

"Stay here and play, don't go outside. It's dangerous out there." Chen Shouyi said, pulling out some toys from his space.

...

Chen Shouyi stepped out of the ice cave and flew to the opposite mountain peak.

He then initiated the transformation, causing the air to expand explosively, blowing away the surrounding hailstones with a shockwave. In less than a tenth of a second, a majestic giant eighty meters tall stood atop the mountain.

"Crack!"

The ice beneath his feet shattered and fissured.

At eighty meters tall, it may not seem immediately obvious compared to ordinary buildings, but calculating three meters per floor for an average apartment, eighty meters is equivalent to a twenty-six or twenty-seven-story building, capable of crushing a ten-story building underfoot.

Standing atop the mountain, Chen Shouyi felt a sense of exhilaration.

Reaching the summit and surveying the smaller mountains below encapsulated his current mood.

The hailstones battering his body felt like gentle scratches. He drew the dazzling Lightning Spear from his space.

The moment the Lightning Spear appeared, the lead-gray clouds overhead began to churn, accompanied by rumbling thunder.

Holding it with both hands, he gave a slight pull, extending the original ten-meter lightning beam to a hundred meters, with countless arcs of electricity flashing.

His silhouette was likened to a deity or demon.

This Divine Artifact from the Lord of Lightning wielded incredible power. Though he couldn't harness its full potential like the Lord of Lightning, even a fraction of its power far exceeded that of the bone club.

...

The sky thundered with a deafening roar.

A massive figure stepped through the air, racing around the twisting valleys. Each step brought bursts of flame in the air, sending waves of pressure, causing the ice layers on either side to collapse.

The next moment.

The gigantic figure swept past the rocks.

"Boom!"

Half of a mountain peak was directly shattered as the figure rolled violently.

"Boom boom boom!"

The ice was as fragile as jelly, shattering and exploding, shaking the entire mountain.

"Whoo!"

The air was frozen.

Yet it rolled hundreds of meters before Chen Shouyi regained control of his body, stopping his momentum.

His feet touched the ground.

"I'm still not agile enough in the air. Moving in a straight line is fine, but turning with precision is still far from optimal," Chen Shouyi thought to himself.

However, that's just the nature of things. The weight of the Giant Transformation is truly enormous.

With a mass of 25,000 tons, it brings with it a terrifying inertia. On land, friction and the force it exerts are sufficient, but in the air, it's hard to maneuver.

"Fortunately, there is a way to solve this."

This time he donned the armor.

The most crucial function of this armor is its ability to disregard inertia and achieve extreme speed, always a trump card for Chen Shouyi.

He continued experimenting, and this time agility and speed were adequate.

However, after less than a second, he fell to the ground like a meteor, his mind completely drained.

Feeling the splitting headache, Chen Shouyi was somewhat resigned.

Since acquiring the armor, although his willpower and perception have continued to improve, the time he can maintain this state hasn't increased—in fact, it has slightly regressed.

The weight gain is simply too fast.

...

Over the next week.

He practiced daily on the snow mountains, sometimes consuming precious Energy Points to enter the Memory Virtual World and relive his battles with the God of Flames.

Of course, each time ended in a miserable defeat.

His entire body would be charred.

This only fueled his growing hatred toward the God of Flames.

Before the impending battle, he took a day off at home to rest and recharge.

Rising early the next day, he allocated five thousand Faith Value points to increase his Self-Healing from 10.1% to 15.1%, enhancing his resistance to Flame Divine Power. With 1235 remaining Faith Value points, he was prepared for the battle.

He left the two little ones at home and, after informing his parents, stepped out the door.

...

A military vehicle slowly drove through the snow, leaving two black tire tracks.

Chen Shouyi sat in the backseat, gazing out the window.

On either side lay endless ruins, and compared to when he left, the entire Hedong City was unrecognizable, with no familiar sights remaining.

To prepare for the God of Flames and a possible nuclear strike, Hedong's entire population had been evacuated, factories relocated, and the city was bombed into ruins. Revisiting this spot now gave Chen Shouyi a surreal sense of passage through time.

Checkpoints frequently appeared along the road, with strict guards. This area had become a militarized zone.

To avoid complications, Chen Shouyi had already reported the matter, allowing him unimpeded access this time.

"We just cleared the snow a few days ago, but it snowed again yesterday. Fortunately, it wasn't heavy this time, or we'd be clearing snow again," said a young female officer accompanying him, seizing the chance to glance at Chen Shouyi.

"Ah!" Chen Shouyi replied, somewhat puzzled. "Isn't clearing snow troublesome?"

"Not really. Clearing snow is quite lively; it feels like being on holiday." The officer, successful in small talk, responded cheerfully.

The military stationed here comprises frontline combat units, always on high alert, with particularly strict discipline.

Chen Shouyi observed the major-ranked young, dark-skinned female officer. In peacetime, a soldier would gradually climb the ranks through seniority. Such youth making rank seemed impossible.

But during wartime, promotions can accelerate quickly through merit.

"Why did you choose to become a combat soldier?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"The benefits in the military are great!" the officer replied candidly. "Being a martial artist is equally dangerous, so why not just enlist? Unfortunately, I missed the best time when I joined. Now there are too many strong fighters in the army, or else I'd at least be a colonel as a Martial Artist."

Well, she had a point.

This female officer was quite familiar.

She chatted non-stop along the way.

Until she said:

"General Manager Chen, I admire you the most. Can I have your autograph?"

Chapter 683 The Terror Descends

As Chen Shouyi finished signing his name,

the female military officer finally calmed down, her face flushed and silent, seemingly holding her breath in annoyance, as a strange atmosphere filled the car.

Fortunately, the car soon arrived at the Spatial Passage. Chen Shouyi opened the door: "No need to see me off, I'll get off now."

"Oh, oh, General Manager Chen!" The female officer finally snapped out of her daze, blushing as she looked at Chen Shouyi, bowing her head in a fluster: "Just now..."

"Just a small gift, don't mention it." Chen Shouyi said indifferently.

That's just the kind of person he is, always ready to lend a helping hand.

This blessing of his was condensed with willpower, and even for a Martial Artist, it would probably have some effect.

Of course, for him, it was simply a small effort, consuming just a bit of willpower. Acts of kindness like this, he was always more than willing to perform.

The female officer blushed even more upon hearing this.

Fortunately, Chen Shouyi was already used to it.

...

He got out of the car.

This Spatial Passage base was still guarded by the military, and the security had become even tighter. Even as he stood there, he could feel an unsettling sense of danger, as if nuclear warheads were deployed here.

After showing the military district pass, the iron gates of the passage opened sequentially.

"General Manager Chen, wishing you a safe journey." The accompanying base leader said with a face full of reverence.

Chen Shouyi nodded.

Then he stepped into the passage, and with a shift in space, the familiar desert unfolded before his eyes.

His body rose into the air, flying up high.

The escape tunnel exit he once dug was still there, evoking a slight sense of nostalgia in him.

But things were different now. As pathetic as he once was, he now planned to repay doubly.

Run! Be afraid!

God of Flames.

However, you're not going to escape, are you?

But... where had the followers migrated to?

The reason for finding the followers was simply that he had no idea where their Divine Country was; in fact, he didn't even know what it looked like.

The Tamu World was incredibly unique, with humanity unable to understand its structure to this day.

Everything was speculation.

At least Chen Shouyi could confirm that the Divine Country should be in a higher realm.

Because gods descended from the heavens.

His curiosity was undeniable, yet he had always been weak before and suppressed this desire, unwilling to embark on unnecessary risks.

Moreover, even searching for it would be like finding a needle in a haystack. It would be simpler to locate the place of faith and force the god out.

Chen Shouyi began flying higher and higher.

Ten thousand meters.

Twenty thousand meters.

...

Fifty thousand meters.

Yet, even at such an altitude, the earth showed no visible curve, flat as a plain.

He began burning his Faith Value.

His intellect fully activated, his mind processing at high speed.

His vision covered the earth for thousands of kilometers, gathering astronomical volumes of information into his mind, then rapidly analyzing it.

Rivers, mountains, lakes, forests—he meticulously searched for any trace of large-scale activity by Barbarians.

With such a vast survey range, even with his impressive intellect boosted by burning Faith to a level of 26.1, he couldn't possibly observe every detail meticulously.

But Barbarians were intelligent beings, and even in their primitive state, they would inevitably alter and disrupt the environment. Coupled with the massive number of the God of Flames' followers, they weren't hard to find.

"Found them."

3.5 seconds later, Chen Shouyi's eyes lit up as he identified a suspicious target.

This was a Barbarian gathering area, stretched along a great river, with tribes one after another for hundreds of kilometers.

Chen Shouyi stopped burning faith.

In the next moment.

"Boom!"

He broke the sound barrier, leaving a cone of sound cloud behind in his wake, speeding towards the target.

His willpower of telekinesis was almost on par with his physical strength, nearly twenty tons. Even in a world with three times the gravity, breaking the sound barrier presented no difficulty, maneuvering with ease.

...

Winter approached.

However, the followers of the God of Flames did not, like ordinary Barbarians, burrow underground for winter.

In the Domain of Faith of the God of Flames, even the coldest winter remained as warm as spring, as if it were another world.

For the followers of the God of Flames, winter was not a hardship but a time for celebration.

Every winter, countless wild creatures would venture here for the warm climate, especially along rivers covered by the Domain of Faith, where schools of fish densely populated the waters.

There was no need for nets or skills, as many foolish fish leapt onto the banks moment by moment, waiting for the taking.

The riverbanks were filled with Barbarians gathering fish, the atmosphere one of joy.

But this task wasn't entirely without danger.

For besides the fish, aquatic, riverside beasts, and fierce birds in the air appeared, too.

Fortunately, the river's abundant resources filled them up, making them rarely attack the reasonably dangerous Barbarians.

Every tribe, led by their mightiest warrior, would claim territory, scaring away beasts with shouts and the banging of hollow trees.

Most beasts would leave immediately.

If not, they would be surrounded and killed by the Barbarians.

Generally, no powerful creatures would enter a god's Domain of Faith, knowing it would be suicidal. Any intelligent being would avoid the area.

After occupying the territory, the tribe's warriors continued to secure its safety, guarding against sneak attacks, while the elderly, women, and children with sticks began collecting fish, knocking living ones dead with a single hit, and tossing them into vine-woven baskets.

One-meter-long fish were common, with two or three meters not being rare.

The air brimmed with the joy of harvest, filled with laughter everywhere.

Unfortunately, today was destined not to be peaceful.

They had only been gathering for a short while.

The birds circling above the river suddenly flew away and disappeared into the distance, not leaving a single one behind.

This pronounced warning sign made all the Barbarians vigilant; any Barbarian with common sense would know that this heralded an imminent catastrophe.

"Danger, there's danger, everyone retreat quickly." A towering, powerful Barbarian shouted in alarm, clutching a long spear.

The Barbarians promptly abandoned their baskets, swiftly retreating from the bank.

"Thud... thud... thud..."

An ominous rumble echoed from afar, bearing a certain rhythm, growing clearer, with the ground beginning to tremble slightly.

Carrying an unsettling foreboding.

Countless anxious Barbarians looked around in horror, their faces pale, constantly retreating. Some of the timid ones were already trembling all over.

The terror approached.

Chapter 684 - Destruction

"Boom"

A massive foot stomped down heavily.

Like a small tactical nuclear bomb with a hundred-ton yield, a terrifying shockwave swept in all directions. Countless shattered corpses flew in the air, and the air was tinged with a faint trace of blood.

Even the nearby several-kilometer-wide river was disturbed, sending hundreds of meters high water columns into the sky. The water surface churned violently, and countless aquatic creatures met an untimely demise.

Compared to the last time he came, Chen Shouyi's strength attribute had increased by 3 points. His strength had increased more than threefold. This was still to confuse the God of Flames. His Giant Transformation only controlled to over forty meters high, if fully transformed, this step would not be of just a hundred-ton yield, but a thousand tons.

Chen Shouyi's expression was cold, indifferent to the number of Barbarians that perished under his foot.

He continued along the riverbank.

The raging wind carried his figure, making his hair sway slightly. Moving forward, he neither intentionally slaughtered nor ran, only walking normally.

If all goes well, these would be his followers later on.

Even so, his speed reached a hundred meters per second. Along the river, many Barbarians hadn't had time to escape before being crushed underfoot. A few minutes later, Chen Shouyi's actions finally alerted the God of Flames.

The white clouds in the sky moved swiftly, turning blood red, with an oppressive aura spreading.

"Malicious fiend, I let you go last time, and you still dare come back to seek death..." A thunderous voice echoed in the sky, filled with intense fury.

Chen Shouyi stopped his slaughter, looked up at the sky, and said, "Yeah, I'm back. Come and hit me."

He then spat disdainfully.

"# ¥ @%..." The God of Flames, clearly in a bad mood, cursed violently.

Aside from a word he understood as 'scum', Chen Shouyi couldn't comprehend the rest. Luckily, he didn't need to understand, knowing they weren't pleasant words.

Not to be outdone, he immediately retaliated with the most venomous language: "@#%# ¥ ..."

"¥ %&%..."

"# ¥ %%@"

Both sides cursed each other like shrews, as the sky grew redder, like a fiery cloud. Even though Chen Shouyi had seen it many times (including in the Virtual Memory World), he still felt a chill creeping up his spine.

The God of Flames was overwhelmed with new and old animosities, anger seething and no longer able to maintain the dignity of a deity in front of his followers.

Last time, to permanently solve the threat to the Domain of Faith, he specially issued a divine reprieve, requiring followers in this region to migrate massively.

The result was a heavy loss.

The Tamu World's harsh environment was filled with venomous creatures and fierce beasts, along with disease and plague. During the migration, a considerable number of the weak and elderly perished along the way, the population falling by more than a tenth.

Such losses were truly heart-wrenching.

This wasn't the most infuriating part: the mass deaths and his retreat agitated his followers' faith in the region.

He thought this incident was over, with the opponent fleeing, nowhere to be seen. Over time, faith would eventually stabilize.

But he never expected today that it would happen again.

Did they really think he was made of clay!

...

Chen Shouyi didn't want to fight in the Domain of Faith, as it would greatly amplify the opponent's power. He donned his armor, turned without hesitation, and strode back quickly.

Chen Shouyi didn't want it, and the God of Flames wanted it even less.

After all, who would want to fight in their own house?

Even if victorious, there's no way the household items could remain intact.

In front of the God of Flames, Chen Shouyi deliberately destroyed another village, which made the God of Flames gnash his teeth, seething, but not daring to release his full power, even slowing down his descent.

As trees were smashed into the air like brittle cookies by Chen Shouyi's immense strength, he moved swiftly. A few minutes later, he ran out of the Domain of Faith's range, his speed unabated.

He turned and glanced at the sky, eyes narrowing with hidden murderous intent.

A scorching white fireball, like a falling meteor, plummeted towards the earth, thunderous booms deafening around him as he continued pretending to flee.

The forest began to dry up, turning yellow, covered partially by Divinity, enveloping the sky and earth.

"Vile and malicious fiend, do you think you can escape this time?" The roar from above was full of gritted teeth, clearly having lost control.

No sooner had the words fallen, than the ground burst into golden flames, turning a vast swath of forest into vapor, and the earth into boiling lava.

Before the flames could approach, Chen Shouyi's explosive force burst forth, scattering the flames. Yet the searing heat, enough to vaporize any material, seeped into his body, causing him a burning pain.

Compared to last time, when his skin had become numb from roasting, Chen Shouyi felt the opponent's Divine Power inflicted less damage this time. Clearly, Divine Resistance was playing a role.

However, he keenly noticed that this resistance wasn't permanent. As cellular will quickly eroded under Divine Power, his Divine Resistance diminished rapidly, unable to persist much longer.

Chen Shouyi forcefully strode out of the fire's range.

"You can't escape!" The God of Flames floated in the air coldly, "Let me grant you eternal death, turning to ashes."

"Boom!"

Up ahead, the ground burst, Divine Fire blazing fiercely.

Chen Shouyi dodged narrowly, smoke rising all over him, charging ahead recklessly. He was waiting.

"Why bother? Struggling only brings more pain, only more despair... Death Gaze!"

Along with the roar behind him, a blazing sun seemed to rise, a terrifying force burning his body, a strong thirst engulfing him.

Fortunately, he could still bear it for a short time, though he didn't want to wait any longer.

Burning Faith Value, his body rapidly expanded, quickly transforming into an eighty-meter Giant.

He then turned to face the sky, his expression ferocious.

"No, impossible," the God of Flames' face changed drastically, sensing an overwhelming threat. This fiend was incredibly powerful, every previous thing was all a facade.

Suddenly, a foreboding rose in his heart.

The next moment, the ground shook violently, a white shockwave exploded, and at the same time, the massive figure rapidly expanded before his eyes.

Before leaping, Chen Shouyi linked to his armor. Coupled with the explosive power of millions of tons from his legs, his speed was like an electromagnetic artillery shell leaving the chamber, barely leaving the ground before the air turned red from friction.

The God of Flames' face contorted, instantaneously unleashing Divine Power to retreat swiftly, matching speed exactly.

Chen Shouyi urgently stomped the air, increasing speed further, simultaneously wielding the Lightning Spear. Mid-air, his body extended slightly, preparing to throw.

Aimed at the God of Flames a hundred meters away, his will locked in, then with all his might, he hurled it forth.

"Boom!"

Impossible to describe the speed of the Lightning Spear, it was like a flash of flowing light, carrying destructive power, akin to real lightning, beyond Chen Shouyi's view to capture.

Compared to the terrifying power of the Giant Transformation, his senses clearly couldn't keep up.

A hundred meters of distance vanished in an instant.

The God of Flames' scalp tingled, just about to dodge, but it was too late. His Divine Power defense barrier got pierced easily, no better than paper.

In the next instant, half his chest shattered by the Lightning Spear's kinetic energy, even one arm was blown off.

Such grievous injuries made even the God of Flames let out a scream, momentarily losing composure.

Upon regaining it, it was already too late.

The surrounding air abruptly solidified, and at the same time, a massive fist matched to his body size, with the air glowing red hot, hammered fiercely at the God of Flames.

A dazzling light flashed.

Like an asteroid striking Earth.

The God of Flames was instantly blown apart, his corpse scattering like falling stars.

No God can withstand a thousand-ton physical strike. Even the Powerful Divine Power of the Lord of Lightning couldn't, let alone a medium Divine Power like the God of Flames.

Chapter 685 - Blood and Fire

"Seems like I used too much force again!"

Watching the fragmented corpse plummet to the ground like meteors, creating craters all around, Chen Shouyi thought to himself in a daze.

As he was thinking this, his will was completely exhausted, and his body plummeted to the earth.

"Boom!"

The ground shook violently, and a bowl-shaped crater with a diameter of several dozen meters was created where he landed. He now weighed 25,000 tons; just imagine such a massive battleship falling from a kilometer high, and you can conceive its power.

Chen Shouyi held his head, which was splitting with pain, retracting his armor into his space while ceasing the burning of faith.

He snorted through his nostrils, expelling the dust, rubble, and solidified magma ash from his lungs.

He then examined his body, noticing that while his body was still scorched black from the high temperature, fortunately, only the surface layer was affected. A gentle rub with his hand revealed bloody flesh beneath, clearly showing the resistance effect of Divine Power.

Moreover, he keenly noticed that even without actively clearing the residual Divine Power, it was dissipating slowly under the expulsion of cellular will, although the process was extremely slow and almost unnoticeable, it was steadfast.

His heart was exhilarated; this was with only a 15% Self-Healing rate.

If he increased it to 50%, even when encountering the Lord of Lightning, he probably wouldn't be as vulnerable as last time; at least... he could withstand a few more hits.

Since it was just a minor injury, Chen Shouyi decided to leave it be and allow it to heal slowly on its own.

He stepped out of the crater, not reverting to his true form.

The earth was shrouded in blue smoke, full of sizzling magma. A large amount of vaporized and then re-solidified magma ash was falling like a heavy snowfall.

He gestured with his hand, and the Lightning Spear swiftly flew over from afar, landing in his hand.

The Lightning Spear bore his will imprint, being connected to his mind, like an embodiment of his thoughts. Even if separated by a thousand miles, he could sense its position and summon it.

To Chen Shouyi, this was nothing unusual, as it had always been this way.

He threw the Lightning Spear back into the space.

Then he started collecting the corpse.

The God of Flames was a deity with medium-level divine power; not collecting it would surely be a waste. Sometimes he still snacked on the weak Divine Power True God's flesh, knowing that there's less and less of the Powerful Divine Power flesh left. He can't afford to waste it; he needs to save whenever possible.

However, the entire body was smashed into fragments, scattered almost everywhere, some even flying dozens of kilometers away.

But what can be done about it?

Is it the God of Flames' fault for being too fragile? That doesn't make sense; if there's blame, it should be on himself.

Chen Shouyi picked up a shattered large leg from a pit.

The fiery red, jade-like scales on the leg were completely shattered, the entire leg turned limp, clearly showing not only the bones but even the muscle fibers were pulverized.

His punch was not just pure physical collision; it included a terrible explosive force and the high temperature generated upon impact.

Of course, the last aspect was probably harmless to the God of Flames.

But the first two aspects were not easy to withstand.

He tossed the leg back into his space and continued walking toward another location.

...

It took a full hour for Chen Shouyi to gather back the scattered remains.

A large part was wasted, many were crushed into dust and fragments, covering an area of several thousand square kilometers, which he didn't bother to pick up.

Fortunately, the remaining harvest was also satisfying enough.

...

Of course, the real gain was not just this; it also included the vast number of followers of the God of Flames.

Chen Shouyi held the head of the God of Flames, conducting a military parade to announce the fall of the God of Flames and the transition of power.

He originally thought it would be easy to gather faith like the past with the small island barbarians, but he realized he was mistaken this time.

The God of Flames was not those naive Divine Creatures, nor a half-baked Demigod. He was a True God, and his reign might have exceeded ten thousand years.

As an established deity, his faith was deeply embedded in every aspect; his belief itself was an indispensable part of these believers' lives.

Upon hearing the bad news, countless followers collapsed mentally and committed suicide. Some tribes were even incited and coerced into mass suicide, regardless of age or gender, the place was filled with corpses.

...

Chen Shouyi looked down expressionlessly at the three Barbarians.

These were the strongest among the Barbarians, each possessing legendary strength.

"Are you really going to resist me?" he said, his voice like muffled thunder.

"Demon, die!" one of the strong Barbarians passionately shouted with a tragic expression, then charged forward. The other two Barbarians exchanged glances and immediately followed with determined faces.

Chen Shouyi shook his head, appreciating their courage, appreciating their devotion,

then he lifted his foot and stomped down. Before the foot even landed, the ground had already sunk out of thin air. The first two Barbarians were pinned to the ground by wind pressure, unable to move, spitting blood, and their bones cracked.

The face of the other Barbarian changed drastically upon seeing this, just about to escape, but it was too late. Accompanied by the earth's massive vibration, the foot fell, the Barbarian's body shook and was reduced to a mist of blood by the shock force.

Chen Shouyi retracted his foot, not even looking as if he had just crushed a few ants.

...

What puzzled him was the surprisingly low number of followers of the God of Flames, totaling only three million, which clearly defied reason. Normally, the number should be at least in the tens of millions.

"Could this be just a portion of the God of Flames' devotees, with the majority located in other areas," Chen Shouyi pondered.

These believers lived along both sides of a large river, with no other tribes found in other regions.

"Never mind, having this many followers means it wasn't a wasted effort."

Three million Barbarians constituted over ten times his former Barbarian believers. Although it was wielded by violence and might now be harmful to his faith, with time, it would gradually improve.

He didn't linger long, returning to his true form, he kicked off the ground, causing a shockwave to explode, swiftly flying toward the passage.

...

"General Manager Chen!"

"General Manager Chen, you are back."

"You've worked hard."

...

Upon returning to Earth, the leaders of the Spatial Passage base quickly gathered around.

Chen Shouyi nodded in acknowledgment, looking at the crowd, he thought for a moment before saying, "The alert here can be temporarily lifted, that Barbarian God is dead."

Everyone shuddered, dumbstruck upon hearing this.

Dead... dead!

According to the intelligence, there was a medium Divine Power deity on the other side of the passage, one of only two such dangerous pathways in the entire country. One had appeared in the Shankui Province with the God of Fear and Shadow, and the other was here.

And yet, General Manager Chen had been out for only half a day, and the Barbarian God was already dead.

"Gen... General Manager Chen, you... you're not joking, it... it's really dead," the base's leader stuttered.

"I'm not joking," Chen Shouyi said blandly, then walked out.

Chapter 686 - Catastrophe

Chen Shouyi stayed at the military district command for a while, reported the specific situation, and then quickly returned to Zhonghai.

As soon as he got home, he fell asleep.

...

The downfall of the God of Flames struck the Barbarians far beyond just the collapse of faith.

Shortly after the fall of the God of Flames, the Domain of Faith that once enveloped them began to dissipate, and the cold of winter once again attacked the tribes.

For thousands and even tens of thousands of years, these Barbarians had long been accustomed to warm winters under the protection of the Domain of Faith.

Their cold resistance was not only far inferior to ordinary Barbarians but also lacking in experience to cope.

When the Domain of Faith collapsed, disaster arrived.

...

In a former tribe of the God of Flames.

The cries and wails rose and fell, all the Barbarians immersed in grief. To the tribe, the fall of the God of Flames felt like the sky had fallen.

To the faithful, the God of Flames was their sky.

The clan leader sat powerlessly on the ground, staring at the corpses littering the area. This terribly strong man seemed to have been drained of all spirit, like a 200-pound child just abandoned by his parents, with a gaze filled with confusion and bewilderment, a nameless sadness in his heart.

The cold wind howled in, and the temperature began to slowly drop.

"Clan Leader, quickly think of something!" A short, stout Barbarian tugged at the dazed clan leader and shouted.

The clan leader blankly lifted his head, "What's the matter?"

Seemingly still unaware.

"The Holy Sanctuary can't stop the cold wind anymore. If this continues, our tribesmen will freeze to death," the short and stout Barbarian said anxiously. How can it be a time for sorrow now? The key is how to survive!

Currently, those still alive in the tribe are basically shallow believers. As for the pious and fanatic ones, they had long ago committed suicide.

"How many furs do we have?" The clan leader finally came to his senses, stood up immediately, disregarding sadness, and hurriedly asked.

"Only a few warriors have!" the short and stout Barbarian shouted.

Since within the Domain of Faith, it was spring all year round, there was usually no need for warm clothing, and there was almost no demand for hides. Only hunting warriors, sometimes venturing to the edge of the Domain of Faith for hunts, would wear animal skins for warmth.

The clan leader felt the increasingly cold weather and knew things were seriously wrong.

What should we do?

"Quickly gather the tribe's warriors to discuss!"

Soon, hundreds of warriors quickly gathered, chattering as they began to discuss strategies.

"How about we climb up the trees? Being closer to the sun will make us feel less cold," a Barbarian suggested.

"I've been outside the Holy Sanctuary. Climbing trees doesn't work, it's equally cold, and the wind is strong," another Barbarian rebutted.

"Yes, I can testify too," another Barbarian agreed immediately. "It's really cold on the trees!"

This idea was dismissed, and everyone fell into deep thought.

"Why don't we just hold each other? You hug me, I hug you, and we won't feel cold," at this moment, another Barbarian excitedly stood up and suggested.

"We can't hold each other every day. It's not feasible, no way."

"I know a way: when we're running, don't we feel hot and sweaty? If it's cold, just run!"

The clan leader's eyes lit up hearing this, "This idea is good!"

These Barbarians had spent their lives in the warm Domain of Faith, without experiencing the harshness of winter, and lacking ways to deal with the cold. This idea was quickly spread, and initially, everyone found it extremely effective.

Running for five minutes can warm you for an hour.

But as the weather got colder and the temperature dropped, the frequency of running went from once an hour to half an hour, and soon from half an hour to every fifteen minutes.

Everyone was panting and almost gasping for breath continuously.

"Clan Leader, this won't work. It's too cold. Let's go hunting to get more furs; otherwise, our tribesmen will freeze to death."

The clan leader had no other choice but to lead all the tribe's warriors into the forest to hunt. Unfortunately, the harvest was limited, and as night approached, they did not obtain enough furs to keep each Barbarian warm.

That night, nearly a fifth of the tribe froze to death.

Countless old and weak tribesmen never woke again in the morning, completing a cruel elimination.

The next day, dozens more froze to death.

Not until the third day did someone finally suggest digging a cellar to withstand the terrifying cold wind.

Survival experience grows from repeated setbacks.

...

When Chen Shouyi woke up, it was already evening.

The curse following the fall of the God of Flames had vanished, and he felt refreshed.

"Good Giant, you're awake?" the Shell Lady slithered out from his collar upon hearing the movement, along with the Little Red Dot always sticking with her.

"What were you two doing in there again?" Chen Shouyi asked helplessly.

These two little guys treat his body as a playground once he falls asleep and never listen to him.

"Little Dot says you're salty!" said the Little Red Dot, relatively honestly.

Chen Shouyi waved his hand powerlessly, shooing away the two shameless little creatures.

Darn it, what's there that's good for licking?

He checked the Book of Knowledge and found it had not changed much, aside from an increase in size, now as large as several football fields.

Well, better than nothing.

There's hardly any need for it to be this large.

"Oh!" Chen Shouyi suddenly exclaimed.

He noticed a peculiar increase in Energy Points.

Checking the time, it was already 8 p.m.; this morning, it had been 68.55 points. In just 14 hours, it increased by 0.21 points.

He quickly calculated.

"Growing by 0.4 points per day?" He felt elated.

The Energy Value increase each day is fixed, neither increasing nor decreasing, steady like an old dog.

Unlike Faith Value, which can be enhanced through faith and people's worship.

It's solely related to the evolution of the Book of Knowledge.

This increase from 0.25 to 0.4 per day signifies substantial progress.

"At this rate, it'll elevate again in just a month," he pondered joyfully.

This is truly an unexpected delight.

He walked into the bathroom for a shower, changed clothes, and headed downstairs, finding his family still awake and chatting. Upon seeing Chen Shouyi come down, they visibly relaxed.

"You finally woke up. Hungry? Let me heat up some food for you," Mrs. Chen stood up and said.

Chapter 687 - Meeting Wang Shengyuan Again

The next morning.

The president called to give him verbal commendation and mentioned that negotiations regarding the Powerful Divine Power flesh are underway with various countries, and it won't be long before a deal is reached.

This time, the slaying of the God of Flames was considered a major threat resolved for the country. Most importantly, it freed up significant military resources and alleviated defensive pressures.

Chen Shouyi immediately expressed his gratitude, exchanged a few more words, and then hung up the phone.

He opened his wardrobe, picked out a jacket, and put it on. The weather had become increasingly cold over the past few days. Ever since it snowed, it hadn't melted. Although such low temperatures were inconsequential to him, he couldn't exactly stand out and attract attention by wearing a T-shirt outside.

Of course, in terms of attracting attention, it didn't much matter what or how much he wore, or even if he wore anything at all.

He walked out the door, got on his bicycle, and went to East Sea University to borrow some books. As his intelligence increased, he found himself more and more interested in Knowledge.

Perhaps... this is why Little Dot was obsessed with mathematics.

Shortly after leaving the library, he unexpectedly ran into an acquaintance.

"Wang Shengyuan!?"

"Chen... General Manager Chen." Wang Shengyuan was momentarily stunned to see Chen Shouyi and quickly responded with a respectful expression.

"What are you doing here?"

"After the last investigation ended, the country arranged for me to be a Martial Arts Teacher here."
Wang Shengyuan replied honestly.

In times of war, for a civilian Martial Artist who is also a quasi-military personnel, being a Martial Arts Teacher at a top university was already a great honor, undoubtedly a form of compensation and reward.

Chen Shouyi laughed, "I recall that I reminded you to come find me after your investigation was over, and I'd give you some Divine Flesh."

At these words, Wang Shengyuan turned red with embarrassment. Despite being more than ten years older than Chen Shouyi, he appeared almost child-like in his demeanor:

"Chen... General Manager Chen, how could I accept this, the country has already rewarded me."

Of course, Wang Shengyuan remembered.

He just felt embarrassed, what if the other person merely said it in passing, that would be awkward. Given how busy such an important figure must be, he felt it was shameless to impose on him uninvited.

After all... he was also a reborn individual.

"The country is the country, and I am myself, how can they be confused." Chen Shouyi said as he looked around the bustling campus, "Let's talk in a more secluded spot!"

The two of them walked to the school's small park.

Chen Shouyi retrieved a large preservation box from his Spatial Passage where he originally stored meat paste and took out some Divine Flesh: "About thirty to forty kilograms, it should be enough to get you to Peak Martial Artist level."

"Chen... General Manager Chen, this... this is too much. I don't even know how to repay you." Wang Shengyuan said, extremely moved. Such a huge favor was akin to a rebirth.

An opportunity to become a Peak Martial Artist is something countless people would fight desperately for.

And now, it was so close, entirely within reach.

Chen Shouyi smiled and patted his shoulder, "Train well in Martial Arts."

...

Life returned to its usual tranquility.

In the evening, Chen Shouyi was going through the newspaper.

"Mid-December, with our country leading, the multinational force has made relentless progress, reclaiming over half of Yan State's territory, freeing hundreds of millions of humans from the control of the Barbarian God..."

"The successful experiment of the balloon radar, developed by the 385th research institute of Great Xia Country Electrical Science, has reportedly achieved high-altitude over-the-horizon detection of aerial targets, allowing the missile to be accurately steered towards these targets."

"On December 14th, humanity's first computer to surpass a billion calculations was first born at the Computer Institute of the Chinese Academy of Sciences, marking the renewed advent of the information age."

Over the past three years, every time Chen Shouyi flipped through the newspaper, he could clearly feel the meaning of technological innovation, and the pace of this progress seemed to be accelerating.

This was due in part to the fact that humanity already possessed this technology and is now retracing its steps, and also because of the effects of Divine Marrow.

As he knew, most of the Divine Marrow did not flow into the military or civilian Martial Artists, but into research teams.

Humanity never ascended to the top of Earth's food chain through sheer might, but through wisdom.

In many industries, individual diligence can make up for a lack of talent, but this is not true in scientific research. Most researchers spend their lives achieving little, becoming mere laborers of baldness in the research field.

The gap between an ordinary researcher and a great scientist is much larger than that between an elementary school student and a university student.

Moreover, with the advancement of science and technology, as we enter the twentieth century, the Knowledge humanity has gained has become increasingly vast and intricate, leading to ever finer disciplinary branches. Polymaths who once spanned multiple fields are now extinct.

Many individuals spend their entire lives circling around their specific areas of expertise. Cross-disciplinary researchers are now few in number, not for a lack of professionalization, but due to the sheer volume of knowledge, they cannot possibly master it all.

However, with the advent of Divine Marrow, talent becomes less important; even the most mediocre researchers have the opportunity to become super scientists, or possess the potential of super scientists.

And this isn't about one or two people, but a group—thousands or tens of thousands.

Chen Shouyi quickly flipped through the pages, tossed the newspaper into the waste bin, and sighed.

It had been over three months since the repulsion of the God of Lightning, marking a valuable period of peaceful human development.

However, not even humanity at its peak before the transformation was a match for the God of Lightning, let alone the overall strength which has dwindled several times over now.

His own strength has also remained stagnant.

Since the slaying of the God of Flames, in half a month, apart from his perception and will increasing by 0.1 points, there has been no significant progress elsewhere.

The only consolation was.

His Faith Value has been steadily growing.

Compared to a fortnight ago's gain of about five hundred points daily, he was now achieving six hundred points, an increase of nearly a hundred points, mainly from the followers of the former God of Flames.

But this number was far below what he had anticipated.

Over three million Barbarian Believers, no, now probably only over two million.

(Which he knew, only until a few days ago when he went to the Spatial Passage in Hedong to find that these foolish Barbarians actually froze to death by a third)

When he had only sixty thousand followers, his daily Faith Value growth was twenty points. Now with forty times the number of followers, the Faith Value had only increased by five times, indicating how weak the belief of these Barbarians in him was. They were mostly shallow believers or even non-believers.

As for the devout, there wasn't a single one.

But that's simply how it was.

After having experienced the perks of worshipping a True God, returning to having nothing now could be a bitter pill to swallow. The only reason there was still faith was because he was strong enough, and also due to the oppressive living conditions of the Tam World.

Chapter 688 - Miracle

With New Year's approaching, the long-discussed curfew issue has finally been lifted, and a hint of prosperity is gradually appearing in Zhonghai City.

If not for the crisis of the God of Lightning, this year is much better than previous years, with ample supplies, falling prices, stable markets, and incidents of small-scale Barbarian attacks have almost disappeared, maintaining peace across most regions of Great Xia Country.

This is especially true for Zhonghai, the economic center of Great Xia Country.

Moreover, as a large number of second and third-tier soldiers retire, commerce is gradually flourishing.

Great Xia Country has a huge population, and employment has always been a massive issue. Even in wartime conditions, given the national situation of Great Xia Country, it's impossible to fully switch to a wartime economy.

Shops lining both sides of the street are prospering, one after another.

Chen Shouyi has also been receiving more and more meeting invitations, mostly from official government sources, some from Zhonghai City and others from the Capital City. At his level, participating in political affairs comes naturally.

However, Chen Shouyi has no interest in it, going about his daily routine of training.

Early morning.

Chen Shouyi and Chen Xingyue chat leisurely over breakfast.

"Isn't there anyone pursuing you at school? Why don't you have a boyfriend?" Chen Shouyi teased.

"There are plenty pursuing me!" Chen Xingyue said proudly, "It's just that they're all older men. Imagine they are already twenty-three or twenty-four years old and yet shamelessly pursue me, what's their intent? I'm not even eighteen yet."

"You shouldn't find someone too old," Chen Shouyi agreed. He didn't like older people either.

"Plus, if someone wants to pursue me, at the very least they should be able to beat me." Chen Xingyue continued.

Chen Shouyi paused at her words: "Your requirements are too high."

She was already at the peak of a Martial Artist. To beat her, it would have to be a legend, but how many legends are there? And they are all older men.

"Well, at least they should be a Martial Artist," Chen Xingyue felt she might have been getting ahead of herself and said sheepishly, "Anyway, anyone who's not a Martial Artist doesn't share common ground with me."

While they were chatting idly, Zhang Miaomiao, who hadn't visited for a while, arrived with a thick stack of annual financial reports.

...

The tearoom was quiet.

There was only the rustling sound of pages being rapidly turned.

Zhang Miaomiao wore a black, slim-fitting down jacket with thick black leggings, which appeared rather worn, clearly clothes from before the mutation that she had worn for three or four years. Yet, on her, it still looked bright and stylish, graceful and charming.

When you're good-looking, anything you wear looks great.

"The assets you invested in have increased significantly this year. For example, the first heavy machinery factory in Jiangnan Province, just the fixed assets alone have grown threefold, with turnover increasing fourfold. Additionally, the Jiangnan Province Weapons Group's turnover has also increased by 3.5 times... Of course, this is mainly due to government-focused investment... Fortunately, because our shareholding is small, they didn't dilute shares to ensure the interests of minority shareholders." Zhang Miaomiao's face turned slightly red as she spoke.

That's completely nonsense.

Where in the world do you find such good fortune? It's just Chen Shouyi's special status, plus the national compensation and reward intent that prevented dilution – try it with other individual minority shareholders?

Chen Shouyi was well aware of this too.

But he didn't care, as money to him had become largely irrelevant.

"And the dividends..."

"Dividends?" Chen Shouyi instinctively sat upright.

"Uh, dividends need to be reinvested to expand production. All enterprises must comply with the wartime plan committee's coordination, so there are no dividends." Zhang Miaomiao hurriedly clarified.

No dividends. What's there to talk about?

Chen Shouyi reclined back in his chair, nodding slightly.

It's not that he liked money.

He has no interest in money.

It's just that when you invest, you always hope for return, like playing a game – you spend your efforts, risking sudden death, and if there's no return at all, then what's the point?

"Do you need money?" Zhang Miaomiao probed.

"I was just speaking casually." Chen Shouyi took a sip of tea. If he really lacked money, he could casually produce some Divine Flesh that's hardened currency a hundred times more robust than gold, accepted worldwide.

...

Zhang Miaomiao soon left, not asking him to sign this time, maybe because the last time's impact was too strong, making her slightly embarrassed.

Of course, to his inherently kind nature, he remains calm regardless of the other's conduct, never mocking... at least on the surface.

"I wonder if remote effects are possible?"

...

On the road, Zhang Miaomiao riding bicycle suddenly shivered as if struck by lightning, her face turning astonishingly red. She quickly stopped her bike, leaning softly against the wall, panting with a bewildered expression.

...

"Hmm!"

Chen Shouyi made a light sound.

Ambiguously, he sensed Zhang Miaomiao's figure and the scene within two to three meters of her surroundings in his mind. The vision lasted only a moment before vanishing, a fleeting glimpse.

He was amazed at this mysterious phenomenon, something he was discovering for the first time.

"Try again!"

His will concentrated, initiating the blessing.

The image appeared again and quickly vanished.

...

Zhang Miaomiao started standing but soon sat softly on the ground. After several attempts, Chen Shouyi felt a bit embarrassed. Although it was beneficial, the wool cannot always be gathered from a single sheep.

He immediately thought of Bai Xiaoling.

His will concentrated again, sensing Bai Xiaoling's presence; she was in the bathroom, washing up.

...

Song Tingting was peacefully sleeping in her bedroom.

...

Chen Shouyi seemed to have found a new toy, experimenting continuously. Gradually, he discovered that even without blessing, as long as his will was focused, he could sense someone, entirely omitting the redundant steps, provided that he knew the person.

Yet he also noticed that the further the distance, the less clear the perception. Currently, he could only clearly sense acquaintances within a range of tens of kilometers.

At greater distances, it became completely blurry. Attempting to sense Zhu Xueqing far away in the Capital City resulted in no effect at all.

He sensed every acquaintance he knew, still feeling unsatisfied. This ability was truly fascinating.

Chen Shouyi realized he had not explored his will sufficiently.

He looked up at the sky as a sparrow flew by.

A thought crossed his mind.

The sparrow swiftly descended, landing in his palm, affectionately rubbing its tiny head in his hand.

He smiled slightly, walked out the gate, gazing at the withered and silver-resplendent courtyard, his will fully engaged.

The invisible power permeated, repressive yet mysterious.

The snow on the ground rapidly melted, countless seeds buried in the frozen soil began to revive.

Tender shoots broke free from their confines, emerging just like time advancing.

In just over ten seconds, the entire courtyard was lush and verdant, covered with grass.

It seemed as though spring had arrived early.

Everything seemed miraculous!

Of course, if by God, it referred to the Barbarian God, in some ways, he was not much different from a god.

Chen Shouyi gently lifted his hand, the sparrow flew into the sky, circling above him, reluctant to leave.

Chapter 689 - Heijiang Province

Chen Shouyi looked at the ground covered with green grass, feeling something was amiss, and reverted it to its original state.

Then he got up and headed to the other world.

This time he didn't bring the two little ones. These days, the two little creatures were starting to hibernate, sleeping longer each day, waking up lethargic, listless all day. He decided against letting them suffer in the snow mountains.

With the advent of winter, the already cold snow mountains had become even colder, with temperatures dropping to around minus sixty to seventy degrees, where one's breath would instantly freeze.

However, it still had no impact on Chen Shouyi.

Although his physical attributes hadn't changed much during this period, his innate abilities were rapidly advancing. His self-healing had improved from 15.01% to 20.01%, and his mastery of the atmosphere had gone from 26.01% to 30.01%.

The latter didn't help much in resisting cold, but the former was instantly effective.

Not to mention minus sixty to seventy degrees; even submerged in liquid nitrogen at minus 196 degrees, he believed he could last for several hours.

Once self-healing reached a super level, it wasn't just pure self-healing capability being enhanced, but an all-around improvement, including resistance, defense, and immunity. Every cell in his body had developed a sort of willpower protective field, capable of instinctively resisting various extreme environments and protecting itself from harm.

Although the protective field of each cell's will was weak and insignificant on its own, the combined defensive strength of tens of trillions of cells throughout his body was even stronger than his conscious defense.

...

As time passed by day after day, with New Year's Day approaching, the calm was finally broken, and Chen Shouyi received a mission.

The helicopter emitted a roaring noise, its body slightly shaking.

"Early yesterday morning, Tuohua City in Heijiang Province was hit by a large-scale Barbarian attack. Although the situation is currently under control, we're concerned this might just be a prelude to the Barbarian God's offensive..." A female officer said loudly amidst the noise, looking serious.

Chen Shouyi's expression didn't change; he interrupted, "How large is the Barbarian force?"

"Roughly estimated to be over two hundred thousand?" the female officer hurriedly replied.

Chen Shouyi nodded.

Over two hundred thousand Barbarians were indeed not much of a threat to current humanity.

A modernized army equipped with martial artists could easily fight ten to one without exaggerating. If they didn't disperse and resort to guerrilla warfare or urban warfare, but instead faced the army head-on in the plains, the casualty ratio could be one to a hundred, or even one to a thousand.

Humanity's strength was no longer what it was three years ago at the onset of the change. Even without using nuclear weapons, when it came to low-end power, humans could already trample over the other world.

...

About forty to fifty kilometers from Tuohua City, at a command post, the cold wind pierced through.

Zhang Zhao Hua was wrapped in a thick coat of otherworldly animal pelts, forcibly suppressing the urge to shiver, looking eagerly at the blue sky.

Heijiang Province, located at the northernmost end of Great Xia, was as cold as Hell every winter.

Especially after the change, the winter temperatures here were even approaching the Arctic.

In the first year, due to power outages and heating interruptions, there were widespread cases of freezing to death and frostbite. Although the situation has improved somewhat today, and heating was restored, there are still fatal cold incidents every year.

Animal hide coats, rarely seen in southern areas, are almost a standard issue here. In such low temperatures, ordinary clothing is useless, as the cold wind can easily penetrate the clothes and strip away all the warmth.

Only thick fur coats can keep out the cold.

Every year, animal hides captured from Barbarians on the battlefield are treated as strategic supplies, distributed to this region.

After just half an hour, Zhang Zhao Hua felt his hands and feet becoming numb from the freezing cold. He stomped hard on the frozen ground, exhaling white mist, "This damned weather is really too cold."

"Sir, the helicopter has probably just reached the province, why don't you head to the barracks to rest for a while, drink some hot water to warm yourself up, or your body won't bear it." The secretary advised cautiously, seeing the senior officer with eyebrows and beard crystallized with ice.

"No need, with President Chen going through the trouble of coming here, how can we not show sincerity? What's our little cold compared to their hard effort?" Zhang Zhao Hua replied.

If it were an ordinary martial artist, even a legendary figure, they would still be received with respect, but not to the extent of having a military commander stand in the cold winds to greet them in advance.

But this one was different.

To put it exaggeratedly, the stability of Great Xia and the Eurasia Continent was maintained because of this person's presence.

His immense influence has extended over the situation surrounding Great Xia, making the neighboring Barbarian Gods wary of any mischief, truly the Sea-Calming Divine Needle of Great Xia Country.

Such a character would be a VIP even in the Capital City, and would receive a head of state level treatment when visiting abroad.

That said, it's truly cold.

Zhang Zhao Hua couldn't help but take out a thermos from his pocket, drink a few sips of hot water, and start moving his limbs again.

A soldier came running over, "Report sir, a call just came from the front line. The troops have successfully confined the Barbarians to the Gourd Mountain area. Aside from a few straggling Barbarians, combat in most populated areas has ended. Please advise, sir."

Due to these Barbarians not understanding Earth's situation, after emerging from an untouched spatial passage in the mountains, they gathered in one place. Upon receiving the news, a big army was dispatched, and the battle became exceedingly simple.

After only a few rounds of artillery bombardment.

The Barbarian army's morale collapsed and they fled everywhere, most running back to the forests, while human casualties were minimal.

"Issue orders to slow down the attack, set up camp on the spot, don't push them too hard. Also, evacuate nearby residential areas and villages. By the way, how are the supplies?" Zhang Zhao Hua thought for a moment and said, considering the big winter, a shortage of clothing or food could result in large numbers of people freezing to death.

"The supply is sufficient. Besides the nearby war reserve warehouse, the provincial and surrounding city support will soon arrive."

"Don't be negligent, ensure the warmth of the troops and relocating civilians. At that time, it's better to have few casualties from war than to be defeated by the weather." Zhao Hua instructed solemnly.

"Yes, sir."

While speaking, the distant sound of helicopter rotor blades gradually became audible.

"Here it comes, here it comes."

Zhang Zhao Hua looked up and saw a tiny dot approaching. He straightened his clothes, preparing to greet them.

The helicopter slowly landed in the open area, blowing up a cloud of snow.

Chen Shouyi jumped off from the cabin.

"Hello, hello, I am Zhang Zhao Hua, the commander of the Heijiang Province Military Region. Welcome, we have been looking forward to your arrival for a long time," Zhang Zhao Hua swiftly came up, grasping his hand tightly, his face brimming with enthusiasm, "With you here, we're relieved."

"Commander Zhang is too kind," Chen Shouyi replied politely with a standard smile, then moved to the main topic, "What's the situation now?"

Chapter 690

Mountainous region.

The thick white snow and dangling icicles dress the area in a silvery cloak, a glaring expanse of white.

A group of Barbarians forms a long line, trudging slowly through the snow, one foot deep, the other shallow, panting heavily.

They are lost. Since the descent of the heavenly fire, all the Barbarians have scattered into the mountains like headless flies, running all over the hills, losing every bit of supplies, war beasts, and spoils.

All that's left is sheer terror.

The dangers of this world are beyond their imagination, those alien race members are nightmarishly powerful; even before meeting them, they've encountered the dreadful heavenly fire.

"Uncle Bamoer, can we still make it back?" a thirteen or fourteen-year-old boy who had fallen behind asked softly, sounding anxious and breathless.

"Don't be afraid, Little Ferro, we will definitely make it back. The great and merciful God of Cold Winter will guide our way; He won't let us perish." The old Barbarian beside him comforted.

Little Ferro's eyes lit up, invigorated in spirit: "Yes, the great Lord is almighty; He will save us."

However, after walking for hours on end, the group had still not found the spatial passage they came through, instead venturing further into unknown territories, the sun gradually tilted westward, hunger and cold tormenting the Barbarian squad.

The group was forced to find a cave for a temporary resting spot.

"Everyone go out and find food, or we'll all starve and freeze." A Priest said, his face gloomy.

As followers of the God of Cold Winter, they were naturally resistant to cold, but their tolerance has limits; without adequate food by night, they would become frozen corpses.

The crowd burst into noise, hotly debating.

Little Ferro remained silent, feeling only a heavy heart.

As they traveled, they saw almost no prey, unlike their world where prey was plentiful, even in winter finding prey was easy. To a seasoned and observant hunter, winter was instead more manageable.

For many creatures already hibernate during winter, easy to hunt once you locate their dens.

But here, prey is pitifully scarce; the world is unknown and unfamiliar, and the habits of prey differ.

Nevertheless, they had to search, or face certain death.

After a brief discussion, Little Ferro, Bamoer, and an elder Barbarian named Luo Ta teamed up to search for prey; luck was on their side, before nightfall they encountered an unnamed beast, managing to hunt it successfully.

"Finally caught one; let's take it back." Little Ferro exclaimed excitedly.

Bamoer shook his head, sighing: "The prey is too small, just enough for us to eat; once we take it back to the cave, we might not even get any."

They were either old or weak, holding low standing in the group; when food was scarce, it was difficult to receive portions, even if the prey was their kill.

"Indeed, everyone must keep it a secret." The elderly Luo Ta understood without words and said.

Little Ferro remained silent; he agreed it was reasonable.

They quietly examined, hid under a large rock, divided and devoured the prey, eating everything from bone to fur and even innards, cleanly.

"The beasts here are very tender, even their bones are brittle." Little Ferro chewed the last leg bone, savoring as he swallowed.

"Perhaps it's because it's so light here." Bamoer commented, then looked at Little Ferro: "Quickly wipe the blood from your mouth so others don't notice. Later we'll roam again, maybe find more prey."

Unfortunately, their luck had depleted utterly.

The group searched for another hour, finding nothing more.

The moonlight, reflected off the snow, appeared unusually bright.

The three trudged back to the cave with one foot deep, one foot shallow, discovering many had returned, a wave of sighs filled the air, oppressive atmosphere; the trio exchanged a glance, kept quiet, and quietly found a corner to sit.

The Priest knelt, his mouth moving silently, seemingly in a prayer.

As time went by, people gradually returned, but nobody bared food; either they ate outside, or found nothing.

Night deepened, cold winds swept through the valley, producing wails akin to ghosts and wolves.

The Priest halted his prayers, gathered a dozen strong Warriors, whispering secretly, occasionally glancing over causing Little Ferro to feel uneasy, as if bad things were impending.

At that moment, a sound of teeth clashing emerged from nearby; turning his head, he was surprised to see old Luo Ta looking pale, trembling uncontrollably.

Was he ill? He was perfectly fine moments earlier.

While puzzled, Bamoer suddenly whispered: "Little Ferro, quickly come over to me!"

"Oh!" Though Little Ferro couldn't understand, he approached Uncle Bamoer; Uncle Bamoer was a good man, wouldn't harm him.

Just as Little Ferro sat down, he shockingly noticed those Warriors stood up, selecting their targets among the crowd like choosing prey, advancing toward their respective choices.

Every chosen person shared one trait: they were elder Barbarians, one of them being old Luo Ta.

"No, you can't do this!"

"I am still useful, I still have strength to fight for the Lord!"

"For the survival of the remaining tribe members, please offer your bodies; the Lord will remember your contributions, your souls will ascend to heaven." The Priest consoled loudly, his voice appearing hollow under the cold night.

Old Luo Ta seemed like he wanted to flee; however, just as he stood, he was pinned onto the rock wall by a long spear piercing through his chest.

Blood splattered all over Little Ferro's face, he endured the fear, not daring to utter a sound.

He looked towards Uncle Bamoer, finding deep worry and unease etched on his face.

He then realized Uncle Bamoer was also getting old; perhaps next time it would be his turn.

The tribe members' "sacrifice" provided the remaining Barbarians with a feast; Little Ferro ate plenty, consuming tribe members was common practice in the clan, the only difference being it used to be deceased body members, but now they were killed alive.

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At the mountain's base, military encampments surrounded the distant mountainous region.

Under the night sky, Chen Shouyi accompanied by several officers, inspected the distant scenario, overlooking for a long time before asking: "How many soldiers are here now?"

"Approximately five hundred eighty thousand, but more troops are being gathered." An officer quickly responded.

"Too many." Chen Shouyi shook his head and said.

"Ah!"

"With the freezing temperatures, have them withdraw, they'll be of no use later." Chen Shouyi said.

The officers looked stunned, exchanging glances.

"General Manager Chen, I'll call the head immediately." One officer snapped back, wisely replied.