

New Era 701

Chapter 701 - Stirred

Chen Shouyi was too lazy to think much about it.

After bidding farewell to Zhang Miaomiao, he retrieved a bicycle from the garage and eagerly headed towards the Spatial Passage with the two little ones. He was currently in a period of rapid growth in strength, advancing visibly day by day.

Moreover, with his well-fed and robust physique after ending his bulking phase, he felt he could go on tirelessly for days.

Tell me, what could be more delightful than this?

As for seeing Zhang Xiaoyue, there would be plenty of time for that in the future.

...

Glacial Zone.

Some sensitive creatures had begun migrating again, moving away from this place.

Among these creatures were massive White Dragons, towering Giants, worms exuding terrifying cold air, and various strange and gigantic beasts. Any of these creatures appearing on Earth would trigger a catastrophe.

Yet now, they were panicked like homeless dogs.

Since the appearance of a certain indescribable entity here, fear descended, making this place unsuitable for their survival. Some creatures had migrated several times, but fear seemed to follow them, never allowing them peace for long before it struck again.

Among the group of Giants was one wearing a White Dragon skull helmet, clearly taller than the others.

With a massive body of seventeen or eighteen meters, knotted muscles, scars all over, and holding a black Giant Axe like a door plank, he looked as fierce and terrifying as a Demon God.

But at this moment, his face was full of unease.

"O Great and Merciful God of Ice, you who wield the most terrifying power in the world, you are the Lord of Ice. We call upon you, please guide us to a path of hope... we will offer the most bountiful sacrifices." He muttered to himself.

However, perhaps because these innately powerful creatures were not truly devout, or perhaps even the God of Ice feared that dreadful existence, they received no response.

"Boom!"

A thunderous explosion accompanied by violent tremors of the earth.

The Giant leader swayed, turned his head with difficulty, and witnessed an incredibly shocking sight. In the distance, a massive snow mountain had entirely vanished, with billions of tons of boulders mixed with ice flying in all directions.

He trembled all over, his ice-blue pupils reflecting countless boulders falling like meteors from the sky, amidst thick mist and firelight, that mountain-like terrifying existence was vaguely visible.

"God of Ice..."

...

After Chen Shouyi smashed the mountain with a punch, he dusted his hands, then crushed the rocks underneath and stomped them into place.

With each step, firelight flashed, gusts of wind blew, and the earth shook.

After a few minutes, a flat basin was completed.

Without the ravages of cold wind, it suddenly became much warmer here.

The otherworld had become increasingly cold, and during his spare time from training, he planned to find a warmer place for the two little ones.

He shrank his body, surveyed the surroundings, then with a single thought, the earth rumbled. The previously shattered stone powder, under intense mental pressure, reformed into the hardest rocks. Simultaneously, a structure seemed to grow slowly from the ground, emerging above the surface.

His willpower was rapidly depleting, and just as it was about to be mostly consumed, a simple structure had already taken shape.

It had only one door, and the interior was not spacious, just under a hundred square, but it was sufficient for Chen Shouyi.

He stepped inside, finding the lighting dim.

So he looked up, and the ceiling instantly disappeared, dissolving into a cloud of ions.

Countless pieces of information flashed through his mind, processed swiftly. The rocks here were primarily composed of calcium carbonate, mixed with silicon, iron, aluminum... and other substances.

These impurities were quickly separated and recombined, soon transforming calcium carbonate into a transparent calcite crystal, making the light become bright immediately.

During this time, his power grew not only physically but also in willpower, advancing at an astonishingly fast pace, like a quantum leap.

With a willpower of 23.3, his Mental Power was close to the Weak Divine Power of a Barbarian God, capable of manipulating substances at the molecular level.

The breaking and linking of chemical bonds, the transformation and composition of substances, were not much harder for Chen Shouyi than eating or drinking, even able to influence atoms to some extent.

After resolving the lighting issue, he wasn't finished. He then looked at the floor, which was slightly rough, instantly becoming smooth and mirror-like. Simultaneously, on the walls, patterns of insects, fish, birds, and beasts appeared as if alive.

"The two little guys will definitely like it!" he thought to himself.

Chen Shouyi looked at his clothes, already torn to shreds, shook his head reluctantly, and with a wave of his hand, the surrounding materials quickly disassembled and reassembled. Soon, the exposed body was once again covered with clothing.

"This way, I can even save money on clothes." He chuckled, talking to himself.

But as soon as he moved, his clothes tore open with a crack, clearly not flexible enough:

"Looks like I still need to study how to make clothes."

Chen Shouyi took out a piece of clothing from the space, examining it carefully.

The fabric consisted of a large cotton fiber molecule, composed of about twenty atoms, all of which were carbon hydrogen oxygen, abundant here.

"Doesn't seem too hard," he mused, stepping outside. To be safe, he burned Faith Value.

With a mental speed of 27.1, even time seemed to slow down, and his thoughts moved like lightning.

Numerous molecules began to disassemble, extracting a large amount of carbon atoms from the ground. Meanwhile, water in the air was broken down into hydrogen and oxygen, assembled rapidly at a rate of hundreds of thousands per nanosecond.

Massive energy fluctuated in the air, occasionally flickering with sparks.

A pure white T-shirt materialized from nothing, emerging slowly from the void. Just then, his mental state suddenly wavered, and a torn T-shirt fell to the ground. Yet at that moment, Chen Shouyi seemed oblivious, his face turning serious.

"Spatial disturbance!?"

He looked up towards the distance.

Just now, a strong space fluctuation came from afar, sweeping across here.

Spatial disturbances were rare. After experiencing it once in the Forbidden Land, he hadn't felt it again, whether on Earth or in the otherworld, and this one's intensity surpassed the previous.

"I hope nothing's going wrong?" he murmured to himself, and with a leap, his body soared into the sky.

...

At this moment, the entire Tam World was startled, with the eyes of some ancient entities turning towards the God's Forbidden Land, tinged with dread and unease. Since the decline of the Original Force, this graveyard of old gods had become increasingly turbulent.

...

Chapter 702 - As If Blessed by the Divine

On the way back in the evening, Chen Shouyi was still pondering in silence, and a trace of gloom emerged in his heart.

This time, the space fluctuation—whether it's a natural phenomenon or man-made—is uncertain. If it's the latter, who knows whether it's a blessing or a curse for Earth?

He shook his head, no longer thinking about it.

...

The New Year is approaching, and it will soon arrive.

This New Year is more lively than in previous years. Visitors came one after another, and even Chen Shouyi couldn't just avoid seeing them. He had to stay home to receive the guests. Fortunately, most people had some self-awareness; after a few words, they would leave their gifts and depart.

Even those lacking self-awareness wisely withdrew under the many glances from the successive visitors.

Cousin Jiang Yanyan, who was retained by Mrs. Chen to serve as a tea and water attendant, observed the bustling living room. Her initial shock quickly transformed into indifference, then numbness, all within half a day.

"Sister, do you know this general?" Jiang Yanyan asked Chen Xingyue quietly after leaving the tea room with a refilled teapot.

She noticed that the two had been chatting for over five minutes.

Compared to the half-minute or one-minute chats other visitors received, this was indeed special treatment.

Chen Xingyue walked over, glanced discreetly, then returned and said uncertainly: "It's likely the legendary military warrior General Li Wenwu Li. I've seen his photo in the newspaper before, didn't expect my brother knew him."

Her tone was quite calm. If Jiang Yanyan had just become numb, Chen Xingyue was like a salted fish that had been pickled for years, meeting no one who could surprise her.

To set an example and boost public morale, military legends were promoted more than civilian legends. You often see them in newspapers, especially now that Li Wenwu is the military's only seedling.

Jiang Yanyan made a face, feeling that her cousin was truly impressive; even legendary warriors came to visit. She then curiously asked, "Are legendary warriors all so young?"

"My brother said that after breaking through to legendary status, people undergo transformation, revert to youthful appearances, and have various mysterious powers," Chen Xingyue whispered. "But he can't be compared; he's just a monster."

At that moment, Chen Shouyi, talking, felt a jolt in his heart. In the end, he pretended not to hear, and asked Li Wenwu: "Are the military operations in Yan State still going smoothly?"

Li Wenwu was just passing through Zhonghai on his way to report at the Yan State battlefield.

"I don't know the specifics, but it's probably not going very smoothly." Li Wenwu sighed, "It's said that two hundred thousand more troops will be added after the New Year!"

Chen Shouyi nodded heavily. The military operations have been going on for over half a year. If smooth, it wouldn't have dragged on for so long without success, clearly indicating a fierce and protracted battle.

At this time, another person came to visit, prompting Li Wenwu to appropriately stand up and say: "I won't disturb you any longer; I should be on my way."

"Then I wish you a safe journey," Chen Shouyi said while standing up, not trying to retain him.

"Thank you for your kind words. Please, stay here."

Chen Shouyi watched him leave, noticing that with his casual blessing, Li Wenwu seemed to be enveloped in a faint aura of spiritual light.

Alas, I must be more mindful of what I say in the future.

He sighed.

As his will grew increasingly powerful, a mere flicker of thought now could have a massive impact on the external world.

An evil thought could drive a person insane, shattering the soul. A good thought, on the other hand, could bless a person as if they were graced by divine favor.

Fortunately, he had control over both his subconscious and conscious mind, or else an inadvertent evil thought could lead to the death of innocent people.

...

At night, all is silent.

Although today was only the first day of the New Year, outside, there was no sound of fireworks or firecrackers, making it seem somewhat desolate.

Chen Shouyi examined the sword in his hand, a gift from the God of Hunting, now retired, collecting dust in a corner of his space.

At this moment, his pupils maximally dilated, the black color reminiscent of a black hole, unable to evade even the slightest electromagnetic wave.

The electromagnetic wavelengths visible to ordinary people are quite short, approximately 380nm ~ 780nm.

The colors: red, orange, yellow, green, cyan, blue, and purple, are just various electromagnetic wavelengths within this range, transformed by the brain to create a colorful world.

However, the range he can "see" is many times greater than that of ordinary people.

Yet even for him, except for the 380nm ~ 780nm electromagnetic wave band, which can be converted to color in the brain, the other bands remain beyond reach.

Because the brain cannot recognize them.

This is the intrinsic defect of human beings as living organisms.

Human ancestors co-existed with dinosaurs during the same period—a fact due to dinosaurs' pressure causing humans to remain hidden, day and night, surviving for hundreds of millions of years. During this time, human vision's color recognition significantly degraded.

Some even stopped relying on eyesight (like bats), only recovering color recognition abilities gradually after dinosaurs became extinct and mammals took center stage in history. Yet even then, many mammals are naturally color-blind.

Whereas birds evolved from dinosaurs and have far superior vision to mammals.

They can recognize broader wavelengths of electromagnetic waves.

For example, the human retina has only three color receptors: red, green, and blue, the three primary colors. These color variations create the human eye's colorful world, while birds usually have four

receptors, recognizing infrared or ultraviolet, and some even have five receptors, distinguishing tens or hundreds of billions of colors.

Humanity is far behind.

Even Chen Shouyi cannot make his retina produce more receptors.

Fortunately, this doesn't affect his ability to perceive the information carried by other non-visible electromagnetic wave bands. And without the brain's decorative conversion, he can more profoundly understand the essence of these electromagnetic wave messages.

Take this sword, for instance. While he can see the sword with his eyes, he also perceives the bizarre electromagnetic waves emitted from its surface: electromagnetic waves emitted by each atom lacking brightness, definite shape, only varying electromagnetic strength.

Compared to the active motion of ordinary metal atoms, the sword's metal atoms appear stable, tightly bonded, making its physical properties, including density, far exceed man-made alloys.

Chen Shouyi studied it for a while, gathered his will, extended his hand, and lightly flicked it.

"Zeng!"

Accompanied by a soft hum.

The sword instantly burst with light, and the next moment, the whole sword disappeared from sight.

The sword did not vanish into thin air but, due to metal bonds breaking, turned into dispersed electromagnetic clusters (atoms), scattering into the air.

He focused his mind, and countless atoms immediately regrouped and combined, forming a sword twice as large as the previous one.

"Still just ordinary metal."

As he observed, the sword began to shrink slowly, and several seconds later, he could no longer continue, having to halt, looking at the slightly larger sword with a furrowed brow, feeling a hint of disappointment: "It seems compared to the God of Hunting, I'm still lacking a bit."

Chapter 703 - Gloves

The sun was setting in the west, it was nearly dusk.

In a park, a man and a woman sat in a secluded corner.

"It's a bit cold, are you done yet? Someone might come." Zhang Xiaoyue shivered slightly, her face as red as a persimmon, and she pleaded softly.

"Don't worry, I'm watching!"

A moment later, Chen Shouyi finally withdrew his hand.

Zhang Xiaoyue quickly tidied her clothes, looking around nervously like a guilty thief, and only felt relieved when she saw no one was around. She coquettishly glanced at him, "Satisfied now?"

"Yeah, it's fine." Chen Shouyi chuckled. He could only enjoy a little this way, Zhang Xiaoyue was just too weak: "Have you missed me lately?"

"Who missed you?" Zhang Xiaoyue said insincerely, handing over a bag as she shyly added, "Oh right, I almost forgot, this is for you."

"What is it?" Chen Shouyi asked curiously as he took it.

"You'll know once you see it."

Actually, Chen Shouyi had already seen it. He took out a pair of fluffy knitted gloves from the bag: "Did you knit these?"

"I just learned how, they aren't very well made. If you don't like them, you can give them back to me." Zhang Xiaoyue said, a bit embarrassed.

"I like them, why wouldn't I?" Chen Shouyi happily put the gloves on, lying through his teeth, "They're quite warm, and they look nice too."

"Glad you like them, I'll knit a scarf for you next time." Zhang Xiaoyue said, her face full of sweet happiness.

"No need, you see I don't wear scarves much. It's the thought that counts." Chen Shouyi felt touched, "Sorry, I've been quite busy these days and haven't had time to see you."

"It's okay, your work is important, don't worry about me." Zhang Xiaoyue said considerately. Although the dates were sweet, she knew that now Chen Shouyi was a person of significance with seemingly endless tasks each day.

Being able to see him once a week was already satisfying enough.

Chen Shouyi also felt a bit embarrassed. Sometimes when he was immersed in training, he would lose track of time.

After all, no girlfriend could be as exciting as training.

The two lingered together for a while, and as darkness fell, the date came to an end.

...

At night, Chen Shouyi quickly skimmed through the recent newspapers.

"Our country's technological development enters the fast lane, with a 71% growth in industrial output in 2018, showing a good trend, especially in heavy and military industries, which grew by 73% and 87% respectively..."

"A new generation of high-frequency bandwidth reconnaissance satellite, launched at 12:50 on February 10, 2019, from the Jiuquan Satellite Launch Center, successfully ascended to orbit and was put into official use..."

As he read, he couldn't help but frown. The satellite's re-launch was naturally a good thing, but this satellite was quite fragile. To the Barbarian God, if it wanted to, it could easily destroy it, and humans would be helpless.

"Ding dong ding dong!"

There was a knock on the door outside.

Chen Shouyi got up to open the door; it was his cousin Jiang Yanyan.

"What's up?"

"Brother, Aunt asked me to bring you some fruit." Jiang Yanyan said with a smile, holding a fruit platter.

"Oh, thank you!" After taking it, Chen Shouyi felt it was a bit distant to shut her out, so he asked, "I heard from Xing Yue that you're going to school tomorrow?"

"Yeah, our winter break was only five days." Jiang Yanyan said honestly, "I report to school tomorrow, then go for military training in another world."

Today's students are not as carefree as they were before the changes. Not only are the academic loads heavy, but the physical and military requirements are also high, with at least two military trainings during the winter and summer breaks every year. In times of crisis, there would be temporary trainings.

"By the way, you don't have your own sword yet, do you?" Chen Shouyi recalled something and asked.

"I do." Jiang Yanyan quickly replied.

"Don't mention the low-end ones, hold on..." Chen Shouyi said, returning to the bedroom. After putting the fruit platter on the table, he took out a long sword he had recombined from his space and sheathed it, advising:

"Be careful when using it, the sword is quite sharp!"

"Thank you, brother!" Jiang Yanyan said with a blush, her heart pounding as she reached out for it.

Excellent Martial Arts Swords are very expensive, and the one her cousin gifted her was certainly not ordinary, a price that could make one gasp.

Having such a cousin is truly wonderful!

"I'll definitely practice hard. Alright, brother, I won't disturb you any longer."

Chen Shouyi nodded his head.

...

General Manager Chen closed the door, and two lively little creatures immediately popped out from under the bed covers, jumped onto the desk, and continued happily licking the strong divine power-infused meat paste, which made Chen Shouyi amused.

He reached his finger towards the red little creature.

The red little thing immediately growled from its throat, putting on a fierce and evil expression like a fluffed-up little kitten.

Finding it amusing, Chen Shouyi then turned to tease the Shell Lady.

However, the Shell Lady was not deceived; she gave Chen Shouyi a disdainful glance, turned her back to him, showing her behind, and continued licking the meat paste without caring in the least.

Like their differing living environments, one of the little creatures was clearly more nimble, and the other more silly-cute.

Chen Shouyi suddenly felt a bit boring, awkwardly drawing back his hand and stuffing an apple into his mouth casually, he looked at his attribute panel:

Strength: 24.6

Agility: 24.6

Constitution: 24.6

Intelligence: 24.6

Perception: 23.2

Willpower: 23.4

Energy Accumulation: 6.25

Faith Value: 15347.6

Innate Abilities: Self-Healing (Super): 30.01%; Giant Battle Body (Super): 60.01%; Atmospheric Control: 40.01%.

These days, his progress could be described as rapid.

In a mere ten days, his strength, agility, constitution, and intelligence each increased by 0.4 points, a growth of about 20%, while his willpower increased by 0.3 points and perception by 0.2 points.

The physical attributes were approaching a level comparable to weak divine power.

Even the strength of his willpower was nearing the level of weak divine power.

Attributes like willpower and strength might seem only slightly less, as if not much difference exists, but in fact, compared to the power of the Barbarian God, it's a whole different story.

One is personal psychic power, while the other gathers the psychic power of all beings.

As can be seen from the terminology, setting aside pure characteristics and control, the latter's power is far superior to the former.

Generally, using the most important intelligence attribute as a measure, 20 points is demigod level, 22.5 points steps into the weak divine power threshold, 25.0 points and above equates to weak divine power, 27.5 and above is medium divine power, and above 30.0 is high divine power.

With his willpower at 23.4, theoretically speaking, it should be in the realm of weak divine power; in reality, it's only somewhat more powerful than a typical demigod.

Yet, it's still incredibly strong.

And perhaps because this psychic power originates entirely from oneself, unlike divine power filled with various sentient "distractive thoughts," or maybe because the laws of the universe he resides in inherently support this form of psychic power, it's unaffected by Original Force.

Of course, similarly, Original Force does not amplify this kind of psychic power.

Regardless of being on Earth or in another world, its potency remains almost constant.

As early as the time of the world's transformation, he already possessed telekinesis.

Chapter 704 - Void Demon

The situation in Yan State is becoming increasingly dire. Just after the New Year, Chen Shouyi was dispatched there.

It's still winter in Great Xia Country, but in the southern hemisphere, it's a sweltering summer with rolling heat waves.

Along the long frontline, logistics vehicles are coming and going everywhere. Dust flies as jeeps jolt along the pothole-ridden roads, and the faint rumble of thunder-like artillery can be heard in the distance.

"What's the deal with 'Void Demons'?" Chen Shouyi asked Li Wenwu beside him to get an understanding of the situation.

In just a few days, Li Wenwu had become quite haggard, as if he hadn't slept for several nights.

"The earliest 'Void Demon' attack occurred three months ago. They suddenly attacked a convoy of transport ships, killing all the soldiers. Later, they appeared sporadically a few more times, but recently their numbers have increased, and they've even started ambushing troops.

According to the joint command's speculation, these 'Void Demons' were likely summoned by the Lord of Lightning." As Li Wenwu spoke, he took out a few photos from his pocket and handed them over.

Chen Shouyi reached out to take them.

Most of the photos were taken at night, appearing foggy and indistinct, but there were also a few taken during the day, and all were of corpses.

According to the photos, these humanoid creatures were covered in snake-like scales, adorned with elaborate and mysterious patterns. Combined with their scarlet eyes, they looked incredibly horrifying.

"These creatures are immensely powerful, each one at the level of a Martial Artist, and can materialize from voids, moving extremely quickly. Ordinary Martial Artists can't handle them, especially since they always act at night, appearing and disappearing without a trace. The army has suffered heavy casualties recently." Li Wenwu remarked while driving, habitually reaching for a cigarette in his pocket, hesitated, and then gave up.

"No Barbarian Gods have appeared?" asked Chen Shouyi.

"Not discovered yet," Li Wenwu replied.

Chen Shouyi glanced at the photos again and said, "Turn left, I've found them, let's go check it out."

What... what?!

Li Wenwu looked bewildered.

"How did you find them?"

If the other party hadn't accompanied him straight from the airport, he would've suspected General Manager Chen had received some special intelligence.

"Whenever I want to find them, I just can," Chen Shouyi stated matter-of-factly, handing the photos back to Li Wenwu.

Li Wenwu: ...

This is beyond belief!

...

The scorching sun overhead cast blinding rays, cracking the earth, and distorting the air.

A tribe near a forest.

The breath of civilization seemed not to reach here. In a nearly dry river, children swam and frolicked, muddying the water. Further away, low wooden houses stood where a group of chest-baring Yan State people were drying some dark food.

At this moment, dust rose in the distance, accompanied by the roar of an engine.

A Yan State person stood up warily and shouted loudly, "Outsiders are coming, everyone, be on guard!"

Soon, more people emerged from wooden huts, some with long spears and bows and arrows, while others wielded guns.

Before the mutation, Yan State was always a chaotic place where various warlords fought constantly, almost like a daily occurrence. Even in seemingly normal countries, only the cities were controllable, while other areas were effectively outside the states, controlled by tribes.

A jeep sped in.

With a screech of the brakes, the tires violently scraped the ground with a piercing sound as the car swiftly stopped.

Two people stepped out from the car, left and right.

"Here? You must be mistaken; this place isn't far from the military camp. It's likely been searched several times already," Li Wenwu said.

"Don't you smell it?"

"You mean the rotting smell," Li Wenwu said, puzzled.

"It's the smell of decaying human corpses, not just one. Clearly, there was a blood sacrifice here," Chen Shouyi said calmly.

Li Wenwu's heart fluttered but remained skeptical. Then an elderly black man came quickly, arguing loudly in French, which Li Wenwu responded to, asking questions in French.

Chen Shouyi, unable to understand their conversation, watched with interest as several Yan State individuals slowly surrounded them, looking especially strong, agile, and their muscles taut.

With his sharp eyes, Chen Shouyi noticed the faint snake-scale-like patterns beneath their dark skin.

Li Wenwu also sensed something was wrong, stopped talking, and reached for his sword.

The leading black man's face flashed with a hint of bloodthirstiness and disdain. After gaining the master's powerful strength through the blood sacrifice, becoming a Divine Warrior, he felt confident.

Were a whole army to come, he'd be cautious, but facing just two people, even if they were Martial Artists, there was no fear. If they could blood sacrifice more heretics, their tribe could add another Divine Warrior.

"Attack!" He signaled with a look.

Suddenly, several people transformed violently, with scales quickly surfacing from their skin. At the same time, their entire being grew indistinct and illusory.

"Fools." Li Wenwu's expression changed, swiftly drawing his sword for combat, only to find the group immediately frozen with fearful faces.

"Is this the 'Void Demon'?" Chen Shouyi asked indifferently.

He reached out, grabbing a transformed black man by the throat.

"Oh!"

He expressed mild surprise.

This was indeed true void transformation, not the expected alteration of light, but rather unsubstantial. His grip felt like squeezing a thick, gelatinous substance.

This was evidently the handiwork of the Lord of Lightning.

It was only then that terrified screams erupted from the distant crowd, who began frantically scattering away. Chen Shouyi's gaze swept over them.

An invisible force rippled through the air.

"Bang, bang, bang..."

Numerous heads simultaneously exploded, brains splattering everywhere — all those who had harbored animosity towards the duo. The remaining people were instantly petrified, sweating profusely, no longer daring to move.

Li Wenwu gasped, feeling a chill run down his spine.

This... was truly monstrous.

Chen Shouyi casually tossed the transformed black man to the ground, saying to the dumbfounded Li Wenwu, "Let's go, we've resolved this place."

Li Wenwu instinctively took a few steps after hearing this, only to hear the heavy thumps of bodies hitting the ground behind him. He couldn't help but turn around, seeing the people previously frozen falling one after another, with vacant eyes and unnatural twitching.

They were dead, all dead?!

...

The jeep restarted.

On the way, Li Wenwu hesitated to speak; after a long time, he finally asked, "How... how did you do it?"

"What do you mean, how did I do it? What are you referring to?"

"I mean, just now, I didn't even see you act, and they died," Li Wenwu said.

"Even if I explained, you couldn't learn it. It's better not to know," Chen Shouyi thought for a moment, then sincerely replied.

Li Wenwu opened his mouth, only to reluctantly close it again after hearing this.

He spoke with such sense.

So why does it seem a bit sad?

Chapter 705 - A Rear Full of Holes

On both sides of the road, tents were everywhere, with the military maintaining order, and watchtowers and bunkers could be seen everywhere.

Beside the tents, countless children excitedly ran back and forth, watching the cars passing by on the highway from afar, their expressions innocent and curious.

Li Wenwu saw Chen Shouyi looking towards the distant refugee camp and couldn't help but ask, "Have these people already broken free from faith? Did you discover anything?"

Chen Shouyi glanced around and withdrew his gaze, shaking his head, "No!"

Li Wenwu glanced at him, held back for a while, but finally couldn't resist asking:

"Can you tell from just one look?"

It's only about a hundred thousand people.

Chen Shouyi thought to himself.

Even without looking, he could sense it just by instinct.

Chen Shouyi had no intention of answering such childish questions like 'what is one plus one', so he changed the topic and asked, "Is the food provided by multinational forces?"

"Partly, that's our temporary solution. If we don't provide food, they will flee elsewhere, making management impossible. Yan State's infrastructure is too poor."

After Li Wenwu finished speaking, he hesitated and persisted in asking, "You still haven't answered?"

Without an answer, he felt like a cat scratching at his heart.

"It can!" Chen Shouyi, feeling helpless, had to answer.

Li Wenwu was finally satisfied, and became more silent.

Why is there such a big difference between people?

...

The jeep passed through a heavily guarded checkpoint.

Soon, it entered the small town where the command center was located. Inside, everything was in ruins; bullet marks remained on the walls, the ground was piled with garbage, and a gust of wind blew, kicking up a cloud of dust.

A considerable number of Yan State people also lived here, moving back and forth under soldier patrols.

With Chen Shouyi's arrival, the Great Xia war multinational forces command center dared not neglect, almost mobilizing everyone.

"General Manager Chen, welcome, welcome!"

"Your Excellency God Chen, it's great that you could come."

Even a few officers from the European Union and Lucy Country greeted him enthusiastically in this broken Chinese they had just learned, filled with reverence.

A person's name casts a shadow. Such a Godslaying Level powerhouse is simply a humanoid nuclear weapon.

One strike could probably kill everyone.

Chen Shouyi smiled, shook hands one by one with several people: "You're too polite."

After brief pleasantries, the group quickly moved to the conference room.

"That Void Demon you mentioned, I casually killed a few on my way here. How many of them are there?" Chen Shouyi said directly, having no interest in staying in Yan State longer than necessary, wanting to resolve matters quickly and return.

A translator immediately translated it into English.

Commander Zhang Huaihe looked at Li Wenwu, and seeing him nod, his heart sank. He quickly asked, "General Manager Chen... where did you find them?"

The origin of Void Demons has always been a mystery; they come without a trace and act like the wind.

They've always been attacked but never actively searched.

Furthermore, their semi-illusory bodies greatly reduce the damage from bullets, unless continuously hit by high-explosive machine gunfire, or simply using artillery, explosives, and flamethrowers. Ordinary bullets hardly affect them.

Since the appearance of Void Demons, the war situation has become a stalemate.

"You still don't know?" Chen Shouyi asked in surprise.

Everyone's faces became a bit awkward.

Li Wenwu smiled wryly and quickly mediated, "Void Demons were discovered by Chen Shouyi in a tribe near the forest. Unlike our guess, Void Demons are not creatures from another world. They are transformed humans and do not only appear at night; they can transform during the day as well."

The crowd couldn't bother with embarrassment any longer, exchanged glances, and saw the seriousness on each other's faces.

This complicates things.

Yan State is Earth's second-largest continent with an area of 30.2 million square kilometers, larger than three Great Xia Countries combined.

In order to quickly reclaim the entire Yan State from the Lord of Lightning, weaken the Lord of Lightning's next offensive power, and given the military's shortage, multinational forces mainly control the densely populated cities and surrounding areas. They hardly manage the vast rural areas.

Planning to gradually eliminate faith after conquering the whole Yan State.

If it were a human war, this approach wouldn't be wrong. As long as the main cities are controlled, the main resistance is lost. Although guerrilla warfare and terrorist attacks cause certain troubles, they won't affect the big picture in front of truly elite multinational forces.

Unfortunately, the opponent this time is the Barbarian God, and it is a Barbarian God with powerful divine power slowly awakening from slumber.

The large number of remaining followers in the rear is an extension of His power.

...

Ten minutes later.

Chen Shouyi left the command center, guided by an orderly, arriving at his temporary accommodation.

This was considered the best hotel in the small town, consisting of several three-story small buildings, with the courtyard filled with various tropical plants, exuding an exotic atmosphere.

Of course, the army had requisitioned it by now.

"Are the residents here wounded?" Chen Shouyi asked, seeing several people in hospital gowns walking around.

The female orderly, constantly on edge due to Chen Shouyi's silence, quickly replied, "These people are recovering senior officers, but the building you are to stay in has been specially vacated."

Chen Shouyi nodded.

This was probably privilege, which he had grown accustomed to, and didn't say much or refuse. This has always been the case throughout history and across countries.

...

Chen Shouyi closed the door.

Two little ones peeked out from his chest, alertly surveying the surroundings, then eagerly jumped out.

"It's so hot, so giant, Little One is going to be cooked." The Shell Lady, blushing, blew air with her little mouth, looking silly and cute.

"I'm hot too." The Red Little One nodded.

Coming from Zhonghai's minus twenty to thirty degrees to Yan State's forty to fifty degrees, coupled with being stifled in his arms all the time, it's no wonder they were hot.

"I'll give you a bath later," Chen Shouyi said.

"Yay, yay!"

After saying this, the two little ones started undressing, quickly stripping down to nothing, sleek and smooth.

When first encountered, Little One was even skinnier, but now with half a year of carefree living, she had improved greatly.

Truly two shameless little things.

Chen Shouyi glanced at them, withdrew his gaze, went to the bathroom, and prepared a basin of water.

The two little ones quickly jumped into the basin, playing and splashing, causing water droplets to fly everywhere.

Chen Shouyi couldn't be bothered with them, opened the curtains, and looked outside.

The Domain of Faith of the Lord of Lightning here wasn't completely eradicated; it appeared patchy, some parts thin, others dense, each dense area representing a large gathering of His followers, rooted like a stubborn disease.

In this rear area, the human army hadn't cleaned it thoroughly, not even a third cleared.

Chapter 706 - Research

Just as Chen Shouyi returned to the hotel not long ago,

five "Void Demon" corpses were transported to the warehouse. A group of military intelligence personnel gathered around the bodies, marveling with a mix of amazement and awe on their faces.

The corpses were still "alive," continuously convulsing and twitching, their bodies shifting between being tangible and intangible, exuding an extraordinarily mysterious and terrifying aura.

Even more mysterious and terrifying was the fact that no visible injuries were present on their bodies.

But they were indeed dead, or as good as dead.

The Deputy Commander of the Joint Operations Command, Flore, stood with his hands behind his back, looking both tense and lively, gloomy and curious.

He certainly wasn't unfamiliar with "Void Demons." In fact, over a hundred of them had been reported killed from various places recently. However, it's the first time the corpses remained so intact, even able to exhibit abilities.

Once a Void Demon dies, its abilities vanish, making its body tangible and no different from any ordinary creature—just a bit stronger. This left them with little opportunity to understand these monsters.

Without understanding, targeted killing becomes impossible. Their strategy mainly relied on dense ammunition or using flamethrowers.

But such a body, one that allows an intuitive study of their abilities, was a first.

"Don't waste time, proceed quickly with the experiments. We need to know their weaknesses."

"Yes, General."

Flore did not leave, standing with curiosity while the intelligence personnel conducted their experiments.

The army was presently in a short respite period, without any combat missions. Even during combat periods, as a Deputy Commander of the multinational forces from the European Union, there wasn't much for him to deal with—mostly just coordinating friction with foreign troops and... lodging protests.

In international affairs, strength speaks volumes.

Even among United Nations members, wealthy and powerful countries have more say and influence, while some small, unheard-of poor countries go unnoticed even if they shout themselves hoarse at the UN headquarters during protests.

Particularly in joint operations like this.

The Great Xia Country's army not only occupied the majority but their soldiers were also more elite. Under such circumstances, how could there be much room for influence?

It's barely better than just cheering from the sidelines.

Fortunately, the European Union had gotten used to this; it was always like this when the original leader was still around.

Now it's just a different person in charge, not much difference.

It's just that Lucy Country still found it somewhat hard to adapt.

"The body resembles a viscous jelly. After a dagger is stabbed and withdrawn, it heals rapidly. Initial assessment suggests immunity to physical attacks, but the entity does not heal when stabbed while being tangible."

"High temperature can inflict effective damage, similar to an evaporation effect."

"Acids or alkalis are ineffective."

"As per collected intel, they are weaker while in the intangible state, not even as strong as ordinary humans. They probably need to shift to tangible form while attacking to deliver effective strikes."

...

Evening, inside the Command Center's internal canteen.

"Try this. Although there's not much to offer here, wild game is not scarce." Zhang Huaihe enthusiastically picked up a piece of black marinated meat with his chopsticks and placed it in a bowl, smiling so broadly that wrinkles appeared like radiating lines.

"General Manager Chen, can you guess what kind of meat this is?"

"Elephant meat?" Chen Shouyi ventured a guess.

"Elephants are protected animals; how could we hunt them?" Zhang Huaihe hastily corrected, "This is lion meat."

"Aren't lions protected animals too?" Chen Shouyi asked, momentarily puzzled.

"How could lions be protected animals?" Zhang Huaihe replied.

"Ahem..." An officer nearby coughed repeatedly upon hearing this.

Zhang Huaihe promptly corrected himself, "Uh, this lion attempted to attack soldiers and was killed."

"It wasn't a good lion."

"According to wartime military regulations, soldiers have the right to kill after failing to issue effective warnings."

"In fact, no warning is necessary; as long as it shows hostility and attack signs, it can be preemptively killed."

"Besides, with its sharp claws and teeth, it posed a significant threat."

The accompanying officer immediately agreed, appearing sincere yet awkward.

"Is that so?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"Indeed, indeed."

Speaking of which, he hadn't tried lion meat before.

Curious, Chen Shouyi picked up a piece of lion meat and took a bite.

So pungent!

The taste wasn't even as good as pork.

"Try this; it's wild... beef, not a protected animal, quite chewy."

Chen Shouyi: ...

It seemed like a plan for self-sufficiency here; he reckoned quite a few wild animals in Yan State would become extinct post-war, Chen Shouyi thought to himself, but he didn't refuse, trying a little of everything.

Each dish left its own unique taste.

Zhang Huaihe broached the critical topic: "General Manager Chen, what do you think is the likelihood of the Lord of Lightning making a return within half a year?"

Void Demons were originally thought to be creatures invading from another world. He wasn't too concerned, but the slew of signs and evidence clearly indicated these "Void Demons" were the doing of the Lord of Lightning, leaving him quite pensive.

To humanity, the Lord of Lightning represents a complete apocalypse-level Great Demon King.

The atmosphere at the dining table instantly turned oppressive.

Chen Shouyi pondered for a moment and said solemnly, "The possibility is significant. It's best to reclaim Yan State within half a year to halt its power recovery. Of course, it's just my speculation."

He wasn't sure how fast the Barbarian God's recovery was, but the immense Power of Faith undoubtedly expedited its recuperation greatly.

Though his strength had drastically improved since before, he was still far from confident against the God of Lightning. The previous time, leveraging the disparity between two worlds' powers, a bit of luck, and catching the opponent off guard led to a successful sneak attack by chance.

But luck couldn't always be on his side; the God of Lightning, having been fooled once, wouldn't fall for the same trick again.

The next time it returns, it would be more cautious and even more terrifying.

Zhang Huaihe nodded solemnly.

...

The sky gradually darkened.

After dinner, Chen Shouyi headed towards the hotel.

The small town was under lockdown, with no idle pedestrians on the streets except for soldiers.

Diesel generators roared, creating a sharp noise.

The town wasn't supplied with electricity, but power wasn't lacking in some key areas, with bright searchlights outside the city sweeping around, adding a touch of wartime solemnity to the night sky.

He silently opened his attribute panel.

Strength: 24.7

Agility: 24.7

Constitution: 24.7

Intelligence: 24.7

Perception: 23.3

Will: 23.4

Energy Accumulation: 7.01

Faith Value: 16002.6

Innate Abilities: Self-Healing (Super): 30.01%; Giant Battle Body (Super): 60.01%; Atmosphere Control: 40.01%.

Glancing at his accumulated 16002.6 points of Faith Value.

He allocated five thousand Faith points to Self-Healing and another ten thousand to the Giant Battle Body.

His body rapidly "ignites," exuding high temperatures, as he breathed a faint flame, walking briskly towards the hotel.

Chapter 707 - Fear

The night was like water, carrying a hint of eeriness.

Thin clouds like gauze covered the moon, and the halo appeared an eerie red.

A light breeze blew by, bringing with it a rustling sound. In the faint mist in the distance, shadows moved like smoke, as if countless shadows were swaying.

A dozen, dozens of ethereal creatures silently crept under the cover of mist and darkness.

Ah Bu watched the distant searchlights with caution, yet his heart was filled with bloodlust and excitement.

Ah Bu was not his full name, his name was made up of dozens of syllables.

Very soon, traditional Yan State names often reflected the circumstances of birth; beyond that, many people also added their life experiences to their names as they grew up.

As people get older, their names often grow longer.

Just like Ah Bu.

His full name was: Wrinkle·Friday·Heavy Rain·Big Shot·Strong·Big Banana·Coffee Plantation·Hunter...

Recently, he also added Divine Warrior and Brave Fearless.

Of course, these need not be concerned with.

...

"Lord of Lightning bless us!"

"Lord of Lightning bless us!"

...

Ah Bu and a few others hid on a tree, whispering their prayers, and then looked towards the Divine Warrior from another tribe not far away, whispering, "This time Addis Ababa from the Oloro Tribe also came!"

The crowd sneaked a glance, filled with awe.

Addis Ababa was the most powerful warrior in this area, possessing Martial Artist prowess even before becoming a Divine Warrior, rumored to be capable of wrestling elephants and tearing lions apart, his power terrifying.

His tribe also became the strongest in the vicinity, effectively controlling the area near Papula, becoming a formidable force.

Unfortunately, good times didn't last long. Two years ago, he and his tribe were defeated by the Pantheon, with many escaping into the mountains, vanishing without a trace until the arrival of the Lord of Lightning brought him back, his power even more terrifying.

"With him here, we're safe this time!" The clan leader Uwaru whispered.

Everyone nodded repeatedly.

"Hunting" is ultimately a high-risk affair, even for Divine Warriors, a minor slip-up could mean staying there since those foreign soldiers weren't a rabble.

...

The night deepened gradually.

The surrounding shadows gathered more and more, numbering up to seventy or eighty, dark and ghostly.

"It's starting," Uwaru whispered.

Ah Bu, who was almost falling asleep while waiting, perked up at these words, immediately opening his eyes. A group of shadows stealthily approached the blockhouses near the refugee district, moving swiftly like smoke along the floodlit path, reaching the barbed wire smoothly.

Then they carefully began digging.

The reason being, the area near the barbed wire was riddled with bombs and landmines, any slight disturbance could trigger an explosion; last time someone was blown to bits.

...

More and more shadows began to move.

Ah Bu couldn't hold back any longer, "Clan Leader..."

The more people "hunting", the higher the safety, but also the greater the risk of being detected, it's best to act together, quick hands gain, slow hands lose, quickly withdrawing after eliminating a few nonbelievers.

"Wait a bit longer." The experienced Uwaru whispered, adding to strengthen the argument, "Addis Ababa and the others haven't moved yet."

Everyone restrained themselves again.

Fortunately, they didn't have to wait long. In the distance, Addis Ababa, after a disdainful glance around, started moving. His figure left only a faint shadow in moonlight, like a rippling wave of air, inconspicuous in the night.

As he moved, the scattered shadows around him also acted immediately.

The slaughter began!

Ah Bu's heart pounded, following the group through the tunnel, accelerating towards the nearby blockhouse.

A guard, oblivious, had his neck swiftly twisted.

Efficient and silent, as practised as twisting off a chick's neck.

This was the power bestowed by the Lord.

Ah Bu felt that only greatness could describe it, although he's experienced it countless times, each time filled his heart with joy and fervor.

With continuous slaughter, he even faintly felt his power gradually increasing; this was the Lord's appreciation of his actions.

"Zing zing zing..."

Yet less than half a minute later, the tranquility was broken, the sound of machine guns firing filled the air.

"Enemy attack! Enemy attack!"

"Prepare for battle..."

Countless flares shot into the sky, accompanied by sharp whistles.

Ah Bu jolted awake from the euphoria of slaughter.

"Why so fast this time? Must be those careless fools again!"

He quickly jumped off the blockhouse, the night sky bright as day, numerous bullets whizzed past his ears, carrying a whiff of gunpowder.

He felt little fear, his body moved like a phantom avoiding a rocket, quickly rushing towards the nearest trench.

He reckoned he could still kill a few more.

"Whoosh!"

A bullet passed through his body, and he remained completely unfazed, seconds later, his body directly plunged into the trench, starting the slaughter. He wielded no weapon, but his hands were the best weapon.

Frail flesh, like ragged cloth, was pierced by his iron hands, blood splattering.

"Stop!"

A martial artist of yellow descent approached swiftly, like a shooting star.

Ah Bu sneered inwardly, pouncing quickly.

Unfazed.

He had killed a foreign martial artist before, found them to be average. In the face of God-given powers, a martial artist couldn't resist.

After etherealizing, he feared not physical attacks, and only needed the opportunity to grasp his opponent, then it was death.

Yet just as he was getting close, he saw a metallic canister appear in the opponent's hand.

He puzzled over what it was.

The next moment, he saw a surging blue flame burst from the canister.

He felt the skin on his chest evaporating rapidly in the flames, the thrill of slaughter poured over with a bucket of ice water, dissipating quickly, leaving him chilled.

Too despicable!

He retreated swiftly, then turned and fled.

Other tribesmen still fought, but his heart lost its will to fight.

Running when he couldn't win, this was no shame, everyone did this, quite normal.

Even the former government army couldn't hold to such high demands, at least he had already killed several.

After running for two or three kilometers, he finally stopped and regained his solid form.

His chest burned hot, looking down he found the skin completely gone, only bloodied muscle remained.

"Damn it."

"Luckily, I ran fast!"

The distant battle continued, he quickly climbed a tree, watching while waiting for other tribesmen to return, but his main focus was still on Addis Ababa.

The opponent was terrifyingly strong, ghostly like, practically reaping souls like a Death God.

All soldiers crumbled with no resistance before him.

"So strong!"

"The opponent must already be a legendary power."

Yet at this moment, drastic change occurred.

He saw Addis Ababa seemingly discovering a terrifying presence, turning and fleeing frenziedly, movement swift as a flash of light, rapidly leaving the battlefield. Just as he wondered, the next moment he discovered a large number of Divine Warriors falling one by one.

His face was filled with astonishment, instinctively looking up to the sky, seeing a figure quietly suspended, as if a deity had descended.

Chapter 708 - Sweep Across All Opposition

The gunfire stopped, and the battlefield atmosphere quieted down.

An aura of terror densely filled the air.

Chen Shouyi hovered in the air, his expression cold and unyielding.

These warriors created by the Lord of Lightning in a short period, although quite powerful, almost comparable to human martial artists, and even possess the ability to become intangible, have extremely obvious and fatal flaws — their weak will, which is inferior to that of most senior martial artists.

After all, many of them were just ordinary people before.

Encountering someone like him, a single thought can cause their souls to disintegrate.

His gaze fell on the few scattered "Void Demons" desperately trying to escape, and he stirred a thought.

"Boom!"

The air exploded with a massive sonic boom, his body disappearing from where he stood.

In the next moment, a translucent "Void Demon" was immediately shattered by the explosive force, dissipating into countless mist, vanishing in the air, as he charged at another.

Addis Ababa turned back for a glance, his scalp electrified with fear, his heart gripped by an invisible terror that almost left him unable to breathe.

Run, run, run!

He ran desperately, wishing his parents had given him more legs.

Who on earth is this?

What exactly is this?

Ever since receiving divine grace and becoming a legend, apart from the great Lord of Lightning, nothing else has made him feel fear and reverence. However, at this moment, he understood once again what despair meant.

His body transformed into a faint silhouette, leaving only a trail of dust, and in seconds had fled a kilometer away.

Yet, he dared not relax even a bit, instead feeling more desperate.

The terrifying presence's speed was faster.

A thunderous sound rang closer and closer, shaking the air, causing the ground stones to tremble violently.

Damn it!

Damn it!

Damn it!

His heart sank into despair.

Escape was impossible.

Evade was impossible.

The only option was to fight!

Feeling the enemy drawing near, he gritted his teeth, rapidly transforming his body from intangible to solid, but had only just turned around.

"Boom!!!"

A blurred figure wrapped in transparent shockwaves approached in an instant, hitting his figure in a split second.

Addis Ababa's two eyeballs were instantly blown away.

An indescribable heavy strike.

Like being hit by a super-heavy cannon, his chest along with his abdomen exploded completely, turning into countless flesh pieces like bullets shooting in all directions, leaving only a head and two feet rolling in the airwaves.

"The Lord... of Lightning, will not... let you... get away?" The rolling head still hadn't died, speaking with difficulty in English, full of resentment and unwillingness.

Chen Shouyi chuckled coldly.

He took a step like shrinking inches, covering a hundred meters in an instant.

In the next moment, the head was grasped in his hand.

Directly crushed by him.

Turning into a cloud of blood mist.

Chen Shouyi shook his hand, his palm dust-free, casually ripped the torn and tattered clothes from his chest, revealing muscles twisted like steel wire, faintly glowing under the moonlight.

...

Li Wenwu from afar stretched his neck watching this scene, mouth slightly open, face stunned.

He felt his legs involuntarily weakening.

This... this was just too violent, too terrifying.

It's not that he hasn't fought with the top Flame Continent powerhouse before, but each time was extremely dangerous, sustained only with great effort, truly the opponent's reckless fighting style was too overpowered, but at this moment in General Manager Chen's hands, it seemed effortless like killing chickens.

...

It was a long while.

The earth mound stirred, a battered figure climbed out.

It was Ah Bu.

"Survived."

With a face of post-crisis relief, his heart barely eased a sigh, a faint murmur echoed in his mind.

"Turns out one was left behind!"

His body stiffened as if struck by lightning.

In the next moment, a chill swept through, and his mind fell into eternal darkness.

...

Chen Shouyi returned to the hotel.

Went again to the bathroom to take a shower and changed clothes.

It was already local early morning at three; he didn't plan to sleep again, poured a cup of tea, walked to the bedroom, outside was noisy, soldiers' footsteps, the roar of car engines, chaotic and loud.

Two little ones quickly burrowed out from the blanket:

"Good Giant, are there many bad giants outside?"

Chen Shouyi nodded: "Yes, don't be afraid!"

"Yes, Little Not Afraid." The brave Shell Lady said loudly: "Good Giant is the most powerful."

"Yes, Good Giant is the most most powerful." Red Little Not Afraid also nodded vigorously like a pecking chicken. No matter what, Good Giant is the most powerful and also very good.

Shell Lady got angry, stood up with a puff, hands on her waist, glaring at the Red Little Not Afraid who always competed for the Good Giant, said loudly: "Good Giant is the most most most powerful."

Chen Shouyi was amused, sat down on the edge of the bed: "All right, I got it, don't argue anymore, you guys continue to sleep."

The two little ones each snorted coldly, turned their backs, slept on one side of the pillow, silent, showing signs of mutual hostility.

He shook his head speechlessly, took a sip of tea, a thought stirred in his heart, placed the tea cup on the bedside table.

Then closed his eyes, entered the Book of Knowledge Space.

Soon arrived at the Memory Virtual World.

...

In the following days, multinational troops began sweeping the rear, clearing remnants.

Fortunately, there wasn't much need for Chen Shouyi to act; most of the military solved issues themselves, "Void Demons" excelled in surprise attacks and face-to-face combat, but when truly confronting organized military, they showed inadequacy.

Of course, casualties were inevitable, regardless of soldiers or ordinary cultists.

War has never been merciful, this is a cold killing machine, always was, and now more so.

Most of the Flame Continent, smoke permeated, rumbling artillery fire echoing the sky, countless tribes believing in the Lord of Lightning faced catastrophic disaster.

...

On a barren plain.

A giant towering at twenty-four meters, stood firm on the ground, black magic runes densely covering its whole body, the dissipating energy transformed into children's-arm-thick arcs jumping continuously, making onlookers' legs weak and awed.

"Only grew about four meters taller." He felt somewhat disappointed.

At Giant Battle Body (Super): 50%, his giant transformation on Earth had already reached twenty meters (eighty meters in the other world), yet now the Giant Battle Body (Super) increased to 70%, height only rose by two-tenths.

Although he already understood, the further the progress, the weaker the improvement effect, yet seeing it in reality was still somewhat disappointing.

"Perhaps this is the limit of the Book of Knowledge's ability. In the early stages, the bloodline development was relatively comprehensive, the further it went, the more it lacked." He pondered:

"At this trend, reaching a height of thirty meters on Earth would probably be the limit."

He grabbed a huge rock, easily and casually crushed it: "But it's already enough."

Giant transformation enhances strength, even the mighty God of Lightning dares not withstand its edge. Now, the only thing limiting his power is other attributes, especially his agility and intelligence.

Chapter 709 - Mental Contamination

Army Club.

The explosive music was deafening, and many men and women were dancing closely together in the dance floor; the atmosphere was heated, and most were white people.

Chen Shouyi felt a bit uncomfortable walking in here, as such scenes were nonexistent on the battlefield in Great Xia.

"Hey handsome, want to dance together?" a scantily clad, voluptuous white woman provocatively asked aloud.

"Interested in having a drink?" another woman said.

Chen Shouyi reached out and grabbed a hand attempting to get fresh: "Sorry, I'm not interested."

He gently squeezed past several women.

"First time here, huh?" Li Wenwu smiled and then lowered his voice with a cheeky expression: "White folks here are quite open, except the Lucy Country ones who are slightly conservative; in the European Union, as long as you look pleasing, it's okay. It's convenient, and quite a few are from the entertainment troop; just pay a bit, and you're good."

Chen Shouyi looked at Li Wenwu with disdain.

Didn't expect even someone who looked solid and proper could be so worldly, truly a disgrace to the legendary Martial Artists.

"Is this your idea of a good place?" Chen Shouyi said. Coming here was not as fun as playing flight chess with the two little ones at his place.

"Where else can one relax except here on the battlefield?" Li Wenwu retorted.

Seems to have a point.

"What's the deal with the entertainment troop?" Chen Shouyi couldn't help but ask quietly.

"They're all looking to earn extra, or just here to freeload, all colors... you know, those without military uniforms." Li Wenwu said with a know-it-all demeanor.

I don't understand.

Chen Shouyi discreetly scanned his surroundings and indeed noticed quite a few.

...

The two ordered two pitchers of beer and a fruit platter, sitting in a corner.

"Another batch of expedition forces is about to arrive." Li Wenwu said.

"What scale?" Chen Shouyi spears an unnamable local fruit and stuffs it into his mouth.

"Reportedly totaling nine million, with four million from Great Xia Country."

Chen Shouyi nodded. The four million from Great Xia Country weren't entirely Great Xia nationals; many came from Great Xia's sphere of influence, including Rising Sun Country, Korea, South Asia, and the Middle East. The actual Great Xia soldiers were likely around two million.

To some extent, the God of Lightning's approach was quite successful, at least slowing the pace of human warfare. During this period, most troops were stationed at the rear for operations, cleansing remnants, unable to continue expanding the fallen zones.

"How many troops are here now?"

"Altogether over ten million; by the way, this time India will also send troops." Li Wenwu suddenly remembered something and said.

"India?" Chen Shouyi asked, slightly surprised. Since the changes, India had been quite low-profile, barely any news domestically, and he thought it had already fallen.

"India is still strong, recently recovering quite well. You know about the Ascetic Summit?" Li Wenwu drank a sip of beer and asked.

"I've heard of him." Chen Shouyi said, Summit ranks third on the global combat list, the world's first legendary warrior, and a Martial Arts predecessor to Chen Shouyi.

Emerging from over seven billion people globally, there's no doubt he's a truly extraordinary figure.

It's like cheating.

"According to intel, he's also broken through to Sub-god status."

"Oh, that fast?" Chen Shouyi said surprised, thinking it would take a few more years.

"Reportedly, before cultivating, he was an actual ascetic; when he encountered Martial Arts, he was already thirty-five, having missed the golden age for cultivation." Li Wenwu said admiringly.

Chen Shouyi had heard about the ascetics from India.

Many followers of Yinxi Sect would pack up and let go after finishing all matters in the secular world to pursue cultivation; they were ragged, disheveled, starving, enduring cold and heat, some even abstaining for life.

They were a truly tough group, not tough on others, but tough on themselves.

For them, their flesh served merely as a shell.

During cultivation, some would hold their right hand up for thirty to forty years, causing the entire arm to decay, achieving cultivation through such methods.

Some ascetics even subjected themselves to fire, braved icy environments, buried themselves alive, wore shoes with spikes, or even hung themselves on trees, sometimes for days and nights!

These people pursued spiritual calm, steel-like determination. What seemed difficult to ordinary individuals, achieving introspection and forging their body was as simple as eating and drinking for them.

Just then, chaos suddenly broke out in the dance floor, a brawl erupted.

"Bang!"

A dull thud.

A military officer's body was knocked flying.

Chen Shouyi originally thought it was just a regular fight and didn't plan to intervene until he heard the intense sound of bones snapping, realizing something was off.

A white officer, face distorted, eyes bloodshot, emitted a deep roar, appearing insane. In this military club, he was like a wolf amidst sheep; each person he struck was either severely injured or on the brink of death.

No one dared approach him at that moment.

Frowning slightly, his thoughts moved; the air solidified, freezing the mad officer and nearby individuals in their actions.

Chen Shouyi stood up and walked over.

Li Wenwu followed immediately.

"What's going on?"

Chen Shouyi's voice wasn't loud, but somehow everyone felt a pressure like a mountain; their chests seemed to be blocked by a massive stone, causing shortness of breath. The original noisy sounds and screams quickly quieted.

As Chen Shouyi and Li Wenwu approached, the crowd hurriedly cleared a path; one panicked girl even fell to the ground.

"It's, God Chen."

Someone recognized Chen Shouyi and quickly spread across the venue; everyone was awestruck.

Chen Shouyi glanced at the two injured; one had their chest completely collapsed, the other's neck was twisted, only able to exhale with no intake, evidently already dead.

"Guess he was spiritually contaminated by the Barbarian God?" Li Wenwu said seriously.

"Spiritual contamination?" Chen Shouyi asked, puzzled.

"You may not have encountered it; many tribes have divine statues and temples. When demolishing them, divine descents often occur. Despite all these are destroyed remotely, and those responsible are the elite among elites, this still happens sometimes. This guy evidently got caught unconsciously. Worse is, it seems to be happening more frequently now." Li Wenwu said with a grave expression.

Chen Shouyi pondered thoughtfully.

Soon, the gendarmerie arrived upon receiving the news, controlling the contaminated individual.

...

In the days following, large numbers of soldiers were transported to the frontline daily, transport trucks continuously moving. Ten days later, the rear clearing operations gradually ended, leaving only sporadic fighting, as major forces began to expand again, reclaiming fallen zones.

Chapter 710 - No Time to Lose

Torrential rain poured down, accompanied by flashes of lightning and rolls of thunder.

An independent combat squad marched swiftly along a muddy path, their bodies seeming like they'd been rolling in the mud.

The Yan State's infrastructure was extremely backward, aside from a few main roads, most were dirt roads, and the further from the city, the worse the roads became, almost impassable for vehicles other than track vehicles.

"This damned rain has been pouring for three days now; I feel like I'm growing moss on my body."

"After all, we're in a tropical rainforest. Stay alert. According to intel, there's supposed to be a village five kilometers ahead." The squad leader, Zhao Qiang, wiped his face and said solemnly.

"Captain, do you think we'll encounter 'Void Demons' this time?" A young soldier swallowed hard, fighting his nervousness as he asked.

"Don't worry, even if we run into them, there's nothing to be afraid of. Those 'Void Demons' have physical abilities comparable to Martial Artists, but many were originally just regular people. Their combat experience and quality aren't even as good as a Martial Artist. As long as we're careful, a high-level Martial Artist with a 'Demon Slaying Sword' can easily take them down." Zhao Qiang reassured.

The squad's deputy, Shan Dingan, chuckled and patted the weighted sword scabbard in his hand: "Still, it'd be better not to encounter them."

The so-called "Demon Slaying Sword" is actually a Martial Artist's Sword that's been coated with a layer of plutonium.

This is a radioactive element, an important material in the atomic energy industry, and also extremely toxic.

After countless experiments on "Void Demons," the final results showed that this high-energy radioactive substance could inflict massive damage on "Void Demons," even when they're in a dematerialized state; they're not immune—it truly is the nemesis of "Void Demons."

Since the first batch of plutonium-coated Martial Artist's Swords was urgently sent to the battlefield, "Void Demons" could no longer come and go as they pleased.

As for the sword's radiation, posing a health hazard, it doesn't matter in this ever-dangerous battlefield where sacrifice is a constant threat; after all, health is nowhere near as important as life.

The combat squad comprised nine members, including two Martial Artists, with the rest being high-level Martial Artists.

They were equipped with two flamethrowers, two 60mm mortars, four handheld 20mm six-barrel autocannons, two heavy sniper rifles, nine rifles, and ammunition, fully armed to the teeth.

It's no exaggeration to say that such a squad could make even a legendary warrior lament; aside from the frontlines, most cleanup operations are carried out by such elite squads.

The squad moved swiftly, soon spotting the village from afar. It consisted of domed thatched huts, sprawling across half a hill, with a conspicuous temple of piled stone blocks standing prominently at its center.

Everyone felt a chill in their hearts, immediately finding a slope to crouch down and stop.

Several members took out binoculars, wiping water from the lenses, carefully observing.

The rain fell heavier, accompanied by lightning and thunder.

"I see no movement."

"I don't see anything either."

"Stay vigilant." Zhao Qiang said. For some reason, he felt uneasy; this village was big, likely housing several thousand inhabitants, and such a settlement might harbor a powerful Priest.

This time, a tough battle might be unavoidable.

"Let's blow up that temple first." Deputy Shan Dingan suggested after observing for a while, retrieving the cannon from his back and speaking slowly.

"Alright, aim for one successful strike." Zhao Qiang nodded. The temple was like a communication signal repeater; with it present, strange events were bound to occur, possibly even divine descents.

And the larger the settlement, the greater the danger.

"Don't worry!"

Two cannons were placed on the ground, Shan Dingan and another soldier each took one, quickly calibrating them.

"Ready!"

"Ready!"

Zhao Qiang raised three fingers.

"Three, two, one..."

"Fire!"

A lightning bolt streaked through the sky, hitting a distant tree, illuminating the world.

At the same time, the two mortars began launching, spewing flaming shells. They flew rapidly, tracing long water marks through the rain curtain, but before reaching their target, they seemed to be absorbed by the ground, crashing abruptly.

"Boom!"

Two fireballs exploded in the rain.

Not good.

Zhao Qiang's heart chilled, quickly commanding, "Continue shelling the temple, others stay alert, engage enemies immediately upon discovery."

"Bang!"

A Black man heard the commotion and had just stepped out of a thatched hut when a sniper's bullet hit his chest, blowing half his body apart.

"Bang!"

Another Black man had his entire head blown off.

...

Just then, countless blue smoke suddenly flew up from the temple, densely packed, surging towards them.

No, these weren't smoke, but countless mutated bats.

Simultaneously, thousands of Blacks, mixed with a dozen Void Demons, rushed out from various huts, fearlessly charging toward them.

"There's a war priest of the God of Lightning; everyone... prepare for battle." Zhao Qiang's face changed slightly, shouting loudly.

A few seconds later, fierce combat erupted.

...

Expeditionary Force Command.

Chen Shouyi was invited to the meeting as well.

"As of March 14th, our total casualties are 153,210, with approximately 8 million cultists killed, including 234,323 'Void Demons' and 52,432 priests... Furthermore, 20 million refugees rescued." A staff officer reported the war situation.

The information was then translated into multiple languages.

The command atmosphere grew tense, whispers exchanged, faces grew grave.

Of those claimed as rescued refugees, putting it bluntly, they were actually battlefield captives who surrendered.

The ratio clearly showed the intense morale of these cultists.

As warfare turned to the frontlines, as the Lord of Lightning's power gradually fully revived, countless war priests and Divine Warriors emerged in large numbers, further escalating the cultists' fervor.

Faith turns cowardice into strength, strength into zeal, reason into ignorance. This originally scatterbrained group of Blacks exhibited shockingly high morale on the battlefield.

The war thus became more brutal, with casualties rapidly increasing.

Zhang Huaihe listened closely, his eyebrows furrowing tightly; the casualty ratio was excessively high.

Though the 1-to-80 exchange ratio seemed overwhelmingly one-sided, with cultists seemingly unable to withstand the assault, all cultists were mobilized; even children wielded guns in battle.

Unrecovered regions still held at least seven to eight hundred million followers; at this rate of ongoing consumption, the loss of soldiers surpassed millions.

By the time the war ended, the coalition forces would suffer morale collapse, returning home separately.

He involuntarily glanced at Chen Shouyi, seeing him looking thoughtful, and couldn't help probing, "Any thoughts, General Manager Chen?"

"Leave the next steps to me."

The conference room grew silent.

"Wh... what?" Zhang Huaihe thought he misheard, quickly asking.

"I mean, leave the frontlines to me; there's no time to waste."