

New Era 721

Chapter 721: Breakthrough Progress in Original Force

After entering the new year, the market in Zhonghai City became much busier, with shops on both sides of the street springing up like mushrooms after rain. Various goods also started to get richer, vaguely reminiscent of the pre-war prosperity.

Human technology and productivity are recovering quickly, most directly seen in... the drop in bicycle prices.

From the original two to three thousand per bicycle.

To now, it's only about fifteen hundred.

The Great Xia Country itself does not lack iron ore, the only issue is finding iron ore that is easy to refine.

This is the advantage of a great nation; with vast territories, resources can be found everywhere. Even in the toughest times, it can basically be self-sufficient.

...

When Chen Shouyi returned home, Mrs. Chen was sitting on the sofa.

Seeing him come back, she deliberately sighed.

"Mom, what's wrong?" Chen Shouyi asked curiously, wondering if she had argued with Dad again.

"The neighbor just had a baby, came over to give us wedding candies. Ah, that baby is so adorable, his eyes are so big." Mrs. Chen glanced at Chen Shouyi, sighed again, and said.

Already twenty years old, yet hasn't found a partner.

She was really anxious.

She suspected whether she had been too strict before, causing a fear of falling in love.

Chen Shouyi heard it inexplicably, what's there to envy? Suddenly moved, he tested, "Mom, am I going to have a little brother or sister?"

Mrs. Chen almost choked with anger at this silly son, furious to the point she forgot what she initially wanted to say, "You stinky brat! What are you talking about? Your dad and I are both getting on in years, with one foot already almost in the grave, and you dare to think of this."

"Mom, you're not old at all, people would believe you were thirty if you went outside. If you want one, go ahead, I don't mind," Chen Shouyi persuaded. It's not like he would be taking care of the kids. Even if he had a dozen siblings, he wouldn't mind, as it's not an issue to raise them.

"Go, go, go, I've almost been annoyed to death by you."

Chen Shouyi felt bewildered and strange, since she's not giving birth anyway, why sigh?

...

In the evening, the family finished dinner.

Shortly after Chen Shouyi returned to his room, Bai Xiaoling came over with a big box.

"Sister Bai, what's up?" Chen Shouyi walked downstairs and asked.

"President Chen, this is the information sent from above, regarding Original Force research. It contains projection equipment, and it's said there's been a breakthrough," Bai Xiaoling said.

"Breakthrough? In what area?"

Chen Shouyi felt surprised. If this universe consists of electromagnetic force, gravitational force, strong nuclear force, and weak nuclear force—the four basic forces—then Original Force is the fifth force. At the current level of human technology, only electromagnetic force can be preliminarily understood and applied. The rest—gravitational force, strong nuclear force, and weak nuclear force—are still in the exploration stage.

Not to mention the Original Force from another world, it's indeed a remarkable breakthrough.

Asked Bai Xiaoling, she seemed baffled, obviously unaware.

"Never mind, I'll watch it myself later," Chen Shouyi said.

"President Chen, do you need my help? I learned how to use projection equipment," Bai Xiaoling offered.

"No need."

After Bai Xiaoling left, Chen Shouyi went back to his room.

The box had a seal on it, indicating it hadn't been opened yet.

He opened the box and found that aside from a manual, there was only a hand-cranked projection device and some film reels. No other paper materials.

He had never used this kind of machine before, but as a high school graduate, it wasn't a challenge.

Following the manual, he explored while watching, and soon images appeared on the wall.

"Oh, I didn't expect it to be him!" Chen Shouyi couldn't help but exclaim.

The person explaining in the video was a middle-aged Caucasian named Anderson, Chinese name An Haoran, formerly the head of the Pantheon, whom he had met recently.

Judging by his attire and location, it was clearly in a laboratory.

There's no denying, this person truly has survival instincts.

Back then, when the Lord of Lightning invaded Yan State dangerously, and even so, couldn't kill him, he withdrew decisively as trouble arose.

Soon after arriving in the Great Xia Country, he infiltrated into the research lab, staying away from war and danger.

"Original Force is a mysterious power, close to the mind yet like a mischievous elf. Even legends find it hard to control!" He spoke in perfect Chinese, with a slightly excited expression, "I devoted over ten years of research to it, yet achieved no results, until recently I received inspiration from God Chen's cultivation method of the Chen Clan, leading to a breakthrough..."

Chen Shouyi suddenly felt that the other party looked much more agreeable.

"Original Force is like legendary magic; though I've never seen magic, I imagine if magic existed, it would be this—magic based on the Original Force..."

According to experimental data, a Martial Artist's EEG frequency is typically around 30 Hz in a normal state, a great Martial Artist's 50 Hz, and a Martial Artist's 100 Hz... The stronger the power, the higher the EEG frequency, but in meditation, the opposite is true.

The deeper the meditation mastery, the lower the EEG frequency during meditation. Most legendary strong individuals have a meditation EEG frequency less than 0.1 Hz, close to brain death.

The Chen Clan's cultivation method requires deep meditation, leading me to speculate that our inability to trigger Original Force might be due to our EEG frequency being too high, unable to activate Original Force..."

Chen Shouyi's face gradually turned serious.

It's undeniable, the cognitive difference between researchers and non-researchers lies not in wisdom, but in thinking patterns. The former seeks to delve deep, exploring the essence of things, while the latter only focuses on results.

He had never thought about why it was so.

"It seems there truly are geniuses in this world," he thought to himself.

Nonetheless, he wasn't humble, he started from a Martial Artist Apprentice to an extraordinary person; in only five years, he has slain medium Divine Power as easily as chicken, not entirely relying on the Book of Knowledge...

He cut off his thoughts and continued watching.

Perhaps Anderson had long been engaged in research work, making it hard for others to discern that he's a legendary strong individual. He rambled on for a full half-hour about his inspiration and research process, even changing a film reel. As he started getting impatient, the other party finally began demonstrating his breakthrough results.

He extended his hand.

The image started to blur.

Next moment, countless energies began to emerge, kaleidoscopically diverse, mixed with arcs, flames, and other indescribable energies. Colorful.

Chen Shouyi couldn't help but stand up, wondering if this really tapped into Original Force.

The other party dispersed the energy.

"Hard, I can roughly only achieve this level. Perhaps my mental wave is too intense, all the energy is mixed together... I always hoped to conjure a fireball, but I suspect I haven't found this unique 'code...'"

The image gradually ended.

With a field of snowflakes, Chen Shouyi awoke from his contemplation.

"Interesting, indeed!"

Chapter 722: Another Box

If you want to reach this level, Chen Shouyi can easily do it.

Just release the aura.

The Original Force around him will riot, and it's not just the Original Force—electromagnetic force and gravity will be affected as well. However, these are unconscious and incidental, like the wind stirred up when walking, which cannot be controlled.

The other's research clearly opened a door for him.

"Perhaps there might be a surprise after all," Chen Shouyi mused.

"Good Giant, look at little dot, is it big or not, big or not?"

In a flash, Chen Shouyi saw the Shell Lady standing in front of the projector's spotlight, jumping frantically while excitedly shouting at Chen Shouyi, leaving a shadow on the wall with outstretched claws.

The red little dot on the side looked at the Shell Lady, eager to try, an envious expression on her face.

Chen Shouyi's mouth twitched, such troublesome kids, don't you find them annoying?

Maliciously, he unplugged the power cord.

As the spotlight dimmed, the Shell Lady immediately returned to her original form, her mouth pouting, feeling aggrieved, and then burst into tears, "You turned out to be a bad giant, boo hoo... Little dot doesn't like you anymore."

At the same time, the red little dot beside also started crying loudly.

"Don't cry, don't cry, it'll be back right away, it'll be back," Chen Shouyi helplessly surrendered to the two ancestors and plugged it back in.

...

There was silence through the night.

The next day, atop the snowy peak in another world.

A vast sea of fire was blazing fiercely, spreading around, the snow on the mountain rapidly melting and evaporating, with waves of heat rolling forth.

Finding the unique "code" may be difficult for Anderson, but for Chen Shouyi, it's a piece of cake, thanks to his supercomputer-like thinking capacity and deep control over consciousness.

In just a short time, he effortlessly leveraged the surrounding Original Force with a "small" cost of will.

If it was before, creating such a vast sea of fire would also be possible, achieving it with mere will.

But the latter would seem like using brute force, forcibly altering reality, consuming will several times more than the former. While the former can leverage the minimal will to exert maximum power.

However, Chen Shouyi unfortunately found that this method lacked practicality or wasn't suitable for him, as it took too long to initiate.

At his level, battles occur in the blink of an eye, calculated almost in milliseconds.

While you are still brewing, the attack comes like a sudden storm, giving you no time to brew.

"No wonder, at the level of a Barbarian God, no creature excels in 'Magic'. They all fight with Divine Power and their bodies. Perhaps these Barbarian Gods haven't ignored the Original Force, but at their level, 'Magic' is redundant, far less useful than Divine Power," Chen Shouyi speculated.

In battles, Divine Power is evidently more efficient, requiring no brewing and is more powerful.

Of course, as a force supporting all mysterious powers including Divine Power in another world, the "fifth fundamental force" clearly will not be so simple, as a basic force, its potential is endless.

Moreover, what he did was just the crudest usage.

Like when the generator was first invented, who could have thought electricity would open a new era, requiring countless intelligence and time to develop.

...

Anderson now lives quite comfortably.

He has no interest in fighting; the founding of the Pantheon was merely in pursuit of immortality and becoming a god, unlike other terrifying organizations with political aspirations—the Pantheon is essentially a research institution, just that the research contents are more insane, bloody, and unscrupulous.

Now, the situation is stronger than people, externally, the Barbarian God rampages, internally, the Martial Arts Bureau suppresses, especially with General Manager Chen's presence, he can only behave obediently, no longer daring to stir trouble.

Shortly after gaining citizenship in Great Xia Country, he applied to enter the laboratory.

Although Anderson is a legendary strongman, compared to other martial artists who haven't graduated high school, he was already a scientist before becoming famous, holding two doctoral degrees, with numerous papers published under various pseudonyms, spanning biology, medicine, physics, and extraterrestrial Original Force among other fields.

Shortly after joining the laboratory, with undeniable achievements and some secretive means, he ousted the former director, becoming the new head of the lab.

He is quite a disciplined person; early in the morning, Anderson is already in the lab.

"Director An!"

"Director An, so early?"

On the way, researchers greeted him.

Anderson, silent, nodded along the way, put on the lab coat, and entered the testing area.

A large-scale electronic emitter is in operation.

Several dark-eyed experimenters observing experiment data in front of clumsy computers.

These years, the speed of technological recovery is getting faster, showing a continuous acceleration trend, not much visible in civilian areas, but in military-industrial and research fields, certain aspects have recovered to the levels seen in the seventies.

Anderson watches for a while and asks, "Have you found anything new?"

"Director, not yet?" One of the experimenters quickly replied upon hearing Anderson's voice.

The approach to researching the Original Force is simple.

Original Force can affect electrons; conversely, electrons can affect the Original Force. By bombarding electrons to gather data, we can analyze the nature and effects of the Original Force. But this is evidently not a simple task. Humans have been researching this for ten to twenty years, even deploying particle accelerators; apart from various theoretical hypotheses, gains have been meager.

"Continue, notify me if there are any discoveries," Anderson nodded and said.

"Yes, Director." Two exhausted experimenters honestly replied.

Anderson leaves the testing area and goes to the office to sit down.

While making tea, he organizes new experimental ideas.

Since arriving in Great Xia Country, he has gotten used to drinking tea, mainly because coffee is hard to come by.

"It's a pity I can't use extreme methods." He murmured to himself.

For instance, he always wanted to try ice-pick therapy, by performing frontal lobotomy to reduce distracting thoughts, perhaps allowing a smooth transition into deeper tranquility.

Should he secretly give it a try?

A hint of madness flickered in his eyes.

"Beep beep beep!"

He startled from his deep thoughts.

"Come in."

A female experimenter entered, carrying a box, "Director, these are materials sent from the Martial Arts Bureau regarding Original Force research, from General Manager Chen!"

"What!" He stood up abruptly, excitement apparent in his expression.

Who is General Manager Chen? He is humanity's God of Martial Arts, towering like Mount Everest on the world's peak, a figure to admire. The Chen Clan's cultivation method he created holds profound significance for humanity; no matter how proud someone might be, they hold reverence in their heart for General Manager Chen.

"Just put it on the table, you can leave now?"

"Okay, Director."

After the female experimenter placed the box and closed the door, Anderson impatiently opened it, finding a projector and two film reels inside.

Chapter 723: Great Upheaval in India

In the next few days, a major event occurred.

A secret intelligence report sent from the Capital City even shook Chen Shouyi's mind.

The ascetic Samit from India achieved a weak Divine Power.

Not a demigod, but a true and genuine god.

This person is recognized as the world's first legendary figure and a pioneer of human Martial Arts. According to the information, twenty years ago, when the other world and Earth had not yet merged and Martial Arts were not yet widespread, he was already a legendary ascetic.

Many Indians worship him as a deity, having immense influence among the lower classes in India, with a high reputation and numerous followers. Afterward, as his cultivation rapidly surged, his followers became even larger, and his words and actions could even influence presidential elections.

He is completely the uncrowned king of India.

This also explains why India had little presence since the mutation, with no visibility in international affairs. It now seems that the entire India might have been controlled and kidnapped by him.

Previously, he was merely a demigod, always in hiding.

Now, having become a weak Divine Power, apparently, he no longer wishes to hide, nor is it easy to hide.

"What is the attitude of the countries now?" Chen Shouyi directly called the president.

"The other party's intentions have yet to be revealed. Observe their words, watch their deeds, and wait and see!" the president sighed, his voice somewhat weary.

The two briefly chatted, and Chen Shouyi hung up the phone, lost in thought.

"Unexpectedly, there is also a Barbarian God among humans..."

"Just not sure if they will be an enemy or friend in the future? India has over a billion people..."

India is also a nuclear power with significant military strength. In this turbulent autumn, the emergence of such a major event may add numerous variables.

He shook his head.

"Forget it, a weak Divine Power wanting to become a powerful Divine Power probably can't be achieved in a short time. Even with over a billion followers, it would take at least a century, and even if they become a powerful Divine Power, they would just be another Lord of Lightning."

He opened the attribute panel and took a look.

Even though he was on vacation in Zhonghai these days, he still spent most of his time on cultivation. In just five or six days, his strength, physique, agility, and intelligence each increased by 0.1 points, reaching 25.4 points.

Additionally, his perception also increased by 0.1 points, reaching 23.9 points.

He was becoming increasingly confident.

Just hoping that battle could be delayed a bit longer.

"Knock, knock, knock!" At this moment, a knocking sound came from the door.

"Brother, someone from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs is here to see you."

"Got it, I'm coming." Chen Shouyi closed the attribute panel and said.

A bit puzzled in his heart, he wondered what the Ministry of Foreign Affairs wanted with him.

He opened the door.

Chen Xingyue's face suppressed excitement, she said coyly: "Brother, are you going on another foreign visit?"

Chen Shouyi glanced at her, seeing through her little thoughts: "Didn't have enough fun in the European Union, what are you thinking?"

If it were a foreign visit, someone would have given him a heads-up long ago, how could it be a sudden event.

Saying this, Chen Shouyi ignored her and walked downstairs.

"President Chen, hello, hello, sorry to disturb you, I'm Xie Xueping from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs Otherworld Department." A young lady dressed in official attire warmly extended her hand and introduced herself.

Chen Shouyi shook her hand and politely said, "Hello, Ms. Xie, what can I do for you?"

"Here's the thing, a few days ago, Tai Buddha Country entrusted our Ministry of Foreign Affairs' ambassador to present you with a congratulatory gift..." Xie Xueping said, to be honest, in her many years of work, this kind of thing was the first time she had encountered, and it was a gift from the Barbarian God.

"A congratulatory gift?"

"It's to congratulate you on killing the God of Order; the gift is still outside, I'll have someone bring it in."

A truck had long been parked outside the yard. Xie Xueping went out and soon someone brought it in.

A full eighteen boxes.

"What's inside, brother, can I open it?" Chen Xingyue asked excitedly.

"Go ahead and open it." Chen Shouyi said, he already knew what was inside, just some worthless trinkets.

Chen Xingyue opened a box, and immediately took a breath.

The box was filled with gold bars, a golden shimmer. From the weight of just one box, it was estimated to be half a ton.

She had never seen so much gold before in her life.

Unable to resist, she opened another box and found more gold... Among these eighteen boxes, fifteen were full of gold, and the remaining three consisted of various gemstones and jade, each top quality, making the entire living room glitter with jewels.

Chen Shouyi glanced over, showing no interest, and courteously said to Xie Xueping: "I'm sorry for the trouble of bringing this over."

"No trouble, no trouble!" Xie Xueping quickly replied, her face slightly flushed, seemingly not knowing what to say: "Additionally, Tai Buddha Country also sent some special... gifts?"

"More gifts?" Chen Shouyi asked, puzzled, wondering if they would be delivered in batches.

Xie Xueping hesitated, as if finding it hard to speak.

According to diplomatic etiquette, such gifts would have been tactfully refused long ago, after all in civilized countries, how could such gifts be accepted, but this time the recipient was General Manager Chen, and the giver was a Barbarian God.

After seeking approval from above.

The final directive... let General Manager Chen decide.

"It's a bit inconvenient here." Ms. Xie glanced at Chen Xingyue and said.

"It's fine, go ahead." Chen Shouyi said, after all, it's just some gifts.

"It's... a group of beautiful women."

What? Beautiful women?

A whole group.

Chen Xingyue's grasp on the jewel loosened, letting it fall to the ground with a clinking sound. She opened her mouth, looking completely stunned.

Chen Shouyi couldn't help but cough.

What on earth is the God of Conspiracy doing?

Actually giving away beautiful women?

In fact, ever since the last meeting with the God of Fertility, the God of Conspiracy has felt a growing sense of crisis. Jewels and gold are just extras; the real focus is on the beauties. For this grand gift, the God of Conspiracy placed great importance on it, even issuing a divine decree to select a batch of beauties nationwide and then sent them through the embassy.

"Are they really beautiful?" Chen Shouyi confirmed.

"I've seen them; each one is stunningly beautiful, with national beauty and heavenly looks, ranging in age from 16 to 30, a total of 31." Despite her strict training, no matter how repulsive or against her values this was, Ms. Xie remained composed.

Beside her, Chen Xingyue's eyes opened wide.

Is my brother finally going to fall?

Even sending over 16-year-olds.

30-year-olds are old enough to be called aunties.

Whole 31 beauties, even if it's one per day, meeting with Xiao Yue, it still wouldn't be finished in a month.

Chen Shouyi felt exhausted; that's not what I meant at all.

I was just curious.

No, I'm not even curious.

However, he was too lazy to explain.

As someone like Chen Shouyi, there was never a need to explain his actions to others: "Forget it, leave the gifts; send the people back."

Ms. Xie breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing this. Earlier, she felt a sense of heroism being dashed, but fortunately, the other party's strong belief remained unmoved by the Barbarian God's sugar-coated cannonballs. As for those jewels and gold, compared to them, they could be considered normal diplomatic gifts.

Moreover, for someone at General Manager Chen's level, these gifts probably only count as small gifts.

...

After everyone left.

Chen Xingyue looked at Chen Shouyi with a face full of curiosity.

He found it a bit uncomfortable to be stared at: "What's there to look at?"

"Brother, aren't you even a little tempted by those beauties sent over?"

"As a martial artist, one must first have a sincere heart. How can one indulge in women, which harms the body and corrodes the will?" Chen Shouyi said sternly, naturally holding the authority of an elder brother.

He was fundamentally uninterested in women.

"Oh!" Chen Xingyue felt skeptical inside, but with her brother's current status, she dared not refute.

Chen Shouyi was too lazy to bother with her. He glanced at the boxes on the ground, then let a dozen of them float up, hovering around him, and headed towards the underground room's door.

Chen Xingyue couldn't keep up with her inner complaints and quickly followed, with a face full of flattery: "Brother, you have so much, can't you give me some?"

"What do you need them for as a child?"

"Brother, I've grown up, haven't I? I'm working now." Chen Xingyue pouted, wanting to save up a little fortune.

Chen Shouyi hesitated for a moment and said: "Then take a box at random."

Chen Xingyue was instantly struck by a strong sense of joy, her mind becoming dizzy: "Brother, you're too good to me."

"Glad you know."

Chen Shouyi put down a box of gold.

"I want gemstones!" Chen Xingyue quickly said, gold isn't as beautiful as gemstones.

Her eyes are too shallow.

Chen Shouyi thought to himself, he could now synthesize gemstones, which aren't as valuable as gold.

Gold is not only a hard currency, but even in the universe, this heavy metal remains a precious resource that can only be formed through extreme celestial events such as supernova explosions.

However, he was too lazy to say more; liking is fine.

Chen Shouyi took the remaining boxes one by one into the underground storage room, planning to notify his parents the next day. Then he grabbed a handful of colorful gemstones and went to his bedroom.

The two little ones will probably like them.

Chapter 724: Secrets

However, Chen Shouyi's good intentions were met with disdain.

Neither the Shell Lady nor the Little Red Dot were interested in the gemstone in his hand.

"Good Giant, this isn't a gemstone!" Shell Lady sat on the bed, with an expression as if Chen Shouyi was deceiving the Little Dot again, and said disdainfully.

Little Red Dot also had a look of "I may not understand, but I'm not stupid," and nodded repeatedly.

The God of Conspiracy sent over uncut gemstones, which were uneven and irregular on the surface. Although they were highly pure, to the "worldly-wise" Shell Lady, these were no different from rocks.

After all... they weren't round at all, and their transparency was lacking.

How can you call this a gemstone?

She's actually a smart Little Dot.

Chen Shouyi looked at the blue and red gemstones in his hand, opened his mouth, then closed it again.

Oh well, it's because he taught them so well initially.

They're just two well-behaved Little Dots.

...

Since the mutation, Earth's climate began to take a turn towards the extreme.

Come April, the lingering winter chill quickly faded away. Just a few days ago, thick dirty snow could still be seen on the roadside. Now, it's nowhere to be found, as the temperature continues to rise.

Some fashion-loving women couldn't wait to shed their heavy coats and switch to breezy outfits, as though summer had already arrived.

Chen Shouyi liked summer.

In a secluded corner of a park, the fresh green buds of a large tree looked tender and delightful.

"Can you be a bit more restrained? Someone might see us," Zhang Xiaoyue said softly, her face flushed, her eyes wet and wary as she glanced around.

After a while, Chen Shouyi said, "I'm keeping an eye out, nobody will see us."

...

A moment later.

Zhang Xiaoyue hurriedly adjusted her dress, then nestled into Chen Shouyi's arms with a flushed face, whispering, "Are you thinking about it?"

"Thinking about what?" Chen Shouyi played dumb.

How annoying, Zhang Xiaoyue couldn't help but slap Chen Shouyi lightly, teasingly saying, "Thinking about what? You know it well."

Chen Shouyi quickly shook his head, "I wasn't thinking about anything."

Sometimes, his hands had a mind of their own, and he couldn't control them.

"Hmph, don't think I don't know, there's no man who's not a lecher," Zhang Xiaoyue huffed adorably.

Chen Shouyi felt so wronged.

Heaven bear witness, even among crows, there are white crows. He's not lecherous. Even if a beautiful woman passed by, he would look straight ahead, never giving a direct glance. As for wide-angle and three-dimensional vision, those are beyond control.

As strong as he is.

Even unintentionally, the information he received every moment was astronomical.

Of course, that didn't need any explanation.

"Oh, right, this is for you," Chen Shouyi took out a chicken egg-sized ruby and said.

"What's this?" Zhang Xiaoyue was immediately captivated by the ruby in Chen Shouyi's hand.

"A pretty stone, someone gave me many."

...

While Chen Shouyi was enjoying a rare vacation, the martial arts world was in an uproar.

With Chen Shouyi's Original Force research results starting to spread within a small range, everyone was astounded. If Anderson's research only opened a crack, then Chen Shouyi's findings were fully applicable in practice.

It was earth-shattering.

...

Beijing Martial Artist Club.

This is the most frequented place for martial artists in the Beijing martial artist circle.

To gather information, share experiences, make private trades, brag, and joke around. As the number of martial artists increased, this place became even more lively, especially for some newly promoted martial artists who loved to hang out there in their spare time to broaden their horizons.

Lu Shouhu was already considered a senior here; at this moment, he was spitting as he pointed out the world, lecturing a group of people, "What President Chen researched is too advanced, far beyond our reach. I think it's better if we don't waste too much time on it. We aren't those kinds of geniuses, probably only someone like Elder Ye can barely learn it."

Everyone nodded in agreement.

There are many versions of Chen's training methods.

Chen's Training Method 1.0, the Horizontal Training Method fused Chen's Training Method 1.5, and Chen's Training Method 2.0.

Each version is more difficult than the last.

Even the 1.0 version, not every martial artist present could master it.

Let alone the 2.0 version demonstrated in the European Union.

It's said that even the legendary strong figure Luo Jingwen couldn't resist cursing in private, saying it's not something a person can master, indicating its difficulty.

"Elder Lu, I heard you know General Manager Chen?" a newly promoted martial artist asked curiously.

"Is there any doubt? We even worked on a mission together before, no bragging, back then General Manager Chen used to call me Brother Lu," Lu Shouhu straightened his back proudly. It was the highlight of his life, a tale he could boast about for a lifetime.

After all, who would be so lucky to have had such experiences before a legendary figure like General Manager Chen made his mark?

Seeing most people's disbelief, Lu Shouhu wasn't in a hurry. He leisurely said, "Many know about this. Back then, both Elder Ye and Elder Luo were there; you can verify with them.

At that time, General Manager Chen and I were just doing odd jobs. Think about it, General Manager Chen was just eighteen a few years ago, and his skills were slightly weaker than mine. His current strength came later.

Back then, General Manager Chen was very inexperienced, always coming to me for guidance!"

Lu Shouhu spoke mysteriously, "Let me tell you a secret many don't know."

"What secret?" a young martial artist asked, and everyone showed interest. Even some senior martial artists couldn't help but perk up their ears to listen.

Sneaking a peek into the private life of a big figure like that was so thrilling.

Some martial artists couldn't help their pounding hearts and wide eyes.

To martial artists, martial artists were naturally big figures and needed to uphold their identity, but in front of the God of Martial Arts, General Manager Chen, they were no different from ordinary people.

"You better not spread this around!"

Everyone nodded repeatedly, indicating they understood.

"He has a pet, which he cherishes dearly, carrying it with him every day," Lu Shouhu looked left and right, lowering his voice.

His information was outdated; it's two now.

"Oh..."

A satisfied murmur rose from the crowd, as if they'd had a cold drink in midsummer, feeling refreshed all over, as if uncovering some earth-shattering secret.

"What kind of pet? I want to have one too." After a while, finally, a fanboy asked.

"Can't say, can't say!" Lu Shouhu showed some sense, knowing what to say and what not to say. If he revealed General Manager Chen's Thumbelina, and it backfired, they'd be in big trouble. He brushed it off, "It's a magical pet, just don't spread it."

"Understood."

"Got it!"

"Elder Lu, don't worry, we're not loose-lipped."

Chapter 725: Shield and Sword Technique

Otherworldly snow mountain.

"Boom!"

A thunderous explosion resounded.

The earth trembled, and a mountain peak suddenly collapsed, with countless massive boulders tumbling through the air.

At the same time, a hundred-meter-tall giant shot into the sky like a rocket, with a shockwave resembling a ring of stars "slowly" spreading through the air.

His violent power granted him unparalleled explosive force.

A simple leap, and the instantaneous energy burst was as high as two to three thousand tons of TNT.

With one jump, he soared nearly ten thousand meters high, pausing for a moment.

Then, under the pull of gravity, he plummeted straight down.

"How can I best utilize this power?" In mid-air, Chen Shouyi pondered secretly.

Due to the agility and intelligence limitations while in Giant Transformation, his adversaries were destined to be those agile and swift-thinking assassin types, whereas those less agile could not be his opponents.

"There are only two approaches: first, restrict the opponent's agility... this is manageable, mainly by enhancing control over atmospheric talents," Chen Shouyi thought to himself. Now that his Giant Transformation had reached its peak, the next focus was atmospheric control.

"Second, improve combat techniques and skills."

As he neared the ground, his foot tapped the air, landing on the mountainside.

He extended his hand, and a massive Lightning Sword swiftly extended from his arm.

The Lightning Sword had become much heavier compared to before, and its color had deepened.

As it appeared, the sky displayed meteorological changes, with muffled thunder rumbling through the clouds and lightning rolling.

Compared to before, the power of this Divine Artifact had increased severalfold.

This was a phenomenon Chen Shouyi inadvertently discovered.

When this Divine Artifact merged with his body, it could expand or shrink out of thin air according to his size. Normally, its diameter could reach one to two meters, and its length could be four to fifty meters. As his body shrank, its energy/matter would disappear into thin air, reducing it to the size of a normal Martial Arts Sword.

And if the process were reversed, merging it while not in Giant form or in a half-Giant form, and then enlarging the body, would it enhance the Divine Artifact's essence?

The answer is yes.

The more Chen Shouyi understood about this Giant Transformation ability, the more mysterious and incomprehensible it became.

Now his Giant Transformation's casual strike consumed energy of tens of trillions of joules, roughly equivalent to a thousand tons of TNT, a million or two million kilowatt-hours, and this strike duration could only be measured in milliseconds.

In intense battles, a 20 billion kilowatt-hour, about one-fiftieth of the Three Gorges Dam's full power, might barely supply the energy he required.

This terrifying energy consumption meant that with his own energy reserves, not to mention sustaining a battle, even a slight movement might drain him dry.

Yet in reality, the Giant state seemed to connect to another dimension, where endless energy surged within his body out of nowhere. Not only was he not drained, but he instead possessed limitless stamina, never tiring, and could even maintain the Giant state eternally.

...

Chen Shouyi was about to practice when he suddenly had an epiphany, and the color of the Lightning Sword dimmed significantly. Simultaneously, a massive shield about half a person's height appeared on his left hand.

Shield and Sword Combat Technique was rarely used among Martial Artists.

He had never even seen it.

The standard Martial Artist gear of a bow and sword became mainstream, not for its style, but for practical reasons.

The initial purpose of training Martial Artists was to explore otherworldly realms, while invasions from those realms would naturally be met with firearms.

Martial Artists, with high attack, low defense, and weak stamina, struggled against even the most ordinary Barbarian in the triple-gravity otherworld, so it was impractical to carry heavy weapons—lighter gear and more agility were preferable.

When encountering an enemy, a bow was used first, and during close combat, they unleashed all their strength, depleting their stamina in a desperate struggle.

Not to mention carrying a shield, not even wearing armor or anti-stab clothing was common due to the impact on bodily agility.

Moreover, stabbing with a sword was faster and more deadly than slashing with a blade.

Thus, besides the bow, the lighter sword became the absolute mainstream.

"But this combat style is completely unsuitable for me, nor is it suitable to counter an enemy with reaction speed two or three times faster than mine. Against such foes, the first consideration should be how to defend," Chen Shouyi thought thoughtfully.

He then imagined a battle with the Lord of Lightning, holding a shield in one hand and a sword in the other.

"Boom boom boom..."

The surrounding mountains suffered a catastrophe, with the ground shaking violently and mountains collapsing.

If Chen Shouyi hadn't responded in time and retracted his body, the mountains within a ten-kilometer radius would probably have been destroyed, turned into flat terrain.

...

Evening.

Mrs. Chen set the dishes on the table and told Chen Dawei, who was on the sofa reading the newspaper:

"Alright, stop reading the newspaper."

Chen Dawei put down the newspaper, smiling. "The newspaper says that last year's birth rate in Zhonghai was 3.78%. No wonder they say baby products are selling out now."

Chen Shouyi served the rice, sat down, and thought with a hint of sarcasm.

How could it not be high?

Now not only are contraceptive pills/condoms banned, but even abortions are completely prohibited.

Once you hit the jackpot, you have to go through with it.

What human invention reduced the most population?

Not guns, not nuclear weapons, but the condom—it's practically humanity's ultimate demon.

So many aspiring seeds ready to embrace new life, ultimately blocked by that thin membrane, ending up in the trash, classified as dry waste.

"It's good to have more births, more children means more fortune. So many people died in recent years, I'm sure it's not less than a third," Mrs. Chen said, her eyes closed, speaking nonsense.

"There's no way it could be a third," Chen Xingyue couldn't help but argue. "At most, it's just one or two billion."

"There wasn't, really? Look at Hedong, how many died there—it was corpses everywhere on the road," Mrs. Chen murmured with some discomfort as that scene, witnessed first-hand, was like a nightmare for anyone.

"It's all in the past, so why bring it up?" Chen Dawei said.

"I'm just saying it casually, anyway, more than a third died," Mrs. Chen said.

"That's only in certain places," Chen Xingyue said.

"Do you know or do I know? Shou Yi, come here and set it straight," Mrs. Chen said.

"Mom, you're right," Chen Shouyi quickly swallowed his food and said.

Chen Xingyue, having a temper, snorted, "Fine, fine, you're great, I can't argue with you."

After a while, she added, "Brother only humored you, he didn't want to argue with you."

Caught in the crossfire, Chen Shouyi nearly spat out his food upon hearing this.

All that kindness wasted, just yesterday he gave her a box of gems. If he'd known, he'd have been stingy.

Seeing Mrs. Chen looking over suspiciously, Chen Shouyi quickly said, "Mom, when have I ever humored you? Don't listen to Xing Yue's nonsense."

Chapter 726: Omen

In just a few days.

Chen Shouyi had already mastered the Shield and Sword Technique, optimizing and improving it countless times with a mind as fast as a supercomputer, as if an ordinary person had practiced for a lifetime.

The large shield, half as tall as a person, was like a thick wall impervious to anything. Whether attacking or defending, the shield moved as if it were a shadow, securely protecting his body.

...

Time flew by.

After staying in Zhonghai for a month, Chen Shouyi received intelligence and hurried to Yan State to oversee matters.

The war continued till now, with two-thirds of the Flame Continent already liberated.

However, the real danger never came from mortal warfare, but that lofty existence.

Chen Shouyi wore a T-shirt above and shorts below, as if casually on vacation. He hugged Li Wenwu who came to greet him and said, "Lao Li, just a few days and you've lost a few pounds."

Li Wenwu, somewhat unaccustomed to Chen Shouyi's sudden enthusiasm and not daring to struggle, mainly because that arm was as oppressive as a Great Mountain and couldn't be wriggled free. Hearing Chen Shouyi's teasing, he pulled at the corners of his mouth and sighed heavily:

"It's a long story."

These words were laden with nuance, explaining all the sorrows and grievances.

Boss, you just left like that, gone for a month.

It's been a lot of pressure for me, both mentally and physically.

This past month, he had no time to breathe, always on a task or on the way to a task.

Of course, these complaints could only be swallowed.

Chen Shouyi joked and then turned to serious matters: "What's the situation?"

"Recent intelligence from reconnaissance planes indicates that cultists in the fallen areas are starting to contract and abandon territories, gathering around Bujumbura." Li Wenwu's face turned grave:
"Something unusual is brewing, the United Army Staff Headquarters predicts changes will come soon."

Chen Shouyi nodded, having a premonition: "It seems the Lord of Lightning is about to descend!"

What?!

Li Wenwu was shocked and frightened.

"Are...are you serious?"

"Maybe I'm wrong." Chen Shouyi said and then fell silent.

The atmosphere turned somewhat somber, oppressive.

If it were someone else, even another legendary power, Li Wenwu might have been skeptical.

But it was General Manager Chen who said it.

He had killed so many gods, one couldn't count even with one hand, and rumor had it that he had once clashed with the Lord of Lightning, his strength reaching the Realm of Profound Mystery.

Would he dare not believe such a person?

Is the Lord of Lightning really going to descend again?

Li Wenwu's heart felt as if a massive stone was weighing it down, making it hard to breathe.

Everywhere on the road were logistical vehicles, dust swirling, the jeep bounced along the rut-filled dirt road. Chen Shouyi closed his eyes, calling forth the attribute panel in his mind.

Strength: 25.7

Agility: 25.7

Constitution: 25.8

Intelligence: 25.7

Perception: 24.2

Willpower: 24.1

Energy Accumulation: 44.21

Faith Value: 15578.2

Innate Abilities: Self-Healing (Super): 35.01%; Giant Battle Body (Super): 99.99%; Control Atmosphere: 40.01%.

During this time, he had closed himself off in another world once more. If not for the intelligence received, he would still be in seclusion, but this obsessive cultivation had seen him make considerable progress.

Strength, Constitution, Agility, Intelligence, these four attributes grew by at least 0.3 points, Constitution by as much as 0.4 points.

The progress was astonishing.

Chen Shouyi willed, and fifteen thousand points of faith value vanished instantly, added to Control Atmosphere.

...

In May, the climate in Yan State remained scorching hot.

The blazing sun, like a giant oven, made the air distort from the heat.

Amir Gar, covered in sweat, was quietly praying while struggling forward with the crowd.

The air was filled with a foul stench. On both sides of the dirt road, rotting corpses could be seen from time to time, with a few bold vultures not even flinching as the crowd approached, their sharp beaks tearing away chunks of flesh, swallowing it down.

Since the forced migration, in just four days, ten people from his tribe had fallen forever.

Yet the journey never halted, continued trekking.

He carried deep worry in his heart, not like the other fanatical cultists. Being a highly educated individual who studied in the Great Xia Country, he retained basic reason.

This situation clearly wasn't normal.

Very abnormal!

Why gather everyone in Bujumbura, isn't that giving invaders the chance to catch everyone in one go?

Not to mention, what will they eat then?

Where will the food come from?

Has no one thought about this?

Although each tribe brought some food during migration, it wouldn't last long at all.

Unfortunately, he was no longer the son of a chieftain.

Ever since believing in the cult, his family's fortunes had declined, their power quickly replaced by the priest. Now, they were no different from ordinary people. If not for his father's remaining some reputation in the tribe and aligning with the priest, even survival would be hard.

Yet, even so, they were under constant watch. Just like the Divine Warrior slots, no matter how well he performed, he simply wasn't eligible.

At this moment, beside him, his father staggered, nearly falling.

Amir Gar hurriedly reached out to support him, realizing then that his father was trembling all over, clearly hanging on by sheer will: "Father, are you... alright?"

The gilded, diamond-studded black hat symbolizing the chieftain was long gone, now just a weary, weak old man. The old black man coughed a few times, shook his head: "Walk slower, I don't think I'll make it, soon I'll join the embrace of the Lord."

"Father..."

"It's a good thing, I've long wanted...to see the Lord's kingdom."

Amir Gar felt sorrow but nodded solemnly.

He and his father walked slowly, soon trailing behind.

The old black man, with his murky eyes, inconspicuously watched their surroundings, then whispered almost inaudibly: "If there's a chance, escape."

Amir Gar felt a chill in his heart.

...

The next morning, the old black man died.

"Great and merciful Lord, you are the incarnation of lightning, you possess boundless might. Today we are here to offer devout prayer for Akam, who finished his journey on earth and will be taken to the Divine Country by the Lord..."

The priest performed a simple prayer ceremony, the body was tossed aside the road, and then they hurried on.

During this time, Amir Gar had several opportunities to escape, but there was never a chance. The tribe had several Divine Warriors and countless informants watching, making escape nearly impossible.

As they entered Bujumbura, the crowd joining them grew larger, resembling a never-ending dragon.

After seven days, the area was filled with people, and traffic was severely congested, making progress difficult.

The group finally came to a halt.

Chapter 727: Dispute

A swarm of flies buzzed over, and before getting close, they suffered a crushing disaster, their souls scattered, falling to the ground like dumplings.

Li Wenwu, like a small wild cat being grabbed by the neck, obediently held the steering wheel. Out of the corner of his eye, he glanced at Chen Shouyi, who was resting with his eyes closed, and his eye twitched. This scene reminded him of the last time President Chen went on a killing spree.

At that time, those "Void Demons" suffered the same fate...

He covertly withdrew his gaze, subconsciously straightening his back, his expression unchanged, as if he hadn't seen that scene just now. Only his breathing subconsciously became a bit gentler, and he pressed the gas pedal more softly.

...

The original frontline had become the hinterland, and the command headquarters had long since moved.

"President Chen, sorry to trouble you again!" Commander Zhang Huaihe of the United Army stretched out his hand warmly, smiling like Maitreya, showing no trace of a stern general's authority.

Chen Shouyi reached out and shook his hand: "Commander Zhang is too polite, it makes me a bit restrained, just be more casual."

Zhang Huaihe laughed heartily, looking at the officers around him: "President Chen is truly approachable, so I won't say much. The banquet has been ready for a while, just waiting for you. This

morning, we hunted quite a few prey, including a roasted suckling rhino... cough cough, that was attempting to storm the camp and got shot."

At this moment, Li Wenwu whispered something in his ear, mentioning Chen Shouyi's previous judgment.

His heart skipped a beat. Looking at Chen Shouyi and seeing him nod slightly, he couldn't help his expression from changing: "President Chen, I apologize, but because this is significant, I may not be able to entertain you personally."

"You must be busy!" Chen Shouyi nodded understandingly.

Zhang Huaihe attempted to invite Chen Shouyi to a military meeting but was tactfully refused by Chen Shouyi, who had always disdained participating in such matters.

If he even showed a slight interest.

There would be endless meetings, speeches, countless trivial matters, unending inquiries, and signatures.

But what meaning does it have?

It brings no enjoyment, nor does it enhance his strength even a bit.

...

Inside the meeting room, the atmosphere was tense with intense debate.

"Right now, this is just a conjecture, a possibility; there are at least hundreds of millions of people gathered there. This is a massacre, a crime against humanity; such behavior is no different from that of demons. I strongly oppose the use of nuclear bombs," a European Union officer vehemently opposed.

"But what if it turns out otherwise, do you understand the consequences?" a Lucy Country officer angrily slammed the table, glaring: "This concerns the survival of human civilization; any possibility should be eliminated at the onset. We can't take this risk."

"God Chen..."

"Why should we let President Chen take the risk? If President Chen falls, humanity truly loses hope," the Xia Country military, who had been silent, couldn't hold back upon mentioning President Chen.

Initially, to protect President Chen, the message about him confronting the Lord of Lightning was kept secret by higher-ups as just a lucky repulsion, with few knowing the true details.

Because such fame offers no benefit to Chen Shouyi.

The supreme commander of the United Army, Zhang Huaihe, observed the arguing meeting room, frowning without a word. After quite some time, he finally spoke in a deep voice: "What's the point of arguing? It's out of our hands now; notify the higher-ups and adjourn!"

...

Space was quiet and silent.

Chen Shouyi floated quietly, bathed in the sunlight that cast a layer of radiance on him, overlooking the earth like a deity.

The vacuum affected him not at all, his body perfectly adapting to the environment here.

Allowing himself to be slowly pulled by Earth's weak gravity, he directed his gaze to Bujumbura.

Where an intense field of faith spread across the land like a colossal lid, enveloping the earth, faintly, a thunder giant roared skyward.

...

Amir Gar and the tribe's people had a simple lunch, and in the afternoon, a stranger, a priest apprentice, came to the tribe to notify the priest of a meeting.

After the priest left.

The tribe immediately became lively.

Some of the tribespeople took out the hand drums they carried and started dancing and singing in celebration.

Once, Amir Jael would have joined in, but now he had no such mood, his heart filled with gloom and melancholy.

"Amir Gar, are you still sorrowful? The chieftain... your father, has only gone to enjoy himself in the Divine Country. You should be happy." A robust black girl, with arms as thick as thighs, thudded over, looking at Amir Gar with eyes as gentle as water, loudly comforting him.

Amir Jael, young, handsome, and educated, having seen the world, was once a student at a famous university in Xia Country, always an object of admiration, even though now fallen from prosperity to the bottom, still attracting some... rather unsightly.

"I'm not sad, just a bit tired." Amir Jael shrank like a mouse seeing a cat when the girl approached, hastily explaining.

"Tired? You should train more in martial arts. Feel my pectoral muscles, do they feel firmer?" The girl looked at him with affectionate eyes, boisterously.

"This... this, everyone is watching, and I just want to rest," Amir Jael stammered.

The girl hesitated for a moment, still having some sense of shame, finally letting him go. She kissed him hard and said boldly, "I'll come to find you tonight."

"Thud, thud, thud..."

"Thud, thud, thud..."

The joyful rhythm of the hand drums resounded noisily, with many men and women dancing wildly.

Amir Jael sat dazedly, his gaze blank and hollow, and soon two lines of tears slid down.

He hated it passionately,

for not having trained in martial arts properly back then,

and now having to endure such humiliation and disgrace.

Also hating,

for not heeding the school's earnest attempts to rescue him, resolutely returned to Yan State to build his hometown.

He must escape, flee this den of evil.

He couldn't stay any longer.

Otherwise, his future would be bleak and gray.

"After dealing with that woman Olin Dan tonight, I'll act," Amir Jael resolved to himself.

...

By evening, the tribe's priest returned, his steps light and his expression fanatical.

Seeing this, Amir Jael suddenly felt a foreboding sense of unease.

"I just attended the priestly conference. The Sect Leader received the divine revelation: the great and merciful Lord, the embodiment of lightning, our benevolent father, is preparing to descend to Earth. Our glorious days are coming, and all invaders will be annihilated..."

Everyone burst into excited cheers, many with tears of joy, started praying loudly.

The priest pressed his hands down, quickly silencing the crowd:

"However, the descent comes with great sacrifice, and now is the time for our devotion to be tested."

Chapter 728: Sacrifice

There are no gods in this world, but when enough people believe, they become gods.

Deities arise from the faith of the masses, and are equally bound by that faith. It's a simple causal contract: the more powerful the Divine Power, the greater the cost. You get what you give, otherwise you suffer backlash, and the resentment of the masses is not so easy to bear.

Even the most wicked gods dare not massively devour the souls of their followers; it's a well-known taboo among deities, and those who ignored it have long since perished.

However, there are exceptions to everything. If followers willingly sacrifice themselves to the deity they believe in, surrendering their self, there will be no backlash.

And the Lord of Lightning intends to take advantage of this.

He no longer plans to wait.

The longer the delay, the more followers will abandon Him, adversely affecting His situation. Rather than let the faith go to waste, it's better to have the followers sacrifice themselves, regaining His strength in a short time.

...

As night fell.

Countless torches lit up like stars.

If viewed from high above, billions of people gathered over ten thousand square kilometers of land. Under the leadership of their respective priests, prayers rang out across the sky, and the air trembled.

Plans couldn't keep up with changes. Amir Jael was secretly anxious yet helpless, resorting to following others in prayer, over and over.

The only consolation is that at this time, that woman Olin Dan with muscles more developed than a man's no longer had the leisure to eye him, alleviating his physical and psychological suffering.

"Great and merciful Lord, You are the incarnation of lightning, possessing boundless power. Today, we are here, offering our sincere prayers, wishing for Your radiance to spread throughout the universe..."

Amir Jael chanted along with the crowd; at first, he was tense, but gradually, he was infected by the atmosphere around him, becoming more involved and fervent to the point of losing himself entirely...

Extremely dense Power of Faith permeated the heavens and earth, rising straight to the skies.

Visions began to appear in the sky.

The originally clear sky began to gather clouds, with vague sounds of thunder rolling; under such immense power, all things began to subtly transform.

...

When Chen Shouyi returned from space, his expression was not good.

"Boom!"

A flash of lightning streaked by, with a thunderous roar.

He glanced at the dark sky, filled with leaden clouds, as the heavy rain approached.

Upon returning to his temporary hotel, he found Li Wenwu waiting at the door: "General Manager Chen, you're finally back."

"What is it?" Chen Shouyi paused and asked.

Li Wenwu seemed hesitant, then replied, "Commander Zhang asked me to check when you're returning to the country."

"Returning to the country?" Chen Shouyi paused and asked, "Why should I return to the country?"

Hearing this, Li Wenwu trembled internally, his throat tightened, trying to maintain composure, but his voice betrayed him with a slight falsetto:

"This... this is the Lord of Lightning, not an ordinary Barbarian God. Are you really sure about this?"

"About fifty-fifty," Chen Shouyi thought seriously and said.

"Fifty-fifty?" Li Wenwu's voice completely changed, as if a white goose had been strangled, his voice sharp, drawing the attention of many hotel staff.

"Maybe a bit weaker, but it's not so easy for the opponent to kill me." Chen Shouyi glanced at the agitated Li Wenwu and added.

With a peak-level Giant Transformation, his physique and defense were remarkable, comparable to that of a pervert. Chen Shouyi estimated that not even an Armor-Piercing Bullet could break his defense, and body fused with the Lord of Lightning's Divine Artifact, greatly increasing his resistance to Energy. Even if he couldn't win, it wouldn't be easy for the opponent to kill him.

Li Wenwu was dumbfounded: "But... but!"

"Don't 'but' me, do you have anything else?" Chen Shouyi asked impatiently.

"No... nothing else."

"Then I'll be heading for a rest."

"Oh, okay... okay, you're busy!" Li Wenwu hurriedly replied. As Chen Shouyi turned to walk towards the hotel door, he promptly remembered something and quickly said, "General Manager Chen, wait..."

Chen Shouyi had to stop again, indicating with his eyes for Li Wenwu to speak quickly.

He'd been monitoring from space all day and hadn't even fed those two little ones yet.

"General Manager Chen, do you think anything will happen tonight?" Li Wenwu asked cautiously.

"How would I know?" Chen Shouyi thought he was going to ask something else and couldn't help but sarcastically reply, he wasn't the worm in the other side's stomach, how would he know when They would descend:

"But rest assured, the moment They arrive, I'll know."

The descending Barbarian God would be like a sun emitting light, with power radiating wildly, utterly unable to hide. Even with weak Divine Power Barbarian Gods, an ordinary person could feel the oppression from several kilometers away. With someone like the Lord of Lightning and their Powerful Divine Power, it could be felt from a hundred kilometers away.

As for Chen Shouyi, even if the opposition descended from a thousand kilometers away, he could sense it faintly.

Watching Li Wenwu leave.

Chen Shouyi couldn't help but shake his head, sigh, usually old Li is quite composed, but when coming across significant matters, he becomes frantic.

...

Not mentioning how Li Wenwu rushed back to the command center to report the situation.

As soon as Chen Shouyi returned to the room, the two little ones eagerly emerged from under the bed:

"Mighty Giant, you're back," said the Shell Lady.

"Were you two obedient at home?" Chen Shouyi asked with a smile.

"Very obedient!"

"I was also very obedient!"

Of the two little ones, the Shell Lady was more articulate and more attached to Chen Shouyi. The red little one was still somewhat unfamiliar, still in the process of getting accustomed, only mimicking the Shell Lady.

"Rumble!"

A flash of lightning outside illuminated the room, scaring the two little ones into trembling.

Chen Shouyi furrowed his brows, moved over to close the curtains, and the rain began to pour down in large drops.

A storm is brewing.

But this time, who will emerge victorious remains to be seen.

He coldly snorted to himself.

After feeding the two little ones, he took a bath, then lay on the bed to rest and recover, listening to the rolling thunder outside, surprisingly serene inside, knowing the inevitable would come.

Since repelling the Lord of Lightning last time up to now.

Every day he practiced martial arts, every day he imagined the Lord of Lightning as his enemy, day and night, all for this day.

He's waited a long time for this.

...

A peaceful night, nothing happened.

The next day, the rain grew heavier, countless lightning bolts pounded the earth.

An apocalyptic scene.

Sitting in a hotel restaurant with few guests, Chen Shouyi silently ate breakfast. Several officers stood to the side, wanting to confirm the situation several times but never daring to step forward.

After his statement yesterday.

Everyone's attitude changed drastically.

Became more reverent.

Reverent as if he were a god.

Chapter 729: The Rematch (Part 1)

Chen Shouyi actually didn't like this.

Really didn't like it.

It made him feel very lonely.

But what could be done? It was all because he was too powerful.

This was the price of being the strongest.

Fortunately, he was used to it from a young age; aside from the few friends and family, there were pitifully few people he could communicate with.

The only difference was that before, he had no presence, now it was reverence.

He silently finished his breakfast, then stood up quietly and returned to his room; throughout, no one disturbed him, everything was silent.

...

In the pouring rain, the soldiers on the front lines began an emergency retreat. On the muddy dirt road, countless trucks loaded with soldiers flowed in an endless stream, their eyes blank and uneasy, clearly unaware of what had happened, perhaps faintly guessing.

An aircraft took off from a nearby airfield, piercing through the rain curtain, but just as it climbed into the air, it was struck by a sudden bolt of lightning and exploded mid-air, sending countless fragments soaring.

An invisible power enveloped the world.

This was not divine power, merely the domain of faith naturally reacting against hostile invaders.

Chen Shouyi stood by the window, watching the distant fireball gradually extinguish, his brow slightly furrowed.

He found himself a bit overconfident.

A Barbarian God within its own domain of faith and one outside of it were two completely different matters; within its domain, it was akin to fighting on home ground, not only would strength, stamina, and divine power all be amplified, but the enemy would also face comprehensive suppression.

If the battle were elsewhere, he was confident of a fifty percent chance of victory, but here he feared only...

Chen Shouyi thought carefully.

"Forget it, I'll know when the time comes." He didn't want to dwell on it.

He pulled out a pack of cigarettes from the spatial passage, took one out, and as he placed it on his lips, it automatically ignited. He took a deep drag and slowly exhaled a mouthful of dense smoke.

Sometimes people have no choice.

Just like in war, knowing that it leads to death, yet still enthusiastically enlisting, one following after another.

Is it because they're not afraid of death?

No.

It's simply because there's something in their heart more important than life itself.

The most crucial point was, he didn't want to just scrape by.

Half a year ago, he could face death with courage, bravely charging into battle, and now, even though his power had grown, he couldn't bear to flee before the fight, he would despise himself.

He finished his cigarette, extinguished the butt, opened the door, and called for an officer:

"I need the location of the spatial passage at Bujumbura or nearby."

"Yes, General Manager Chen!"

The officer saluted and jogged away.

...

Bujumbura.

Lightning flashed and thunder roared, the sky flickered between light and dark.

The Holy God's hymns were being sung, filled with sanctity and beauty.

The air was thick with a bloody scent.

Amir Jael rasped through his prayers, utterly lost in the act, feeling neither hunger nor his physical body, his entire soul seemed to feel the gaze of the Lord, as if embraced by a mother, so gentle, so warm and happy, he couldn't help but cry.

His heart surged, for a moment he felt he could do anything for the Lord, including sacrificing his life.

This was his honor, and his happiness.

His hand reached towards his waist as if guided by an unseen force, where a dagger made of scrap steel was kept, extraordinarily sharp. He gripped it tightly, his hand's veins bulging from the force, then slowly drew it out, moving it towards his neck.

At that moment, a stream of warm liquid splattered all over his face.

He came out of his trance and glanced around, dumbfounded, unable to comprehend.

Bodies, bodies everywhere, the ground saturated with blood.

The air was filled with a pungent, nauseating stench of thick blood.

One corpse lay not far from him, twitching unnaturally, a satisfied smile on its face. He even saw the bodies of Olin Dan and the Priest, alongside many who were fervently praying, oblivious to all around them.

Mad, these people had all gone mad.

He looked at the dagger in his hand, his face turning ashen with fear; he hurriedly threw it to the ground and stumbled a few steps backward, crawling away in panic.

His heart dropped into an ice cellar, his entire body chilled; the earlier frenzy incited by the atmosphere was entirely replaced by intense fear and a longing for life.

"I don't want to die, I don't want to die..." He muttered incessantly, terror-stricken.

He was still young, with a promising life ahead.

Life had just begun.

He had no desire to sacrifice his life.

He staggered to his feet, stumbling in the direction he came from, fortunately, everyone else was entranced in an unconscious fervor, paying him no heed.

Thunder continuously crashed beside his ears, as if giants were pounding drums at the horizon. He dared not stop, sprinting with all his might, several times tripping over corpses and scrambling back up to continue running.

He ran all the way to a mound, propping himself up with effort on his knees.

His lungs wheezed like a battered bellows, the intense breath burning with searing pain, and his legs felt leaden, his despairing gaze took in the endless sight of praying followers, or those now bodies. He plopped down on the ground, feeling as if he were in hell.

...

By the edge of a spatial passage.

The defensive installations inside had completely turned to ruins.

Not far on the open ground, Chen Shouyi and two little ones sat cross-legged.

In front of them was a game of aeroplane chess.

"Good giant, it's your turn!"

"Oh!" Chen Shouyi snapped back to reality, picked up the dice, and casually tossed it.

The dice rolled.

"One point."

"Good giant, so useless; not even one, one, one, one, one, one point." Shell Lady smiled broadly.

"Yeah, yeah." The Red Little One nodded in agreement like a shadow.

As the words fell,

The dice suddenly flipped, turning into six points.

"Bad giant, you're cheating!" Shell Lady, with sharp eyes, jumped up in anger.

The Red Little One looked bewildered.

"I didn't cheat," Chen Shouyi said, embarrassed and annoyed, "not playing anymore!"

"Alright, alright, Little One won't say that Good Giant cheated." The Shell Lady sighed in exasperation, "You fly, anyway we're going to win soon."

"You little ones play."

Hmph, this kind of boring game didn't need cheating; the dice rolls that were random to others were inevitable for him.

With his supremely fast thought processes, making the dice fall on any desired number was a certainty, allowing him to overpower effortlessly, without giving the little ones a chance to make a move.

He was just letting the little ones win.

In case they lost and started crying again.

"When the bad giant comes, you know what to do!"

"Run inside." Shell Lady pointed to the spatial passage beside them, "Run far away, then dig a hole."

"Good."

Suddenly he lifted his head; the clouds at the horizon churned and the sky was filled with auroras.

Chapter 730: Clash Again (Part 2)

Once the two little ones left, Chen Shouyi slowly stood up:

"What was destined to come has finally arrived."

He took a deep breath, the air began to twist, and the earth's magnetic field became chaotic, an indescribable aura radiated from his body.

His clothes crumbled and disintegrated like they were weathered, turning into powder and dissipating into the air.

At the same time, accompanied by the rapid formation of black armor over his body, his form began to expand, and the ground beneath his feet collapsed and gave way. Soon, a gigantic giant, over sixty meters tall, stood majestically on the earth like a mountain.

...

The Lord of Lightning was extremely perceptive, and as soon as Chen Shouyi released his aura, it was detected. The Lord hesitated for a moment, then a piercing killing intent burst forth like a suppressed volcano.

The failure last time was a great humiliation.

It was due to His complacency and underestimating the enemy, falling into a trap, and getting severely injured by two pests, requiring a slumber to recover.

But there would be no second time.

He was determined to crush this pest completely and devour its soul.

...

The wind grew stronger, the sky filled with lightning and thunder.

The earth began to tremble, countless rocks trembled violently, floating upward. Vaguely, countless sacred hymns were chanted, moving mountains and seas. The entire world seemed dominated by a will, and Chen Shouyi felt as if a heavy stone was pressing on his heart, making it difficult to breathe.

"This time the aura is stronger than the last, such a terrifying Domain of Faith." He felt slightly anxious.

He regretted not going to Bujumbura to massacre those obstinate believers and destroy the Domain of Faith here beforehand.

In the end, his heart was too soft.

But if he had to choose again... He thought about it and found he still wouldn't do it.

What makes humans human is having a moral bottom line, and such slaughter clearly violates his inner bottom line.

"However, even if the opponent has the amplification of the Domain of Faith, being near the Spatial Passage, I don't believe I will lose."

Chen Shouyi took a deep breath, the Lightning Sword and Shield swiftly emerged in his hands, ready for the decisive battle.

"Come, Barbarian God!"

He roared towards the sky, the massive sound wave forming tangible sonic waves, creating a big hole in the cloud layers.

"Ignorant pest, you won't be so lucky this time!" Accompanying the booming sound, countless bolts of lightning in the sky seemed to find their target, bombarding Chen Shouyi like a storm and enveloping him in brightness.

Under the amplification of the Domain of Faith, each lightning strike possessed the power akin to a natural super lightning.

Yet such an energy attack was nothing more than a tickle to the current Chen Shouyi; he didn't even bother to raise a Vacuum Domain.

He taunted with a remark, then stopped speaking, closing his eyes to rest while waiting silently for the opponent to arrive.

Time ticked away,

The oppressive aura kept intensifying, seemingly limitless, and the previously darkened horizon grew brighter, its light composed of countless micro static charges.

Suddenly, the clouds parted, and half a second later, a figure composed of lightning broke through the cloud layer and approached quickly from afar like a meteor, carrying thick murderous intent towards Chen Shouyi.

At this moment, His form suddenly halted, suspended mid-air, staring at Chen Shouyi's even larger form in shock: "You..."

Holding a dark golden spear, His form was shrouded in lightning, appearing vague and blurry, making it difficult for even Chen Shouyi to identify whether it was human or beast, male or female.

He raised his eyebrows: "What's wrong? The Powerful Divine Power Barbarian God from the otherworld, afraid I'll kill you? Come, I've waited for you for a long time!"

The atmosphere quieted down.

Invisible energies collided, sparking threads of auroras and arcs of electricity in the air.

Admittedly, the opponent's massive physique made the Lord of Lightning feel apprehensive. More than half a year ago, this creature had made Him feel threatened, with immense strength and terrifying attack power that left severe injuries with just a hit.

Indeed, that was the case.

The ambush by the "Destiny Thief" led to only minor injuries, while most of the wounds were caused by this giant.

And now, the opponent's figure was even bigger; undoubtedly, its power becomes even more terrifying.

The Lord of Lightning hesitated slightly and then flew into a rage.

Who was He, if not the god with Powerful Divine Power.

The supreme King of Gods.

Except for a few scattered existences, nothing could threaten Him, certainly not a mere creature.

"Arrogant, seeking death."

As soon as the words fell,

With a loud boom, the Lord of Lightning's form arrived in an instant like a phantom.

"So fast!"

Chen Shouyi's hairs stood on end, instantly burning Faith Value, his giant shield subconsciously raised, yet it hit only air. The next moment, his abdomen ached; destructive divine power erupted, his abdomen seemed to rise a sun, the ground turning to molten rock.

But most of this divine power was blocked by the energy of the Lightning Spear integrated into his body, only a small portion entered internally to damage, plus Chen Shouyi's body was far tougher than a normal presence with Powerful Divine Power, making him relatively unharmed.

His expression turned cold as he flipped his elbow for a savage strike at the Lord of Lightning.

"Boom!"

For a moment, it was like a mini nuclear bomb exploding.

Blinding light burst forth.

The Lord of Lightning swiftly retreated, splitting upon contact.

A nearby mountain peak was affected by the shockwave, countless trees along with the soil blown into the air, but at this moment, no one paid attention.

With merely a touch, Chen Shouyi paid the price of a minor injury, yet his heart settled.

Powerful Divine Power, nothing more than this.

"Now it's my turn!" Chen Shouyi laughed sinisterly, stepping forth across half a kilometer, throwing a punch at the mid-air Lord of Lightning.

"Boom!"

A searing pillar of fire shot skyward like an arrow from the ground.

The Lord of Lightning changed countenance.

Such an attack was simply unheard of, unseen.

Yet it was utterly impossible to hit Him.

His form flashed like light, quickly retreating, simultaneously, a golden lightning bolt struck Chen Shouyi sharply.

Chen Shouyi's body froze involuntarily.

"Only capable of using brute force like a foolish creature..." The Lord of Lightning sneered, then flashed again, arriving once more in an instant, dark golden spear striking like lightning towards Chen Shouyi's head.

You damn creature!

Really think you've got me?

Chen Shouyi's stiff posture was merely feigned, striving to capture the opponent's form, quietly accumulating strength.

"Imprison!"

Activating the Air Imprisonment ability at full strength, just at the moment the opponent's form experienced an imperceptible pause, his left hand's shield smote toward the target: "Bow down and call me daddy."

"Boom!"

Like a meteor hitting Earth,

Accompanied by a glaring flash, a silhouette shot toward the sky like a meteor.