

New Era 771

Chapter 771: Didn't Hear

"General Manager Chen, Ms. Wang from Everyone's Daily wants to know if the interview should be arranged at a hotel or somewhere else?" Bai Xiaoling called and asked.

The efficiency of Everyone's Daily was very high. Early the next morning, they had already arrived from the capital city.

Chen Shouyi was somewhat reluctant to move: "No need to go to the hotel, just bring them to my place!"

"Alright, General Manager Chen, we'll be there in about half an hour."

Chen Shouyi hung up the phone, feeling neither surprised nor delighted, already accustomed to such scenes.

He opened the wardrobe, took out a set of formal clothes, put them on, and instructed the two little ones: "I'm going out for a bit, don't run around, okay?"

The two little ones sat quietly on the bed, watching the cartoon without blinking, and replied without turning their heads: "Good giant, go, go, we will be good."

"Yes, yes." the red little one added.

Chen Shouyi glanced at the cartoon playing and couldn't help but feel a pang of sourness.

Truly... men are no match for cartoons.

...

"Long time no see, Ms. Wang."

Wang Jingshu had interviewed him before, so they were familiar.

The two sat on the sofa, facing each other, while the photographer set up the camera facing Chen Shouyi from the side.

The content of the interview had been confirmed in advance.

"I didn't expect you to remember me, you can just call me Jingshu," Wang Jingshu felt honored, complimenting: "It's been over a year, General Manager Chen, and you've become a human hero."

"That's a bit too much? I just did what needed to be done," Chen Shouyi humbly said, "What's that saying?"

"With great power comes great responsibility." Wang Jingshu added.

"Right, sometimes those invisible things push you to move forward," Chen Shouyi nodded, continuing, "Because I'm the strongest among humans, you can't find a reason to retreat."

Wang Jingshu, like a young girl, appropriately showed a slight expression of admiration. Interviewing such a powerful, god-like figure required utmost care. If one didn't have a strong heart, they might stutter while speaking.

"You are already great enough. I heard that on the Yan Continent battlefield, you directly killed the Lord of Lightning with powerful divine power, thus securing a human victory. I'm sure many are curious just how powerful these barbarian gods really are?"

"Not bad!" Chen Shouyi chuckled, "Just the range of their power radiation can cover almost half of the Yan State, and this is on Earth. In another world, their power would be even stronger. I've encountered them before, but there was no battle."

"Were you unable to defeat them?" Wang Jingshu asked with a smile.

"There were three of them, I could only run," Chen Shouyi said easily.

"Cough cough..." Wang Jingshu suppressed her inner fright, hastily covering it up with a cough:

"Can our current human technology defeat this level of barbarian god?"

"I feel it's still a bit of a stretch..."

Chen Shouyi thought for a moment and said, "This level of deity has too high mobility and can foresee danger, of course, our technology is rapidly advancing, maybe it won't be long before we can win."

"Many are very curious about your giant transformation, could you tell us about it?"

Just then, Zhang Miaomiao rushed in, seemingly in a hurry. She quickly whispered in Chen Shouyi's ear: "General Manager Chen, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs called, the God of Agriculture hopes you visit the Ba Country, and they want to know your thoughts."

"What?"

Zhang Miaomiao leaned in again and repeated.

"Didn't hear it!"

Zhang Miaomiao was stunned, quickly responded, stood up straight, and said loudly: "The Ministry of Foreign Affairs called, the God of Agriculture hopes you visit the Ba Country, and they want to know your thoughts?"

Looking at the shocked Wang Jingshu, Chen Shouyi felt slightly satisfied: "Well, let's talk about this after the interview. Ms. Wang, sorry, let's continue now."

"No no no, you're too polite."

...

After the interview ended, Zhang Miaomiao stayed behind.

"What's the situation specifically? Tell me in detail." Chen Shouyi asked.

He was somewhat baffled, the God of Agriculture was quite bold, didn't they know he could kill barbarian gods without blinking?

Even at this time, they approached actively, could there be some conspiracy?

"I'm not exactly sure about the specifics either."

Zhang Miaomiao said, "The Goddess of Agriculture first incarnated personally at the embassy, and the embassy reported to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It seems she has intentions of getting closer to our country."

Don't be surprised, the Ba Country also has an embassy.

Since the fall of the God of Light, the gods have all, knowingly or unknowingly, moved with the times, integrating into local customs. At their request, the Great Xia Country established embassies in surrounding fallen areas, though they were one-sided.

"Goddess of Agriculture? It's a goddess?"

Zhang Miaomiao nodded: "Yes, she always appears in a female form. From the information gathered, she is a relatively gentle goddess."

Is she... beautiful?

Chen Shouyi resisted the urge to ask.

He suddenly noticed that the barbarian gods remaining on Earth mostly presented themselves as females, even those who previously appeared as males gradually changed gender, like the God of Conspiracy.

Perhaps it was because, on Earth, a female image blended in more easily.

Whether terrifying monsters or handsome male gods, on Earth, none could compare to the pure and perfect image of a goddess, appealing to people of all ages.

"How is the relationship with our country?" Chen Shouyi thought and asked.

"They are our country's largest grain importer," Zhang Miaomiao's face became somewhat serious.

The Great Xia Country had already started experiencing a grain shortage, with the number of martial artists multiplying, food consumption was increasing by the day.

And this gap was rapidly widening.

Economics determines politics, and reality isn't just black and white.

"I understand, and the press will also go, right?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"If you go, there will be a visiting delegation from the Great Xia Country."

Chen Shouyi felt there wasn't much danger, sighed: "In that case, let's schedule it after my lecture."

"Sigh, it's getting busier now."

"Yes, General Manager Chen, I will reply as such," Zhang Miaomiao said, lowering her gaze, deeply hiding her thoughts at the bottom of her eyes.

...

In the next few days, Chen Shouyi was busy with his feet barely touching the ground.

Every day was either in an interview or waiting for an interview.

When an honest person lets go of self-respect, they gain second-hand or third-hand... love from a goddess, but when Chen Shouyi lets go of pride and morals, what he gains is a bountiful amount of faith value.

The effect had started to show.

With incessant reports from the Great Xia Country, the previously receding faith value began to noticeably rise again.

Unfortunately, there's still no television; otherwise, Chen Shouyi felt the effect would be even better.

What you learn from paper is shallow; only television can truly reach people's hearts.

Fortunately, next week's lecture should be repeatedly broadcasted in cinemas, garnering another wave of faith."

Chapter 772: Crowds

Zhonghai Second Martial Arts Academy meeting room.

"The director of the Zhonghai Third Category Affairs Investigation Bureau personally called, hoping to get one hundred spots." reported a high-ranking academy official.

"We don't have a hundred, seats are limited, how can we give so many? Just before the meeting, the military called requesting fifteen hundred spots, and with the Public Security Department's request, twenty-five hundred spots are already reserved, ten at most for him."

Chen Xingyue, dressed in formal office attire, sat in the main seat, waved her hand, making a swift decision.

"Additionally, it's the same for other units that call, ten at most."

If Chen Shouyi were here, he probably wouldn't recognize his sister.

"Yes, Director."

"How many legendary strongmen have confirmed their attendance so far?"

"Four have confirmed so far," said a deputy director responsible for this task promptly.

"Follow up swiftly, if there are no calls, go to the city government to ask, arrange a special person for one-on-one reception!" Chen Xingyue thought for a moment, then changed her mind, "No, better two-on-one. One Martial Arts Teacher from our academy, and an outstanding student selected for this purpose. Train them urgently these days, they must not be treated lightly."

Could they dare to treat them lightly?

Legendary strongmen, each of them a big shot, not just anyone can be so bold-faced.

"What about the security measures?"

"I've contacted the public security bureau, they will allocate an elite force responsible for security."

"Very well, everyone think about what other issues we haven't considered?" Chen Xingyue nodded approvingly.

"Perhaps only the reception process for General Manager Chen. How should we arrange it at that time?" a high-ranking academy member asked.

"There's no need for discussion, my brother... General Manager Chen doesn't like being disturbed much, I'll handle the reception personally." Chen Xingyue said, didn't she understand her brother? He least liked being disturbed by strangers.

Everyone watched their noses and focused their minds.

Suddenly feeling inexplicably that having such a powerful director with such extensive connections seemed rather nice.

"This is a pivotal moment for our Second Martial Arts Academy to shine, every task must be carefully arranged, ensure the security measures are foolproof, no oversight can occur."

"Yes, Director."

...

Two days before the speech, in Xingqing Town, where the Zhonghai Second Martial Arts Academy is located, the crowds started growing visibly with the naked eye.

All hotels within twenty kilometers were already fully booked.

The nearby parks were also packed, resembling grave mounds with dense tent arrangements, and those who couldn't buy tents simply camped on the streets, looking like refugees at a glance.

By late October, temperatures often dropped below zero, with bone-chilling cold winds.

Yet, no cold could quench the heat in these people's hearts.

To avoid any emergencies, large numbers of military and police were patrolling the streets, displaying a highly vigilant scene.

In the city government offices, an official reported:

"This week, more than 2.5 million people have swarmed into Zhonghai, and the numbers are expected to rise today and tomorrow."

"Why are there so many people this time? The last two times..." The city official paused realizing now was different from before. Back then, the entire society was still under wartime status, with migratory restrictions and passage required introductory letters.

This year, however, as conditions improved, the restriction had been lifted.

In fact, not only did the city government not expect so many people, but Chen Shouyi also didn't foresee the number of his fanatics.

Most of these people weren't even Martial Artists, not even Martial Artist Apprentices, but rather ordinary people, heading here like on a pilgrimage, hoping to witness the miracle of humanity first-hand.

Since General Manager Chen was involved, handling it poorly was problematic. Driving them away wasn't an option, but letting them in posed a severe security challenge. The city official rubbed his brows, feeling a headache.

Luckily, Zhonghai wasn't a small city, otherwise, transportation would be paralyzed in another city.

"Count the nearby residences willing to rent and vacant houses, organize accommodations as much as possible. It's freezing outside, and someone might risk freezing to death. Additionally, try to persuade those who can leave to do so."

...

Zhu Xueqing and her husband Li Wei were rather fortunate, securing a hotel through a friend early on.

Newlywed, Zhu Xueqing had shed some of her former immaturity, gaining a touch of young lady charisma.

"There're really so many people here. I've heard you know General Manager Chen?" Li Wei asked with a smile, hauling luggage amidst the dense crowd.

Zhu Xueqing paused, glanced at him, "Yes, I do. Why bring it up all of a sudden?"

"You really know him!" Li Wei said with surprise and delight. "A friend mentioned it, and I thought it was fake. You have such connections, why didn't you say so earlier."

"What's there to say? I worked with him a few times on missions before, just ordinary friends." Zhu Xueqing replied calmly.

She once had a crush on Chen Shouyi, with his handsome looks and formidable prowess, who wouldn't admire him? But as their gap widened, and his status rose to the extraordinary and unreachable, she gradually cut off those thoughts.

"Are you still in contact?" Li Wei asked.

Upon hearing this, Zhu Xueqing felt slightly annoyed: "What do you mean by that?"

"Xueqing, don't misunderstand. I didn't mean it that way." Li Wei quickly lowered his voice admitting fault, "Look at my foolish mouth, since you have such connections, you should maintain contact."

You know, being a folk Martial Artist isn't a great career, the risks are really high. It's fine when we're young and adventurous, but now we're married, we should plan for the future, can't remain folk Martial Artists forever."

Zhu Xueqing's anger dissipated.

Despite the current social peace, it exists only in densely populated urban areas, while unseen places and remote areas remain highly dangerous, with casualties among folk Martial Artists frequently high.

You could hear news of a martial artist's sacrifice almost every month.

"That seems a bit difficult." Zhu Xueqing said reluctantly, her straightforward nature found it challenging to seek others' help, especially asking for favors from someone like General Manager Chen.

"Why should it be difficult? We have the capabilities too, you're a peak Martial Artist, I am a senior Martial Artist. We qualify for any department, just lack the connections. To someone like General Manager Chen, it's just a word's matter." Li Wei persuaded urgently.

Regardless if it's the Third Category Investigation Bureau, or the Martial Arts Verification and Monitoring Office, or any other Martial Arts department, they all prioritize military martial artists, leaving folk martial artists without connections out entirely.

"Why not forget about it! How could I bring myself to ask?" Zhu Xueqing hesitated for a long while, still hesitant to leave.

She already owed General Manager Chen too much, how would she repay such a favor?

Chapter 773: Martial Arts Grand Event (Part 1)

Himalayas.

The sky was stormy, clouds raced like fleeting horses, rapidly changing.

As Chen Shouyi practiced the thirty-six forms, an invisible force permeated the space; the entire world seemed to resonate subtly with his movements, sometimes swelling, sometimes contracting like the pulse of the earth and sky.

Since refining his divinity, he hadn't gone to the other world.

Of course, this wasn't because Chen Shouyi feared Tamu.

It just felt unnecessary.

At his level of strength, the Original Force had minimal impact on him. He mainly relied on the continuous optimization of his body through cultivation techniques, which made no difference whether on Earth or in Tamu.

Since a hundred-kilometer-long rift appeared in the Himalayas, it drastically affected the region's climate.

The warm, moist air coming from the Indian Ocean condensed when it reached here, causing it to rain almost every other day recently.

The once barren land, flattened after the peaks were leveled, had recently grown lush green weeds and colorful wildflowers.

This delighted the two little ones.

There were no large animals here, not even a mouse; even the occasional birds frightened away during Chen Shouyi's practice no longer came.

For the two little ones, this place was undoubtedly paradise.

For the past few days, they had been enthusiastically busy collecting honey, catching bugs, and digging for treasures... The number of innocent bugs they squished daily took over ten minutes to count, making them forget about cartoons.

Chen Shouyi practiced for a while, then rested for a while, stopping intermittently until evening.

His whole body steamed, and his skin was flushed red.

Like a piece of red-hot iron, even the nearby weeds had shriveled from the heat.

He exhaled, checking his status panel:

Strength: 26.2

Agility: 26.6

Constitution: 26.2

Intelligence: 26.3

Perception: 30.2

Willpower: 27.8

Energy Accumulation: 14.21

Faith Value: 3250.2

Innate Abilities: Self-Healing (Super): 60.01%; Giant Battle Body (Super): 99.99%; Mastering the Atmosphere: 55.01%.

"It's not easy, finally there's a change."

A hint of joy appeared on his face, as his intelligence, stagnant for a month, had finally increased by 0.1 points.

Chen Shouyi looked at his willpower, which had increased by 0.1 points today, sighed, and closed the status panel.

"If only the willpower growth could all be converted to intelligence."

It was a peak period for his willpower growth.

After his perception broke through thirty points, his willpower seemed to open a valve and began to grow rapidly, increasing by 0.2 points in just over a week, shocking him.

"Stop playing, time to go home." He shouted loudly into the distance.

A faint buzzing voice came from afar, and soon, two little figures with their heads covered in flowers flew out of the blooms, wobbly flying towards him.

Chen Shouyi glanced at them, and a clean puff of dust erupted from them, leaving them tidy.

"Throw away the bugs."

"Okay!"

"Okay!"

The two unceremoniously discarded the already soft bugs.

"Good Giant, can we come back in a day?" the Shell Lady asked sweetly, her face blushing.

"Sure!" Chen Shouyi responded offhandedly.

"And the day after?"

"Busy, not coming, you two stay home."

"Oh, watch Peppa Pig."

"Yes, yes!"

"And the day after after?"

"Haven't thought about it."

"Eh..."

"Why so many questions."

...

"Probably around twenty million tons."

"A trivial matter, I'm hanging up."

Chen Shouyi returned home and called the president, arranging for someone to come collect the materials.

Although he spent a lot of time training in the Himalayas, the accumulation of these twenty million tons of various light and heavy elements was done easily, with little effort, adding up to just three or four hours in total.

This also reflected the strength of his current willpower.

His progress was simply astonishing.

Just as he hung up the phone, it rang again. He picked up the receiver,

"Chen Shouyi here, who's calling?"

The other end breathed heavily, hesitating for a moment before cautiously saying:

"Chen... Chief Advisor, hello, this is Zhu Xueqing, do you remember me?"

"You're being too formal. We're comrades-in-arms." Chen Shouyi happily replied upon hearing it was Zhu Xueqing calling, "It's been a while since we contacted, what brings you today?"

At that thought, an image of Zhu Xueqing and her surroundings within a few meters appeared in his mind. She was calling from a public phone booth, looking at an ad featuring Zhonghai's character beside her: "Are you in Zhonghai now?"

Noticing that Chen Shouyi's attitude remained unchanged, Zhu Xueqing's previously anxious mood calmed a bit: "Yes, my husband and I came to listen to your lecture."

"My sister said there are many attendees. Do you need me to arrange a seat for you?" Chen Shouyi chuckled.

"Sure, we were worried, thank you so much then."

"Don't be so polite, it's a trivial matter. Come visit me at my place, bring your husband, too. I haven't given you a wedding gift yet."

Zhu Xueqing felt both touched and embarrassed; she knew she would likely receive another weighty gift.

Chen Shouyi was such a kind person to his friends; the Divine Flesh, invaluable to others, he gave away in dozens of kilos.

This, however, made her feel even more ashamed.

Initially, it had taken a lot of convincing from her husband to make this call alone, yet now she hesitated again.

"... We better not, we didn't even dare invite you to the wedding, how could we accept your gift? Besides, we're planning to visit the night market!"

...

Chen Shouyi hung up the phone, shaking his head.

Women really change after marriage.

Even their speech becomes hesitant, lacking the old directness.

Thinking of how once Zhu Xueqing was such a straightforward person, now she had become a delicate woman.

...

Two days passed in the blink of an eye.

The weather wasn't cooperative; it was gloomy and cold, with the thick leaden clouds overhead, appearing heavy and gray.

But this didn't dampen the fervent atmosphere in Xingqing Town.

At dawn, in front of the second Martial Arts Academy, a queue kilometers long directly blocked the street. Everywhere in sight was a sea of dark-clad people, and despite the many military police trying to maintain order, the scene remained somewhat chaotic.

"Line up in order!"

"Without a Martial Artist Certificate, you cannot enter, lining up is futile."

Military police shouted hoarsely through loudspeakers, occasionally pulling out ordinary people attempting to sneak in.

There were simply too many people coming.

Without coming here, one wouldn't know how many Martial Artists there were.

Over the years, the number of martial artists had continued to surge, and by the end of last year, the number of registered martial artists nationwide officially exceeded fifteen million, reaching sixteen million three hundred and fifty thousand.

One in a hundred people was a martial artist.

And the number of grand martial artists had reached an astonishing seven hundred eighty thousand.

Although the majority were in the military, civilian grand martial artists were also in the tens of thousands.

They had the money and the time, and a significant portion flocked to Zhonghai, many traveling long distances just to participate in this martial arts event.

In reality, the grand martial artists waiting in line to enter the campus were just a tiny fraction; many more set their sights on the surrounding buildings of the campus.

Windows and rooftops were filled with densely packed crowds.

As for the Feng Shui treasure of the campus's teaching building, had it not been under military control since the previous evening, it would have long been overtaken by the crowd.

Chapter 774: Miracle

Of course, for those legends, there's no need to queue early in the morning.

Wherever they go, they enjoy VIP treatment.

Early morning, in front of the five-star hotel.

Luo Jingwen saw Ye Zong carrying luggage, looking surprised:

"Director Ye, you're here too, when did you arrive?" Last night during the legendary gathering, he wasn't seen at all.

"Well, I had something to do passing through Zhonghai, so I thought I'd stop by." Ye Zong nodded, his expression slightly unnatural.

Passing through? Yeah right!

But life's tough, no need to expose. Luo Jingwen could only pretend not to notice.

He could somewhat understand the complex feelings of the older generation towards the newer ones; sometimes the gap between genius and ordinary people is so despairing, you can't even catch up to their dust.

Back in the day...

"Then you must not have a seat, how about I talk to the school? The dean of this academy is General Manager Chen's sister, I know her." Luo Jingwen said with a smile.

"No need... the school reserved one for me." Ye Zong said.

The atmosphere was a bit awkward, but luckily, other legends came out of the hotel.

"Lao Luo, so early, Lao Ye, you're here too." A white man swaggered out of the hotel, greeting while glancing at Ye Zong: "I heard you've broken through to a sub-god level, shall we spar sometime, a peaceful spar of course."

It was An Haoran, the former leader of the Pantheon.

Ye Zong's eyes lit up too: "Sure, let's arrange a time, anytime works."

In literature there is no number one, in martial arts no number two.

Of course, President Chen is number one, that is beyond doubt, and no one dares to challenge it.

But he has long been above all, reaching an incredible realm, like a sun reigning over all, inducing no thought of comparison.

The title of second, in a way, is almost as valuable as being first.

...

By eight o'clock, everyone had entered the venue.

It was simply a sea of people.

Even the teaching buildings nearby were occupied by local stationed troops taking advantage of their proximity, each floor packed with soldiers.

On the playground, apart from a small portion with seats, the vast majority of major martial artists and even some martial artists had to stand, crowded together, but even so, everyone was enthusiastic, the atmosphere fervent.

"The Second Martial Arts Academy is still a bit small." A city leader sitting in the front row, feeling the bustling atmosphere, said with a smile.

"It's not that small, it's bigger than the First Martial Arts Academy. It's just that General Manager Chen's appeal is too strong, if international transportation wasn't inconvenient now, people from abroad would flock here." A deputy said.

The leader felt fortunate: "Thank goodness, fortunately nothing went wrong."

...

The pressure from this speech was not only felt by the city leaders.

The teachers and volunteers of the Second Martial Arts Academy hadn't rested since yesterday, working on logistics. Chen Xingyue personally supervised and urged the logistics staff, busy and exhausted.

As the time approached, she became increasingly nervous.

Despite it being the harsh winter, with the cold wind howling outside, she was sweating profusely from being busy.

"Brother, it's eight o'clock, you can come out now."

"Not early."

Chen Xingyue was a bit exasperated, couldn't he arrive early?

"It's already eight o'clock, please... okay, okay, I'll meet you at the school gate." Chen Xingyue hanged up the phone with a bang, telling others in the office: "Pay attention now, I'm going to pick up General Manager Chen."

"Dean, rest assured, leave this place to us. Bringing General Manager Chen here is the most important thing now."

...

Chen Xingyue hurriedly rushed to the school gate.

The place was heavily guarded, with soldiers stationed every five steps, and even the streets around the academy were cleared, no pedestrians in sight.

Chen Xingyue looked up at the sky, it was gloomy, filled with leaden clouds.

She secretly prayed in her heart.

Please don't snow.

In fact, today's weather forecast was for clouds with snow or sleet.

Fortunately, weather forecasts are not very accurate today; even if it snows, we shouldn't be so unlucky as to have it during the speech.

At this point, self-comfort was the only option.

She kept checking her watch, waiting anxiously, but it was a full half-hour before her brother finally arrived leisurely.

"Why so late?"

"People recognized me on the way, they were so enthusiastic, I couldn't just walk away, took a while to get rid of them." Chen Shouyi looked at his anxious sister, somewhat embarrassed.

"Can't you just disguise yourself?"

For those who have reached the foundational skill of refining their bodies in meditation, changing one's appearance is as easy as eating or drinking, let alone for someone like Chen Shouyi.

But why disguise?

He didn't respond to that:

"Wasn't it not late? Sigh, you're just too impatient." Chen Shouyi said.

"That's General Manager Chen."

"General Manager Chen is here."

...

The surroundings gradually began to stir, countless eyes from the buildings on either side of the street gazed over here.

There were no screams, no cheers, but in everyone's eyes, there was amazement, curiosity, exploration, mixed with fervor, admiration, and awe.

People seemed to be gazing up at a deity, or perhaps a miracle on earth.

Chen Shouyi calmly glanced back, and immediately, everything fell silent, needle could be heard dropping, he turned back to his sister and said: "Let's go."

Chen Xingyue was stunned by Chen Shouyi's aura for a moment, subconsciously responded: "Oh, oh, okay, okay!"

With soldiers heavily guarding, Chen Shouyi made his way towards the playground, like a silencer, wherever he went, silence quickly followed.

He walked briskly, quickly jumping onto the playground stage, standing in front of the microphone.

The noise instantly subsided like receding tides.

Standing on the podium, surrounded by countless fiery gazes, Chen Shouyi remained calm inside.

As of today, he's no longer the shy, sensitive boy he once was.

He patted the microphone, tested the sound, smiled, then began: "Thank you all for coming so far to listen to my speech."

With just one sentence.

"Boom!"

In the next moment, the playground erupted with thunderous applause.

Countless people clapped vigorously.

Below the stage, Chen Xingyue also smiled and clapped, then suddenly touched her face and looked up at the sky, what she was worried about had happened.

It started to rain.

Fine rain mixed with snowflakes fell from the sky, casting a shadow over the speech.

It's still fine rain now, but it's bound to turn into a heavy downpour soon.

Among those present, not just major martial artists and martial artists, there were also many leaders; the former could withstand it, but the latter, exposed to an icy downpour for an hour or two in this cold weather, would certainly fall seriously ill.

Chen Xingyue hesitated for a moment, then bit her lip and jumped onto the stage, whispering into Chen Shouyi's ear: "Bro, it's raining, how about postponing the speech."

Chen Shouyi was taken aback: "Postpone? No need!"

He looked up at the sky.

Focused his will!

In the next instant, the sky slightly trembled, emitting a grand low roar as if from a prehistoric giant beast.

Simultaneously, the clouds overhead began to churn, under some invisible force, the clouds fled across the sky like fleeting horses, disappearing rapidly.

Golden sunlight, through gaps in the clouds, poured down countless golden beams.

After a few seconds of silence on the playground.

"Boom!"

A resounding "boom".

Astonishment!

Utter astonishment!

This was divine intervention!

Including legends like Ye Zong, An Haoran, countless people involuntarily stood up, slack-jawed, like petrified!

Chapter 775: Martial Arts Grand Event (Part 2)

As legends, they can clearly feel a powerful force wave filling the air above, dispersing clouds and fog, sweeping everything away.

This power made their bodies involuntarily tremble.

With awe and yearning in their hearts.

Ye Zong looked up at the sky, the clouds rapidly dissipating. In just a few breaths, the original dark clouds transformed into wisps of white clouds, sunlight illuminating the earth, everything felt dreamlike.

"I always thought that General Manager Chen's strength was just his innate ability," he murmured, with a bitter smile.

Initially, he believed that excluding the abnormally strong Giant Transformation ability, although Chen Shouyi was stronger than him, this strength was limited, at most a step ahead, but they were at the same level.

He also advanced to Sub-god.

Similarly, he could freely fly by condensing will.

Completely reaching the level Chen Shouyi was at a year ago during the battle with the God of Light, perhaps even subtly surpassing it.

Though it was due to practicing the Chen Clan cultivation technique, his strength should be at the same realm.

Yet he found himself wrong!

Terribly wrong!

A year of chasing, and not only did their strengths not close in, the gap grew larger, to the point of incomprehension.

"His progress is too fast, it's already god-like," An Haoran beside him sighed.

A photographer, bearing with fear, aimed his trembling camera at the sky, capturing this stunning scene.

This was General Manager Chen's first time displaying strength in public, previously it was from the Barbarian God.

He can already foresee this footage destined to be passed down in history alongside humanity.

The dispersed clouds spanning several dozen kilometers were visible clearly throughout Zhonghai City, and even regions hundreds of kilometers around witnessed this miraculous moment.

Numerous pedestrians, walking, lifted their heads to look at the sky.

...

At first, Chen Shouyi didn't notice.

For him, dispersing clouds and fog was entirely subconscious.

Habitual.

Since moving several peaks in the Himalayas, it often rained, sometimes incessantly, bothering him, so he'd casually disperse it completely.

Earlier, when Chen Xingyue mentioned the weather issue, he acted without a second thought, unexpectedly causing such a stir.

Luckily, he reacted promptly.

These past few days, working hard, letting go of pride, presenting himself daily, but for what?

Of course, not for showing off.

For faith.

Is there anything more sensational?

He hurriedly deliberately slowed down, taking ten seconds to disperse nearby clouds, which could originally be done in half a second.

Then he looked at the crowd with varied expressions, feeling slightly satisfied.

Said to Chen Xingyue, still on stage in a daze:

"Alright, you can go down now."

Only then did Chen Xingyue's Divine Soul return, looking surprised at her brother: "Oh, oh, brother, then I'll go down."

If not inappropriate for the occasion, she'd really want to ask how he did it.

Is this her brother's true strength?

No wonder he even took down the Lord of Lightning with powerful Divine Power.

She jumped off the podium, legs weakened, almost falling, as the previous scene was too overwhelming, leaving her anxious, weak, unable to muster any strength.

"Sorry for the weather issue causing a delay, but it's resolved now, we can continue," Chen Shouyi then said:

"I believe none of you would want me to talk nonsense, let's not waste your precious time."

He dove straight to the point.

"Those who came here likely practiced self-contemplation and Martial Arts Thirty-Six Forms. I've categorized cultivation into two directions, one is mastering oneself, the other is, strengthening the body..."

In an instant, everyone forgot to sit, the reality being, even if someone wanted to sit, it's not appropriate to act uniquely under watchful eyes.

"Leader?" a secretary whispered.

"Listen carefully, no talking," the leader replied, taking out a notebook from his pocket to jot down notes.

With transcendence manifest, traditional power structures appear unchanged, but fundamentally they've shifted.

"The former refines flesh, organs, marrow, brain, but that's just the start. When willfully micro-examining and mastering every cell, refining subconscious, and mastering all consciousness, then only is it entry-level."

Chen Shouyi spoke dryly, dull.

Yet everyone listened intently, many taking notes.

This is a Martial Arts pioneer sharing invaluable insights, every sentence profound with implications worth repeated contemplation.

However... the standard is too high.

Luo Jingwen: ...

Embarrassedly listening.

In General Manager Chen's eyes, I haven't even started.

By this standard, aside from Ye Zong and An Haoran, others haven't even begun.

"...The latter involves self-evolution. Normal muscle training ends at Martial Artist; from there starts constant cellular replacement, eliminating the old and weak, retaining the strong to enable body transformation; cultivation is the evolution history of the body," Chen Shouyi continued.

Ye Zong's expression became solemn, in deep thought.

"Natural species evolution, measured in millions of years, survival of the adaptable, elimination of the non-adaptable, and individual evolution obviously follows the same principle. So how can one ensure constant body transformation?

Until a fortuitous discovery, I gained a hint of inspiration.

Then through constant exploration, I again modified the Body-cultivation Thirty-Six Forms."

Chen Shouyi spoke, expecting reactions.

Yet found the scene extraordinarily calm, even tranquil, strangely quiet, with many engrossed in making notes.

This reaction was somewhat abnormal.

Too quiet!

In less than a year, he rolled out another new cultivation method.

No one felt it incredible?

No one felt shaken?

Does everyone accept things so smoothly?

Or... have they become numb!

Chen Shouyi suddenly felt somewhat disenchanted, dryly continued: "The new cultivation method completes body transformation through intentionally creating destructive signals internally..."

He demonstrated several times, painstakingly explaining key points needing attention during cultivation.

The scene remained silent.

Only Chen Shouyi's voice echoed clearly:

"But this technique is quite dangerous, severely harming the body, for those whose strength hasn't reached legendary levels, unable to control every cell, it shouldn't be attempted."

He was discussing the fourth optimization version, weaker than his current fifth optimization version, yet still extremely risky for legendary, even Sub-god, strong individuals.

Practiced too much, might really practice to death.

Of course, assuming one can learn it.

Chapter 776: Martial Arts Golden Age (Final)

This cultivation technique is too profound and unfathomable; apart from a few people who have hope of mastering it, the vast majority can only look on in envy.

But this does not stop the hearts of all from burning with passion.

In ancient times, this would be a divine manual capable of making one a god and an ancestor, a path to immortality laid bare, but now it is publicly shared by President Chen without reservation.

However, it's a pity, just like the same textbooks, the same teachers, the same schools, no matter how hard they work, many poor students find it impossible to get into Qingbei, C9, alike, most mortals, even with the path to godhood before them, ultimately remain mortals.

Effort, talent, luck—none can be lacking.

And this is destined to be for only a very rare few.

In these years, apart from the legendary figures attracted from outside, the number of legends that have emerged annually in the Great Xia Country has, for the most part, remained zero.

Of course, the reason for this is that in earlier years the base number of peak Martial Artists was truly too low.

Back when Chen Shouyi went to the Capital City to take the Martial Artist assessment, the names of the four peak Martial Artists in the Capital City still rang loudly.

The entire Great Xia Country had perhaps just ten peak Martial Artists.

And now, there are likely a hundred times more, numbering in the thousands.

With such a large base, in the coming years, the number of legendary strong individuals is expected to grow explosively.

...

Capital City

Supreme Military Authority Committee.

An important meeting was underway.

"As of now, the national research funding expenditure has exceeded three trillion.

It's estimated that by the end of the year, research expenditure will surpass military spending, breaking through to five trillion," the Minister of Finance said in a deep voice.

The atmosphere in the conference room was oppressive.

The Great Xia Country's fiscal revenue last year was around thirteen trillion, and although the economy has fully recovered this year and is growing strongly, it won't exceed fifteen trillion.

Five trillion is one-third of that.

Adding in the indispensable military spending, this year's fiscal deficit, if not addressed by printing more money, will be a frightening figure, and printing more money would trigger inflation...

The President rubbed his brow, feeling a bit worn out.

The ongoing massive space program is entirely funded by money piling up, and it's just starting, with each year expected to cost more and more.

"Now, the military is still somewhat too large, with Earth's situation trending towards stability, and major wars expected to be rare in the future. Moreover, the future trend is elite forces with rapid response capabilities. Maintaining such a large military is somewhat untimely; let's discuss the downsizing plan and decide how much we should cut," the President mused aloud.

If in doubt, cut the military.

The Great Xia Country is already adept at this. The existence of President Chen, to some extent, is worth more than half the military, greatly reducing national defense pressure.

And among all cost-saving measures.

Cutting the military is undoubtedly the most immediate.

In recent years, although the military has downsized multiple times, the nation's first and second-line forces, together with garrisons in neighboring countries, still maintain an astounding scale of twenty million, without a doubt, this is a massive fiscal expenditure.

At this moment, the door was gently knocked on.

The President's assistant, who was quietly sitting in the corner taking meeting notes, stood up silently, went to exit the door, and quickly returned, whispering in the President's ear:

"Mr. President, something big has happened in Zhonghai."

"What?"

...

The impact of the divine occurrence was bigger than imagined.

Even before an official explanation could clarify the rumors, Zhonghai City and surrounding areas were already in a state of panic.

It had been just a year since the Lord of Lightning had invaded, and this memory had not yet faded from people's minds. The similar scene undoubtedly left people jittery and nervous.

As the rumors spread, many voluntarily rushed to air raid shelters; by late morning, the situation had escalated, and streets were deserted.

In Xingqing Town, where the Second Martial Arts Academy is located, countless people gathered into a massive black crowd, swarming over, each person looking excited, making the nearby soldiers act as if facing a formidable enemy.

Chen Shouyi, sensing this scene, had no choice but to end his lecture hastily.

Fortunately, what needed to be said had already been said.

The rest was just filler.

...

Chen Shouyi, having turned down interviews from journalists from various countries, used mental suggestion to discreetly pass through the crowd and return home.

As soon as they saw Chen Shouyi, the Shell Lady and the Red Little Dot jumped off the bed and came to his feet, politely saying:

"Good giant, you're back."

"Mm!" Chen Shouyi responded, closing the door.

This is indeed his adorable Little Dot, without the distraction of cartoons, she becomes utterly cute.

Perhaps it was the projector's own poor quality, or maybe it was his own unnoticed resentment.

Last night at midnight, the projector suddenly broke.

Originally planning to study it today to see if he could fix it, Chen Shouyi now abandoned that idea upon seeing the two small creatures' obedient behavior.

Not watching cartoons is better after all.

Chen Shouyi is not against watching cartoons but is against watching low-age cartoons.

What's more bothersome than low-age cartoons is watching the same cartoon repeatedly.

Perhaps as a side effect of watching too many, Chen Shouyi often found strange lines and images inexplicably flashing through his mind.

If this continues, he felt he might be brainwashed by several little pigs.

Afterwards, he played around with the two little ones for a while, with the result being that he successfully made the Shell Lady cry.

The Red Little Dot, however, did not cry; she just laid on the ground like a dead pig, motionless, and no longer cooperated with Chen Shouyi.

...

He sheepishly stood up.

Wasn't it just that he pushed them over a few times?

They truly can't handle rough play.

He went to the bathroom to wash his face and checked his attribute panel.

He found the Faith Value had been rapidly increasing, almost jumping 0.1 points every ten seconds.

"Growing fast!"

This growth trend far surpassed his previous lectures.

Of course, it was nowhere near comparable to when he killed the Lord of Lightning; at that time, it stirred the entire world, and his influence reached its peak.

In just one day, over ten thousand points were gained, something that cannot be easily replicated.

However, if speaking of sustainability, the lectures were indeed more superior.

Humans are the most forgetful; no matter how great the influence or achievement, it will slowly fade over time.

Just like a star, without works, without exposure, it won't take long for people to forget. Only occasionally will they remember.

And speeches, in some sense, are works themselves.

As long as someone practices his Chen Clan Cultivation Technique, watches his lecture videos, or sings his praises, his Faith Value will flow continuously.

At this moment, the phone rang.

Chen Shouyi quickly walked out of the bathroom and picked up the phone.

"General Manager Chen, are you free right now? Mr. Ye Zongye and Mr. Luo Jingwen wish to visit you!" Bai Xiaoling said on the phone.

Oh, too formal, they could just come directly.

Chen Shouyi felt a bit helpless: "Let them come over."

"Okay, General Manager Chen, I'll hang up now!"

Chapter 777: Security Advisor

A group of people came to visit, not just two individuals.

Three legends and two sub-gods—they would be a formidable force in any country, or even in another world. Even weak divine power would generally not dare to provoke them lightly.

But at this moment, everyone couldn't help but feel a bit nervous.

Especially since the recent "miracle" was still vivid in their minds, highlighting Chen Shouyi's unfathomable strength.

"Ms. Bai, what did General Manager Chen say?" Ruan Wentian asked Bai Xiaoling, who just finished a phone call, with a gentle attitude that was even a bit fawning.

He was a Luo Yue descendant, and as someone away from home, he was naturally more cautious than other native legends of the Great Xia Country.

In the Luoyue Country, he once held a supreme status, wielded tremendous power, was respected by everyone, and even counted as a guest of the President. But here, he was just an ordinary legend, not standing out at all.

Despite the disparity in status, if he were to compare, he would still prefer to stay in the Great Xia Country.

Staying in the Luoyue Country, he gained only power and money, but here he could see further hope. For these legends, power and money were external, mere appendages of their legendary status, while strength was the essence.

"Elder Ruan, you're too polite, just call me Xiao Bai." Bai Xiaoling quickly replied, as the secretary of General Manager Chen, she always received appropriate courtesies. From initially being flustered and overwhelmed by the attention, she had now gotten used to it:

"General Manager Chen agreed, I'll take you there now."

"Then I'll trouble Ms. Bai to lead the way."

"You're welcome."

...

When they arrived, Chen Shouyi was already waiting at the door.

"Why bother announcing your visit? You've been here before; there's no need to be so formal." Chen Shouyi said with a smile, patting the shoulders of Luo Jingwen and Ye Zong.

"Lao Luo's been here before, but I haven't," Ye Zong replied, feeling that the other party's friendliness was genuine, which eased his expression somewhat.

"Oh, right, you haven't visited since I moved to Zhonghai." Chen Shouyi recalled, then shook hands with An Haoran from the Pantheon, and looked toward the two unfamiliar legends, "Who are these gentlemen? You should introduce yourselves."

Feeling the gaze upon him, Ruan Wentian's heart tightened sharply, and he hurriedly said:

"General Manager Chen, hello, I'm Ruan Wentian, a descendant of the Luo Yue."

"My name is Karl, your most loyal disciple. It's an honor to have the opportunity to hear your sacred teachings." The other white man was also visibly nervous, bowing deeply in respect.

"Disciple?" Chen Shouyi said.

"All the martial arts practitioners around the world are your disciples," An Haoran complimented from the side.

"Aren't they? Nowadays, who practicing martial arts can claim they haven't practiced your Chen Clan's training methods?" Luo Jingwen said with a natural smile, "Come to think of it, everyone here is a disciple of General Manager Chen."

"Indeed, indeed!" Ruan Wentian hurriedly agreed.

"You're exaggerating, I don't dare to accept such praise." Chen Shouyi modestly replied, feeling a bit embarrassed by the flattery.

The Chen Clan's training methods—even in their initial version—are not suitable for ordinary people, and not every martial artist can practice them.

Beside him, Ye Zong suddenly felt a bit out of place.

He thought he probably shouldn't have come.

Luckily, Chen Shouyi quickly resolved the awkward atmosphere.

"Don't just stand at the door, come inside, Sister Bai, don't just stand there, go make some tea!" Chen Shouyi instructed.

"Oh, oh! All right!" Bai Xiaoling, who was standing nearby, snapped back to her senses, withdrew her gaze from Chen Shouyi's handsome face, blushed, and hurried to the kitchen.

"General Manager Chen, there's no need, we'll just sit for a while and then leave."

"Yes, yes, we still need to rush back later."

"Why the rush? It's rare for everyone to visit; have a seat, don't just stand there, make yourselves at home. Besides, I'm not busy at all." Chen Shouyi said warmly.

...

Half an hour later.

The group walked down the street, filled with emotion.

"I didn't expect General Manager Chen to be so kind and humble; you couldn't tell at all," Ruan Wentian said excitedly. Before coming, he had a kind of pilgrimage-like trepidation, but upon seeing him in person, he found that General Manager Chen was completely different from what he imagined.

To be honest, given General Manager Chen's strength, figures like them—whether legendary or sub-godly—were probably just like ants in his eyes, worth nothing.

Even if he were slightly arrogant, it would be entirely expected and not abrupt at all.

This attitude had indeed caught him by surprise.

"I've known him for several years now, and his attitude hasn't changed much." Luo Jingwen sighed, "The way he was when I first met him is still the same now, but being around him really is stressful."

"Indeed!" Ruan Wentian replied empathetically.

"Perhaps this is why he can become the God of Martial Arts." An Haoran thought to himself, silently admiring.

He himself was a very proud person, and few could earn his respect.

Even the first legendary hero in the world, who has now become a True God, Samir.

In his eyes, was not much more than that.

Becoming a god is more a matter of luck.

If not for his divine path being interrupted by the Lord of Lightning in Yan State, he believed he could now be a True God himself.

But General Manager Chen...

He could only look up to him.

The gap was simply too huge. Besides reverence, there was nothing else.

"By the way, was Karl serious?" Luo Jingwen said at this moment.

The group initially consisted of five people, but four returned, while Karl offered to stay behind.

"He used to be a security consultant for the President of the United States, and perhaps he's not used to his current life," Ye Zong said, "But General Manager Chen indeed needs an experienced security consultant."

...

After getting off the phone, Chen Shouyi learned about Karl's file through the High Committee Office and felt extremely satisfied in his heart.

He walked to the living room.

Karl quickly stood up.

"No need to stand, have a seat. Do you have any requests?" Chen Shouyi asked.

"I have no requests; it is my honor to always be able to hear your sacred teachings." Karl cautiously sat down, full of humility.

"I'm not that stingy!" Chen Shouyi laughed, "Since you have no requests, I'll make the arrangements myself.

Your main duty will be to protect my parents; protect them in secret during the day, and I'll arrange for a room here for you at night."

His parents' safety had always been a concern. Although the military was secretly responsible, it was not entirely foolproof.

Now that Karl, a legendary-level professional, was willing to stay, security would undoubtedly be more assured.

"By the way, do you have enough staff?"

"I would like to recruit five to ten martial artists, preferably military personnel," Karl thought for a moment and said, "Military personnel have good discipline; with a bit of training, they can be qualified bodyguards."

"That's no problem; I'll call Bai Xiaoling to handle communication with the military for you!" Chen Shouyi said.

A secretary's job is to do just that!

Chapter 778: Special Edition

"Colonel Jia, this is Chen Shouyi, are my parents alright?"

After calling Bai Xiaoling, Chen Shouyi dialed the military station opposite his parents' shop.

"Mr. Chen... General Manager Chen, rest assured, your parents are fine. They have already come out of the air raid shelter after the alarm was lifted."

...

Seeing that his parents were fine, Chen Shouyi thanked and hung up the phone.

"General Manager Chen, should I go over to guard them now?" Karl quickly asked.

"No need, they're very safe now, let's continue our conversation!" Chen Shouyi thought for a moment and said: "Regarding your compensation... an annual salary of ten million, plus a monthly allowance of a hundred pounds of True God meat, yes, it's of medium Divine Power. How does that sound?"

"...I am very satisfied, General Manager Chen!" Karl restrained his excitement and said, his breathing uncontrollably becoming a bit heavy.

An annual salary of ten million is not much, even pitifully low, for a legend.

His national allowance in the Great Xia Country alone was thirty million annually, and it would be more if he went to a small country, but the focus is on the latter part.

A monthly hundred pounds of medium Divine Power True God meat is enough to drive any legend crazy.

Although the Great Xia Country does provide a subsidy for legends, fifty pounds of Weak Divine Power "meat crumb cake" monthly, military legends supposedly get more, though he wasn't sure of the specifics or the quality.

But he believed it definitely wasn't this high.

This is medium Divine Power True God meat, compared to the common Weak Divine Power and Less Divine Power, most legends have never even seen it.

A hundred pounds, and apart from training necessities, there would still be a considerable amount left over each month.

"Good, as long as you're satisfied." Chen Shouyi had originally prepared for the other party to negotiate, but didn't expect him to agree so readily.

He still had a considerable amount of medium Divine Power True God meat in his space.

A total of over three hundred tons.

It's tasteless to eat, yet heartbreaking to donate.

Finally, it found a purpose; if wages don't increase, it might last five to six hundred years to hire.

In fact, even the Powerful Divine Power True God meat now was practically only filling his stomach.

The stronger the power, the fewer shortcuts available.

Looking at the other's excited expression.

Chen Shouyi felt a faint sense of envy.

...

"Brother! Brother! How did you do it..."

At noon, Chen Xingyue placed her bicycle down and rushed through the door, seeing Karl, she immediately shut her mouth and posed as a lady.

"Oh, Mr. Karl, you're here too."

"Miss Chen, hello, nice to meet you again." Karl quickly bowed slightly.

"Since you two have met, I won't introduce you. Karl is now our family's safety consultant and will be living here in the future," Chen Shouyi said.

Chen Xingyue was incredulous: "Mr. Karl, is it true? You are a legendary strongman."

"Miss, please don't say that, it makes me feel ashamed. Serving your family is my honor," Karl said solemnly.

"But..."

As the saying goes, heroes can't be seen in the eyes of loved ones—no matter how great, to those close, they are just so.

All his life's details, small faults and blemishes were not hidden from her eyes, and his distinguished achievements and huge halo couldn't overshadow his personal flaws in her presence.

"Alright, why did you come back so early?" Chen Shouyi interrupted.

"The whole school is on vacation for today's lecture, so after finishing the wrap-up work, of course I came back," Chen Xingyue said, then recalled the earlier question: "Brother, that cloud was dispersed, how did you do it?"

Even Karl beside her couldn't help but perk up his ears.

"What's this how did you do it, talk once you can gather willpower!" Chen Shouyi blocked the rest of the topic with one sentence, then said to Karl: "I'll take you to see your room first."

...

At this moment, the Zhonghai Daily was bustling.

"Rest assured, leader, the special edition is already being urgently printed, yes yes yes... guaranteed to be distributed city-wide in half an hour." The editor hung up the phone and wiped the sweat off his forehead.

Being part of the system, hoping for leadership attention and organizational care.

But at times, also worried about leadership attention and organizational care.

The former is good, whether the latter is good is uncertain.

Doing well is expected, failing means criticism!

He opened the office door loudly and asked, "How is printing going?"

"The first batch of fifty thousand copies is almost ready for printing."

"Start transporting them now, deliver as much as possible."

...

By one in the afternoon, the news of General Manager Chen dispersing the cloud during his speech spread like a nuclear explosion, disseminating rapidly with the special editions sent everywhere and neighborhood offices shouting through megaphones.

Chen Shouyi's strength had only been seen in promotions before, some even thought it was merely the country's attempt to inspire and establish a model.

When people learned the news.

Nearly everyone was dumbfounded by this shocking news.

"Is this real?"

"Can a human be this strong?"

"I always thought it was just propaganda!"

Countless people excitedly discussed.

Countless people were in awe.

Countless people were amazed.

This is the awe and longing for extraordinary power by ordinary people.

In a moment, a massive amount of Power of Faith surged toward Chen Shouyi, so much that even he felt a faint sense of joy.

The refining of Divinity didn't affect his reception of faith at all.

By dusk, his Faith Value had increased from over four thousand points to over six thousand points, and was still rapidly growing.

...

In the evening, when his parents returned, Chen Shouyi introduced Karl again.

To be honest, he was previously a safety consultant to the United States president.

At least his communication skills are excellent, his parents were initially a bit reserved towards the burly white man, but after a few words, they conversed like old friends.

"Brother Chen, you still need to exercise, actually with your condition, becoming a martial artist isn't difficult, just supplement the basics, and you'll look years younger."

"Oh, can't do it, can't ever seem to make the decision," Chen Dawei hurriedly waved his hand.

"He used to train, bought quite a few books, but couldn't bear to ask his son and daughter for help. At first, there was some enthusiasm, but slowly three days of fishing and two days of drying the net, later just gave up," Mrs. Chen teased from the side.

Chen Dawei's face reddened: "I'm just busy, okay?"

"Sister Chen, you can't blame Brother Chen, training alone really doesn't lead anywhere, it's easy to give up," Karl said to ease Father Chen's embarrassment:

"Actually, it doesn't take long, half an hour every morning is enough, half a year and you'll have learned."

"I've taught quite a few people, previously even taught the United States president, it really isn't difficult."

"Really not difficult?" Hearing this, Mrs. Chen was tempted.

"How about starting tomorrow."

Listening to this, Chen Shouyi secretly gave a thumbs up, this safety consultant was truly worth it.

Chapter 779: Healed Scars

The next day, Karl officially started his job.

Before dawn, lying in bed, Chen Shouyi sensed Karl in a martial arts uniform guiding his parents in martial arts practice in the rooftop garden of the villa.

I wonder to what extent they can train?

His requirements were not high; they need not confront enemies—others would handle that. All they needed was quick reflexes in dangerous situations.

...

"General Manager Chen showcased an incredible miracle in the martial arts lecture, causing a citywide sensation!"

The main headline in the People's Daily, in bold characters, made Chen Shouyi feel quite pleased.

The only slight disappointment was the lack of reader comments.

At noon, Bai Xiaoling brought over a thick stack of neatly arranged newspapers.

"There's also the Zhonghai Daily and some newspapers from other provinces," Bai Xiaoling said.

"No foreign media?" Chen Shouyi glanced at the paper, closed it, and casually asked as he picked up the Zhonghai Daily.

"Not yet, but I'll contact those media outlets right away. If it goes fast, we should see them by tomorrow," Bai Xiaoling hurriedly replied.

Currently, transportation on the Eurasian continent is relatively smooth, and if it's an urgent air transport, a day would suffice.

"Uh, no rush, I was just saying."

The way it sounded... as if he was eager to see them; Chen Shouyi changed the subject: "Have the military martial artists been arranged yet?"

The military martial artists Chen Shouyi requested arrived in the morning, making a total of ten, filling the quota completely.

Among them, two were even peak martial artists, while the other eight were senior martial artists.

He showed up once, discussed the terms, and then had Bai Xiaoling arrange their accommodations.

"Arrangements have been made. The city government provided two houses next to your villa. Are you sure you don't want to change your residence?" Bai Xiaoling asked.

"No need!" Chen Shouyi shook his head and said.

The suggestion from above was to move to a somewhat larger house, but he was already accustomed to living here and was reluctant to move. Besides, the security here was quite good.

He didn't ask if the neighbors, who had been forced out, had any objections; this was not even a consideration for him.

Even if asked, it would be voluntary.

...

Perhaps due to the influence of the "miracle," the surge in faith value was even more intense than Chen Shouyi had anticipated.

The faith value surged violently.

On the most abundant day, it even increased by more than five thousand points.

It wasn't until several days later that it gradually declined from its peak.

In just half a month, the faith had returned to over forty thousand points, replenishing what had been nearly depleted.

During this period, the residue of Tamu's will in Chen Shouyi's mind was also slowly strengthening.

His anxiety became increasingly severe, often feeling inexplicable palpitations.

But Chen Shouyi restrained his impulses, taking no action at all.

It wasn't the time to reap the benefits yet.

He was well aware that this was a gamble.

This act was like fetching chestnuts from the fire, stealing Tamu's power.

Once alerted and given focused attention by Tamu, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Fortunately, the Ancestor God had occupied most of its attention, and being across a different world, it likely hadn't noticed a tiny ant like him.

...

By mid-November, the first snowfall of the year finally arrived.

A bit later than last year.

The early morning revealed a world draped in silver, as if covered in a layer of cream.

The snow wasn't heavy, not reaching the level of a snow disaster. By eight or nine o'clock, all city roads had been cleared.

After his date with Zhang Xiaoyue, as Chen Shouyi rode his bicycle back, he unexpectedly spotted a familiar face.

"Song Yingjie?" Chen Shouyi stopped his bicycle beside her with his feet braced on the ground.

She was wearing a down jacket and had a considerably rounded belly. Her figure had become fuller, and the ugly scars on her face were no longer concealed as they were the last time they met, indicating she had moved past those earlier shadows.

"General Manager Chen!" She looked at Chen Shouyi in some surprise, speaking with restraint.

"Just call me Chen Shouyi like before. You're in Zhonghai too?"

"Yes, I moved here quite a while ago!"

"Pregnant?"

"Five months, just craving for sour foods. I bought some oranges; would you like some?" She lifted the bag in her hand, smiling and showing traces of her old confident demeanor.

"No need, no need!" Chen Shouyi declined with a laugh. "Craving sour means it's probably a boy."

"That's not necessarily true. My mom loved sour things when pregnant with me, yet it was me she had in the end."

"That's true." Chen Shouyi looked at the frightening scars on her face: "Your scar..."

Song Yingjie awkwardly touched it, then managed a smile: "I got used to it a long time ago. It's kind of nice; it's my badge of honor. Many students fall in line as soon as they see me."

"But it remains regrettable in the end." Chen Shouyi shook his head, thought for a moment, then reached out to touch her face.

Song Yingjie's face immediately turned beet red, even her neck flushed. Not realizing until she felt the scorching warmth of his hand, she regained composure and stammered:

"General Manager Chen, don't... don't do this. You're a good person, but... but I am already married. I..."

Interrupted by the spontaneous issuance of a "Nice Guy Card," Chen Shouyi withdrew his hand and said, "What are you talking about? Now, touch your face!"

Song Yingjie, as if something crossed her mind, quickly touched her own face upon hearing this.

She suddenly stood frozen, moisture clouding her eyes.

No more unevenness, just smooth and tender skin.

The horrible scar seemed to have vanished completely.

"My scar's gone?" She asked unbelievably.

Chen Shouyi nodded: "It's gone!"

"Really gone, truly gone!" she murmured, her smile mingling with tears. "Thank you, thank you, General Manager Chen."

"Least I could do," Chen Shouyi said, then jested: "Sorry for erasing your badge of honor."

"What badge of honor? I never wanted this wretched badge anyway."

"I'll be going now. Take care, and come find me if you ever encounter difficulties." Chen Shouyi said while smiling, mounted his bicycle, and pedaled away.

Song Yingjie watched Chen Shouyi's departing figure in a daze, touched her face again, and was filled with a sudden wave of emotions.

...

In the evening.

A deputy minister from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs personally came by, and in official terms, communicated and exchanged opinions with Chen Shouyi regarding the visit to Ba Country.

This visit held significant importance to the Great Xia Country,

National interests dictated their relations.

With the food crisis becoming increasingly severe, the importance of this Barbarian God, whose divine position pertained to agriculture, has already reached strategic significance for the Great Xia Country.

A martial artist's food consumption is two to three times that of an ordinary person.

A grand martial artist consumes four to five times more.

As for martial artists, they consume even more.

With the explosive increase in the number of martial artists, the issue of food has already become the most critical problem at present.

The Great Xia Country plans to take this opportunity to reach a series of agreements with this goddess concerning the importation of food.

Chapter 780: Sea Monster

"President Chen, please stay!"

Chen Shouyi stopped at the doorway, watching the deputy minister leave, pondering:

"Has the grain issue really reached this point?"

He thought for a moment and opened his hand.

A faint glimmer of fire ignited in his palm, instantly decomposing the water molecules in the air into hydrogen and oxygen, then extracting carbon and other elements from the soil in the yard. Under Chen Shouyi's modulation, they swiftly constructed into starch...

In just a few seconds, a grain of snow-white, crystalline rice was constructed out of thin air.

He shook his head, and the rice was reduced back to nothingness, dispersed back into atoms.

"The efficiency is too low!" he thought to himself.

Although this synthesis process consumed much less than atomic compression—almost negligible by comparison—it was also more complex.

Every millisecond, he needed to manipulate billions of atoms to carry out countless chemical reactions in the atomic proportions of glucose molecules, a level of information processing that would be mind-boggling for the average person.

He estimated that in a day, he might produce a few hundred tons of starch.

It's really just a drop in the ocean.

He shook his head, deciding not to dwell on it, and turned to head back to his bedroom, only to be stopped by Chen Xingyue.

"Brother, are you going on a visit to the Ba Country?"

"Yes, in five days, I expect to stay there for a few days," Chen Shouyi said, immediately seeing through her intentions: "But don't even think about it!"

"Why...why?" Chen Xingyue, who was previously secretly excited, now looked crestfallen.

"I'm going there for serious matters, not for fun, and the Ba Country is a Barbarian God controlled area, which has its risks. If you want to go, let's talk about it next time!" Chen Shouyi said.

He was already marked "red" by Tamu, carrying hatred; who knows what might happen at that time.

If that Barbarian God loses his mind.

Although he was not afraid and could protect Chen Xingyue, it was better to be cautious.

"Well... okay, but next time you must take me."

"Rest assured!" Chen Shouyi replied dismissively.

...

Winter had arrived.

The two little ones had put on the thick cotton clothes synthesized by Chen Shouyi early in the morning. This year, they no longer had to wear the thin seasonal princess dresses with chilly breezes blowing against their butts.

However, despite his rare good intentions, the two little ones were clearly not appreciative.

Sitting on the bed, they twisted around as if bugs were crawling all over them, utterly uncomfortable.

If it weren't for the hairdryer and various colorful flowers they loved most emblazoned on the chest and back of the cotton clothing, Chen Shouyi suspected they would have torn them off already.

"Don't you like the clothes?" Chen Shouyi found it amusing and asked, holding back his laughter.

He admitted the clothes were, indeed, a bit too thick... just a little.

But they were warm.

They were for their own good.

What if they caught a cold in such weather?

Shell Lady looked conflicted, glanced at the big hairdryer and flowers on her chest, and after a while, reluctantly said: "... Like!"

"I like them too," piped in the dazed, red little one beside her, "just can't move."

In fact, they could still move.

They were just used to the lightweight clothes; suddenly wearing thick clothes felt cumbersome.

However, they would get used to it.

Like when Shell Lady was shaved bald by him and cried her heart out, rolling on the ground. Yet, a few days later, she was fine.

...

"On November 14, 2020, at 19:23, a trial flight of a small experimental manned spacecraft arranged at the Jingjin Launch Center's launch site experienced an abnormality during flight, losing control and crashing after ascending for more than ten seconds, resulting in the loss of dozens of astronauts.

According to space personnel, the issue arose during flight with the fusion engine control system, ultimately leading to launch failure."

Chen Shouyi flipped through today's People's Daily, sighing upon seeing this news hidden in the corner like a small block of tofu.

"This is already the second failure!"

Since the launch of the massive space project, human space activities have become extremely frequent, with test news popping up every few days. Unfortunately, it hasn't been smooth sailing, more like stumbling forward.

The manned space shuttle has always been the pinnacle of human aerospace technology; even the pre-mutated United States could only manage trips between Earth and the Moon.

Great Xia Country reaching this point, there's not much experience left to draw from.

"Ring ring ring!"

At this moment, the phone rang.

Chen Shouyi got up and answered the call.

"Hello, this is Chen Shouyi."

"Alright, I'll have a look tomorrow." A few minutes later, Chen Shouyi hung up the phone.

This was the first mission since killing the Lord of Lightning.

Clearing out a mysterious sea monster in the East Sea.

This sea monster was quite vicious and cunning, frequently attacking coastal fishermen and causing havoc.

Half a year ago, Great Xia Country had dispatched warships attempting to kill this sea monster, but they disappeared without a trace, provoking even more intense retaliation.

However, after suffering a loss once, it dared not attack warships and submarines anymore, but for fishing boats and cargo ships, they became its targets for revenge against humanity.

As a result, shipping between Great Xia Country and the Rising Sun Country was intermittent, maintained on a small scale under warship escort.

It wasn't particularly powerful itself, just that the vast ocean made it hard to find and kill.

However, for Chen Shouyi, this is just a trivial little task.

...

The sky was barely brightening.

The morning sun hadn't yet appeared, but the dawn sky was already ablaze with red.

A streak akin to an arrow shot through from afar, cleaving the sea in an instant, accompanied by a thunderous roar, as if it was splitting the ocean in two.

Seconds later.

Chen Shouyi suddenly stopped, stepping on the sea.

Behind him, the tide as high as city walls parted to the sides, the sea's surface surging with waves.

Yet, as soon as the waves approached within a hundred meters of Chen Shouyi, they swiftly calmed down.

His perception spread out thoroughly, covering hundreds of kilometers around, with countless pieces of information flashing through his mind, quickly processed.

If there's any area where alien invasion is most severe.

It undoubtedly is the ocean.

After more than twenty years of continuous invasion.

Today's ocean almost has no native species left, Earth's naturally evolved creatures over long years seemed especially fragile against the onslaught of creatures from other worlds, utterly unable to withstand it.

Except for a very few tenacious native species still barely hanging on, the ocean has become the domain of creatures from other worlds, forming a new stable ecosystem.

Of course, if not considering the safety issues of navigation and the dangers of fishing, the impact on humans is just a change in seafood, with a better taste even.

"Huh!"

At this moment, Chen Shouyi suddenly uttered a soft exclamation, showing interest.

He detected a faint trace resembling the domain of fear.

"Could it be a Barbarian God...no, too faint, it should be a Demigod."