

Chapter 4072 - 4073 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

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Is this what death feels like?

Is this what it feels like to end your life?

That year, when that man died, he should have experienced the same scene as him.

If at that time, he could be braver, their Martial God Temple could be more ruthless and choose to protect that man.

Perhaps, today's Yanshan will not suffer from the disaster.

That man will always find a way.

There are so many strong men under him, so many people who follow him around him, even the Moon God of Japan will be crazy about him.

If Yan Xia Martial Dao were with him, he would definitely not have reached the point of destruction today.

But what's the use of thinking about it now?

The wheel of time rolls forward, and nothing can come back.

After all, their Martial God Temple did not make a move, and their Yanxia martial arts chose to stay indifferent after all, and that man was dead after all.

Therefore, today, they will eventually be destroyed.

Everything has been settled.

.....

The vitality dissipated, and the vision became more and more blurred.

At the moment before his death, many scenes could not stop flashing before Tang Hao's eyes.

However, when his eyes were fixed on the devastated land of Vietnam, Tang Hao only felt endless sadness and unwillingness in his heart.

He suddenly raised the black giant hammer, exhausted the last strength of his life, and roared at the people of Trumen: "I don't care about Xingquan, I recommend Xuanyuan with my blood..."

With countless unwillingness and grief, Tang Hao let out an earth-shattering roar.

Then, he urged all the remaining true energy in his body to detonate his body on the top of this Yanshan Mountain!

One of the Six Pillars Kingdoms of Yan Xia, the Grand Master of Clear Sky, Tang Hao, has fallen!

Even when he died, he turned himself into fireworks, blooming in the land he loved!

"retreat!"

"Go back!"

...

No one thought that Tang Hao would choose this method of death in the end.

The Truman people were all terrified.

They screamed wildly, backed away in horror.

However, no matter how fast they are, how can they be faster than the speed of a title master's self-destruction?

rumbling...

In the deafening voice, a huge explosion exploded in Yanshan.

Countless powerhouses were shaken from the top of Yanshan Mountain, and the Chumen powerhouses who were close were instantly blown away by the violent power.

Even the grandmaster and elder were killed on the spot!

“Damn it!”

“The hot summer warriors are so damn good!”

After the explosion dissipated, the Truman people were even more angry.

“Everyone, charge me!”

“Today, the Martial God Temple will be levelled, and the Yanxia Zhuguo will be killed!”

Tang Hao’s self-violence did not change the situation of the battle, but only delayed some of the opponent’s offensive.

Soon, the Chumen army made a comeback and once again entered the Temple of Wu.

Outside the Martial God Hall, all the surviving Yanxia warriors were immersed in endless grief after seeing Tang Hao’s fall.

The Sword Saint and the King of Fighters, who were hiding in the Martial God Temple, were even more grief-stricken when they learned of it.

“Tang... Tang Hao, dead... dead?”

The swordsman was there, as if he had lost his soul.

The King of Fighters is also full of disbelief.

After so many years, this is the first one to fall before their eyes, the strong Yanxia Zhuguo.

Tianzhu is folded, and the earth is absolutely amazing!

Tang Hao’s death was like some kind of symbol of Heaven’s will.

The pillar kingdom will fall, and the hot summer will fall!

“Uncle Tang has fallen. He blew himself up and died.”

“He died like this to buy time for you.”

“So, father, Uncle Sword Saint, before the Chumen’s powerhouse comes up, let’s go!”

“I blocked them.”

The little King of Fighters Mo Wuya was covered in blood and tears, crying to his father and Juggernaut.

At the same time, let them quickly take them down to Yanshan.

However, the Juggernaut refused, and the King of Fighters also refused.

“Walk?”

“Where can we go?”

“Yanshan fell, and the Martial God was destroyed.”

“No matter how big this world is, there is no place for my brother.”

The swordsman shook his head and smiled softly.

There is a lot of sadness in the smile.

He stood up with all his might, and then took up the sword.

The King of Fighters Mo Gucheng also stood up and picked up the broken knife that had followed him for decades.

“Brother Tang Hao, walk slowly and wait for us.”

The two men looked at each other and smiled, then pushed open the temple door and stepped into the bloody world outside.

Since there is no way to go back, why go back?

Even if you die nine times, you should guard the country and land under your feet!

Just like what Tang Hao said when he was dying!

Feeling cold, Xingquan is not aware of it, I recommend it with my blood! Xuan! Yuan!

Chapter 4073

The wind is bleak and the autumn rain is cold.

Outside the Martial God Hall, there are already corpses scattered all over the field, with broken walls and ruins.

After Tang Hao's self-destruction, his body has long since turned into nothingness, and what he left to this world is only the ruins in front of him.

The Juggernaut and the King of Fighters have already walked out. They stood in front of the Martial God Temple, looking at the former Martial Arts Holy Land, but now they are full of ruins, and they have endless sadness and self-blame in their hearts.

It was their incompetence that they failed to protect this world after all.

As the Juggernaut and the King of Fighters walked out, the originally chaotic land of Yanshan suddenly became much quieter.

Those hot summer warriors who were still stubbornly resisted, after seeing the two sword saints, they couldn't help but burst into tears.

They all knelt under the Sword Saint and the others: "His Royal Highness Sword Saint, His Highness the King of Fighters, Master Clear Sky, he's gone..."

"Because, to protect us..."

Countless people shed tears, and many Yanxia warriors burst into tears, telling the Sword Saint and the others about the final outcome of Grandmaster Clear Sky.

For this message, the Sword Saints already knew it.

So, they are peaceful.

Instead, he smiled and looked at the surviving Yanxia warriors in front of him:
“Don’t blame yourself.”

“Master Clear Sky is the pillar of the Yanxia Dingguo. It is his duty to protect my Yanxia martial artist, and it is his lifelong passion.”

“To die at the hands of a cause you love is a blessing in life.”

“It’s better than living a life and dying for nothing.”

Juggernaut’s words were calm, like an old man who had experienced vicissitudes of life, telling the past of time.

The Chumen powerhouse below Yanshan had already rushed under the hall at this time.

The leader was a Truman elder named Anderman, who was second only to the first elder Tang Xian in the Presbyterian Church.

The task of sweeping the Martial God Temple this time is performed by this person.

After rushing outside the main hall, Anderman suddenly stretched out his hand and stopped his subordinates and continued to move forward.

Instead, he stood in front of the hall, facing the swordsman and others at a distance.

“Hahaha..”

“Tang Hao is dead, and the Zhu Kingdom has fallen.”

“Juggernaut, King of Fighters, your hot summer is over, and the Temple of the Martial God is about to be destroyed today.”

“I advise you, don’t be stubborn anymore.”

“It’s too late to surrender now.”

Anderman stood proudly in front of the hall, looking at the two swordsmen and the King of Fighters in front of him like a victor looking down on his defeated general.

For Anderman, the current hot summer is over.

He said this now, and it is indeed emboldened.

“However, Juggernaut, seriously.”

“Thanks to your hot summer, you still claim to have five thousand years of martial arts civilization. Before I came here, I thought that the Martial God Temple would be such a tough bone to crack.”

“As a result, it was so vulnerable.”

“We Trumen only used half of our strength to completely defeat your Martial God Temple.”

“Still the pillar of the country?”

“Just a joke.”

“My family’s Tang Sect Master didn’t show up, and your Martial God Temple has already been breached by us.”

Anderman laughed recklessly, mocking the Juggernaut and the others.

What Anderman said was really from the bottom of his heart.

This battle of Yanshan has disappointed him too much.

Not only did Tang Yun not come, but Chumen even sent some forces to attack the Japanese martial arts.

But even so, the Juggernauts were still easily defeated by their Trumen army.

All of this can only be said that the strength gap is really too big.

“Don’t be arrogant.”

“What you have defeated today is only our Martial God Temple. It is not my Yanxia Martial Art.”

“My Yanxia martial arts have been passed down for thousands of years, even if there are no heroes in this era.”

“But ten years, twenty years...”

“I believe that after the destruction of my Martial God Temple, one day, my Yanxia Shenzhou will give birth to a strong man of the age of perfection.”

“He will take revenge for us, he will step on your Trumen, and he will once again lead my Yanxia martial arts to revival!”

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The swordsman’s eyes were burning, and his tone was extremely firm.

It was his sword saint who was incompetent and could not protect this country.

But he always believed that their descendants in Yan Xia would definitely support this nation again!

“Ha ha ha ha...”

“Stop delusional!”

“After we wipe out your Martial God Temple, our Chumen will kill all your martial arts talents in Yan Xia.”

“Let you completely cut off the hot summer martial arts!”

“You still want to revive the hot summer martial arts for decades?”

“It’s just wishful thinking!”

Anderman’s few words destroyed the last line of defense in the hearts of Juggernaut, King of Fighters and others.

“You guys, lose your conscience!” The Sword Saint cursed loudly.

Then he rushed in with his sword.

Not to be outdone, the King of Fighters also rushed into the Chumen army with a mad knife.

The Yanxia martial artist behind him also launched the final attack at this time.

“The battle of the trapped beasts, the time of death has come!”

Anderman’s eyes froze, and then he gave an order: “Form formation!”

swish swish...

Following Anderman’s order, several figures in the crowd rushed out.

These people, two by two, joined hands, and their breaths were almost integrated into one.

In the blink of an eye, a terrifying aura swept out of them.

Like a rolling torrent, sweeping the top of the entire Yanshan Mountain.

If Gaia and the others were here, they would definitely recognize it at a glance. The formation in front of them was exactly what the inner guards of the Chumen used when Mark attacked the Chumen, the Yunyang Immortal Formation!

As soon as this formation came out, the terrifying power swept through everything.

The Juggernaut and the King of Fighters are both wounded, and they are alone, and they are not necessarily the opponents of Anderman.

What’s more, Anderman also used the Yunyang Immortal Phase Array together with the rest of the Truman powerhouse.

In just one confrontation, the Juggernaut and the King of Fighters were severely injured, vomited blood and flew away.

“Juggernaut, King of Fighters, this elder asks you one last time!”

“Wait, are you willing to surrender to my Truman?”

A roaring torrent resounded.

On the top of the Nine Heavens, Anderman is powerful, bathed in azure light, as if the gods are alive.

He held the divine light in his hand and looked down at the heaven and the earth.

An ultimatum was issued to the two Sword Saints.

The swordsmen and the others were full of blood, but they laughed loudly: "Hahaha..."

"Trumen rat generation, I am in the hot summer, how could it be down to you?"

The King of Fighters would rather die than surrender.

"If that's the case, then let me die!"

Anderman was impatient.

With endless power, a dazzling light bloomed in his hands.

He held the divine light in his hand, like a sword, and slashed down at the two swordsmen and the King of Fighters!

"Father!"

"Juggernaut!"

"The King of Fighters..."

"don't want!"

His Majesty the Martial God, the Yanxia warriors cried out, and the sound of grief shook the sky and the ground.

However, if crying is useful, what is the use of this sword?

However, at this moment of life and death.

Suddenly, in the depths of the Tianhe, an angry voice echoed.

"Trumen evil beast, dare you?"

The roar of anger exploded like thunder.

Immediately afterwards, a majestic palm print covered the sky and the sun.

As if the Tathagata descended from heaven.

From the depths of the Tianhe, he smashed down in anger.

Just one palm! Then smashed the thousands of Trumen offensives!

The second palm, shocking back all the powerhouses of Chumen!

The third palm, Yunyang Immortal Phase Array, was directly scattered!

Anderman and the other Trumen elders were suddenly hit by such a blow.

“Who?”

“who is it?”

“Which ignorant thing dares to disturb my Truman affairs?”

Anderman spat out the blood in his mouth, his eyes were red, and he cursed in the distance.

Juggernaut, King of Fighters and others also looked up, and all the warriors in Yan Xia also looked into the distance.

At this time, everyone has the same question in their hearts.

Come on, who is it?

huh~

The cold wind blows up the wind and sand.

Just like this, in everyone's sight, a figure in white appeared quietly on the top of Yanshan Mountain.

Like, the fairy came into the world!

Chapter 4075

Except for the triple snow on the body of the king, who in the world is equipped with white clothes.

When the white robe fell, all the eyes of everyone here fell on him alone.

“Dragon-headed man?”

“you again!”

“It seems that the lesson my young sect master taught you wasn’t enough!”

“How dare you come to seek death?”

Anderman and the others recognized the person in front of them at a glance.

A white robe with a dragon head mask on his face.

It was the dragon-headed man who brought disaster to Chumen in these years.

Not long ago, Chu Tianqi beat him seriously.

I thought this guy would be very honest.

However, they did not expect that they would appear in Yanshan now.

Anderman and the others naturally hated their teeth.

However, in the face of the Trumen’s inquiries, the Longshouren ignored them.

He turned around and walked towards the Juggernauts.

“Thank you so much, Your Excellency, for saving your life.”

“However, my hot summer martial arts is over, so I won’t bother your Excellency anymore.”

“If there is an afterlife, the King of Fighters and I will definitely repay your kindness for saving your life today.”

“But now, your Excellency, let’s go.”

Truman is finally powerful.

Although the Sword Saints and the others are extremely grateful to this dragon-headed man, they are not relatives, so how could their Martial God Temple dare to let people offend Chumen for protecting Yan Xia.

Therefore, after thanking the dragon-headed people, the swordsman sighed and let the dragon-headed people leave without worrying about them.

The dragon head man smiled: “Go?”

“If my home is gone, where can I go?”

In the faint laughter, there is an inexplicable desolation and freedom.

The Juggernauts were stunned for a while, and the lowered face of the King of Fighters also lifted.

“You... are you?”

The dragon-headed man did not answer, but took off his mask, revealing that familiar yet unfamiliar face.

“Old... Lao Ye?”

“You... are you Lao Ye?”

At the moment when the dragon-headed man took off his mask, both the Juggernaut and the King of Fighters were stunned.

They stared at the man in disbelief.

I don’t know if it was because of shock or because of being moved. At this moment, there were tears in the eyes of a majestic man like Juggernaut.

three years.

It’s been almost three years.

Since Ye Qingtian withdrew from the Martial God Temple because of Mark’s incident, the Juggernauts and the others have never heard from Ye Qingtian.

Before this hot summer crisis, the Sword Saint thought about whether Ye Qingtian would come back.

However, even if Tang Hao died, Ye Qingtian did not appear.

Originally, Juggernaut and the others had given up hope.

Unexpectedly....

After a long period of shock, the Juggernaut's trembling hand tightly grasped Ye Qingtian's arm, and even punched Ye Qingtian's chest a few times with his fist.

It seems that he is blaming Ye Qingtian for why he is here now.

"Lao Ye, why are you here now?"

"We thought that you were still angry with us and would not care whether the Temple of Martial Arts lived or died..." The King of Fighters also had a moving expression on his face.

In that moment of despair, I saw the dawn and hope again.

That feeling, like someone who fell into the water, grabbed a life-saving straw.

It is conceivable that the King of Fighters and Juggernaut are excited in their hearts.

"Martial God Temple, after all, we created it together."

"Yanxia is my hometown after all."

"Even if I regenerate your anger, I will not be able to watch you die at the hands of Trumen."

Ye Qingtian's words were low, but his emotions were complicated on his face full of vicissitudes.

In fact, as people get older, they will find that there is no right or wrong in many things in this world.

Just like what happened to Mark, did the Juggernauts do something wrong?

From Ye Qingtian's standpoint, they were undoubtedly wrong.

However, in the position of the Sword Saint, did he really do something wrong?

Things in the world, after all, are just different positions.

And, after so long, everything has become a foregone conclusion.

Some grievances and entanglements should really be put down.

At least now, he, Ye Qingtian, will stand on the same front with the Juggernauts again.

Chapter 4076 - 4077 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

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"Old Ye, Tang Hao..." After a brief reminiscence, the swordsman said with red eyes and a heavy voice.

Ye Qingtian nodded: "I see."

"Old Tang, he is a real man."

"We are hot summer, we are proud of him!"

Ye Qingtian said in a deep voice, his palms clenched unconsciously, and in his old eyes, there was sadness, anger, and a majestic and endless killing intent.

"You and the King of Fighters rest first."

"The rest, leave it to me."

Ye Qingtian looked at Juggernaut and others, then turned around, ready to meet the enemy.

But Juggernaut and King of Fighters are still a little worried: "Lao Ye, they are very strong..."

“Joining forces, the strength is comparable to the top ten titled masters in the sky.”

They have already confronted the people of Truman, and Juggernaut and the King of Fighters are naturally aware of their abilities.

Although Ye Qingtian is the strongest in Yanxia, he is not ranked in the top ten.

Therefore, they are also worried that even if the God of War returns, it will only add one more soul to the top of Yanshan Mountain.

Ye Qingtian smiled: “Don’t worry, it’s only those few people who can make me retreat.”

Ye Qingtian didn’t know where the confidence came from, but he was not afraid of the top ten powers in the sky.

After speaking, Ye Qingtian officially walked over to face the Truman army alone.

“Mars!”

“It’s the God of War!”

“The God of War is back.”

“Hahaha...”

“Brothers, we are in hot summer, we are saved...”

The Yanxia warriors behind them became excited immediately after seeing Ye Qingtian.

Tears filled their eyes, as if someone in a desperate situation had seen the savior.

Some people even knelt directly on the ground to welcome Ye Qingtian's return.

After all, Ye Qingtian has always been the highest patron saint of Yan Xia for so many years.

As long as he is there, the backbone of Yanxia Martial Arts will be there.

If the god of war does not fall, the martial arts of the hot summer will stand still!

“So you are Ye Qingtian!”

“The first powerhouse in the hot summer.”

“No wonder, you made so many strong men of Trumen fall into your hands.”

“However, that’s the end of it.”

“The Temple of the Martial God is over. Could it be that you still naively think that with your strength alone, you can defeat my Chumen army?”

Anderman laughed wantonly.

Then, without the slightest nonsense, he frowned and immediately gave an order.

“Combine!”

boom!

A majestic burst of energy, soaring into the sky!

More than ten Chumen powerhouses joined forces again.

The Immortal Yunyang Formation immediately erupted with the majesty of destroying the world!

With unstoppable power, he swept away towards Ye Qingtian.

“Lao Ye, escape!”

“This is Trumen’s combined attack formation, which is extremely powerful.”

“I joined forces with the King of Fighters and both were defeated by this formation.”

“Even the top ten powerhouses in the sky may not be able to compete head-on!”

Seeing that Chumen actually used such a formation as soon as he came up, Juggernaut and others were also shocked.

However, Ye Qingtian was not afraid of this combined attack formation.

The majestic face is full of heroism and domineering.

“Back then, you killed Mark.”

“Now, it’s a disaster for my Yanxia martial arts.”

“New hatred and old hatred, let’s forget it together today.”

Ye Qingtian was expressionless, and the majestic power gathered crazily in the palm of his hand.

Bang!

The next moment, I saw Ye Qingtian stepping on the ground and rising into the sky.

Between the sea of clouds, he turned his hands to the sky and covered the ground.

A palm technique that fell from the sky took shape in an instant!

“Remember, this palm is called Tianfan Palm!”

Bang!

It is like a thousand-meter mountain, falling from the sky.

That terrifying palm technique, covering the sky and the sun, with the power to destroy everything, moved towards the few elders below, suppressing it.

boom!

There are no obstacles.

Like the autumn wind sweeping the leaves, like boiling oil melting the remaining snow.

In that deafening sound, the combined strike formation of the Trumen strong man was shattered under the palm of his hand.

In an instant, it turned into nothingness!

Chapter 4077

“This... so strong?”

Looking at Ye Qingtian’s surging power, the King of Fighters and Juggernaut were both stupid.

too strong!

How can it be so strong?

When Ye Qingtian appeared just now, although he also broke the Chumen’s combined attack formation.

But after all, Ye Qingtian took an unexpected advantage before, and he still managed to save the Juggernauts after several tricks.

But now, the two sides are in a head-to-head confrontation.

The needle point of the serious child is facing the wheat awn, and there is no moisture at all.

A second ago, the Juggernauts and the others were worried that the God of War would suffer, but who would have thought that the next second, Ye Qingtian, the God of War, would be so powerful that he had destroyed the combined attack formation of the Chumen powerhouses!

Ye Qingtian’s power undoubtedly exceeded everyone’s expectations.

Even the Juggernaut and the King of Fighters, who have been familiar with the God of War for many years, were stunned by the tremor.

“Juggernaut, Lao... Lao Ye, is he... already this strong?”

The King of Fighters Mo Gucheng stared at him.

Although Ye Qingtian has always been the ceiling of Yan Xia’s martial arts for so many years, he is the strongest existence in Yan Xia.

Of course, Mark is not included here.

This guy is a pervert, and the King of Fighters naturally didn't take Mark into consideration.

However, no matter how strong Ye Qingtian was, he was only in the top 15 on the list at that time, and the Juggernaut was about 20 on the list.

Therefore, there is not a big gap between the titles of several pillar kingdoms in the Yanxia Martial God Temple.

But now, the majesty shown by Ye Qingtian undoubtedly made the two of them feel the huge gap that was insurmountable.

"Just with that palm just now, Lao Ye can rank in the top ten in the sky... No, he can also be in the top five in the sky!"

The Sword Saint was also stunned.

In addition to surprise, but also very frustrated.

Back then, almost all of them, the pillar country powerhouses, were all comrades-in-arms who came out from the same group.

Now, the strength of the former comrades in arms has been superb, but they are still trapped in the bottleneck, and they have not improved further for decades.

I don't know about the Sword Saint, the rest of the Yanxia people saw that the God of War was so arrogant, and their original despair was instantly swept away.

They saw hope again.

I saw the hope of turning defeat into victory in Yanxia Martial Arts!

As the saying goes, some people are happy and some are sad.

Chumen's combined attack formation was smashed by a single blow.

Truman's popularity has been greatly damaged.

Anderman and other Chumen grandmaster-level powerhouses also have gloomy eyebrows, and their eyes are full of fear when they look at Ye Qingtian.

“damn it!”

“How can this Ye Qingtian be so strong?”

“This combat power, I’m afraid it is already comparable to the second elder Xuanming, right?”

Anderman cursed inwardly.

Just when Anderman was thinking about countermeasures, Ye Qingtian did not show any mercy and continued to pour out his anger.

His favorite country, trampled.

The people he loved most were slaughtered.

Even the brothers who once fought side by side with life and death fell under the hands of these people.

It is conceivable that at this moment, the monstrous anger in the heart of the God of War is burning like a raging fire.

Today, he, Ye Qingtian, is going to kill the Chumen dog!

Bang!

Another palm fell.

The monstrous majesty blasted a huge pit directly on the ground.

Under this palm, several powerhouses of Trumen were instantly annihilated and died.

The deep pit was filled with blood mixed with meat mud.

“Disciple?”

“a!”

“Dare to kill my disciple, take my life!”

Seeing his disciple being killed, Elder Anderman’s eyes immediately turned red.

He endured the injury and gathered all the powerhouses of Chumen again, preparing to attack Ye Qingtian.

“Everyone, listen to my orders, focus fire and attack!”

“This elder doesn’t believe it anymore!”

“With a hundred of us, we can’t kill you alone?”

“Could it be that you, Ye Qingtian, are still the same as that Chu Tianfan, who alone can turn our Chumen upside down?”

Anderman spat out the blood from his mouth, and his expression showed a touch of madness.

He is in charge of the characters who attack the Martial God Temple. If he can’t finish it, if he doesn’t do it well, the sect master will pursue it, and the consequences will undoubtedly be extremely serious.

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What’s more, Anderman has always wanted to go further in the Truman, and this time, it is a golden opportunity for him to make a contribution.

How can Ye Qingtian let his dream of building a career fall short because of Ye Qingtian alone!

“Three Absolutes of Truman!”

....

“Rainstorm Pear Blossom Sword!”

....

Soon, at the call of Anderman, the Trumen people began to besiege Ye Qingtian.

Those terrifying attacks, like a torrent, came together and smashed towards Ye Qingtian angrily.

In the face of this overwhelming attack, Ye Qingtian stood proudly on the Tianhe River without fear.

The figure in white was like a small boat in the turbulent sea.

No matter the violent storm, he will not move!

“You mad thieves, messing with my hot summer and harming our people.”

“Today, Ye Qingtian, I will use your blood to pay homage to my heroic spirits who died in the hot summer!”

“At the same time, let you know that those who violate my hot summer will be punished even if they are far away!”

In the rolling sound, endless power gathered towards Ye Qingtian’s hand again.

The explosive power gathered on Ye Qingtian’s fingertips, as if a mad current swept through.

Almost instantly, a palm print that covered the sky took shape again!

“Heavenly God Palm!”

....

“Heavenly God Palm!”

...

Ye Qingtian sent out several palms.

The terrifying palm print swept the four directions with the might of destroying the world.

Under the layers of palm prints, the attacks of Anderman and the others instantly shattered like a cobblestone hitting a stone.

“what?”

The people of Chumen were all shocked.

However, before they were panicked for a moment, the remaining majesty of that giant palm had already swept over.

puff!

puff...

In the mountains of Yanshan, all the strong Chumen were hit hard.

The weak and weak were suppressed by the palm print on the spot and vanished.

The powerful ones were all seriously wounded, vomited blood, and their bodies were like cannonballs, falling towards the foot of Yanshan.

huh~

The wind blew through the sand, and the gravel cut through the fallen leaves.

The Yanshan Mountain, which was originally a noisy stroll, was instantly empty.

Those Chumen who hit His Highness Wushen, either lost their lives or were hit at the foot of Yanshan Mountain.

The top of the entire Yanshan Mountain has returned to peace.

Between the Tianhe Rivers, Ye Qingtian was dressed in white and stood.

Behind him, all the surviving warriors in Yan Xia stayed.

They were dumbfounded and dumbfounded, and all of them stared at the man who showed great power like they were looking at the idol of the gods.

At the end, the Yanxia warriors all knelt down and shouted the mighty God of War.

At this moment, Ye Qingtian's status in the hearts of Yanxia Kingdom undoubtedly rose again.

Truly, he has become the savior of the world in the hearts of the people.

After sweeping the Chumen powerhouses, Ye Qingtian returned again to visit the Juggernauts and their injuries.

"Lao...Lao Ye, you...how did you do it?"

"How did your strength improve so much?"

The King of Fighters and Juggernaut don't care about their injuries, they only care about the reason why Ye Qingtian's strength has grown by leaps and bounds.

Ye Qingtian's expression darkened: "I think, you two, probably don't want to know the reason."

"Why don't you want to know, we definitely want to, Lao Ye, tell me!" The King of Fighters is anxious, he has been stuck in a bottleneck for a long time, if he can get inspiration from Lao Ye, then his breakthrough is undoubtedly hopeful.

Ye Qingtian was silent for a while, and then said, "It's Mark. Before Mark went to Chumen, he gave me advice and inspiration on martial arts, and he passed on my unparalleled martial arts."

"If it wasn't for him, my cultivation would still be stagnant, and I wouldn't be able to stop the Trumen offensive today."

Ye Qingtian said expressionlessly.

The Juggernaut and the King of Fighters were both stunned.

The excited look before, also quickly dimmed.

Inside, there are undoubtedly mixed emotions.

"Yes...is it him?"

"But...but how is this possible? That Mark is just a rising star. He has only been practicing martial arts for many years, and he has only a deep

understanding of martial arts than our older generation's powerhouses?" The King of Fighters just felt unbelievable

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"Yeah, how many years has Mark been practicing martial arts?"

"How could it be possible to reach the top of the sky list, how could it be possible to become a titled master, how could it be possible to almost destroy Truman with one's own strength?"

Hearing the words of the King of Fighters, Ye Qingtian shook his head and smiled.

With these words, the King of Fighters undoubtedly said that his face was red and his ears were red, and he could no longer say any voice of doubt.

Yes, as Ye Qingtian said, Mark wrote so many feats at a young age, and it is not impossible to do one more.

At this moment, both the King of Fighters and the Juggernaut were silent.

In the matter of Mark, Juggernaut and the others undoubtedly suffered too much controversy.

Now that Ye Qingtian talks about that man again, Juggernaut and the others naturally don't have much to say.

"Okay, let's not talk about that."

"Trumen was only repelled by me temporarily, and will make a comeback soon."

"Take this time, I will take you out of here."

Now is not the time to gossip, although Ye Qingtian relied on Tianfan's palm just now, he strongly suppressed the strong men of Chumen.

However, Ye Qingtian knew very well that those people just now were only part of Trumen's power.

It won't be long before Trumen will kill Yanshan again.

To stay here is to sit still.

Today's plan is the best way to go!

"leave?"

"Leaving Yanshan, where shall we go?"

The King of Fighters and Juggernaut asked in confusion.

Now the Chumen has set off a war in the whole territory of Yanxia, and the martial arts forces of the major provinces have fallen.

The King of Fighters and the others couldn't imagine where Ye Qingtian could take them.

"If I were to flee abroad, I would rather stay in Yanshan."

The King of Fighters stubbornly said.

Juggernaut doesn't want to go into exile either.

Ye Qingtian shook his head: "Don't worry, we are not so desperate that we have to hide abroad."

"I'm going to take you to Noirfork."

"As far as I know, Mark left his means in Noirfork during his lifetime to protect Noirfork Martial Arts and resist the invasion of powerful enemies."

"It can be said that the safest place in the hot summer is Noirfork."

"I will take all of you to retreat to Noirfork, use Noirfork as a stronghold, and fight to the death with Chumen."

"Trumen's booth is very large this time, and it will start a war with the martial arts of various countries at the same time."

"As long as we lengthen the time line, we can thwart Che Chumen's ambitions and attempts!"

Ye Qingtian said in a deep voice.

“what?”

“Back to Noirfork?”

“Lao Ye, are you sure you’re not joking?”

“The holy place of martial arts in the hot summer is Mount Yan!”

“The highest authority in Yan Xia is the Martial God Temple!”

“We are sticking to it, and we should also guard Yanshan, guard the Yanxia Martial God Temple, not guard Noirfork for Mark!”

The King of Fighters was surprisingly angry when he heard this.

It is clear that Yanshan is the symbol of Yanxia martial arts, but now, Ye Qingtian asked them to abandon Yanshan and guard the land of Noirfork that did not obey orders.

What will others think if it is spread out in the future?

It is bound to think that the land of Noirfork is the sacred place of martial arts in Yanxia, and that Mark’s status is even higher than that of their Martial God Temple.

What’s more, everyone in the world knows that Mark is at odds with the Martial God Temple.

Now they ran to Noirfork. In the eyes of outsiders, it was their Wushen Temple that was incompetent and fled to Noirfork to seek shelter from a deceased.

Spread out, their Martial God Temple, as well as Juggernaut, King of Fighters, they will undoubtedly be completely reduced to the laughing stock of the world’s martial arts.

This is naturally unacceptable to the Juggernaut and the King of Fighters.

“Is it still time to consider these false names?”

“Are you going to kill my last hope of Yanxia Martial Arts for these false names?”

Ye Qingtian was also angry, and a low voice of anger echoed.

At this time, behind them, the hundreds of Yanxia martial artists were all silent.

They are like the last remaining soldiers after the war, waiting for their general to make the final call.

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The decision of the general will also completely determine the life and death of these people.

“Hahaha...”

“hope?”

“Ye Qingtian, do you really think that there is still hope for you in the hot summer?”

Suddenly, at the foot of Yanshan Mountain, there was a burst of laughter.

Ye Qingtian and the others froze and turned to look.

I saw that under the Yanshan Mountain, the people of Chumen rushed up again.

And this time, more people from Trumen came.

The Chu family’s dragon, tiger, and wolf three guards, a total of thirty-six strong men, all arrived.

In addition, next to Anderman, there were several more Truman elders.

“Damn it!”

“How come so quickly?”

Ye Qingtian secretly thought that it was not good, and his expression became gloomy.

“Wuya, I’ll block them for a while, you find a neutral position and take your father and your Uncle Xiao to kill Yanshan.”

“leave here!”

Ye Qingtian knew that a fierce battle was inevitable.

There are many strong people in Chumen. If Ye Qingtian himself, even if he can’t match so many people, he can still easily escape.

Of course, the premise is that Ye Qingtian is not tied down.

Therefore, the top priority is to send the King of Fighters out first.

“My compatriots, today is the moment of life and death for my Yanxia martial arts.”

“In today’s battle, we don’t seek victory, we only seek to preserve our vitality.”

“After the war starts, I will try my best to hold back more Trumen strongmen.”

“As for all of you, do your best to rush out of Yanshan and run for your life.”

“If there is a chance, let’s meet again in Noirfork!”

Ye Qingtian’s words are almost the words of life and death.

The God of War is very clear that in a short time, most of these Yanxia compatriots in front of them will die.

Now, there is only one thing he can say, that is, seek more blessings and escape for each other.

“Don’t go!”

“I do not go!”

“I want to defend Yanshan!”

“The Son of Heaven guards the gate, and the king dies.”

“If Yanshan doesn’t exist, what’s the use of me waiting for Zhuguo?”

The King of Fighters shouted stubbornly, with great determination to defend Yanshan.

Juggernaut is also unwilling to leave.

The Temple of the Martial God is his career, and Yanshan is the place where he struggles all his life.

Even if he died in battle, he was unwilling to live.

“Wuya, forcibly take them away!” Ye Qingtian ignored them and asked Mo Wuya to force them down from Yanshan.

“Walk?”

“None of you here can get away!”

Anderman laughed wantonly.

“yes?”

“Just a few of you?” Ye Qingtian’s brows were cold, and his domineering words were full of contempt for these people in front of him.

Ye Qingtian is not afraid of the inner guard of the Chu family or the elder of the Chumen.

“of course not!”

“They rely on me.”

call! ,

The mountain winds are cold, and the sky is full of sand.

The wind and clouds swirled, causing a thunderous explosion.

The sky was originally quiet, but suddenly the wind was surging and the wind was blowing.

In the midst of panic among the warriors in the hot summer, they saw a grey-robed figure at the end of the Tianhe, walking slowly over the Tianhe.

Obviously his footsteps are so slow.

However, the mountains, rivers and the earth seemed to be insane, retreating crazily under him.

Just like this, in just a few breaths, an old man who went deep into the sea of abyss and looked like a high mountain stretched across the top of Yanshan.

“Bye, old sect master!”

....

“Bye, old sect master!”

.....

Seeing this person, the Chumen powerhouses at the top of Yanshan all knelt down and worshipped.

Like a believer, worship your own beliefs.

When the Yanxia martial artist heard the words, his color changed immediately.

The King of Fighters widened his eyes.

The Sword Saint turned pale.

Even Ye Qingtian, the guardian god of hot summer, couldn't help revealing panic in the depths of his eyes.

Chu Yuan!

Chumen took office as the head of the door, Chu Yuan!

The culprit who killed Mark back then.

Recognized as the strongest player in the world.

Above the title, Chu Yuan, who has cultivated in the realm of the gods!

Ye Qingtian never thought that the old sect master of Chumen would come to Yanshan Yanshan in person!

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The wind and sand gradually stopped, and the rolling sea of clouds also returned to silence.

With the appearance of Chu Yuan, the originally noisy Yanshan Mountain was as quiet as the sky after a heavy rain.

Everyone stopped moving.

The Trumans knelt to the ground, welcoming their faith.

The warriors of Yan Xia looked up, and everyone's faces were ashen.

In my heart, there was a feeling of powerlessness.

Ignoring the prostration of the Chumen powerhouse, after Chu Yuan descended to Yanshan, he just looked down at the surrounding world with his deep old eyes.

"How many years, remember the last time I came to Yanshan, I was still a child."

"These years are like passing horses."

"In a trance, most of my life has already passed."

As if revisiting the old place, Chu Yuan stood there, touching the scene and feeling emotional, and couldn't help sighing.

"In those hot summer days, martial arts flourished."

"The titled strong makes the people of this world fearful."

"I didn't expect that after so many years, the Yanxia martial arts has become more and more declining."

"Without Chu Tianfan, it's actually like this, vulnerable."

Chu Yuan shook his head and smiled.

Before, when he attacked Yan Xia, he still wanted to use the power of the whole sect to destroy the Martial God Temple.

After all, Yanxia martial arts stretches for thousands of years and is the origin of global martial arts.

Chu Yuan would undoubtedly not dare to underestimate such places.

However, when he really started to do something, Chu Yuan realized that he had completely overestimated Yanxia martial arts.

He didn't even let Second Elder Xuan Ming take action, and only relying on the strong men under him, he pushed Yanxia Martial Dao to Yanshan.

However, the appearance of Ye Qingtian surprised Chu Yuan.

"You are the God of War in Yanxia, Ye Qingtian, right?"

"I remember, your strength is not in the top ten on the list."

"However, now, with the power of one person, I blocked my Trumen army and defeated my Trumen's combined attack formation."

"If you can do it this way, you can also make it into the top five if you put it on the list of heaven."

"It seems that over the years, your strength has improved a lot."

Chu Yuan's eyes finally fell on Ye Qingtian alone.

Chu Yuan has seen the current situation very clearly.

Yanxia martial arts have basically been destroyed by them.

Both the Juggernaut and the King of Fighters were also seriously injured and basically lost their combat effectiveness.

The so-called ten great masters of Yan Xia are also half dead.

The remaining few are not enough at all.

Now, the only threat to Yanxia Martial Arts is the man named Ye Qingtian in front of him.

"It's hard for Mr. Chu to know my name, Ye Qingtian."

“I don’t know whether to be honored or scared.”

Ye Qingtian turned around, there was no joy or sorrow on his resolute face, so he looked directly at Chu Yuan.

Chu Yuan smiled.

“It doesn’t matter if it’s honor or fear, you just need to know that today is you, your Martial God Temple, and your Yanxia Martial Dao’s death date, that’s right.”

Chu Yuan’s words were flat, but in that light tone, there was a domineering arrogance that would cut life and death, and take life and death.

“Hahaha..”

“I dare not refute that Ye Qingtian and the Martial God Temple will die soon.”

“But you cut off the martial arts of summer, don’t you think this is too much?”

“My Yanxia Martial Arts has been in existence for five thousand years. Over the years, I don’t know how many heroes and heroes have suppressed an era in this world, and my Yanxia Martial Arts has no idea how many powerful enemies have invaded.”

“But for so many years, my hot summer martial arts has been continuous.”

“No matter how strong you are, Chu Yuan, you may be called the number one in the world now, but if you are in the long river of history, what is your Chu Yuan compared to the ancients?”

“They haven’t been able to cut off my Yanxia martial arts, so are you worthy?”

Ye Qingtian laughed coldly, and the rolling sound was like thunder. “Then try it.”

Chu Yuan raised his hand, the mountains, rivers and the earth began to tremble, and the sea of clouds began to roll in all directions