

Maxing MT 111

Chapter 111: The Strange End of the Gokudo Path and Fighting God!_1

The mighty foreign warships headed south along the coast.

Many ordinary people along the coast could see a black mass of steel warships passing by.

This time, the Qing Dynasty didn't hold back anymore.

More than 3,000 third-generation warships were lined up on the sea, followed by tens of thousands of second-generation fishing boats.

Fu Xiaorou was in charge of the coastal defense of Qingdu Port.

In order to ensure Fu Xiaorou's safety, Li Yueming arranged for all of his disciples to stay by her side.

The battle was about to begin.

A battle on the sea was a competition of the performance of the ship and the coordination of the sailors.

These two aspects.

Logically speaking, the Westerners had an absolute advantage.

But who was Li Yueming behind Qingdu Port?

To put it bluntly, it was the world's biggest BUG.

He had personally deduced the training methods and battle formations of the navy of Qingdu Port.

The battleship was also a black technology battleship that combined the technology of the previous life and the characteristics of martial artists.

As a result, there was not much of a difference between them, and the battle was particularly fierce.

On land.

Hundreds of thousands of foreign troops landed along the Yun coast.

They charged towards the walls of Qingdu Harbor.

These soldiers were equipped with foreign guns and cannons, and they were very well -equipped.

The most important thing was...

Among this group of foreigners, there were tens of thousands of Gokudo Grandmasters of Combat.

Most of them were ordinary Stage Two and Stage Three Grandmasters of Combat.

There were also quite a number of Tier 6 and even Tier 7 Fighting Kings led by ten Fighting Emperors. Their strength was abnormally strong.

Li Yueming stood tall on the city wall.

He looked at the troops under his feet that were like an ant tide and was silent.

Behind him.

There were more than 300,000 troops gathered in Qingdu Port, and the number of low-level martial artists was even more than the number of Gokudo Fighters in the Western countries.

After all, he had the guidance of the cultivation technique created by Li Yueming.

In the past two years, countless low-level martial artists had come to Qingdu Port.

However, the number of high-level martial artists was far inferior.

Han Bufan, who was the strongest in the entire Qingdu Port besides Li Yueming Ming, had just broken through to the Martial Grandmaster Realm not long ago. Moreover, he had been sent to the port.

Currently, Li Yue was no more than 20 ordinary martial arts grandmasters around her.

He wanted to defeat this group of Gokudo Grandmasters of Combat who had deep foundations.

It was a difficulty that could be seen with the naked eye.

After the foreign army attacked the city.

They set up the cannons and started the construction.

Qingdu Harbor also had cannons, and both sides exchanged fire across the city walls.

Obviously.

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The foreigners were obviously caught off guard.

In the past, they had relied on ships and firearms to win.

But now.

They had discovered an embarrassing problem under a small city wall.

The technology of Qingdu Port didn’t seem to be behind them.

At least from what they had seen so far, the other party was much more difficult to deal with than they had imagined.

So, how did such a foreign species city appear in this chaotic land of China?

Many foreigners were puzzled by this.

Seeing that the bombardment was not gaining any advantage.

The most elite fighters of the foreigners began to move.

The first to make a move were the dozens of seventh rank fighting kings.

They had all transformed into muscular monsters and ran to the bottom of the city walls, wanting to use their brute strength to break through the walls of Qingdu Port.

The artillery bombardment only dealt slight damage to them.

Facing such a powerful body.

He could not withstand the attacks of ordinary weapons at all.

Seeing this situation.

Li Yueming was ready to attack.

However, on the other side, the ten Martial Emperors also stood up.

Obviously.

Their only purpose in coming here was to hold back Li Yueming, this great killing weapon, and enter the arena.

Seeing this situation.

Li Yueming narrowed his eyes.

In the crowd not far behind him.

An old man with a white beard and hair walked out and said indifferently, "This old man is Qu State's Wind and Moon Martial Emperor. I'm here to wish you a helping hand! "

Hearing this.

Li Yueming looked back at the old man and nodded slightly, "Since that's the case, please help this junior block those lunatics below the city. This junior will return soon!"

He finished speaking.

Li Yueming jumped down from the high city wall.

The power of the Star-moon Art was fully activated, and his eyes locked onto the ten Gokudo Combat Emperors.

It was just a step.

He flew directly from the ground into the sky.

With a sudden stomp, one of the Combat Emperors was stomped into the soil before he could even realize what was happening.

His entire body was like a watermelon that had exploded, and the juice from his entire body exploded all over the ground.

When the other nine Fighting Emperors saw this situation, they immediately had goosebumps.

They retreated a few steps before stopping the counterattack.

But at this moment.

Li Yueming was like a god who had descended to the mortal world. He was so fast that his afterimages could not be seen clearly.

One hand grabbed the head of the Fighting Emperor and used his terrifying wrist strength to crush his head.

With a flying kick, the other Combat Emperor's chest was pierced through.

In just a few breaths.

More than half of the 10 Tier 8 Fighting Emperors that had been sent over were either dead or injured.

Li Yueming's current combat strength.

It was enough to make the entire western army worship him like a god.

The other few surviving Combat Emperors had a premonition that something bad was going to happen.

He turned around and prepared to escape.

However, Li Yueming would never give them such a chance.

He directly killed them one by one.

When it was the last person's turn, Li Yueming stepped on his chest and asked, "Where is the Gokudo of Combat? Where is he?" The man trembled and finally said, "Port, port port, port."

Li Yueming gave him a quick one.

His cold gaze swept across the crowd, and all the Westerners could not help but retreat.

He didn't return to Qingdu Harbor, but instead headed to the seaside where the foreign freighter docked at the fastest speed possible.

With the physique of a peak Martial Emperor.

Li Yueming's speed could be described as lightning.

About half an hour later.

Li Yueming rushed to a huge cargo ship.

At this moment.

The soldiers on the freighter had all docked.

There were only a few sailors left on the ship.

Li Yueming looked around.

He didn't find the so-called Gokudo Path and God of Combat.

Just as he was about to leave.

However, he discovered that there was a thirteen or fourteen-year-old girl watching him from the top of the freighter.

Li Yueming stopped in his tracks.

A strange and absurd feeling arose in his heart.

They boarded the freighter.

Looking at the doll-like little girl in front of him, Li Yueming had a bad feeling.

"The God of Gokudo and Combat?"

The doll looked at him calmly.

It could even be said that he did not have any emotions.

“Although I’m not a god, if that’s my name, I think you’re looking for me!”

Li Yueming, [Concealment.]

Looking at the little girl in front of him,

It was completely different from the muscular monster he had imagined.

This was precisely the source of the strangeness.

He had once kicked a statue of a Gokudo and Fighting God into pieces when he was in the Western Martial Arts School at Qingdu Harbor.

At that time, the statue was of a very muscular man.

Hence, the two of them were in a daze.

Li Yueming’s impression of the God of Gokudo Path and Combat had remained at this level.

But now.

The so-called God of Gokudo Path and Combat was actually a porcelain doll that looked no more than thirteen or fourteen years old? If it wasn’t for his intuition telling him that all of this was true...

Even Li Yueming found it hard to accept.

It was as if he could feel his disbelief.

“You’re an anomaly and shouldn’t exist in this world!” the little girl said.” Li Yueming sensed it carefully.

After confirming that there was no unknown aura on the little girl, he said, “Since you are not a god, how do you know that I am an anomaly?”

The little girl seemed to be stumped by his question. She tilted her head and thought for a moment before saying, “You can treat me as a believer of a god walking in the human world. I should be omniscient and omnipotent...But I never found you, so...You’re an anomaly, the gods didn’t notice you!”

Li Yueming also thought about it.

He realized that there was really nothing he could refute.

“Is the so-called god you’re talking about referring to the will of this world?” The little girl glanced at him with her clear eyes.

After a long silence, she suddenly smiled sweetly and said, “This is not a question that I should answer. From the moment you appeared in front of me, my mission has ended. The gods will not forgive me!”

As he spoke.

She chanted a few incantations loudly.

Li Yueming wanted to stop her, but he found that her body was burning with a strange white flame.

Even Li Yueming could feel the danger from the flames.

If he was infected, he would probably be able to return to the reincarnation space on the spot.

Hence, he could only take two steps back and watch the little girl slowly turn into ashes in the flames.

To be honest.

Li Yueming had imagined ten thousand encounters with this so-called Gokudo God of Combat.

He had expected the opponent to be a ninth-rank Fighting God who was fighting against a Saint.

He even imagined that the other party might really be a god's spirit body that walked in the human world and would pick him up and beat him up.

But none of them were like this.

They came knocking on the door aggressively.

In the end, the so-called Gokudo God of Combat committed suicide before he could even ask a few questions.

Perhaps to ordinary people, this was a good thing.

After all, with the death of the Gokudo God of Combat, the Westerners in the Free State would probably find it difficult to maintain their rule of plundering from all directions.

However, this was more painful for Li Yueming.

Because from the beginning to the end, all his doubts had not been answered.

Now that the Fighting God was dead.

It was probably unknown whether he would be able to find the truth in this lifetime.

In the end.

This battle that was supposed to be world-renowned ended in a very strange and comical manner.

After Li Yueming killed ten Tier 8 Fighting Queens consecutively, the Free State's land army lost all will to fight.

Later, when he heard that the Gokudo Fighting God had met Li Yueming, he immediately turned into birds and scattered.

In just a few days.

The Westerners seemed to have their souls taken away by someone. They were defeated on land and sea.

He threw away his armor and fled back to the Free State.

All of the Central Plains Warriors were shocked by this.

After all, the Free State's strength wasn't limited to this.

Even the battleships and Gokudo Grandmasters of Combat that were attacking Qingdu Harbor were not their full strength.

Logically speaking, he should not be in such a sorry state.

Later on, they heard that Li Yueming was the one who killed a god of the Free State.

As a result, the faith of the Free State was broken, and it collapsed spiritually.

It was only after confirming the authenticity of this news that everyone in the Central Plains of China cheered.

Li Yueming was hailed as the new Martial Dao Supreme by the excited people.

Some people were even more excited and insisted on giving Li Yueming a Divinity.

Li Yueming only laughed at the noise.

He ignored him.

Chapter 112: The Rolling Yangtze River Escapes East, The Waves Sweep All Heroes

In December of the year 374, the Xia Dynasty was destroyed.

The Qingdu Empire was established, and Li Yueming became the founding emperor of the Qingdu Empire.

The first year of the new calendar.

As soon as the news spread, all the people in China submitted.

From then on, Li Yueming became the sole ruler of this land.

In the ninth month of the same year, the nineteen-year-old new Martial Emperor Li Yueming got married. Red paper cuts danced in the sky, and gorgeous fireworks were set off for seven days. The entire Qingdu Port was filled with gongs and drums, and the banquet was arranged from the courtyard gate to the main streets of Qingdu Port.

Almost all the residents of Qingdu Port had come. They brought their own fish, meat, and money to celebrate Li Yueming.

In a month or two.

Everyone in Qingdu Port and even the whole of China was talking about this wedding of the century.

October.

Li Yueming had established a brand new organization all over the country.

It was called Star Moon Pavilion.

All its members were martial artists.

One of the goals was to collect all the cultivation techniques and secret manuals in the land of China.

The second was to encourage many martial artists to carry out innovation on the original cultivation method secret manuals.

As long as they were warriors who had contributed to the development of martial arts, they could use their contribution points to read other cultivation methods and secret manuals in the Star Moon Pavilion.

Together, they would contribute to the development of martial arts.

As soon as this new organization appeared, 90% of the martial artists in Qingdu Port joined it.

Moreover, they had basically recorded the cultivation techniques they had learned into the Star Moon Pavilion through words.

This was undoubtedly a manifestation of the martial artists 'extreme trust in Li Yueming.

At least, they didn't subconsciously think that Li Yueming was coveting their cultivation techniques or wanted to harm them.

At the same time.

Li Yueming gathered all the martial artists in the world and began to promote the new cultivation method indiscriminately.

Almost the vast majority of martial artists who were sensible responded to his call.

He came to the Star-Moon Pavilion to exchange for the " Encyclopedia of Internal and External Martial Artists " compiled by Li Yueming. He also left behind some of the cultivation techniques he had learned.

As for the other martial artists and the forces behind them who disobeyed the imperial edict.

Li Yueming had cleaned them up with lightning speed.

Only then did the entire martial world remember that the person from Qingdu Port was not someone easy to deal with.

Looking at his growth path, he had almost fought his way out of mountains of corpses and seas of blood. Iron blood and strength were the best adjectives for him.

From then on.

The promotion of Star Moon Pavilion was no longer hindered.

In just two years, the Star Moon Pavilion had blossomed everywhere in China.

Those who enjoyed the greatest benefits of the Star Moon Pavilion's promotion were naturally the low-level martial artists who had not even been able to come into contact with martial arts cultivation methods and secret manuals in the past.

Now, there was the Star Moon Pavilion.

Almost all martial artists had mastered both the inner and outer scriptures. Many low-level martial artists would no longer go astray because of the lack of secret manuals and the guidance of famous teachers.

The ones who were most resistant to this were naturally the great clans and martial arts sects.

After all, in the past, they could sit on the clouds and enjoy the blood and food of the people by monopolizing the cultivation techniques.

Li Yueming's current actions were tantamount to digging out their roots.

After half a year of silence.

In the end.

The great clans and sects finally erupted.

They sent 12 Martial Emperors and several Martial Masters to join forces and rush into Qingdu Port, wanting to use their numbers to exhaust Li Yueming to death.

But the result was obvious.

The attacks of more than ten Martial Emperors and several Grandmasters could not do anything to Li Yueming at all.

He pushed all the way.

In the blink of an eye, all of them had exploded into a pool of dark red blood.

"The world is like this. Those who block me will be killed without mercy. The forces behind me will wipe out the three clans!"

After killing them.

Li Yueming casually said.

At the end of the month.

The martial artist legions in Qingdu Port began to rush to various places to carry out a new round of reshuffling.

Many sects could not help but tremble when they saw this.

One had to know that these were more than ten Martial Emperors, the strongest strength they could bring out now.

However, it was easily resolved by Li Yueming.

It was as if he had only killed a dozen chickens.

They were scared out of their wits and did not dare to confront Li Yueming head-on.

Therefore, he jumped up and down in the pugilistic world to spread rumors, wanting to drown Li Yueming with public opinion.

"Li Yueming is a tyrant, a demon king!"

"What bullsh * t Martial Emperor? I think he just wants to rule the martial world alone. You idiots are helping him!"

"Everyone, look! A hundred years from now, martial arts will be destroyed by such a ruler!"

“Our sect is the orthodox sect of martial arts. How can a person like you who doesn’t even have a master treat us like this?”

In the martial world.

All the sects and clans were shouting until their voices were hoarse.

However, what made them despair was that other than themselves.

Not a single low-level martial artist or rogue cultivator stood up to speak up for them.

At this moment.

The group of people finally understood what Li Yueming meant when he said that the world was in his hands.

Martial Path Calendar Year 3.

The entire Chinese martial world was in a bloody storm.

Many of the old forces that had been obstructing the Star-Moon Alliance’s advancement and expansion were uprooted.

Li Yueming’s methods were ruthless and his thoughts were iron-blooded.

This caused countless sects and great clans to feel an unforgettable fear.

However, regardless of their anger or hatred...

In the face of absolute strength, all resistance was futile.

In the beginning, the aristocratic families still had a trace of fantasy. After all, even if Li Yue Ming was an executioner, it should be impossible for him to really exterminate them.

However, they quickly realized that they were wrong..

Chapter 113: The Rolling Yangtze River Escapes the East, the Waves Sweep All the Heroes (2)

And it’s so wrong

In just three short years, there were over a million people from hundreds of sects, including their families and women.

As long as they were deeply related to the sect, they were all slaughtered from top to bottom.

Many martial artists in the martial world were speechless. They had originally thought that these martial arts sects were easy to kill.

After all, the ugly faces of this group of people had already been fully revealed when they fought with the foreigners. Any ordinary martial artist with a normal mind would only clap their hands and cheer at the current encounter of this group of sects.

However, looking at the mountain gate that was covered in blood and corpses...

Now, he could not help but feel a deep fear of the existence sitting high above the clouds.

It was hard to imagine what kind of infamy Li Yueming would bear after his death.

However...

Li Yueming's supporters were still as numerous as before.

Countless low-class people and warriors were constantly contributing to Li Yueming's grand plan.

The fifth year of the Martial Arts Calendar.

The old forces in the entire martial arts world were basically wiped out from top to bottom.

Next.

Li Yueming began to collect the martial arts techniques and secret manuals collected by the Star-Moon Pavilion. Through deduction, he removed the dross and extracted the essence.

He created the Martial Artist's Internal and External Classics Volume Two and promoted it without any barriers.

This scripture not only included the cultivation of the Martial Apprentice realm.

He even listed out in detail how ordinary people could increase their physical strength through scientific exercise.

Li Yueming didn't set any threshold. He stipulated that all residents of the Qingdu Empire could go to the Star Moon Pavilion to collect the items based on their household registration.

The moment this scroll appeared, the world changed color.

Whether it was martial artists or ordinary people, there was an uproar.

At this moment, even many martial artists felt incredulous.

There were even many voices of opposition from within the empire.

After all, no matter how down and out martial artists were, they were still martial artists.

Now, Li Yueming's scripture had opened a path for commoners to become martial artists.

One could imagine how great the pressure was to implement it.

Regarding this.

Li Yueming, who was sitting on the high throne, sneered.

His menacing gaze swept across the courtiers like a bloodthirsty beast.

Instantly.

The courtiers instantly thought of the fate of the old forces and sects that went against Li Yueming.

Hence, she quickly shut her mouth.

At this moment.

Only then did everyone vaguely understand why Li Yueming was so cold back then.

Even when facing women and children, he showed no mercy.

However, what was the meaning of opening the door of martial arts for a noob?

Was he really not afraid of being deserted?

Even the officials of Qingdu Port could not understand what was going on when they thought of the person on the throne. Of course.

Li Yueming didn't expect anyone to understand.

After all, this was destined to be a lonely path. He only needed to carry out his will.

He didn't care about anything else.

In less than a week.

Outside the Star Moon Pavilions in various places, ordinary people lined up dozens of miles away to receive cultivation techniques.

The people, who had been numb from the long war, finally felt the joy they had not felt for a long time.

Countless people kneeled on the ground.

They bowed to the distant south.

Martial Path Calendar Year 10.

Li Yueming began to reform the internal structure of Qingdu Port.

First, a new imperial examination system was established to ensure that ordinary people could also have official positions.

Second, change the tax law.

All kinds of messy taxes were thrown away and replaced with a new tax system.

Finally, reform education.

Set up a national school and lower the tuition fees so that ordinary farmers' children could afford to go to school as much as possible.

In addition, while practicing martial arts in the school, one also needed to learn various other knowledge.

Among them, he taught mathematics and engineering the most.

After all, ordinary martial artists were not scary. What was scary was that martial artists knew mathematics, physics, and chemistry.

After this series of operations.

It paved the way for the people to develop their wisdom.

Years of turmoil have come down.

Some of the people who were originally dissatisfied with the reform suddenly realized.

At present, there was a completely different feeling in China.

It was like an old man who had suddenly gained a second spring.

He had returned to the age of seven or eight years old.

The most obvious was that everyone practiced martial arts.

Up to 80-year-old village old woman.

From seven to eight years old children whose teeth had not fully grown.

Every day, he would train his body according to the guidance of the Internal and External Jing System.

In fact, in the beginning, many farmers were disdainful of the so-called martial arts and martial artists.

After all, there were many elderly people who didn't even know how to study. He couldn't even read.

However, he couldn't stand the fact that the Star Moon Pavilion had a martial arts teacher who specialized in teaching in the countryside.

Mr. Martial Arts came to the village to give a lecture every day according to the contents of the book. In order to arouse their enthusiasm, he would add all kinds of embellishment to the lecture, like telling them some gossip that had happened recently.

Every day, he would also show them the various divine aspects of martial artists.

Many farmers only started to learn from the martial arts masters after seeing it with their own eyes.

This was incredible.

He couldn't stop.

After all, if you didn't cultivate, other couples would be stronger than you and plow more fields than you.

If you didn't cultivate, you wouldn't be able to beat them in a fight at the village entrance. You would also be the last one to be flooded in the farmland.

This was simply intolerable for the countryside.

Who knew how many old men and women were cultivating in the dark at night.

He wanted to kill the other villagers.

Under such circumstances, the spring of martial arts had quietly arrived.

Although the number of high-level martial artists was still very small.

However, the growing number of lower-level martial artists formed an unprecedented vast martial world.

Because of the Star Moon Pavilion..

Chapter 114: The Rolling Yangtze River Escapes the East, the Waves Sweep All the Heroes (3)

Almost all martial artists could cultivate to a secret manual that was suitable for them.

All of them improved at an extremely fast speed.

After ten years of accumulation, the entire martial arts world had blossomed.

More and more talented youths appeared out of nowhere, forming a magnificent picture.

Such a flourishing scene had never been seen before in the past.

Even during the era of Great Xia's Imperial Emperor, when martial arts were at its peak.

The so-called martial artists were only a very small group.

Unlike now.

Anyone walking on the road was a martial artist.

At this moment.

Only then did many people realize why Li Yueming was willing to risk the world's condemnation to open the door of martial arts for all the people of

China.

At the same time.

This year, Li Yueming was 27 years old.

Ye Nanyuan gave birth to a baby girl, and Li Yueming named her Li Mengdie.

Zhuang Zhou dreamed of a butterfly, like a dream...

With the help of his disciple Fu Xiaorou and Han Bufan, Li Yueming's plans were carried out in an orderly manner.

Now, the entire Central Plains of Huaxia was thriving.

However, Li Yueming felt even more lonely.

Ever since he became an emperor.

For decades, he had been standing on the high throne and overlooking the world.

Only Ye Nanyuan and Li Mengdie could get close to him often.

As for the others, even Han Bufan and Fu Xiaorou would feel somewhat uneasy when facing him.

After all, even though he had not personally taken action all these years, the blood on his hands had long since filled the entire throne. Many of them were the blood of women, children, and children.

This coldness made everyone feel a chill.

As disciples, Han Bufan and Fu Xiaorou still believed in their master.

However, respect and fear still inevitably grew.

Nowadays, other than when it was absolutely necessary, the group of disciples basically wouldn't enter the main hall.

Ever since his mother had a granddaughter, she did not pay much attention to him.

Every day, he would pluck the vegetable field in the courtyard and bring his granddaughter out for a walk.

Fortunately, his days were quite leisurely and comfortable.

On this day.

Li Yueming looked at Ye Nanyuan, who was playing with Li Mengdie in the hall.

Once, she was still an inexperienced young girl.

Now that ten years had passed, her temperament had become more and more mature. Only the beauty mark at the corner of her eye remained the same.

He stared at it for a long time.

Li Yueming stood up from the throne that he had been sitting on for ten years and walked to the hall to pick up his daughter.

He looked at Ye Nanyuan and said, "Let's go out for a walk!"

Ye Nanyuan was a little stunned.

One had to know that Li Yueming had been sitting here for nearly ten years. Except for a few rare occasions, he had never left the hall.

And now.

This was the first time Li Yueming had taken the initiative to ask for a walk.

After a brief moment of shock, Ye Nanyuan revealed a smile that made the flowers outside the hall pale. She nodded heavily and said, "I want to eat candied haws!"

In his arms.

The confused Li Mengdie danced happily and said, "rua!"

Year 12 of the Martial Arts Calendar.

After Li Yueming left the main hall, he disappeared without a trace. All the power of the Qingdu Empire was handed over to Fu Xiaorou and Han Bufan. The iron-blooded emperor of martial arts left in the middle of the night.

Fu Xiaorou and Han Bufan adjusted their previously high-pressure environment.

All kinds of iron-blooded policies were also softened.

The entire country was praising this change.

This was especially true for the officials of the minor empires. They all expressed that this was the environment and rule of law that a normal country should have.

It was not a state machine that only knew how to kill.

Half a year later.

Li Yueming returned with Ye Nanyuan.

Without alerting anyone, he moved into the side room in the old residence where he often went into seclusion.

From this day onwards.

Li Yueming went into seclusion to break through to the Martial Saint Realm.

He had already reached the peak of the Martial Emperor Realm more than ten years ago.

Now, more than ten years had passed, but he was still at the peak of the Martial Royal Realm.

The Martial Saint Realm required one to comprehend the power of heaven and earth. At that level, a martial artist could use the same power as heaven and earth, and their every move would have unimaginable power. Li Yueming felt that he could be considered a genius.

But even so, he had comprehended it for ten years.

He had only touched the surface of the power of heaven and earth.

This was also because he had read the holy scripture in Western Europe. Otherwise, he might have been stagnant for so many years.

To Li Yueming, this was a terrifying signal.

This was because with his talent and the firmness of his foundation.

Logically speaking, breaking through to the Martial Saint Realm should not be a problem.

But now, he was stuck at the peak of the Martial Emperor Realm. The only explanation was that the version had changed.

It was very likely that martial artists had already been crossed out of the world's will's pet list.

The will of heaven and earth no longer allowed martial artists to become saints.

No wonder there was not a single living Martial Saint in the entire Great Xia.

No wonder Martial Emperor Hanyue lamented before his death.

He could only say Jue Juezi.

Who knew what kind of enmity existed between the will of heaven and earth and martial artists?

In this way, the development of the martial civilization was targeted and suppressed.

In fact, with his current achievements.

When he returned to the Reincarnation Space, the lowest score was probably at least S-rank.

However, it was obvious that there was still a distance to SSS-rank.

Li Yueming was naturally unwilling to accept such an outcome.

He was only in his thirties and was at the peak of his martial arts career.

Whether it was for himself or his wife and daughter in this world, he had to do his best to break through to a higher realm.

Only in this way could martial artists and martial arts continue to flourish.

Ye Nanyuan and Li Mengdie also had the possibility of transcending this world.

Just like a dream.

The wandering man chases after the illusion...

Year 15 of the Martial Arts Calendar.

In the blink of an eye, five years had passed.

Li Yueming fumbled for a long time and finally had a clue.

However, he was still far from success.

At this moment, the martial world was already filled with stars, and the number of martial artists also showed an explosive growth.

At the same time.

Countless martial artists in the Star-Moon Pavilion brainstormed and began to add more new chapters to the foundation of Li Yueming's public cultivation method.

It could be said that in the short span of ten years, there were more new kinds of cultivation techniques that had appeared in the martial world than the cultivation techniques that had been created in the past hundreds of years.

Countless talented new generation martial artists from all over the world were advancing triumphantly. The strongest batch of martial artists had already broken through the realm of Martial Arts Grandmasters and were beginning to advance toward the realm of Martial Emperors.

In the current world of martial artists, the speed at which information changed was very fast.

Countless geniuses appeared every two or three days.

In order to compete for the position of the strongest prodigy in the world, some prodigies proposed to hold a new round of martial arts convention.

The moment this news was released.

Immediately, countless martial artists in China responded.

Everyone was curious about who would be able to suppress the crowd and become the true number one in the world in this era where martial artists grew up like green onions.

In order to pay tribute to the God of Martial Arts, who only existed in legends today.

The supreme Martial Emperor of the Qingdu Empire.

The Heaven's Favorites chose to hold the Martial Arts Conference in

Zhongzhou Port, where Li Yueming had killed eight Westerners in one day.

They wanted to compete for the strongest warrior of the new generation here.

After nearly 20 years, everything had returned to the starting point.

Martial artists gathered at Zhongzhou Harbor, and countless geniuses fought for supremacy.

The only changes were the new faces.

They were all new stars of the new era, full of vigor and vitality.

He had been struggling in the Jianghu, wanting to climb higher and see the scenery further away.

The rolling Yangtze River flows eastward, and the waves wash away all the heroes.

Chapter 115: Open the way for thousands of martial artists, transcending the mortal world and becoming a saint!_1

In the 15th year of the martial arts calendar, Li Yueming was 34 years old.

At this moment.

His Vitality and combat strength had reached the peak of his life.

However, the higher realm of the Martial Arts was still out of reach.

After confirming that he could not become a Martial Saint with his own hard work, he was very happy.

Li Yueming stood up and walked out of the room.

At this moment.

The small courtyard was even more dilapidated. The persimmon tree in the courtyard swayed in the wind and had already grown into a towering tree.

On the other hand...

His mother was already fifty years old.

He looked at his old mother sweeping the fallen leaves in the yard.

Li Yueming was speechless.

Time was the most heartless, and it was the most ruthless.

There were many things that even Li Yueming couldn't change.

This year, winter, New Year's time.

Li Yueming gathered all the disciples for a reunion dinner.

Finally.

Li Yueming finally handed them a cultivation technique.

Then, he braved the biting cold wind and disappeared from Qingdu Port.

This year.

Suddenly, a super-powerful man appeared in Western Europe and swept across the entire continent to collect the remnants of the Holy Scriptures. In the past, it wasn't that no one wanted to collect all the sacred scriptures.

However, those people basically did not end up well.

Moreover, it was said that the sacred scripture was a product passed down from ancient times and had long been completely scattered over such a long period of time.

Even if he collected all of them, he wouldn't be able to fully understand the whole story.

Thus, the sacred scriptures were scattered all over the place.

And now.

However, this ferocious Eastern warrior had reversed everything.

He had snatched all the more than 100 pages of sacred scriptures in the entire Western Europe.

Finally, he left.

The eastern martial artist who caused such a huge commotion was naturally Li Yueming.

There was no longer any Power of Heaven and Earth that a warrior could comprehend. Therefore, Li Yueming could only find another way to start with the Holy Scriptures.

One had to know that this thing was very magical.

When Li Yueming had just stepped into martial arts, he had already comprehended a trace of the Power of Heaven and Earth with his deduction talent.

In addition.

In the process of collecting the Holy Scriptures.

Li Yueming met the old bishop from Qingdu Harbor again.

When Li Yueming appeared in front of the old bishop.

The old bishop seemed to have been prepared for this, and handed the scripture fragment to him.

He also told him about several speculations about the origin of the remnant scroll from the investigation of the Western European Missionaries.

Firstly, some western scholars were inclined to believe that the remnant was an object from beyond the heavens.

It was possible that he had fallen here through some strange folded spacetime.

Secondly, the remnant scroll was a product of this world itself, but it was not produced by their generation.

It was created by another civilization that was completely different from the current one in ancient times.

As for the last one...

It was a combination of the two.

The Western Missionaries believed that the ancient civilization had plundered this book from another civilization.

The reasoning was simple.

No matter how one looked at it, the sacred scripture was profound and complicated.

It was far from what humans in this society could create.

What was worth mentioning was that no one could recognize the words on the sacred scripture.

Only by focusing his consciousness on it could he feel the mysterious aura in

Lile page.

It contained everything and nothing could be excluded.

He bade farewell to the old bishop.

Li Yueming rushed back to Qingdu Port and began to prepare for a new round of seclusion.

At this moment.

Li Mengdie, who was already six years old, peeked out of the door and looked at him timidly.

Li Yueming smiled.

He picked up the little girl and gestured, "Xiao Die has grown taller again!"

Li Mengdie looked at him timidly for a moment before hugging Li Yueming and crying, "Father, Little Butterfly misses you, Mother misses you too. Little Butterfly saw Mother cry!"

Seeing that he didn't say anything, the little girl blinked and said timidly, "Father, mother told me that you are very busy. What are you busy with? Why didn't he want his mother and Little Butterfly?"

Li Yueming's heart ached when he heard that.

He touched her hair and said, "Xiao Die, help daddy accompany mommy. What daddy is doing now is for the sake of us meeting outside our dreams one day!"

Li Mengdie's face revealed a bit of doubt.

Obviously.

She was still young and didn't understand what Li Yueming meant.

However, looking at the mountain-like aura that surged out of Li Yueming's body, he could not help but feel a little embarrassed.

The little girl nodded.

He sent the little girl away.

Li Yueming felt the weight on his shoulders increase.

He had to break through the restrictions of this world in the next twenty years or so and pass down the technique. Only then could he open up a bright and smooth path for them and all the cultivators before they grew old!

Time flew by.

In the blink of an eye.

Ten years passed quietly.

Martial arts in Huaxia had become even more prosperous.

A few of the Utmost Beings had already broken through to the Grandmaster Realm, becoming young Martial Emperors in their twenties.

The Star Moon Pavilion was no longer stationed in China's Central Plains.

There are traces of the Star Moon Pavilion in the circle near the entire Central Plains of China

Many small countries were proud to join the Star-Moon Pavilion, and they were even willing to contribute all their cultivation techniques and secret manuals.

It could be said.

The current Qingdu Empire was like the sun at its zenith.

There was a specialized organization for the people's livelihood under the sect, which focused on the knowledge of increasing the production and cultivation of the world's grain.

There were also workshops for skilled craftsmen, specializing in the study of various scientific and technological knowledge.

With their joint efforts, the two of them were able to escape..

Chapter 116: Open the way for thousands of martial artists, transcending the mortal world and becoming a saint!_2

In just a dozen years, the empire had a bumper harvest.

Countless farmers had surplus food in their pockets and sent their children to school to study.

To further promote the development of the empire.

It was a perfect virtuous cycle.

However...

Under such a situation.

A question appeared in the minds of countless martial artists and citizens.

Where did Li Yueming go?

This question did not attract too much attention at the beginning.

After all, it was normal for cultivators to go into seclusion occasionally.

Not to mention that Li Yueming was still an expert at the peak of the Martial Emperor Realm.

Ordinary martial artists who could reach this realm would have a lifespan of at least two to three hundred years.

Sitting here for a few years was nothing.

However, as time passed.

Finally, someone felt that something was wrong.

Li Yueming hadn't appeared in front of everyone for more than ten years.

Hence, he decided to do it.

Rumors about the Martial Emperor of Qingdu Port started to spread.

Some people said that Li Yueming was injured in the battle with the Free State's Gokudo Path and the God of Combat, causing him to be unable to easily appear again.

However, only a few people agreed with this statement.

After all, who was Li Yueming?

The God of Martial Arts, the Martial Emperor!

Let's not talk about the impression of all the people in the world. This bit has always been invincible.

When Li Yueming casually stepped on more than ten Martial Emperors from various sects, his brutal combat strength did not look like he was injured.

The second rumor was that Li Yueming was breaking through to the Martial Saint Realm.

There were many supporters of this rumor.

After all, many people had witnessed Li Yueming's invincible combat strength.

Such an existence.

Logically speaking, breaking through to the Martial Saint Realm should have been a certainty long ago.

If that was the case...

Then, the problem came.

More than ten years ago, Li Yueming had already reached the Martial Emperor Realm.

With his talent, breaking through to the Martial Saint Realm should be a matter of course.

But now, more than ten years had passed. Logically speaking, Li Yueming should have already broken through to the Martial Saint Realm. Why hadn't there been any news from the empire until now?

Was the Martial Saint Realm really that terrifying?

To be able to block the legendary God of the Martial Dao?

However, no matter how the outside world guessed.

There was no response from Qingdu Port and Li Ming himself.

In the blink of an eye, another ten years had passed.

It had been thirty-five years since Li Yueming unified the world and founded the Qingdu Empire.

Those ignorant young martial artists from back then had now grown to become giants of a region.

A considerable portion of them were disciples of Han Bufan and the others.

In other words, they were Li Yueming's disciples.

It was under the control of the Green Capital Dynasty and was sent to guard the various ports and inland cities.

At this moment, the best among them had already reached the threshold of the Martial Emperor Realm.

Soon, the martial world exploded.

A piece of news swept across the entire martial world like a tsunami.

It also gave all the martial artists who were bent on pursuing martial arts a head-on blow.

“What happened? I can’t feel the energy of the heavens and the earth!”

“Didn’t you sense it? I thought it was just me!”

‘ Who knows what’s going on?’

“Looks like the rumors are true. When I was young, I heard people say that the path of martial arts has been cut off.”

“This... Wasn’t it just a rumor? Our martial arts are very prosperous now!”

“Hehehe, it seems that some people have forgotten the hatred of their country’s subjugation. Think about it, who exactly is the one who achieved the current martial arts?”

In the martial world.

After a group of martial artists discussed.

The topic involuntarily shifted to Li Yueming.

Only then did all the martial artists remember the past.

Back when the Westerners were wreaking havoc, the entire Chinese Martial Arts had declined to the extreme.

It was Li Yueming who had single-handedly overthrown China.

After he established the Qingdu Port Empire, he had also used his iron fist to clear up the remnants of the old era.

Following that, he quietly opened a school to promote cultivation techniques and lower the threshold for martial artists to cultivate.

Now, the Star Moon Pavilion branch had once spread its branches to neighboring countries, achieving the true meaning of martial arts spreading throughout the world.

That’s why.

That was why Li Yueming was called the God of Martial Arts by so many people and martial artists.

His existence was like a lighthouse to all the martial artists, always escorting them in the storm.

Thinking of this...

Only then did the group of martial artists truly feel Li Yueming's greatness once again.

“So the reason why Martial Monarch Realm experts haven't advanced to the Martial Saint Realm is because heaven and earth have cut off the path to the Martial Saint Realm?”

“No wonder...No wonder! I was wondering how a mere Martial Saint could stop the God of Martial Arts. So this was the final reason!”

“What bullsh * t Heaven? We martial artists don't owe him anything, so why are you doing this to us?”

“What should we do? Are we going to stay in the Martial Royal Realm forever and never break through?”

“Heaven and earth are heartless and treat all living things as straw dogs... It was useless to complain. The most important thing now was to find a way out!”

For a moment.

The entire Underworld was shaking.

The wills of all the martial artists began to waver at the same time.

This wavering came from above.

The higher the realm of a martial artist, the greater the blow suffered.

There was no other reason.

In the past, martial artists felt that they could have a limitless future with their own hard work.

But now.

Heaven told them that the highest realm of martial artists was the Martial

Emperor Realm..

Chapter 117: Open the way for thousands of martial artists, transcending the mortal world and becoming a saint!_3

The higher realms of the Martial Saint Realm were not something that could be broken by human strength.

For many martial artists who were sincerely pursuing martial arts, this kind of blow was simply more unbearable than killing them.

Under such circumstances.

Many Martial Emperors started to look for ways to break through.

However, the more he studied, the more he tried.

The more despair and defeat they would gain.

Difficult.

It was too difficult.

It was as difficult as ascending to the heavens!

The will of heaven and earth cut off the martial artist's perception of the power of laws.

It was almost impossible for them to forcefully defy the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth with their own strength.

The Martial Emperors could not see the road ahead.

They were all in despair.

The martial arts trend that was originally incomparably prosperous in the land of Hua Xia was also dealt a blow.

For several years.

The entire Underworld fell into silence.

The road ahead had been cut off.

So what if they could come one after another?

30 years of martial arts.

More and more martial arts grandmasters broke through to the Martial Royal Realm, but the atmosphere in the martial world became more and more silent.

After reaching the peak.

All the martial artists lost their way once again and could not see the direction to continue moving forward.

“Alas, I was born at the wrong time. It's fate...”

“Since I can't break through, I might as well drink today and enjoy myself!”

“Young people don't know the taste of sorrow, they love to rise to the next level. Love the upper floor, write a new poem to express sorrow.”

“Now that I know the taste of sorrow, I want to say it but I can't. He wanted to say something, but he said that the weather was cold and autumn was good!”

After countless attempts, they still had no results. Countless martial artists could not help but become pessimistic.

The road ahead had been cut off.

Then it would be better to have fun while he was young.

It only took a few years for this theory to become mainstream.

This year.

The Martial Arts that had flourished for more than 30 years had quickly begun to decline.

It was just like those dynasties in history that had reached their peak and declined.

The faster it flourished, the faster it withered.

Many martial artists began to travel the martial world with their swords, and even traveled far away to other states.

While passing by the Free State.

Many martial artists discovered that the Free State was still developing rapidly.

He began to pay attention.

Back then, the Free State's foreign guns had never been defeated in the world.

Only when they reached Qingdu Port did they suffer heavy losses.

Many Gokudo Grandmasters of Combat were mentally unstable because of the death of their Gokudo and Combat God.

However, in just a few decades, they had regained their former vitality.

Furthermore, some martial artists discovered that a true Type 9 Combat God had appeared in the Free State!

Based on past experience.

A Type 8 Fighting God could fight against a Martial Emperor.

In that case, didn't the fighting god of the ninth rank mean that he was a Martial Saint?

This discovery made countless martial artists confused.

He finally came back to his senses.

He felt that his martial heart was collapsing.

They originally thought that the Free State was already the center of the world.

Only now did they realize that the center of the world was still in the Free State.

They were the clowns who lived in a corner.

The gap between them.

It was hard for many of the new generation of martial artists to accept.

At this moment.

The older generation of martial artists finally had something to say.

“Youngsters, do you think that you're the proud sons of the heavens just because you've learned something new?”

“No, no. If it weren't for that existence in Qingdu Port, we martial artists would have been enslaved by the foreigners like cattle, horses, pigs, and dogs!”

“I really envy you guys for not knowing how lucky you are. Everything you have now is given to you by that existence!”

“It’s a pity that we weren’t born in the same era as that person. Otherwise, we would have been thinking of ways to help that person open up a new path of martial arts!”

The older generation of martial artists could see very clearly.

It was also very unpleasant.

There was also some unwillingness and lamentation.

The current martial arts environment was so good that many young people of the new generation did not understand the difficulties of cultivation in the past.

They were indeed stronger than the martial artists of the previous generation.

However, the experience in his heart was far inferior to the martial artists of the previous generation.

If they had such a good cultivation environment back then, they should be full of fighting spirit now.

However, this group of new generation martial artists had only studied it for a few years. After discovering that it was too difficult, they actually gave up on themselves and deviated from the endless path to heaven.

33 years of martial arts.

The martial arts of the Qingdu Empire began to decline rapidly.

The entire martial world was lifeless, and all kinds of negative emotions were breeding. Even the public security of the entire empire was declining like a cliff.

How many martial artists were there back then?

The current social security problem was very serious.

After feeling the challenge.

Fu Xiaorou, Han Bufan, and all the Star Moon Pavilions in the country had launched a joint letter.

The general idea was to let the martial artists continue to develop and create.

They might not be able to become Martial Saints.

However, if they did not stop exploring, perhaps their descendants would one day be able to see a higher level of martial arts.

These words were encouraging.

In addition, the Star Moon Pavilion had taken out a lot of dry goods.

These were the cultivation experiences summarized by Li Yueming’s disciples.

Only then did countless martial artists who were originally depressed and unsatisfied slowly walk out of the blow.

Chinese people were always generous and selfless to their descendants.

Fu Xiaorou was right.

They can't break through to the rank of Martial Saint

However, as long as there were enough cultivation techniques and paths to be developed.

Their descendants might be able to stand on their shoulders and walk a higher distance.

In the next two years.

The martial artists in the martial world had experienced the initial blow.

Finally, he reluctantly accepted the fact that he could not continue to advance.

He began to develop more cultivation techniques to pave the way for his descendants.

But at this moment.

The Martial Emperor, Li Yueming, who hadn't been heard from before, suddenly appeared.

He took a step forward.

He directly flew from the courtyard to the sky above Qingdu Harbor and floated there without any external force.

With a light wave of his hand.

Thousands of thunderbolts fell from the sky above Qingdu Port.

Li Yueming's expression was emotionless. He glanced at the tens of thousands of thunderbolts above his head and said indifferently, "Today, I will pave the way for thousands of martial artists in Huaxia to transcend and become a

Saint!"

The tens of millions of people in Qingdu Port witnessed everything.

Among them, the number of martial artists was even more unknown.

Everyone stared at the thin figure in the sky.

His eyes were filled with excitement, shock, and astonishment. All kinds of complicated emotions mixed together.

The sound coming from the sky was not very loud.

However, it had intimidated countless martial artists... Soul!

At this moment, everyone in Qingdu Port understood.

The Martial Emperor who had terrified countless people and made countless people grateful.

He was an existence revered by countless commoners as the God of Martial Arts.

After being silent for more than 30 years, he had finally returned!

And this time, they would become the witnesses of history, witnessing him create a new miracle!

Chapter 118: Becoming a Saint Against the Heavens, Pursuing the Ancient Mystery!_1

The tens of millions of people below Qingdu Harbor held their breaths.

He widened his eyes and stared at the thin black shadow in the sky.

“City Lord...The last time I saw you was more than 20 years ago. I didn't expect to see you again in my lifetime!”

“As expected, the Son of Heaven will never disappoint us!”

“Is this the God of Martial Arts? Opening a path for tens of thousands of martial artists, this imposing manner of dominating the world made my scalp stand on end!”

“This aura is too powerful. In the past, I actually overestimated myself and wanted to challenge him. Now, it seems that if I were to really face the God of Martial Arts, I probably wouldn't even be able to last three moves!”

“Could it be that the Martial Saint Realm that has troubled all of us today...

Would he be trampled by the God of Martial Arts again?”

“It's too terrifying. Becoming a Saint in an era where you can't sense the laws is really going against the heavens! ”

Qingdu Port was the current capital of the Qingdu Empire and Li Yueming's old camp.

Therefore, he had no choice.

There were many names for him among the subjects here.

Each of the titles represented a group and a period of time.

But no matter who it was.

Now, they looked at the figure in the sky with deep respect.

One had to know.

At this moment, many of them were able to stand here and enjoy everything in Qingdu Harbor. Most of the credit was due to that man in the sky.

He was the one who had continued the orthodoxy of Huaxia for thousands of years.

He was also the one who founded this country where everyone had hope!

When he heard Li Yueming say that he wanted to clear the way for the martial artists.

Beneath his feet.

Countless people responded in unison and sincerely wished, “The God of Martial Dao will protect the martial dao for thousands of years!”

In the sky, Li Yueming's figure floated in the air.

At this moment, he looked like a god from the sky who had descended to the mortal world.

Countless bolts of lightning shot out.

This was a lightning tribulation, but it was different from the ascension tribulation in the Xianxia world.

The lightning in front of him was a manifestation of the world's will.

Obviously.

Li Yueming's act of defying the heavens and breaking through to the Martial Saint realm violated the will of the Heavenly Dao.

And now.

The thunder in the sky was the punishment of the rules of the world.

Regarding this.

Li Yueming took a deep breath.

In some immortal cultivation novels in his previous life, there were often ruthless people who transcended the heavenly tribulation.

In the current martial arts world.

Would he be able to survive the lightning?

Li Yueming didn't know.

But this did not hinder his fighting spirit.

The Dao of Cultivation.

Fight with the sky, fight with the earth, fight with people.

Endless joy.

Currently, Li Yueming could no longer find an opponent on the ground or in the human world.

Therefore, only by fighting against Heaven Dou could he feel the long-lost excitement and pressure.

Suddenly.

A thick bolt of purple lightning struck down from the clouds.

Li Yueming roared.

Activating the Star-moon Art at its highest efficiency, he threw a punch at the thunderbolt."Break!"

At this moment, he had already glimpsed the mysteries of the Martial Saint Realm.

He had grasped a wisp of the laws of the world.

Hence, the two of them were in a daze.

His strength was already beyond the reach of a Martial Emperor.

The violent fist met the lightning, and the bones on Li Yueming's fist were broken.

However, Li Yueming was still unaware of this.

That was because the lightning had also been shattered into wisps of lightning by his punch.

Seeing this situation, Li Yueming couldn't help but laugh out loud, "This won't stop me from becoming a Saint!"

As he spoke.

He raised his fist again and took the initiative to punch at the lightning in the sky.

Facing such provocation.

There was a sudden rumble in the clouds.

In the next second, a lightning bolt shaped like a divine dragon tore through the air.

Seeing this situation, Li Yueming took a deep breath and summoned his entire body to its peak state. He closed his eyes and said, "Star Moon Art, Cut Water With Knife!"

"Weng..."

A crisp sound rang out.

The tens of millions of spectators below could only see a full moon rising in the sky.

The lightning that was as thick as a dragon was cut off by Li Yueming at an unbelievable speed.

During this process, mottled blood appeared on Li Yueming's body.

Her plain gauze clothes were also dyed like plum blossoms.

But even so.

However, it couldn't block the murderous aura on Li Yueming's face.

The long saber in his hand kept waving.

Countless electric arcs followed the handle forged from steel and clung to his body.

It was a huge burden for Li Yueming.

But now, he obviously couldn't care less.

If he couldn't overcome this lightning tribulation, he would turn into ashes.

As for whether it would cause a burden, it was not worth mentioning in this situation.

This thunderbolt that was as thick as a dragon was split into 108 pieces by Li Yueming.

In the end, he still couldn't block Li Yueming's deadly slash.

It disappeared in the air.

However, there were still thunderbolts falling from the nine heavens.

On this day.

All the residents of Qingdu Port witnessed the horror of going against the heavens.

The lightning in the sky struck Li Yueming in the sky as if it was free. The shock that the god-like figure brought to everyone was even more exaggerated.

With such a large number of thunderbolts, it was estimated that any martial artist, even if they were a Martial Saint, would have been killed.

At this moment, it was very likely that he had already turned into a piece of charcoal and died.

However, the figure in the sky was still stubbornly fighting against the lightning.

It was unknown how many martial artists were speechless after seeing this scene.

“Is this the true strength of the God of Martial Arts? We are fascinated!”

Chapter 119: Becoming a Saint Against the Heavens, Pursuing the Ancient Mystery!_2

“This is too terrifying. When can I have one-ten-thousandth of the strength of the God of Martial Arts?”

“I probably won’t be able to achieve such a heaven-devouring and earth-shaking spirit in this lifetime!” “You must succeed, you must succeed!” In Qingdu Harbor.

Countless martial artists were also praying.

After witnessing the terrifying might of the lightning and heavenly might.

All the martial artists had a very good understanding of the terrifying backlash brought by this kind of defiance of the heavens.

If even the God of Martial Arts could not endure the lightning, then the other martial artists could forget about it.

Finally.

Under the nervous gazes of tens of millions of eyes.

The surging lightning in the sky seemed to be exhausted.

The sound of the thunderbolt was getting softer and softer.

A few breaths later.

Li Yueming shattered the last thunderbolt with a punch.

Only then did the thunder from the will of heaven and earth come to an end. Li Yueming silently sat cross-legged in mid-air and regulated his body for a moment.

After a long while, he stood up and looked at the crowd below him. “The path to becoming a Martial Saint is already smooth. From now on, the Martial Emperor is no longer the end for you, nor can it be the end for martial artists!”

Under normal circumstances.

Before the world was destroyed.

The vast majority of the Will of the Great Path was in a deep slumber.

The entire reincarnation world would generally develop according to the direction set by the will of the Great Path before it fell asleep.

From a higher dimension.

This lightning bolt was like a program written by the will of the Great Path.

It was used to punish those who violated the will of the Heavenly Dao.

Now that Li Yueming had broken through to the Martial Saint Realm, it violated the Heavenly Dao's rules that martial artists could not become Saints.

Thus, it triggered the lightning to kill him.

However, once Li Yueming made it through..

Then, the program that the will of the world had set up in the slumber would have a BUG. It was like a plastic bag filled with water that had a hole in it.

The rest of the water would flow into this hole.

The martial artists only needed to find the loophole that Li Yueming had poked out and firmly grasp it.

After that, he could follow his footsteps and break through.

After hearing Li Yueming's words, tens of millions of residents of Qingdu Port cheered.

At this moment, both martial artists and ordinary people cheered sincerely. "The God of Martial Dao will protect the martial dao for thousands of years!" "The God of Martial Dao will protect the martial dao for thousands of years!" Countless martial artists were so excited that tears welled up in their eyes.

They had witnessed a miracle.

It also witnessed a person defeating the will of the Heavenly Dao with his own strength.

This was an extreme encouragement to the martial artists 'souls.

It turned out that many things were not invincible.

It was only because they were not strong enough.

The 50th year of the Martial Arts Calendar.

The strongest Martial Emperors in the martial world had already started to break through to become Martial Saints.

For a moment.

Strange phenomena occurred in China.

In just a few short years, the strength of the Qingdu Empire's strongest forces had risen by a large margin.

The development of martial arts accelerated once again.

As the founder of the current martial arts dynasty, Li Yueming was already known as the God of Martial Arts by all the martial artists in China.

It was another year of bleak autumn wind.

The persimmon tree in the courtyard had grown into a very strong old tree.

The complicated roots stood there quietly like the skin of an old man.

In the past, every year when the persimmons were ripe, there would be children climbing up the high walls of the courtyard to steal the persimmons to eat.

But this year, everything was different from the previous years.

Because his cheap mother was dead.

This year, Li Ming was 58 years old.

His mother was eighty-six years old.

On a cold autumn morning, his mother fell down while she was planting vegetables in the yard.

By the time Li Yueming realized something was wrong, he was already dead.

He still remembered when he was very young.

The thin woman had once held his face and said seriously, "I will raise you and do my best to give you a beautiful life!"

Now.

The old lady, who was busy in the courtyard every day, suddenly left him without even saying goodbye.

The chickens, ducks, and geese in the courtyard were still cawing.

However, Li Yueming's heart was as cold as a glacier in the extreme north. He looked at the persimmon tree that kept falling leaves under the bleak autumn wind.

He did not say anything for a long time.

Many times, it was like this. A true farewell was silent.

It was usually an ordinary day.

An extremely ordinary face turned into a farewell after he turned around.

Behind him.

Ye Nanyuan hugged him gently.

The two of them did not say a word. They stood in the courtyard and looked at the fallen leaves for the entire night.

The next day, at dawn.

“I’ll plant another persimmon tree next to the old tree. She won’t be lonely there!”
Ye Nanyuan said. ”

Li Yueming didn’t say anything.

He turned around and looked at Ye Nanyuan, who had aged a little.

“When will you become a Martial Saint?””

Ye Nanyuan’s expression darkened when she heard that, but she didn’t say anything in the end.

Seeing this situation, Li Yueming understood.

Ye Nanyuan was very talented.

However, she still missed the best age for cultivation. When she met Li Yueming, her cultivation method and martial arts had long been fixed.

It was no longer as pure and flawless as when it was an infant.

Under such circumstances.

It was almost impossible for Ye Nanyuan to break through to the Martial Saint Realm.

Thinking of this...

Li Yueming patted her head and said gently, ””Don’t worry, I’ll arrange everything! ”

Ye Nanyuan felt the seriousness in his words and could not help but say worriedly, “”Don’t do anything stupid.. I only hope that you and Xiao Die will be safe in this life!”

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Li Yueming scratched her nose. There’s nothing in the world that I can’t do now! ”

Ye Nanyuan rolled her eyes at him and did not refute him.

Perhaps there was really nothing in this world that this man in front of her couldn’t do?

But birth, aging, illness, and death are the laws of heaven.

Heaven’s will cannot be disobeyed.

This year.

There was a brand new tomb behind the old mansion.

There was a new persimmon tree outside Li Yueming’s courtyard.

After breaking through to the Martial Saint Realm.

Li Yueming felt increasingly lonely. The hustle and bustle of the world seemed to have left him.

This was a very strange feeling, but Li Yueming did not probe further.

As a reincarnator.

Most of the time, what he could do was to show less emotion and focus more on doing something.

Everything.

Only parting was the most miserable.

After burying his cheap mother.

Li Yueming put away his sad emotions and continued to ponder about higher martial arts realms.

He was already in his fifties.

Although he was still very young for a Martial Saint who could easily live for several hundred years.

However, the people around him could not wait.

He had to speed up his pace and continue to defy the heavens and change his fate.

It was obvious.

The Martial Saint realm was definitely not the end of martial arts.

However, Li Yueming could not figure out where the end point of a martial artist was.

He pondered for a long time.

Li Yueming finally arrived at the magnificent palace again.

This was the imperial palace of the Qingdu Empire.

Other than him, no one else dared to step foot in this place.

After Li Yueming entered the main hall, he announced that the courtiers were here.

After thirty to forty years.

It was the first time that many of the newly elected officials had received an audience with Li Yueming.

Trembling with fear, he followed the group of officers into the palace that was usually heavily guarded.

Li Yueming briefly scanned the current development of the Qingdu Empire.

However, he was obviously not interested in these things.

After looking through it, he said, "How is the Star-Moon Pavilion's current development?"

Fu Xiaorou, who was already middle-aged, looked at her master, who was still unusually young, sitting not far away.

His expression was a little complicated.

Huan Huan stood up and bowed." Greetings, Master. I haven't seen you for many years. How have you been, Master?"

Li Yueming paused.

He looked at Fu Xiaorou.

His eyes were a little dim. A moment later, he said, "Come to my side!" Fu Xiaorou stood up.

He looked at Li Yueming with excitement.

Obviously, she was afraid that Li Yueming had already forgotten her.

But now.

His master was still the same master.

However, she was no longer the person she used to be.

She obediently came to Li Yueming's side.

Fu Xiaorou lowered her head and reported, "The Star and Moon Pavilion has already opened to Dongying, Koryo, Tubo, and other places..." The influence is huge. Countless dynasties treat the martial arts of China as treasures and the entire country is learning it!"

Li Yueming nodded.

Looking at Fu Xiaorou who was in front of her, she was silent for a moment before she said, "It's been hard on you all these years!"

Fu Xiaorou's eyes turned red.

After wiping her tears, she whispered, "To manage this world for Master is a job for one person and tens of thousands of people. Why should Xiao Rou do

Li Yueming opened his mouth.

In the end, he didn't say anything.

Tan took a deep breath and waved his hand. "Tell Star Moon Pavilion to send me all the information, documents, and secret manuals they have collected over the years!"

In the next three years.

The information, documents, secret manuals, and even local ghost stories that Star Moon Pavilion had collected from all over the world were sent to the palace.

Carts of information piled up like a mountain.

It was enough to drown people.

There were so many books that ordinary people would probably not be able to finish reading them in their entire lives.

However, Li Yueming was obviously not an ordinary person. He sat cross-legged on the pile of books and began to study hard day and night. The Star-Moon Pavilion was now a giant that could cross several empires.

Its energy was naturally very exaggerated.

There were scrolls of secret impartation that no one knew about, and books of information that could cause a bloody storm in the pugilistic world.

Li Yueming had a small mountain of them.

Of course, he couldn't be reading aimlessly here.

Instead, he wanted to confirm a few things.

First, was there a higher realm above the Martial Saint Realm?

If there was, how should he break through?

Second, the existence of the legendary hidden sects.

If it existed, where exactly did it exist?

Third, whether the legendary Rainbow Divine Deer really existed.

If it existed, how could he meet it?

Fourth, in the long years without historical records, did other civilizations still exist in this world? If so, why did that civilization disappear?

These things were meaningless to people.

After all, a thousand people could have a thousand different opinions.

Li Yueming could only compare the vast amount of scrolls and documents with each other to search for the truth hidden under the surface in the ocean of history.

Three years later.

Li Yueming, who was persistent, found something fishy.

First of all, there was the matter of whether there was a higher realm above the Martial Saint Realm.

Li Yueming searched through all the secret manuals and the answer he got was very ambiguous.

Simply put, in the various historical records, some people said yes, while others said no.

However, both parties could not produce any concrete evidence.

They could only argue endlessly.

Li Yueming was naturally inclined to believe that there was, but there was no record of it in the literature, so he temporarily suppressed it.

As for the second piece of information, the hidden sects really existed.

However, such a sect seemed to not have any disciples in the mortal world for thousands of years.

No one knew where those hidden sects came from, nor did anyone know what mission they carried.

Their existence was like a ghost.

He would only occasionally appear in the Yang Realm.

Currently, the only reclusive sects that had confirmed sightings were the Arctic Glaciers and the rumored Eastern Sea island Penglai.

Li Yueming noted down these two places.

If he could find a hidden sect, perhaps many of his doubts would be solved.

In addition, there was something worth mentioning.

The last person who went to search for a hidden sect was the founding Imperial Emperor of the Great Xia Empire.

And this Imperial Emperor, who was in his prime at that time, had mysteriously vanished from the face of the earth while he was searching for a hidden sect.

Back then, the Grand Xia Empire announced to the public that the Imperial Emperor had found the trace of an immortal.

However, in reality, most of the martial artists were more inclined to believe that the Imperial Emperor of Great Xia had died at the hands of a hidden sect.

This unsolved case remained an unsolved mystery until now.

Now.

With the disappearance of the Great Xia Dynasty, countless secret manuals in the capital were burned by the foreigners. The truth was forever buried in history.

The third.

According to the records, the information about that strange divine deer should be true.

However, the number of times it appeared was also extremely rare.

Recently, only the Imperial Emperor of Huaxia had a brief contact with him.

The records from further back in time were more vague.

The last message.

Did other civilizations exist in the ancient land?

The information on the scroll was unusually clean.

Li Yueming couldn't find any trace of it even after flipping through all the information.

Even if there wasn't any related speculation.

It's so strange to be in a state of disbelief

There was no reason for the Western European researchers to be more professional than the Chinese historians.

He was holding a sacred scripture and guessing that there was an ancient civilization that was even more ancient.

It was impossible for China's historians not to leave behind a single piece of record!

He looked at the scrolls on the ground.

Li Yueming fell into deep thought, which was a rare sight.