

Maxing MT 121

Chapter 121: Extreme North Unfrozen Sea, Breaking Through to the Martial Saint Realm!_1

Fifty-five years in the Five Paths, and Li Yueming was sixty-three years old.

As a Martial Arts Saint, this age was equivalent to a 25 or 26-year-old human.

However, Li Yueming did not feel satisfied. Instead, he felt that time was running out.

Especially after his cheap mother left him, the sense of urgency in his heart increased.

There was not much time left for him.

He wanted to break through the shackles of this world and achieve a higher path of martial arts.

Li Yueming had to take action as soon as possible.

After rummaging through the scrolls on the ground, he pondered for a moment.

Li Yueming decided to travel around the world.

He transformed into an ordinary-looking middle-aged man and first headed to the peaks of the clouds and mist in the Qinling Mountains and the lakesides in an attempt to find the Five-Colored Immortal Deer.

As expected.

Li Yueming found nothing.

Li Yueming was already mentally prepared for this.

After all, if the Immortal Deer were so easy to find, it would not have left behind countless legends in history.

He could not find the Immortal Deer.

Li Yueming turned into a fisherman on the outskirts of Qingdu Port.

Every day, he would sail a fishing boat to the East China Sea.

But after half a year.

There was no trace of the so-called Penglai.

Regarding this.

Li Yueming laughed in anger.

They really could hide. If it wasn't for the fact that his realm wasn't high enough, he would have captured these people and beat them up.

There was nothing in the East Sea.

Li Yueming could only go to Thule with the mentality of giving it a try.

The cold wind was blowing, and an almost endless ice field covered the ground.

In the far north, the days are short and the nights are long.

Most of the year, the temperature hovered around- 50 degrees Celsius.

Li Yueming was wearing a thick cotton jacket.

They trekked through the icy plains.

Along the way, he saw locals dressed in animal fur hunting seals, and he also saw the dazzling aurora above the extreme north. However, he didn't see any of the so-called hidden sects.

In the end.

Li Yueming came to a village amidst the wind and moon. He drank some hot wine in the village's tavern.

The tavern owner saw that he looked a little unfamiliar, so he took the initiative to talk to him. "Are you from the Central Plains?"

Li Yueming nodded without denying it.

With his current strength, not many people in the entire world could threaten him.

Thus, there was naturally no need to hide anything.

The tavern owner smiled and said in a language that he didn't quite understand, "Then I believe that you are also here to look for the immortal trace?"

Li Yueming stopped drinking and looked at the smiling boss not far away. "Are there many people coming here?"

"Many Chinese martial artists came here to try their luck in the early years, but fewer and fewer of them came recently!" The tavern owner scratched his head. Li did not nod.

Seeing that he was no longer speaking, the tavern owner began to talk to himself, "If you are here to look for the immortal trace, there is a sea that never freezes about 50 miles northeast of our village. You can go and take a look!" Hearing the boss's words.

Li Yueming put down his wine glass and threw a few pieces of silver at him. "Thank you so much!"

He did not dawdle.

It didn't matter if the tavern owner had good intentions or other thoughts.

To Li Yueming, they were like floating clouds in the sky.

He stood up and rushed in the direction the tavern owner described.

50 miles was a piece of cake for Li Yueming.

A few minutes later, he saw a pool of blue water on the ice field.

Li Yueming stopped by the shore and observed for a moment. He could feel some unusual aura here.

His intuition was even telling him that there was danger.

One had to know that Li Yueming was now a Martial Saint.

It could make a Martial Saint feel danger.

It was unknown what kind of shocking secrets were hidden under this blue sea.

He hesitated for a moment.

In the end, Li Yueming chose to dive down and take a look.

The seawater was cold and piercing, reminding Li Yueming of the winter when he was young.

At that time, he hadn't practiced martial arts yet.

Because the Li family didn't care about the mother and son.

Li Yueming always took cold showers in the winter.

Now.

Li Yueming felt the same way in the sea.

The Martial Saint's body and Rule Force that he was proud of seemed to have lost their original function in this endless Sea of Abyss.

The chill seemed to be able to pierce through the bone marrow. The deeper he went, the stiffer his body became.

Li Yueming didn't know how deep he had gone.

He only knew that all the sounds around him seemed to have disappeared.

It was quiet in the sea, and there was no light when he looked up.

In the end.

Li Yueming saw a huge whirlpool in the depths of the sea.

The whirlpool swallowed the seawater, and it was unknown where it led to.

Li Yueming tried to enter.

However, just as he approached the vortex, he felt as if his entire body was about to be frozen.

A huge suction force came from the center of the vortex.

Li Yueming was almost swallowed by it when he touched it.

One could imagine what would happen if they were really involved.

Li Yueming would probably never be able to come out again.

No wonder the Imperial Emperor of Great Xia had suddenly disappeared over three hundred years ago. To think that such a terrifying place existed in some inconspicuous corner of this world.

The secrets hidden within were obviously not something that Li Yueming could come into contact with at his current level.

He hovered around the vortex for a moment.

In the end, Li Yueming didn't try to court death.

There were still people he was concerned about in the outside world. It was not the time to enter the vortex to explore..

Chapter 122: Extreme North Unfrozen Sea, Breaking Through to the Martial Saint Realm!_2

Half an hour later.

The wet Li Yueming walked out of the whirlpool.

He looked up.

He found that there were 70 to 80 strong men wearing animal fur surrounding him on the shore.

Li Yueming used his internal strength to evaporate the water on his body. He looked at the group of men in front of him and said, "What can I do for you?"

The men looked at him.

His expression was a little strange.

A moment later, the leader of the group said, "How long have you been down there?"

Li Yueming did not answer.

Instead, he began to size up this group of people.

From his senses, the group in front of him should be martial artists.

Moreover, each of them was not weak. The lowest was at the Martial King Realm, and the vast majority of them were at the Martial Grandmaster Realm.

After pondering for a moment.

He soon understood why there was such a strange village here.

Looking at the men, Li Yueming said indifferently, "You should be the warriors from the Central Plains who came here to look for the Immortal's Path, right?" The men ignored his question.

'Don't ask what you shouldn't ask,' he questioned with a murderous look. "Tell us honestly where you snuck into just now, and we might be able to give you a quick death!"

Li Yueming smiled and replied, "It's been a long time since anyone dared to talk to me like this. I dived to the bottom of the sea. What's wrong?"

The group of people heard Li Yueming say that he had dived to the bottom of the sea.

The expression on his face changed from curiosity to shock.

However, very quickly.

The shock turned into mockery.

The group of people seemed to have heard a huge joke as they laughed loudly and said, "Do you know what you're talking about? Three hundred years ago, even the Imperial Emperor of the

Central Plains didn't dive to the bottom of the ocean. Now, you're saying that you've done it? Are you even more powerful than the Imperial Emperor who ruled the world?"

Li Yueming also smiled when he heard that. He said with an inexplicable sigh, "That might be true. If the Martial Emperor was still alive, I wouldn't be so lonely."

This group of people lived in the northernmost land and were almost cut off from the outside world.

There were very few channels to obtain information every year.

Obviously, it was impossible for him to know the current situation outside.

Hearing him boast so shamelessly.

The group of men laughed even more happily.

After all, there wasn't much entertainment in Thule, and it was already a great pleasure to meet a new face.

Not to mention that Li Yueming was so funny.

He laughed for a while.

The men finally stopped. They looked at Li Yueming who had just come ashore and said coldly, "Now, I'll give you two choices. One is to continue diving and salvage the treasures for us. The second choice is to be killed by us and thrown into the sea to feed the sharks!"

Looking at how familiar this group of people was, it was obvious that this was not the first time they had done such a thing.

They lured the ancient martial art practitioners who were searching for the immortal trace to this never-freezing sea area.

They would sit on the surface of the sea and reap the benefits.

He had a good plan, but it was a pity that it would fall through today.

Li Yueming didn't waste any more words. The aura of a Martial Saint erupted from his body.

He raised his hand and clenched it gently.

The man who was still on the ice not far away was instantly grabbed by him through the void.

Grabbing the man's neck, Li Yueming said indifferently, "You seem to be quite bold!"

The man struggled a few times.

However, the Martial Saint aura that Li Yueming emitted was like a fierce poison to him.

After being grabbed by the neck, the man couldn't even muster the strength to struggle.

At the beginning, the other men did not understand what had happened.

After that, she wiped her eyes repeatedly.

They only saw their boss, a high-level martial arts grandmaster who had been famous for many years.

The young man not far away actually hung him in the air like he was holding a chick! !!

At this moment.

Only then did the group of men realize that they might have kicked an iron plate today.

This young man who looked to be only twenty-five or twenty-six years old in front of him was very likely a Martial Emperor, or even a super expert above a

Martial Emperor!

He could not help but hurriedly kneel on the ground and beg for mercy, "I have eyes but failed to see. I hope Exalted Immortal will spare my life!"

In order to survive.

A group of heads were smashed.

Li Yueming ignored their pleas.

This group of people was just a group of insignificant bugs in front of him. If it was under normal circumstances, he probably wouldn't even bother to look at them. The only thing he really cared about was the information about the underwater vortex.

He casually threw the man to the ground like a dead dog.

Li Yueming opened his mouth and said, "Tell me all the relevant information about this place honestly. If you can satisfy me, I'll spare your lives!" Under the oppression of the Grim Reaper.

The group of men didn't dare to hide it anymore. They didn't even dare to lie.

After all, Li Yueming's killing intent and extremely powerful nomological aura were too terrifying.

To low-level martial artists like them, it was a pure attack of dimensional reduction.

Naturally, he told her everything he knew.

According to their descriptions.

Li Yueming had a better understanding of the deep sea.

The men were the same as him. They had confirmed the existence of hidden sects from the ancient books and secret history of China.

That was why he came to try his luck.

Unfortunately, after searching for a long time, they found nothing.

In the end, he was lucky enough to meet a group of indigenous residents of the extreme north. Only then did he know that there was a legendary sea that would never freeze in the extreme north.

After stumbling along the way, someone found this place.

Unfortunately, after a few attempts.

They realized that they were not strong enough to dive into the depths of the sea.

Therefore, some people had the idea of waiting for the rabbit..

Chapter 123: Extreme North Unfrozen Sea, Breaking Through to the Martial Saint Realm!_3

After all, diving into the Unfreezing Sea consumed a lot of qi and stamina.

He only needed to strike when the martial artists came out of the sea. There were basically not many people who could escape the vicious hands of the enemy.

Using this opportunity.

This group of people had settled down in the bitter cold land of the extreme north. Every year, they would trap a few innocent people to dive into the sea to collect information for them.

About 200 years ago, the emperor of Great Xia had also come here.

However, they were still connected to the outside world at that time, so they recognized the Great Xia killing god.

Thus, he was able to escape.

And now.

The information that they had passed down for several generations had all benefited Li Yueming.

Li Yueming also got a strange fragment from the leader.

The entire fragment turned black and gray.

Under the reflection of the sunlight, a silver light shone.

It looked very technological. Li Yueming held it in his hand for a long time.

He squeezed it hard.

The fragment was extremely hard and did not budge at all.

He continued to exert strength, but it still did not move.

After a few attempts.

Li Yueming realized that he couldn't do anything to the small fragment in his hand.

According to the leader.

This fragment was the only item they had salvaged from the bottom of the sea.

It was extremely hard.

No matter if it was a knife, axe, or burning fire, they could not leave any marks on it.

That's why.

That was why they had always believed that there was a treasure under the sea, and they had been guarding it for nearly a hundred years. Li Yueming looked at the fragment for a long time.

For some reason.

For some reason, he thought of some high-tech materials in the technological civilization.

He did not know if it was his imagination.

Unfortunately, the whirlpool of the Unfreezing Sea was not something he could touch at the moment.

Let's wait a little longer.

In the end, if there was really no other way, they could only risk their lives to investigate.

He held the fragment.

Li Yueming returned to Qingdu Harbor.

After repeated research, Li Yueming handed it over to the newly established research laboratory in Qingdu Port.

After all, no matter how indestructible this thing was, it was still a dead object.

To Li Yueming, the symbolic meaning was far greater than the actual meaning.

After wandering around for almost a year, Li Yueming did not find anything specific.

Whether it was the reclusive sect or the Five-Colored Immortal Deer, they were still illusory.

However, Li Yueming was already certain that this planet definitely hid many secrets.

The reason why he couldn't find anything.

It was only because he had yet to break through the blockade of the will of the Great Path.

Whether it was to pursue the mystery of this planet or to complete the highest SSS-rank heaven-defying evaluation.

Or give his wife and daughter a chance to transcend.

They all needed absolute strength to support them.

After figuring everything out, Li Moonlight's goal became clear.

He wanted to go from the Martial Saint Realm to the Martial God Realm!

This was the only way.

Li Yueming would be able to break free from the restraints of the will of heaven and earth, completely reverse and rewrite everything!

Fifty-six years of martial arts.

At the same time.

The Star Moon Pavilion was constantly searching for anthologies from all over the world.

Most of them were no longer cultivation techniques, but the county annals of each county and county, and even the rumors of the old people in the countryside.

The group of martial artists in the martial world felt a different aura.

After all, the Star-Moon Pavilion had long become a behemoth under the command of the Qingdu Empire, and its every move was noticed by countless martial artists.

Now, they were like mad dogs, gathering all kinds of strange stories from all over the place.

He must have been ordered by the upper echelons of the Qingdu Empire to do this.

After hearing many rumors, he was shocked.

Almost all the martial artists in Jianghu were talking about this matter.

In the end, they came to a relatively consistent conclusion:

Looking at the history of martial arts in the past thousand years, if there was really someone who could break through to a higher realm above the Martial Saint Realm, it would be impossible for him to do so.

Then the current God of Martial Arts should be the most promising one.

Even the former Imperial Emperor of Great Xia was inferior to the God of Martial Arts.

One must know that when the Imperial Emperor of Great Xia broke through to the Martial Saint Realm, the will of the world allowed martial artists to become

Saints.

At that time, there were no less than ten Martial Saints in the world.

The Martial Monarch Realm experts of the Great Xia were merely the cream of the crop.

However, the current situation was completely different.

Under the suppression of the Will of the Great Path, the Martial Saint Realm was already an insurmountable mountain placed on the heads of all martial artists.

Hundreds of Force Emperors had studied it for decades, but in the end, they found nothing but despair and pessimism.

In the end, all the martial artists gave up.

It was Li Yueming who stood up and broke through to the Martial Saint Realm by himself.

This gave many Martial Emperors the chance to advance to Martial Saint.

Under such circumstances.

One could imagine Li Yueming's power and strength.

In front of Li Yueming, the Martial Emperor of Great Xia could only be considered a part of the masses.

That's why.

After learning that Li Yueming was studying how to break through to the realm above the Martial Saint Realm, he was shocked.

Countless martial artists would be so excited.

Once Li Yueming succeeded, the impact would be earth-shattering.

The history of martial arts that had lasted for thousands of years in the entire land of Hua Xia would change because of this. The Martial Saints who had long thought that they could not break through to a higher realm would also have a new and broad road in front of them.

Li Yueming would become an eternal monument in the hearts of all Chinese martial artists.

Chapter 124: The Great World of the Widow, The World I s Vanity Dream

Li Yueming wanted to become the God of Martial Arts.

This news had already spread throughout China at an extremely fast speed.

The entire Qingdu Empire's martial artists were in an uproar.

He had high hopes for this Martial Emperor who had single-handedly reversed the status of the entire Martial Dao.

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

65 years of martial arts.

The martial arts of Huaxia had reached its peak since the establishment of the Qingdu Empire.

Under the continuous reform of the Qingdu Empire and the joint efforts of the various confidential departments, the Qingdu Empire was able to achieve a breakthrough.

The entire Qingdu Empire had bumper harvests year after year, and countless commoners were able to live a well-fed and well-clothed life.

In such a basic soil.

Countless geniuses rushed out like bamboo shoots after a rain.

Almost every day, new geniuses emerged from the country. New techniques were created and perfected at every moment.

The entire martial arts world displayed an unimaginable vitality.

The Star Moon Pavilion could no longer store low-level cultivation methods for ordinary martial artists.

Currently, the Star Moon Pavilion was able to store all the powerful cultivation methods developed and created by the most talented people.

Under such circumstances.

Countless martial artists worked together to contribute to the development of martial arts.

Wave after wave of martial artists stood on the shoulders of their predecessors and looked into the distance, creating an even more stunning new era.

At the same time.

This was because Li Yueming promoted the school from top to bottom and advocated for both civil and martial arts.

Nowadays, martial artists were capable of both literature and martial arts.

Moreover, under the conscious indoctrination of the teachers, the martial artists had been nurtured from a young age with the concept of a real man practicing martial arts to serve the country.

Countless martial artists mounted their horses and rode on Nanshan Hill.

In the past ten years, the entire Qingdu Empire had doubled in size.

The powerful army of martial artists even reached the territory near the Western European Empire. Countless Western European foreigners were almost scared by this army from the East.

There was nothing else.

Decades ago, there was a man with a similar oriental face.

One man and one horse had plundered nearly a hundred kingdoms of all sizes in Western Europe, completing a great undertaking that even their ancestors in Western Europe could not accomplish.

Nearly a hundred pages of sacred scriptures had been plundered.

Now.

The previously arrogant Church of Western Europe had become a fish on the chopping board, and it was about to collapse.

But they found that the group of abominable eastern faces were coming again.

The 70th year of the Martial Arts Calendar.

Qingdu Port's economy, culture, and military power had all reached unprecedented heights.

The entire Qingdu Kingdom's territory spanned the east and west, almost ruling two continents.

On the sea, the sixth-generation fishing boats of Qingdu Harbor were engaged in battle with the new warships of the Free State.

There were victories and defeats, but overall, the Qingdu Empire won more than it lost.

It could be said.

The current Qingdu Empire was the only two existences on the entire planet that could contend with the Free State.

Other countries could only tremble in fear in front of these two giants.

At the same time.

The martial arts of the Qingdu Empire had also ushered in its heyday.

There were nearly eighty Martial Saints.

One had to know that this was a Martial Saint!

In the past, when martial arts were declining, it was rare for an existence to appear in the past hundred years.

Now, there were more than 80 of them in the same era.

Such a golden age was probably only possible in ancient times, when it had appeared in ancient books and legends.

However, under such rapid development and extreme prosperity.

The martial artists had an indescribable worry in their hearts.

That was, in the current flourishing martial arts era, there were more than 80 Martial Saints coexisting.

However, under such circumstances.

There was actually still no one who could touch a realm higher than the Martial Saint realm.

This was undoubtedly a huge blow to countless high-level martial artists.

If they could not touch the threshold of a higher realm, it meant that they could very likely stay at the Martial Saint Realm for the rest of their lives and wait for death.

But now.

They were still at the peak of martial artists.

Just like that, he walked towards loneliness.

It seemed that he was unwilling to accept it no matter what.

Under such a background, a group of Martial Saints began to gather together to discuss various possible advancement plans.

After all, the God of Martial Arts, Li Yueming, was also exploring the higher realms above the Martial Saint Realm.

But now, decades had passed in the blink of an eye.

There was no news.

They couldn't just sit there and wait for death.

At the same time, they had to come up with a plan that belonged to them.

Even if he couldn't succeed, he could leave behind some valuable information for future generations.

At the very least, it was a wrong plan that had been explored and explored by predecessors.

Later generations could use it as a way to avoid lightning.

With this constant dripping, perhaps martial arts could still have a day to shine.

Year 80 of the Martial Arts Calendar.

The development of Qingdu Port had reached a bottleneck.

The surrounding territory was huge enough, and the domestic human geography was prosperous enough.

However, after so many years of continuous expansion, all the nutrients that could be absorbed from the outside had been eaten up.

Unless the Free State was included in the map.

Otherwise, it would have been difficult for the Qingdu Empire to maintain its current prosperity.

This year.

Unfortunately, the news came.

Fu Xiaorou, the beloved disciple of the God of Martial Arts, Li Yueming, and the Prime Minister of the Qingdu Empire, had passed away.

The entire empire was in mourning.

Countless subjects cried bitterly because of this.

Everyone knew that Li Yueming was the founder of the Qingdu Empire.

Then Fu Xiaorou must be the person who maintained the empire.

In this little hundred years.

Fu Xiaorou was basically the one who took care of the development of Qingdu Port..

Chapter 125: The Great Era Withers, The World Is Just a Fancy Dream (2)

For this reason.

Fu Xiaorou worked day and night.

For this reason, he had never married and did not even leave behind any descendants.

This year.

Qingdu Port was white, and countless martial artists and civilians came to mourn.

As for Fu Xiaorou's body, it was buried with the etiquette of a state funeral.

It was said that.

The God of Martial Arts, Li Yueming, did not appear.

Many people found it unbelievable when they heard the news.

After all, the relationship between the God of Martial Arts and Fu Xiaorou was not just a simple relationship between monarch and minister. They were master and disciple, father and son.

Now that Fu Xiaorou had passed away, the God of Martial Arts did not even show his face.

So the God of Martial Arts was still studying cultivation techniques?

Was there a problem?

Many people thought of the Imperial Emperor of Great Xia who had suddenly disappeared three times before the New Year.

That person seemed to have suddenly disappeared during his heyday.

In the end, it was Li Yueming's eldest disciple, Han Bufan, who came out to refute the rumor.

But even so.

The people of the world still had doubts buried in their hearts.

This year.

A new grave appeared in Li Yueming's backyard.

In the beginning, the grave was filled with flowers and offerings.

In the end.

All the prosperity was gone.

Only a pale yellow wildflower was left on the yellowish-brown grave.

It proved that someone had been here in the end.

Year 100 of the Martial Arts Calendar.

Perhaps it was an illusion, but many martial artists in the game felt that time seemed to have sped up.

Ever since Fu Xiaorou died.

The development of the Qingdu Empire suddenly came to a halt.

The group of Martial Saints who had formed an alliance back then to touch a higher realm also fell silent.

The entire Jianghu was still bustling.

However, there was a palpitating silence in addition to the excitement.

It was as if something was stuck in everyone's throat, making everything insignificant.

All the martial artists knew.

If martial arts could not continue to develop, then they would sooner or later return to dust.

All prosperity would become sand in the desert in the long run.

Perhaps many years later.

Times changed.

When the new generation of martial artists grew up and heard about their passionate history, they would only sigh, 'Oh, the era of martial arts? I heard that there were many Martial Saints back then!

Just hearing it made him feel sad.

If it really happened, it would be worse than taking their lives.

However, judging from the current situation.

This seemed to have become an irreversible trend.

After all, so many years had passed. If that group of Martial Saints had discovered something, they would not be so silent now.

On the other side.

The conflict between the Free State and the Qing Du Empire was intensifying by the day.

The Qingdu Empire sent countless martial artists and soldiers to fight the Free State on land and sea.

The two sides were still in a heated battle at the beginning.

After fighting for more than ten years, Qingdu Port was shocked to discover that the Free State's weapons, equipment, and technology had been renewed.

In contrast.

The Qingdu Empire's new generation of weapons and equipment were still being researched.

In the blink of an eye.

The situation on the battlefield was reversed.

The Qingdu Empire was forced to retreat continuously, turning from the dominant side to the disadvantaged side.

Year 120 of the Martial Arts Calendar.

This year, many of the martial artists in the Qingdu Empire who were not so talented had already begun to age.

The high-spirited martial arts grandmasters of the past had begun to wither.

Only the Martial Emperors and Martial Saints remained firm.

"Grandmaster Anyang of Hui Province died of illness yesterday!" "Master Mu Lin of Ezhou passed away half a month ago!"

"Zhongzhou Harbor's Martial Emperor Minri dragged his old body along with him and perished together with the Free State's Tier 8 Combat Emperor!" One unfortunate piece of news after another came.

The originally prosperous Jianghu was filled with mournful voices.

Under such circumstances.

Outside the courtyard where Li Yueming lived.

Three big and one small figures stood there.

Behind their backs, the persimmon tree planted by the cheap mother had already withered and declined.

He only had a few years left to live.

Only the new persimmon tree planted by Ye Nanyuan was still growing vigorously.

Around the courtyard, the residents of Qingdu Port had already taken turns for several generations.

The original courtyard with green bricks and black tiles had now become a very festive red brick house.

Only this old courtyard stood out from the rest.

It looked bleak and desolate.

Ye Nanyuan was here.

She brought along Li Mengdie, who was already in her forties, and her husband.

He gently knocked on the door that seemed to have been silent for a hundred years.

After a long time.

A figure with disheveled hair appeared in front of everyone.

Although she looked extremely sloppy because she hadn't taken care of herself.

However, the person in front of him was still as young as before.

Ye Nanyuan's hair was white and her forehead was full of wrinkles.

At this moment, tears fell from her eyes.

The mole at the corner of her eye was still the same as before.

However, time had changed too many things.

Behind him.

Li Mengdie, who was already a mother, looked at the figure in front of her. After hesitating for a moment, she said, "Father?" The figure in front of him didn't react.

He looked at his mother with a hint of doubt in his eyes.

Ye Nanyuan wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes.

He turned around and said to the man beside Li Mengdie, "Little Wu, this is your father-in-law, Wu Sheng. Call him grandpa!"

At the side.

The two men, one big and one small, also had doubts on their faces.

However, because of Ye Nanyuan.

The man still braced himself and said in a trembling voice that was filled with disbelief, "Father-in-law, accept my bow..."

However, the little boy beside him was not so polite.

After sizing up Li Yueming, he shook his head and said, "I don't have such a homeless grandfather. My grandfather is the God of Martial Arts!"

Chapter 126: The Great Era Withers, The World Is Just a Fancy Dream (3)

Instantly.

The three of them were all embarrassed.

Li Yueming's eyes silently swept across the four of them.

First, it was this ignorant grandson, and then it was the son-in-law who was even more ignorant.

Then, it was his daughter beside him.

Finally, it landed on Ye Nanyuan and said, "Looks like I failed!" Ye Nanyuan sighed.

He waved his hand and chased the people behind him away.

Only then did he scrutinize the man in front of him. After a long time, he said, "You have never been defeated in your life, so you cannot fail!"

Li Yueming was still in a daze.

Over the years.

He had been studying the method to break through to the Martial Saint realm day and night.

Even when Fu Xiaorou died, he simply went to pay his respects.

But in the end, he did not manage to make it to the Martial God Realm before Ye Nanyuan passed away.

He was bound in this world.

It meant that the promise they had made before, to meet outside the dream, was destined to never come true.

After a long silence, Li Yueming suddenly felt a little lost.

He didn't know what he had been doing all these years. He had missed his children's growth, his wife's aging, and even his disciple's funeral.

But in the end.

Their efforts to race against time were all in vain.

From beginning to end.

He had used everything he had in exchange for nothing.

He 100Kea at ye manyuan, wno was no longer as Deautlrul as Derore.

"If only you were born fifty years later!" Li Yueming said bitterly."

"Why?" Ye Nanyuan was stunned."

Li Yueming closed his eyes and sighed." I can give you a path to heaven. With this, you may be able to walk out of this narrow world!"

Ye Nanyuan was stunned again. After a moment, she smiled and said,""What is the Great Dao of Heaven?" I don't care, I only care about the moments when I'm with you!"

Li Yueming remained silent for a long time.

A moment later, she said with some sobs, "Then perhaps I am too selfish..."

Ye Nanyuan saw the sadness in his heart and smiled. "I remember that you asked me very seriously before, saying that if everything was just a dream, would I regret lingering with you in my dream?"

Li Yueming nodded.

Although that was exactly what he said at that time, the general meaning was indeed the same.

Almost a hundred years had passed.

Ye Nanyuan still remembered it, so she must have thought about it carefully.

Seeing him nod, Ye Nanyuan continued,""My answer at that time was that I didn't regret it. If everything was just a dream, what's the harm in getting drunk?"

Li Yueming nodded again.

However, her heart was still filled with grief and self-blame.

At this moment.

Ye Nanyuan looked into Li Yueming's eyes. This time, she sounded more serious.

"If you ask me now if I regret it, my answer will still be the same. Do you understand?"

Li Yueming raised his head in a daze.

Looking at the pair of gentle eyes on her old face, the throbbing in his heart could no longer be suppressed.

He hugged her and said, "I'm sorry!"

Although Ye Nanyuan was smiling, there were tears in the corner of her eyes. She choked for a moment and said, "Then do you regret dreaming of me?"

Li Yueming did not answer.

He hugged her even tighter.

This year.

Li Yueming finally walked out of his room after decades.

He bought a carriage with Ye Nanyuan.

However, just as he was about to set off, an old voice came from outside the door. "Young... Young Master?"

Li Yueming looked at the white-haired Wang Ermazi in front of him.

There were a few times when he opened his mouth but could not say anything.

However, Wang Ermazi was extremely excited.

He circled around Li Yueming and said, "It really is Young Master. I didn't expect to see you before I died. That's great. Young Master, you're still as healthy as ever!" As he spoke.

Wang Ermazi cried.

He had become a teacher a long time ago, and it could be considered as his dream to teach and educate people.

Now he was old.

However, he recalled the past.

He had only wanted to take a look from afar and bid farewell to his past.

Unexpectedly, they bumped into Li Yueming, who was preparing to go out.

It can only be said that it is time and luck.

Li Yueming was leading the horse.

Wang Ermazi hurriedly took it and said with a somewhat perturbed expression, “Young Master, let this old servant lead the horse for you one last time!”

Li Yueming had a complicated expression on his face.

In the end, it could only turn into a deep sigh.

A bond was a good thing.

However, when it came to cutting off separation.

This was the cruelest sword in the world. Li Yueming thought that he was invincible in the world.

However, when faced with such a moment.

However, he still felt powerless.

If I had known it would be so difficult, why didn't I know it at the beginning? If I had known that it would be so difficult, why didn't I know each other back then...

In the next two years.

Li Yueming accompanied Ye Nanyuan and Wang Ermazi on their journey again.

They first toured around Qingdu Port.

Then, they followed the port all the way east to Lingnan.

The trend of the times was always rolling forward.

The once insufferably arrogant Southern Ridge Twelve Clans had long since been destroyed in the dust of history.

When the three of them returned to the old place, they only saw tiles on the ground.

Ye Nanyuan looked at the Flower Sect, which was now covered in green stone slabs, and muttered, “I've had many dreams. Every time, I dreamed that I was still living in the Flower Sect and finally became the cauldron of the Grand Elder... Now, when I see this barren land, I feel that this is a dream. What I dreamed of is reality.”

At this moment.

Li Yueming also dressed up as an old man. He didn't say anything.

He only silently held her in his arms.

Was it a dream?

Not necessarily.

From a certain perspective, that was the bloody reality.

The three of them stayed here for a short while to reminisce before setting off again.

Under the mountain ridge.

The Flower Sect's land that was originally filled with flowers and plants had now become farmland.

The frozen bones by the roadside had long disappeared.

The muddy road was now covered with a thick layer of dust.

The carriage walked along the road, and the fragrance of rice filled the air.

It was said that in two years, the main road leading to Qingdu Port would be paved with the latest cement road.

At this moment.

The moon in the sky, the moon in the sky, the sky in the sky, the sky in the sky, the sky in the sky, the sky in the sky.

Chapter 127: 98, The 100 -year silence, the show of divinity!_1

Two years later.

In the 122nd year of the Martial Arts Calendar, there was another dry grave behind Li Yueming's courtyard.

From then on.

Everyone he cared about in this world had entered the tomb.

After burying all his old friends, Li Yueming became even more silent.

Looking at the barren land and the withered old tree in the courtyard, he tilted his head and fell into deep thought.

In the end.

He finally came back to his senses.

Li Yueming began to decorate the dilapidated courtyard.

He shoveled the weeds and plowed the land that his mother had planted before.

On the other side of the courtyard, a new persimmon tree was planted where Ye Nanyuan used to plant persimmon trees.

After a series of repairs and repairs.

The originally lifeless courtyard finally had life again.

At this moment.

Li Yueming did not remove the disguise on his face.

Therefore, he still acted as an old man.

A neighbor saw this and asked in confusion, "Isn't this the old courtyard of the martial god's family? Who are you?"

Li Yueming turned his head and smiled. "The God of Martial Arts went out to sea. Before he left, he asked me to look after his courtyard!"

The neighbor heaved a sigh of relief.

After all, although no one dared to enter this small courtyard usually.

However, it still held a lot of weight in the hearts of many residents of Qingdu Port.

When he suddenly saw an old man cleaning the room, he couldn't help but ask.

The two of them chatted for a while, and the neighbor left after getting an explanation.

At this point.

Li Yueming planted all kinds of fruits and vegetables in the vegetable field left by his cheap mother, and re-raised livestock in the abandoned pigsty and chicken pen.

His mind was no longer thinking about anything related to martial arts.

Instead, he looked like an ordinary old man.

They began to live a life of planting in spring and harvesting in autumn, working at sunrise and resting at sunset.

In the blink of an eye, another twenty years passed.

The Qingdu Empire was no longer at its peak, and various problems had appeared in the country.

However, this was not the most important thing.

Most importantly, the Free State's warship and aircraft carrier fleet was getting stronger and stronger.

The technology of Qingdu Port was already lagging behind decades ago.

Although the high-level research institute had been working hard to develop the seventh-generation warship, the gap between them and the Free State was

SLIII growing.

On the battlefield above the sea.

This year, the Qingdu Empire was in a state of complete defeat. The territorial waters and the range of activity of warships were suppressed again and again.

The Free State's fleet would soon reach the capital of the dynasty.

For a time, the court was in a state of chaos.

Some people stood in the main seat, some discussed peace, and some advocated moving the capital.

All kinds of messy arguments were quarreling.

If it wasn't for Han Bufan's status and power, he would have been able to suppress them.

The world was probably in chaos by now.

One day.

A middle-aged man in his fifties found the courtyard.

Looking at the white-haired old man in the courtyard, Han Bufan's expression was close to horror.

In the past.

Han Bufan didn't even panic when the warships of the foreigners from the Free State sailed near Qingdu Port.

But now, looking at the white-haired old man in front of him.

Han Bufan panicked for the first time.

Ordinary people wouldn't be able to recognize Li Yueming.

However, Han Bufan was Li Yueming's eldest disciple.

His cultivation had already reached the peak of the Martial Saint Realm.

How could he not recognize that this incomparably plain old man in front of him was his master?

He looked at his old master in front of him.

Han Bufan was completely stunned.

After all, they were both Martial Saints, and he was still young and healthy.

There was no reason for Li Yueming to be so old.

After the shock.

Han Bufan had a complicated expression. After a while, he knelt on the ground and kowtowed."Disciple Wandie. "

After Han Bufan regained his senses, his first reaction was that Li Yueming had failed to break through to the Martial Saint Realm.

After all, there had been rumors that Li Yueming was trying to break through to the Martial Saint Realm.

However, as time passed, there was still no news from Li Yueming.

Many people now jumped out and felt that the rumors were false.

Only a core member like Han Bufan knew that this was true.

About a hundred years ago, his master was already trying to figure out the realm above the Martial Saint Realm.

But now, looking at Li Yueming's old and decrepit face, he was shocked.

Other than the failure to break through to the Martial Saint realm, which led to problems with his martial arts foundation.

Han Bufan couldn't think of any other possibility.

He looked at the disciple he was proud of in front of him.

Li Yueming was lost in his memories.

Ever since Fu Xiaorou died of exhaustion and Li Yueming didn't come out to preside over her funeral...

The group of disciples did not pay him any more visits.

However, he had never taken the initiative to explain.

After all, if explanations were useful, there would not be so many estrangement between people.

Therefore, he had no choice.

This was the first time Li Yueming saw his disciple after decades.

He was more mature and stable than he remembered, and his strength had also improved.

He waved his hand, signaling Han Bufan to stand up.

Li Yueming put the hoe down and said, "What is it?"

Han Bufan glanced at Li Mingyue and lowered his head: "Now that the officials of Qingdu Port are colluding with each other, and there are signs of the rise of aristocratic families in the martial world, I would like to ask Master how to deal with them!"

Li Yueming frowned. After thinking for a moment, he said, "I can't manage the affairs of Qingdu Port forever, and... Don't you already have an idea? Just do it according to your idea!"

Chapter 128: 111. Clue to the Su Family

"I understand!" Han Bufan knelt down and kowtowed again.

After saying that.

Han Bufan stood up and walked towards the door.

When he reached the door, he turned around and looked at the lonely old man behind him.

After taking a few steps, he suddenly stopped, turned around, and bowed. "Master, please take care of your body...Disciple, disciple will take his leave!"

Li Yueming said angrily, "Don't worry. I won't die even if you die. Hurry up and get lost. Don't waste time!"

Han Bufan didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

However, he was still slightly relieved in his heart and turned around to leave.

This year.

Blood flowed like a river in Qingdu Port.

Countless corrupt officials were investigated, and the entire country was purged.

Han Bufan had used an absolutely cold-blooded attitude to forcefully reshuffle the cards in the Qingdu Empire.

Countless great clans had been reduced to ashes in this study.

For this reason.

Han Bufan was also labeled as a cold-blooded executioner.

The lackeys of countless aristocratic families jumped up and down to pour basin after basin of dirty water on Han Bufan.

However, no matter how hard they tried, Han Bufan remained as tough as steel.

It was just like how his master had massacred the great clans and clans a hundred years ago.

Year 150 of the Martial Arts Calendar.

After the great change of blood, the entire Qingdu Empire had regained some vitality.

But that's all.

After all, Li Yue Ming had killed all the aristocratic families of the old era.

The current Han Bufan couldn't do it.

On the other side.

The Free State's seesaw war on the sea was getting more and more difficult to sustain. Both the frontal and side battlefields were constantly being defeated.

As a result, many residents of Qingdu Port fell into a large-scale panic.

After all, the Qingdu Empire was different from any other empire in the past. Its capital was a port.

Losing the control of the sea meant that the capital would be exposed to the invaders.

The lives of all the residents in Qingdu Port would be in danger.

Under such circumstances.

It had been many years since there was any new voice in the martial world.

In the past, prodigies were in power.

Someone had broken through to Grandmaster at the age of 18, and someone had broken through to Martial Emperor at the age of 20. They kept breaking the records left behind by their ancestors.

But now, hundreds of years had passed.

In the past, those geniuses had already reached the Martial Emperor and Martial Saint Realm.

The new batch of geniuses stepped on their shoulders and occasionally broke through.

However, the glory was no longer the same as before.

What countless martial artists hoped for the most now was for that batch of Martial Saints to fumble about the higher realms above Martial Saints.

Under such intense stimulation.

Perhaps martial arts would glow with strong vitality again.

At this moment.

The God of Martial Arts was more like a legend to ordinary martial artists because he had not appeared in front of everyone for too long.

As a result, many people speculated that the Martial God might have disappeared on his journey to seek immortality, just like the Imperial Emperor of Great Xia.

Year 170 of the Martial Arts Calendar.

Rumor had it that the fighting god of the ninth rank from the Free State had broken through to a higher realm this year.

He became the first Level 10 Combat God to date.

Under the leadership of the Combat God.

The morale of the entire Free State's fleet soared.

The combined power of the entire fleet had caught Qingdu Port off guard.

The navy of the Qingdu Empire was almost completely wiped out in this battle.

When this unfortunate news arrived, the entire Qingdu Empire was in two completely different and strange states.

The commoners and ordinary martial artists were boiling over at the first moment. Everyone was discussing where they should go.

However, what was completely different was that...

The martial world of the Qingdu Empire fell into a deep silence.

Countless Martial Saints studied day and night, but they had no clue about the higher realms above Martial Saints.

However, the Tier 9 Heavenly Combat God from the Free State had reached an even stronger realm than them.

So, was it because the will of heaven and earth had sealed it off, or was it because his martial arts were inferior to the Free State's Gokudo Combat?

For a moment.

All the high-level martial artists in the Qingdu Empire fell into deep confusion.

This was a kind of martial dao confusion that could not see the future, but also a deep confusion about his own abilities.

Under such circumstances, the Heavenly Combat God came.

It was just one person.

The God of Combat stood alone in the imperial capital of the Qing Du Dynasty, overlooking the entire Qing Du Port.

It was as if a god was looking down at tiny ants.

At the same time.

The residents of Qingdu Port soon discovered his presence.

It was just a glance.

Countless residents were almost suffocated by the aura of a high-ranking figure emitted from his body.

In Qingdu Port.

The most elite martial artist team stood out.

Looking at the terrifying Westerners in the sky, he swallowed and said, ""This is the capital of the Qingdu Empire.""

The Combat God did not take them seriously at all.

After sweeping a glance at them, he said to himself, "Where's your God of Martial Arts? Call him out!"

He said it was China.

Although his voice wasn't loud, it could be heard in all directions.

It was so loud that all the residents of Qingdu Port could hear it clearly.

The words 'God of Martial Arts' seemed to have some kind of magical power.

It had finally appeared in everyone's ears after so many years.

In the Imperial Palace.

Han Bufan stepped out and looked at the Heavenly God of Combat who was floating in the sky and said, "Master has already gone out to the sea to search for immortals. If you're here to find him, then come at me!"

As he spoke..

Chapter 129: 98, The 100-year silence, the show of divinity!_3

He also flew into the sky.

The incomparably majestic Combat God only glanced at him up and down, and said in a calm voice, "An interesting bug, but it's just a bug. Killing you will only stain my hands!"

Hearing this, Han Bufan sneered. "I'm the disciple of the God of Martial Arts. Today, I'm going to fight on behalf of my master. Is this what you want?" Combat God finally looked at Han Bufan again.

His eyes gradually turned cold as he said coldly, "Do you know what kind of existence you are talking to? Die!" The God of Combat stretched out an arm.

Instantly.

The entire world seemed to have a dark aura.

His hand turned into a huge shadow. With a light grab, he grabbed Han Bufan in his hand.

Han Bufan was one of the strongest Martial Saints in Huaxia.

However, in the face of this power, he was like a fish that had been stranded.

Seeing that Han Bufan actually couldn't withstand a single move.

More than ten figures appeared below the palace.

They were all Li Yueming's disciples, and they were the core cornerstone to maintain the stability of the Qingdu Empire.

Among this batch of disciples.

A small half of them had broken through to the Martial Saint Realm, while a small half had broken through to the high-level Martial Emperor Realm.

At this moment.

They joined hands and flew into the sky. They looked at the Heavenly God of Combat and said, “Our master is not dead yet. If you don’t want him to visit your Free State, then quickly let go of Eldest Senior Brother!”

Even Han Bufan was unable to put up any resistance. This foreigner in front of them was clearly much stronger than them.

Therefore, the group of disciples did not dare to make a move.

He could only try to see if he could use Li Yueming’s name to make the foreigners fear him.

However, it was obvious that all of this was useless.

If the foreigners were really afraid of Li Yueming, they wouldn’t have appeared in the sky above Qingdu Port so arrogantly.

In the sky.

The Heavenly Combat God swept a glance at the few of them, his eyes filled with contempt as he said, “You’re just an ant. How dare you threaten me? Putting aside the fact that your master will never be able to step into a higher realm, so what if he does? The Free State would soon be filled with Tier 10 Heavenly Combat Gods!”

As he spoke.

He waved his hand again and grabbed the other disciples.

Countless residents of Green Capital witnessed this scene, and almost all of them felt that the sky was about to collapse.

These people were the foundation of the Qingdu Empire.

If they all died in the hands of this foreigner who suddenly appeared...It was estimated that more than half of the Qingdu Empire would collapse.

At that time, China, which had just settled down for less than a hundred years, would once again fall into the endless flames of war!

In the crowd.

A figure carrying a carrying pole and holding a sickle also witnessed everything.

Raising her head, Lee Yue Ming took off the straw hat on her head and sighed.

Then, under the incredulous gazes of the surrounding residents, he stepped into the sky and came to the so-called Heavenly Combat God. He sighed and said, “Is the Free State’s Gokudo Path fighting so bad now? A half-baked Tenth Level is also considered Tenth Level?”

After he finished speaking.

Li Yueming waved his hand casually, and the group of disciples who were held in his hands suddenly felt their bodies relax.

They couldn’t help but look at Li Yueming excitedly.

They all bowed and said, “Unfilial disciples pay their respects to Master.” He heard some movement.

Almost all the residents of Qingdu Port were excited when they saw this.

Not long ago, the God of Martial Arts had already become a legendary term.

As a result, many people buried it in the depths of their memories.

But now.

He looked at the blurry figure in the sky.

The memories of the God of Martial Arts in the minds of countless residents of Qingdu Port suddenly came alive again.

More than a hundred years ago.

He was also invincible with his fists.

The God of Martial Arts had almost driven the foreigners away by himself.

He had created the Qingdu Empire where everyone had food to eat, clothes to wear, and education to attend.

Decades ago.

He also relied on his own strength to forcefully reverse the curse that a martial artist could not become a Saint.

He had killed a path of blood for the Martial Emperors of the world, and this had brought peace to the Qingdu Empire for nearly a hundred years.

No matter which of the above achievements.

It was enough to make any martial artist proud for life.

However, when placed on the God of Martial Arts, it was just one of the countless stars.

Now.

The God of Martial Arts appeared once again.

Everyone thought that his existence had become a legend.

He stood in front of everyone once again, using his fist to fight for the people of Qingdu Port.

Such achievements.

From the nobles to the commoners, the countless residents of Qingdu Port could not help but fall to the ground in unison.

A vast voice rang out in unison, "The God of Martial Dao, Wan Fu Jin An, protects us for tens of thousands of years!"

He listened to the voices of the countless residents below him as if they were on a pilgrimage.

Li Yueming also felt complicated.

Now, other than grinding for points in the Reincarnation Mark, he had nothing to worry about in this world.

Tens of millions of people would be grateful to him.

However, it also made his blood, which had been silent for a long time, boil.

He flicked his sleeve.

He protected all the disciples behind him.

Li Yueming looked at the insufferably arrogant Heavenly Combat God and said, "Weren't you looking for me? Now I'm here!" Not far away.

The Heavenly Combat God's face turned pale.

Looking at Li Yueming who looked like an ordinary old farmer in front of him, he carefully sensed for a long time before he said in surprise, 'You've also touched the forbidden domain? Impossible, absolutely impossible. You clearly didn't receive the blessings of the gods. How could you have touched the forbidden realm?'

Li Yueming smiled and said, "What forbidden area?" I haven't broken through to the Martial God realm yet, but... It's more than enough to deal with a half-baked Tenth Level like you!"

As soon as he finished speaking.

Before the God of Combat could say anything else...

Li Yueming had already moved. He pressed down lightly with one hand and said excitedly, "Let me see how your Free State's Gokudo Combat has been developing for so many years. Have you improved or not?"

At this moment.

Li Yueming's palm extended for hundreds of feet.

However, the powerful energy contained in it was enough to shock everyone who saw this scene.

The huge virtual palm directly enveloped the Heavenly Combat God of the tenth step below.

Combat God roared with all his might.

His entire body turned into a fleshy monster.

It took a lot of effort to break free from Li Yueming's palm.

He looked at the smiling Li Yueming not far away.

It was rare for the Combat God to be afraid.

He actually turned around and prepared to escape.

Regarding this.

The smile in Li Yueming's eyes deepened as he crossed his arms and grabbed the ball.

His fingers were like the strongest prison in the world.

It trapped the Extreme Combat God in its palm.

He looked at the terrified Heavenly God of Combat.

Li Yueming rubbed his chin and muttered to himself, "I forgot to tell you that in addition to my identity as a martial artist, I also have a part-time job as a biochemical madman! I'll capture you and go back to analyze you properly. I reckon I can return to the Reincarnation Space in advance..."

Chapter 130: I hope that with this broken body, I can bring peace to the martial arts world! 1

Now, Li Yue was only one step away from the higher realm above the Martial Saint Realm.

The reason why he was unable to break through for so long.

It was only because he had yet to find the meridian of the circulation of the will of the world.

If breaking through to the Martial Saint Realm was to defy the heavens and change one's fate.

Now, he had to fight with the will of the Great Path to break through to the higher realm above the Martial Saint Realm.

In addition, there was something worth mentioning.

The Martial Saint Realm was to comprehend the power of the laws of heaven and earth, and the higher realm above the Martial Saint Realm was to mobilize the power of the laws of heaven and earth.

There was a fundamental difference between the two.

Martial Saints were humans who borrowed the power of heaven and earth. After breaking through to the Martial Saint Realm, martial artists were more inclined to grasp and control the power of heaven and earth.

Once he truly broke through.

In Li Yueming's opinion, such a martial artist could no longer be described as a martial artist.

Instead, it should be changed to a higher term, one that could be called an 'immortal'.

Although this immortal might still be a little lacking for the time being.

However, it was truly a product of a different concept from a martial artist.

As long as the martial artists continued to push forward their development, it was entirely possible for them to advance to true immortals one day.

This was the Path to Heaven that Li Yueming and Ye Nanyuan had talked about.

Once the shackles sealed by the will of heaven and earth were broken, the world would be in chaos.

From then on, martial artists would soar into the sky.

And now.

This Heavenly Combat God from the Free State happened to be in the crosshairs of a gun.

After the Gokudo Path and God of Combat self-immolated, the Free State had been silent for nearly a hundred years.

But now, he had suddenly nurtured this so-called God of Combat.

In Li Yueming's eyes, it was more like a half-baked product of the world's will being forced into a corner.

The Heavenly Combat God did not have the strength of a Tenth Level, but he could control a portion of the Power of Heaven and Earth.

In Li Yueming's eyes, this was even more ridiculous than a pig pretending to be an elephant.

If he didn't guess wrong.

It was probably the world's will feeding its own son.

That was why this kind of strange product was created.

And now.

What Li Yueming wanted to do was to make the Combat God of the Free State spit out the milk that he had fed the world's will.

Through this incomparably tyrannical talent of infinite deduction.

He might be able to use this to sense the law of the circulation of the power of heaven and earth.

Thus, he took a step that no one had ever taken before.

Year 190 of the Martial Arts Calendar.

It had been 20 years since the God of Martial Arts had raised his hand to suppress the insufferably arrogant God of Combat of the Free State.

During these twenty years, the Free State fell into silence once again.

After all, every time they thought that they could conquer China, they would be defeated.

In the end, they would be slapped twice by that terrifying and powerful opponent.

They had no choice but to be honest.

Now.

The residents of the Qingdu Empire began to build a statue for Li Yueming.

There were more than 20 counties in the world.

Every county had at least five statues of Li Yueming.

The current Li Yueming.

He was not only the guardian angel of the Qingdu Empire's martial artists, but also the guardian angel of all the Chinese people.

Almost every household would hang a portrait of him to prevent disasters.

In the martial world.

The discussion about Li Yueming was even more heated.

Many martial artists were curious whether Li Yueming had really taken that step.

After all, the Heavenly Combat God in the skies above Qingdu Port was a powerhouse of the Tenth Step, and could easily toy with a Martial Saint.

Under such circumstances, Li Yueming was still able to easily suppress the Combat God.

Did it mean that he had already taken that supreme step?

Regarding this.

There were three mainstream views in the martial world.

The majority of supporters were naturally inclined to believe that Li Yueming had already stepped into a realm that was only briefly recorded in the legends. After all, many people had witnessed Li Yueming's combat strength with their own eyes.

The Heavenly Combat God could easily suppress the Martial Saint, but Li Yueming could still easily suppress the Heavenly Combat God under such circumstances.

The actual combat power displayed inside was enough for countless martial artists to imagine.

There were also many supporters of the second theory.

According to the information revealed by Li Yueming at that time, he seemed to have not officially broken through that step.

However, after constant trial and error, he was already very close to that step.

Perhaps it wouldn't be long before countless martial artists who were currently in the prime of their lives would be able to witness the birth of a brand-new realm.

As for the last argument...

The number of supporters was much less than the previous two guesses.

However, it also had a certain degree of credibility.

A small number of people thought that Li Yueming might have had a problem when he broke through to the Martial Saint Realm. Although his current combat strength was very high, he could no longer advance to a higher realm.

The most direct supporter of this theory was Li Yueming's aging appearance when he flew into the sky.

Logically speaking, after breaking through to the Martial Saint Realm, a martial artist's lifespan could exceed more than 300 years.

However, the God of Martial Arts was only a little over 200 years old.

Logically speaking, it shouldn't have aged so much.

Other than the problem during the breakthrough, the group of martial artists could not find any other explanation.

After all, it couldn't be that the God of Martial Arts was deliberately pretending to look old, right?

The world of martial artists had been arguing about these arguments for thirty years.

In the end, both sides had no choice but to call a truce.

However, at this moment, regardless of whether it was the martial world or the imperial court, whether it was domestic or foreign.

Hundreds of millions of people's eyes were focused on Qingdu Harbor.

To be precise.

They were all focused on Li Yueming's figure.

Everyone was listening attentively to the result, waiting for an answer...