

Chapter 1597 - 1598 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

Chapter 1597

Japan.

About 80 kilometers away from Dongjing City, a high mountain stands horizontally.

This mountain is a thousand meters tall, straight into the sky.

The stretch of mountains stretches across Shizuoka Prefecture and Yamanashi Prefecture.

From a distance, it looked like a wild beast, crawling here.

At this time, in the mountains and forests, there is an old man who thinks that his hair and beard are all white, wearing a gray robe, sitting prostrate.

The pine and cypresses are all around, the stream is gurgling under your feet, and the birds whisper in your ears.

The breeze blew, gently blowing up his robe.

But this old man remained still.

He closed his eyebrows and his breath was long.

The whole person seems to be integrated into this world.

With this mountain, this water, are all integrated.

No one knows how long this old man has been sitting here, and no one knows what he is sitting here for.

Only the seven-foot long sword that was inserted into the earth beside him was shining with the cold light of the scorching sun.

Boom~ At this moment, there was a sudden bang in the sky.

Then, a helicopter whizzed past, and finally stopped in an open area not far away.

After a while, a young girl in a purple-red kimono, three thousand blue silk hanging down like a waterfall.

The skirt swings in the wind, the jade legs under the skirt are beautiful and slender, and the snow-white skin deceives the snow.

Coupled with the innocent and stunning face, this woman in kimono is as if she has walked out of the painting.

It is beautiful and refined, and does not cause dust.

What is even more surprising is that it is now in the severe cold, and this woman is dressed in such a way that she does not show any coldness.

It seems that this bitter cold wind is no different from the June spring breeze in her eyes.

After the girl appeared, she didn't say anything.

Just standing by the old man respectfully, waiting patiently.

After the wind stopped in all directions, the girl in front of her smiled respectfully: "The twelfth lunar month is cold and winter, and everything is withered."

"Only teacher, here is the dead wood in spring, the stream flows smoothly, and the cherry blossoms fly and butterflies dance."

I have reached the perfect state, and the magic is accomplished."

"Congratulations to the teacher."

"Thanks to this green wood sword intent, the teacher will dominate Japan and reach the top of the martial arts. It is just around the corner!" The girl said with a smile, her soft voice, just like June The spring breeze is very pleasing to the eyes.

However, facing the girl's compliment, the old man still sat with his eyes closed.

At this time, he shook his head: "Aoki Sword Intent is the strongest sword intent of my Sword God Palace. How easy is it to achieve this?" "Now I, the understanding of this sword intent, is the same as that of your Master Aoki. It's still too far away."

"However, even so, there will be fewer enemies as a teacher in East Asia!" The old man said in a deep voice.

His words were as sharp as the unsheathed sword beside him, carrying an indomitable arrogance.

"By the way, there is news from Yingtian?" "From the time he took his order into Vietnam, he has more than one month now."

“Does he have not brought that person’s body yet?” The old man asked in a low voice. When he said this, his eyes were never opened from beginning to end.

The kimono woman on the side changed her face slightly, and whispered back: “Teacher, I am here today to report this matter to you.”

“The body, I have brought it.”

“It’s just...”

The woman was silent for a moment.

The old man frowned, “Just what, say.”

The woman in kimono bit her red lip with her teeth and gritted her teeth one last time before she said, “It’s just a corpse. It belongs to Brother Yingtian.”

What?

Hearing this, the old man’s eyes suddenly opened.

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Just listen to a stab~ In front of the world, there is a light flashing by!

The old man stared at the kimono girl in front of him.

“What did you say?” “Yingtian is dead?” “Who did it?” The old man was not angry, and his words remained calm.

However, who knows what kind of turbulent waves are behind the old man’s seemingly calm words.

“Teacher, the corpse was sent from the Huaxia Wushen Temple.”

“After I received it, I immediately sent people to investigate.”

“All the signs surface, Senior Brother Ying Tian, also died in the hands of the Huaxia boy, Mark.”

“Ying Brother Tian, the realm of martial arts has been superbly transformed.”

“But it is still sealed by one of his swords, Yue’er speculates that this person has entered the realm of master in martial arts.”

Wu enters the peak, can establish sects, destroy gold and jade, Fang Wei Grandmaster!

The master is like a dragon.

In the martial arts world, anyone who can enter the realm of a master is the mainstay of a country, and it is either a dragon or a phoenix.

Of course, the realm of the master is not the pinnacle of martial arts.

Above it, there are stronger ones.

Therefore, knowing that Mark is the master, the old man did not have too many accidents.

What surprised him was Mark's age.

"In his early twenties, I entered the realm of the grandmaster."

"Is there another young grandmaster?" "Back then, there was a Vietnamese God of War Ye Qingtian. Today, is there another "God of War" Mark who is not a success?" When talking about Ye Qingtian's name, Haruhi Yingyue obviously felt that her teacher's mood had fluctuated a little.

It seems that the teacher is still brooding about the old things.

"Teacher, you are worrying too much."

"A person like Ye Qingtian, who is estimated to be in Vietnam for 500 years, will only come out of this one."

"This Mark is certainly young and famous, but the martial arts journey is long. If he wants to go. How easy is it to get to the height of the God of War?" Liang Gong Yingyue said softly.

But the old man didn't seem to want to listen to these nutritious nonsense. He waved his hand, still sitting on a blue stone, and said in a deep voice, "You continue to talk."

"Yeah."

Haruhi Yingyue nodded, "Senior Brother Yingtian's body After being sent, I immediately checked the wound."

"Brother Yingtian, although he was killed by a sword in his throat."

"But before that, the senior had already suffered fatal internal injuries."

"Furthermore, the other party's tactics are similar to Friedman's killing tactics!" "Like the Chu family, Yundao Tianjue!" Crackling~ The moment when Liang Palace Yingyue's words fell, the blue stone beneath the old man suddenly It shattered without warning.

This stone is a cold stone in the extreme north.

Frozen for a century without breaking, and indestructible!

Now, it shattered instantly.

It can also be seen how the old man's mind is ups and downs at this time.

Haruhi Yingyue was shocked immediately, and asked worriedly, "Teacher, are you okay?" The old man waved his hand: "It's just a nameless offspring, it's okay!" "Now, my green wood sword intent has been achieved."

"It's against Chu family leader Chu. Hell, I am not afraid, let alone a small junior?" The old man slowly got up, but his aura became more fierce.

Next to him, the seven-foot long sword was also buzzing and trembling.

"However, a young grandmaster killed me two generations of disciples in a row. Such a talented descendant is hard to come by in a hundred years."

"If this is the case, I should go to Huaxia and meet this young grandmaster."

Senran, there was a chill lingering in his eyebrows, killing intent boiling!