

# Chapter 1785 - 1786 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

## Chapter 1785

“Yami~” “a\*shole, you killed Yami?” “You should die forever!” “My Japanese martial arts, I will never let you go~” “I definitely want you to thwart you!” Sword God Palace Down, the wind was bitter.

The two cold long swords, one left and the other right, pierced through Nakai Masami’s chest and directly nailed them to the high wall.

The harsh method is trembling in all directions.

At this moment, the world was silent, only Mochizuki’s angry roar resounded throughout the world.

His eyes were red, and his mouth was full of blood. He gritted his teeth and got up from the place, cursing at Mark’s unceasing curse. In his words, there was endless resentment.

Not only him, Ishiye Ryuichi, who was pierced by Mark’s right arm with a sword just now, also staggered and stood up, looking at Mark with painful and resentful eyes.

The torrent of hatred in his face almost slashed Mark with a thousand swords.

However, facing the scolding of these two people, Mark was unmoved.

He was expressionless, standing with his hands behind.

The indifferent gaze is just like a nine-day monarch, looking down on the officials.

Finally, a long drink cut through the sky.

“Kneel down!” Boom~ The sound is like a muffled thunder, and it is actually in the balance.

At the moment Mark’s words fell, everyone felt that there was a mountain of majesty radiating from Mark.

As if Mount Tai was pressing on the top, the old faces of Mochizuki River and Ishiyelong suddenly turned red.

They gritted their teeth, stubbornly, and tried hard to hold on.

“I, Mochizuki River, the dignified sword god, and the martial arts leader of Japan, will never kneel down to a Vietnamese junior!” “Never possible!!!” Mochizuki River roared hoarsely, with a magnificent face and blood dripping from his mouth.

However, facing the roar of Mochizuki River, Mark was expressionless, and drank again in a cold voice!

“Kneel down!” Boom ~ surging majesty, exploded again.

Like the last straw that overwhelms the camel.

This time, Mochizuki and the two couldn't hold it anymore, and knelt down with a bang.

The legs were bent and the knees hit the ground heavily.

The bluestone ground under his feet suddenly cracked.

The red blood dripped from their legs and dyed the earth red.

“Ah~” “a\*shole, how dare you make me kneel?”

.... “My Japanese martial arts, I will never let you go!” Under Mark's pressure, Mochizuki River finally knelt down.

The stern and painful voice echoed endlessly.

Ren Mochizuki I majestic, let him have high morals in the Japanese military.

But so what?

In the face of absolute strength and power, he has no choice but to kneel down!

Under the sky, Mark looked ethereal and stood with his hands behind.

Behind him was Nakai Masami's body soaked in blood.

In front of him, Mo Wuya and Mo Wuya knelt and bowed!

Here, only Mark's body stood proudly.

The people in the Quartet were panicked, and no one dared to speak.

Everyone stared at the young man in front of him like a devil.

Before that, who could have thought that it would end like this?

Originally, they thought that it was not a matter of catching a nameless boy who killed him by the Sword God Palace.

However, the result exceeded all expectations.

Surrounded by the three, the young man in front of him swept in an instant with invincibility.

The three great masters of the Sword God Palace, a figure like the leader of Japanese martial arts, ended up under Mark's hand, wounded, killed and disabled.

Who could have imagined that the seemingly harmless young man in front of him would blast the three major palace masters of the Sword God Palace directly with a force of destruction!

## Chapter 1786

“Even the Sword God Palace is defeated.”

“I am afraid that in my Japanese martial arts, only the two pavilions of the Sanshen Pavilion can stop him?” Many people sighed with emotion, and were full of disappointment.

A hundred years ago, their Great Japanese Empire swept East Asia.

The martial arts power, dominates the entire Eurasian continent.

At that time, Xuezhao Tianshen, the number one strongman in Japan, was single-handedly standing on the Pacific Ocean with the strongman of U.S. martial arts, killing three titles and five masters.

In that battle, their Japanese martial arts shocked the world.

But who could have imagined that now it is only a hundred years since then, their martial arts power has fallen here.

Huaxia was only a junior, and swept their second martial arts force in Japan.

If Vietnam's six pillar states are added to the country, their Japanese martial arts must not have the power to destroy the country?

Ignoring the emotions of the people, Mark was expressionless at this time, coldly looking down at the kneeling Mochizuki River and the others, and his voice quietly sounded.

“Obviously hand over Ba Chi Qiong Gouyu, if that's the case, I can make your death easier.”

“You dream!” “I’m waiting for death, and I will never deal with my Japanese martial arts holy artifacts to you. In the hands of a child!” “Absolutely impossible!” Facing Mark’s words, Mochizuki gritted his teeth and roared, and his vicious curses echoed everywhere.

“Since everything is up to this point, there is nothing to talk about.”

“If you don’t say it, I will find it myself.”

“As for you, there is no need to live.”

Mark was too lazy to talk to them. Nonsense.

With a few cold words, Mochizuki and others were sentenced to death directly.

He actually knew from the beginning that it was impossible for people like Mochizuki River to hand over Ba Chi Qiong Gou Yu obediently.

But that’s okay.

Mark doesn’t like to trouble other people. After cutting them off, he goes to find it by himself.

However, just when Mark was about to kill Mochizuki River to an extinction, a graceful body ran over.

She knelt on the ground, her brows flushed.

Tears flickered in the beautiful eyes.

“Master, I can help you find Ba Chi Qiong Gouyu.”

“But please, can you bypass my teacher and die?” “Yue’er, you can silence me!” Liang Gong Yingyue just finished her words, Mochizuki River His expression changed instantly.

He raised his head, looked at Liang Palace Yingyue, and cursed angrily.

“You beast, do you dare to tell him?” “That is my Japanese martial art sacred artifact. It is an artifact that has been passed down for thousands of years.”

“If you give it to him, you will be a sinner of my Japanese country through the ages.”

“I am the teacher. I will never forgive you!” Mochizuki was obviously really panicked. He didn’t expect that Haruhi Yingyue would tell Mark about this kind of thing.

Doesn’t she know what Bashaqiong Gouyu represents to Japan?

This kind of artifact is more important than his life.

“Yue’er, I don’t allow you to tell him!” .... “Never~” “Otherwise, I will kill you as a teacher!” Mochizukihe kept roaring.

“Noisy!” Mark frowned, slapped his backhand and slapped it directly. At that time, he slapped Mochizuki River on the ground with blood flowing from his mouth.

The person next to him watched this scene, but his eyes couldn’t help twitching, and some people clenched their palms with anger.

I just feel that Mark is deceiving too much!

Their highly respected sword god in Japan was actually under Mark’s hands, like a pig and dog, kneading at will.