

# Chapter 1801 - 1802 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

## Chapter 1801 regret and touch

At that moment, Mark seemed to see Wan Yue'er crying in tears and writing in her diary with tears.

Until now, Mark had only realized that this sensible girl had so many thoughts hidden in her heart.

She could tell Mark, she could ask Mark to stay with her for a few more days.

But she didn't. Instead, she accompanied Mark to the Sword God Palace with full of regret.

She didn't want to delay Mark's time.

She also knew that Mark was not obligated to accompany her.

She was just a servant of Mark, a little girl who was insignificant and a dying person whose life was about to come to an end.

But even so, she still worked hard to treat Mark well and help Mark to do something.

She didn't know how to cook, so she tried to warm Mark with milk.

He had never washed his clothes, but at night when Mark was asleep, he secretly took Mark's dirty clothes to wash.

She was born in Japan and was taught by the Sword God, but regardless of her position, she risked the world's bad faith and gave Mark the Ba Chi Qiong Gouyu.

She is obviously very courageous, but in order to protect Mark, she is willing to use her own life to force Xu Zuo Mingzun to give up killing Mark, and force them to swear that Mark will return home safely.

Mark didn't know many things, but Haruhi Yingyue didn't care.

Like a person, I didn't intend to return.

I just want to stay with him silently, give silently, and treat him desperately.

As long as her master can do it well, that's enough.

Outside, the night is thick and the wind is quiet.

In the room, Mark was stunned.

The notebook lay there quietly, and the three-life rope in Mark's hand swayed in the wind.

When people encounter this world, they are bound to determine the three lives.

At a certain moment, somewhere in Mark's heart, it seemed as if it cracked, and sorrowful water flowed out.

He raised his head and looked around.

It seemed to see again that a stupid girl walked in with warm milk.

With the most moving voice, keep calling the master.

..... "Master, I'm sorry, I'm sorry~" "Yue'er really didn't mean it."

In front of the sofa, she wiped Mark's milk scum with full of apologies.

...

"Master, look at the dolphin, it's so cute~" "I heard that your Vietnamese pandas are also very cute. Shall we go to see the pandas together in the future?" ..... "No way, too tired Master."

"Let's take a break and visit Sensoji Temple later~" ..... "Master, do you know?" "Sakura is a symbol of love."

"It is the happiest thing in life to watch cherry blossoms with someone you like Isn't it?" ..... The past is like a tide, a calendar, a scene, like an old slideshow, constantly emerging in front of Mark.

Everything is so real and so illusory.

It is as if the girl named Haruong Yingyue was right in front of her and never left.

The intoxicating face, the graceful body, the silver bell-like laughter, and even her fringes are like the most beautiful gifts in the world.

Phew~ Suddenly, a cold wind blows in from the window.

Mark's body shuddered suddenly.

When he looked back, there was no one around, only the dim light flickering.

There is no intoxicating girl, no silver-bell-like laughter, and no sound of the "master" calling.

Only the bright moonlight outside the window, the fragmented familiar scene, so quiet.

Who smiles, who warms the palms, I am fascinated~ The scars seem to have become what they used to be...

## Chapter 1802 How can I break my promise?

At the same night, there was a phone call in this hotel.

“I need all the information about the Sun, the Moon, the Gods and the Pavilion Master of the Sanshen Pavilion.”

“Within a day, send it to my phone.”

The deep words, like the roar of the night wind, quietly echoed under the night. .

“Huh?” “Little lord, what do you want these materials for?” “You don’t mean to...

“The old man on the other end of the phone trembled suddenly, and he said worriedly. “Little Lord, don’t be impulsive.”

“Think twice!

“Do you know that next, what you are likely to face is the only god-level powerhouse in the world.”

“Our Dragon Temple has no grievances with Japanese martial arts. There is no need to frown their brows at this time.”

“The old man kept persuading. However, the man was unmoved. On his delicate face, there was peace. Only if the Pinghu lake stopped water, the slightest wave of waves would be caused by the old man’s words. “I promised her before,” To accompany her to see the scenery of Dongjing.

“I Chu Tian always promises, how can I break my promise?”

“I have decided, you don’t have to persuade.”

“Just do it.”

“The words are low, but they are loud. In the low tone, they are as firm as a stone. No one knows what crazy decision the man in the room made at this time! No one knows, take it. Coming down, what kind of terrible waves will be set off by the martial arts of this day! For so many years, he rarely cares about a person, but as long as he recognizes it, even if thousands of people block it, I will still go. Even if she will soon die. But, so what? Since he had promised to accompany her to see the scenery of Dongjing, he couldn’t break his promise. How could he let that stupid girl say goodbye to the world with regret?! ——— —Time flies, and in a blink of an eye, a few days have passed. Time has come to the first day of May. At the beginning of May, Vientiane is renewed. With the first ray of sunlight illuminating the earth, the quiet night of the winter capital city will be revitalized again The men continued to shrink in the blankets, enjoying this rare holiday comfortably. The women, on the other hand, met with friends and went shopping in the mall. There were busy traffic on the roads. There were people like weaving in the major attractions. The secular world, a piece of land. A prosperous and peaceful scene. However, how can a secular person who is comfortable and enjoyable know what this day represents for the Japanese martial arts? It is only six o’clock in the morning, when the sky is still bright. It is already under Mount Fuji. Make a noise.

Just last night, all the managers of the six major Japanese monopoly consortia received orders from the Sword Shrine to arrange manpower to block Mount Fuji within a radius of one kilometer.

No people are allowed to enter!

Regardless of their identity and background.

Therefore, early this morning, hundreds of luxury cars drove from all over and gathered at the foot of Mount Fuji.

Thousands of bodyguards escorted them and set up a cordon around Mount Fuji.

The six major consortiums guarded each side to maintain law and order around them.

“Grandpa, what kind of power is the Sword God Palace?” “Is it powerful?” “Why should we listen to their orders.”

“Could it be that the six consortiums that control the power of Japan?” The Sanhe Foundation is the six consortium One, naturally, was ordered to take people to the foot of Mount Fuji to be responsible for the blockade and security.

At this time, Qian Chi Jing walked out of the car, wearing a luxurious dress.

She looked up at the majestic Mount Fuji in front of her, then looked at the hurried figures of other consortium leaders, and suddenly asked in confusion.