

# Chapter 1813 - 1814 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

## Chapter 1813: Convincing You

“Xinyi, are you okay?” Seeing his eighth disciple of the Sanshen Pavilion, he was hit by Mark until he vomited blood.

Xu Zuo Mingzun’s brows were gloomy, frowning, and he hurried forward, asking worriedly.

The leading man vomited the blood from his mouth and said grimly: “Mingzun, we are all right.”

“Just now, we were just careless.”

“This time, we will never let him have any chance again!” This is called new. A man with eyes full of anger, said in a deep voice.

The brows were red, the torrent of hatred was almost condensed into substance, and the words were full of dissatisfaction and unwillingness.

“The second and third child, let’s go!” “This time, you will give me your best shot.”

“I don’t believe it. The eight of us teamed up. Can we not even beat a Vietnamese brat?” These eight people have old faces. Although there were blood stains on the corners of their mouths, they did not have any thoughts of shrinking from fear, and some only had anger and resentment.

The confrontation just now undoubtedly made them faceless.

The eight of them are naturally unwilling and must find this place back.

Otherwise, the eight disciples of the Sanshen Pavilion will not be laughed at.

Therefore, as the leader roared, the eight people rushed away again with red eyes regardless of their injuries.

These disciples were young and energetic, and were unwilling to give in, but Suzuo Mingzun looked at him and shook his head.

“It seems that what Mochizuki said before is true.”

“This Vietnamese teenager is by no means as simple as it seems.”

Mingzun Suzuo looked at Mark from a distance, and the expression on his old face gradually changed. Get serious.

However, even if he realized Mark’s strength, Xu Zuo Mingzun did not immediately make a move.

He still stood there blankly.

No one knows what kind of sharpness is brewing under the seemingly calm surface of Xu Zuo Mingzun?

At this time, the eight major disciples of Sanshen Pavilion rushed up again.

The energy swept through the body, and the sharp edges gathered all over.

The eight people stepped on the ground, shaping up like a sharp sword out of its sheath and shooting straight for nine days.

“Fun boy, come again!” “Last time, it was our eight brothers’ carelessness.”

“This time, we will kill you!” Amidst the roar, these eight people had already rushed in front of Mark.

The majestic power exploded in an instant.

“Phantom Swordsmanship!” ....

“Mieyang Palm!” .... “Three Gods Fist!” ..... Or fist or palm, or split or chop.

It is like the eight immortals crossing the sea, each showing their magical powers.

Overwhelmingly powerful, unreservedly released.

As far as the offensive was, it brought wind and snow to the sky.

In the eyes of everyone, only those few sharp edges converged.

In the end, the boundless energy gathered into a tornado, with the force of sweeping Tianhe, surrounded by Mark.

In the storm, Mark stood proudly with his hand.

Facing the majesty ahead, he was not afraid.

Above the delicate face, there is only contempt and arrogance.

“I thought that the disciple of the Sanshen Pavilion should be a leader among the people.”

“Now it seems, but so.”

“I don’t dare to face failure, I just deceive myself and others here.”

“It’s a little bit, and I will be in martial arts in the future. It’s hard to achieve any great achievements along the way?” Mark shook his head and smiled, his words were full of contempt.

In the confrontation just now, he swept the eight people with a punch.

Anyone who is a little self-aware will realize that they will not be their opponents at all.

However, Mark didn’t expect that by now, the eight of them would still deceive themselves.

Blame the failure just now on your own care?

“In that case, this time, this dragon lord will let you defeat, convinced!”

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Blame the failure just now on your own care?

"In that case, this time, this dragon lord will let you defeat, convinced!"

## Chapter 1814 Shameless Attack!

Boom~ At the moment the words fell, Mark stepped onto the sky and rose into the sky.

In the public area, the Yundao Heavenly Judgment Technique ran crazily.

At the top of Mount Fuji, the majestic power of heaven and earth seemed to be summoned, all converging in the direction of Mark.

Everyone saw that Mark's body expanded at a speed visible to the naked eye.

In that way, it is like a bow that is gradually full, and the surging force is like a tide.

Until the end, all kinds of power burst out all at once!

Boom~ Cover the sky with a palm, instantly smash it down.

Endless palm wind swept Tianhe.

In this way, everyone saw that Mark's palm print covering the sky was slapped fiercely on the tornado formed by the gathering of eight people in the Sanshen Pavilion.

Toyotomikawa Yoshimoto thought they could hold on for a while this time.

But obviously, they think too much.

This time, their stalemate was even shorter than last time.

Under Mark's palm, the tornado collapsed, and the eight people vomited blood again and flew out.

However, just when Mark pursued the victory and was about to directly inflict these eight ants, who would have thought that at this moment, behind Mark, he would explode vigorously.

Immediately afterwards, a figure, like lightning, dashed across the sky, and arrived behind Mark in an instant.

A majestic attack, instantly cut down with lightning speed!

!

“Master, be careful~” Not far away, Haruhi Yingyue was shocked when she saw this.

Almost crying, crying anxiously.

At the same time, Mark obviously felt the deadly threat coming from behind him.

His eyebrows wrinkled immediately, and a few solemnities appeared on his face.

Facing this behind-the-scenes attack, Mark naturally no longer cared about chasing down the eight disciples of the Three God Pavilion, but turned around and hurriedly blocked it.

Boom~ Two palms touched each other, and a low voice sounded immediately.

Unprepared, I saw Xu Zuo Mingzun’s palm, which directly smashed Mark’s defense.

In the end, the remaining power remained unabated, and he slapped Mark’s chest fiercely.

The majestic and majestic, suddenly like a tide, swept down from Xu Zuomingzun’s hand, and rushed towards Mark’s body.

Mark snorted, blood already gushing from the corner of his mouth.

“It’s now!” “Second, third, we work together!” As the saying goes, taking advantage of his illness, killing him.

After seeing Mark being respected by Xu Zuoming, the eight disciples of the Sanshen Pavilion who had just been repulsed made a comeback.

Forbearing the injury, several offensives, and then released without reservation, all smashed at Mark.

Bang bang bang ~ eight loud noises in succession.

The attack of the eight people slammed Mark’s back firmly.

Amid the roar, Mark’s body flew out like a broken kite.

Finally smashed into the belly of the mountain behind him fiercely.

Rocks rolled down, bringing up the sky blizzard.

Mark was buried in the ruins like this.

There is only a little bit of blood left in the world.

Under the enemy's stomach and back, Mark couldn't resist after all, and was defeated by Xu Zuo Mingzun and others.

"Master~" At the moment when he saw Mark vomiting blood and flying upside down, and being beaten into the belly of the mountain, Liang Gong Yingyue could no longer help herself, tears flowed, and ran over sadly.

"Despicable!" "Shameless~" "You attacked the master, you are shameless!" Haruhi Yingyue ran and shouted angrily at Susuo Mingzun and others.

The sad bitter sound echoed endlessly, moving the listener and worrying the one who heard it.