

# Chapter 1843 - 1844 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

## Chapter 1843

It is evening.

A boy, a girl, just sitting on the top of the sky tree.

She finally got her wish and came to the place closest to the sky.

Above the head, the sea of clouds churned, and the Wanren Tianhe seemed to be right in front of him.

At the foot, there are many tall buildings, and all living beings are almost trampled under them.

In the distance, the setting sun flooded into the view of Haruhi Yingyue like a sea tide, and the huge sun wheel seemed to cover the entire sky.

Haruhi Yingyue uncontrollably walked forward, and she who was so afraid of heights suddenly became less afraid at this moment.

She stood in front of the huge glass window, tiptoes and looked out happily.

Her sight seemed to travel thousands of miles across time and space. He saw the sea of clouds and sea gulls flying into the sky.

He seemed to see 10,000 tons of sea water surging under her feet, and the tide broke into white splashes under the black cliffs.

He saw the wind blowing up tens of thousands of hectares of forest, and the unmanned subway trains headed into the distance against the sunset.

The city of Winter Capital in the evening looked like the sea.

The sea where countless points of light converge.

Thousands of vehicles, shining with Helen light, rushed turbulently in the city, like waves of mountains and mountains.

In the confusion, Liang Gong Yingyue smiled lightly, pointed to the vast world under her feet, and whispered to Mark.

“Master, have you seen the sea?” “The blue sea is so beautiful.”

On the top of the Tianhe River, Liang Palace Yingyue smiled lightly.

His pale pretty face was full of happiness and comfort.

What my mother said is right, the most romantic place in the world is indeed at the top of the sky tree.

There is no conflict of interests, no intrigue.

There is no war, no gun smoke.

Just like the whole world, there is only the beautiful view of the sunset, and the young man beside him.

However, Mark followed her gaze, where is the sea?

Yes, it's just the hordes of sentient beings and the vast world.

“Master, what do you think will be in the depths of the sky?” Time slowly passed, and when the setting sun completely settled, darkness swept in like a tide.

Outside, the night wind was blowing slowly with the breath of the sea.

The two of Mark sat quietly in the place closest to the sky.

Liang Gong Yingyue's body became weaker, her pretty face pale, like a piece of white paper.

She leaned on Mark's shoulder, trying to keep her consciousness sober.

Even though the body has become more disobedient, the girl in front of her still smiles stubbornly.

She wanted to leave the most beautiful side of herself to Mark.

I don't want Mark to think of her in the future, only that pale and haggard face.

Facing the whispers of Liang Palace Yingyue, Mark whispered back: “Yue'er, do you believe that there are immortals in the world?” “If I said that the immortals living in the depths of the sky are immortal immortals, would you believe it?” “Without much hesitation, Liang Gong Yingyue nodded her head: “Well, what the master said, Yue'er believes and believes it.”

“Moreover, I still believe that the master is a fairy from all over the world~” Soft words, okay. The breeze outside is flowing slowly.

However, Mark didn't notice that the crescent mark on the center of the eyebrows of Liang Palace reflected the moon, but it became brighter.

Outside, Tianhe stands horizontally and the sky is full of stars.

In the Tianwang Corridor, Mark sat here quietly, guarding her, and accompanied the stunning girl in front of him through the last journey of life.

However, under the sky tree, there was a gathering of powerful and powerful people, and thousands of people gathered.

After Suzuki Yoshi disseminated the news that Mark and Haruhi Yingyue were in the Tianwang Corridor, there was no doubt that everyone in the Japanese martial arts came.

Everyone, with anger and resentment, surrounded the sky with trees.

Tonight, their Japanese martial arts must have a break with Mark.

They vowed that they must use Mark's blood to pay tribute to the dead Japanese heroes.

## Chapter 1844 Finally, meet!

“Haha~” “Iwai Zen, Intermediary Miyamoto, have you seen it?” “The martial arts powerhouses of the entire Japanese country are here, but they are all here.”

“Thousands of people gather, and all are surrounded.”

“Moreover, the Great God Xue Zhao is rushing. On the way here.”

“This Huaxia kid is at the end of the road.”

“Today, the god has arrived, and he can't escape death.”

“When this Brian Chu dies, I will report the crime of treason by your triad consortium. Please play Xuezhao Tenjin, and also destroy your triad consortium!” Under the sky tree, Suzuki Ji, dressed in a straight suit, condescendingly said to Iwai Zen and others.

He looks aloft, like a general who has won the battle.

Iwai Zen and others were silent, but waited quietly.

But their pale faces are enough to show their worries.

However, since he has chosen to stand with Mark, it is no longer useful to worry about it.

All they can do now is pray.

Phew~ At this moment, a gust of wind swept in the distance.

The cherry blossoms on the roadside were suddenly stirred up by the wind and waves.

In an instant, the sky and the earth, cherry blossoms all over the sky, three thousand leaves, rustling.

Immediately afterwards, a majestic power that overwhelmed Tianhe enveloped everyone's hearts.

People can't help but kneel down.

"This...this is..."

"Is it coming?" Among the crowd, I don't know who shouted first.

Immediately afterwards, everyone looked up.

I saw in the depths of Tianhe, a beautiful and graceful shadow came quietly.

Under the moonlight, that graceful shadow resembles a queen of the world.

Cold, ethereal, and majestic!

At eight o'clock in the evening on May 5, the strongest man in Japan, the snow illuminates the gods, and finally under the sky tree!

At that moment, the audience was boiling.

Everyone, at the moment they saw her, was like a believer, worshiping her with the most pious heart.

They bend down, they worship respectfully.

That one after another voices gathered into a stream, impacting the entire world.

"Greetingly, the Snow God is coming!" ..... "Welcoming, the Snow God is coming!" .....

Tianwang corridor, there was silence.

The world is quiet, as if you can hear the twinkling of stars.

Haruhi Yingyue became weaker, and a certain consciousness in his mind became stronger.

Countless times, she almost fell into a deep sleep and coma.

But she still persisted stubbornly.

She shrank into Mark's arms, raised her head, looked at the tip of Mark's nose, looked at his profile, his outline.

It seemed that he wanted to engrave Mark's appearance deeply into his own bones.

In this case, even if the soul is gone, her flesh and blood body will still remember the young man in front of her who has moved her endlessly.

Perhaps, many years later, she has become the Moon God.

But occasionally you passed him on the crowded street, you turned your head in the horrified subconscious, and you saw the back of thousands of passers-by.

However, you can still vividly remember the handsome face of that boy.

Maybe she didn't know what she had to do with him, but she would definitely remember that this man was so important in her life.

However, Mark has no time to take care of these careful thoughts of Haruhi Yingyue.

At this moment, the peace on his face has disappeared, and replaced by a touch of unprecedented solemnity.