

# Chapter 1855 - 1856 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

## Chapter 1855

Just like literati writers, they will have their own famous works.

The martial artist is naturally the same, every powerhouse who is famous in the world has his own fame and unique knowledge.

Like the King of Fighters' Beastmaster's Divine Fist and Mochizuki's Aoki Sword Art, they are all famous martial arts.

The Qinglian Sword Art is the famous swordsmanship of Xuezhao Tianshen.

When it is displayed, the blue light is diffused, and the vertical and horizontal sword aura will converge in the void into a green lotus phantom.

The "Qinglian" phantom is the symbol of Qinglian Sword Art.

That's why, after seeing Mark's display, everyone recognized that it belonged to Xuezhao Tianshen's unique swordsmanship almost immediately.

It was originally the exclusive martial arts of their No. 1 strongman in Japan, but now it was also used by a Vietnamese.

Everyone naturally felt shocked, trembling, and angry.

It is as if they were the national treasures of Japan, falling into the hands of foreigners.

Even they are like this, let alone Xuezhao himself.

At the moment when Mark used the green lotus sword intent, Xuezhao was stunned.

If struck by lightning, the body trembled.

Just now when I saw Mark use the Dragon Divine Body, Xuezhao Tianshen was not so panicked.

"you...

How do you know my Qinglian Sword Art?

” “This is impossible?”

“The Qinglian Sword Art is my famous sword art. I am the only one who is the strongest man in the world. How can you do it?”

“Xuezhao is almost crazy. She only feels that the combined surprises in this life are not as much as Mark has brought her. She has seen her famous sword art in the hands of others. She swears that she has never been in this life. Accepting disciples, let alone spreading swordsmanship to others. How could this Vietnamese junior do? With full of doubt and astonishment, Xue Zhao kept asking Mark. Mark shook his head and smiled as he listened. . “Oh?

“Really, only you have it?”

“Then I might as well ask Pavilion Master Xuezhao, where did you get this Qinglian Sword Art?”

“Drinking water and thinking about the source, Pavilion Master Xuezhao won’t forget the master of his art studies, too?”

Mark smiled faintly. On his delicate face, there was always a touch of peace and indifference. It is like, at this time, he is not engaged in a life-and-death battle, just talking with people. But Xuezhao’s heart is set off. In the terrible waves. Her expression trembled, and she asked Mark with trembling eyes. “Huh?

“Do you know the whereabouts of my teacher?”

” “tell me!

“My teacher, where are they?”

“If you tell me, I can keep your whole body!”

“Haha~” Mark suddenly smiled. “Pavilion Master Xuezhao is really powerful!”

“Want to keep my whole body?”

“I’m afraid you don’t have the ability!”

Mark was already too lazy to talk nonsense with her, and immediately stood together with Xuezhao waving his sword aura. The same sword art, the same bitterness. At the top of the sun, Mark and Xuezhao both hit the sky dimly. Dragons and tigers are fighting each other, and the fight is inextricably incomprehensible. Wherever the eye enters, the blue light is vertical and horizontal, and the sword aura swept across. The clanging sound of gold and jade is endless. Between the galaxies, the sparks that burst out are like fireworks blooming under the stars. Bright, Eye-catching! .....

“Brother, brother, look.”

“Look at the sky tree, it’s so beautiful?” “Is someone setting off fireworks?” A kilometer away, a child looked through the window and saw the dazzling light and shadow of the top of Japan. I couldn’t help but shook my eyes and said with emotion.

More than them, this night, hundreds of thousands of citizens in the entire Winter Capital almost saw two cyan lights and shadows criss-crossing on the Skytree.

Just like the skyrocketing fireworks, dazzling!

However, how do these worldly people know what kind of battle is going through there.

Keng~ At this moment, in the void, there was another encounter.

The two of them exploded as soon as they stepped on Tianhe.

After the long battle, Xuezhao Tianshen’s forehead was already dripping with sweat, and with his breathing, a delicate body was trembling uncontrollably.

## Chapter 1856 is over?

She stood there, her beautiful eyes showed cold light, and she stared at the young man in front of her like this.

The battle hit here, Mark’s strength, obviously has far exceeded Xue Zhao’s expectations.

“What, Xuezhao?” “Will you continue to fight?” “Do you think you still have the possibility of winning?” “On defense, I have Dragon God’s body, but you don’t.”

“On attack, you have I also have the Qinglian Sword Art.”

“If you continue to fight, you have no chance of winning.”

“If you still have integrity, hold the sword and kill yourself.”

Mark said coldly.

When Xue Zhao heard this, she shook her head and smiled.

“Brian Chu, do you really think that if you have cultivated the Qinglian Sword Art like me, I can’t deal with you?” “You don’t know the Qinglian Sword Art at all, and you don’t know the subtleties of the Qinglian Sword Art. “I can only say that you just learned a little bit of fur, but didn’t get the essence.”

“Next, the god of the sky, let you see the true power of Qinglian Sword Art.”

Under the sky, the snow is cold and majestic. The voice continued to ring.

She slowly raised her head, her aura, like a raging fire, converging and rising at a terrifying speed.

The original solitary world, after a short while, the wind suddenly started.

Everyone saw that the majestic strength between the surrounding sky and the earth, like a tide, gathered in front of Xuezhao.

Until the end, a cyan light lotus quietly bloomed under the feet of Xue Zhao.

“This this...”

Seeing this dreamlike scene, Mochizuki and the others were stunned. They looked up at Xinghe, staring blankly, with shock in their eyebrows. The green lotus swayed, and the light and shadow intertwined. At this time, the snow was just like that. It is like the god of Sichun coming to the world. Holy, majesty! Cold, refined! The next moment, under the trembling eyes of everyone, I saw the green lotus dancing with the sword in the snow. Under her power, the green lotus was under her feet. , Turned into tens of thousands of swords in an instant. “Qinglian Sword Art, Thousand Swords!

“Swish swish~ In the cold shout, the sword lights flew out almost at the same time. Wherever they entered the eyes, long swords flew, and the blue light swept. The overwhelming power is only like waves swept. Toward Mark, cut away in an instant! And Mark, also in a hurry, sent out several swords. However, under the power of Xue Zhao that swept the world, Mark’s attack was too small. It was just a collision. In an instant, Xuezhao’s surging sword intent shattered all of Mark’s attacks with a force of destruction. After that, the remaining power remained undiminished, and Mark was swallowed in an instant. Phoo~ The wind is strong, the grass is swaying wildly. Xuezhao’s divine might, sweeping across all quarters. Looking at the scene before him, Mochizuki and the others were only shocked. “Is this the true power of Xuezhao?”

“With one sword, the sun, moon and stars are all dimmed.”

Mochizuki sighed in his heart. Once the sea was embarrassing. After seeing Xuezhao’s sword intent, Mochizuki only realized that his achievement in swordsmanship was really, too far, too far! It was in Wangyuehe. When the heart trembled, in the chaotic place ahead, the sword energy was still sweeping and lingering. I don’t know how long it took before it disappeared, revealing the thin and tall figure in it. “Huh?”

“Does that bastard hold on?”

“Seeing Mark still standing peacefully, Mochizuki and the others were suddenly shocked, their pupils shrinking. However, as soon as their voices fell, Mark’s body trembled suddenly. Then, the momentum of the whole person, I also wanted to be like a deflated

balloon, and it languished in an instant. Finally, Mark could no longer bear the injuries in his body. Puff~

A mouthful of blood came out immediately.

Red dots, blood shed.

How dazzling is that scarlet under the dark night?

At that moment, Qianchi Jingqiao's face was pale, Miyamoto's eyes were full of despair, and Iwai Zen wailed in his heart.

Dragon Lord, he is defeated~