

Chapter 1861 - 1862 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

Chapter 1861 Who Wins?

Rumble ~ The storm is violently rolling, and the Tianhe is trembling.

After a while, Mark released four moves.

The majestic power, sweeping the Quartet.

In this way, Mark's Yundao Tianjue and Xuezhao's Qinglian Sword Art met suddenly.

Boom~ The moment the two attacked and met, there was a dull bang, and the world exploded in this space.

The deafening roar sounded like a volcano hitting the earth.

Endless air waves, from the center of the storm, madly swept in all directions.

Everywhere along the way, the sea of clouds churned and the grass fell.

It was the glass screen above the corridor of Tianwang, also under the lingering power of the storm, crashing to pieces.

Half of the winter capital was almost affected.

The glass of hundreds of buildings within a kilometer of a kilometer exploded.

The glass shards poured out like rain.

“Hurry and hide~” “Hide~” Under the sky tree, the thousands of people surrounded there, for fear of being affected, immediately scattered and fled.

Some got into the car, some fell into the nearby gully, and some ran into the sky tree to escape.

How powerful is the battle between the titled masters?

Even if it is Yu Wei, that is not something they can resist.

However, when everyone fled for their lives, Mochizuki River and Ishiye Ryu in the wheelchair cried again.

“a*shole~” “Don't care about us?” “These beasts~” Mochizuki cursed with a black face.

The roar of anger was the storm that was swept in, and was smashed.

Of course, what was broken together was the wheelchair under them.

Amid the screams, Mochizuki River and Ishiyelong were swept away by the spilled aftermath, and the whole figure flew out like a broken kite.

Two of his front teeth were knocked off when he hit the ground hard.

“God!” “Is this the majesty of the titled master?” “Just the remaining prestige, can it sweep everywhere?” “How strong should the power of the collision place be?” Under the sky tree, countless people looked up at the sky, Deeply moved.

In the eyebrows, there is endless shock.

“Mr. Chu, we must win, sure~” At this moment, the storm was still sweeping in the void.

The chaotic energy has long blocked people’s sight, making people unable to see the situation of both sides of the battle.

Many people are waiting nervously for the final outcome.

Among the crowd, Qian Chi Jing closed her eyebrows and put her hands on her chest, praying uncontrollably.

In the corridor of Tianwang, Liang Palace Yingyue’s weak and pretty face was also looking towards Mark’s battle.

The mark of the moon wheel on the center of the eyebrow is already bright like Yaoyang.

Back then, someone had told her that when the Moon God’s mark was lit, it was the moment when the Moon God returned.

It stands to reason that this moon wheel mark has been so bright that Haruhi Yingyue’s consciousness should have dissipated long ago.

But what is surprising is that this girl is still gritting her teeth.

As if, there was an obsession in her heart that made her persist until now.

No one knows, what is she waiting for?

Here again, what to expect?

Call ~ LiaoDollar Tiantian, a breeze quietly blows.

It blows up the fallen leaves on the roadside, and also blows away the dust that sweeps the world.

At this point, the aftermath of the battle finally dissipated.

It’s like a cloud and rain, everything falls into silence.

Between the galaxies, those two figures finally appeared in the sight of everyone again.

“Is it over?” “Who won?” “Who will have the last laugh?” At this moment, countless people held their breath.

Suzuki Yoshi screamed out.

Iwai Zen’s heartstrings tightened.

Mochizuki River also raised his head and looked forward.

Everyone, with an extremely nervous state of mind, is waiting for the final conclusion.

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Chapter 1862 Ask the world, who is the hero?

But~ one second~ two seconds~... Ten seconds passed, the two figures between the void still looked at each other.

They each stood there quietly, motionless and silent.

“Is it a tie?” “That bastard, could it be a tie with Xuezhao Tenjin?” Seeing this scene, Suzuki Kyoshi said in surprise.

However, his voice just fell off.

Just listened to “pouch”.

In the void, the thin figure shuddered slightly, a mouthful of red blood, suddenly burst out.

When everyone saw this, they were overjoyed.

“Haha~” “Haha~” “The Huaxia junior vomited blood.”

“He was defeated again.”

“I said, Xuezhao Tianjin can defeat him once, and naturally he can defeat him a second time.”

Suzuki Yoshihide Shouting excitedly, laughing wantonly.

In the end, he actually knelt on the ground, admiring and admiring the peerless shadow in the sky.

“Congratulations to the Snow God, who won the war, helped my Japanese martial arts, and promoted my Japanese power!” Following Suzuki Yoshi’s respect and worship, it seemed to cause a chain reaction.

Thousands of others also stepped forward, clasped fists with both hands, bowed and worshiped.

“Congratulations to Xuezhao Tianjin, the gods and powers are greatly displayed, and the gods and powers of our country are strengthened!”

“Congratulations to the pavilion master Xuezhao, you won the battle~” The voices of respect and the words of worship converge and impact the whole world.

However, just when Suzuki Yoshi and others respected and worshiped.

But no one noticed that Xue Zhao’s pretty face was extremely pale.

Under the sleeves, there was a little red, dripping down Xuezhao’s arm.

The breeze blows, and the world here is like a rain of blood.

Immediately afterwards, in the void, that stunning shadow fell from the sky like an angel with folded wings.

In the end, with a bang, Xuezhao’s delicate body hit the ground fiercely, the earth cracked, the bluestone shattered, and the dust splashed into the sky.

As for Xuezhao’s seven-foot long sword, he also drew it from his hand.

With a clang, insert into the earth.

Dead still.

Deathly silence.

At this moment, the whole world is silent.

All the sounds disappeared.

Just like time, it is still at this moment.

Under the sky tree, everyone was stunned.

Suzuki Yoshi's eyes widened, Mochizuki River's body trembled, and Toyotomi Kawakichi was cracking.

Everyone in the Japanese martial arts was stunned.

In my heart, there are stormy waves, frantically sweeping.

“Xue Zhao Tian, defeated... defeated?” “This...this...”

“This...how could this...”

Countless people wailed, countless people despair, countless people were full of sorrow. From the moment Xuezaotianjin fell, they only felt that the sky had fallen. Xuezaotianjin was the strongest man in their country, the day of refuge. National martial arts for a hundred years. But now, their strongest Japanese has also lost. “It's over~” “It's over completely.”

“Even Pavilion Master Xuezhao was defeated.”

“This Vietnamese teenager really stepped on our entire Japanese country with one person's power~” Under the empty tower, countless people looked up to the sky and wept, and tears were flowing. The voice of grief spread all over the wilderness. The world was silent, The grass and trees are silent. Between the galaxies, there is only the young man standing proudly stained with blood. The thin body, but straight like a spear, sticks straight into the sky. The ethereal majesty, as if the gods are alive. Looking back at the long sky, I see the clouds moving in all directions! Ruojian In hand, ask the world, who is the hero? On May 5 of the Gengzi year, Mark went out of Vietnam, entered Japan, and came across the sea. He defeated the strongest Japanese, Xuezhao Tianshen, and reached the top of Japan. Out, the world is terrified!