

# Chapter 2888– 2889 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

## Chapter 2888

In the crowd, everyone was talking about it.

In the words, there is full of excitement and expectation.

The titled master has always stood at the pinnacle of the martial arts world.

With so many people present, almost never saw a titled master before this, let alone appreciate the majesty of a titled powerhouse.

And now, the battle of the two titles is about to start.

Looking at the hot summer martial arts, this is definitely an extremely rare battle.

“Yes~”

“It is said that the power of title is comparable to that of a million masters.”

“Before, the knowledge of strong titles was only derived from the text in the book.”

“Today, we can be on the scene, watching the battle at such close range.”

“I’m waiting, it can be regarded as a witness to history~”

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On the West Lake, the war did not start.

But the onlookers were already very excited.

While talking, staring at the front without blinking.

The excitement seemed to be witnessing a miracle.

“Son, do you see it?”

“Have you seen your grandfather’s power?”

“My Lu family has a history of hundreds of years.”

“But your grandpa is definitely the greatest person in the history of the Lu family.”

“Next, you have to appreciate this battle.”

“I admire your grandfather, how he is a madman. Appreciating my Lu family, and how he climbed to the top of the hot summer martial arts.”

“Of course, more importantly, is to seriously understand how your grandpa fought.”

“You can feel a bit of experience and experience from it, and it will be of great benefit to your martial arts practice in the future.”

Behind the crowd, a pair of father and son watched from a distance.

These two people are naturally Lu Hua and his father Lu Ziming.

At this time, Lu Ziming taught Lu Hua earnestly and earnestly. In his words, there was confidence in his old father, and even more ardent expectations for his son.

However, listening to Lu Ziming’s tone, it seemed that he had a chance to win this battle.

Think about it, too, one party is a junior who has just become famous and has only practiced martial arts for more than 20 years.

On the other hand, he was a senior martial artist who had been famous for many years, had high morals in the summer of martial arts, and had a century-old history.

Even if Lu Songliang had just entered the title, in the eyes of everyone, Senior Lu had accumulated a lot of wealth, and his century-old heritage was still not something a small poster could contend.

Lu Ziming is not the only one who has this kind of thought.

It can be said that everyone present thinks so.

However, his father’s comfort did not dissipate the anxiety in Lu Hua’s heart.

No one else had seen Mark’s ability, but he had met Lu Hua.

Back then, in the rainforest land, hundreds of powerful martial artists in various countries could not help this young man.

With one punch and kick, it blasted the master of Chumen.

At that time, Mark, before he showed his majesty, wasn’t it the same, he was not favored by others, was regarded as an idiot, and thought he was seeking his own death?

But in the end, the last person who laughed was still this young man.

History has proven countless times that the boy in front of him is by no means as simple as his age.

Therefore, even if everyone is not optimistic about Mark at this time, Lu Hua still couldn't help but ask: "Grandpa, will he really be his opponent?"

Hum~

Suddenly, at this moment, a loud sound of swords rang, breaking the last silence in this world.

Everyone saw that in the depths of the Tianhe, a green light lit up.

Immediately afterwards, a handful of seven-foot green peaks flew from the distant horizon.

Like electricity like light.

In an instant, he flew into Lu Songliang's hands.

With the long sword in his hand, Lu Songliang stepped into the sky, and at the next moment he swung his sword angrily.

"Junior, take your life!"

call!

The squally wind surging, rolled up the stormy sea.

A battle for the pinnacle is about to start!

## Chapter 2889

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At the moment when Lu Songliang's long sword was raised, the water of Wanqing Lake was boiling over the West Lake.

The storm swept across, and the Long Lake galloped.

The surging water, as if being summoned, all gathered under Lu Songliang's sword.

Everyone saw that there were 10,000 tons of lake water, almost condensed into ice under the sword air.

Then, with an unstoppable force, he slammed down towards Mark in front of him.

The wind and waves brought up along the way are just like ocean storms that sweep everywhere.

The turbulent waves are arranging the case, and the shattered boulders are like snow and ice rolled up by the wind and waves, splashing everywhere.

From a distance, it looked like a silver-white dragon, swimming around the world, devouring the sky.

“Oh my God!”

“Is this the majesty of the titled master?”

“Between gestures, the lake rolls up and the rocks are broken.”

“Even the ground under your feet trembles under its power?”

After seeing Lu Songliang’s attack, the people watching the battle on the distant island were undoubtedly more shocked and horrified.

Even though, they have already seen from the book the ability of the titled master to be overwhelming.

However, now that you are on the scene and experience it yourself, the shock is undoubtedly stronger.

Until now, they finally understood deeply why the titled realm allowed countless warriors to succeed, like moths fighting fire.

All of this, just because of the power of the title, is really fascinating.

“If I had the same power as my grandfather, how could Lu Hua be so insulted in the rainforest land?”

“Back then, on Genting Mountain, how could the God of War be arrogant to me?”

“If I am a title, how dare the Yanshan martial arts court judge me?”

“If I have the power of title, why should I be so afraid of Mark?”

Among the crowd, Lu Hua, who was panicked before, saw his grandfather’s abilities, suddenly all his fears disappeared.

In the eyebrows, only a piece of enthusiasm and yearning remained.

That is the desire for power, the yearning and pursuit of the title realm.

Even these martial artists are so shocked, let alone Yang Zijiang, Zhang Xinyu and other laymen.

“Fuck!”

“This this..”

“Is this really making a movie?”

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“No, domestic movies can’t produce this special effect...”

Yang Zijiang and his wife were already shaking mad.

Looking at the starry sky and the water gathering into a dragon, Lu Songliang’s eyes almost stared out because of shock and tremor.

I just feel that all this is too disillusioned, just like watching a movie.

The worldview for so many years has almost collapsed at this time.

They can hardly imagine that the original manpower can still be so powerful.

“It’s dead~”

“That brother finished the ball.”

“Under this kind of power, even if the buddy is beaten with iron, I am afraid that he will have to be smashed by this old man with a sword.”

Yang Zijiang screamed in horror, looking at Mark’s gaze, full of pity, and felt that this young man had no chance of surviving.

“Yes.”

“It’s strange to live.”

“He’s also looking for death. Isn’t it okay to be Noirfork as his own bullshit?”

“I don’t want to run to other people’s turf to run wild.”

“I thought this was Noirfork?”

Leonard Chu also agreed.

However, when everyone was shocked by Lu Songliang’s power.

On the top of West Lake, Mark still stood quietly.

There is sword energy in front of it like a dragon, and behind is Tianhe swept across.

But Mark was expressionless, standing horizontally for a long time.

On the delicate face, there is no joy or sadness, which makes people unable to see the slightest emotion.

A pair of cold eyes, always calmly looking forward.

No one knows what kind of sharpness is contained in the deep eyes of the young man in front of him.