

# Chapter 2978– 2979 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

## Chapter 2978

Genius remembers this site address in one second:

Obviously he wanted to accept punishment, but Mark didn't show the slightest worry and pressure at all. A dead pig is not afraid of boiling water.

His reaction made Ye Qingtian laugh and laugh.

“This is also me, believe it or not, if you change to the King of Fighters or the Sword Master, based on your tone, what should have been tolerant of you will become severely punished.

Ye Qingtian shook his head and smiled.

Mark replied lightly: “Let's follow them. As long as they have the ability to take my life from Mark, I have no objection.”

Ye Qingtian: “...”

Mark's words made Ye Qingtian not know how to answer for a while.

This guy is too crazy.

This is still in front of his God of War, if it is someone else, this guy can't go to heaven.

However, Ye Qingtian also knew Mark's temperament long ago, which is no surprise.

If Mark wasn't crazy, he wouldn't be called Mark.

“Well, I won't go around with you anymore.”

“I'm here today, not to punish you, you can rest assured.”

“The Jiangbei incident, although there is still some aftermath, it is basically over.”

“As for the Martial God Temple, you won't be punished any more.”

“Of course, in terms of form, you may behave, and you have to give Jiangbei Budo some explanation.”

“But to be honest, Mark, you stinky kid are really ruthless.”

“Lv Songliang, you just have to kill it. After all, without his instruction and support, then Lu Hua would definitely not dare to do harm to Noirfork.”

“But I didn’t expect you to kill all the one hundred and ten in Jiangbei Budo. It took the Jiangbei Budo Association for more than a month to dig out all the corpses from under the West Lake.”

“My special envoy sent by the Martial God Temple, you didn’t let it go either.”

“You’re so amazing, you are simply pressing the face of the Martial God Temple on the ground!”

“I’m telling you, this is what we are ashamed of you in the summer.”

“Otherwise, based on what you have done, my Martial God Temple has all the six titles, and I have to capture you and give Yan Xia Wudao an explanation.”

Ye Qingtian said more and more angry.

To be honest, since he first learned that Mark had caused so many killings in Jiangbei, Ye Qingtian was undoubtedly very angry, ready to follow Zhuge Liang’s tears and behead the horse.

However, he resisted it after all.

After all, it was their hot summer, and Mark was ashamed first. Thinking about it carefully, what Mark did is understandable.

Facing the resentment of the God of War, Mark just smiled and did not speak.

Perhaps, he just liked the look of God of War who couldn’t understand him, but couldn’t help him.

“You kid can still laugh?”

“Although the Juggernauts can’t help you, but you also missed a great opportunity because of this, do you know?”

“If there is no such thing, I can fully guarantee you to enter the Temple of the Lord Martial Arts and become a permanent palace master like the King of Fighters and the Sword Saint.”

“True to become the master of Yanxia martial arts.”

“But now, it’s all screwed up by you!”

Ye Qingtian shook his head and said, with regrets in his words.

Mark is his most optimistic junior, and he has high hopes.

For so many years, Ye Qingtian has been looking for his successor.

And Mark is undoubtedly this excellent candidate.

He thought about supporting Mark as soon as possible so that he could be alone as soon as possible.

In this case, even if Ye Qingtian fell in the future, the backbone of the Yanxia martial arts would still be there.

But Mark's impulse had disrupted all Ye Qingtian's plans.

But Mark was very calm: "Thank you God of War for your kindness, but I've said long ago that I'm not interested in entering the Temple of War God."

"Don't talk about the permanent hall master, it is you who gave me the position of the master hall master of the sword saint, I am not interested."

"I am not here, so why bother you."

## Chapter 2979

"what did you say?"

"Are you not here?"

When the God of War heard the words, his old eyes suddenly widened.

"Mark, what are you saying the truth?"

"This is the position of the permanent hall master of the Martial God Temple. Once you sit on it, you are considered to be one of the four giants of Vietnam, controlling the martial arts of the entire country, and you will become the figure standing at the peak of Vietnam's power and the highest glory of a warrior."

"My generation of warriors, can't help but enter the temple of the master of martial arts, for their lifelong pursuit of goals."

"You fellow, don't seem to be rare?"

Ye Qingtian felt incredible.

He felt that he couldn't see through the boy in front of him more and more.

Before, Mark didn't care about the title.

Ye Qingtian only thought that Mark didn't dare to be interested because the titled master had no real power.

But now, he expressed his willingness to recommend Mark to the highest authority in Vietnam's martial arts, but this guy still seemed indifferent.

"Mark, let me ask you, what are you doing for martial arts and mastering power?"

"Not for fame, not for profit, nor for power?"

"Could it be that you practice martial arts only because of love? Because of love? Nothing else?"

Ye Qingtian asked suspiciously.

Before coming, he really didn't expect that Mark would have such an attitude toward this matter.

This had to make Ye Qingtian wonder, what exactly was Mark's original intention of practicing martial arts?

He didn't think that Mark was involved in martial arts without any purpose.

After all, to be able to have such achievements in the martial arts at such an age is bound to experience immense hardships and tribulations.

Only the fingers that bleed can make the world's absolute sound.

Only after experiencing hellish ordeals can you develop the power to create heaven.

And all of this must have a reason, a reason for Mark to endure hardship and endure pain.

In the past, Ye Qingtian thought this reason was fame and fortune and power.

But now it seems that he guessed wrong.

Mark's original intention seems not to be this.

Facing Ye Qingtian's question, Mark did not speak.

Just put down the teacup, then turned around and looked at the clear water in front of him, the whole person's expression also became serious: "Do you really want to know?"

"Of course, as long as you want to say it."

"I'm really curious about what kind of original intention was to support you to the heights you are today."

Ye Qingtian's tone was a little urgent.

Even if he was as calm as him, it was hard to hide the curiosity in his heart at this time.

Mark suddenly smiled and slowly said, "I dabble in martial arts, not for fame or fortune, nor for power."

"It's because of the past, because of the humiliation that year, because of an unbearable past."

"To be more precise, it is hatred."

"For so many years, I have devoted myself to cultivation and strived to become stronger, so that one day in the future, I can rely on my own strength to return to the place where I and my mother were humiliated."

"I want to find my lost dignity. I want to seek justice for my mother. I want to let all those who insulted me and deceived me and despised me back then, regret it all."

Huh~

The icy wind rolled up the wind and snow all over the sky.

The lake in front of me was also under the cold wind, with thousands of ripples.

In the cold wind, Mark was expressionless, standing with his hands behind.

But who knows what kind of sharpness and chill he has in his heart when he says these words.

Even after so long, Mark still vividly remembered the scene that year.

That kind of helplessness and despair that called the earth to be unwilling, the kind of humbleness and shame that were bullied and ridiculed by others, left Mark's young heart with a life-long shadow that was indelible.

Mark didn't want to look back at that unbearable past, even now.

Because every time I think of that anger and shame, humbleness and despair, it will pierce Mark's heart deeply like a barb.