

Chapter 1787 - 1788 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

Chapter 1787

But Mark was not moved, and there was no sympathy or pity in his deep brows.

Winners and losers are the unchanging truth.

Just like at this time, if Mark loses, no one suspects that Mark's fate is likely to be several times more miserable than Mochizuki River.

The weak eat the strong, the strong is respected!

This is the law of the martial arts world.

After slapped Mochizuki River to shut up, Mark's gaze fell on Liang Gong Yingyue again.

"Yue'er, do you really want to plead for him?" "This Mochizuki is just a hypocritical hypocrite."

"He accepts you as a disciple, not your talent, but the person in your body. "In his eyes, you are just a sacrifice. And he thinks it is your honor."

"This kind of inhuman beast, why should you plead for him?" Mark's words burned, facing him. Haruhi Yingyue kept asking.

The deep words echoed everywhere.

To Mochizuki River, Mark didn't have any favorable impressions at first.

This person claims to be a senior in martial arts and pretends to be upright, but all he does is a villain.

At the beginning, in order to avenge himself, he not only hurt everyone in Noirfork, but also forced a woman to show up.

Mark looked down on these people most.

The real strong, frank and open, and acting upright, how can he do such shameless behavior?

Even Mark suspected that the soul mark on Liang Palace Yingyue's body could not be separated from Mochizuki River.

However, facing Mark's words, Liang Gong Yingyue shook her head.

“Master, I know.”

“In their eyes, I am just a sacrifice to be sacrificed.”

“No one really cares about me.”

“But the teacher, after all, has the grace to teach me and support me. Zhize.”

“When I was seven, I followed my teacher to learn swordsmanship.”

“He trained me.”

“Teacher, he treated me very well.”

“Perhaps, his care for me has other purposes. “But how can Yue’er forget the ten years of kindness?” “I beg the master to spare his life.”

“Yue’er, I’m willing to exchange the eight-foot Qiong and Gouyu.”

Haruhi Yingyue knelt down and said softly. Talking.

There are tears on Qiao’s face.

The sad voice echoed slowly.

However, Haruhi Yingyue only said that she did not want Mochizuki River to die, but did not say that she was more worried about Mark.

After all, Mochizuki River is the Japanese sword god, the palace lord of the sword god palace.

Dominating the entire Japanese martial arts for decades, it can be said that he is the chief in charge of the Japanese martial arts circle and one of the martial arts leaders.

In terms of prestige throughout Japan, only Xuezhao Tenjin, the number one strongman in Japan, is above him.

If Mark kills him, it will arouse anger in the Japanese martial arts circles.

At that time, Mark will face the pursuit and revenge of a country.

Even the strongest Japanese, Xuezhao Tenjin, will take action.

This will undoubtedly leave Mark in a desperate situation.

Therefore, whether it was for Mark’s consideration or for himself, Liang Gong Yingyue didn’t want it, and Mark killed the Sword God Palace.

If you leave a thread, there is still room for change.

This silly girl, now, the safety of others is still the consideration in her heart.

“Master, can you?” Liang Palace Yingyue asked again, begging on her stunningly pretty face.

In the end, Mark shook his head and sighed: “Fine, for the sake of your face, I will spare him his death.”

“Just as you said, use Ba Chi Qiong Gouyu for his life.”

Mark’s whisper echoed.

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But Mochizuki River was anxious, he shouted, hoping to stop Haruhi Yingyue.

The eight-foot Qionggou jade is a sacred artifact of their Japanese kingdom, a sacred artifact passed down for thousands of years. He would rather die on his own, and never want to see the martial art sacred artifact of their Japanese kingdom fall into the hands of foreigners.

However, it was useless.

No matter how Mochizuki River called, Haruhi Yingyue did not listen.

She got up and bowed slightly at Mochizuki River: “Teacher, I’m sorry.”

After speaking, Haruhi Yingyue entered the Sword God Palace.

This eight-foot Qionggou jade was previously kept in the Haruhi family.

Later, it was brought into Sword God Palace by Haruhi Yingyue and handed over to Mochizuki River for preservation.

After all, the Sword God Palace rules the Japanese martial arts, and there are three great masters in charge. Such martial art holy relics can not be left to the Sword God Palace for preservation.

Haruhi Yingyue has followed Mochizuki River for nearly ten years, and naturally knows where the idiot Qionggou jade is stored.

Mochizuki River did not hide these things from Liang Gong Yingyue, and there is no need to hide them.

After all, things were brought to Sword God Palace by Haruhi Yingyue.

Soon, Liang Gong Yingyue walked out and handed a wooden box to Mark.

“Master, there is what you want inside.”

“I hope you can use it to protect the people you want to protect.”

Without any nostalgia or hesitation, Haruhi Yingyue reached out his hand, just like Mochizuki River and the others were red. In his eyes, he handed over the martial art sacred artifacts of Japan to Mark.

“Yue’er, you are confused~” “Fuzzy!” “Do you know what the eight-foot Qiong Gouyu represents to our Japanese martial arts?” Mochizuki He cried sadly.

At that moment, his heart was bleeding.

He wanted to stand up several times and ran over to grab the wooden box.

However, now he was seriously injured and dying, and he could hardly protect himself, let alone other things.

I could only watch, Ba Chi Qiong Gouyu, one of the three divine weapons, fell into Mark’s hands.

Looking at the wooden box in his hand and the smiling girl in front of him, Mark was slightly moved.

“Yue’er, come with me.”

“I’ll take you back to Huaxia.”

“You gave me Ba Chi Qiong Gouyu. In the future, the martial arts will not be able to accommodate you.”

Mark said in a deep voice.

Haruhi Yingyue shook her head and smiled lightly: “Master, it’s okay.”

“Did you forget that I am the reincarnated reincarnation of the Moon Reading God.”

“They won’t, and don’t dare to do anything to me.”

“Well, Master, you go quickly.”

“You didn’t promise Sister Qiu as soon as possible. Are you going home?” “Don’t delay anymore.”

“Otherwise, if the powerhouse of the Sanshen Pavilion rushes, you may not be able to leave.”

Haruhi Yingyue smiled, but pushed Ye out. Fan, let him leave here as soon as possible.

But, who could see the reluctance and attachment deep in her brows and eyes.

Good days are always so short.

She and Mark are going to be parted after all.

After leaving, the two of them will eventually be indefinitely.

“Do you really think about it, don’t follow me?” “If you follow me back to Vietnam, I will find a way to clear the soul mark in your body.”

“But if you stay here, you will definitely die.”

Mark looked at Looking at the girl in front of her, she continued speaking in a deep voice.

Haruhi Yingyue smiled Xiao Suo.

“Master, thank you.”

“It’s just, it’s useless. My body, I know.”

“Everything is irretrievable.”

“See you next time. In this body, it’s probably another person.”

He smiled. With a smile, Haruhi Yingyue’s mood gradually declined.