Chapter 2814-2815 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

Chapter 2814

Moreover, the strength of cultivation is also weakening.

Tang Yun had never experienced this strange change in her body. Especially the deterioration of strength, so that Tang Yun was a little flustered.

The great cause of Chumen has not been achieved, and the last wish left by her master at that time has not yet been realized.

She still has so many and so many things to do. If she doesn't have enough cultivation base, then all the plans in her heart will undoubtedly be difficult to realize.

"What is the reason?"

"Why, after returning from the rainforest trip, my cultivation base will gradually fade away?"

Although, the rate of this fading is very slow.

Almost inaudible.

But over time, Tang Yun could clearly feel that her strength was no longer at its peak.

"Could it be the sequelae of my forced refining of ice spirit fruit?"

Tang Yunliu frowned, but blamed the reason on that day in the cave mansion, refining the body of the ice spirit fruit.

After all, this kind of refining method is unheard of and unseen by Tang Yun.

If it weren't for Mark's reason, Tang Yun wouldn't even dare to think of this method of refining in the body.

Although it was successful at the time, Tang Yun didn't know if there would be any side effects or sequelae in the future.

It was precisely because of his lack of understanding of this method of refining that Tang Yun at this time blamed the changes in the body on the refining of the ice spirit fruit. However, where did Tang Yun know.

Whether it is internal refining or external refining, all the dangers only exist during the refining period.

Once the absorption is complete, there will be no side effects in the future.

Unless the quality of the ice spirit fruit itself is not good, and the refining has absorbed something of bad quality, it will naturally be uncomfortable, but this has nothing to do with the refining method.

"Ok?"

"Who is outside?"

However, just when Tang Yun was still adjusting her breath, she suddenly noticed that there was a subtle Dongjing outside the door.

Brows and eyes were cold, and the cold and majestic voice sounded immediately!

"Teacher, it's me, Wan Yu. I brought you breakfast."

Outside the door, a clear and beautiful woman replied in fear.

This young girl was not someone else, it was Meng Wanyu who had gone to see Mark on behalf of Tang Yun on Yunding Mountain.

After Meng Wanyu was the deceased of the Tang family, Tang Yun raised her by her side since she was a child, and the two of them have been known as mentors and apprentices.

On weekdays, she is also the only female disciple who takes care of Tang Yun's daily life.

It's just that Meng Wanyu didn't know what was wrong. During this period of time, the master became extremely sensitive.

Any slight movement will arouse the alertness of the doorkeeper.

This behavior is really abnormal.

"Well, come in."

After learning that it was Meng Wanyu, Tang Yun also put down his guard and let him in.

"Host, the milk is just warm, drink it while it is hot, don't let it cool." Meng Wanyu pushed the door and walked in, still carrying some milk and pastries in his hand.

Although eating is not an indispensable thing for the titled master, it is a habit that has been cultivated over the years, so in normal times, three meals a day are still served.

"Great."

Tang Yun nodded and took the hot milk from Meng Wanyu.

However, after just drinking a few sips, Tang Yun only felt a little nauseous, and even vomited it out again.

"Teacher, what's wrong with you?"

"Did you get hurt yesterday?"

Meng Wanyu was suddenly worried.

The strong man of the mysterious woman yesterday, Meng Wanyu is vividly visible.

Although Tang Yun later said that the woman was repelled by her, but Meng Wanyu didn't know if the teacher was injured.

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"It's okay, just a little tired."

"Just take a rest."

Tang Yun wiped her red lips with a tissue, then said softly.

Although Tang Yun said it was an understatement, but as a person who has been serving Tang Yun, his teacher's physical condition, even if Tang Yun did not say it, Meng Wanyu undoubtedly felt a little clue.

Therefore, out of concern for the teacher, Meng Wanyu once again said: "If it weren't for the injury, teacher, would you be sick?"

"When I was young, when I was sick, I felt tired and lost my appetite."

"Otherwise, I will accompany you to the hospital for a visit?"

Meng Wanyu asked in a low voice.

But when Tang Yun heard this, she couldn't help but froze.

"sick?"

This term has been unfamiliar to Tang Yun for too long.

It can be said that after Tang Yun practiced martial arts, the word life was almost forever removed from her dictionary.

After all, the martial artist is physically strong and basically insulated from disease.

Even if they were injured in battle, most of them rely on their own breathing control to heal themselves, or seek out doctors who specialize in martial arts treatment in the martial arts world.

As for the hospital in the secular world, it is not of much use to warriors.

Now, when Meng Wanyu mentioned it suddenly, Tang Yun naturally felt strange.

"No need."

"I'll just take a rest."

"You go down first, don't let anyone disturb me without my order."

Tang Yun waved her hand, and then screened Meng Wanyu back.

Obviously, Tang Yun didn't feel that she would still get sick if she was a magnificent master.

Therefore, this proposal of Meng Wanyu was rejected.

However, at this time, Tang Yun did not expect that she would go to the hospital quietly one day soon after all.

Of course, these are all things to do.

Time continues to pass.

Since the end of the Yuanlingguo dispute, the whole martial arts world has been quiet.

Of course, the investigation into that massacre is still ongoing.

It's just that there is no progress.

Except for the suspect Fentian, King Yintian, the investigation teams of various countries still did not find any suspicious persons.

However, just relying on the evidence now available, it is not enough to be sure that the King Yintian burned the sky.

In short, this matter has been delayed without results, and it has been dragged down like this.

As for the past few days, when Chumen Mountain was attacked, Chumen relied on powerful means to force it down.

This kind of embarrassment did not spread.

Just like that, in a blink of an eye, it's another six months.

People in the world have almost forgotten the time of the young man named Mark.

Hot summer, the land of the far west.

Desert yellow sand, lonely smoke sunset.

On the top of the Tianhe River for thousands of miles, several eagles can be heard faintly.

Below, the same yellow sand filled the sky.

Behind is the boundless sky full of rivers.

However, just above such a barren land, there is an oasis, like an emerald, inlaid here.

At this time, above the oasis, there was a place that was silent for more than half a year, and finally at this time, it showed a little edge.

In the silent sky, there were sudden gusts of cold wind.

The wind and sand rolled up, and the blades of grass were in a violent wind.

With a radius of thousands of miles, more and more power from heaven and earth began to gather here.

Not far away, the plain and beautiful woman playing the piano on the shore of the lake, after feeling the strangeness, quietly turned around and looked at the bamboo house in the distance.