

## Chapter 4060 - 4061 of A Dish Best Served Cold

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“But now that the enemy is present, how can we fight infighting?”

“Have grudges and grievances, I’ll report them later!”

“Did you hear me?”

The swordsman’s words were full of anger, and he directly gave orders to Zhang Jiuling.

The swordsman thought that he would hear Zhang Jiuling’s terrified explanation next.

However, to the surprise of Juggernaut, Zhang Jiuling did not show any fear in the face of his reprimand.

On the contrary, in a very solemn tone, he said neither humble nor arrogant: “Is Your Excellency the Master Sword Saint of the Martial God Temple?”

“I’m answering your call tonight, just to let you know.”

“Immediately, I, Jiangbei Martial Arts, are officially merged into Noirfork Martial Arts, and I will no longer respect the Martial God Temple as the main body, and will no longer be ordered by the Martial God Temple!”

“I hope to know.”

Zhang Jiuling’s majestic and serious voice sounded quietly.

The sound was not loud, but when it fell into the ears of the Sword Saint, it exploded like thunder.

“Zhang Jiuling, do you... do you know what you’re talking about?”

“Do you dare to take responsibility for what you just said?”

The swordsman’s trembling voice was full of anger.

Perhaps it was because his emotions were too excited that the Juggernaut's always dignified and calm face became poignant at this moment.

If it weren't for the distance of thousands of miles, it is estimated that the sword saint would have pierced Zhang Jiuling's heart with a sword.

"Hahaha..."

"Responsible?"

On the other end of the phone, Zhang Jiuling suddenly burst out laughing.

"Who is responsible for?"

"Responsible for your Sword Saint? Or for your Martial God Temple?"

"You and your compatriots can betray you, and you can't even protect the people of your country. Why should I, Jiangbei Martial Arts, be responsible for you?"

"Master of the Sword Temple, we have an old saying in Yan Xia."

"Those who have attained the Tao will be helped more, and those who have lost the Tao will have little to live."

"Back then, the unparalleled title of Brian Chu was surrounded and killed by the Chumen outside the country, but you, the leaders of the Yanxia Martial Arts and the hall masters of the Martial God Temple, were indifferent and watched as I was forced to commit suicide on the first day of the hot summer!"

"From that moment on, I knew that you, the Sword Master and the King of Fighters, would lose their hearts!"

"The Temple of the Martial God is destined to be destroyed by the hands of you!"

Zhang Jiuling's voice was fierce, and the cold laughter was full of irony and disappointment at the Martial God Temple.

In the past, he respected the Temple of Martial Arts and regarded the Sword Saint and others as idols and beliefs in his heart.

But ever since the Battle of the East China Sea, the Martial God Temple sat and watched as his country compatriots were forced to commit suicide, Zhang Jiuling's heart was completely cold.

I just feel that the faith has collapsed!

If a country's highest martial arts organization cannot protect the people of this country.

So, what is the difference between respecting it and respecting it again?

Therefore, after the Chumen army was approaching the hot summer, after the Yanshan Wushen Temple called on the warriors of the whole country to swear to guard the Wushen Temple, Zhang Jiuling decided to lead the Jiangbei warriors to Noifork after discussing with Lu Ziming.

Together with Noifork warriors, we will defend Mark's hometown and the last pure land of Yanxia martial arts.

As for the Martial God Temple, Zhang Jiuling and the others have already seen that the situation is over.

Destruction is inevitable.

After all, even Ye Qingtian, the god of war, has withdrawn from the Martial God Temple.

The current Yanshan, relying only on the three titles of the King of Fighters, the Juggernaut, and the Grandmaster of Clear Sky, is absolutely impossible to resist the steel torrent of Chumen.

Therefore, if you go to Yanshan to defend yourself, you will surely die.

The last hope of Yanxia Martial Arts lies in Noifork.

The hot summer warrior, the last way of life, is also in Noifork!

"You are arrogant!"

"How dare you speak to me like that?"

"You are treason, you are a sinner of the country, and you, Zhang Jiuling, will be nailed to the pillar of shame forever." The Sword Saint scolded angrily.

“enough!”

“Juggernaut, up to now, do you still think that your Martial God Temple can represent the country, the Yan Xia, and the hundreds of millions of subjects?”

“If you say betrayal, what I betrayed was only your Sword Saint, only the Martial God Temple.”

“Do you deserve to say I betrayed the country?”

“If you say the country’s sinners, you and the King of Fighters are the ones.”

“If it wasn’t for the fact that you didn’t save me at first, how could I, Yan Xia Martial Dao, have fallen to this point?”

Zhang Jiuling poured out all the anger that had been hidden in his heart for a long time at this moment.

A few words, but they were said with sonorous force, like the sound of gold and stone.

Chapter 4061

Zhang Jiuling’s words were too harsh.

Like a 10,000-ton giant hammer, it slammed into the mind of the swordsman.

Juggernaut was completely stunned there.

“You... what did you say to me?”

“You say I...I am a sinner of the country?”

Juggernaut never thought that one day, he would be said to be a sinner of the country and nation.

His whole life was in the Temple of Martial Arts.

He spent everyone’s time on the mission of restoring Yan Xia Martial Dao.

He bowed down and died.

He is willing to give everything for this country.

But in the end, he has become a disrespectful party and a sinner of the country.

If this is the case, then what is his sacrifice in the first half of his life?

A great sense of irony and sadness suddenly flooded into my heart.

He shook his body and nearly fell to the ground.

However, Zhang Jiuling on the other end of the phone had already ended the call.

He ordered Jiangbei Martial Arts, cut off all contact with the Martial God Temple, and ordered to refuse to execute all orders of the Martial God Temple.

“Everyone, follow me to the east and join forces with Noifork Martial Arts on the top of Yunding Mountain!”

Long night, cool night wind.

Zhang Jiuling’s deep voice echoed here for a long time.

However, when Jiangbei’s warriors heard these words, their hearts still trembled.

“Zhang...Elder, I...we really don’t care about the Martial God Temple?”

“The Martial God Temple is the symbol of our hot summer martial arts.”

“As soon as the Martial God Temple is destroyed, the foundation of my Yanxia martial arts will not exist?”

“As soon as Zhu Guo dies, who else can support my Yanxia martial arts?”

“My hot summer martial arts, then there will be no hope at all!”

Among the crowd, many people with the heart of serving the country with their fists and fists couldn’t help asking sadly.

Zhang Jiuling didn’t answer in a hurry, but raised her head and looked over the surging Yellow River in front of her, and looked at the land of Noifork that was close at hand.

“Who said the foundation is not there?”

“Who said there is no hope?”

“Who said that if the Martial God Temple falls, my Yanxia Martial Arts will fall?”

“As long as we can make it, that person will come.”

“The flame of my hot summer martial arts will never go out!”

“Please believe my judgment. The one who can decide the life and death of my Yanxia martial arts is not in Yanshan, let alone in the Martial God Temple.”

“It’s in Noifork, at the foot of Genting Mountain!”

Zhang Jiuling clenched her palm tightly, her eyes burning.

The powerful voice echoed across thousands of miles.

In this way, under the leadership of Zhang Jiuling and Lu Ziming, the Noifork warriors crossed the Yellow River mightily.

Go straight in, the land of Noifork!

At the same time, on the coast of the East China Sea, on a luxurious and huge cruise ship, the three giants of Trumen gathered here.

The leader was the old sect master of Chumen Mountain, Chu Yuan.

The people who separated Chu Yuan were Tang Yun, the current head of the Chu family, and the current head of the Chu family, Chu Tianqi.

“Yun’er, Tianqi, you two, look outside.”

“Look at this sea!”

“At that time, there was a Shuzi who provoked my Truman.”

“Finally, it is here to die.”

“History and facts have proven countless times that I am invincible.”

“Hahaha...”

It's been nearly three years.

Back to this sea again.

Chu Yuan's face was full of high spirits.

It is like the monarch who reigns over the world, as if the world was trampled under his feet.

He raised his eyes and looked at the Divine Continent not far away.

“Tianqi, our ancestors of the Chu family made their fortunes in Yanxia Shenzhou!”

“This land is the land of our ancestors' Longxing.”

“Should submit to my Truman!”

“Hundreds of years, we Truman, come back here again.”

“This time, no one will stop me!”

Chu Yuan was full of arrogance and high spirits. ,

It seems that grabbing Yanxia martial arts is just like looking into a bag to get things.

Facing what Chu Yuan said, Chu Qitian smiled proudly.

“Grandpa, give me an order.”

“As long as you give an order, at the dawn of the Buddha, the grandson will be able to step on the Temple of the Martial God.”