

Chapter 1603 - 1604 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

Chapter 1603: Meeting That Young Master

“Aunt Mei, don’t you know where Brother Mark went?” After a brief conversation, Xu Lei explained her intention.

But what Xu Lei didn’t expect was that Ye Ximei didn’t even know where Mark was going.

“What about Wrilfill?” “Brother Mark didn’t go back?” Xu Lei asked softly again.

Ye Xi shook her head, and there was a little worry between her eyebrows: “No. Helen also called me a few days ago and asked about Mark’s whereabouts.”

“She said, Mark has been around for many days. I haven’t contacted her anymore.”

“Hey~” “You said that Mark, this child, is so old, it doesn’t make people worry.”

“Even if something is really going on, you should always call the family and report that they are safe.”

Ye Ximei’s words were worried.

Xu Lei frowned when she heard this, and suddenly had a bad feeling in her heart.

She understands Mark’s temperament, her brother Mark is a very family-oriented person.

If there is no very special reason, it is impossible for him to disappear suddenly.

Could it be that something happened to Brother Mark?

Xu Lei thought this way in her heart, but still softly persuaded Ye Ximei: “Aunt Mei, don’t worry too much.”

“Brother Mark is not an ordinary person, and there will be no accident.”

What has been delayed.”

“Let’s go out and find Brother Mark, and you will be at home waiting for news.”

“Well, Leilei, there are so many things in the company, this matter, I can only trouble you first. If you With news from Mark, you must tell me as soon as possible.”

Ye Ximei exhorted.

After that, Xu Lei also left the Mufan Group and called around to inquire about Mark's whereabouts.

In Xu Lei's view, Markgui is the respected Noirfork, and his words and deeds are well-known. Those leading leaders in Noirfork will definitely have news of Mark.

However, just when Xu Lei was asking about Mark's whereabouts.

In the east of the Yangtze River, on the bank of the Yellow River, an old man stands with his hand holding his hand, looking into the sky.

In front of him, the billowing river, like a wild horse running off the rein, was tumbling.

The sound of the thick waves resounded like a muffled thunder, shaking the fields in all directions.

Looking at the world in front of him, the old man was dazed.

In the muddy old eyes, it seemed to see the past.

After a while, the old man suddenly raised his hand and pointed to the river in front of him: “Yue'er, do you know, how did the one-hundred-meter river in front of you come from?” Haruhi Yingyue looked around and guessed: “It should be in ancient times. It's inherited.”

The old man shook his head: “No.”

“It was created by Master Yijian back then.”

What?

Mochizuki River's words made the shocked Haruhi Yingyue gasp.

A pair of jade hands lightly covered his red lips.

“This...this...”

“Is this true?” In shock, before Haruhi Yingyue's eyes, there seemed to be a majestic figure of her teacher who opened the sky with a sword.

“It's a pity that back then, I saw Wangyuehe, a sword could break the mountains and rivers, but not his life.”

While sighing, Wangyuehe suddenly raised his head and looked in the direction of Gritsberg.

“Thirty years, Ye Qingtian, and Mochizuki River is back!” “Thirty years ago, you and I fought here.”

“Back then, my swordsmanship was unsuccessful, and I was unfortunately defeated.”

“This time, I am. Coming to Vietnam again, after I finish the nameless junior, I will look for you.”

“I just don’t know, you are now worthy of the name of God of War?” Hu~ The cold wind is raging, and the waves are surging.

The turbulent waves are rolling.

Afterwards, Mochizuki River suddenly turned around and walked away.

“Go, Yue’er.”

“Let me go to the meeting, the young master.”

Chapter 1604: The Storm Begins

“But teacher, we don’t know his whereabouts yet, how can we find it?” Liang Gong Yingyue asked in confusion.

Mochizuki waved his hand: “Why do we need to find him?” “Didn’t he claim to be Noirfork’s Lord, I have my own way, let him come and find us!” Mochizuki chuckled softly, and said low words in this world. , Slowly sweeping.

No one knew what Mochizuki River was thinking at this time.

The next day.

When the first morning light illuminates the earth, a new day has come.

Edensberg, International Airport.

A transoceanic flight has just landed.

Among the hustle and bustle of the crowd, an old man in a suit, wearing sunglasses, stood proudly between his brows.

Behind him, there were two young men, a man and a woman, yelling at each master.

“Haha~” “Master, you are worthy of being the president of our Noirfork Wushu Association. This time your speech at the International Wushu Exchange Conference, which is in-depth and simple, can be described as wonderful.”

“Master, just wait, wait for me tomorrow. Let the major media report that when the time comes, the number of students who come to our extreme martial arts gym to protect their lives will increase sharply.”

The men and women behind them kept complimenting.

The old man smiled without saying a word, but the pride and pride between his eyebrows was particularly vivid.

However, just as they walked out of the airport, there was a sudden wind around them.

“Huh?” The old man’s footsteps stopped immediately.

“Master, why don’t you leave?” Behind him, the doubtful voices of his two disciples came.

The old man remained silent, just standing like that.

His face was solemn, a pair of cold eyes, with seriousness and dignity, staring at the front.

After a long time, the old man’s red lips trembled, and he pointed forward like a ghost: “Are you, the Japanese...Japanese sword god?” Facing the old man’s panic, the figure in front just smiled coldly.

“Unexpectedly, for thirty years, there are still people who remember me.”

The words fell, and then only heard a crash.

An old body fell to the ground in an instant, red blood, staining the earth.

As for the figure in front, the news was soon in the crowd.

“Master, are you okay?” “Master...”

The next two apprentices rushed over and looked at their dying master, crying. The old man gritted his teeth, with blood coming out of his mouth, and tremblingly said in an inaudible voice: ” Hurry... Hurry... Hurry, go... find Lei... Lei Sanye, tell them, Wang... Wangyuehe, back.

A few hours later. Aotian Wuguan, which belongs to the Chen Group. In front of the door, flowers are clustered and the guests are full. The brand-new red carpet stretches for a hundred meters. The surroundings are all one. This is a fiery and festive atmosphere. Today is the fifth anniversary celebration of the establishment of Aotian Martial Arts Hall.

Wu Qing, the master of the Martial Arts Hall, invites the rich and powerful from Edensberg to participate in the celebration. It is naturally lively and extraordinary. "Haha~" "Wuqing Hall, congratulations."

"As expected, I am a famous martial arts master in the rivers and seas, and a contemporary heir of the line of Wing Chun. Since you became the master of this proud martial arts center, the business of the martial arts center has been booming."

"The students who have been taught over the years are afraid that there will be thousands of students, right?"

"It's estimated that it won't take long. The president of the Noifork Wushu Association is the master of Wuqing Pavilion."

Everyone complimented. Boom~ However, at this moment, a muffled sound suddenly came. Then, the stone sculpture at the entrance of the martial arts hall was instantly shattered.