

Chapter 1617 - 1618 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

Chapter 1617

The words are sonorous, and the words are like gold and stone, and they keep ringing in the whole hall.

In the face of the King of Fighters' anger, Fang Shaohong and Lu Tianhe, the two chief instructors of the Megatron Army, didn't even dare to put a single bullshit.

In the end, the two of them lowered their heads, sighed, and left with a sense of loss.

"Hey~" "It seems that I can only look at Mr. Chu, his good fortune."

On the way back, Lu Tianhe was full of sadness, and Fang Shaohong also sighed quietly.

Originally, they planned to ask Mark to take their place, and they even imagined that a "God of War" would emerge from their Gritsberg Military Region in a few decades.

But who could have imagined that such an abnormality would happen now.

In their opinion, Mark was afraid that this disaster would be difficult to pass.

If this battle goes away, with Mark's strength, it is estimated that he will become a dead soul under the sword of Mochizuki River!

And if he does not go, Mark will be ruined and completely reduced to a laughing stock, and the entire Vietnam will have no place for him.

Before coming, Lu Tianhe and Fang Shaohong had hoped that the Wushen Temple would interfere, but now it seems that they were wishful thinking after all.

The people in the Wushen Temple are all the most powerful in Vietnam, with high authority and majesty.

And Mark, in the eyes of these people, is nothing but an unknown junior, no different from ants.

They wouldn't care about Mark's life and death, so how could they condescend to help?

In this way, in the sound of a faint sigh, Lu Tianhe and the two drove again, rushed to Noifork, to the place where Wangyuehe and Mark met.

But after the two of Lu Tianhe left, there were two people talking in the Martial God Temple.

One of them, wearing a gray robe, was sitting on the sofa and drinking tea leisurely.

This person is surprisingly the man previously called the King of Fighters by Lu Tianhe.

Sitting across from him, his appearance was slightly brilliant, dressed in a blue shirt, was bowing his head, carefully wiping the sword in his hand, and asked faintly: "Just now, was someone looking for you?" The King of Fighters nodded: "Well, Gritsberg Military Region People."

"I want to ask us to come forward to save an unknown junior."

"What a joke, you really think of us as firefighters, who should let us save?" "More interestingly, they said, this People are likely to be the second God of War in our Vietnamese Martial Arts."

"Really?" The man in the green shirt shook his head and smiled, "Then how did you answer?"

"How else can I get back? I said that when the God of War could defeat the Mochizuki River, if he was the God of War, he would naturally be defeated, and then let them go."

The King of Fighters took a sip of his tea and said slowly.

"What do you think, this junior is really likely to lose Mochizuki River?" The man in the green shirt asked again.

"How is it possible?" The King of Fighters sneered, "I took a look at the details of the young man. If I face Mochizuki River, I will die!" "This Mochizuki River, how can I say, is also a strong man of our time. Thirty years have passed. The name is passed on to East Asia."

"Then the young, but a nameless junior, is it possible that he can really go against the sky?" The King of Fighters shook his head and said, instinctively contemptuous in his words.

It's normal, Mark's age is right there.

A young person in his early twenties, normal people would not take it too seriously.

After hearing this, the man in the green shirt nodded with a smile, and then asked: "By the way, what's the name of this boy?" "The last name is Ye, the name is Fan. My name is Mr. Chu!" The King of Fighters replied in a deep voice.

“Mark?” The Qingsha man repeated it, smiling lightly.

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After the two talked, they didn't think about it again.

For these people who stood at the pinnacle of strength, Mark was just an unknown person after all. If it weren't for Mochizuki's reputation, it is estimated that the King of Fighters would not even bother to read Mark's information.

Therefore, the King of Fighters and the others quickly forgot about this trivial matter and forgot about it.

However, Martial God Temple might not care about this matter, and Noirfork is another scene.

Everyone is in danger from the city bosses.

The whole Noirfork Province was filled with a tense and depressing atmosphere.

It's like the last calm before the storm.

Ericson, Chen Ao, and Lei Lao San, all like crazy, looking for Mr. Chu's traces everywhere.

Helen Qiu also had a pretty face with worry, and her heart was guilty and entangled.

The guilt is naturally because Xu Lei was at risk for her.

But what was entangled was whether Mark should appear.

After the scene of that night, Helen Qiu undoubtedly really felt the power and fear of Mochizuki River.

Helen Qiu felt that even Mark could hardly be his opponent, and it was even possible to die.

As Mark's wife, Helen Qiu naturally didn't want Mark to take risks.

However, what should Xu Lei do if Mark can't avoid it?

What about Noirfork?

One side is life and death, and the other side is righteousness.

Helen Qiu was undoubtedly caught in a dilemma, she really didn't know, if Mark contacted her, she should let him come back.

In this conflicting mood, time passed by little by little.

During this period of time, all the martial arts of Vietnam's major provinces and cities have undoubtedly come here in admiration.

The strong from all quarters, such as all rivers and seas, gather in Denham.

In just a few days, many foreign brands of luxury cars appeared on the streets of Denham City.

Especially the major hotels on the banks of Dongchang Lake are surprisingly full, making it hard to find a room.

Obviously, these people are all ready to watch the upcoming Dongchang Lake battle!

However, after five consecutive days, Mr. Chu still did not appear.

The whole person is as if the world has evaporated, and there is no news of him in the entire Noifork land.

"You said, where did Mr. Chu go?" "It's been five days now."

"The battle appointment has been spread throughout Vietnam!"

"Even if Mr. Chu went to Hainan, he must have heard of Noifork's changes."

"But why, there is still no news?" In the room, Ericson and others were worried.

These five days are undoubtedly living like years for all the powerful in Noifork.

I just feel that there is always a knife hanging over their necks. No one knows when this butcher knife will fall.

Listening to Ericson's complaint, Xu Ao and Lei San were also silent.

In the end, Ericson suddenly raised his head and lowered his voice: "You said, Mr. Chu won't really run away, right?" "If this is the case, then we Noifork, but Mr. Chu is really miserable. ."

Ericson was panicked and his face was bitter.

In today's society, communications are developed and the world is close to each other.

Even if Mark encounters a big deal, it shouldn't be difficult to make a call, right?

However, there was no news for a long time.

Why is this?

Even though everyone didn't say it straight, everyone knew it well.

It must be Mr. Chu who took the initiative to cut off the contact with the outside world and did not want to be found.

In other words, Mark had a great possibility that he had fled in order to avoid Wangyuehe chasing and killing him.