

Chapter 1769 - 1770 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

Chapter 1769

“Oh, are you trying to kill me?” Soon, a voiceless voice came from the front.

what?

“This...this is?” Everyone trembled upon hearing the sound.

Everyone turned around together, with a pair of eyes, they all looked at the source of the sound.

I saw there, a handsome boy and a delicate woman, just like this.

Soon, he arrived in front of everyone.

“You... are you the Vietnamese junior?” “You really have the courage!” “We haven’t found you yet, how dare you visit the door yourself?” “It seems that I didn’t see my Sword God Palace in my eyes! “After seeing the Liang Palace Yingyue next to Mark, Shiyelong undoubtedly knew in an instant that the young man in front of him was the Vietnamese child who wounded the sword god and killed the two brothers Yingtian and Yinglong, Mark!

However, Ishiyelong never dreamed that this bastard would dare to single-handedly kill the Sword God Palace.

Is it juvenile arrogance?

Or are you really not afraid of death?

Ishiyelong’s face was gloomy, and his heart rose with anger.

Before, their plan was to let Haruhi Yingyue lead Mark to the foot of Mount Fuji.

However, they killed Mark under Mount Fuji.

Now that Mark has directly killed the door, their plan has undoubtedly been disrupted.

“Yue’er, what’s the matter with you Nizi?” “Nothing can be done well!” “Why did you lead him to the Sword God Palace?” Shiye Longyi said angrily in the bathing palace Yingyue.

“I...

“Haruhi Yingyue lowered her head and didn’t know how to answer. When she was in Vietnam before, her teacher Mochizuki did instruct Haruhi Yingyue to lead Mark down to Mount Fuji. However, Haruy Yingyue

didn't want to deceive Mark. The owner wanted to come to the Sword God Palace, so she naturally brought her to the Sword God Palace. "Huh?"

"Yue'er?"

"Could it be that she is the hostage you said was captured by this junior?"

One of the three disciples of Sword God?

"After all, so stunning and beautiful?"

When he saw Haruhi Yingyue, Mo Wuya was stunned and his eyes were full of surprise. He asked himself that he had seen many beautiful women over the years. However, the beauty of Haruhi Yingyue still hit him in an instant. For a moment, he only felt that any commendable charm in this world was less than the first sight of her. It was like breathing, without interruption for a second! "I have read countless people, but I can be worthy of "extreme beauty."

Aunt Feng counts as one woman with the word two, and the one in front of her is the second one.

"Unexpectedly, the Japanese mainland could still give birth to such a stunning woman?"

Mo Wuya's eyes were full of surprises, and his brows were filled with shock and admiration. The love of beauty, everyone has it. Mo Wuya, who has become a master of martial arts, is naturally no exception. There was a hint of enthusiasm in the tone of the speech. "Uncle Long, this Miss Yue'er, have you ever been married?"

"Are there any matchmaker's words?"

Mo Wuya was someone who dared to love and hate. At the moment of his heartbeat, he turned his head and asked Ryuichi Ishino on the side to find out if this Haruhi Yingyue was single. Ryuichi Ishino shook his head: "Of course not!"

"Yue'er is distinguished, and no one can match her in the land of Japan."

Hearing this, Mo Wuya smiled and nodded. "Well, Uncle Long is right."

"The only one worthy of is me, Mo Wuya!"

"After this incident, I also asked Uncle Long to act as a matchmaker to facilitate this marriage between me and Miss Yue'er."

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"Unexpectedly, the Japanese mainland could give birth to such a beautiful woman?" Mo Wuya's eyes were filled with surprise, and his eyes were filled with shock and admiration.

Heart of beauty in everyone.

Mo Wuya, who has become a master of martial arts and has entered the realm of a master, is naturally no exception.

There was a hint of enthusiasm in the tone of speech.

“Uncle Long, this Miss Yue’er, have you ever been married?” “Any matchmaker’s words?” Mo Wuya is a person who dares to love and hate. At the moment of his heartbeat, he turned his head and asked Ryuichi Ishino. Inquire whether this Haruonng Yingyue is single.

Ishiyelong shook his head: “Of course not!” “Yue’er is distinguished, and no one can match her in the land of Japan.”

Hearing this, Mo Wuya smiled and nodded.

“Well, Uncle Long is right.”

“The only one worthy of this is me, Mo Wuya!” “After this matter, I also asked Uncle Long to act as a matchmaker to help make this marriage between me and Miss Yue’er.”

Chapter 1770 What do you want after getting a wife like this?

“Till me in the future, I will climb to the top of the Vietnamese martial arts and become the master of the Temple of Martial Arts.”

“At that time, Miss Yue’er was behind the Temple of Martial Arts!” “Under one person, above 10,000.”

“Believe, this For the martial arts of the two countries, it will be a good story that extols the ages.”

Mo Wuya said proudly, and the words revealed a confident color.

It’s like, in Mo Wuya’s eyes, there is no one or anything that he can’t ask for!

And he does have this capital.

He was born into a wealthy family since he was a child, and his father is one of the six pillars of Vietnam.

Martial arts leaders such as Juggernaut, God of War, etc., all have a karma for Mo Wuya.

It can be said that almost all of Vietnam’s six giants have a close relationship with Mo Wuya.

This kind of martial arts background is too hard, in the Vietnamese martial arts world, absolutely no one can match!

It is precisely this powerful background that Mo Wuya’s life is undoubtedly going smoothly, and no one dares to mess with it.

Even when they came to the Sword God Palace to challenge, Ryuichi Ishiye and the others were still alive.

After all, to a certain extent, Mo Wuya is the prince of Vietnamese martial arts.

This slight carelessness is an international martial arts dispute.

Naturally, he didn't want to offend him.

It is precisely because of this that even more contributed to Mo Wuya's arrogance.

What he wants, he will get it.

“This...this...”

“However, when I heard Mo Wuya's words, Ishiye Ryuichi's old face turned green. Special mother's, other women just give it to Mo Wuya, but this can't be given! Haruhi Yingyue's body, but still sealed The soul of the moon reading god. In the Japanese martial arts world, the moon reading god is like the emperor in the Japanese people. It is a belief and godlike existence. This kind of existence, when the ice is clear and jade, is high above, it can only be supported by people in the temple. Above, how can you marry someone as a wife and become a minister of others? This damage is not only the prestige of the moon reading god, but also the majesty of the Japanese martial arts! Therefore, Ishiye Ryuichi could not agree. However, it is still Without waiting for Shiyelong to say this, Mo Wuya waved his hand and said, “Uncle Long, I know what you want to say.”

“Don't you just want me to kill this junior first, and then talk about marriage?”

“Don't worry, it's just a matter of effort.”

“I'll go over and kill the junior boy.”

Mo Wuya smiled proudly, and while speaking, he was about to meet Mark's direction. But Ishiye Longyi was a little worried. “Wuya, this one is deceitful.”

“For the sake of safety, you and I should join forces to kill him with thunder.”

“Otherwise, if you have something to do in my Japanese country, how should our Sword God Palace explain to your father?”

Ishiyelong persuaded him again and again. But Mo Wuya shook his head and smiled faintly. “Uncle Long, you worry too much.”

“It's just a mere junior, kill him, I'm enough!”

“Why do you need others to intervene?”

“As for any conspiracy, in the face of absolute strength, they are all false.”

“One force breaks ten thousand laws!”

“I, Mo Wuya, is the son of the King of Fighters. Could it be that I can't deal with an unknown junior?”

“It just so happens. I take this opportunity to let my future wife appreciate the majesty of her man!”

Under the sky, Mo Wuya laughed proudly. The words were full of boldness and confidence. When he said this, Mo Wuya even glanced at Mark. All his mind and eyes were reflected in the moon in the Liang Palace. Above one person. “If I get a wife like this, how can the husband ask?”

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“For the sake of safety, you and I should join forces and beheaded with the momentum of thunder.”

“Otherwise, if you have something to do in Japan, how should we explain to your father in the Sword God Palace?” Persuade.

But Mo Wuya shook his head and smiled faintly.

“Uncle Long, you are worrying too much.”

“It’s just a mere junior, cut him, I’m all alone!” “Why do you need others to intervene?” “As for any conspiracy, in the face of absolute strength, they are all imaginary.”

“I’m the son of the King of Fighters. I can’t deal with an unknown junior?” “It’s also just right. Take this opportunity to let my future wife appreciate the majesty of her man!” Under the sky, Mo Wuya laughed proudly.

The words are full of heroism and confidence.

When he said this, Mo Wuya even glanced at Mark. All his mind and gaze were above Liang Palace Yingyue.

“If I get a wife like this, how can the husband ask for it?”