

Chapter 1791 - 1792 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

Chapter 1791: Send Back

“What to do?” “Are we just sitting and watching my Japanese artifact and living in a foreign country like this?” At this time, outside the Sword God Palace, the crowd had dispersed.

Mochizuki River and Ishiyelong were also taken into the palace, where they were rescued.

The previous battle has undoubtedly come to an end.

And under the threat of Haruhi Yingyue, Xu Zuo Mingzun did not pursue Mark again.

However, Mochizuki River was unwilling and looked towards Xu Zuo Mingzun.

Suzuo Mingzun shook his head: “The eight-footed Qionggou jade, which has been passed down through the ancients, was a treasure of the Moon-reading God back then.”

“My Japanese martial arts sacred artifacts naturally cannot be left in the hands of Vietnamese people.”

“However, this one. Things, don’t worry about it.”

“The most urgent thing is to carry out the awakening ceremony as soon as possible to welcome the return of the Moon Reading God.” “At that time, with the powerful strength of the Moon Reading God, we don’t need to take action. Then the Huaxia Martial God Temple will be obedient. Bachiqiong Gouyu will be sent back to us.”

“If it is not, we will go to the door and pick it up.”

Xu Zuo Mingzun said slowly.

After Mochizukihe heard it, he also felt very reasonable, and nodded deeply.

“Okay, just as Mingzun said.”

“I will let people start preparing for the awakening ceremony.”

“However, before that, I still have to send the son of the king of fighters back to Vietnam.”

As he spoke, Mo Wuya turned his head to look at Mo Wuya, who was already in a coma next to him.

Mo Wuya wanted to kill Mark just now, but he was inferior to human skills, and was eventually abused by Mark.

“Huh?” “Son of the King of Fighters?” The Six Pillars Kingdom of Vietnam is well-known.

Mo Gucheng, the king of fighters, is invincible in the world.

Xu Zuo Mingzun knows naturally.

“However, looking at this, he has all his limbs severed.”

“If you want to save it, Martial God Temple will have to pay a lot of price.”

Xu Zuo Mingzun looked at Mo Wuya’s injury, and then shook his head. , Said in a deep voice.

For ordinary people, this kind of injury is almost certain to die.

However, the Martial God Temple rules the Vietnamese martial arts and has a profound background, as long as they don’t hesitate to pay, this Mo Wuya can still be saved.

However, this is only the best case.

It is not ruled out that Mo Wuya will fall in the end.

“I didn’t expect that junior Hua Xia would be so cruel.”

“However, you are right. It is a burden for Mo Wuya to stay in Japan.”

“If you die in our Sword God Palace, it won’t be easy to explain.”

“Hurry up and take him away.”

Send it back to Vietnam.”

“Leaving Japan is dead or alive, and it has nothing to do with us.”

Suzuo Mingzun waved his hand, and then let the people do it.

I don’t know what happened in Dongjing in Japan.

In the Temple of No God, the King of Fighters was still drinking tea leisurely.

Sword Saint Xiao Chen bowed his head and wiped his sword.

“Juggernaut, you said Wuya has left for a while, right?” “Why is there no news yet?” “It stands to reason, should be back.”

The King of Fighters asked with some worry.

The Juggernaut smiled faintly: “Don’t worry, Wuya has been with us for so long. I know his strength very well.”

“If the land can threaten his safety, no more than three people.”

“Besides, Wuya But your only son of the King of Fighters has a close relationship with our six pillar nations.”

“To a certain extent, Wuya is the prince of my Vietnamese martial arts.”

“I dare say that there is no country in the world. , Dare to hurt him.”

Chapter 1792 Title Ceremony

“Furthermore, who doesn’t know that your king of fighters protects the calf, if someone hurts your precious son, you can’t kill it the next day.”

“So the king of fighters, you can wait for the good news with peace of mind.”

“Now The worst is Wuya’s victory.”

“As long as he can achieve success in Japan, on the day of his return, I will immediately summon the six pillar kingdoms and give him titles.”

“Just called, the little king of fighters. What do you think? “One family and two titles, in the future, you father and son will surely become a piece of good news in our Vietnamese martial arts world.”

“Haha~” The Sword Saint laughed.

After hearing this, the King of Fighters felt comfortable and his face was proud.

As the Sword Saint said, if his son Mo Wuya also becomes a titled grandmaster in the future, they will be father and son grandmasters.

This glory is enough to spread through the ages.

However, just as the two had a very happy conversation, there was a sudden gust of wind outside the temple gate.

Immediately afterwards, a figure in white clothes quietly appeared outside the hall.

The mountain wind was harsh, blowing his robe and hunting.

“Huh?” “God of War?” There was only one person, Ye Qingtian, the God of War, who appeared outside the Martial God Temple, the Land of Vietnam.

Seeing the first person in Vietnamese martial arts, the Juggernaut and the King of Fighters were overjoyed and quickly got up to greet each other.

“Haha~” “Old Ye, you just came here.”

“I’m about to tell you a good thing.”

“I have discussed with the King of Fighters. On May 5 this year, the title ceremony will be held on the top of Yanshan Mountain. “Feng Wuya is the little king of fighters and enters the hall of the Lord of the Warriors.”

“For many years, our seventh pillar country powerhouse in Vietnam has finally appeared.”

“That day, we will celebrate the whole country!” Your military must also send someone over to join the King of Fighters and them~” The Juggernaut smiled.

The King of Fighters did not speak, but the gratification and joy on his face was beyond words.

But after Ye Qingtian heard about this, he didn't comment.

No emotion can be seen on the resolute face.

He turned to ask, “How is the investigation of the young master's matter?” Huh?

“What young master?” Sword Saint was slightly puzzled.

Ye Qingtian frowned suddenly.

“Just a few days ago, the young master who defeated Mochizuki River in the Noirfork land.”

“I remember, his name is Mark.”

Hearing this, the Juggernaut was surprised.

“You said him.”

“I have sent someone there. It's just an unknown junior. It's not worth paying attention to.”

“At the beginning, I was able to win Mochizuki River. It was through wheel tactics and conspiracy.”

“So, this Mark. The victory at the beginning was mostly due to luck.”

“Moreover, this boy is arrogant.”

“I am extremely disrespectful to my Wushen Temple!” “If you have a record, you will be proud and complacent and defiant. This kind of disposition is destined to be difficult to become a master. “This kind of person is not qualified to let us pay attention.”

Sword Saint shook his head and said, his words were full of contempt for Mark.

Think about it too, this Mark is so humble, just a little-known little person, and the King of Fighters and Sword Masters are at the top of the supremacy, so naturally they won't care about him.

“Yes.”

“I've seen a lot of these arrogant juniors.”

“Over 70% of them died in their arrogance.”

“The remaining 30%, everyone.”

“Nothing to pay attention to. The King of Fighters waved his hand, and said indifferently.

In his eyes, except for his son Mo Wuya, everyone else is hard to get into his eyes.