

Chapter 2469– 2470 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

Chapter 2469

“I’ll go, okay, Lei Luo.”

“Even the strong in Yanxia were driven away by you.”

“In the past few years, the strength of your Indian martial arts has become stronger and stronger.”

“In a little while, I’m afraid that the place where the Asian martial arts dominates is your Indian martial arts.”

At this time, many people among the crowd sigh with emotion.

Among them, some people who knew Lei Luo were even more surprised.

Nowadays, the world of martial arts is surging and presents a pattern of superpowers!

That one super, not a certain country, but Truman.

In the martial arts world, the most recognized martial arts force is Truman.

Back in the row are the martial arts forces of various countries.

The hot summer is a well-known ancient country, and the martial arts heritage has been profound for thousands of years.

Although the battle between Yanxia and Chumen in that year caused a nearly devastating blow to the forces of Yanxia martial arts, which led to its decline for nearly a hundred years.

However, with the emergence of the six pillar states such as Ye Qingtian and Mo Gucheng, Yanxia martial arts will undoubtedly once again dominate Asia.

However, the status of Yan Xia martial arts is not solid.

Not to mention the re-emergence of the Japanese Moon God, leading to a huge increase in the strength of Japanese martial arts. In recent years, India’s martial arts

power has also risen wildly. Thirty years ago, a martial arts genius was born, Burning Heaven! This person's battle for fame was in the Amazon rainforest.

At that time, after a lot of snatching, Dollar Lingguo was finally snatched by the strong hot summer.

However, during the evacuation, the strong Indians intercepted and killed them halfway.

In the face of the eight peak powers of Jinhua, Fen Tian tried to turn the tide and killed the four peak powers of Yanxia with one person. Even if they escaped by chance, they were seriously injured.

At this point, Burning Heaven became famous in the First Battle, not only being included in the world master list, but also helping India become the biggest winner in the last dimensional Lingguo battle.

After having the Dollar Lingguo, in the past 30 years, India has successively born several masters, and the martial arts power has grown by leaps and bounds. There is no other international limelight, and the momentum of martial arts in the summer is faintly suppressed.

Coupled with today, Kong Ming's retreat.

It also made everyone in the hall feel that the momentum of Indian martial arts was unstoppable.

"Asian overlord?"

"Sooner or later."

"However, the goal of our Indian martial arts is much more than that."

Lei Luo spoke proudly, and the words were full of heroism and wildness.

Of course, this is not his ambition alone, but the ambition of their entire country!

After speaking, Leiluo didn't say much on this topic, but looked forward again and knelt in front of the old man, the crying pear girl with rain.

"Little girl, no one can protect you now."

"Be obedient, go with brother obediently."

"Also avoid suffering from flesh and skin."

"Don't worry, I will love you well tonight~"

After the hot summer powerhouse was pushed back by himself, Lei Luo was undoubtedly even more arrogant.

Even what he said became more revealing, without any concealment.

“Haha~”

“Reluo, you are such a beast.”

“Not even the little girl?”

“You are not afraid of crushing people.”

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“Hey, don’t you understand this?”

“This is the tradition of people in India.”

“They like to play with little ones~”

People who practice martial arts are mostly rough people.

Now that these elders gather together, they will naturally say something bad.

Regarding these people watching the excitement, Lei Luo ignored them.

He still stood there, admiring his own prey, looking at the sad crying girl in front of him.

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He likes this feeling, the feeling of playing with others and the palm of one’s hands.

Because, only in this way, will he have a “hunting” sense of accomplishment.

However, facing Lei Luo’s words, the little girl never paid attention.

He was lying in the arms of the old man from beginning to end, crying constantly.

Leiluo was not in a hurry, anyway, it was okay, he simply ordered a few wines and dishes, ready to drink while admiring the girl’s dying struggle.

However, in the battle just now, most of the tables and chairs have been broken.

It was hard to find a working table, but there were not enough chairs.

Lei Luo looked around, his gaze finally fell on a teenager in the corner.

“Hey, that kid over there, bring the chair over to Lao Tzu.”

Leiluo yelled, but the young man just sat there as if he hadn't heard him, looking out the window while sipping tea quietly.

But he even looked at Leiluo!

“Ok?”

“Boy, are you so deaf?”

“I'll say it again, take the chair you sit in and bring me over!”

Leiluo suppressed his anger, and his low voice was like a tiger before the hunt.

Everyone has no doubt that if the young man disobeys him again, he will end up miserably.

However, to everyone's surprise, the young man still ignored him, just drinking tea calmly.

After drinking, he still sighed with emotion: “Good tea, good tea~”

“Ciao!”

“Are you going to die~”

Finally, the boy's behavior completely angered Lei Luo.

He yelled and patted it with a palm, and the dining table in front of him was torn apart.

As the crumbs flew, Leiluo stepped directly away, bound to a sword, and smashed directly at the arrogant young man.

Pop~

Under the eyes of everyone, between the seven-foot restaurant, people only saw the young man who was still calmly drinking tea just now, quietly raising his hand, and slapped his backhand to the past.

At that moment, the world was quiet.

The breeze chants softly, and the fallen leaves are rustling.

The boy retracted his palm, picked up the teapot, poured himself a cup of tea again, and then sipped it lightly.

A boy, a table and chairs, a cup of tea, a song of wind.

That young man, just like the person in the painting, out of vulgarity and extraordinary!

As for the mighty and domineering Indian powerhouse Lei Luo who threatened to break through the martial arts in the summer, he had already flown out.

Lying on the ground, foaming at the mouth, like a dead dog, twitching constantly.

Half of his face was blood red.

Through the majestic blood color, you can vaguely see the deep bones inside.

“This~”

“This this...”

At that moment, time and space seemed to have stagnated.

Just now everyone talked about laughter and stopped abruptly.

The hand holding the vegetable hung in the air, the raised wine glass did not fall for a long time, and everyone was stunned.

All the people present stared at the scene in disbelief.

Everything happened too suddenly.

A few seconds ago, Leiluo was still invincible, and even threatened to step down the hot summer martial arts in the future.

But in the blink of an eye, he became a dead dog, lying on the ground and couldn't help convulsing.

This huge flip of almost one hundred and eighty degrees once made everyone feel illusory.

Who could have imagined that an obscure, unobtrusive young man would slap to death an extremely strong Indian?

Shock, fright, horror~

All kinds of emotions filled the hearts of everyone here.

At that moment, the whole hall was silent, and for a long time, no one spoke.

Until Mark raised his head, his eyes were deep and he looked forward.

Suddenly, everyone's heart suddenly became tense, thinking that this young man was going to kill again, and even some people were already ready to jump out of the window and run away.

Just when everyone's nervous heart raised their throats, Mark's voice just sounded:
"Boss, tea!"