

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 460

Chapter 460: The Man on the Roof

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Feng Qing :

Blood Loli? Wasn't that her killer code name? She didn't expect the Night God to think of her, but how could she cooperate with herself? Feng Qing rolled her eyes and said, "I'm afraid Blood Loli can't make it. Before I came, I heard that she seemed to have accepted another mission, so I probably can't look

for her."

Seeing that this wouldn't do, the Sword God instantly became a little frustrated. His large hand kept touching his beard, and the ancient sword on his back buzzed. He wished he could leave and play a sword technique to relieve the pressure.

"Other than the Blood Loli, I really don't know who else in the world can meet your two requirements. It's too difficult to have enough combat strength and even know how to crack array formations." The Sword God said angrily.

Night God looked at Mr. Qingyi and said coldly, "Mr. Qingyi, if I'm not wrong, you should have a suitable candidate in your heart, right?"

Feng Qing nodded as her thoughts had been seen through by him. "That's right, I did think of someone. He's only stronger than Blood Loli, and he's much suitable for this mission."

The Night God and the Sword God looked at each other and asked in unison, "Someone stronger than Blood Loli? Who is it?"

Feng Qing pointed at the computer screen and smiled. "Go to the Presidential Manor and take a look."

Hearing this, the Sword God felt that his 1Q wasn't enough again. He didn't understand what Mr. Qingyi meant at all. Weren't they talking about finding an assistant? Why did they talk about the Presidential Manor?

On the other hand, the Night God was very smart and immediately understood what Feng Qing meant. His hands quickly typed on the keyboard, and a few minutes later, he hacked into the surveillance cameras in the entire Presidential Manor and its surroundings.

After changing a few surveillance images, the Night God finally stopped. In one of the images, he saw a figure standing like a javelin. This person was dressed in a black combat suit and was wearing a golden mask on his head. There were no patterns on the mask, and there were not even any facial features.

The Night God raised his eyebrows. "This person standing on the roof of the Presidential Manor is..."

The corners of Feng Qing's lips curled up as she said smugly, "You've definitely heard of his name."

Hearing her say this, the Night God could not help but look at the Sword God, who shrugged with an expression that said, "Don't look at me, I don't f*cking know either. Master Qingyi, just say it. Stop beating around the bush. Who is this masked person?" The Sword God asked.

Feng Qing smiled and said

ing of Killers, Netherworld River."

As soon as these words were out, the Sword God and the Night God gasped at the same time. The two of them looked at the computer with indescribable shock. The King of Killers, Netherworld. These words made them feel like their breathing had stopped.

“What? He’s the legendary King of Killers, Netherworld?” The Sword God said in disbelief. He had never thought that he would one day see the legendary King of Killers in this way. When Netherworld became famous, he was a nobody.

The Sword God wished he could stick his face to the computer screen and imprint the tall image of Netherworld in his mind forever. Such a legendary existence was really rare.

Feng Qing did not answer him. Instead, she said to Night God, “Now that you know his location, do you have a way to contact him? For example, send him a message or email, as long as he can receive our news.”

Night God recovered from his shock and looked at Feng Qing with uncertainty. “Till try my best.” Although he was the head of the hacker alliance, sending a message to the other party without a phone number or IP address was very difficult. He also felt that it was very tricky.

“sword God, put your big face aside,” Night God said.

The Sword God frowned and dodged, but his gaze was still fixed on the man on the screen, as if he wanted to see through him. Seeing him like this, Feng Qing was very puzzled. Even if the reputation of the Netherworld was great, it shouldn’t have made him so shocked, right?

“I’s him. That’s right, it’s definitely him.” The Sword God mumbled to himself.

“Sword God, what are you talking about? Who is he?” Feng Qing was curious.