

Chapter 1691 - 1692 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

Chapter 1691 is just an ant after all

However, upon hearing Mark's words, Ferguson Wu suddenly laughed: "Give me an account?" "You are worthy too!" "After all, you are just a nasty junior."

"Don't think, relying on a little fist, let When Lei San and the others surrendered, they really regarded themselves as the lord of Wrilfill and the honor of Noirfork?" "To put it bluntly, you are just a bullshit."

"It's no different from those rascals?" "The power is in our hands? , As long as we are willing, we will take you down in minutes."

"Of course, if you know how to converge and don't violate our bottom line."

"I, Ferguson Wu, don't mind letting you continue."

"But unfortunately, you don't listen to persuasion. If you don't know whether you live or die, don't blame me, Ferguson Wu, and ignore your old feelings!" Ferguson Wu's eyes were cold, and his words were full of anger.

To be honest, Ferguson Wu knows very well that what happened today really started from Mo Shanshan.

But so what?

In this world, right and wrong are not important, and interest is the eternal pursuit.

In Ferguson Wu's eyes, Mark was born in poverty, a young man who thrived on fighting and fighting.

Although he is respected as the Lord of Noirfork, he is just a bullshit.

There is neither background nor background.

And what about Mo Shanshan?

She was born in a wealthy family, with a fierce background, and powerful contacts in all walks of life in Vietnam. Even Ferguson Wu had been favored by them.

In this case, fools know how to choose!

In the end, Ferguson Wu chose to offend Mark to give the Mo family an explanation.

However, when Ferguson Wu murmured in a deep anger, he discovered that Mark's fist had been clenched again at some point.

When Ferguson Wu saw this, his eyes were full of sarcasm, and he shook his head and smiled again: “What?” “Do you still want to resist, and you still want to do something against me?” “Mr. Chu, if you don’t want to die, I persuade you to dispel this idea.”

“I know. Your skill is good.”

“But, no matter how hard your fists and feet are, can you be stronger than bullets?” “No matter how strong you are, can you be stronger than guns?” “Now it’s a technological society.”

“It’s no longer an emperor on horseback. It’s a feudal age.”

“The little effort that you are proud of is not worth mentioning before me.”

Ferguson Wu said coldly, full of confidence and mockery.

It is as if Mark at this time is already the fish on his chopping board, let him kill.

However, Mark shook his head while listening.

“After all, they are just ants, blindfolded.”

“You don’t understand martial arts, so naturally you don’t understand the majesty of martial arts.”

“The real strong man can go to the moon for nine days and catch turtles in the five oceans.”

“Don’t say that there are guns. , It’s hard-pit missiles, and it’s nothing to slash the ships.”

“Presidents of major powers treat each other with courtesy, and the commanders of the army respect each other.”

“Do you think science and technology dominate now?” “As everyone knows, in this world, The one who really stands at the pinnacle of strength is martial arts.”

“This world has never changed.”

“It’s just your ignorance.”

Mark’s indifferent voice, just like a storm, swept past here.

But what he said was not a lie.

People like the god of war Ye Qingtian, the king of fighters Mo Gucheng, etc., are the existences standing on the peak of strength.

It is the Lord of Vietnam, who treats them with respect.

Because of the six pillar kingdoms, supporting the entire Vietnam!

For Ye Qingtian and others, almost all guns and missiles are no longer valid.

Perhaps the only thing that can hurt them is the nuclear bomb.

Chapter 1692 How can we sweep the world without sweeping a house?

Decades ago, there was a titled master who avenged the murder of his wife, slaughtered the whole city, and killed hundreds of thousands of people for his wife.

In the end, it provoked the country's high-level anger and dispatched troops to suppress it.

But in the end, they were all overwhelmed by the title powerhouse, almost swept away.

He succumbed to a country that he had beaten all his life, and the country's top officials apologized and asked for peace, and took the initiative to send the murderer.

From then on, the power of the titled master horrified the entire world.

However, Ferguson Wu naturally didn't know these things.

He only thought that Mark was just talking nonsense.

Therefore, facing Mark's words, Ferguson Wu still sneered.

"Really?" "Since you are so confident, then you can try it."

"Look at your fist is hard, or my bullet, it is better!" Wow~ Ferguson Wu even gave an order, the bullets were loaded, countless When the line of fire was about to blow, the door of the Shanshui Hall was suddenly pushed open.

Immediately afterwards, dozens of accompanying bodyguards poured in like a tide.

After they entered, they stood on both sides.

Like a courtier, with full of respect and respect, waiting for the arrival of the monarch!

Phew~ Outside the hall, there is a strong wind.

In this way, in the cold wind, a spirited old man, with majesty and arrogance, accompanied by several people, stepped on the steps and quietly appeared in front of everyone.

"This...this is..."

"Who's here?" Everyone was surprised when they saw the visitors.

Until Ferguson Wu shouted out.

"Mo..."

Mo Lao?

“What? “Old Mo?””

“Could it be that he is the Patriarch of the Mo Family, Mo Wuji?”

When everyone heard the sound, their old faces changed color. Ferguson Wu couldn't take care of Mark anymore. He hurried to greet him with someone, and greeted respectfully: “Haha~” “Mold Mo, you are finally here.”

“Wei Tao has been waiting for you for a long time before setting up a banquet.”

“Ferguson Wu laughed again and again. The old man in the suit nodded: “Well, Xiao Wu, I'm interested.”

Haven't seen each other for many years, and you can now be on your own side.

Not in vain, my appreciation for you back then.

“By the way, Shanshan, let her come and see me.”

“This~” Hearing this, Ferguson Wu's eyes twitched, and his face suddenly became ugly. “What's the matter, could something happen?”

Mo Wuji frowned. “Uncle...uncle, save...save me...”

“Uncle, give me revenge...”

Mark kicked him into a coma. Mo Shanshan, I don't know when, but he has already woken up. It seems that seeing Mo Wuji's arrival, Mo Shanshan raised her hand hard, her weak voice kept calling. “What?

“Shanshan, what's wrong with you?”

“Who hurt like this?”

“Mo Wuji was shocked immediately, and ran over to check Mo Shanshan's injuries. Seeing the dying Mo Shanshan, Mo Wuji was full of anger in his chest, but still faced Pinghu. He turned his head, cold and cold. He stared at Ferguson Wu: “Huh, Ferguson Wu, it seems that I am mistaken.

“If you don't sweep a house, why sweep the world!”

“A woman can't protect him, how do you protect the people of this city?”

“I...”

Ferguson Wu was frightened, and an old face suddenly paled. He then explained in panic: “Old Mo, I'm sorry, it's because I didn't protect Miss Mo well.”

“However, I have caught the thug.”

“I promise, I will punish him severely, and I will give Miss Mo a satisfactory explanation!”

