

Chapter 1699 - 1700 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

Chapter 1699 No charcoal in the snow, why icing on the cake?

After speaking, Mark turned and left.

In the guild hall of Nuo University, only Mark's voice echoed.

The words are slow, but they have endless arrogance.

Mo Wuji stayed in the same place for a long time, before finally sighing.

“Really a different guy~” — Mo Wuji was still in a long tremor in the Shanshui Guild Hall.

But Mark had already left with Helen Qiu.

“Mark, I think that Patriarch Mo was also kindly invited, why did you refuse?” On the way back, Helen Qiu's pretty face was suspicious, but she asked Mark in a low voice.

Mark was expressionless and grinned coldly.

“It's not him that I refuse, it's the Martial God Temple.”

The Martial God Temple, in charge of Vietnam Martial Arts.

As the highest authority of the Vietnamese martial arts, it enjoys the respect and endless glory of the people, and it also has the responsibility of sheltering the Vietnamese people.

However, before the Japanese sword god Mochizuki River came east across the sea, it was a disaster for Noifork.

He threatened Xu Lei's life to force Mark to fight.

Mark didn't think that Wushen Temple would know about these things.

However, during those ten days, they did not respond.

Not only did not come forward to shelter Noifork, but also did not send anyone to deal with Mochizuki River.

He even ignored Mark's life and death.

All this is undoubtedly obvious.

In their eyes, Mark had no importance at all.

If you die, you die.

They are not willing to deal with Mochizuki River for Mark, to offend the Japanese martial arts.

Now that he has won, they have appeared.

He also sent someone over and asked himself to visit them in Gritsberg.

Beautifully said, congratulate yourself with a feast.

"I haven't given charcoal in the snow, why icing on the cake?" "You don't need to go to such a snobbery and hypocritical banquet."

Mark said coldly.

During this period of time, the actions of the Wushen Temple undoubtedly made Mark really not have a good impression of this so-called Vietnamese martial arts holy land.

Especially the high-level posture of the Martial God Temple now made Mark feel unhappy.

If you want to see yourself, instead of coming in person, you send someone to summon yourself to visit them in Gritsberg?

It's really majestic.

Of course, if someone else can be summoned by the Martial God Temple, just like Mo Wuji said before, he would be complacent and proud.

But Mark won't.

He is the dignified lord of the Dragon God, and is the only descendant of the Chu family's descendants.

He is the honorable person in the world, what qualifications does the Martial God Temple have to let him bow his head and claim the court!

While talking, Helen Qiu and Mark had already arrived in the parking lot, ready to drive home.

“Mr. Chu, wait a minute~” At this moment, a shout came from behind him.

I saw Ferguson Wu who was still in the hall before, but he did not know when he followed, and shouted at Mark as he ran.

“Huh?” “Wu Shi, do you have anything else?” Helen Qiu asked in confusion.

“It’s okay, Miss Qiu.”

“Just apologize to Mr. Chu for what happened just now.”

Ferguson Wu smiled apologetically, and then looked at Mark on the side.

“Mr. Chu, everything in the previous hall was a misunderstanding.”

“It’s really a misunderstanding.”

“Otherwise, if I find a time tomorrow, I will host a banquet at home by Ferguson Wu personally and apologize to Mr. Chu.”

“Chu What do you think, sir?” Ferguson Wu apologized and smiled at Mark.

But where did Mark care about him.

He turned a deaf ear to his words.

He got into the car without looking back. After starting, he said coldly to Helen Qiu, “Get in the car.”

“But Mark, Wu Shi...”

Chapter 1700 Give him a face?

Even though Ferguson Wu was about to do something against Mark just now, Helen Qiu had a grudge against Ferguson Wu.

However, Helen Qiu undoubtedly considered more.

In Wrifill, a crash with Ferguson Wu was not a wise choice for both Mufan Group and Mark.

Now that Ferguson Wu took the initiative to apologize, Helen Qiu naturally wanted to go down the slope, taking the opportunity to ease the conflict between Mark and Ferguson Wu.

But Mark didn't care about these.

Once something has been done, it cannot be undone.

"I said, get in the car."

Mark repeated it again, his words low and inexplicably majestic.

This time, Helen Qiu naturally did not disobey, after all, she got in the car.

"Mr. Chu~" "Mr. Chu, wait a minute~" Ferguson Wu was still shouting, but Mark and his wife had already drove away.

Looking at the shadow of the car going away in front of him, Ferguson Wu looked sad.

Apart from the regret in his heart, he was even more angry and incited himself to slap.

"Damn!" "Ferguson Wu, you wicked pen."

"How can you be so stupid?" "Now, he is completely offended."

"Hey~" Ferguson Wu couldn't help sighing, full of regret.

Originally, he wanted to capture Chu Yun in order to please the Mo family.

But now it's all right, the two ends are not well, the wife has lost and lost the army.

Fortunately, the Mo family said that he hadn't bothered the Mo family.

But Mark's side is undoubtedly extremely tricky.

You know, he had torn his face with Mark just now, and directly ordered the gun to be held against him.

Although, in the end Mo Wuji appeared in time and stopped the farce.

But undoubtedly, Mark and his Liangzi are undoubtedly formed.

Even if he could not become an enemy in the future, it was obvious that Mark would not consider him a friend.

Of course, if Mark is just the Lord of Noirfork, that's all.

If it collapses, it collapses.

But now, even Mo Wuji, the head of the Mo family, respects him so much, a fool can see that Mark's background is definitely not simple.

If he can please this kind of person, Ferguson Wu is afraid that he will be able to take advantage of him in the future, and he will be able to make progress in his official career.

but now...

"Hey, let's find a way in the future and try to save it as much as possible."

"Even if you don't become a friend, don't become an enemy~" Ferguson Wu returned with depressed regret.

The next day, Mo Wuji and others undoubtedly returned to Gritsberg.

Mark had clearly rejected the invitation from the Martial God Temple, and Mo Wuji had no meaning to stay any longer.

He also has to hurry back and give the King of Fighters their lives.

Yanshan, in the temple of the gods.

"What are you talking about?" "That Mark, that Noirfork Junior, he refused?" In the hall, the King of Fighters and the others who learned of the incident were immediately startled.

"Yeah."

"He said he didn't have time to come."

"Also, if something happens, let you go to Noirfork to find him yourself."

Mo Wuji said bitterly. Seriously, such a crazy person, he is also number one. Seen again.

Sure enough, after hearing these words, the King of Fighters was angry and smashed the long table in front of him with a punch!

"Ciao!" "It's arrogant!" "A nasty bastard, gave him a face?" "I won a dying old thing, do you really think that you are invincible in the world?" "Isn't it in my eyes?" "Shameless!" The King of Fighters Mo Gucheng was furious, and the angry voice trembled the entire Yanshan Mountain as the sawdust shot in all directions.