

Chapter 1771 - 1772 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

Chapter 1771 No One Can Be Your Master

Mo Wuya was fascinated and almost saw the scene of marrying him in the future.

“Miss Yue’er, these days, you have suffered.”

“But you don’t need to be afraid.”

“I will take care of this thief and save you.”

Mo Wuya did not pay attention to Mark, but just came up. Take the initiative to strike up a conversation with Haruhi Yingyue.

But unfortunately, Haruhi Yingyue does not seem to lead Mo Wuya’s love.

Instead, after hearing Mo Wuya’s words offending Mark, the pretty face immediately became a little sulky, and defended: “Shut up!” “Who are you? I forbid you to offend the master.”

“Besides, stay with the master. , I’m very happy and don’t feel suffering.”

Haruhi Yingyue pouted her mouth and said angrily at Mo Wuya.

The stunningly pretty face is full of hostility.

Obviously, Haruhi Yingyue didn’t like the strange man who had been insulting to Mark when he came up. He even had a bit of hostility.

Hearing what Haruonng Yingyue said, Mo Wuya was stunned.

“Master...Master?” “Which master?” “Whose master are you calling?” Mo Wuya’s mouth twitched, making his whole person a little confused.

Isn’t this stunning girl in front of me a disciple of the Sword God?

The disciples of the sword god, in the Japanese martial arts, can also be regarded as a distinguished person.

But what the hell is this calling “Master”?

“Hmph, use yours!” “Anyway, I don’t allow you to offend my master!” Haruhi Yingyue’s beautiful eyes opened wide, and she waved her fist, threatening Mo Wuya with her teeth and claws.

At that time, Mo Wuya was stunned.

“Don’t you...you said that he is your master?” “You...

Are you her slave girl?

“Damn! Did you make a mistake? Mo Wuya’s first heart-struck woman turned out to be someone else’s servant? At that time, Mo Wuya only felt that her heart was broken into glass slag, and it hurt like a needle. “Uncle Long” , What is the situation?

“Mo Wuya, who was in a daze, didn’t understand the situation at all, so he could only ask Ishiye Ryuichi behind him. Ishiye Ryuichi naturally didn’t know what was going on. In fright, Ishiye Ryuichi Dang Even glared at Haruhi Yingyue, and said sharply: “Yue’er, what are you talking about nonsense?

“What shit owner?”

“Are you crazy?”

“You are noble and majestic, and the whole country of Japan will crawl under your feet in the future.”

“In this world, no one can be your master, and you can’t be anyone’s slave.

“Ishiyelong roared angrily. He knew about the fact that Haruhi Yingyue was with Mark. Mochizuki River had instructed Haruyue Yingyue to give in falsely, and then lured Mark into the set. However, Ishiyelong was killed as soon as he was killed. Unexpectedly, this Nizi would honor Mark as her master? Now she still defends Mark? Is she too deep in the play? Or is she suffering from Stockholm syndrome? “Beast!

“What the hell did you do to Yue’er?”

“Today, I must kill you!”

“Ishiye Ryuichi, who was under the anger, transferred all the anger to Mark alone. The next moment, when he lifted the sword, he was about to rush in the direction of Mark. However, Mo Wuya did. It stopped him. “What?

“Could it be that you want to shelter him?”

“Ishiyelong’s words were cold, and his words were full of discomfort. There was a disagreement, and even Mo Wuya was going to cut it. After all, Haruhi will be the guardian god of their Japanese martial arts in the future. As a slave, if this matter is

spread out, they will not be ridiculed by people in Japan. Therefore, he has to kill Mark today anyway.

Mochizuki River instructed Haruong Yingyue to give in falsely, and then lured Mark into the set.

However, what caused Shi Yelong to be killed was that this Nizi would call Mark her master?

Now he still maintains Mark?

Is she too deep into the play?

Or are you suffering from Stockholm syndrome?

“Animal!” “What the hell did you do to Yue’er?” “Today, I must kill you!” Ryuichi Ishiye, under the anger, turned his anger to Mark alone.

The next moment, when he lifted the sword, he was about to rush in the direction of Mark.

However, Mo Wuya stopped him.

“Why?” “Could it be that you want to protect him?” Ishiyelong said coldly, and his words were full of discomfort.

There was a big disagreement, and even Mo Wuya was going to cut it.

After all, Haruhi Yingyue will be the guardian god of their Japanese martial arts. Now they are taken into slavery. If this matter is spread out, they will not be ridiculed by the world.

Therefore, he had to kill Mark anyway today.

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Chapter 1772 the broken Mo Wuya

Mo Wuya shook his head.

“Huaxia’s scum, it should be cut by the sword of my Huaxia people!” “I said, I am alone in dealing with him.”

“No one needs to intervene.”

“Just look at it.”

Mo Wuya was cold. In his words, there was a torrent of killing intent.

When Shiyelong saw this, he didn’t intervene anymore, leaving Mo Wuya alone.

“Junior, do you know your sin?” Mo Wuya stood proudly under the Sword God Palace.

The deep eyes looked down at the young man in front of him.

Although Ishiye Long said before that the sword god Mochizuki was hurt by him, but Mo Wuya didn’t care.

Because in his opinion, Mark is nothing more than Mochizuki River, who was injured by conspiracy and trickery, and his true strength is not enough to be afraid of.

Therefore, from beginning to end, Mo Wuya didn’t really care about Mark.

In the awe-inspiring words, there was also contempt.

Mark heard the sound, but only found it funny.

“Interesting.”

“I really want to know, what’s wrong with me?” Mark smiled faintly, teasing a bit.

“Presumptuous!” “You beast, when death is approaching, you dare to be hard on me?” “You slaughter the Sword God’s followers, and use tricks to trap the Sword God behind. Now for your own greed, you are still thinking of a weak woman. Hostages, threaten the Sword God Palace to surrender the treasures.”

“Which of the above actions is not done by a villain?” “I am a Vietnamese martial artist with five thousand history. For generations, the most important martial virtue.”

“And you are unkind. Injustice, rude and moral!” “My face in Huaxia Martial Arts is lost by your bastard.”

“Today, I, Mo Wuya, will represent Huaxia Martial Arts, clean up the door, and kill you Huaxia Martial Arts. Scum, give Sword God Palace an explanation!” The words were sharp, without any emotional implications.

Yes, there is only endless chill and murder.

In his eyes, Mark’s life is just like grass and mustard, which can be cut at will.

“Heh~” Mark shook his head and smiled, as if he had heard the funniest joke in the world.

“It’s really nice.”

“It’s full of benevolence and morality, and pretending to be high-sounding.”

“But you know that you idiots are what I hate the most in my life.”

“You~” Mark’s words almost angered Mo Wuya.

After so many years, the boy in front of him was still the first person who dared to scold him for an idiot.

However, Mark said coldly wherever he cared about his anger.

“Why, you are not convinced?” “Isn’t what I said is right?” “You only said that I killed the disciples of the Sword God, but do you know why I killed them?” “I also said that I used conspiracy and trickery to trap others and take hostages. Bao, let me ask you, who have you heard about these things, have you verified it?” “Is it true or not, do you really know it?” “Isn’t it just listening to others’ words?” “You don’t distinguish between black and white, right from wrong What is it if you are not an idiot?” “Furthermore, even if I am really wrong, what qualifications do you have to kill me on behalf of Vietnam?” “Could it be that you are the Lord of Vietnam?” “Do you dare to be arrogant at me if you shit is not something?” Mark spoke endlessly.

Repeatedly asked, every word was like a knife and mercilessly, the straightforward Mo Wuya's old face flushed, speechless.

In the end, Mo Wuya clenched his fists tightly and his eyes were red.