

Chapter 1773 - 1774 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

Chapter 1773

“Well, you arrogant kid!” “How dare you insult me not as good as a shit?” Eyes full of anger. so?” “Say I’m not qualified?” “I’m

The surging sound is just like a sword.

Sen’s cold eyes looked straight at the boy ahead.

The words of anger rang even more.

“Do you know martial arts?” “Do you know the Temple of Martial Arts?” “Have you seen the Six Pillar Kingdoms?” “You are a man, I am afraid that you have never seen a strong master, so you dare to speak up here?” Mo Wuya was menacing and angry.

Haughty, full of chills.

The sonorous sound, like a stone, raging everywhere.

“For so many years, I have no bounds to travel across Vietnam and travel to various countries.”

“The martial arts masters from all countries treat me politely. The president of a country welcomes me by sweeping the couch.”

“The king of fighters is my father, the god of war, and the sword. The saint is my uncle.”

“All the six pillar kingdoms of Vietnam have the grace to teach me.”

“I come and go freely in the Temple of War!” “Under the pillar kingdom, I am the only one!” “In the future, I will become a title and become a master. Hall of the Valkyrie!” “You nameless junior, ignorant, who gave you the courage and dared to offend me?” Under the hall, Mo Wuya’s anger sounded like a thunder.

Billowing thunder, swept past under the Tianhe.

Under Mo Wuya’s power, Liang Palace Yingyue’s pretty face paled immediately.

The strong here also felt astonished in his heart, and his eyes were full of horror.

A son of a king of fighters has such majesty.

How strong should Vietnam's six pillar nations be?

"Vietnam is worthy of being the number one martial arts power in East Asia."

"The martial arts power of the whole world can compete with it. It is estimated that the martial arts of the EU and the United States are the same."

Everyone was full of emotion.

At this time, they undoubtedly clearly felt the huge gap between Japanese martial arts and Vietnamese martial arts.

If you want to make up for this gap, I'm afraid that you will have to wait until the moon reading god is reborn.

While everyone was shaking, Mark was extremely calm in the face of the anger in Mo Wuya's heart.

He looked calm, not afraid or afraid.

After Mo Wuya finished speaking, Mark shook his head and sneered.

"You said a lot."

"But, what?" "I don't even look at your father, let alone you?" The indifferent voice, with a kind of majesty and domineering that despise the world.

Just like everything in this world, all living beings cannot enter Mark's eyes.

Yes, this is the pride of Brian Chu!

Standing proud of the world, not afraid of all beings!

This is the self-confidence and majesty that Yundao Tianshu bestows on Mark.

"Smelly boy, are you looking for death?" Mo Wuya was almost blown up by Mark.

In the chest, anger was rising.

He thought that if he revealed his identity as the son of the King of Fighters, this junior would bow down and beg for mercy.

However, Mo Wuya never expected that the boy in front of him would be so arrogant.

Facing his monstrous background, he only replied, so what?

He also said that he didn't even pay attention to his father.

I rely on!

Should I go to Nima?

Are you overly pretending?

Mo Wuya's old face was blue with anger, and the corners of his eyes twitched.

He has read countless people in his life.

However, it was the first time I met someone like Mark who could act like this!

I don't know how to live or die.

"In that case, there is nothing to talk about."

"Boy, I gave you a chance, but you missed it."

"Next, I can only act for the sky and kill you lunatic!" To the sword god, to the Japanese martial arts, an explanation!"

Chapter 1774

Phoo~ The words fell, Mo Wuya's eyes suddenly became cold.

The next moment, he exploded with power and power, and the storm swept through, bringing up dust in the sky.

Then, with his palms clenched and a heavy fist, he slammed down at Chu Yun.

Fist fiercely and exploded with the attack.

That powerful punch, as if Mount Tai was crushing the top, slammed in Mark's direction like this.

When Mark saw this, he shook his head: "You still claim to be the son of the king of fighters at a loss?" "This is too slow."

Between chuckles, Mark stepped on his feet, moved his body, and walked in the garden. , He avoided Mo Wuya's attack.

Boom~ Just heard a muffled noise.

The fist fell to the ground, bringing up dust in the sky.

Mo Wuya hit with all his strength, but it fell into the empty space.

“Fun boy, you are less proud.”

“This is just the first punch.”

“You managed to escape by luck.”

“But what about the second and third punches?” “You really think that you always Can you have such good luck this time?” Facing Mark’s words, Mo Wuya was not angry at all.

Picking up his fist, he slammed at Mark again.

Bang bang bang~ A series of punches, almost exploded.

The violent fist strength shook the birds in the distant forest.

However, facing Mo Wuya’s storm-like offensive, Mark still smiled indifferently.

In the storm, he stood with his hand in his hand, he walked proudly.

On the delicate face, there is scorn and teasing.

“The speed is too slow.”

“Did you not eat?” “The strength is too poor~” “That’s it, the son of the King of Fighters?” “With this strength, I dare to call myself the pillar of the country.”

Next, you alone dominate?” “It’s just a joke after all~”

Mo Wuya’s attack was still raging crazily, but Mark was walking in the middle like a stroll in the garden.

I’ve been in the tens of thousands of flowers, and the leaves are not touched!

Moreover, Mark smiled faintly and kept commenting while avoiding Mo Wuya’s Quan Jin.

“a*shole!” “Shut up for me!” “Stop talking nonsense, I will tear your dog’s mouth~” At this moment, Mo Wuya naturally no longer had the calmness and calmness he had before.

His brows were red, his face was stern, and he was like a mad dog. While cursing, he furiously beat Mark in the direction.

Today’s Wuya, the heart is obviously confused and panicked.

Obviously every punch hit Mark's chest, but every time he missed a little bit, wiping the corner of Mark's clothes and hitting the empty space.

Obviously he had already used hundreds of punches, but he didn't even hit Mark with a single punch.

"Why?" "Why?" "Is my speed really too slow?" "Is my strength really not enough?" ...
"No!" "Impossible~" "It must be this The juniors are talking nonsense!" "I'm Mo Wuya, I'm in every direction, how can I not even deal with this unknown junior?" Mo Wuya, anxious, roared in his heart.

Ishiyelong, who was next to him, looked at him, and his face suddenly sank.

Finally, worried, Ishiye Ryuichi even asked Mo Wuya: "Wuya, do you want me to take action and help you."

"No, kill him, I'm all alone!" , I don't believe it, can he be so lucky every time?" Mo Wuya still held on, gritted his teeth and growled.

There was a bloody cold light in his eyes.