

Chapter 1775 - 1776 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

Chapter 1775 Beast King Fist

In the end, as if desperately, Mo Wuya gathered all the power of his whole body in the palm of his fist.

Everyone saw Mo Wuya under the sky, his entire body was like a powerful bow full of strength.

All kinds of power, instantly.

“Beastmaster Fist!” Boom~ In a low voice, Mo Wuya punched majestically, almost tearing the sky.

That punch is so fast that it almost broke through the sound barrier.

In this way, Mo Wuya smashed towards Mark with a thunderous force.

At the moment when Mo Wuya’s fist fell, the world here was like a huge rock entering the sea, setting off a huge wave.

“This...this is...

“One of the six pillar nations of Vietnam, the famous martial arts of Mo Gucheng, King of Fighters, Beast King Boxing?”

“Back then, Mo Gucheng used this boxing technique to fight against the six great masters of Chumen alone on the coast of the South Vietnam Sea.

“Fend the enemy out of the country!”

“At this point, the first battle is to become a god.”

“It completely established Mo Gucheng’s leading position in the Vietnamese martial arts.”

“Unexpectedly, the waves behind the Yangtze River now push forward waves.”

“Mo Wuya, the son of the King of Fighters, actually mastered this Beastmaster Divine Fist?”

At this moment, there was an uproar outside the Sword God Palace. Ishiye Ryuichi's eyes trembled, and his heart was full of horror. Before, Mo Wuya was going to challenge the sword god Mochizuki River, Ishiye Ryuichi still felt that Mo Wuya was self-conscious. There is no chance of winning at all if he doesn't measure his strength. But now it seems that he underestimated the strength of Mo Wuya. "It seems that this Mo Wuya, even if the realm is not a titled master, is afraid that it is already infinitely close, right?"

"Ishiyelong sighed in his heart and whispered. "Haha~" "Vice Palace Master, it seems that we don't need to kill this Vietnamese kid anymore.

"Under the fist of the Beastmaster, there is no way for this son to survive."

"He must die!"

"Other strong people watching the battle around also said with a smile. Ishiyelong nodded: "Yeah.

"The farce, it's almost time to end."

"The hatred of Senior Brother Sword God was avenged by the son of the King of Fighters."

"Everyone talked a lot, looking at Mark's eyes, full of pity. Obviously, no one thought that Mark would survive the Beastmaster's fist. After all, this Beastmaster's fist was famous, and Mo Gucheng, the king of fighters, relied on it back then. Peerless, in the martial arts of the world, has made a reputation. And Mark, an unknown junior, according to the sword god, even in the battle of Dongchang Lake, he only relied on wheel warfare and conspiracy to injure Mochizuki River. How could such a despicable treacherous person be able to stop Mo Wuya's Beastmaster's fist? "Huh~" "You all nonsense!

"Will my lord be defeated so easily?"

"I heard everyone around him saying that Mark would die if he failed under this fist. Haruhi Yingyue suddenly argued like a cat with blown up fur. "Huh?"

"You die Nizi, do you know what you are talking about?"

"

"Could it be that you want to betray the Sword God Palace, and betray your teacher?" Haruhi Yingyue's words made Ishiye Ryuichi's eyes smoke almost furious.

They also wanted to let Liang Gong Yingyue cooperate with them and kill Mark together?

It's better now, let alone killing Mark, this dead Nizi still defended Mark.

But when Ishiyelong was angry and scolded, Mo Wuya's fist strength already reached Mark's face with an unstoppable force.

Under his fist, Mark still had no fear in the storm.

He stood with his hands behind, his eyes sneered.

There was an inexplicable smile on the corner of his mouth.

Chapter 1776 Mark's Supernatural Power

"That's interesting."

"I just don't know, is your Beastmaster's fist the last laugh, or my fierce landslide, better?" The words fell, Mark's eyebrows suddenly became cold.

Immediately afterwards, everyone saw Mark turn his hands to the sky, covering the ground.

The majestic strength immediately gathered from the ground towards Mark's legs, and finally all gathered on Mark's arm.

Immediately afterwards, Mark's right arm swelled at a speed visible to the naked eye.

When everyone saw this, they were taken aback.

"Huh?" "Does this bastard also want to use boxing skills to resist Mo Wuya's Beastmaster?" "Is he crazy?" "Compete with the son of the King of Fighters?" "I can't help it!" "I can't be stupid~" Everyone laughed heartily.

I just think that Mark is like an idiot, just an idiot.

Boom~ When everyone laughed, Mark's arm had already charged up.

Then, with a fierce punch, with incomparable power, he headed forward and slammed.

Only if the boulder enters the sea.

With a punch, there is a shocking potential!

"Aside from gold and jade, it's just a failure~" Mark's power of boxing strength did not attract everyone's attention.

Even Ishiye Ryuichi sneered, thinking that Mark was just bluffing.

However, just when everyone was waiting for Mark's defeat, who could have thought that at the moment when the two men's iron fists met, a screaming scream immediately sounded.

Yes, there is no block at all.

The moment the two fists met, Mark broke Mo Wuya's arm in an instant with a force of destruction.

what?

"This... how can this be so special?" Ishiyelong was stunned right away.

With a punch, Mo Wuya's hand was interrupted?

Are you making trouble?

The people around were even more shocked, their pupils shrinking.

But Mark didn't pay attention to everyone's tremor. After he succeeded in the first blow, he was still reluctant, and followed up with a few punches.

Bang bang bang bang ~ The first punch fell and Mo Wuya broke his right arm.

The second punch fell, his chest sunken.

The third punch fell, and the flesh and blood flew everywhere~

If the autumn wind swept the fallen leaves, it would melt the remaining snow like boiling oil.

Who could have imagined that after an instant encounter, Mark swept Mo Wuya with an invincible force.

The last punch was more like a ball, directly hitting Mo Wuya a hundred meters away.

The Sword God Palace is located in the suburbs, surrounded by mountains on three sides and surrounded by green forests.

That Mo Wuya's body knocked over countless plants and trees like this, and finally slammed into the hill behind with a bang.

The boulders collapsed and the rocks fell.

Mo Wuya, who was also majestic and arrogant just now, was smashed into the ruins by Mark's fist.

Huh~ The green leaves are rolled up by the mountain breeze, and three thousand plants are rustling.

Here, apart from the sound of the wind, there was only a dead silence left in the world.

Everyone was stunned.

Outside the Sword God Palace of Nuo Da, there was no sound.

Ishiyelong's eyes widened, and everyone else trembled.

All of them looked like ghosts, looking at Mark.

Who would have thought that the battle would end so suddenly!

Mo Wuya, known as the son of the King of Fighters, hadn't even made a single move under Mark.

The first punch was broken and his arm was broken, and the subsequent punches were even more one-sided and frenzied.

"This...this boy, this...so strong?" Ishiyelong twitched at the corner of his eyes, and said silently.

Obviously, all of them miscalculated.

Pata~ In the long silence, suddenly rocks rolled by.

Immediately afterwards, a pair of bloody hands came out of the ruins again.

So strong?

"Ishiyelong twitched at the corner of his eyes, and said silently. Obviously, all of them had miscalculated. Pata~ In the long silence, a rock suddenly rolled over. Then, a pair of bloody hands came out of the ruins. Probed it out again.