

Chapter 3220– 3221 of A Dish Best Served Cold Novel

Chapter 3220

The injustice still remained calm, and the tone of his speech was not as violent as Ke Zhe.

But inside and outside the words, the threat is already very clear.

After saying this, he called Ke Zhe and others to continue to leave.

“Old Yan, this man is so disrespectful to us, he didn’t even apologize, let’s just go like this?” Ke Zhe was at a loss, and he had to teach Mark a lesson.

“Enough!”

“I said, after all, is the title of his master.”

“Even a misnomer, but by no means we can easily deal with.”

“I did not need to because the emotional issue, they conflict with him.”

Introduction injustice low Shouted.

“Old Yan, when have you been so tolerable?”

“The bastard is not as capable as you!”

“This junior doesn’t know how to respect our seniors if he doesn’t teach it.” Ke Zhe still couldn’t bear it.

“It’s easy for you.”

“But don’t forget, he is the one who really slaughtered the grandmaster.”

“Maybe the five of us can work together to suppress him.”

“But if he gets crazy, he will die. It’s not difficult to be a backer.”

Although Ke Zhe’s previous judgments of Mark’s strength were somewhat reasonable, the jealousy in his heart still remained.

Therefore, being able to bear is the principle of dealing with Mark today.

In the end, under the dissatisfaction of dissatisfaction, although Ke Zhe and others were unhappy, they also suppressed their anger and did not pursue the matter again.

However, when they settled and turned away again, Mark's words sounded again.

"I'll say it for the last time, kneel down."

Boom~

This time, Mark exploded with power.

Energetic swept away, blowing away the wind and rain.

The ground under Mark's feet was also under these words, with cracks densely covered.

The fine gaps, like spider webs, diverge out.

This scene is naturally seen by people who are unequal.

"It seems that Grandmaster Wushuang must make us kneel today?" The

unbalanced expression gradually cooled down, and the palms under his sleeves were also quietly clenched.

"However, you are really such a mighty power."

"You treason and collude with enemies, don't say you are ashamed, are you still showing up at us here?"

"I am Ye Qingtian, the first war god in the summer, and not as majestic as you. I wait to kneel down?"

"What's more, do you really think that you have the power of being a title?"

"Your unparalleled name is just a posthumous title."

"You are no more than a junior who has been practicing martial arts for more than 20 years. How powerful can it be?"

"That day, if it weren't for the God of War to plead with you, your unparalleled title, my martial arts in the summer, would have been abandoned for you!" The

words were not flat and angry. Undoubtedly released instantly at this moment.

“It’s almost dead!”

Ke Zhe glared when he saw this.

Swearing, directly violent.

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Then, a pair of iron fists slammed down towards where Mark was.

The mighty power is only if Mount Tai is overwhelming.

The squally wind that brought up, blew away the boundless wind and rain.

“Mark~”

“Brother Mark~” “

Be careful!”

...

All this happened so quickly, in the midst of lightning.

Who could have imagined that the person who said that he was unequal one second would just talk to Mark again, the next second, he would be forced to kneel down when he was unequal, and Ke Zhe violently violent.

The sudden turn of the situation went beyond everyone’s expectations.

Especially after seeing Ke Zhe suddenly violently attack Mark, Helen Qiu and Xu Lei both touched their throats.

Because of worry, I couldn’t help but screamed out.

However, Ke Zhe’s speed was too fast.

The reminders of Helen Qiu, Xu Lei and others had just fallen, and Ke Zhe’s heavy punch had already landed on Mark’s chest.

Upon seeing this, Ke Zhe grinned immediately.

“Haha~”

“Sure enough, as I expected, his title is not worthy of the truth.”

“If you are a titled master, how can you not escape my punch?”

“Smelly boy, I’m not strong, I’m still pretending to be stupid.

” It’s a dead end!”

“Today, I, Ke Zhe, accepted you for King Yama, so I can sacrifice the spirit of Brother Songliang in the sky.”

Before he started, Ke Zhe still had no idea.

But now, seeing that he succeeded with a punch, the confidence in Ke Zhe’s heart naturally expanded.

While laughing proudly, the majestic fists poured crazily in his hand.

However, the smile on Ke Zhe’s face did not last long.

After the fist fell, he only discovered that he had not shaken a single punch.

It’s like, his fist is not hitting people, but hitting the mountains.

“Huh?”

“How is it possible?”

“The grandmaster’s punch can be of great weight.”

“How can this stand stand still?”

Ke Zhe’s face changed abruptly when he looked at the motionless young man in front of him.

The fear in my heart reappeared.

“Old Ke, what’s the situation?”

” Have a little effort!”

“Should we help?”

The masters behind him had just helped the grievances from the ground at this time.

Seeing Ke Zhe’s punch, he didn’t even shake Mark at all, so he frowned and asked.

A few people are even ready to help each other.

However, Ke Zhe waved his hand and said solemnly: "This son is a bit weird."

"The strength is not high, but the physical body is amazing."

"However, the problem is not big."

"Teach an ignorant junior, I am alone. That's enough."

"I will use my full strength in a while, and he will be full of teeth!"

Ke Zhe said confidently.

When the others heard this, they nodded and followed Ke Zhe's show.

After all, even Ke Zhe's tricks can't be avoided, and the unequal person has almost been determined that Mark does not possess the title level strength.

At this time, Ke Zhe's eyes fell on Mark again.

His eyes were gloomy, and a pair of old eyes stared at the young man in front of him faintly.

Like a poisonous snake, spitting out a snake letter, staring at its prey.

"Smelly boy, the skin is quite thick."

"But, can you stand my punch, and can you stand my ten punches?" The

words fell, and Ke Zhe's face suddenly became cold.

Then, with vigor and vigor, with his hands curled, his fist strength was like a crazy rainstorm, pouring frantically at Mark.

One punch~

two

punches ~ ten punches...

At first, Ke Zhe was still full of confidence, thinking that Mark could not last long.

However, after ten punches and twenty punches fell, Ke Zhe began to feel a little restless.

Because Mark is just like growing there.

Let him be stormy, let him do his best.

But it was like a mud cow entering the sea, unable to shake Mark the slightest.

“I don’t believe it!”

“Ahhhh~”

“Dead! Die! Die! Die!”