

Chapter 759

Inside the lounge of the martial arts hall, Nie Haitang looked at several of her defeated companions with a stony face.

This time, the Sino-Korean martial arts exchange was thought to be a very ordinary errand, how could another 70% of people win, only to have the other side directly find a hard nail and defeat more than half of their own people.

"Miss Nie, I'm sorry, we lost."

"That man is too powerful, his fist is as hard as a hammer."

"We've disgraced the seniors of the Yellow School. Alas."

"Huang will be very disappointed with us if he finds out we lost so badly here."

Several of the Yellow School's descendants were blaming themselves, as practitioners of martial arts, the most unacceptable thing is to lose to an opponent ah.

Nie Haitang said soothingly, "That person is someone who has split off from a side branch of the Li family, mastering some of the Li family's breathing discipline methods, and his strength is indeed beyond our imagination. However, I still have a killer move, we won't lose this exchange."

Coldly, an imposing man with a Chinese character face walked up next to him and said, "Tsk tsk, Miss Nie, you are overconfident. That kid, Lee Sang-sung, is indeed half of the blood of that Chinese Li family, but he is not our ace in the hole this time."

The person who came was the highest person in charge of this Korean martial arts exchange mission, Kim Jung-Ming.

"Hmm?" Nie Haitang frowned, could it be that Lee Sang-sung who was still on the field was not the strongest person in the Korean exchange mission this time?

Nie Haitang said, "Mr. Kim, I have seen your list and there is no special talent. Is Mr. Kim afraid that he won't be able to afford to lose later?"

Jin Zhengming said, "Tsk. How can we not lose? We in Korea have always attached great importance to martial arts, and since the introduction of your Chinese breathing method into Taekwondo, it has also allowed our Taekwondo to flourish and be improved in many areas. On the contrary, your Chinese kung fu is so shabby that it has, humph, fallen behind long ago."

"Moreover, after so many years, our manager, with the help of experts from the foreign affairs school, has finally researched another breathing discipline method that can compete with your Chinese martial arts community."

"Hehehehe, Miss Nie, I was worried about this visit, how meaningless it would be if you didn't prepare a back-up and all send some weaklings. Seeing that you have prepared a powerful person, I'm satisfied."

"After today, our Korean martial arts will be able to step on your Yellow School and make a name for ourselves. Hahaha."

Kim Jung Ming left with a dashing maniacal laugh, which made Nie Haitang and the rest of the party very depressed, what kind of backhand had the other side prepared?

At this time, outside on the tournament field, Qin Ming hung up his number plate and went onto the field.

This caused Chen Mulin and the others to be stunned, did he really just go on?

"So Xiao Ming went to register just now?"

"Qin Ming must be able to win. What else would he be doing up there?"

The golden-haired girl in the back seat said viciously, "Going up to make a fool of himself, huh? What else can he do? Hmph, my boyfriend has won the Korean youth martial arts championship. He's not only good at taekwondo, but also karate and free sparring. Your boyfriend doesn't look like a martial arts practitioner, so your boyfriend can just wait and cry, is he really winning with his head?"

Chen Mulin was not convinced and said, "There were some Koreans causing trouble just now, but my boyfriend took care of it. One to five."

The companion next to the blonde woman sneered, "Ouch, that's Koreans being polite and gentlemanly, this is a foreign country after all, we can't mess around. You think everyone is like you unqualified Chinese people?"

Zhao Meng Hua immediately sneered back, "Quality? What a joke. If you had quality, you wouldn't be molesting women. I shame."

"What kind of rumour are you making up? Bitch, you'll be dead when that trash called Qin Ming gets beaten down."

"Are you all bitches? Licking on a foreigner?"

The women were chattering and frothing at the mouth when they got into a fight, like enemies meeting, and if it weren't for the many people around, they would have started a fight.

With a clink, the martial arts exchange on stage began.

Qin Ming stood on the stage and looked around at the hundreds of spectators, all with little atmosphere.

"Who is this guy? Can he win?"

"Disgrace to the Chinese love of martial arts."

"What's going on? This is someone I've never even heard of."

"Ugh, going up there is still a loss, Koreans are too good."

On stage, Lee Sang-sung raised the corner of his mouth and said, "Hear that? Your compatriots don't even think you can win? The Yellow School is really in decline, there aren't many experts left except for following some big bosses to make a living."

Ignoring his opponent's taunts, Qin Ming said, "Just now I saw you hit quite hard and hurt someone. Do you have the appearance of a martial arts practitioner? The exchange is not a life and death fight."

On the other side, Li Xiangxing shook his finger and said arrogantly, "That's because you Chinese people are too rubbish, I can beat you with just a few moves. You're only fit to go to the youth section to do poke board shows."

Suddenly, a woman rushed from the stage. Wasn't it the same golden-haired woman who had been clashing with Qin Ming just now?

She said, "Opa, come on, make sure you give me revenge. This man bullied me just now."

"What? He bullied you?" Lee Sang-sung was surprised, "Didn't you tell him that you are my woman?"

The golden-haired girl cried, "Yes, he bullied me, you must do something for me. Teach him a hard lesson for me and waste him."

Li Xiangxing was furious, "Kid, how dare you touch my woman? You want to die! Ah!"

After a roar, Li Xiangxing took off with force and came at Fei with a standard flying kick.

This kick came with great force and speed, and everyone in the industry could see that it was very strong.

It was not that Qin Ming could not see clearly, but he simply did not think that his opponent's strength was enough to threaten him.

With a bang, Qin Ming did not move at all.

At this moment, in the VIP hall, some of the rising stars of the Yellow School looked at this scene and said, "What's wrong with this man? He didn't even dodge or evade. Miss Nie, is he really more powerful than all of us?"

"He looks like he's very raw."

"It's not his first time on stage, he's too scared to move, is he?"

"Two feet up, this is being treated like a sandbag."

Nie Haitang also looked at the ring below and said, "Don't worry guys, he's very good. I have absolute confidence in him, he won't make us lose face anymore."

At this moment, in the ring, Li Xiangxing had already kicked seven or eight times in a row, but Qin Ming still didn't move at all.

"Ahhhhhh, Opa~!" The golden-haired girl on the stage was screaming with excitement, as an amateur she could not see Qin Ming swimmingly.

"What's going on? Sandbagging?" Li Xiangxing's face however was a little strained, he knew the power of his flying kicks, but its seven or eight kicks didn't work and he couldn't even make Qin Ming fall, he kept to the point that something wasn't right.

"Hey!" Li Xiangxing rushed over with an arrow step and suddenly jumped up in the air, this time putting his best foot forward and launching another kick.

Finally, this time Qin Ming moved, and he threw a flat punch at Li Xiangxing's foot, and with a bang, Li Xiangxing flew backwards.

"With a loud bang, Li Xiangxing landed heavily on the edge of the ring, clutching his calf with a painful look on his face.

Qin Ming, expressionless, walked over, grabbed Li Xiangxing's collar and threw it in front of the golden-haired girl.

The blonde girl was dumbfounded, unable to believe that her boyfriend had been defeated in one move by the man she had just despised in the extreme. She also realised that Qin Ming had not lied to her just now, she had kicked the iron plate and caused her boyfriend to lose his leg.

And Qin Ming didn't even look at her directly.

Qin Ming rubbed his ears, looked up at the people above the VIP seats, took the host's microphone and said, "I want to fight ten."