

The First Heir Chapter 1236

However...

Under everyone's gaze, Philip stood with his arms behind him. His eyes were like burning torches as he stared fixedly at Rafael's punch that was incoming.

This guy was so calm!

Ronnie was very anxious, wishing that he could take this punch for Philip!

Everyone believed that Philip would be crippled if not dead!

After all, he had angered Rafael Lopez of the Lopez family from Fusha!

At the critical juncture!

Suddenly!

A beast-like roar sounded at the entrance of the main hall, carrying an overwhelming pressure with it. It shocked everyone!

"A small Lopez family actually dares to make a move against the noble Young Master Clarke?! Do you still put Jacob Jensen in your eyes?!"

This roar directly shocked everyone's hearts!

Rafael's punch stopped about half an arm's distance from Philip's heart and could not advance another inch!

It was because a white figure was already standing next to Philip, full of majestic coercion!

In mid-air, a wrinkled arm full of explosive power grabbed hold of Rafael's wrist tightly!

Jacob Jensen!

His eyes were as cold as winter, and the veins on his temples bulged slightly. His body radiated beast-like anger!

"The kung fu of the Jensen family! The true art!"

Someone shouted from the crowd and everyone was stunned!

Unexpectedly, they were actually witnessing the legendary kung fu of the Jensen family!

Jacob Jensen had not displayed his skills in public for many years.

Bam!

Following that, Jacob raised his hand and flicked it. Rafael took a few steps back before stopping!

Hiss!

Too strong!

Old Master Jacob Jensen was already in his 80s and still so strong!

There was hope for national martial arts!

With the help of his disciple, Rafael finally stood still. With cold eyes, he stared at Jacob on the opposite side and suppressed his arrogance. Even so, he still said with an intriguing smile, “For Mr. Jacob Jensen to make a move, this world martial arts exchange meeting is worthy of the Lopez family.”

Hmph!

Jacob snorted coldly, guarded Philip behind him, and shouted sternly, “All visitors are guests here, but your actions are too arrogant. Are you disrespecting our country’s martial arts?”

Rafael replied, “Of course not. With Mr. Jensen around, the national martial arts is still evergreen. But I do wonder what will happen when Mr. Jensen is no longer around?”

When everyone heard the words, their hearts shuddered!

However, what Rafael said was a fact. The development of national martial arts was too slow.

Only the older generation was passing it on, while the newcomers rarely excelled in the world martial arts arena.

In short, there was a gap in legacy.

This was the sorrow of national martial arts.

Jacob was also helpless. Although he had been committed to the inheritance and development of national martial arts, the reality was cruel.

Nowadays, more people would choose the more popular mixed martial arts or kickboxing.

Suddenly...

A cold voice sounded from behind Jacob.

“No matter how the national martial arts develop or what it will develop into, it’s not something Fusha should worry about. Since you’ve asked, I can tell you that our national martial arts will always stand at the top of the world! And there will be more inheritors than you have ever seen before!”

Philip said solemnly, “If the Lopez family is unwilling to accept this, we can set up a ring and arrange a match. Of course, all the Fusha martial arts families, or anyone from other countries who are dissatisfied with the national martial arts, are welcome to participate. Our national martial arts have plenty of practitioners and we will accept all challenges!”