

Chapter 760

As soon as Qin Ming struck, he immediately made the audience, which had a low atmosphere, become hot and dry.

That golden-haired girl hastily walked away with her defeated boyfriend in her arms, but halfway there, she was stopped by Chen Mulin, who scoffed, "What? No more watching? Didn't you say that Qin Ming was bragging? Didn't you say your Korean ombudsman was great?"

"You" The blonde girl gritted her teeth in humiliation, not daring to say another word and ran away in a huff.

"Wow, this guy is so fierce, one move."

"It's our Chinese player, oh my, finally a master."

"Wow, good fight young man."

In the VIP seats, those from the Yellow School also showed surprised expressions, very envious of Qin Ming's strength.

On the contrary, on Director Ma's side, he said anxiously to Mr. Kim, the Korean representative, "Mr. Kim, this man is very powerful, he has only recently emerged, and his identity is not simple, so be careful in dealing with him."

With a stern face, Mr. Kim glanced at Nie Haitang's side and said, "This is the expert they have hidden away in the Yellow School? Oh, Mr. Du Tiancheng, are you sure?"

As soon as the words left his mouth, a young man in his early twenties stepped out behind Mr. Jin and looked indifferently at Qin Ming in the ring, saying, "The moves are not systematic enough, but the power is very huge. Let's find a few people to try his basic skills first."

Mr. Jin nodded, "Doesn't he want to fight ten? Just send ten people to fight him and let him drift for a while. He's so arrogant at a young age, how can he be when he's older?"

Director Ma looked very anxious and said, "Mr. Jin, this Qin Ming, I have heard a little about him, he studied under a famous master, his talent is amazing, and I heard that there are many other strange aspects to his identity, so he should not be underestimated. In my opinion, use the rules of the assembly, he did not register to register to drive away forget it."

"Hmph, I'm not underestimating him, but I have confidence in my people." Kim was not impressed and said, "The school of breathing techniques, which is unique to China and has been around for many years, is something that is already behind the times. And we in Korea are once again on top of it to innovate and be able to replace it. Du Tiancheng is a master of the art, and this mongrel of a man, what with Qin Ming, is only worthy of being a stepping stone for Du Tiancheng as he builds his reputation."

Director Ma looked embarrassed, how could this Korean be so confident?

But he had no way to force his way in, the other side was his golden master.

But Qin Ming had caused a lot of trouble in the capital, I heard that even Li Shun of the Li family had lost, although there were rumours of Qin Ming making dirty tricks in the Li family, but no matter what, Qin Ming was a dangerous person.

In the ring, the organisers had actually found ten Korean masters.

With ten fighting one, the atmosphere in the arena reached a peak in an instant, and the shouts continued.

In Chinese territory, if Qin Ming could win one against ten, it was bound to be headline news tomorrow.

In the audience, Chen Mulin worried, "Can Qin Ming win? There are so many people."

Zhao Liniu was also worried, "I'm not sure. But Xiao Ming would only say that if he was sure, right?"

Chen Mulin said again, not understanding, "Why would he do that?"

Zhao Menghua laughed, "Probably to show off in front of you, otherwise if you look at the China-Korea Martial Arts Exchange Competition, they all sign up in advance, didn't he just leave? Probably found a way to get a place. And since we organisers see that the Chinese competitors are losing a lot, it's like using Qin Ming to win it back, isn't that two birds with one stone?"

"For me?" Hearing this explanation, Chen Mulin's heart surged and she looked towards the ring expectantly.

And with an order from the referee, in the ring, ten Korean players rushed towards Qin Ming at the same time.

Ho, in a flash there were three fists and four legs attacking in different directions towards Qin Ming's body.

Although there were many of them, they were prepared and did not scatter or affect each other, Qin Ming could no longer find any dead ends.

Bang Bang Bang Bang~!

All the punches and kicks hit Qin Ming, because he was surrounded, there was no way to dodge ah, it was not like shooting a movie.

However, although Qin Ming was being hit, he was still and his body was sturdy.

One of the Koreans kicked Qin Ming in the calf bone and fractured himself, causing him to scream in pain.

Qin Ming scratched his neck and said, "Tsk, haven't you guys eaten? It seems that our Chinese food is not to your liking, making you come to the martial arts exchange on a hungry stomach."

"No way."

"How could nothing happen at all?"

"I can break five bricks with one punch, and that punch did just hit him in the heart."

"Monster, that's not a person."

Whoosh, Qin Ming suddenly reached out, as fast as a swift shadow, and grabbed the guy who had cursed him for not being a human being, lifting him up like a chicken and dropping him to the ground again.

Qin Ming sneered, "A competition is a competition, but cursing someone is wrong. Do you think I don't have a temper?"

With a bang, the Korean couldn't get up even after being heavily thrown.

His own side had struck with all their might and felt nothing on the other side, while Qin Ming had taken down one person with a casual strike?

This oppressive force was too powerful.

The remaining eight Koreans all subconsciously retreated, and he realised that Qin Ming was much more powerful than them.

But as they retreated, Qin Ming took the initiative to strike instead.

In the small ring, he was as fast as a gust of wind, passing by in a flash, and finally he walked to the edge of the ring and said, "Your Korean players are too weak, are there any more powerful ones?"

There was silence in the room, all of them thought that Qin Ming had overplayed his hand.

"Hey, kid, you're too pretentious, aren't you? Aren't there still eight of them here? You should have said yes."

"Yeah, you're just circling around them"

Before the words left their mouths, the eight remaining Korean players suddenly lost consciousness and fell to the ground.

They had actually been defeated somehow?

"This can't be!"

"This is too fast?"

"Didn't he just run around? When did he strike?"

"This man is so powerful, what's his name? What a light of China. This time the Koreans can't be arrogant."

At this moment, in the VIP seats, Mr. Kim, the Korean representative, was so surprised that he plunged right in front of the glass door and said, "How is it possible? When did he strike? Du Tiancheng, did you get a good look?"

The people around him were also shocked, because no one had seen clearly, they only saw Qin Ming circling around his opponent, they hadn't seen him make a move at all.

On the other side, Nie Haitang and the others were all in shock and disbelief.

"Is he the senior disciple of Real Zhang? So powerful, I heard that he had only learnt martial arts for a short while."

"No wonder Miss Nie is so confident, we're sure to win this time."

"The Koreans won't be able to be arrogant this time."

Before the words left his mouth, the Yellow School player who had spoken was suddenly kicked away from behind with a huge impact, sending him to the other side of the room.

The crowd turned around to see the young man named Du Tiancheng, who was beside the Korean representative Mr. Kim.

"Hey hey, you're in the way." Do Thien Sung scoffed contemptuously, "Is this your trump card? It's too ridiculous. Li Shun would lose to such a person? Hahahahaha, let your hearts look forward to it for a while, and I will immediately dash your Yellow School's hopes."

"Mmhmm!" Nie Haitang was very upset when she heard this and said, "Stop talking big here, I've investigated your strength, you can't win against him."

Du Tiancheng threw back his head and laughed disdainfully, "Hahahaha, beautiful, seeing as you care so much about him, then wait and enjoy the look on his face as he kneels down and begs for mercy from me. Your Chinese breathing school is old hat, our Korean ones are the strongest."