

Chapter 756

Nie Haitang stepped in and settled the matter. Even though Qin Ming was not afraid of trouble, he was glad that Nie Haitang defended him and drove away Director Ma and others who were looking for trouble.

It was the few people around him who were very surprised.

"Nie Haitang?" Chen Mulin was the first to feel vocal, saying, "So you're in the capital city."

Zhao Liniu said, "How did you leave without saying anything in the first place? Xiao Ming has been looking for you for a long time."

Several people looked at Nie Haitang, dressed a little more mature than before, less pure and beautiful than when she was at the Polytechnic University, and a little more ebullient and mature. あ七^八中文ヤ~8~1~ <.

When Nie Haitang saw Qin Ming, her heart was still jealous, so she deliberately raised her head and gave a "hum", then with a ruffle of her hair, she turned her head and walked away.

Chen Mulin's heart snapped and she said, "Did I say something wrong?"

Qin Ming was embarrassed, "You didn't say anything wrong, but you did something wrong."

Liang Shaoyong said, "Why is this person so arrogant? How can we say that we used to be in the same school, and we know each other, or our ex-girlfriend ah."

Sun Zhipeng said, "Look at her now, she seems to be doing well. A rich family is a rich family, when they went bankrupt, it's not something we can compare to now."

Qin Ming didn't care about these things, he thought back to the condition that Director Ma had just backed down on, surprisingly the two sides won or lost in the tournament ring.

Although Qin Ming was Zhang Quanzhen's disciple, he did not know much about the Chinese martial arts world, and only knew that the Huang School and the Bai and Mu families were all long-established traditional martial arts families with unique breathing discipline methods, yet they were very low-key.

When he entered the auditorium, he realised that there was a junior section and a youth section of the competition, with both exhibition and actual matches, and that Liang Shaoyong had bought a ticket for the actual match.

After such a scene, Qin Ming could not refuse Chen Mulin again.

"Let's see the martial arts competition first." Qin Ming shook his head and didn't think too much more about it.

As Zhang Quanzhen's disciple, Qin Ming was mostly self-taught, and although he had performed well before, there were opponents who were not sure of his strength

and relied on "one power to subdue ten" moves, or else "four two to dial a thousand jin" to win by trickery.

But he also knows that when it comes to many life-and-death situations, these two techniques won't work and he might even get shot at.

Learning more fighting skills and practical combat skills were also important to Qin Ming.

The bouts on the stage changed one after another and the group was watching with great interest.

Chen Mulin marvelled, "They are so good, such a thick wooden board, a single finger pierced through it."

Zhao Menghua said, "That's for learning real skills, it's not like boxing. And they charge a lot of money, so not many people sign up. This event today is considered a big one."

Qin Ming was surprised, "You know so much about it, Sister Zhao?"

Zhao Meng Hua said, "Of course, the owner of our company, who has exchange activities with these martial arts associations, did an issue to promote it. Just now I was actually afraid that the company would fire me if things got too big. It was still thanks to you, Qin Ming, to carry it down for me."

Qin Ming said humbly, "It's a small matter. But these people are still only at the junior entry level."

Several people looked at Qin Ming strangely, "How do you know?"

Qin Ming scratched his head, it was hard to explain, he had done this before, it was so hard at first, it was a basic introduction to inch strength.

Chen Mulin said with surprise, "By the way, I didn't realise how quickly things came together just now, but you're quite a good fighter too, Qin Ming. Those few Koreans were all practiced, and you solved them in one move. Aren't you in the badminton club?"

Qin Ming let out a harrumph and said, "Uh, this is actually something I've practiced before, I guess. When I was in middle school, I loved fighting and learned a few moves in a hurry from an old god."

"Oh, that's awesome, just now it was thanks to you." Chen Mulin looked at Qin Ming with affectionate eyes and clapped her small hands.

When Qin Ming saw Chen Mulin's adoring little eyes, he was a little embarrassed, feeling like he was bragging after learning some kung fu.

"Humph, just pick up girls, what's the point of bragging here? It's disgusting." Suddenly, a cold word came from behind.

Qin Ming looked back and saw that it was also a few young men.

He wondered, he hadn't offended them either, had he?

"What are you looking at?" The one who wanted to look at the evil words was a woman, who also dyed her hair blonde, clasping her arms, and said disdainfully, "Chinese men are the most useless, they just know how to brag. They are especially fond of bragging about Chinese martial arts, and have been slapped in the face countless times. They like to learn from old men and masters, but they can only make a movie to masturbate."

"Hey, we didn't offend you, did we?" Chen Mulin frowned and said, "What's the matter with you humiliating people by rising to the national level?" Seven Eight Chinese ^ computer end:m./

That golden-haired woman said, "I'm telling the truth, ah. Oh, you can't just continue to be cheated. You see this game, it's the Koreans who win. They are so good at taekwondo. All the Chinese players have lost. That's the difference. Chinese martial arts are just useless."

Even if they like foreign martial arts, they don't have to denigrate Chinese martial arts so much.

Qin Ming said, "How can such a beginner's level represent the whole of China? Moreover, the people who came this time are only part of the Chinese martial arts branch. The Korean players are obviously all elites in full force."

The blonde woman said contemptuously, "Tsk, our country is full of people with bad brains like you. If you lose, you lose, and if you don't learn Korean taekwondo properly, you know how to make excuses for yourself."

As she was saying that, there was a commotion from the audience, and it seemed that some powerful person was coming on the stage.

The golden-haired woman added, "Look, the Chinese side of the competition has come out with an ace. This time, Korea hasn't even called out its ace yet, and China is a complete loser."

"You've lost, didn't you hear that it was a beginner level competition?" Liang Shaoyong was dissatisfied, "How are we Chinese inferior? The one in front of you just beat up a Korean."

A few of his companions around the blonde woman sneered disdainfully, "You can really brag about that. The one on the stage is still a beginner? Are you out of your mind? Is it so hard to admit that Koreans are good? You despise others, why don't you go on?"

Qin Ming and his group were only here to watch the match, why should they go on? Isn't that a sophistry?

These words really pissed off the crowd.

The golden-haired girl sneered, "What? Not convinced? I just love it when you losers don't give in and can't fuck me over, huh huh."

A few of her friends around her also laughed disdainfully.

Qin Ming couldn't stand it anymore, he oohed and aahed and stood up, his finger through the wooden board was just, he had to show his hand so that these guys who worshipped foreigners would know that the masters were in the folk.

"What are you doing?" The blonde girl was immediately startled by Qin Ming, a few people immediately pulled out their mobile phones and warned, "I'm warning you, we are foreign students in Korea, we know many great masters, many of the OBs on stage for the competition are known to us."

Qin Ming was about to show his hands when his phone suddenly rang.

He looked down and saw that it was Nie Haitang.

Nie Haitang said with great difficulty, "Qin Ming, come here for a moment, I'm in trouble here."