

# Chapter 761

In the ring, Qin Ming saw his last opponent.

He had only wanted to show a couple of casual hands to do Nie Haitang a favour and also to promote the Chinese martial arts, but it seemed that the man, it seemed, was not a simple expert.

"Your name is Qin Ming?" Du Tiancheng asked with a disdainful grin, "I've heard of you, who once challenged the Bai family."

"I ....." Qin Ming was about to say something.

Suddenly Du Tiancheng rushed forward and punched Qin Ming with a muffled boom, hitting him on the bridge of his nose, and blood immediately flowed everywhere.

"Wow!" The people in the venue were in shock, how could this happen? To strike all of a sudden?

Nie Haitang in the VIP seat was so distraught that she pounded her hands on the glass and cursed, "Mr. Kim, Director Ma, is this your Korean game poise? The referee hasn't even called for the start yet."

Mr Kim shrugged unconcernedly and said, "This is his personal dictum and I will impose a penalty on him afterwards. If Miss Nie feels afraid to fight anymore and admits defeat, I will immediately inform down and tell them to stop the match."

Director Ma said aside, "Just now, this Qin Ming, with his gun, was bullying a few of us newcomers. Why didn't he state his identity? Miss Nie, don't forget what we just promised. Is it because you can't afford to lose? If you feel sorry for this friend of yours, then just admit defeat."

"Who's afraid? Who admits defeat." The Yellow School disciple next to him retorted angrily.

"That's right, it's obvious that you guys are the ones who sneaked in, and you still have a point?"

Nie Haitang reached out to stop her men and gritted her teeth, thinking, "What my teacher has explained to me, I must win, otherwise I won't be able to save face and it won't be easy to pull in sponsorship."

She was clenching her teeth when she suddenly saw Qin Ming wiping his nosebleed, looking up at the VIP seats, looking at Nie Haitang and making an "ok" gesture.

When Nie Haitang saw Qin Ming's gesture, her heart warmed, knowing that Qin Ming was still holding on for her.

In the ring, Qin Ming wiped his nosebleed and said, "Stealing from the head, you really have a competitive spirit."

"....." Du Tiancheng cocked his head and said, "What a cheap bone, tough enough."

Whoosh, Du Tiancheng's body flashed and rushed forward, a hook punch came down, Qin Ming immediately raised his hand to block, but halfway Du Tiancheng changed his stance and flew up with a kick.

Boom!

Qin Ming was kicked in the chest and flew backwards, crashing into the wooden stakes of the ring, looking like he had been beaten up.

Du Tiancheng said disdainfully, "Tsk, you're really just a sandbag, with all your brute strength, not much different from a beast. Look, this is the hope of your Chinese martial arts community? Ridiculous."

The Korean player, Do Thien Sung, opened his hands in triumph and flaunted his power to the audience supporting Qin Ming.

The audience saw that Qin Ming had been beaten back twice and realised that something was not right.

And at the VIP table, the Korean representative, Mr Kim, smiled smugly, "Oh, it seems that I overestimated the people you got here. Miss Nie, your Yellow School has really gone down the drain in China, huh? Hahaha."

Nie Haitang bit her lip in pain, she could no longer go and reprimand the other party for sneaking in at this time, she was more worried about Qin Ming's safety.

She endured Mr. Jin's laughter and hurriedly darted to the edge of the ring.

"Qin Ming!" Nie Haitang swooped down to the edge of the ring and said heartily, "How are you?"

Qin Ming froze for a moment and said, "Why are you down? I'm okay, I guess. This guy really has some skills, his inch strength is very powerful, he is a master. I do have a bit of a gap in kung fu, after all, I have only learnt martial arts for a short while."

"This ....." Nie Haitang didn't expect Qin Ming to give the other guy such a high rating.

She said, "In that case, let's not compete anymore, I can't watch you get beaten."

However, Qin Ming pressed one hand against Nie Haitang's lips and said, "No fear, Master once told me that if you don't know your opponent, then take a beating, and if you take more beating, you'll know your opponent. I've taken two hits, it's not a problem. Take care of him soon, I promise not to lose your face."

Nie Haitang said anxiously, "Don't be blindly confident. We have a lot of fireworks with each other, the Koreans won't show you any mercy."

Qin Ming was noncommittal and went straight back to the field.

Du Tiancheng laughed, "So Miss Nie, the representative of the Yellow School, is still your woman? Tsk. You really know how to talk big in front of your own woman, beating me? Do you know why we in Korea are better than you in China? It's because I have mastered a much better breathing discipline method."

Qin Ming frowned as he watched Du Tiancheng in front of him open his mouth and inhale heavily, his Qi and blood instantly rising and his muscles becoming hard.

Seeing this, Qin Ming said, "You're not extreme arousal?"

Du Tiancheng was stunned and frowned, "Oh? A punk like you, you have actually heard of Extreme Excitation? This is a loophole in your Chinese breathing discipline method, through the breathing rate and throughput, the lung cavity becomes full, and the body that has been hammering for years is filled with power. It can explode with ten times more power than usual."

"It seems that you must be rendered speechless to do so."

Qin Ming suddenly smiled, "Human potential is infinite, especially a powerful body that can be subtly stimulated through the Breathing Gate Method. But there is a drawback in it, didn't your teacher ever tell you about it?"

"A drawback?" Du Tiancheng's expression changed again, "Impossible, this is a secret that our Korean martial arts group discovered together. It works, while no one in your Chinese martial arts community has ever used it."

Qin Ming said, "That's of course, because this kind of extreme stimulation of the human body's potential increases with age, and the greater the burden on the body after each abatement. It is easy to age prematurely and not survive past the age of fifty. Because this is the consensus of the martial arts community, so people don't do this, and down-to-earth exercise is the way to go."

Du Tiancheng's face changed again, the trick he had worked so hard to discover to improve his strength was actually something that others denied?

He denied it and said, "You are a very bad Chinese. This is impossible, I don't see anything wrong with it. We Koreans invented this, and soon we will apply for a patent and let the whole world know about it."

Qin Ming said indifferently, "That's because you've only been practising this extreme stimulation for a short while, right? The initial symptoms should be insomnia, and then endocrine imbalance, causing the body to feel itchy skin isn't it."

After saying that, Qin Ming saw Du Tiancheng scratching his skin, his face was unusually ugly as he had indeed been suffering from insomnia recently.

Qin Ming knew what was going on just by looking at his expression and laughed out loud, "Hahahaha, you're really nocturnal, I thought why you were so strong, but it turns out that you've overdrawn your life force."

"Shut up!" Du Tiancheng became irritated, "Even so, you will be defeated here today."

As soon as the words left his mouth, the furious Du Tiancheng charged up recklessly, accumulating his full strength in a fist that locked up all of Qin Ming's dodging positions and rushed down fiercely on him.

And at that moment, his pupils suddenly glared, and to his surprise, he saw Qin Ming's aura skyrocketing with the same breath he had taken at a glance.

Boom~!

The two fists clashed, Du Tiancheng's arm then tore like a chainsaw, the bones directly penetrated his shoulder, and his whole body flew backwards, the scene was once bloody.

Qin Ming took a deep breath and slowly said, "We Chinese, we usually use such moves with great after-effects when we are in a life and death struggle."

"Ahhh, you, you ....." Du Tiancheng looked up in horror, after stimulating his potential, Qin Ming was more than ten times more powerful than him, he was like a baby facing a child compared to Qin Ming, what he prided himself on was not even worth talking about in the Chinese martial arts world ah.

On this side of the venue, it was so quiet that a pin drop could be heard, Qin Ming's punch was so handsome and violent that it swept away the doubts that they had just thought that Qin Ming might not be able to defeat him.

"Roar~!" The audience then let out a roar of cheers.

In the VIP seats, Director Ma's face was ashen and dumbfounded, and the Korean representative, Mr Kim, saw the scene and gritted his teeth in hatred, "How could this happen? This man deserves to die."