

Ancient 207

Chapter 207 - 103 I'll Go Kill Him_2

Fighting doesn't really count.

He originally didn't plan to join in such excitement, but suddenly thought that behind the West Port Forbidden Zone, there seemed to be an organization, and entering the sights of those big shots might make it easier to obtain intelligence.

After all, he had the Lock of Nonexistence in hand.

With a human skin mask slapped on his face, he could transform into another person and retreat at any time.

Just like the Joker.

"If Uncle wins, our money can buy enough medicine, and next month we can rent a human-snake ship to leave here and live in a small country in Southeast Asia. But rest assured, before we leave, we'll teach you everything you need to know, maybe you'll be the next store manager."

Zhong Li blinked: "The store manager's salary is high. But when you go to the Black Spade Bar later, be careful not to provoke those devils. Come on, let's find my dad first, with him around we can squeeze into the front."

The Black Spade Bar was bustling with people, multi-colored lights flashing across the dome, heavy metal roaring faintly with abandon, the hoarse singing like soldiers roaring in a battlefield, rough and wild.

The fight between the two boxing champions had already reached a life-and-death level.

Wild Dog was a stout man nearly two meters tall, weighing close to 250 pounds, but at this moment he was covered in blood, his face swollen beyond recognition, teeth all shattered.

He was wheezing, kneeling on the ground, unsure how many bones had been broken.

His right hand fell weakly, clearly broken.

Vulture was a middle-aged man, whose height and weight seemed unremarkable, but whose eyes were blood-red and body covered in scars and soaked in blood.

A wound torn open by Qi ran through his chest, fresh blood gushing out.

But his limbs were unharmed.

This was the semi-final of the boxing match, Vulture and Wild Dog were both Second Rank in the Ancient Martial Path, but the former had better combat skills, a deeper foundation in Martial Arts, and could naturally utilize his Extraordinary Ability better.

The Ancient Martial Path was like this, if your research in Martial Arts wasn't deep, it was the weakest profession.

But if you had in-depth research in Martial Arts, you could almost sweep through the same rank.

For example, during the Southern Song Period, the founder of the Wudang Sect, Zhang Sanfeng, entered the realm of transcendence through Martial Arts, achieving the Demigod Rank by creating Tai Chi Boxing and becoming invincible.

Bang!

Another vicious uppercut.

Wild Dog flew into the air, his jawbone shattering with an audible crack.

He stumbled against the railing, shakily getting up, his eyes filled with killing intent.

After this punch, Vulture was breathless, a hint of madness flashing in his eyes, but he didn't attack again.

Because after fighting to this point, the spirituality had dried up, it was purely a brawl.

It was a contest of willpower!

"Good!"

"Well done! Don't surrender! Keep fighting!"

"Kill him! Kill him!"

In the crowd, Zhong Guoqing grasped the railing nervously, staring at the battle.

Until Zhong Li pulled Gu Jianlin over, he didn't turn his head.

"Dad!"

In the noisy crowd, Zhong Li leaned over and shouted: "How is it? Who will win?"

Zhong Guoqing, full of tension, muttered: "I don't know, don't speak! Watch the outcome! Watch the outcome!"

"Dad, didn't you say you wouldn't bet?"

Zhong Li stared at him, pouting: "We agreed, win or lose, no betting!"

"Oh, I know! Could I gamble with our survival money? I only bet a hundred!"

Zhong Guoqing craned his neck to look, impatiently saying: "Just a little fun!"

Gu Jianlin stood at the back, amidst the shouting crowd, seeming out of place.

"Xiao Gu!"

Zhong Li turned her head to look at him: "What path are you in? Who do you think will win?"

Gu Jianlin looked at her calmly, asking: "Aren't you in the Witch Path? Why ask me?"

Zhong Li stuck out her tongue: "I don't dare to look..."

As a Witch, if she released her perception, she could easily judge the outcome.

But she didn't dare, fearing she would foresee a bad outcome too early.

Gu Jianlin said nothing; in the eyes of normal people, the fight indeed seemed like Vulture was pressing Wild Dog.

But the problem was, in his Life Perception...

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Vulture roared, swinging three heavy punches in succession!

Each punch fell like an angry hammer, exerting all his strength, crazy and fierce.

Facing such an attack, Wild Dog could only hold his head in defense, retreating step by step!

Boom!

Another punch, Wild Dog's left hand also broke, the sound of bone breaking clearly audible!

"Good!"

In the stands, Zhang Miao, the boss behind the scenes, stood up, cheering with raised arms.

Zhu Cheng stood cold-faced to the side, sneering.

"Looks like it's time for a decisive outcome."

Mr. Liu, hands behind his back, smiled and said: "This Vulture's fighting skills aren't bad."

Under the black silk curtain, Miss Lan chuckled and asked: "Moon Princess, what do you think?"

Moon Princess said indifferently: "Wild Dog won."

A flash of disgust appeared in her eyes.

Beside her, Butcher was stunned: "Huh? Boss, what did you say?"

In that moment, the crowd exploded with excited cheers, the heavy metal music roaring to its climax.

Wild Dog collapsed in the corner of the railing, gasping for air, both hands hanging weakly.

Vulture strode forward, delivering a deadly punch.