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The other party didn't have a little repentance at all. He glanced at the little girl and found that the girl was dressed very plainly, and her face was a little dirty. At first glance, she was a child from a poor family. He had no background, so he scolded disdainfully. "It's just a broken child from a poor ghost family. If you crash and die, I can take insurance. But now I have a car crashed, and the maintenance costs are millions. You two poor ghosts can afford this. Responsibility!"

He yelled and was aggressive. He was rich and he was superior to others, which made him uncomfortable.

Lin Ziming's eyes became even colder, everyone who knew him knew that he was angry.

"You are a poor ghost. Seeing what you mean, you think you are rich, so you can ignore other people's lives?" Lin Ziming asked rhetorically.

The other party snorted and said, "The life of a poor ghost is a horrible life, so what if he is killed. This little guy knows that it is a poor ghost at first glance. If she is killed by me, the insurance will compensate her at that time. The family has a sum of money, and her parents are not allowed to be grateful to me!"

Lin Ziming was really angry when he heard these words. Even with his status and position, he has never ignored the lives of others. In his opinion, everyone is equal and there is no distinction between high and low in life. Whoever it is, the poor or the rich, life is equally precious.

Now, when he heard this guy's words, he was already angry.

"According to you, your life is very precious?" Lin Ziming said with a smile. The other party snorted, straightened his waist, and took it for granted, "Of course! I have a net worth of more than 100 million yuan, and the cost of a month is comparable to the income of you poor ghosts for ten years! I and you This kind of poor ghost talks so much nonsense, and Lao Tzu can't afford to pay for your virtue. A poor ghost is a poor ghost, and you will be a poor ghost all your life."

After he finished speaking, he spit on Lin Ziming's feet. In that way, as much as you owe you, you will owe you as much as you owe you.

However, at this moment, Lin Ziming made a move, and he didn't even hit anyone. Instead, he picked up an iron rod on the ground and pointed it directly at the McLaren sports car. Smashed the sports car beyond recognition.

It's not just a crash of the front of the car, but the whole car is broken. It is no longer a concept of maintenance, but a rebuild.

"You!!" The guy's eyes were cracking, he pointed at Lin Ziming, his face was full of anger, and his body was shaking violently with anger!

The crowd onlookers were also frightened by Lin Ziming's behavior, and

they had never seen such a crazy person. You know, this is a McLaren sports car worth millions of dollars, not an ordinary car.

If you smash it like this, you have to pay for it!

The little girl was also stunned. She thought that the big brother Lin Ziming was so domineering.

Lin Ziming clapped his hands, as if he had just done a trivial thing, and said: "Since you are so rich, smashing your car, I believe you will not have any impact."

The man directly exploded, and he roared angrily, "I want to kill you!!"

He ran over like crazy, wanting to teach Lin Ziming, but his embroidered pillow, which is completely silver gun wax head, is the bottom of the garbage among ordinary people, how can it pose a threat to Lin Ziming? He didn't even rush to ask Lin Ziming, but Lin Ziming kicked it easily.