

Chapter: 1590

Lin Ziming's hand once again shocked countless people, and made the noisy atmosphere of the audience quiet again.

Nakake Junichiro had never suffered such humiliation before, he spouted a mouthful of blood again, and his eyes fainted.

With this dizziness, the entire Sun Nation lost its backbone. The rest of the people began to mess around, lowering their heads, afraid to look at the faces of the Chinese people, so they had to help Zhongjing Junichiro and back down grievly.

After they all left, a wave broke out on the scene.

Many Chinese people shouted:

“Long live instructor Lin!”

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“Instructor Lin is invincible!!”

At this moment, all the Chinese people present felt that they had lost their toughness and recovered. Even in the face of so many foreign masters, they no longer felt as guilty as they were just now, and started to really look up.

Instructor Lin gave them the arrogance and courage they deserve.

Seeing this change, Lin Ziming also smiled, thinking that his behavior just now was valuable.

Now China has indeed faced hostility from many countries, which has caused many Chinese people to be unconfident and even feel inferior. But he knows that Chinese people are never bad, but they lack a piece of national self-confidence.

He didn't have the ability before, but he had no way. Now that he has this ability and this identity, he should help the people of the country and regain this national self-confidence!

Soon, his gaze crossed the faces of the many foreigners present. Although his eyes were very plain, there was no hostility, and there was no coercion, but in his performance just now, the image of the incomparable big devil was already It is deeply rooted in the hearts of the people.

As a result, everyone who was staring at him bowed their heads and dared not look at him.

Even the dozens of Innate Realm Dzogchen masters, facing his gaze, subconsciously dodge.

The corners of Lin Ziming's mouth rose slightly, revealing a disdainful smile. No matter how many foreigners there are, he seems to be nothing more than an ant, and there are no people that he can really appreciate.

Turning around, Lin Ziming saw Peng Zhuo, Zhao Xia and others behind him, staring at him with scorching eyes. The look in his eyes made him a little uncomfortable. He smiled and said, “Why, what kind of eyes do you guys don't recognize me anymore? ?”

He made a little joke.

Peng Zhuo and the others took a deep breath, and then performed an action that surprised Lin Ziming, even flattered, and saw them collectively bowed to Lin Ziming and said together: "Instructor Lin, thank you for your help. Sigh."

"This..." Lin Ziming was stunned for a moment, and quickly waved his hand: "Hurt! What a big deal I thought? You are treating me as an outsider. It's not like a Chinese."

"No, instructor Lin, you don't understand." A senior officer from Xuanyuan 3rd Division said seriously: "Instructor Lin, you joined late. You have never experienced the humiliation we have suffered in the world over the years. Especially. So Nakakay Junichiro, we can't wait for him to die, but it's a pity that we don't have this ability. Today, you have done what so many of us have wanted to do for so many years. So..."

"Thank you, Instructor Lin!"

He said very solemnly.

The other people also had the same expression, making Lin Ziming silent at this moment, and he felt the weight and gratitude of everyone.

After being silent for a while, he also said earnestly: "Please rest assured, with me in the future, I will try my best to get back the lost face of China one by one!"