

## Chapter: 1627

Qin Long couldn't bear the pressure brought by Lin Ziming at all. He kept backstage, cold sweat came out of his forehead.

His own reaction made him very ashamed. He couldn't take care of that much. He directly said to the martial artist next to him: "Master Wu, you still don't want to make a move!"

After the voice fell, the one called Master Wu had already stood up. His figure was not too tall, he was only in his early 1.7 meters, and his figure looked quite dry and thin, but his body was not too tall. That momentum seemed to everyone present, not much weaker than Lin Ziming, or even stronger!

"Little friend, do you really think that you are number one in the world, and no one can cure you?" Master Wu's voice was particularly thick and hoarse, and it didn't seem to match his image very well.

Because of Master Wu's words, Qin Long immediately felt a lot more relaxed. He breathed a sigh of relief, and his breathing slowly became smoother.

However, Lin Ziming didn't care about Master Wu, but continued to walk towards Qin Long. His face still had that kind of indifferent expression. Obviously, Master Wu was not in his eyes.

So for an instant, Qin Long once again felt the aura of Mount Tai's pressure on top, and he was completely overwhelmed!

What's more, what made Qin Long's heart beat the most was that Lin Ziming showed a threatening smile on his face. In Qin Long's eyes, it was completely a smile from the god of death, which scared him and subconsciously shouted, "Master Wu help me!"

It was at this time that Lin Ziming made a bold move, and he didn't see how much he moved, so he jumped directly in front of Qin Long, then stretched out his five fingers with his right hand and grabbed it towards Qin Long.

At this moment, in Qin Long's spiritual world, he felt that his eyes were blocked, and Lin Ziming's palm was like a large mountain shrouded in front of him, blocking all his sight.

Moreover, it is full of absolute oppression. Once Lin Ziming's palm falls, then he is the Monkey King at the foot of Wuzhi Mountain, the Buddha, who will be suppressed for five hundred years!

At this moment, Qin Long truly realized the horror of Lin Ziming, which was not something he could contend with a warrior who had just stepped into the innate realm!

Even in front of Lin Ziming, he didn't even have the courage to escape.

"Humph!"

But at this moment, Master Wu on the side was angry and snorted heavily, like a thunder, which exploded in the audience. Then, he also started to

make a move and launched a fierce attack on Lin Ziming!

“Presumptuous, a yellow-haired boy, dare to be arrogant in front of this seat?!”

Master Wu’s shot once again reduced Qin Long’s pressure a lot.

Got a respite.

“Master Wu has taken action, this time Lin Ziming is hard to fly!”

“Hmph, this Lin Ziming thought that he relied on the pill pile to reach the congenital realm to achieve great perfection, that is, invincible exists. In Yandu, it is not his turn to be arrogant!”

“Master Wu is a famous Dzogchen expert in the Innate Realm, and Lin Ziming is going to be unlucky this time.”

“That’s for sure, regardless of how long Master Wu has been famous, even if this surnamed Lin is lucky enough to reach the Innate Realm Dzogchen, it is absolutely impossible to be Master Wu’s opponent.”

“I bet that if Lin Ziming can’t last for five minutes, he will be beaten to the ground by Master Wu.”