

Chapter: 1647

For a while, everyone sighed and worried, thinking that China would definitely not be able to get any good rankings in this Kung Fu Cup.

Not only won't get a good ranking, but it will also become a laughing stock in the world.

You must know that the previous Kung Fu Cup, as long as it is the host country, will not achieve too bad results, but this time, because of the loss of too many masters in the past few years, there is now a situation of failure to accept the green and yellow. What a master.

In this way, Hua Guo's situation is more embarrassing. If there are really no quarterfinals by then, it would really be a shame!

Originally, because of the outbreak of Lin Ziming a few days ago, they all began to have great expectations for Lin Ziming, hoping that Lin Ziming could help China achieve good results and even win the championship in this session of the Kung Fu Cup!

However, after these two days, Lin Ziming disappeared and no one knew where he went. In addition to the various frustrations of the Chinese warriors over the past two days, they had an extremely pessimistic mood, thinking that this time the Kung Fu Cup, China is hopeless.

Some people even started to complain about Lin Ziming and whispered in a low voice.

"Isn't Instructor Lin very good? As the strongest man in China this time, where he went, he will immediately start the Innate Realm master level group stage. Now instructor Lin has not appeared, he is true. Have you flinched, don't plan to fight for China?"

This voice came out, although the voice was very small, but everyone present was a warrior, and it still reached many people's ears.

All of a sudden the voice of the audience stopped, and everyone's expressions began to change.

Some are angry, some are pessimistic, some sigh, some are desperate, and some complain.

"Oh! Instructor Lin, maybe he is still too young after all. He has not experienced our time, so the national sentiment is not as profound as ours."

"However, he is the strongest among the younger generation of our country. As far as I know, he is still the organizer of this Kung Fu Cup. If he doesn't even participate, what hope does China have?"

"Everyone has their own ambitions. It is possible to save yourself. After all, the quarter-finals are to be played together. If instructor Lin comes on the court alone, then he will definitely be attacked by seven other opponents. At that time, even if Lin Ziming is more powerful, he is not a powerhouse in the realm of the gods after all, he will inevitably fall."

Hearing these words, everyone was quiet again, everyone was speechless,

and their hearts were very heavy.

They wanted Lin Ziming to make a move, but they also knew that if Lin Ziming made a move in this case, it would be different from looking for death.

So they could only sigh deeply, and it's hard to say anything. After all, during this period of time, Lin Ziming first defeated Zhongjing Junichiro and violently crushed the black mamba, which was already a prestige for China.

It's a pity that in such a huge country, apart from Lin Ziming, there are no other powerful young experts.

However, just when everyone's heart was heavy, a voice rang from the crowd.

“I will go to the competition.”

The voice was not very loud, but it spread clearly to everyone's ears, making everyone stunned, and then quickly looking in the direction of the sound source, they saw it immediately, with a face hanging on their faces. With a faint expression, Lin Ziming walked over slowly.