

Chapter: 1675

Not just the two of them, but many people looked at Lin Ziming.

This is the most powerful martial artist in this Kung Fu Cup, and it is also the only hope for the entire Chinese nation.

If the twelve warriors died in the ring today, who was the hardest hit, it was Lin Ziming.

As the saying goes, the greater the ability, the greater the responsibility. As this Kung Fu Cup, Lin Ziming, the strongest of the Chinese side, especially the condensed innate realm Dzogchen, half-footed into the super power For him, watching his compatriots be beaten to death was the biggest blow to him!

Under everyone's gaze, Lin Ziming stood there like a sculpture, motionless, with no expression on his face. He could not guess what he was thinking, but it was certain that Lin Ziming was sure in his heart. It is very uncomfortable.

Finally, Lin Ziming made a move under everyone's gaze. He saluted the twelve heroes who died on the ring, his face was serious, and he brought respect.

Soon, and slowly, someone followed suit and saluted the twelve heroes.

All this happened silently.

But it looked extremely heavy.

When other foreign warriors saw this scene, they all smiled. They have slowly stopped putting Hua Guo in their eyes. What if Hua Guo Lin Ziming is such a super strong? It was also powerless, and could only watch his compatriots be killed.

As for those Chinese martial artists, their brains were also flooded. They knew that they couldn't beat them, so they didn't surrender. They would rather die in the ring than surrender.

Of course, not all of the Chinese warriors are losing. Among them, there are also a few Chinese warriors, who are already strong, and they have burst out of potential, played supernormally, and won the game beautifully, and even beat their opponents. Disabled, a lot of morale increased!

Finally, the game of this day came to an end. Calculate, the warriors of China have sacrificed a total of twelve people, of which eight people were seriously injured, and only six people won the game. Even the one who won the game Of the six people, there are also three people who have a lot of color on their bodies.

In other words, the Hua Guo camp suffered heavy losses today.

The atmosphere was very dignified, but no one said a word of negative energy. At this moment, all the Chinese warriors were twisted into a rope.

Even the warriors who are going to compete next, even if they know that the front is full of dangers, they don't say a word, and they don't show the

slightest fear.

At night, the twelve Chinese martial artists who died on the ring were placed together, and everyone simply held a funeral for them.

Lin Ziming appeared. Everyone saluted him when they saw him, showing their admiration for him.

“You are all good-looking, you haven’t lost the face of Hua Guo.” Lin Ziming looked at the twelve corpses in front of him, said very seriously, and his eyes were full of respect.

At this moment, a warrior said, “Instructor Lin, can we really win this time?”

Hearing this, the others also looked at Lin Ziming with expectation and anxiety.

Before that, no one had expected that this Kung Fu Cup would develop so tragically that the Chinese Congress was targeted by all countries.

Facing everyone’s gaze, Lin Ziming smiled and said, “Why, don’t you believe me?”

Seeing Lin Ziming’s smile, they immediately felt a lot relaxed. They were originally nervous, but now they are calm. A lot.

Yes, can they not believe Lin Ziming? The answer is yes, you must trust Lin Ziming.