

## Chapter: 1695

After Yao Wei fell to the ground, he struggled twice, but immediately stopped moving. The blood on his body was still flowing down slowly, flowing on the ring.

This scene can be said to have stimulated everyone present, so that the originally encouraging scene suddenly became quiet.

All the Chinese warriors were stunned at this moment. They all stared at Yao Wei, who was already immobile on the ring, and only felt their brains boom! Yao Wei is dead.

There was such a voice in everyone's mind.

And Yang Guiying, Liu Xu and others stood up in a rush, their faces were full of shock and inconceivability, and Ouyang Yanran even covered her mouth with an unbelievable look!

Others cheering for Yao Wei are now opening their eyes wide. It is hard to believe that this is true for a while. Yao Wei was so brave and confident just now. Everyone thought he was going to win, but now But this is the result, which is difficult for them to accept for a while!

Even Peng Zhuo, General Qin and others clenched their fists. Their expressions were solemn and they clenched their teeth. Yao Wei is a talented master of the Innate Realm. He is now in his early thirties. It is not as enchanting as Lin Ziming, but he is considered a genius. As long as he has experienced the baptism of the Kung Fu Cup, it is conceivable that Yao Wei can definitely become the pillar of China.

But now, he was actually beaten to death in the ring, and he died so terribly! Lin Ziming frowned deeply. There was no expression on his face, but his eyes projected extremely cold and fierce gazes.

Anyone who knows him will know that he is really angry!

Li Dao, Zhao Xia and others beside him felt the tremendous pressure now, and the surrounding air was inexplicably cold. They were extremely uncomfortable, their scalp was numb, and their necks were chilled.

As for the foreign fighters, they cheered and cheered for the black players!

“Great!”

“Wusman did a great job and killed this weak Chinese nation with one punch!”

“Hahaha, I just said that the strength of the Chinese martial artist is not good, and it can't be Wusiman's opponent. I didn't expect it to be so vulnerable. It is not Wusiman's opponent at all.”

“Isn't it? Wusman is only 1.6 meters tall. In the fighting world, he can only be regarded as a flyweight, and the opponent is 1.8 meters tall, at least a sub-heavyweight, and he is actually not Wusman's opponent. ”

“It's too weak, it's too weak!”

Facing the ridicule of so many foreign warriors, all the Chinese warriors

clenched their fists and gritted their teeth one by one, only feeling extremely angry!

But they didn't have a way. Yao Wei was indeed inferior in skill and was beaten to death.

Soon, someone looked at Lin Ziming.

At this time, only Lin Ziming could find a place for them.

Lin Ziming slowly stood up under everyone's gaze, and walked towards the ring.