

Chapter: 1697

I saw that he walked to the arena in two steps, stood directly opposite Lin Ziming, stared at Lin Ziming coldly, and yelled out: “Lin Ziming, you actually attacked the martial artist in the arena privately. Are you breaking the rules of the Kung Fu Cup!”

What he said was in Chinese, and his voice was extremely loud, like a high-power speaker, which exploded suddenly, and a powerful volume could be seen, crushing against Lin Ziming.

He wanted to interrupt Lin Ziming’s continued cohesion. In addition to the huge sound waves, he also issued an extremely fierce murderous intent that was almost condensed into substance, and swept over Lin Ziming surgingly! If you change someone else, you will definitely be frightened so that your heart will pop out and your spirit will be affected. At this time, if you condense the momentum, you will definitely be backlashed.

At this time, Solomon’s conspiracy was to wait for Lin Ziming to condense again, and then directly attacked to destroy Lin Ziming.

Lin Ziming seemed to have expected him to appear a long time ago. He didn’t have any surprises on his face, but he was slightly solemn, and he did not see how much he moved, but his two ears were tightly pressed against his face.

In this way, he can isolate the sound wave attack.

As for the murderous attack, Lin Ziming also shut down his conscious senses at the same time, letting Solomon’s murderous intent fail...

Of course, Solomon is a top-notch man in the Dzogchen in the Innate Realm after all, and he is violent. Even if Lin Ziming is well guarded, he will be affected in the end.

Lin Ziming’s body trembled slightly, and there was blood in the corners of his mouth.

He turned out to be injured...

At the same time, so many people around were affected by Solomon’s violent drink, and now they all covered their ears with painful expressions on their faces.

“No! Instructor Lin is injured!”

Peng Zhuo stood up abruptly in the spectator stand with a solemn expression. As for Hei Mamba and others, now they finally showed a look of joy. Solomon obviously played a role, and Lin Ziming was successfully beaten back.

The other lower-level Chinese martial artists didn’t understand why Lin Ziming was like this, but they also realized that Lin Ziming was injured, and they suddenly became nervous.

However, Lin Ziming simply wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and stared at Solomon, showing a disdainful sneer, “Just like you ants, you

want to stop me?”

As his voice fell, his originally stagnant general situation unexpectedly surging again, wave after wave, the momentum was so big that it was simply overwhelming, sweeping the audience, making everyone hold their breath. Feel the tremendous pressure.

And this pressure does not only come from ordinary martial artists, including masters of the innate realm, but now they are all like enemies, their faces are pale, and they are several levels lower in front of Lin Ziming. At that moment, they feel that they are themselves. Very small.

Solomon, who has always kept his face calm, has finally lost his composure. His face suddenly changed and he called out in a gaffe: “This is impossible!”

Lin Ziming closed his eyes, opened his arms, and took a deep breath, seeming to absorb the breath of the audience!

And his aura is constantly increasing, and his figure is constantly rising and getting bigger in everyone’s eyes.

In the spectator stand, Peng Zhuo murmured: “Lin Ziming, it’s really terrifying. In this case, he can continue to condense the trend! The key is that he is only twenty-nine years old. I have never had one. I have seen such an existence against the sky!”