

## Chapter: 1850

When he thought of this, his whole body trembled with fear.

God-passing realm, a master of this level, whether it is for the sect or the country, is the absolute pinnacle of existence.

The leader of theirs has just reached the realm of the gods, right?

And now, they actually provoke a powerhouse in the realm of God...

He didn't dare to think about it anymore, he only felt that he was more frightening than provoke death.

Anyway, you must escape from birth and bring this message back to the martial arts!

He was running desperately now, and he had exceeded his original limit. In less than a minute, he had already ran a long distance.

He felt that there was no such Chinese aura behind him, and he must have been unable to catch up with that Chinese.

He was out of danger, and his heart relaxed slightly.

However, at this moment, a voice suddenly rang in his ear, "Your speed is not slow."

this is.....

The voice of that Chinese!

In an instant, his scalp began to numb, and the muscles of his whole body were tightened to the extreme at this moment!

At the same time, a frightened and unbelievable expression appeared on his face, and when he looked back subconsciously, he immediately saw a playful face, silently appearing behind him, smiling at him.

This scene can be said to be the most terrifying scene he has encountered after living so long!

Let him break his nerves!!!

"Ah!!!" He let out a gloomy scream, and his strong desire to survive unexpectedly increased his speed by 30% again.

It's a pity that for Lin Ziming, this speed is no different from a snail.

Lin Ziming just grabbed the killer leader easily and casually, grabbing forward with his right hand, and grabbing his neck.

"I'm fighting with you!!!"

The assassin's leader was guilty of guts, and he wanted to fight back immediately.

But his fist still didn't touch Lin Ziming, so Lin Ziming pinched his neck directly, and seemed to shake with ease, all of his bones fell apart at once.

And he also screamed sternly.

Weakly turned into a string puppet, which was held by Lin Ziming in his hand.

Lin Ziming threw him on the ground casually, then looked at him condescendingly, and said, "Which school do you come from."

After hearing Lin Ziming's words, the killer leader's pupils contracted again, showing shock.

"You, you, who are you?!" The killer leader stammered.

"I guess you are from the Sun Moon God Sect?" Lin Ziming continued. Indeed, the breath of these assassins is very similar to Du Wei.

After hearing Lin Ziming's words, the assassin leader's pupils contracted again, obviously because Lin Ziming was right.

"You are a master of the gods?! But in the world, how can you be such a young master of the gods!"

The expression of the killer leader was terrified.

When Lin Ziming heard what he said, he was a little aware that the people of the original sect, who called them these sovereign countries, had become secular.

Now that Lin Ziming knew his identity, he didn't bother to talk nonsense with him, and asked directly the key, "Why did you kidnap Prince William and Alice?"

However, the killer did not answer his question, but stared at him, "No matter who you are, if you dare to ruin the good deeds of our holy religion, you will definitely die, you will definitely die!!"