

Chapter: 1998

“Hurry up, come on, instructor Lin has something wrong!!!”

Tian Xuanzi rarely screamed in panic.

The other Nuwa Sect members were shocked when they heard this. What happened to Lin Ziming?

How can this be good...

Shangguan Rufeng was stunned for a moment. He rushed forward and saw Lin Ziming bleeding from seven holes, his body stiff, and he looked like he had died in battle.

In an instant, sorrow also surged into his heart.

Lin Ziming was doing his best to die for their Nuwa Sect.

The other Nuwa Sect members also came up one after another, and finally saw Lin Ziming's appearance clearly, and all of them were frightened and frantic. Six gods had no master.

Liu Qingcheng stood there. She was pierced by a needle in her heart. Tears couldn't help streaming down. Lin Ziming actually died. I don't know why, but at this moment, she only feels extremely sad and sad.

Speaking of it, she and Lin Ziming only met a few times, and they were not very happy, but in fact, she admired Lin Ziming very much, and even admired it, especially after this incident, Lin Ziming They saved their Nuwa Sect with their own power. They were their great benefactors. If Lin Ziming really died because of their Nuwa Sect, then they would be too guilty.

“Oh my God, instructor Lin, is this the battle dead?!”

“Why is this? Isn't Instructor Lin okay just now?”

“This, this...what shall we do.”

“We have no time to repay our kindness to Instructor Lin...”

“Instructor Lin is so good...oooooo...”

For a while, all of them couldn't accept this fact and began to cry.

And Tian Xuanzi's face was also full of sorrow. She was holding Lin Ziming, and she really couldn't feel the breath of Lin Ziming's life anymore, which made her extremely sad.

After a while, she endured her grief and said, “Instructor Lin died for us. He is the benefactor of our Nuwa sect for life! We must never forget the kindness of Instructor Lin to us. We must bury instructor Lin generously!”

The other Nuwazong members bowed their heads and nodded silently.

They all agreed that Lin Ziming must have sacrificed, and for a while, a strong feeling of sadness filled the whole world.

At this moment, Lin Ziming, who was in Tianxuanzi's arms, suddenly moved twice, shocking Tianxuanzi, “Here, instructor Lin, just moved!”

After the other Nuwazong disciples heard this, they opened their eyes one by one, looking very excited and nervous. As expected, they saw Lin Ziming slowly opening his eyes and coughing twice, revealing his face.

With a wry smile, he said, “Sect Master Tianxuanzi, can you relax, I’m almost out of breath...”

After saying this, Lin Ziming coughed again.

Tian Xuanzi was stunned for a moment, and then big drops of tears fell again and fell on Lin Ziming’s face, “Instructor Lin, you are dead, great, great...”

After finishing talking, she still hugged Lin Ziming tightly and stuffed Lin Ziming’s head in her chest, making Lin Ziming even more suffocated.