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But Jian Rushuang still snorted, “Don’t be benevolent here, your suspicion is still clear!”

Jian Rushuang did not trust him instinctively.

Lin Ziming didn’t have the same knowledge as him, and said directly: “Take me to see the Holy King.”

Jian Rushuang had no words to speak, and walked ahead, and Lin Ziming followed.

After a while, Lin Ziming followed Jian Rushuang to the residence of the holy king, still in that magnificent and tall palace, half of the palace, all in the sea of clouds, looked like a place where immortals lived.

Speaking of it, Lin Ziming can be regarded as having seen many masters in the realm of the gods, super powers like Adam are still dead in his hands, but now facing the holy king again, he still has an unfathomable feeling.

The impression left by Saint King Luo Tian was always deep and elusive, and now he couldn’t feel the breath of Saint King.

He knew that the Saint King of the Luo Tian Sect, in the realm, must have surpassed the pinnacle of the first grade and reached a deeper level, only then would he give him this feeling.

However, even such a powerful existence as the Saint King Luo Tian was actually injured. One can imagine how powerful the Eastern Sect Killing Heaven Sect is!

Jian Rushuang stood at the gate of the palace, knelt down on one knee, and said respectfully: “His Royal Highness, Lin Ziming has already brought it!”

After a while, the majestic and majestic voice of the Holy King came from the palace. After the shock of the palace, there were layers of echoes, which seemed particularly mysterious and lofty, “The King of Southern Territories, come in.”

His subtext was to meet Lin Ziming alone, Jian Rushuang naturally knew what the holy king meant, stood up, gave Lin Ziming a fierce look, and then stepped back.

Lin Ziming patted his sleeves and strode in.

When he walked into the palace, he discovered that the palace had been destroyed a lot, and several pillars had been interrupted.

It looked like the injury of the saint king, no longer at its peak.

“Lin Ziming.”

At this time, the holy king began to speak. His voice came from the entire palace, and he couldn’t tell which direction it came from, which made Lin Ziming very surprised.

“Subordinates are here.” Lin Ziming clasped his fists in his hands to show respect.

Then, the voice of the holy king came again: “What is your purpose for

coming back this time?”

Lin Ziming was taken aback when he heard these words, opened his mouth, and didn't know how to answer it for a while.

The Holy King then said: “You have no sense of belonging to the Luotian School. You think it's just your springboard. Your roots are in the secular world, and your home is in China, right.”

Lin Ziming was silent for a while, without denying it, “Yes, I am from the world, and the blood of the country is flowing in my bones. But Saint King, this does not mean that I will die for Luo Tianpai.”

“Oh? Then what are you going to do?” The Saint King's tone contained some jokes.

Lin Ziming shook his head and said, “I don't know, it's all on the orders of the holy king.”

The Saint King smiled a little more and said, “What if I let you kill Xiangdong now?”

“I believe the Saint King will not let his subordinates do this.” Lin Ziming shook his head and said, because the Saint King is a Saint King, it must be impossible to do such a stupid thing.

The Saint King said with emotion: “Lin Ziming, you are really smart and very affectionate. It's a pity that you are still too young.”