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Lin Ziming is really here.

When Lin Feng saw Lin Ziming, his pupils couldn't help but shrink, and his mood became even more tense.

There are so many Lin family members in the hall. The moment they saw Lin Ziming, they also squinted their eyes, and their expressions were completely different from those of Lin Feng. They were happy, delighted, and conspired to succeed...

Lin Shanhe looked at Lin Ziming, and there was some admiration in his eyes. Anyway, Lin Ziming dared to go to the meeting alone and to participate in the clan meeting alone. This courage is still something ordinary people don't have.

Of course, admiration is one thing, and how to do it is another.

Lin Zihao looked at Lin Ziming, the corner of his mouth slightly raised, like a poisonous snake, seeing his prey.

Everyone's eyes were on Lin Ziming. At this moment, he felt an unprecedented pressure, but immediately, between his exhales and breaths, he digested these pressures cleanly. He smiled, just now. Already walked into the hall.

When everyone looked at him, he also swept the audience, seeing everyone's expressions in his eyes.

Hongmen feast.

Immediately these three words appeared in his mind.

In fact, he had already guessed this before he came. Four years ago, the Lin family drove him out of the Lin family in such cold blood. Since then, he has a clear understanding of the so-called family relationship. Since then, he has let go of the Lin family.

There are more than two hundred people in the Lin family now. To him, he is not a relative, but an enemy!

Even though he knew that it was a Hongmen Banquet today, he still came. There was no other reason, because he had absolute confidence in himself.

When Lin Shanhe saw him coming in, he immediately showed a deep smile. He was particularly warm and friendly. He got up from the chair and walked towards Lin Ziming in strides, "Oh, Ziming, you can count it. Everyone is waiting. To you."

Lin Ziming also showed a bright smile, quickened his pace, walked towards Lin Shanhe, and said with a smile: "Uncle, sorry, there is a traffic jam on the road, I am late."

At this moment, Lin Shanhe had come to Lin Ziming, shook hands with Lin Ziming vigorously, patted Lin Ziming's shoulder, his eyes were full of admiration, people who didn't know thought Lin Shanhe and Lin Ziming had a good relationship.

“Nothing is going on, as long as you are here.” Lin Shanhe gave Lin Ziming a lot of face, took Lin Ziming’s hand, sat down in the seat next to him, and directly replaced Lin Shaoang’s seat. Now that is to say, Lin Ziming is sitting on the left of Lin Shanhe, and Lin Zihao is sitting on the right of Lin Shanhe, but Lin Shaoang, who is his biological son, is sitting on the left of Lin Ziming.

When so many Lin family members saw this scene, they also showed affectionate smiles to Lin Ziming. They greeted Lin Ziming enthusiastically, and the atmosphere was very harmonious. When outsiders saw this, they were a very friendly and harmonious family, who Think about it, it’s all performed on the surface?

They are acting, Lin Ziming is also acting, the smile on his face has not faded, and he greeted these Lin family affectionately.

After some greetings, Lin Shanhe gently raised his hand and pressed it down, and everyone was quiet. Then he said to Lin Ziming, “Ziming, by the way, you have not participated in the clan gathering for four years. Ah, everyone misses you so much.”

Lin Ziming also smiled and said, “Yes, I haven’t been back in four years. If my grandfather hadn’t come back sober before he died, and gave me more than 50 billion inheritance, I guess I won’t be able to come back to Lin’s house for the rest of my life.”