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As his words fell, immediately, a group of people stood in front of Ma Long and stared at Lin Ziming with great aura.

Lin Ziming did feel fierceness from them, but Lin Ziming still laughed disdainfully, "Just this rubbish, you dare to trouble me?"

In an instant, a great aura broke out on Lin Ziming's body, like a storm emanating from his body, very scary.

Moreover, his eyes were extremely cold and emotional. They were completely murderous, trying to search for the lives in front of him.

Ma Long was shocked by the murderous aura exuded by Lin Ziming at this moment.

But soon, he calmed down. This time he had a big brother cover, so he was not afraid of Lin Ziming at all. He has seen his eldest brother take action with his own eyes. It is comparable to the protagonist in an action movie. He is an invincible existence. The young Lin Ziming can only be abused in front of his eldest brother.

Now he couldn't wait to see Lin Ziming kneeling down and begging for mercy.

"Come on, interrupt his dog legs first!" Ma Long gave an order. The professional thugs standing in front of him moved together and attacked Lin Ziming. Their movements were neat. At first glance, you can tell that they have received professional training, and the general practitioners are not well-trained in kung fu, and they are far from the opponents of this group of people.

Seeing this group of people rushing up, Lin Ziming sneered with disdain, and then he moved too.

The movement was almost at its extreme. Liu Suhong and Chu Huaxiong only felt that there was a flower in front of them, and Lin Ziming disappeared in front of them. The next moment, they heard the sound of their fists hitting people and vaguely heard the sound of broken bones. , And then, someone slammed into the dinner table.

This man was hit by Lin Ziming, and the ribs in his chest were directly broken. When he fell to the ground, he could not get up anymore. He rolled on the ground in pain and screamed.

Lin Ziming is really angry this time. In the past, when he encountered this situation, his shots were not so heavy, but now, every time he hits out, he will definitely hit his opponent, and the bones are still broken. .

In only about ten seconds, the professional thugs who stood in front of Ma Long had already been dealt with by Lin Ziming. They all lay on the ground, unable to even climb up, and lost their fighting ability.

Lin Ziming only felt that the cells in his whole body had come to life. He was extremely excited, but his eyes were cold, looking at Ma Long with

murderous intent.

At this moment, Ma Long only felt his scalp numb, as if he had fallen into an ice cave, the blood on his face suddenly faded, and his body began to tremble.

Lin Ziming walked towards him step by step, and with every step he took, he felt extreme pressure, as if Lin Ziming's steps were stepping on him, making him unable to breathe.

Walking to Ma Long, Lin Ziming looked at him condescendingly, "Let's talk about it, how do you want to die."

Ma Long shuddered fiercely, and his teeth were fighting. At this moment, he seemed to understand what kind of existence he was provoking.

Even his thinking has stagnated, he has never encountered such a situation.

At this moment, from the corridor, there was a sound of footsteps and applause. Then, a man with a playful smile on his face said, "It's not bad, it's really the son of a saint, and his genes are good." , Martial arts are so powerful."

Ma Long heard this sound, his stagnant thinking immediately resumed operation, and he hurriedly looked back and begged: "Brother! Help me..."

Lin Ziming looked over and narrowed his eyes, "Saint? Is this the name of my mother's organization in Luo Tian?"