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boom!

They played against each other.

At the moment they fisted, the ground visibly shook, and even the chandelier above their heads swayed slightly. It is conceivable how powerful they are.

Feeling the strength of each other, they both were a little surprised and underestimated the strength of each other.

However, the most surprised was the member of the Luo Tian organization. He didn't think that Lin Ziming's power was so great. The collision just now made him even feel pain. This is a rare thing!

Although he is not the most outstanding person in the organization, he is also a person in the organization, which is fundamentally different from ordinary people outside.

It seems that the gene of the saint is still too strong, and a wild species born from ordinary life has such a great power.

But what about that? Ants are always ants, and they cannot be God's opponents.

"Yes, you still have a bit of brute force, which makes me more interested."

He showed a smile, his hand movement didn't stop at the slightest, and he launched an even more fierce attack.

Soon, Lin Ziming's pressure became even greater.

Lin Ziming didn't speak, his eyes were cold, with no color, and his pupils radiated cold light. He was serious now, not because he couldn't beat the opponent, but he was angry.

Their fighting speed is so fast that ordinary people can't catch up with the naked eye. This is completely beyond the cognition of ordinary people, because most ordinary people don't know that there are still people in this world who can fight so fast. And power can be so extreme!

As they played against each other and constantly shifted their positions, all the floors that they had stepped on began to crack, producing cracks after another.

A few people were accidentally injured by their fists and feet because they were too close, and they were directly injured by fractures, so that everyone else hurriedly hid in the corner and shivered.

"This...too fierce, too fierce!" A crimson glow broke out in Ma Long's eyes, and he was extremely enthusiastic, "This is the realm I want! It turns out that the big brother did not lie to me, he It's really amazing, so amazing!"

He licked his lips, and now he swept away his fear of Lin Ziming. He thought that Lin Ziming was definitely not the opponent of Big Brother.

Not only him, but the rest of the others also thought so, because they saw that Lin Ziming was constantly backing away, as if the wind had fallen, like

a candle in the wind and rain, which would be blown out at any time.

At this moment, Lin Ziming finally spoke, and calmly said, "This is what you call the strength of a god? I think it's nothing more than that. The speed is too slow, and the strength is too weak."

When the other party heard these words, the pupils of his eyes shrank abruptly, and his heart squeaked. He also thought that Lin Ziming was not his opponent. He was at the end of the battle, but now Lin Ziming still has the energy to speak, and his breath is so stable, indicating that Lin Ziming is still there. There is strength but no performance!

But how is this possible?

When the voice fell, Lin Ziming fought back fiercely. At this moment, his aura had undergone earth-shaking changes. The image that was originally a hard-supported image suddenly became majestic, giving everyone the spiritual world. The sleeping lion has woken up!

The next moment, he suddenly increased his speed, punched, under the opponent's nose, broke through the opponent's defense, and hit the opponent's chest heavily.

With a bang, the sound was huge and dull, like a sledgehammer, hitting the opponent heavily. It was the force that the opponent could not bear, causing the opponent to spew out a mouthful of blood, and fly out like a straw, heavily. Hit the wall, then slid down feebly.