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It seems that this Connor does have two brushes, with a good resistance ability, and can withstand a punch from the peak of the acquired day.

Off the court, Smith and others saw Connor being kicked out by Lin Ziming, and they all showed shocked expressions, thinking that Connor was acting. But they immediately saw the pain on Connor's face and pressed his chest, which they thought was incredible.

"Connor, are you in trouble?" Smith immediately said nervously: "This Chinese is very explosive, and he can't carry it with his body."

Connor took a breath, waited fiercely for Smith outside the octagonal cage, and cursed: "Damn Smith, why didn't you say it earlier, Fack!"

Smith rolled his eyes and was very annoyed. He had told Connor a long time ago that Connor was too arrogant to listen.

Others also find it incredible. Connor is a heavyweight boxer. How could he be knocked down by the Chinese?

Lin Ziming didn't take advantage of the victory. He stood in front of Connor and said indifferently: "Your ability to resist is not good. My punch just used 20% of its power."

Connor heard his ridicule, gritted his teeth with anger, eyes flushed and bloodshot, completely angry, and roared like a beast, "Damn Chinese, you succeeded in angering me. Then I will let you know what It's called pain!"

After the roar, Connor rushed towards Lin Ziming, with a vigorous momentum, like a mad brown bear, and most people were already terrified.

Ning Yuning and the others in the audience were so scared that they raised their heart to their throats and trembled.

Lin Ziming was not afraid at all. The corners of his mouth rose slightly, showing a disdainful expression, waiting for Connor to rush to him, and then he caught Connor's angry punch with one hand.

Not moving.

"what?!"

"Oh my god! I didn't read it wrong, this Chinese man actually caught Connor's angry punch!"

"And it's so easy, how can this be possible!"

"Connor hits at the top, but he can hit 1,500 pounds of terrifying power!"

In the audience, everyone was stunned. This scene was even more horrified than just now.

In their minds, Connor is an invincible existence, how many masters have he defeated, and now he is actually caught by this Chinese?

They are all people who have practiced boxing and know how difficult it is to catch a fist.

The most surprised person is Connor. He knows better than anyone the weight of his punches. It is his magic weapon to control the enemy. Now,

100% of his punches are caught by the Chinese in front of him. Up?
Lin Ziming smiled at this time, “Is this the strength of your so-called boxing champion? It’s too weak.”

Connor was mad, roared like a monster, and then hit Lin Ziming’s head with another punch. This punch used all his strength. Once hit, this damn Chinese must be ko, serious. Concussion.

However, Lin Ziming didn’t even hide, so Connor punched him in the face. With a bang.

Connor was instantly ecstatic!

But in the next second, he felt something was wrong, why this punch seemed to hit the iron man, and his fist felt obvious pain.

There was no imaginary scene of being ko, Lin Ziming still stood steadily there, with no damage on his face, and looked at him with a smile but a smile. Then Lin Ziming shot and punched again. He hit him in the stomach with so much strength that he hit his two hundred jin body and feet off the ground, and then fell heavily to the ground.

The pain was so painful that he couldn’t stand up anymore, fell to the ground, screamed sternly, and choked!

It was too painful, completely beyond the limit he could bear, and now he felt his intestines were all broken, and the pain was so painful that he couldn’t breathe smoothly.

In the audience, hundreds of people, all dumbfounded, looked at Lin Ziming in the octagonal cage like a ghost. All of them had numb scalp and swinging their legs.