

Chapter: 917

In the case of the innate realm master can't come out, even if the army is dispatched, it will be difficult to catch him for a while.

Of course he wouldn't be like this. To do so is tantamount to death.

Some divine light flashed in his eyes, "If you can really develop 50% of the brain's capacity, how powerful is that? I am afraid that a look in the eyes can scare an ordinary person to death!"

Thinking of that picture, Lin Ziming couldn't help but show a look of yearning in his eyes.

At six o'clock in the morning, Lin Ziming is in a large park in Yulong Bay, preparing for morning exercises.

At this point, there are no people in the park, only some elderly people, scattered and in slow motion, doing Tai Chi.

One by one is quite charming, but that's all, it is no longer a martial arts, but a kind of gymnastics, the only effect is to strengthen the body.

Lin Ziming also knows Tai Chi, but the Tai Chi he played is not like this. He can use Tai Chi to the extreme. Even a master of the Bajiquan master level will sigh.

Lin Ziming is wearing loose-fitting sportswear today, and his skin is fair and fair. He looks like an ordinary white-collar worker. There is nothing striking about him.

And the way he exercises is very weird, and he doesn't do Tai Chi, push-ups, or running. He stands wherever he is, with his legs bent, and then he spreads his hands and makes a hug. It's like, he really hugged a huge iron ball, and then was swayed around by the iron ball. The picture looked strange.

However, there are too few people in the park now, and there are only a dozen elderly people practicing Tai Chi there.

Lin Ziming is a special way of standing, his movements are very slow, but the physical strength he consumes is huge, isn't it? After a while, sweat came out on his forehead, and there was still a little bit of heat on top of his head. He blushed a lot when he came out.

As time went on, there were more and more people in the park, and gradually, more young people came over.

Seven or eight of them walked over. When passing by Lin Ziming, the leading middle-aged man looked at Lin Ziming in surprise and said, "Hunyuan pile?"

After daring to say this, he shook his head. He denied it and showed a little disdain. He said to the young people around him, "You are optimistic. Standing is a very serious matter. Standing in the wrong position, it hurts your body very much. Don't talk about practicing kung fu thoroughly. Go to the back and train your body in minutes, you know?"

"know."

“I know the master...”

The middle-aged man nodded, and when he stepped aside, he pointed to Lin Ziming and said to the young people: “Look at that guy, he is a fool. He stood the Hunyuan pile wrong. He practiced like this. I won’t be able to train for ten years! And you will break down your body. You stand on the Hunyuan pile. You mustn’t stand like this, you know?”

They walked more than 20 meters away. Ordinary people absolutely couldn’t understand what they were saying, but how could they hide from Lin Ziming, and Lin Ziming listened cleanly.

Lin Ziming shook his head slightly and smiled helplessly. He didn’t bother to be familiar with these ordinary people.

What he is standing here is not a Hunyuan pile, but a new pile method he invented himself, and it is only suitable for him to practice. Others have practiced, and there is indeed a problem.

Lin Ziming continued to stand, and the middle-aged Xie didn’t pay attention to him anymore. Instead, he began to teach the young men how to practice martial arts. It turned out that he was still a boxer.

Lin Ziming found it quite interesting. It was the first time he met a boxing master and apprentice. He just happened to have almost practiced, so he just stood there and watched.

But when he saw this, something went wrong immediately.

Not long after he was discovered by a middle-aged man, he immediately looked over, pointed at Lin Ziming and said, “Hey, come here.”