

Chapter: 921

Hearing Lin Ziming's words, the middle-aged man became even more annoyed, "Fart! I'm the ninth-generation descendant of Liao Fan Tanglangmen, isn't it your opponent? You stole the teacher, don't go to the teacher, and want to leave. There are no doors!!"

After speaking, the middle-aged Liao Fan rushed forward again, and as his figure approached, he actually made a mantis cry from his body, as if he was really a huge praying mantis, and it looked quite powerful.

Lin Ziming's eyes flashed, and he became even more impatient. He said something shameless, and then he didn't show any mercy anymore, so he didn't retreat and moved forward and started a counterattack.

"Middle, middle, middle, middle again, middle again..."

Lin Ziming's fists are always two points faster than Liao Fan, and he keeps hitting Liao Fan with one fist and one kick. Of course, Lin Ziming has no power, but when his fist hits Liao Fan, he withdraws his strength. He didn't want to hurt Liao Fan, but he just wanted to let Liao Fan know the gap between them, so that he would retreat in the face of difficulties.

Liao Fan was very annoyed. He kept trying to fight back. Unfortunately, his strength was really too far behind Lin Ziming. He was so tortured by Lin Ziming that he could hardly fight back. He even suffered twice on his face. A slap in the face, although not very painful, was a huge blow to him.

In the end, Lin Ziming grabbed Liao Fan and pressed his left fist to Liao Fan's face. He said faintly, "Are you willing to admit defeat?"

Liao Fan gritted his teeth, until now, he still doesn't know that he is not Lin Ziming's opponent at all!

Now his face was hurting fiercely, and he was slapped, especially those apprentices who had worshiped him, and the eyes that looked at him were full of doubts and ridicule, which made him even more uncomfortable.

Now he regrets it very much. He knew that Lin Ziming was really a master. He shouldn't provoke Lin Ziming just now.

Seeing that he still refused to give up, Lin Ziming added a little bit of strength and pressed on Liao Fan. Liao Fan suddenly suffered from pain and hurriedly cried out, "Give up, give up and give up..."

"Really admit defeat, stop jumping?"

"Don't jump, don't jump, master, let me go."

"Great."

Lin Ziming let Liao Fan go.

Liao Fan's face was blue and white now, it was too embarrassing to be beaten by Lin Ziming so much that he could not fight back.

He glanced at the apprentices quickly and saw their eyes, which made him feel bitter and regretful.

"Well, senior, I don't know what you call it? Seeing your strength, you have

reached the pinnacle state of the day after tomorrow, right?” Liao Fan rubbed his hands, obviously asking in awe.

Lin Ziming nodded and felt a little funny seeing him like this, and said, “Why, don’t you want me to bow down to you three times and nine times now?”

Liao Fan was taken aback, showing an awkward smile, and said quickly: “Don’t dare! Senior, I just joked with you!”

Lin Ziming looked at him and said meaningfully: “Your mantis boxing is about to ignite. You will teach the followers well in the future. Don’t engage in this one. There are many masters in China. It’s not as simple as being beaten up.”

When Liao Fan heard this, his heart jumped, and he had to show a flattering smile.

At this moment, Lin Ziming wanted to say something, but suddenly, he felt something, and suddenly looked towards the opposite direction of the lake. The next moment, his eyes exploded, and the whole person turned towards the lake. Rushed over.

Moreover, he stepped on the water with his toes, and after a short while, he stepped on and disappeared from sight.

Seeing this scene, Liao Fan was so scared that his scalp was numb, and tremblingly said: “One by one, one reed crosses the river, my God...”