

## Chapter: 1770

The many high-level Chinese in the spectator stand now have a ugly expression on their faces.

They didn't think that Lin Ziming would lose, but they didn't even think that Lin Ziming would lose so fast!

And most importantly, Lin Ziming's national destiny was condensed on him, and Lin Ziming couldn't afford to lose.

Now you can see the performance of the many Chinese people present. All of them are sluggish and suffering. In this moment, most of their spirits have disappeared.

"Oh!!" Shangguan sighed heavily, his face was bleak and lonely, "Is China really unable to rise up?"

Many high-level officials fell silent when they heard this.

At exactly this time, Tsolang came over and said with a smile: "Mr. Shangguan, it seems that China has already withdrawn from the championship, and you still have to change your sorrow."

Shangguan Wei'an kept his face calm and did not answer.

At this time, a voice rang, "He won't lose!"

Everyone looked around and found that it was Shangguan Shuyao. Now she had some bloodshot eyes, she clenched her teeth tightly, but there was trust and determination in her eyes, and said to everyone again: "Lin Ziming, he won't lose. He promised me that he would win, he never lied to me!"

She spoke very hard, but no one listened to her, just thinking that she was self-comforting.

In the situation just now, although Lin Ziming was not killed, he was already seriously injured, unable to beat the siege of these seven Innate Realm Great Perfection masters. If Lin Ziming persisted, there would only be one result. Beaten to death alive.

Shangguan Wuyi also sighed. Originally, he had high hopes for Lin Ziming, but he didn't expect that Lin Ziming would actually lose.

It seems that China is really destined to go downhill?

Is national recovery just a ridiculous dream?

Similarly, in another corner of the Kung Fu Cup scene, Yang Guiying also paled and shouted in pain, "Oh, the master has lost! He has lost..."

Ouyang Yanran also bit her lips tightly, her face was bloody, she clenched her fists tightly, her nails were almost pinched into her skin, she stared at Lin Ziming on the ring tightly, her heart was as broken, There has never been such a despair.

Lin Ziming is really going to lose. For her, the level of destruction is no less than the collapse of faith.

In fact, it's not just him, but so many Chinese people present are also suffering from this kind of pain.

However, at this moment, they heard a calm and powerful saying, “Ziming, he will not lose, this is his strategy. He never lied. Since he said he would win the championship for China, he would definitely Do it.”

When everyone heard the voice and looked over, they found that the person who said this was Lin Ziming’s wife, Chu Fei, the beautiful and beautiful woman.

Yang Guiying came over immediately, staring at Chu Fei closely, and asked in a weak and timid voice: “Mother, you, are you really lying to us? Master, can he really win?”

Other people also looked at the past one after another.

Chu Fei showed a bright smile, nodded and said, “Believe him, you will definitely win.”

I don’t know why, their original feelings of anxiety, after hearing Chu Fei’s answer, suddenly settled a lot, and their eyes were on Lin Ziming on the ring again...

And Lin Ziming at exactly this time also stood up from the edge of the ring.