

## Chapter: 2049

Soon, in his contemplation, he followed Zhong Fan and others into a huge stadium.

He stopped thinking, his eyes swept, and within a second, he collected all the information here.

This is a large pool court. Many people play pool here. They are all tall and beautiful Chinese people. There are hundreds of them.

After they came in, the eyes of these beautiful people looked over, took a look at them, and then continued to do their own things nonchalantly.

These people are hostile, and they know that they are the ones who often fight and fight, and their personalities are more tyrannical.

And many of them still carry guns on their bodies. What's more, they put their guns on the table, which is very arrogant.

But it's normal. There are no guns banned here.

When Zhong Fan and others saw this battle, they immediately became more nervous, and their breathing became quicker.

Especially those dudes who walk lightly and dare not make too much movement. For them, it's just like a sheep's mouth.

They are also not afraid, more of a kind of excitement and admiration.

What really caught Lin Ziming's attention was the man in the middle dressed in a purple suit, meticulously dressed, shiny leather shoes, and a bow tie.

This man is full of dangerous aura, which makes people shudder at a glance.

Especially his eyes, like poisonous snakes, will tremble when they meet each other, as if facing a Cthulhu.

Of course, this is only for ordinary people, and for Lin Ziming, it is nothing more than an ant.

Just kidding, he is a pervert who can be tough and not vain with the strong in the God-passing realm, a peerless genius, a mere black boss, how can he get into his Dharma vision.

What surprised Lin Ziming was that this boss actually had the strength of the third stage of the Innate Realm, which was pretty good.

Originally he thought that there were no masters in the beautiful country, but now it seems that there are still masters, a small black boss, even has the strength of the third stage of the innate realm.

When Zhong Fan and the others saw Scott, they were very nervous, but they were extremely excited. All of their faces were flushed, and their eyes gleamed. It was just looking at the idol's expression!

With a bang.

Boss Scott kicked off and cleared the table with one shot, showing his great strength and arousing applause from many of his men.

Zhong Fan and the others clapped more vigorously, slapped his palms all at

once, but he didn't feel any pain at all, just so that Scott could take a high look at them.

The white man walked up to Scott and said, "Boss, these Chinese are here. They say they admire you and want to follow you."

Scott put away the billiard sticks, and began to look at Zhong Fan and others, and did not immediately speak, but first took a good look at them, and looked at them, his eyes were extremely sharp, as if they were one. A sharp sword can shoot through their lungs and see their secrets clearly.

Zhong Fan and the others were watched by him, their legs were swinging, they were particularly nervous, and cold sweat broke out on their foreheads.

But they didn't dare to bow their heads, they could only resist pressure.

When Scott looked at Lin Ziming's face, he frowned.