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In his opinion, Lin Ziming's thin body couldn't even catch a punch.

What if you have money? If you don't have a strong physique, it's just like rubbish.

From the bottom of my heart, Xu Hua didn't have Lin Ziming in his eyes. He was a very pure martial artist, thinking that money is a vain thing, and only martial arts is the noblest.

Xu Hua wanted to do something against Lin Ziming, but he looked at the masters around Lin Ziming, he dispelled this idea, even if he was arrogant, he would not dare to be arrogant enough to single out so many masters.

Turning his eyes, he turned his head and said, "200,000 is too little. Anyway, I am also a master of Bajiquan. You have to increase my salary."

Lin Ziming had seen through his thoughts a long time ago, and only found it ridiculous, and said: "Tomorrow I will take someone to the northern sky to visit the pier in person. If you can beat the other person tomorrow, I will increase you by 100,000 in a year."

Then, Lin Ziming said to the others: "The same is true for you. Tomorrow you only need to defeat one person from the Beitianhui, and I will give you a one-year increase of 100,000. If you defeat ten, it will be 1 million. There is no upper limit. ."

When these words were spoken, all of them boiled directly, their eyes were flushed, and even Xu Hua, including Xu Hua, was stimulated, and his breathing became hurried.

They are gearing up, wishing to go to Beitian now to punch and kick and make money frantically.

Lin Ziming looked at them with excitement and showed a meaningful smile. Under such stimulus, Xu Hua immediately signed the contract for a period of one year. During this year, Xu Hua was Lin Ziming's person, and he could not leave without Lin Ziming's permission.

Hearing this order, Xu Hua expressed disdain, cut, the little master really wants to leave, can your little white face stop the little master?

Lin Ziming just smiled at his thoughts. When Xu Hua dare to have this idea, he will interrupt Xu Hua's dog legs!

The people Wang Shougui found all signed the contract in the end, and were full of confidence, believing that tomorrow they would surely beat the people of the Beitianhui.

Time passed quickly, and the day passed immediately.

Under Wang Shougui's contact, Lin Ziming led a group of wild roads to the North Sky Club and worshipped the dock.

This time, I went to not the headquarters of Beitianhui, but a branch, not in Hwaseong, but in Fengcheng.

The person in this branch is not Gu Xuan, but a middle-aged man named

Yan Chuang, who is just fifty years old this year. After swallowing Xisui Pill this time, it was a pity that the breakthrough failed because of his lack of will.

Yan Chuang happened to be one of Gu Xuan's subordinates.

"President Yan, a group of people came outside, claiming to be here to worship the dock, do you want to see them?"

Yan Chuang was drinking tea, and some subordinates came in to report.

"By the dock?" Yan Chuang frowned and said, "What is the origin of the other party?"

"It is said that Ziqiong Media wants to open a security company in Hwaseong, and came to us to worship the wharf specifically, wanting to get permission from our North Sky Club."

Yan Chuang laughed loudly when he heard this, and said, "Isn't this ziqiong media making movies? Why do you want to come to the security to get a share of the pie? I really want to live and die. Okay, let them come in, I want to See what strength they have."