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But after waiting for more than an hour, the other party still didn't come, making his heart gradually anxious.

"Lao Huang, this super master you mentioned, will he let you dove out and won't you come?" Finally, Zhou Zhe couldn't help it, and said to the middle-aged fat man next to him.

This middle-aged fat man sat two young girls on his lap, feeding him food, and his hands were also very dishonest. Walking around the two young girls, he smiled and said: "I said Lao Zhou, Just calm down. If Mr. Ye said he will come, he will definitely come."

When Zhou Zhe heard the middle-aged fat man's affirmation, his heart settled a bit, but immediately, he said worriedly: "Also, is this Mr. Ye really a master? You know Lin Ziming is a servant, but even Gu Xuan , Wu Meizi is not his opponent!"

The middle-aged fat man confidently said: "That must be a great master! When did my old Huang fool you? I tell you, when Mr. Ye comes, you must put down your posture, respectful enough, this Ye Mr. has a bad temper. Once you offend him, it will be over."

Zhou Zhe nodded, saying that he would definitely not neglect, but he was still a little worried. After all, Lin Ziming's reputation has become so much recently that it has put too much pressure on the Beitian Club. He can't sleep well every night for fear that Lin Ziming will suddenly kill Come here and level them up.

"Lao Huang, is this Mr. Ye really a master of the Innate Realm? Can he beat Lin Ziming? If he can't deal with Lin Ziming, we will suffer from the North Heaven meeting." Zhou Zhe still Said worriedly, pacing back and forth.

The other Beitianhui people in the box are also full of worries. After all, Lin Ziming's recent limelight has been so great! Especially in the scene some time ago, the scene of Wu Meizi beating to death is still clearly engraved in their minds and is indelible. It is no exaggeration to say that they have an instinctive fear of Lin Ziming, just like a mouse is afraid of a cat.

The middle-aged man sneered disdainfully, and said, "Cut, little Lin Ziming, what's the matter? I tell you, Mr. Ye's cultivation has reached an incredible realm! He is no longer a human being, but Land immortal, he can't kill him even if he calculates the yuan bomb! Even if two Lin Ziming are tied together, they are far from Mr. Ye's opponent! Old Zhou, just wait, if you can really hold Mr. Ye's Thighs, then you will really sit back and relax after the Northern Heaven Meeting. Rubbish like Lin Ziming is not worth mentioning."

"That's good, that's good." Zhou Zhe was really relieved when he heard this. Not long after, the door of the box was opened. The middle-aged fat man, Lao Huang, saw the incoming person, and his face immediately became

straight. He hurriedly asked the two young girls to get up from him with a smile, stood up, and took the initiative to welcome the person. In the past, and gave Zhou Zhe a wink to let him perform well.

Zhou Zhe is an old fried dough stick. He doesn't understand why, he immediately showed a flattering expression, and took the initiative to greet this super expert.

"Mr. Ye, you are here." The middle-aged fat man squeezed a flower into his face.

Then he pointed at Zhou Zhe who came by and said, "Mr. Ye, this is Zhou Zhe, the president of the North Sky Club."

Mr. Ye nodded lightly, and turned a blind eye to Zhou Zhe's proactive hand.

"Zhou Zhe, this is the super master I told you, Mr. Ye." The middle-aged fat man said again.

Zhou Zhe was ignored, with some embarrassment on his face, he immediately said: "Mr. Ye, hello, it is my honor to invite you over today."

Mr. Ye said: "Stop talking nonsense, let's eat first."

"Okay." Zhou Zhe nodded quickly.

If the neon clothes are here, you can tell at a glance that this so-called Mr. Ye is the law enforcement vener of the Eastern Region, Ye Xingchen!