

# King of kings

1958

The corner of Omi's mouth rose, "Fine, before you die, I'll let you see my true strength."

After saying that, Omi's body moved and turned into a shadow.

That old man didn't delay, the magic weapon in his hand was cast, and a tiny, silky black power instantly pervaded, seemingly trying to pounce on Omi as if he were a spider's prey.

"Wow." His black force instantly pounced on Omi, who gave him thousands of black threads to penetrate his body, while firmly bound into a ball.

That old man snorted with disdain, "And he said he only showed one percent of his strength, hmm, bragging who wouldn't."

At that moment, a voice came from behind that old man's head, "Guess who I am."

Suddenly, that old man was horrified and turned back in a panic, he knew when he heard the voice that it was Omi, there was no need to guess.

"How is this possible, he has been subdued by me in an instant, how." That old man's face was pale, he didn't know what kind of technique Omi had used.

Just before the old man had fully turned back, Omi had already prepared for all attacks.

"Bang." A huge force smashed down from his heavenly lid. With a bang, the old man's skull cracked.

At this time, the shocked one was Omi, as Omi intended that he would be able to make his brain burst and his infant die with this strike. Remember the URL .kanshu8.net

However, the result was that the head cracked a bit and the old man didn't die in the slightest.

"This." Omi immediately thought that the physical defense of the Half Immortals was strong, and Omi intended the brain burst to be a human's physical state, not the Half Immortals'.

"Boom." That old man's fierce mana, a cloud of black energy on his body exploded, like a hydrogen bomb exploding over.

"Wow!" The ground was razed to the ground within a radius of several thousand meters, fortunately this was a suburb, otherwise there was no telling how many innocent people would have to suffer.

Omi's body retreated violently, that explosion just now was too powerful, the blood in Omi's body was now flowing backwards.

This old man at the ninth stage of the Tribulation was very powerful, and was probably about to step into the tenth stage of the Tribulation.

From afar, Mu Qianji and the others were very worried that Omi had no Immortal Qi in his body, how could one not be worried when a strong, so strong, about to step into the tenth stage of the Tribulation to kill Omi.

If Omi died, then they were finished too, right now, they hated their incompetence and couldn't go up to help.

Yan Ling, who was standing beside Little Fire, was truly dumbfounded at the moment, Omi's strength had amazed her during the Sword Trial Competition, and right now, seeing Omi even being able to fight such a strong Ninth Stage of Tribulation, she had been deeply impressed. At this moment, she finally knew that Little Fire could not even be compared to Omi, before she thought that Omi was only powerful with his words, what a ridiculous thought. At this moment, even Little Fiery couldn't help, showing how big the gap was between everyone and Omi.

In the distance, a woman dressed as a maid was hiding in the bushes, this woman was stunned when she saw Omi and that old man fighting.

This woman, was none other than the maid sent out by Princess Ayana earlier to bring Omi back for tonight's feast.

The maid caught up with her, but what she didn't expect was to see a scene of nine thousand years old trying to kill Omi. Of course, the maid didn't dare to go up again, although the princess asked her to invite Omi, but the nine thousand years old came to chase after Omi personally, which means it was their king who wanted to kill Omi and the others, even if the princess was here, she couldn't stop it.

I thought that Omi would die for sure, but the maid saw that Omi was not easily killed by Nine Thousand Years old, but instead forced

Forcing 9,000 years old to trigger the black thunderstorm that triggered him was an indication of the threat Omi posed to his life.

This maid was truly shocked, Omi's true strength was nothing like that of the Sword Trial Competition compared to when he was in the Sword Trial Competition.

"Phew." The old man who was at the ninth stage of the Tribulation took a deep breath and stared at the man who was confronting him not too far away, he never expected that this first genius of the Extreme South Continent could really be at a point where he could contend with him, this time, he finally believed that Omi was not bragging when he said that the Sword Testing Competition had only taken out one percent of his strength.

Omi was also secretly tuning out.

This old ghost was powerful beyond Omi's imagination, especially that black blast of his was simply appalling, if it wasn't for the fact that Omi had several pseudo-immortal weapons to protect his body, he was afraid that he would have died without even scraps.

"Kid, you've really surprised me."

Omi snorted, "Unfortunately, it was me who just misjudged your strength and failed to kill you."

"Killing me, talk about easy."

Omi said, "No, although you're also very strong, it's not that hard to kill you. Your skull is cracked and it's hard to recover in a short time, and what you just performed is very powerful, I can tell by the way you're panting that the consumption must not be small."

That old man's face drew a grimace and said, "Rampage, don't think I don't know, you won't be able to hold out either."

"What? You're begging me for mercy? Let's call it a draw and go our separate ways? Wrong, I'm not having that thought, you want to kill me, I'll kill you."

"Little beast." That old man gritted his teeth and roared.

Omi smiled, "Don't be so quick to yell at me, look who's behind you."

"Ah." That old man everyone, thinking that Omi had just suddenly appeared in his mind and gave him a fatal blow, this time, he turned back in shock.

However, this time when he turned back, he realized that there was nothing.

"No good, cheated." The old man reacted at once.

Highly skilled fighters were often in between a thought.

"Boom." At that moment, another huge force smashed down from above, positioned right on that Skylight just now, and in the exact same place, two attacks in a row would do more damage than 1 + 1.

"Ah." That old man screamed, his skull had split open in half.

The flesh defense of the Half Immortal Clan was really strong, so it hadn't burst open with brains yet.

Omi snapped his hand and inserted his fingers into the old man's brain.

"Tear." Omi's hand pulled out, the old man's brain was brought out by Omi, and in the blink of an eye, that brain was already empty.

The old man's infant tried to escape, and Omi easily grabbed it with his other hand.

"Spare my life, don't kill me." The old man panicked and begged for mercy.

Omi snorted, "Go see God."

"Wow." Omi didn't nag and directly crushed the old man's infant.

After it was over, Omi didn't hesitate and flew to Little Fire and the others, shouting, "The commotion here will definitely alert the Half Immortal Clan, let's leave immediately."

After saying that, Omi brought the crowd with him and moved away from the battlefield as fast as he could.

At this moment, the maid who was hiding at the edge of the battlefield was already deeply stunned, muttering to herself, "Oh my god, the Half Immortal Clan's famous Ninety Thousand Years old, was, was killed. I have to hurry back and report to the princess, this is too incredible, he's too strong."