

# King of kings

1964

Omi said, "Zhu Feng, this matter has nothing to do with you, you'd better not get involved."

The Half Immortal Clan Saint King was busy saying, "Zhu Feng, don't listen to him, he has such a strong magic weapon, even I am not a match, do you think you are a match? Once I'm dead, it'll be your turn next."

Omi snorted, "I have no quarrel with him, what am I killing him for. Half Immortal Clan Bastard, don't delay any longer, no matter how much you delay, I'll kill you."

Zhu Feng said, "Omi, is there anything you can't sit down and have a good consultation?"

Omi said, "Zhu Feng, I negotiate your sister, I'll ask you right now, this is a private matter between him and me, are you going to get involved? If so, I don't mind exterminating one more race, if not, please back off five hundred meters immediately."

Zhu Feng was upset with Omi's threatening tone and grunted, "Omi, is this what you're doing?"

"I'm not threatening you, I'm telling you that my patience is very limited, so limited as to be almost non-existent, for example." Don Zildon flipped his hand, and the ex-world mirror shone on the wishing wind.

"Ah." Zhu Feng hadn't reacted yet, and was instantly irradiated.

Even the Half Immortal Clan Saint King hadn't expected Omi to strike before finishing a sentence and engage in a sudden attack like.

After Omi transformed Zhu Feng back into a teenager, he immediately put his attention on the Saint King, lest he make a sudden attack, and now that Zhu Feng had returned to his teenage years, he was no longer a threat to Omi.

Omi sneered at the Saint King, "Now that your helper is gone, I'll see what else you can do to survive." Remember the website .kanshu8.net

At this moment, the wishing wind who had turned back into a teenager was shocked, "What's wrong with me?"

Omi said, "Zhu Feng, I told you, my patience is limited to almost non-existent. Get the f\*ck out of the way, don't chirp, there is no such thing as now, you've gone back to your teenage years, it's easy for me to kill you now."

"Omi, why are you doing this, I was going to fly up all."

"I gave you the chance, you damn well grabbed the chance to run, nothing happened, but you're good, still accusing me of not threatening you, it's ridiculous. Alright, I'll give you one more chance now, get out of my way immediately, or else, die."

This time, Zhu Feng pulled his legs out and ran.

Although he was incomparably resentful, but now that he was as weak as a ruminant in front of Omi, he had no right to a fair conversation.

Omi held his former mirror and said to the Saint King, "Now it's your turn, I'll see if you run faster or if my light shines faster." Omi's former mirror to the Half Immortal Clan Saint King, this felt like an ordinary man with a gun in his hand.

In fact, it did quite feel like holding a gun as well. Holding a gun was strong, but it wasn't invincible, and Omi had many weaknesses when he held his former mirror.

The Half Immortal Clan Saint King suddenly transformed his smile and asked, "Omi, I'll tell you something, actually, my daughter, Ayala, likes you very much, he said."

"Phew." Omi didn't wait for him to finish a sentence, the former mirror shone.

"Ah." Instantly, the Half Immortal Clan Saint King returned to his youth.

Omi snorted in his mouth, "Say your sister."

The Half Immortal Clan Saint King attempted to distract Omi's attention, then instantly attacked, then found time for a gap and suddenly escaped, as long as he could instantly escape thousands of meters, he wouldn't be afraid of Omi's former mirror. Unfortunately, how could Omi be so stupid.

"Omi, beg for mercy." When the Half Immortal Clan Saint King turned into a teenager, it was too late to think about it and immediately knelt down to beg for mercy.

Omi didn't immediately kill the Saint King, but arrested him instead.

"Wouldn't it be too cheap to kill you now, I want to capture you back and judge you properly." After saying that, Omi grabbed the Saint King and headed straight to the extreme south

Continent.

The Saint King who had turned back into a teenager was no match for Omi.

It was just heartbreaking that Omi had wasted his four chances to use his former mirror in order to kill such a few miscellaneous hairs.

Omi's remaining Immortal Qi was doubtful that it would be able to support him until he killed the rest of the Half Immortal Clan's parahuman hybrids.

A day later, Omi returned to the Extreme South Continent's Tang Ji Gate.

"Omi, you're back." Everyone ran up worriedly.

"Worried about what."

"No matter what, that Saint King also has the possibility of killing you, in case you run into several parahumans, wouldn't it be."

"That's true, if the former Mirror is this strong, it also has a weakness. By the way, is everyone okay."

"Fine."

"Where's Little Fire?"

"Little Fire is torturing that parahuman of the Half Immortal Clan." Mu Qianji said.

"Ah, that one parahuman hasn't killed him yet?"

"No, Little Fire."

"What the hell happened?"

Violet Pupil said, "Uncle Minister, Yan Ling and Mei, are both dead, Little Fire couldn't walk away from the grief inside, and took that half-immortal parahuman and overpowered him, and put him in the frying pan, and now that parahuman only has one bone left, and Little Fire is pumping his bone marrow and injecting corrosive water into it."

"What." Omi was shocked, and the Saint King who was recaptured by Omi was also shocked, and had a pain inside.

Omi asked, "Other than Yan Ling and Mei, are there any casualties?"

Mu Qianji said, "Yes, they killed once in the Six Seas, but fortunately, Purple Pupil was clever enough to stop it in time. However, it has also already caused, the death of about billions of people."

"What." Omi became furious and looked towards the Saint King he had captured.

Omi walked up and hoisted the Saint King up.

"Bang." Omi punched up.

"Poof." The Saint King was hit and vomited blood.

"He's the Saint King?" A few people were busy asking, and they didn't even recognize the captured teenager just now, who was the Saint King of the Half Immortal Clan, because the change was a bit drastic.

"Right, where is Little Fire now? Let's give this Saint King to Little Fire as well, he must be allowed to vent completely, otherwise he won't be able to untie his knot and his future cultivation will definitely be hindered." Omi shouted.

When that Saint King heard that, his face turned frighteningly pale and shouted, "No, I don't want to be tortured like this."

Omi snorted, "You chose the path yourself, it's good that you killed me, you had to implicate so many innocent humans in the Extreme South Continent, you deserved it."

Omi grabbed the Saint King and went to a torture room where Little Fire was torturing the half-immortal parahuman from before, and there were screams from the torture room.

Omi threw the Saint King to the ground and said, "Little Fire, I'm sorry, if I hadn't let you come back, this wouldn't have happened."

"I'm not blaming you, Chenchen."

“Little Fire, you have to hold on.”

Little Fire’s face was numb as he nodded, “I know.”

Omi had also lost loved ones and was far more deeply attached to Yan Ling than Little Fire was to her, and could well understand how Little Fire was feeling right now.

“Little Fire, this man, is the Saint King of the Half Immortal Clan, if you want to take revenge, he’s the most suitable person to look for, now it’s in your hands.”

Little Flame’s gaze was cold as he looked at the Saint King.

“Ah.”The Saint King saw the tortured skeleton of his fellow clansmen in the torture room and trembled in fear.