

King of kings

1552

Omi was in the courtyard, studying the Shura Eighteen Knives with his eyes closed, although Omi couldn't practice it, Omi could still study it in his mind from time to time.

At that moment, Tang Huan came in from outside and said, "Brother, that Yang Rong sent someone to invite you over."

Omi opened his eyes and said, confused, "Yang Rong? Could it be that little kid who became a Body Tempering Fourth Stage with me last quarter?"

Tang Huan chuckled, "You call him a little kid, you're not even more of a kid yourself."

"Uh, what does he want with me?" Omi was baffled.

"I don't know, he sent someone to ask you to come."

Omi stood up.

"In that case, I'll go and see what he wants."

"Well, I'll go too." Tang Huan said.

Omi said, "Sister, just focus on practicing your martial skills, you're at the Sixth Level of Light Opening Realm, yet your martial skills are still so poor, so why don't you hurry up."

"Oh." Tang Huan pursed her lips, so she had to concentrate on practicing her martial skills. First website m.kanshu8.net

Omi went to Yang Rong's Tian Rong Alliance alone.

Arriving at the entrance of the Tian Rong Alliance, one of his men shouted to the inside, "Omi is here."

Omi walked straight into the door and entered inside, only to see more than thirty outer disciples sitting on both sides of the room, and at the top, a fifteen year old boy stood there, his eyes seemingly with a hint of viciousness, looking at Omi.

Omi was somewhat baffled when he saw Yang Rong looking at him with a vicious gaze, as if he hadn't offended him.

"Yang Rong, what did you call me here for?" Omi asked.

"Omi, don't worry yet, it's not too late until the other one comes." Yang Rong said.

"Whatever, I'd like to see what you want." Omi grunted and sat down on one side.

Not long after, there was another shout from outside, "Lu Yuxi is here."

A nascent, graceful fourteen-year-old girl walked in, and it was Lv Yuxi.

Omi saw Lu Yuxi for the second time, and found that she was a little taller than two months ago, and her chest had puffed up a little, and her taste for girls was a little stronger, but at the moment, Lu Yuxi had a frosty face.

Lv Yuxi looked at Omi before sweeping her gaze towards Yang Rong and hummed, "Yang Rong, what did you invite me here for?"

Yang Rong was busy saying, "Lu Yuxi, I invited Omi over today, if there's anything, the three of us can settle it face to face."

Omi said baffled, "Hey, what do I have to settle with you guys face to face? I don't seem to know you guys well."

Yang Rong shouted at Omi, "Omi, shut up, it's not your turn to speak yet."

Omi was suddenly very upset, what the hell, somehow invited him here, and then before he understood anything, he shouted at Omi.

Omi was about to strike and chop Yang Rong to death when he saw Yang Rong say to Lu Yu Xi, "Yu Xi, how about I beat him up in front of you today?"

Lu Yuxi snorted, "Nuts, would I like this little kid, Omi? Yang Rong, how many times have I told you that the person I like is not this little brat, so please don't bother me, okay? I'm not going to like you, don't think that just because you're stronger than me, you can harass me one after another."

Tang Zi's raised hand stopped, and hearing their conversation, Tang Zi

The minister understands that Yang Rong is the one chasing after Lv Yuxi, but Lv Yuxi doesn't like Yang Rong, so Lv Yuxi tells Yang Rong that she already has a boy she likes. Yang Rong was not convinced, and thought that the guy Lu Yuxi liked was Omi. Yang Rong called Omi here today, because he wants to beat up Omi to his face.

After understanding Yang Rong's purpose of calling Omi over, Omi burst out laughing, and at the same time, Omi was also angry.

At the moment, Yang Rong was only focused on talking to Lv Yuxi and didn't look at Omi at all.

Yang Rong pressed Lv Yuxi, "Omi is the most genius existence in our session other than me, who else can you like other than him, you must be afraid of me beating him, that's why you said that."

Lu Yuxi didn't care in the slightest whether Omi would be beaten or not, she sneered, "Think what you want, you can beat him if you want, it's none of my business."

"Lu Yuxi, I didn't care to bully a little kid, you forced me to do it."

"Yang Rong, what do you want to do yourself, don't try to impose on me at every turn, in short, don't mess with me, or I'm not that easy to mess with. Don't think that you come from some Wannian family, as if you think I'm going to be afraid of you, I just don't care to use my connections on someone of your level." Lu Yuxi seemed to be angry.

Yang Rong was dizzy with anger, perhaps he really wanted to fall in love with Lu Yuxi too much, Yang Rong turned to look at Omi and took out all his anger on Omi.

Yang Rong roared, "Omi, it's all you, I'm going to fix you today." After saying that, Yang Rong leapt up in anger and then slapped down in the air.

"Phew." A strong wind was blowing throughout the house.

Omi was furious inside, this Yang Rong, who had hit a wall in picking up girls himself, actually took out his anger on Omi, treating him like a soft tomato.

Omi met the situation and instantly grabbed Yang Rong's arm when Yang Rong was completely unpredictable.

"Ka-ching." Omi twisted Yang Rong's arm in an instant.

"Bang." Omi shot a kick and whistled, Yang Rong flew out of the door.

"Ah." More than thirty of Yang Rong's men in the house were shocked.

Lu Yuxi also turned pale.

Omi and the two of them, both at the fourth stage of Body Tempering, had thought that Omi, who was even younger, could categorically not be a match for Yang Rong, after all, Yang Rong's arms were thicker than Omi's. However, it turned out that Yang Rong was not a match at all, and did not even have the slightest ability to fight back.

"How could this be." Lu Yuxi looked at the short Omi and said incredulously.

Yang Rong, who flew out of the gate, spewed out several mouthfuls of blood wildly, seemingly even spitting out some pieces of his lungs, showing how heavy Omi's slap was.

Omi leapt three times to the gate, Omi grabbed Yang Rong's hair and dragged him in again.

Omi said angrily, "F*ck you, what the hell, you lost your own pickup girl, take it out on me. I'm not going to be able to do anything about it," he said. What kind of onion are you, you're also worthy of being a rival to me, Tang someone, I pooh."

"Bang." Omi smashed another fierce punch into Yang Rong's chest, and Yang Rong's chest caved in, his entire body was in a half-dead state.

"Slap, slap, slap." Omi swung his palm and slammed it on Yang Rong's face.

In a short while, both sides of Yang Rong's face swelled into a pig's head.

Lu Yuxi panicked, "Omi, if you keep hitting, he'll die."