

King of kings

1764

The other, the purple-haired man, however, didn't have it so easy, and as the locking circle was about to be applied, he flipped over and grabbed the circle with his hand.

"Ah." The purple-haired man was dumbfounded, and he realized that the loop that his hand was grabbing was his spirit locking loop.

"What, what's going on here?" The purple-haired man was startled there.

Omi was now quickly offering his Heavenly Flying Sword and carrying several people, including Mu Qianji, Tang Huan, Lu Yuxi, Light Water, and Yan Xingyi, onto the flying sword, otherwise, if it was too late, they might be killed. Because the fourth stage of the Mahayana stage was too strong, they probably wouldn't even have time to react.

However, Omi could drive a flying sword while others couldn't, this was Omi's advantage, Omi's speed and flexibility in driving a flying sword was not comparable to that Mahayana fourth stage, so as long as he stood on the flying sword, Omi was confident that he wouldn't be killed by him.

"How did this happen?" The purple-haired man suddenly shot his gaze towards Omi and the others, who were already driving their flying swords and standing in mid-air.

Omi snorted, "Isn't it obvious? Your dog collar is now my dog collar, and by the way, I've made your nephew, my dog, too."

"You." The purple-haired man was shaking all over, not sure if he was angry or mad.

The purple-haired man's nephew ran to him in a panic, shouting, "Uncle Purple, what's going on, why is your spirit locking ring locked onto my neck."

When the purple-haired man saw the dog collar on his nephew's neck, he felt that hatred.

In mid-air Omi snorted, "My little dog, you don't seem to have reacted yet ah, let me help you react, your purple-haired uncle, his dog collar, was refined by me and became my magic weapon, and you, also became my first little doggie, have you reacted now?" One second to remember to read the book

"Ah, how does that, how does that work?" The purple-haired man's nephew was stunned there.

The purple-haired man's teeth were clenched in anger, Omi had just actually called him a purple-haired dog, oh my god, if this spread out, how would he still be able to hang around. The grandson of the Five Thunder War God was actually being called a purple-haired dog.

"Hahaha, hahaha." Omi let out a sardonic laughter with endless anger, Omi would return all the previous humiliations to them tenfold, and in the end, have them die miserably.

The purple-haired man snapped out of his shock and incredulity and roared, "Kid, I don't care what method you used to take my Spirit Locking Ring, but I urge you to return it to me immediately, right now, otherwise, I want you to die."

Omi snorted in disdain, "Purple-haired dog, you don't seem to have gotten the reality right yet, do you really think you are capable of wanting me dead? Now is the time I want you dead."

The purple-haired man's eyes were blood red, and it was the first time he had ever been bullied since he had grown up.

The purple-haired man's nephew also roared, "Do you hear me? Return the spirit locking circle to my uncle, otherwise you're finished, this spirit locking circle, do you think anyone deserves to have it?"

Omi pointed at the purple-haired male nephew and said, "You're going to die soon, and you're still beeping here, but I'm not going to let you die so comfortably, and since you're my dog, you should naturally taste your master's shit, and I guarantee you'll taste your master's shit in front of your purple-haired uncle."

"Yah yah." The purple-haired man's nephew was trembling with anger.

At that moment, the purple-haired man struck, killing Omi with a slap. Since he couldn't drive the flying sword, he could only use his hands.

Unfortunately, Omi drove the flying sword and dodged behind him with a swoosh, his palm didn't do any damage at all.

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"Why? Why can you drive a flying sword?" It was only then that the purple-haired dog noticed that Omi could actually drive a flying sword.

Omi trailed off, "I can even silently take your magic weapon and turn it into mine, what's a mere driving of a flying sword. Today I'll let you know how miserable it is to offend me."

"Hmph, you think you can drive a flying sword and kill me? At most, you just have a little more self-preservation." After saying that, the purple-haired man rushed up again, but unfortunately, he couldn't hit Omi with each attack, and Omi didn't receive any damage with the flexibility of his flying sword.

The purple-haired dog's nephew, however, was shouting, "Uncle, kill him ah, you must kill him."

Mu Qianji said, "That person is disgusting, until now he hasn't even seen the situation clearly."

Tang Huan said, "The purple-haired dog's nephew probably thought that his uncle hadn't been trapped in the dog collar, so he couldn't be alright. As long as his uncle wasn't trapped in the dog collar, Omi couldn't do anything to him."

Lu Yu Xi said regretfully, "Unfortunately, the purple-haired dog wasn't trapped together just now."

Omi snorted, "Don't pity, I'll get him in the trap sooner or later, just wait and see."

Saying that, Omi threw his hand, and the dog collar went towards the purple-haired man, swoosh, fast.

Unfortunately, that purple-haired man was, after all, at the fourth stage of the Mahayana stage, and even if he was fast enough, just as soon as he was about to set it, his hand grabbed the circle.

After the purple-haired man grabbed the circle, he immediately wanted to refine it, but unfortunately, his refining speed wasn't as terrifying as Omi's, and before he began to refine it, Omi's mind moved, and the circle he was holding in his hand turned into a stream of air, and then returned to Omi's hand.

After returning to Omi's hand, Omi continued to set.

Just like the game of rag doll in the park, Omi couldn't catch it twice or three times.

So, Omi persevered, set and set, ten times, twenty times, thirty times.

Every time he was about to catch it, he caught it.

The purple-haired man did not have any extra energy to attack Omi, and spent all his energy on catching the trap, not daring to be caught.

So, the two of them trapped each other like this for over an hour, and the spectators beside them were tired of watching.

"Can you get caught in the trap or not."

"You guys aren't tired I'm tired of watching."

Omi was also quite depressed, he had been set for more than an hour, at least several thousand times, but unfortunately they were all caught and didn't hit.

Omi gritted his teeth, he didn't believe it, he couldn't get it right all the time, as long as that purple-haired man's hand shook once, Omi would definitely get it right.

At this moment, t