

# King of kings

1896

Omi landed in the air with his clothes in full view of everyone, and his movements and appearance were extremely handsome.

Many young girls of the Yong Clan, seeing such a handsome and powerful Omi, couldn't control their somewhat heartwarming.

Of course, the other clansmen of the Yong Clan were looking at Omi with resentment, but their resentment was so weak because they were pale with indignation at someone who was not even a match for their ancestor.

Omi looked at the wretched looking Yong Xiong and said, "Brother Yong, I'm sorry, I didn't control my power just now."

"Hmph." Yong Xiong looked very embarrassed and snorted.

Fu Wuldung said in a gloomy manner, "Omi, you're really surprising."

Omi was very upset with this Fu Ruthless, Omi now had a rough assessment of his own strength, at least, Omi thought that it might not be unsure for him to fight Fu Ruthless.

Since he had come to attend the Yong Clan's ancestor's birthday today, Omi naturally had to make a stand.

Omi immediately said, "Fu Wu Rouge, I've just had a few sparring sessions with Yong Xiong, I wonder if your Excellency would be willing to, spar with me?"

"What? You want to challenge me." Fu Wu Rou's face chilled, Omi said it was just a cut and dried, but it was actually provoking him, which was a very disgraceful thing to do.

Omi said, "It's not about provoking, it's just a cut and thrust." One second to remember to read the book

At that moment, the second ranked Puserro said, "Fu Emotionless, since Omi is so interested, why don't you play with him."

Fu Emotionless said with an angry face, "Omi, are you sure you want to spar with me?"

"Hahaha, what's so uncertain about that, Fu Ruthless, come on, let me experience your strength."

"Hmph, then I'll let you see what I can do." Fu Emotionless's body shook, and his cold gaze swept away.

The pseudo-immortal weapon that Fu Wu Emotionless embraced was the Death God Saber.

This Death Saber, millions of years ago, was in Wang Xueluo's hands, and at that time, with this Death Saber, Wang Xueluo became the hegemon of the Extreme South Continent of the Seven

Seas. Unfortunately, after Wang Xuro's ascension, the Death Sword was left to the descendants of the Shura Clan, but his descendants failed to hold on to it, and in the end, it was taken away by a strong man named Fu. Since then, the Shura clan stepped down from their divine state and rolled back to the six seas of death, and now, the Shura clan has even fallen to the point of extinction. And that strong man with the surname Fu was passed down from generation to generation, all the way to the current generation of Fu Ruthless.

Omi and Fu Emotionless, the two of them faced each other in the sky.

In Fu Ruthless's hand, he held a completely black blade, and this black blade was the Death Sword.

Omi knew that his Shura Eighteen Knives would be even more powerful if they were matched with the Death Saber. However, Omi might not be able to snatch the Death Saber, and even if he could, if he did, the strongest Nuo Elephant Nose and Pusara would never stop because they couldn't allow Omi to have two pseudo-immortal weapons by himself.

Therefore, Omi didn't intend to snatch the Death Saber, and for the time being, he didn't have the confidence to deal with the No Elephant Nose and Pusarro.

"Death." The Death Saber slashed towards Omi at once.

"Wow." A white, devil-like white practice tore towards Omi, a terrifying momentum that seemed as if it would split the entire world in half.

Omi's twelve swords were suddenly united as one, displaying his strongest move at the moment, the Shura Eighteen Saber Family Sword Formation in one.

"Open the heavens and open the earth."

Omi's sword.

The slash with Fu Ruthless was violently colliding in the sky.

"Boom." It was as if two planets collided together, the entire world was darkened, as if the sun and moon had no light and the end of days had come, everyone on the ground had a palpable feeling that the moment of the collision, someone was descending late into the night.

Then, the ground trembled and almost all the houses collapsed at that moment.

The Yong Clan's ancestor was very depressed at the moment, a good three thousandth birthday, but now it had turned his family headquarters into ruins.

Two overlords fighting against each other, the devastation was just too great.

After dozens of breaths, the heavens and earth reopened and the sky gradually returned to clarity.

With the clash of swords just now, both Omi and Fu Ruthless had brought out each other's strongest strength, and it could be said that a single slash would tell the difference.

Omi stood in the air, his body as weak as a drawstring.

On the opposite side of Omi, Emotionless Fu was drenched in blood, his hair, clothes, all gone, looking extremely wretched and miserable.

Omi was only physically powerless, but otherwise there was no difference. So, it was clear which was stronger and which was weaker at a glance.

Omi snorted, "Scalp gone, this look, very handsome."

"You." Fu Emotionless saw Omi's sarcasm and bit his teeth in anger.

Omi said, "You're biting your teeth again? Believe it or not I made you lose your human skin, it only took one move and you're this miserable, if I come back with another sword, you'll surely die."

"Ah." Fu Emotionless's body trembled, he thought that Omi could really do it again.

In fact, Omi would indeed be able to do it again if he had to hold on hard, but it would definitely not be as powerful as it was just now.

On the ground, everyone had to re-examine Omi.

Pusaro flew up and laughed, "Omi, what good strength, alright, let's cut and run, point to point, why make such a rattling."

Omi swept his gaze towards Pusarro and asked, "Could it be that you want to cut and dice with me too?"

Pusaro snorted, "Omi, you have proven your strength and are qualified enough to become one of our five overlords, do I still need to spar with you? Of course, if you think you can beat me in seconds, then come on. In fact, you don't even have that strength."

Omi knew that Pusara possessed the strength to defeat Fu Ruthless in seconds, so Omi was not confident that he could defeat Pusara unless Omi stepped into the Seventh Stage of Tribulation.

Now that Omi had proven his strength, there was no need to fight any longer to his detriment.

Omi shouted, "Little Fire, let's go."

"Yes, Brother Chen."

Omi and Little Fire, flew away in full view of the crowd.

After Omi left, Pusaro's gaze was grimly cold as he looked at the direction Omi had left, the corners of his mouth slightly Yang, it was obvious that he had to treat Omi, as an opponent on the same level as him.

Fu Wu Ruthless said, "Pusarro, thank you for coming out to scare Omi off for me, if you hadn't just come out, I don't know if Omi would have attacked me again, I really don't have the ability to fight back anymore."

Pusaro said, "This Omi, I didn't expect his strength to greatly exceed my estimation, I'm afraid I don't have the confidence to win."

"He just became the overlord of the Extreme South Continent, how could he be so strong." Fu Wu Rou said sourly inside.