

D Emperor 961

Chapter 961: I want your luck

"Go, go!"

The corpse roared and drove two corpses to Lu Ming in succession.

bump! bump!

Two roars, the two corpses exploded in an instant, Lu Ming's fist suddenly accelerated, and a terrible pressure erupted, locking the corpse Ming firmly.

Zombie's pupils widened sharply, and his throat gave a low roar: "No, no, how can it be so strong? I want to block it!"

His body was full of corpses and he exploded into full force, taking a shot at Landing Ming!

This palm was terrible, but in front of Lu Ming, it was all paper-like, crashing and broken, and the terrifying punches directly penetrated his body.

At this moment, he wanted to shout and admit defeat, it was too late.

bump!

His body was torn apart.

The nine dragons were swallowed by Lu Ming's dragon of luck.

Lu Ming's dragon of luck has skyrocketed by nearly ten feet, reaching nearly ninety-six feet.

It's only a few feet away.

A terrible force of devouring erupted in the palm of the hand, swallowing the essence of the blood of Luo Dao and Zuo Ming.

Then his figure flicked and flew forward.

He glanced thousands of miles around, looking for Bai Chixue's figure.

In the stands, both the Emperor Tianjing Palace and the Heavenly Corpse Sect's faces are somber.

Lu Ming's combat power exceeded their expectations. Tianjiao, ranked 30th on the Qianjiao list, was also easily killed by Lu Ming. Is Lu Ming's combat power so powerful?

Unfortunately, they can only watch, the battlefield is isolated, and they cannot sense Lu Ming's specific behavior.

"This little animal, did Wang Yan and Wang Chen both die in his hands?"

The owner of the Wang family snarled and hated Lu Ming like crazy!

However, Emperor Yiwu Emperor's face was expressionless and calm, not knowing what he was thinking.

Du Songjue, Yan Fanatic, Jiuyang Supreme and others, all smiled.

"As long as Lu Ming finds Chixue, and then finds a place to hide, don't meet Luo Tian a few people, it will be safe!"

Fu Yangzong is a veteran.

"Yes, but Lu Ming has so much luck right now. Even if he is not captured, there is probably no more than him on the battlefield on the 8th. At that time, he still has to participate in the duel of the last eight!"

The other person was a bit worried and said with a heavy face.

Thinking of this, other people's faces also sink.

This step-by-step screening, without strength, is simply difficult to maintain luck.

Lu Ming is flying, Luo Tian is also flying at full strength.

A peerless Tianjiao in Tianyao Valley is also flying at full strength.

They should find Lu Ming as soon as possible, kill Lu Ming, and seize Lu Ming's luck value.

They didn't have much time, only one hour. If Lu Ming escaped for an hour, Lu Ming's huge luck would lose their share.

"Damn Lu Ming, where are you?"

Luo Tian growled, and suddenly he saw a few people in front of him, and rushed past.

"No, it's Luo Tian, run away!"

Seeing Luo Tian, those people fled wildly.

"Dead!"

Luo Tian showed a terrible color, the demon qi soared, the black magic knife chopped out, two people were immediately killed by him.

"I admit defeat, I admit defeat!"

The last one yelled wildly.

When the man shouted, a beam of light enveloped the man, and Luo Tian's sword light could not be cut in.

The dragon of luck above him swallowed all the luck of the two beheaded people, and the person who confessed was swallowed by 90% of the luck, and then the person who confessed was transported out and fell on In the stands.

The dragon of luck above Luotian's head rose more than 20 feet.

"Too few, I still have to find Lu Ming, and Fu Yuzong's chick is also good!"

Luo Tian's eyes were cold and he continued to fly.

At this time, Bai Chixue resisted with difficulty. Around her, the defensive shield kept shaking, and it seemed that she could not support it for a long time.

"Haha, work harder, this chick can't support it!"

The Jinpao youth laughed.

Among the three of them, the golden robe youth is the newly rising Tianjiao, but their strength can contend with the Tianjiao in the Qianjiao list of about 100. The three teamed up and Bai Chixue can support for so long, which is already pretty good.

"Lu Ming is coming!"

In the stands, Du Junjie waited for his eyes to shine.

They are outside, condescending, and can see the whole picture clearly.

At this time, they saw Lu Ming was rushing towards Bai Chixue.

"No, Luo Tian is also going over there."

A veteran yelled, their complexion became extremely ugly, their hands clawed, and they could not help grasping.

"Hahaha!"

In the Emperor Tianshen Palace, the head of the Wang family and the head of the Jiang family laughed.

"Lu Ming, destined to die in the hands of Tianjiao, our Emperor Tianshen Palace!"

The owner of the Wang family laughed the most.

call out!

Lu Ming was a hundred miles away, countless Gobi, Shi Bi crossed under him.

On the way, other Tianjiao figures were also encountered, but Lu Ming was too fast and passed by. Those Tianjiao who were not very strong, and seeing Lu Ming's terrible power, why did they dare to stop by the slightest and flee .

Lu Ming also had no intention to seize the luck of these people.

"Huh? There is a battle ahead, that's Chixue!"

Lu Ming's eyes suddenly lit up and saw Bai Chixue being besieged by three young people.

Rumble!

His speed became faster, causing a horrible sonic boom.

The three young men in Jinpao heard the horrible sound burst and were shocked in their hearts. They stopped and looked in the direction of the sound burst.

"Lu Ming, Lu Ming!"

The three were startled, and quickly backed away. The three stood side by side, their eyes dignified.

Although many people want to kill Lu Ming and seize Lu Ming's luck, those are the top arrogance.

And a few of them, although they are not weak, have no confidence in Lu Ming.

Before the battle of luck, Lu Ming's combat strength was already very strong.

They can also be comparable to the Tianjiao, which is about a hundred in the Qianjiao list, and dare to despise Lu Ming.

Uh!

Lu Ming's figure appeared above Bai Chixue's head.

"Lu Ming, I knew you would come!"

Bai Chixue smiled.

"It doesn't seem to be late!"

Lu Ming also smiled.

At this time, the three young men in Jinpao were secretly discussing.

"The three of us joined forces and may not be able to kill Lu Ming. Should we fight?"

The Jinpao youth secretly heard the voice.

"Fight? To fight you, idiot, haven't you seen Lu Ming's dragon of luck, and it has grown by more than ten feet? Just for a while, the dragon of luck has grown by more than ten feet. Absolutely. A master stronger than us died in Lu Ming's hands!"

Tianjiaozong's Tianjiao sneered, his body slowly receded.

As soon as this statement came out, the face of Jinpao Youth and Tianyao Gutianjiao changed greatly.

They only noticed the change of Lu Ming's Dragon of Fortune.

"Do you want to go? Did I let you go?"

Lu Ming looked at the three young men in Jinpao.

The three men's faces changed greatly.

"Lu Ming, what do you want?"

The young man in Jinpao gritted his teeth.

"Of course you are lucky!"

Lu Ming smiled lightly and stepped out.

Chapter 962: Fight the Demon King Again

"Lu Ming, don't go too far. The three of us joined forces and may not be able to fight you!"

Cried the young man in gold robe.

"Really? If you think you can fight me, then go for it!"

Lu Ming stepped forward, revealing a touch of disdain.

"Haha, Lu Ming, you are very arrogant, in front of a few waste, what is arrogant?"

At this moment, a loud laughter sounded from a distance, and immediately, a blade of light, breaking through the void, came quickly.

Wow!

The knife light disappeared, and a black robe appeared in the air.

Devil qi soars into the sky, it is the devil Luo Tian.

"Luotian is here, haha, Lu Ming is finished!"

The Jinpao Youth froze for a moment, and then laughed.

He had wanted to run away, but now, he stopped running, looking at Landing Ming with a sneer: "Lu Ming, weren't you arrogant just now? Now the Demon King is coming, how do you die?"

The young man in golden robe is also the arrogance of Emperor Tian's imprisonment, and he is usually familiar with Luo Tian.

The two arrogances of the Celestial Sect and the Celestial Valley slowly backed away, to a position that they believed to be safe, and watched from a distance.

"Lu Ming, was my brother Luo Li killed by you?"

Luo Tian looked coldly at Landing Ming and asked.

"Yes, he has to find his own death. I can only complete him. If you find him, I can also complete you!"

Lu Ming responded faintly.

"Rampant, it's useless to rely on a mouth. If it wasn't on Tiandu Island, I would suppress you by turning my hand!"

Luo Tiandao.

In Tiandu Island, Luo Tian was very clear about Lu Ming's combat strength. Although Lu Ming's combat strength was not weak, compared with him, he did not know how far away he was and could easily be killed by him.

What's more, during this time, he has made progress again.

"The luck of both of you will be mine!"

Luo Tian looked at Lu Ming and Bai Chixue, fiery.

The luck of Lu Ming and Bai Chixue added up to more than one million, and once he got it, he could have a luck dragon of a hundred or dozens of feet.

In ancient times, how many people could be so lucky that the real dragon can exceed one hundred feet?

Only if those emperors participated in the battle of luck when they were young, could they be achieved?

Luo Tian's heart was fiery.

Keng!

The magic knife came out of the sheath, and the light of the knife broke into the sky. A terrible light of knife blew towards the landing.

This knife was very abrupt. Luo Tiangang was talking, and as soon as his voice fell, he suddenly shot. He wanted to kill Lu Ming with one move, and did not give Lu Ming a chance to admit defeat.

Lu Ming's mouth twitched slightly, splitting with a palm, and slashed toward Luo Tian's sword light.

At this moment, all around the grandstand's eyes fell on Lu Ming.

Lu Ming actually slashed directly towards Luo Tian's sword light, is he so confident?

The people of Fu Yangzong couldn't help but mention it.

Can Lu Ming block it?

This is the tenth in the Qianjiao list, the sword of the devil Luo Tian.

How terrible?

Many people in the Emperor Tianjing Palace showed a terrible color on their faces. They seemed to have seen the scene where Lu Ming was split into two parts.

boom!

Lu Ming's palm finally banged with Dao Guang.

Unexpectedly, Lu Ming split the palm of his hand, and the blade of light shattered like a fragile glass.

"Dare to attack with this power!"

Lu Ming sneered.

Luo Tian's face changed slightly. Although he didn't use his full strength with the knife just now, he wanted to kill Lu Ming with a knife. The power was not weak. He had 50% of his skills.

It was actually shattered by Lu Ming.

"It seems that during this time, you have made great progress, but you are still dying. I just used 50% of my skill just now!"

Luo Tian said coldly.

"Oh? Five success forces? Sorry, I just used one success force for that palm!"

Lu Ming smiled coldly.

"A success force? Hahaha, he is not ashamed, he is talking nonsense with his eyes open, dead!"

Luo Tian's body, the devil qi soared into the sky, a violent breath burst out.

The terrible sword prestige permeated the audience, not far away, the young man in Jinpao's face showed a horrified color, and pulled away.

"Is this the strength of Demon Lord Luotian? It's terrible!"

The golden robe youth was terrified.

He felt that Luo Tian could kill him with just one random move, a big difference.

"Is the seventh peak of the spirit fetus?"

There was a smile on Lu Ming's mouth.

Luo Tian's cultivation base is at the seventh peak of the Lingtai.

When he was on Tiandu Island, Luo Tian's cultivation practice should have just broken through the seventh layer of the spirit fetus.

Uh!

The magic knife is thousands of kilometers, slamming down towards the landing. Under this knife, the space is violently twisted and vibrated, and it seems to be cut apart at will.

When the sound of Long Yin sounded, Lu Ming burst out with a dragon force, and dense scales of armor appeared on his body, with a step on the foot, his body rushed towards the body like a shell, and his palm was split.

Lu Ming has now reached the seventh peak of the spirit fetus. How powerful is it. After adding a dragon force, the palm is split, and the space is completely twisted together.

boom!

The magic knife grinds, and Lu Ming's palm continues to advance.

Luo Tian's complexion changed greatly.

This move, he almost used 80% of the power, but was still defeated by Lu Ming, how is it possible?

Is it true that Lu Ming said that only 10% of the strength was used just now?

impossible?

Luo Tian directly denied that Lu Ming was completely crushed by him when he was on Tiandu Island, and he could only escape with the help of the environment of Tiandu Island.

He didn't want to believe that only in the past few months, Lu Ming's combat power surpassed him, which was a huge blow to him.

"Blood Demon Blade!"

Luo Tian shouted, the magic knife chopped out continuously.

However, Lu Ming's figure was non-stop, surrounded by four-color artistic conception, struck forward, and his palms were split.

bump! bump! bump! ...

Luo Tian's chopped blade light, under Lu Ming's palm, kept breaking.

This is a one-sided battle.

Today, there are three types of Lu Ming's heaven and earth artistic conception, which are the third-level Dacheng pinnacles.

And the conception of the earth is about to reach the peak of the third-level Dacheng.

The fusion of the four moods is so terrible?

I'm afraid they can compete with the level 4 artistic conception.

And Luo Tian's artistic conception is only three levels of consummation, and has not yet reached the fourth level.

Artistically, Lu Ming can crush Luo Tian.

boom! boom! boom!

After dozens of consecutive moves, Luo Tian's knife light continued to shatter and his body retreated.

In the stands, many people widened their eyes in shock.

"impossible!"

The head of the Wang family, the head of the Jiang family, and others, made a deep roar, which was unbelievable.

Lu Ming's combat strength is so terrifying? how can that be?

Du Songjue, Yan Fanatic, Jiuyang Supreme and others also showed their astonishment, but more of them were happy.

Lu Ming's combat power was also beyond their expectations, but the stronger Lu Ming was, the happier they were naturally.

"Haha, I didn't expect Lu Ming to have the strength of the top ten in the Qianjiao list. Brother Jiuyang, you still have eyesight!"

Jun Song sternly smiled.

"Lu Ming, also beyond my expectations!"

Jiuyang Supreme also smiled slightly.

Chapter 963: Kill Luotian

The battle between Lu Ming and Luo Tian has become fierce.

Luo Tian fell completely downwind.

bump!

Lu Ming slammed his hand on Luo Tian's shoulder, one of his arms almost burst apart, and he vomited blood.

"Ah, **** it!"

Luo Tian shouted, and a demon appeared above his head.

This demon god, with three heads and six arms, is holding a huge war knife on each arm.

Six golden chakras sparkling.

Luo Tian, the third bloodline is the god-level bloodline six, which is comparable to the heads of the six ancient families, and the talent is extremely terrible.

"It's now!"

In Lu Ming's body, two more dragon forces exploded. Lu Ming's body instantly appeared on top of Luo Tian's head and stepped towards Luo Tian.

The terrible power surged toward Luo Tian.

Luo Tian was going to show bloodline fusion. Unexpectedly, Lu Ming's speed was so amazing. He appeared on the top of his head in an instant, a terrible blow broke out, and his bloodline fusion was interrupted.

He can only resist with a sword of war.

but--

bump!

The light he cut out shattered at Lu Ming's feet, and a huge and terrible force pressed against him, almost overwhelming him on the ground.

Click!

All the bones in his body made a noise, and they were about to burst apart. In his mouth, he spouted blood.

"How could it be so strong? How could his strength be so strong? Do you want me to admit defeat? No, no, I can't admit defeat, how can I admit defeat to Lu Ming!"

At this moment, Luo Tian had thoughts in his mind.

But this thought determined his life's destiny.

Uh!

Lu Ming's hand grabbed sharp and long nails, like dragon claws, and suddenly grabbed Luo Tian.

All of Luotian's attacks and defenses exploded directly in Lu Ming's hands.

Hand claws like dragon claws were directly inserted into Luo Tian's chest.

"No, no! I admit..."

At this moment, Luo Tian roared wildly and wanted to yell to admit defeat, but Lu Ming's strength exploded, Luo Tian's heart burst.

Luo Tian's cry came to an abrupt halt. He stared at the eyes and watched the landing sound unbelievably. He felt that the vitality in his body was draining rapidly, and endless fear enveloped him.

Is he about to die in Lu Ming's hands? How could this be?

The next moment, his eyes were black, and he knew nothing, his vitality was extinct.

"impossible!"

Looking at this scene, the owner of the Wang family roared.

"Luotian, Lu Ming killed Luotian!"

Next to the owner of the Wang family, there was an old man roaring and killing himself.

This is also a supreme, the supreme in the Emperor Heaven Guard, is the master of Luo Tian.

He was simply unacceptable, Luo Tian actually died.

Luo Tian, has peerless resources, the third bloodline is the **** level six, and then rushes into the spirit **** realm, it is a 100% thing, and there is even a great possibility that it can impact the supreme realm.

This is a supreme future, but it is so dead now, this is a huge loss.

In the entire Emperor Tianjin Palace, how many people can there be?

In this generation, in a golden age, genius gathers, and the strong are like clouds.

If in the past, talents like Luo Tian were able to suppress people of an era, no one could beat it.

Like the Supremes nowadays, when they were young, they were almost invincible, pushing their rivals horizontally and stepping into the Supreme.

There can be several supreme births in an era, that is very few.

But this era is different. A talent like Luo Tian can only be the tenth in the list.

"Haha, good kill!"

Yan Kuangtu laughed, attracting the eyes of Emperor Tianshen Palace full of murderous eyes.

But Yan Fanatic directly ignored.

Emperor Yiwu Emperor's face was still calm, and his eyes did not fluctuate, as if Luo Tian died, he didn't care.

"This Lu Ming, kind of interesting!"

There was a charming voice over the Valley of Heavenly Demon.

This voice is soft and makes people feel numb as soon as they hear it. This is the voice of the demon emperor.

When many young people heard this voice, they were all hot and their heart beat faster.

Even women are no exception, as if the voice of the demon emperor is full of charm.

"It's kind of interesting!"

The emperor spoke, his voice was hoarse and very harsh. Many people wanted to vomit blood when they heard this voice, which was completely opposite to the demon emperor's voice.

Some young people rushed to stabilize themselves.

In the battlefield, Lu Ming's palm swallowing power exploded, swallowing Luo Tian into a corpse.

Rumble!

Luo Tian's essence and blood are very strong.

Even the bloodline began to refine rapidly.

Roar!

Lu Ming's Qiyun Dragon directly swallowed Luo Tian's Qiyun Dragon. Suddenly, Lu Ming's Qiyun Dragon directly increased by 20 feet, soaring to 117, nearly 100 Twenty feet.

At this time, the color of Lu Ming's Dragon of Fortune also changed.

Originally, the color of the dragon of luck was purple, but now it has become purple gold.

Not far away, the eyes of the golden robe youth, as well as the Heavenly Corpse Sect and the Heavenly Pride of Heavenly Demon Valley.

"Luo...Luo Tian is dead, Luo Tian was killed by Lu Ming, how could this be?"

The young man in Jinpao murmured to himself, his eyes full of incredible colors.

In his eyes, the almost invincible Luo Tian was actually killed by Lu Ming, which had a great impact on him.

"Run away, run away!"

The young man in Jinpao was almost scared to death. When he thought that he wanted to join hands with Lu Ming just now, he was trembling with fear.

I am afraid that Lu Ming can easily kill them, so that they have no chance of returning.

In the distance, Tianjiao Valley and Tianjiaozong's arrogance were almost scared and turned to run.

"Am I letting you go?"

Lu Ming's cold eyes looked at them, and Jiulong walked out step by step, stepping on his feet, like a streamer, and instantly approached the Jinpao youth.

"Keep confess, I confess!"

The golden robe screamed.

Suddenly, a beam of light enveloped him.

And above Lu Ming's head, the purple-gold luck dragon swallowed 90% of the Jinpao youth's luck dragon, and then the Jinpao youth was sent out with a trembling figure.

Lu Ming keeps walking, the speed is terrifying, and after a while, he will catch up with the arrogance of the Heavenly Demon Valley and Heavenly Corpse Sect.

The two were horrified and shouted to admit defeat.

Finally, Lu Ming swallowed 90% of his luck and was sent out.

"Lu Ming, I knew you would come!"

Bai Chixue came to Lu Ming with a smile on his face.

"Go, let's get lucky."

Lu Ming smiled slightly, then turned around and walked forward, Bai Chixue followed him.

In the stands, all the people of Fu Yangzong showed a relaxed smile.

In the battlefield on the 8th, even Luo Tian was killed by Lu Ming. In that, no one could threaten Lu Ming.

One of the strongest demon clan Tianjiao is only equivalent to Luotian. There are several other Tianjiao capable of transporting dragons by air, and they are by no means rivals of Lu Ming.

Lu Ming can be said to run wild.

Bai Chixue, with Lu Ming's protection, will be able to persevere to the end and keep 100,000 lucky.

Chapter 964: Fat man's scary blood

Lu Ming, who won the first place on the battlefield on the eighth, has no suspense.

Now, he already has a dragon of luck of more than 120 feet. On the battlefield of No. 8, unless the luck of other people is added together, it cannot be compared with Lu Ming.

Next, Lu Ming wandered wildly. Anyone who encountered Lu Ming, who had short eyes, wanted to get started, and was directly bombarded by Lu Ming, while others yelled for defeat.

Half an hour later, Lu Ming was followed by more than a dozen disciples of Fu Yangzong.

Lu Ming wants to take them to the end.

"Not good, if there is danger in the sky, you will encounter the Emperor God!"

In the stands, a veteran suddenly cried out.

There was no suspense on the battlefield on the 8th, and everyone's eyes turned to other battlefields.

The eyes of Fu Yangzong turned to Battlefield No. 1 uncontrollably.

Fu Yangzong was so proud that he was on the first battlefield.

Everyone can see that if Ru Kong is on the way, the dragon of luck above his head reaches about twenty feet.

On one side, the Emperor God was flying towards Rukong quickly, with a terrifying speed, but Rukong didn't seem to find it.

In this way, the two will soon collide.

The hearts of the people of Fu Yangzong raised.

Sure enough, just a dozen breaths, the two met.

Rukong heard movements and turned her head, her pupils contracted sharply.

"I..."

If there is no hesitation in the air, he will shout and admit defeat.

"dead!"

At the same time, the Emperor God shot, a sword light, unbelievable, as if it had penetrated a lot of space in an instant, and almost fell to Rukong's body almost instantly.

The three words "I admit defeat", if not called out, are directly torn into pieces by the terrible Jianguang.

Quick, too fast, hard to respond like empty.

"Rukong!"

Jun Song absolutely yelled and grieved.

"how come?"

Fu Yangzong's other elders and elders looked sad.

As empty, Fu Yangzong is second only to the masters of fantasy, and the Qianjiao ranked 15th, so he was killed. In the hands of the emperor, there is almost no resistance.

The fighting power of Emperor God is unfathomable.

After the Emperor God killed Rukong, he swallowed Rukong's air-dragon, without any pause, and his figure moved into a golden light and flew away.

"Hahaha! Good kills, you Fujunzong's arrogance, you must die!"

"Although Lu Ming has saved his life now, if he meets Emperor God later, he will still die!"

In the area of Emperor Tianshen Palace, there were laughs of sarcasm.

Du Songjie and others clenched their fists tightly.

Fu Yangzong originally had thirteen candidates, but seven had fallen before, and now one has fallen, leaving only five left.

Subsequently, they turned their attention to Wen Yuezhang and others.

It's a pity that they were not lucky, they met the invincible strong, but fortunately they were not killed by a single blow, and they all admit defeat.

Over time, some people were killed, but more people were defeated, or defeated, sent out of the battlefield.

In the stands, more and more people appeared. Many people sighed, and after confessing, there was not much luck left.

Ruan Tingting also appeared in the stands. She met a strong rival and directly conceded defeat.

In the eight battlefields, the fighting is getting more and more intense.

On the battlefield No. 8, Lu Ming was almost invincible.

Several masters who reached the Qiyunhualong later met Lu Ming, but as soon as they saw Lu Ming's Qilong Real Dragon, which had a length of a few dozens of feet, his face changed wildly, and he turned and ran.

They are not stupid, Lu Ming can live to the present, and the dragon of luck has skyrocketed by dozens of feet, needless to say, those who played Lu Ming's abacus, gave luck to Lu Ming, what are they waiting for without running?

However, at the speed of Lu Ming, how did they run away, and finally admit defeat.

In the end, Lu Ming's true dragon is almost approaching the horror of 150 feet, hovering in the sky, and seeing from a distance, those who saw it, their faces changed wildly, turned and ran .

Even Tian Tian Gu, the demon valley, is as famous as Luo Tian, and runs faster than anyone else.

This made Lu Ming a little depressed. The distance was too far apart. He had to be more troublesome to chase. He was afraid that Fu Yanzong's disciples would be in danger because of being transferred away from the mountain. Therefore, Lu Ming was too lazy to chase.

The overall situation on the 8th battlefield has been determined, and the battlefield on the 1st is similar. The other battlefields are filled with smoke.

"Fantasy has encountered Eastern Jade!"

Fu Yangzong shouted a veteran, and everyone else's eyes were on the battlefield No. 4, and his heart was raised.

Experts from other parties also looked at the battlefield No.4.

Huanzhen encountered Dongfang Jade, which was a peak showdown.

Fantasia, Qianjiao ranked eighth, Oriental Jade, Qianjiao ranked third, second only to Emperor God and Blood Sword.

When the two met, they fought a fierce battle.

However, Dongfang Jade is obviously stronger, but Fantasia does not seek meritorious service but seeks nothing, and is defensive throughout.

Illusion, like a bright moon, the whole body glowed, and a round of bright moon appeared before him, blocking the attack of fantasy.

This is based on body formation, and is a very strong defensive formation, than Ji Mai's original body formation, I do not know how many times stronger.

At the same time, the inscription formation method emerged continuously around Fantasim, which also inspired the inscription rune.

Various rays of light continue to shine, and various defensive formations are formed.

Although the East is extremely powerful, but the fantasy is defensive, he wants to break open in a short time, it is impossible.

The two fell into a stalemate, and finally Dongfangyu had no choice but to retreat, which made Fu Yangzong all breathe out for a long time.

The embarrassed hum of the Emperor Tianjing Palace felt sorry that Dongfang Jade did not kill the fantasy.

At this time, on the battlefield No. 2, the fat man and Wang Fiantian met.

"dead!"

As soon as Wang Fiantian saw the fat man, Ling Xun's murderer broke out and launched a violent attack.

He knew that the fat man was an apprentice of the demon emperor, but this was a battle of luck. Even if the fat man was killed, the demon emperor could not say anything?

"He's Nana, he wants to kill Uncle Ben, ten thousand years earlier!"

The fat man yelled and blood broke out.

The third bloodline, eight golden chakras, made Wang Fentian almost slam his eyes.

Even those in the grandstand, those who are strong in spirit, **** and supreme, could not control their emotions and stood up from the grandstand with a look of shock.

The god-level eight bloodline is actually the god-level eight bloodline, which is too scary.

In addition to several great emperors, the others were shocked one by one.

"Senior apprentice of Motian, really extraordinary!"

Jiuyang Supreme sighed.

Du Songjue and others nodded again and again. They had seen a fat man before. Unexpectedly, this fat man who looked unreliable was so terrible. Worthy of being the apprentice of the emperor.

"Damn!"

The head of the Wang family and others shouted and were shocked.

The eighth level of the gods is rare in the world. Just like the Yan Fan, it is the eighth level of the gods. It is so powerful that it can fight three supremes alone.

They thought that this fat man, but Lu Ming's life and death brother.

"Burn the sky, kill this fat man, kill him!"

The owner of the Wang family growled.

This fat man is terrible. Once he grows up in the future, he will be another Yan Fanatic.

It happened to kill him now, and the Emperor Demon could not say anything afterwards.

Chapter 965: final battle

"Mo Tian's eyesight is really good, actually accept such an apprentice!"

The demon's soft voice sounded again.

Emperor Yiwu Emperor and Emperor Emperor's Emperor, both gleamed in their eyes.

Even those who are capable of awakening the blood of the god-level and eight-level bloodline, even the powerful emperor of the martial arts are heart-warming.

"What about **** level eight? Kill you as usual!"

Wang Fiantian launched a terrible offensive, constantly attacking the fat man.

Although the bloodline level of the fat man is high, the cultivation base is weaker. It seems that it has just broken through the sixth weight of the spirit fetus.

However, the fat man was fighting for no merit but seeking no thoughts. He was defending all the way, and finally took out a huge shield to isolate Wang Fiantian's flame.

Wang Fiantian continued to attack and the fat man yelled, but for a time, he could not break it.

Time is running out. Suddenly, the eight battlefields vibrate, the mask shines, and all the people in the battlefield are sent out.

It's an hour.

"Haha, want to deal with Uncle Ben, dream!"

The fat man found himself in the stands, laughed arrogantly, and looked provocatively at Wang Fangtian on the other side.

Wang Fiantian's eyes will burst into flames.

"Fat, you actually awakened the blood of the god-level and eight-level bloodline, great!"

At the moment, a huge axe, eight golden chakras, gleaming, and Bai Chixue stared at the fat man in shock, floating above his head.

Lu Ming was also surprised, did not expect the third bloodline of the fat man awakened, so horrible, it was actually a god-level eight.

No wonder when he first met, the fat man was mysterious, and Lu Ming asked him, he didn't say it yet.

All around, countless eyes are looking at the fat man, there is shock, envy, jealousy.

"Hahaha, laughed, laughed, this is talent, there is no way, born!"

The fat man was so proud that he laughed in the sky.

Seeing others look at his gaze, he felt very comfortable and his smiling eyes could not be opened.

"God is really unfair, actually let this dead fat man awaken the **** level eight bloodline!"

In the Emperor Tianjin Palace, someone gritted his teeth.

"Yes, it's a waste, like flowers on cow dung!"

Someone said again.

The fat man twitched his ears a few times. Hearing these words, he suddenly felt uncomfortable and stared at these people with unsightly eyes. Doomed to be in the world, stepping on you all under your feet!"

"Damn, this fat man, is really arrogant!"

Those people almost vomited blood.

Emperor God, Blood Sword One, Ao Tu and others also looked at the fat man with dignified eyes. The fat man is still a little lower in cultivation, but once he grows up, he will be their enemy.

"Ok?"

At this time, many people looked at Lu Ming, and then they were stunned.

The dragon of luck above Lu Ming's head is too big, too long, a few hundred feet, which is amazing.

They originally thought that Lu Ming was going to be killed by Luotian or Tianjiao in the battlefield on the eighth battlefield. They didn't expect to be alive, and the length of the Dragon of Fortune became even more terrifying.

"What? Lu Ming killed Luo Tian!"

When they knew the truth, they were shocked and dumbfounded.

Lu Ming, can actually kill Luo Tian? How could Lu Ming's combat power be so strong?

Before the battle of luck began, some people who thought that Luo Tian had good luck and had split up with Lu Ming to a battlefield had pale faces and cold sweats.

This is where luck is good, it is almost extremely bad luck, if they are divided into the eighth battlefield, maybe Luo Tian will end the same.

They knew that they all underestimated Lu Ming.

Emperor God and others, looking at Lu Ming's eyes, were also somewhat surprised.

At this time, the eight battlefields on the battlefield had all disappeared, and the appearance of the battlefield was restored again. At the same time, eight rays of light fell on the eight people.

They are: Lu Ming, Emperor God, Ao Tu, Blood Sword One, Corpse Fight, Feng Xuan, Dongfang Jade, Wang Fangtian.

Eight people are the eight people with the highest luck value on the eight battlefields.

Among them, Fu Yangzong was only Lu Ming.

There are three people in Emperor Tianshen Palace, with the largest number, Emperor God, Dongfang Jade and Wang Fentian.

There are two celestial corpses, blood sword one and corpse battle.

The two in Tianyao Valley, Ao Tu and Feng Xuan.

Feng Xuan is an extremely beautiful woman, Tian Pei Valley's peerless Tian Jiao, with Phoenix blood in her body.

Next, the eight major arrogances will compete in pairs to compete for luck.

As with the previous rules, if you are defeated, you will get half of the luck from the opponent. If you lose, you will be taken 90% of the luck. If you are killed, all the luck will be owned by the other party.

Next, is the final duel of the battle of luck, and the most pinnacle duel, each of which is extremely powerful.

Among them, Lu Ming is a group of dark horses.

There are also a group of dark horses, namely Fengxuan in Tianyao Valley, both of whom are regarded as the newly rising Tianjiao.

Others are all arrogances.

Ao Tu is a natural arrogant believed to be able to compete with the emperor and god. Some people think that Ao Tu is stronger than the blood sword one ranked second in the Qianjiao list.

Not to mention Emperor God, Qianjiao ranked first, and most people believe that Emperor God is the first genius of Donghuang's younger generation, unmatched.

Dongfang Jade ranked third in Qianjiao.

Corpse battle, Qianjiao ranked fourth, Wang Fiantian, Qianjiao ranked fifth.

Everyone is looking forward to the next matchup. After this battle, Qianjiao should be re-ranked.

Buzz!

Of the eight rays, six of them disappeared, leaving only two.

Together, Lu Ming, and Wang Fangtian.

In the first battle, it was actually Lu Ming who opposed Wang Fangtian.

Everyone's eyes fell on the two.

Wang Fiantian looked at Lu Ming, and a strong murderous opportunity burst into his eyes.

"Burn the sky, can you be sure?"

The owner of the Wang family asked.

"His luck is mine!"

Wang Fiantian licked his lips, revealing a greedy look, and moved on the battle platform.

"Lu Ming, if you really lose, you can admit defeat!"

Juniper never whispered.

"Haha, I believe Lu Ming will win!"

Yan Fanatic laughed.

"Fat man, you were just burned by this guy. I will avenge you now!"

Lu Ming smiled, stepped out and landed on the battle platform.

Above them, there is a real dragon of luck.

At present, Wang Fiantian's true luck dragon is fifty feet long, but in front of Lu Ming's true luck dragon, it looks like a small one, and is overlooked by Lu Ming's true luck dragon.

"Lu Ming, I want to thank you and get so much luck, because wait a minute, it will be mine!"

The light of greed in Wang Fiantian's eyes is more intense.

"You are very confident, Luo Tian was so confident before, and finally I was slaughtered!"

Lu Ming laughed, showing contempt.

"Huh, don't compare Luo Tian with me, fight with all my strength, I can kill him too!"

Wang Fiantian said coldly.

"Oh? Really? Then shall we decide the battle of life and death!"

Lu Ming said lightly, but the words shocked everyone in the scene.

Chapter 966: The King of War

As soon as this remark came out, the audience was shocked.

The ancient battle platform of the ancient city of luck can decide the battle of life and death, but once the battle of life and death is decided, the two sides must be divided into birth and death.

There is no end to life and death, not even to admit defeat.

Originally, the last match was only half an hour. If the two sides have not yet scored the victory or defeat, it will automatically determine that the person who has the upper hand wins.

But once the life-and-death battle is settled, there is no time limit, and only one side can die.

The battle of life and death is determined, which means that there is no escape route, and you must win. If you lose, you will die.

This is to have great self-confidence in yourself before you dare to decide the battle of life and death.

Wang Fiantian, dare to agree?

The eyes of the audience could not help gathering Wang Fangtian.

At this moment, Wang Fiantian's eyes were erratic, and his eyes stared at him, as if he wanted to see the truth and the truth out of it.

Is Lu Ming bluffing, or is he really so strong? Dare to fight him for life and death?

But Lu Ming's expression was calm, and he could not judge at all.

Moreover, before Lu Ming battled with Luo Tian, he did not see the specific situation, Lu Ming's strength was in his heart.

"Dare you dare?"

Lu Ming spoke again, his voice calm, but aggressive.

"Why should I promise the battle of life and death? Anyway, this battle, I won!"

Wang Fiantian quibbled.

"It's ridiculous, since you think you've won, why didn't you agree to a life-and-death battle? At the time, in Jiulong City, your king's ancestors were almost killed by me. You must hate me for killing me? Ten thousand people want to kill me. I, and have confidence to kill me, why not agree to the battle of life and death? The reason is one, you are afraid, you are not sure to kill me, you are not confident in this battle, you are not confident in yourself, how can you win me?"

Lu Ming's words are heart-warming and aggressive, and every word hits Wang Fangtian's vital point.

Even if there is no belief that he will win, how can he win Lu Ming?

"Damn little beast!"

The owner of the Wang family shouted, his eyes burst into cold murder.

In Kowloon City that day, he was almost killed by Lu Ming. This is a shame in his life. Now, Lu Ming actually mentions the old thing again, and still uses this matter to suppress Wang Fentian.

This made the Wang family head angry.

"Haha, Lu Ming, you almost killed even the old one. A small one, dare to fight against you in life and death? I see that day of the king, simply admit defeat. Don't be embarrassing here. The Wang family is a group of nothing. Birdman!"

The fat man laughed and his words were extremely insulting.

This caused the Wang family head and Wang Fangtian to almost explode their lungs.

At this time, Wang Fiantian's face was flushed, his anger was burning, and the murderous opportunity was extremely hot.

"Okay, I promise you!"

Wang Fiantian shouted.

In this battle, he must win. Lu Ming said this part. If he is still unbeatable, the heart of martial arts is bound to be unstable, and even the entire Wang family will become the laughing stock of Donghuang.

He was going to turn Lu Ming into ashes.

"Okay, I'm fighting with Wang Fangtian's death!"

Lu Ming shouted.

"A battle between life and death!" Wang Fiantian responded, a fiery breath, soaring into the sky.

Buzz!

At this moment, Lu Ming and Wang Fangtian showed a light blood, which means that the battle of life and death has been established, and it is useless to admit defeat until one side is killed.

"The flames are burning!"

Wang Fiantian's killer was cold, but his body was filled with blazing flames.

Wang Fiantian's whole person seemed to be a fireman. His muscles, bones, and even his hair were burning up, as if they were all transformed into flames.

"Burn the sky with six fingers, one finger off!"

Wang Fiantian strode forward and pointed out.

One finger, formed by the condensation of flames, is hundreds of meters long, with clear fingerprints on it, like the fingers of the gods, heading towards the landing.

The terrible heat, the terrible killer, burst out, surging toward the landing.

As soon as he shot, Wang Fiantian used a terrible trick. Since he promised a life-and-death battle, Wang Fangtian let go of everything and went all out to fight.

When Long Yin sounded, Lu Ming exploded a dragon force, with scales all over his body, surrounded by four moods, and punched out with a punch.

boom!

Fist and Fang Tian bang together with one finger.

The fist intersects with the flame finger, bursting out wave after wave of strength.

One hundred meters long and wide battle platform, one side, covered with purple flames, one side was shrouded in four colors of light.

Finally, the flame fingers exploded, and Lu Ming's body trembled slightly, and he took two steps back.

"The fusion of the artistic conception of destruction and the artistic conception of fire!"

"Also, the early cultivation of the eighth layer of the spirit fetus!"

With a hand in hand, Lu Ming had a rough judgment about Wang Fiantian's strength.

Wang Fiantian actually realized the two kinds of artistic conception, and the two fusions were successful. Both the artistic conception of destruction and the artistic conception of fire had reached level three consummation, and the fusion was extremely terrible.

If it weren't for the battle platform of the ancient city of luck, it would be solid and immortal.

Moreover, Wang Fiantian's cultivation base is also higher than Luo Tian's, reaching the early stage of the eighth stage of the Lingtai.

Wang Fiantian is worthy of the fifth peerless arrogance in the Qianjiao list, and his strength is terrible.

"Fengtian six fingers, **** town!"

"Burn the sky with six fingers, break with three fingers!"

"Burn the sky with six fingers, four fingers absolutely!"

On Wang Fiantian, the flame erupted, and three fingers were pointed in a row.

Three huge fingers, finished in a glyph, screamed towards the landing.

"Jiang Tiangong!"

Lu Ming's true element roared and boiled in his body.

His current prison prison skills, if fully exploded, is equivalent to the power of the inferior god-level martial arts. The inferior god-level martial arts, even the first level equivalent to the inferior god-level martial arts, can only be exerted by the spirit **** realm. Full power.

He has now reached the seventh peak of the spirit fetus. The real element is not enough, and it is impossible to exert all the power.

But the power of 50% is extremely terrible.

boom! boom! boom!

Lu Ming blasted three punches in a row, the power of the jail monument broke out, and everything was suppressed.

The three flame fingers are directly destroyed, and the flames dissipate.

Wang Fiantian's face changed slightly, his hands waved, and his fingers were pointed again.

"Burn the sky with six fingers, break with five fingers, burn with six fingers!"

Two finger strengths, point out one after another, the space vibrates, as the cloth is shaking, the space where the finger strength passes, the space becomes a vacuum.

Lu Ming felt a terrible force coming towards him. This force was extremely hot, as if to turn him into ashes.

The four moods surround, forming a warframe, covering the whole body, Lu Ming strides forward, and blasts two punches in succession.

Two loud roars sounded, as if the entire ancient city of luck had shaken violently.

The terrifying strength swept out, but when it reached the edge of the battle platform, it was blocked by an invisible energy and could not be rushed through.

The two flame fingers were defeated by Lu Ming and collapsed.

Lu Ming strode forward, rushed over the block of flames, like an ancient deity, and killed Wang Wangtian.

Chapter 967: beg for mercy

Wang Fiantian's complexion turned dignified. He didn't show mercy. His first move was a killing move. He wanted to kill Lu Ming with strong means.

Unexpectedly, Lu Ming was so horrible that he defeated his attack and killed him.

A purple flame floated above his head, and as soon as the flame came out, the space suddenly crackled, as if the space was fuel, burning under the flame.

And on this flame, seven golden chakras also attracted everyone's eyes.

God-level seventh bloodline.

Wang Fiantian's bloodline level reached the terrible god-level seven.

Wang Fiantian's body turned into light, and instantly merged with the bloodline. Immediately, the purple flame continued to twist and turned into a flame giant with a height of more than ten meters.

The flame giant held the flame war sword and chopped down to the landing Ming force. The fiery flame made Lu Ming's four-color mood shake.

"kill!"

In Lu Ming's eyes, there was a strong murderous opportunity, and the blood of Kowloon emerged. At the next moment, Lu Ming became Kowloon.

The nine-level bloodline of the **** level six.

At this moment, everyone's eyes were staring at Naruto, staring at the blood of Jiulong.

"It's Kowloon, the legendary Kowloon!"

"Unexpectedly, Lu Ming's awakening bloodline was actually the Kowloon bloodline!"

"God, Jiulong is beyond the existence of a real dragon. I have never heard of anyone awakening the blood of Jiulong!"

As soon as the Kowloon bloodline came out, there were bursts of exclamation around.

Especially the people of Emperor Tianjing Palace and Demon Valley.

"The Kowloon Bloodline is actually the Kowloon Bloodline. No wonder he can control the Kowloon God Ding, and it must be related to this Kowloon Bloodline!"

The owner of the Wang family murmured to himself.

"Kowloon Bloodline! I must get it!"

A dragon dragon supreme of the demon clan has fierce eyes, staring at the land, and desperately swallowing Lu Ming.

There are also Tianjiao of Jiaolong clan like Ao Tu, and his eyes are fiery.

The Jiulong bloodline has a fatal temptation to the old dragons.

"Emperor Yi, when you first shot it yourself, you want to take Lu Ming's son. It seems that you already knew that he had the Jiulong blood vein, your purpose is this Jiulong blood vein?"

The sound of the demon emperor sounded and spread throughout the audience. Two bright eyes fell on Emperor Yiwu Emperor.

Many people are shocked, perhaps, really.

"Humph!"

Emperor Yiwu Emperor snorted coldly without speaking.

Roar!

On the battle platform, Long Yin shook the sky.

Nine Dragons stepped into the air, nine claws grabbed out, grabbed Wang Fiantian's war sword.

The roar, the war sword collapsed, and the dragon claws kept coming out.

The flame giant roared, terrifying fist, slammed into Lu Ming, but was blocked by a dragon claw.

bump! bump! bump! ...

Jiulong stepped out of the sky, stepped out continuously, six consecutive powers, wave after wave, blasting towards the flame giant.

At the same time, he opened his mouth wide, the power of engulfment exploded, enveloped the flame giant, and suddenly made the flame of the flame giant tremble, seeming to collapse.

Uh!

The dragon swayed its tail, and the tail of Kowloon was drawn towards the flame giant. This trick contained the power of the prison prison.

bump!

The flame giant was pumped heavily by the dragon's tail. The huge body burst a large piece, and a huge gap appeared in the body.

The flame giant stumbled backwards, the gap in the body, healed quickly, and the flames reappeared.

"Flame Burning Sky Sword!"

The flame giant roared angrily, his battle sword chopped out the fiery sword mantle, and cut to the head of Jiulong, but Jiulong claws grabbed it, blocking his battle sword.

The fierce battle between the two, in a flash, is dozens of moves.

Of course, in this process, Lu Ming only exploded a dragon force, but did not exert his full strength.

Wang Fiantian is only his first opponent. Behind, there are stronger opponents. His ultimate opponent is the Emperor God.

Wang Fiantian's strength is indeed terrible. If he fights with Luo Tian at the same level, he is stronger than Luo Tian.

However, Wang Fiantianqiang, but Lu Ming is stronger. After dozens of moves, Lu Ming is completely suppressed.

puff! puff!

Jiulong roared, Nine Claws grabbed the flame giant, and fought hard, the flame giant burst into flames.

But these flames drifted back and actually began to condense in the air.

One advantage of the natural bloodline is that the vitality is extremely tenacious.

But would Lu Ming give him this opportunity, the dragon claws stepped on continuously, and Kowloon exploded on heaven and earth, huge power, bombarded on the flames, the flames that would have been condensed together, and burst into bursts again.

At this moment, the eyes of the audience stared momentarily.

Is Wang Fangtian about to fail?

Will this talented arrogance, awakening the celestial arrogance of the seventh-level bloodline, be killed by Lu Ming?

"No, no, **** it!"

The heart of the Wang family raised the most nervous.

Wang Fiantian, but his peerless arrogance that has been rare for thousands of years. His talent is stronger than when he was young. In the future, he will inherit his mantle, but now, it is dangerous.

Because this is a life-and-death battle, one side will die before it can stop. Now, Wang Fiantian is completely suppressed.

Roar!

Jiulong roared, swallowing force swallowed in his mouth, and swallowed Wang Fangtian's burst of flames, swallowing a large group.

"Do not!"

In those flames, Wang Fiantian's horrified shouts actually sounded.

Those flames were swallowed by Kowloon, and they were continuously refined by the terrible refining power of Kowloon.

You are not strong, can you condense? Then I will refine you.

The remaining flames flew backwards very quickly, condensed together, and turned into the appearance of Wang Fentian again.

At the moment, his face was pale, his body trembling, and blood was constantly flowing from his mouth.

In his eyes, there was a strong sense of panic.

bump! bump! ...

Jiulong stepped towards Wang Fiantian and persecuted.

"No, Lu Ming, don't kill me, let me go!"

Wang Fiantian shouted in horror, his body receded again and again.

He has no strength to fight anymore.

"Let you go? You forgot, this is a battle of life and death!"

Lu Ming sneered.

"You are the winner, you are the winner now, and if the winner speaks, you can bypass the opponent!"

Wang Fiantian called.

The battle of life and death, see life and death, generally only one side of the battle to end.

Of course, there is also a situation where the winner takes the initiative to spare the other party, and that's OK.

But since it was a battle of life and death, how could the winner spare the opponent?

"Haha, Wang Fiantian, are you telling a joke, why should I let you go?"

Lu Ming laughed.

Wang Fiantian said, yes, Lu Ming bypassed him, they are the enemy of life and death.

But he really didn't want to die. His talents would cover the world, and he would have little problem in the future. He even wanted to attack the supremacy of the emperor, and the East and the West.

He has an infinite future. Where does he want to die?

But what did he call Lu Ming to let him go.

He could not help turning his eyes to the head of the Wang family.

"Lu Ming, let the sky burn, I haven't pursued the previous thing!"

The owner of the Wang family spoke, but his voice was indifferent and revealed a hint of command.

Chapter 968: Face to face with the emperor

"Old guy, which green onion do you count?"

Lu Ming glanced at the head of the Wang family and continued: "What else did you say not to be investigated? It was you and those old guys who besieged me together. It was said that I should be investigated. I need you not to be investigated? Ridiculous!"

A faint voice, full of contempt, spread throughout the audience and made some people dazed.

Contempt, this is Chi Guoguo's contempt, Lu Ming is contempt for a supreme.

The head of the Wang family said that Lu Ming would not be held accountable, but Lu Ming's meaning was clear. Does he need the head of the Wang family not to hold it? He should be investigated, Lu Ming.

A big tone, a lot of confidence.

But at this moment, no one felt Lu Ming arrogant.

Wang Fiantian was defeated in Lu Ming's hands. He had arrogant capital. In the future, he has a great possibility to attack the supreme position. When that time comes, why fear the Wang family head?

The head of the Wang family was flushed.

His heart was very angry.

How many years? After he stepped into the supreme position, I don't know how many years no one dared to talk to him like this, so dare to despise him.

Even if the other supremes saw him, they were all very polite. Now, it is an insult to him that they are despised by a young man in his twenties.

Lu Ming turned into a humanoid again, sneering in the corner of his mouth, and said: "Old guy, take a step back, you said no investigation, but can you represent the Emperor Tianshen Palace?"

With words, looking at Emperor Yiwuhuang.

The eyes of the Wang family head and others also looked at Emperor Yiwu.

Yes, the Emperor Tianjing Palace is not the master of the Wang family, but Emperor Yiwu.

At this moment, Emperor Yiwu Emperor shot two cold rays of light, staring at Lu Ming.

Lu Mingsi was not afraid, and looked at Emperor Yiwuhuang, even with a hint of provocation.

Everyone was terrified. Lu Ming's son was so bold that he dared to face Emperor Yiwu Emperor like this.

But Emperor Yiwu Huang said nothing, the light in his eyes disappeared, and calmness was restored.

The owner of the Wang family looked ugly, and Wang Fiantian was full of despair.

The attitude of Emperor Yiwuhuang said everything.

"kill!"

Mu Ran, Lu Ming moved, like lightning, killing Wang Fangtian.

"Do not!"

Wang Fiantian shouted and tried his best to resist.

But he was hit hard at this time, there was not much spare power at all, where is Lu Ming's opponent?

After only a few strokes, the bones were broken, the blood was spit up, and he fell to the ground like a dead dog.

bump! bump!

Lu Ming stepped on the battle platform, a long spear was condensed in his hand, and he walked towards Wang Fentian. The cold killer covered Wang Fangtian's body.

"No, don't kill me, I don't want to die!"

Wang Fiantian yelled, his body constantly twisted, and wanted to escape, in his eyes, there was endless panic.

In his life, he killed countless people, and he did not know much about Tianjiao, but when he was about to die in the hands of another Tianjiao, he was so frightened.

call out!

The gun was broken, and under everyone's attention, a shot was pierced from Wang Fiantian's heart, and a powerful energy burst, breaking Wang Fangtian's heart.

"Ancestor, avenge me!"

Wang Fiantian yelled out unwillingly, and then his life was extinct.

A generation of Tianjiao was killed here by Lu Ming.

Everyone sighed in the heart. If such arrogance, if it does not die, the future will certainly be a character who has been in the wild, becoming a supreme, no problem at all.

Unfortunately, there are countless arrogances in the world, but how many arrogances can grow up?

The dead Tianjiao is destined to be only a stepping stone for others.

"Lu Ming, I will kill you!"

The head of the Wang family roared, and a cold murder broke out.

His eyes were red, and there was blood in his heart.

This time, the Wang family suffered too much.

Wang family, a total of four Tianjiao ranked in the top 100 of the Qianjiao list.

But before, there were two dead.

Now, even the best talented Wang Fangtian is dead. Now, the Wang family can still get it, and there is only one left.

Originally, what kind of scenery the Wang Jia generation showed in the top 100 of the four thousand arrogance list, as if to see the rapid rise of the Wang family, and even surpass the other five ancient family, became the first of the ancient family of the Emperor Tianjin Palace.

But now everything is empty, his hatred of Lu Ming, exhausting the world's water, it is difficult to scrub.

"Old guy, this sentence is what I want to say. It is just a little interest now. In the future, take your dog's head personally, oh, I forgot to tell you, that Wang Yan and Wang Chen were also killed by me!"

Lu Ming said coldly, with a cold smile on his face.

"You... you **** it!"

The head of the Wang family roared in anger.

Originally, with his supreme body, he lived for thousands of years, his mind was firm, and he had never seen such strong winds and waves that he would not be so easily angry.

But he couldn't calm down in the face of Lu Ming.

During the war in Kowloon City, he was almost killed by Lu Ming alive. Now, many of the Wangjiao's arrogances have died in Lu Ming's hands. He hates Lu Ming.

If it were not in the ancient city of Qiyun, his cultivation practice was completely suppressed, and he wished that Lu Ming would be immediately defeated.

Take a few deep breaths before slowly calming down.

At this moment, Lu Ming's dragon of luck swallowed Wang Fangtian's dragon of luck, Lu Ming's dragon of luck soared by fifty feet, and it was close to two hundred feet.

At the same time, the power of engulfment exploded, engulfing Wang Fiantian into a corpse, collecting his storage ring, and then kicking off the battle platform, which caused the Wang family to almost vomit blood.

As soon as his figure moved, Lu Ming returned to the stands.

"Haha, awesome, Lu Ming, you revenge for me. That Wang Fiantian, like a coquettish look, dare to burn me with fire, and now he is a dead dog!"

The fat man laughed, excited, his mouth cracked open.

"Also, Lu Ming, did you just see that the old Wang's old man, his face sullied with pig liver color, and smoke on his head, is really wonderful!"

The fat man continued to laugh, he didn't lower his voice at all, and spread throughout the audience.

The head of the Wang family finally calmed down, suddenly angering and shaking with anger.

Several juniors were guilty of death, and he roared in his heart.

Yan Kuangtu even had a few sips of wine and even laughed freely.

The others are speechless. These people are simply lawless masters, who have no idea how to write.

Next, the duel continued, and two beams of light fell on the two figures.

Heavenly Demon Valley Ao Tu, Oriental Jade of Emperor Tianshen Palace.

Many people's eyes suddenly filled with amazing light.

Another highlight.

Dongfang Jade ranked third in Qianjiao, and Ao Tu claimed to be able to compete with the Emperor God. The duel between the two was certainly very exciting.

The two figures landed on the battle platform, without saying much, the war broke out immediately.

Dongfang Jade is extremely powerful, and has practiced two divine-level exercises, and his cultivation practice is also in the early stage of the eighth stage of the spirit fetus.

The overall strength of Dongfang Jade is slightly stronger than that of Wang Fentian.

But Ao Tu is stronger. Ao Tu has a blood concentration of more than 70% of the true dragon, almost close to 80%. The incarnation of Jiaolong, like a real true dragon, fights against Eastern Jade.

The two fought fiercely for more than fifty moves. In the end, Dongfang Jade was defeated and finally conceded, losing 90% of their luck.

And Ao Tu's luck value has soared, and the length of the luck dragon has exceeded 100 feet in one fell swoop.

Chapter 969: Semi-finals

The war continued. When Ao Tu and Dongfang Jade entered the battlefield, two beams of light fell on the body battle between the corpse and the corpse, while the other fell on the emperor god.

Emperor God is about to fight.

At this moment, everyone's spirit is highly concentrated.

Emperor God, vaguely regarded as the first genius of Donghuang, how strong is his strength?

In the previous battle for luck, he didn't encounter any decent opponents. When he met him, he was easily killed. His strength was unfathomable in everyone's mind.

Now, the corpse battle ranked fourth in the Qianjiao list, can force the true strength of Emperor God?

Everyone looked forward to it.

Even Lu Ming was shocked.

In his mind, Emperor God is his ultimate opponent.

The two figures landed on the battle platform.

"Give up!"

Emperor God's indifferent voice came out.

He has a straight posture, is handsome and extraordinary, and if he stands at will, he will have a kind of kingliness, a kind of swallowing wildness, but my undefeated momentum.

Yes, in the face of the younger generation, Emperor God has never failed.

He is regarded as a natural arrogance that is expected to impact the emperor in the future and is rare in the world.

The last Tianjiao, believed to be expected to impact the emperor, was Yan Fanatic, which was a hundred years ago.

He is calling the zombie battle to admit defeat.

"In my heart, I have never conceded two words, even you, Emperor God!"

In the eyes of the corpse war, a strong war intention was revealed.

"Ten moves defeat you!"

Emperor God's indifferent voice came out, full of strong self-confidence.

bump!

He stepped out in one step, and the shocking sword gas burst out of him, heading straight to the sky.

The terrible sword prestige spread out towards the corpse battle.

Roar!

A loud roar sounded, and the blood of the corpse war broke out directly.

It was a skull, a huge skull, shaped like a huge elephant.

"The skeleton of the ancient war elephant!"

Someone whispered and recognized the origin of the skeleton.

This is a skeleton formed by a powerful **** beast, surrounded by seven golden chakras.

It is also the seventh-level bloodline of the god-level.

The corpse warfare shows the fusion of the bleeding veins and turns into a skeleton of an ancient war elephant. It steps on the ground and attacks the emperor. The power is extremely amazing.

But the eyes of the Emperor God are still calm.

Keng!

The sound of the sword sounded, and a purple-golden sword light rose into the sky, full of noble breath.

boom!

Zijin sword qi, across the space of tens of miles, cut on the ancient war elephant skeleton.

There was a terrible roar, sword energy, and ancient war elephant skeletons were cut back repeatedly.

Keng! Keng! Keng! ...

The sound of swords rang continuously, and one sword gas burst after another, more terrifying than the other, slashing towards the ancient war elephant skeleton continuously.

Ancient war elephants roared, bursting out of strength, fighting against the sword spirit of the Emperor God.

But every time he received a sword, he would be retreated five miles. After receiving the nine swords in succession, the ancient war elephant had already retreated nearly fifty miles.

Then, with a bang, the ancient war elephants burst apart and turned into corpse wars again. At this time, the corpse warfare was pale, spitting blood and shaking, and it seemed that even the station was unstable.

He was shocked and unbelievable in his eyes.

"I surrender!"

The corpse battle sighed.

With the confession of the corpse battle, everyone took a long breath and looked at the Emperor God's eyes, full of shock.

Too strong, Emperor God is too strong.

He said that ten strokes defeated the corpse battle. He really only produced ten swords before and after, and the corpse battle conceded defeat.

Even, the Emperor God has not yet displayed bloodline fusion.

"Emperor God is too strong to be invincible. Even Ao Tu and Blood Sword One cannot be opponents of Emperor God!"

"Yes, until now, I don't know how much combat power he used. It is terrifying and unfathomable!"

...

Many people talked in shock, and even the Supreme could not calm down.

Only the three emperors had their eyes calm.

In the stands, Blood Sword One and Ao Tu all looked dignified.

Lu Ming's eyes also showed dignified color.

"Lu Ming, can you be sure of Emperor God?"

Jun Song asked Lu Ming quietly.

"Not sure!"

Lu Ming shook his head.

He was indeed not sure, even if he had exploded in full strength.

The combat power of the corpse battle is by no means weaker than that of Wang Fentian, but it is still easily defeated by the Emperor God, and the combat power is simply unfathomable.

"His cultivation practice should be the spirit fetal eightfold, but it should reach the peak of spirit fetal eightfold, but I don't know the level of martial arts he cultivates and the level of bloodline!"

Yan Fanatic said.

"You haven't been clear for so many years in Emperor Tianjing Palace?"

Juniper is unique.

Yan Fanatic shook his head and said, "Emperor God has been nurtured by Emperor Yi secretly. I know very little about him. Lu Ming, if he is really invincible to God God, just admit defeat!"

Finally, Yan Fanatic told Lu Ming.

Lu Ming's eyes flashed, but he didn't answer.

"Really lost? If I break through again?"

Lu Ming turned his thoughts in his heart.

"Unfortunately, it's still a little bit worse. It's getting harder and harder to improve in the future!"

Lu Ming thought secretly.

The Jiulong bloodline is constantly refining Wang Fentian's blood. At this time, he has almost finished refining, but his cultivation practice is still at the peak of the seventh layer of the spirit fetus.

Listening to the words of Yan Fan, the cultivation of Emperor God is the eighth peak of the spirit fetus.

If Lu Ming's cultivation practice also breaks into the eightfold realm of spirit fetus, he will be sure.

At the same level of battle, Lu Ming has no fear of anyone, he has this confidence.

"Then start refining the original stone!"

Thinking of this, a lot of original stones appeared in Lu Ming's hands, and the power of palm swallowing exploded, swallowing up a lot of original stones, and began to refine.

Emperor God defeated, swallowed 90% of the luck of the corpse battle, and returned to the stands.

In the next battle, Blood Sword One, against Tianfeng Gu Fengxuan.

Tianxian Gu Fengxuan, with the blood of the Phoenix, also reached more than 70%, the combat power is extremely powerful, and the speed is extremely fast, and he has a peak battle with the blood sword.

This battle is arguably the most intense of the four games.

The two men fought a hundred battles before scoring the difference.

In the end, Blood Sword won slightly.

So far, the strongest semi-finals have appeared.

They are Lu Ming, Emperor God, Ao Tu, and Blood Sword One.

Next, is the duel between the four of them.

After these few battles, Lu Ming also probably has a number of people's strengths in mind.

The strengths of Dongfang Jade, Corpse Battle, and Wang Fiantian are very close, at the same level.

Feng Xuan, who is slightly stronger than the three, is not much different from Blood Sword.

Blood Sword One, Ao Tu and Feng Xuan should be in the same rank.

The Emperor God is unfathomable and difficult to figure out.

Lu Ming's idea is similar to that of most people.

In the minds of others, Lu Ming's strength was placed on the ranks of Blood Sword One, Ao Tu, and Feng Xuan.

Lu Ming can kill Wang Fentian, but Blood Sword One and Ao Tu can kill Wang Fentian if they explode with all their strength.

But the Emperor God, no doubt, was placed in the strongest position by everyone.

Chapter 970: Ao Tu

Among the four, Emperor God, Blood Sword One, and Ao Tu, it can be said that they have already been declared out, and have always been the strongest representatives of the younger generation of Donghuang.

Lu Ming, however, is a dark horse. What really made him famous is the World War I in Kowloon City.

That battle involved too many masters.

The ancient dynasty of Zhongzhou, the supreme of six ancient families, Yan fanatics, Jiuyang supreme, and even Emperor and Emperor Wu.

In this battle, Lu Ming's name was famous.

But the most famous of them is Lu Ming's ability to control the immortal Jiulong Ding. As for Lu Ming's own talent, he is neglected.

Many people think that Lu Ming's own talents and combat power are not particularly top-notch, and they are not even as good as those in the top 100 of Qianjiao.

But now, Lu Ming has overturned everyone's ideas with practical actions.

Facts have proved that Lu Ming's talent is unparalleled in the world, and he is no weaker than anyone. He rushed to the top four in the form of a dark horse, and killed Luo Tian and Wang Fangtian. Now, he wants to compete with the strongest three in Donghuang. Da Tianjiao showdown.

"Lu Ming's talent is good, but he is young and full-bodied, and he is too sharp-minded, and he does not know how to converge. He offended the Wang family head and other supremes, and even offended the emperor and the emperor, and even the supremacy of the Demon Valley. Such a genius, Doomed not to live long!"

"That's right. In history, there have been many arrogances in the magnificent era, but not many people have come to the end to achieve the status of emperor, because what? It is too sharp, not understanding convergence, and finally tragic death!"

"It is indeed true. In my opinion, Lu Ming will eventually end like this!"

Around, many people were talking in a low voice.

At this time, Fu Yangzong, the vortex flashed slightly, and a figure appeared.

Bai Shijin.

Seeing Bai Shijin, Lu Ming showed great joy.

"Senior, how?"

Lu Ming said.

"Relax, everything is done, they are now in Liangyi Mountain!"

Bai Shijin said.

"Thank you senior!"

Lu Ming thanked.

At this moment, a light fell on Lu Ming, and he was about to fight.

Lu Ming looked away, and he found that another light fell on Ao Tu.

In this battle, Lu Ming played against Ao Tu.

In an instant, Ao Tu's eyes showed a bright light and an amazing fighting intention.

boom!

Ao Tu's burly body hit the battle platform heavily, and he was full of violent breath.

Lu Ming stepped out and appeared on the battle platform, standing opposite to Ao Tu.

Bai Shijin was so surprised that he didn't know what was going on. After learning about it, he was even more shocked.

He did not expect that Lu Ming could actually get to this point, beheading Wang Fentian and fighting Ao Tu.

"Lu Ming, the Jiulong bloodline is on you. It's a real disaster. It's better to give me the Jiulong bloodline. I will let him carry forward!"

Ao Tu licked his lips, revealing greed.

"Okay, but Emperor Yi stared at Jiulong Bloodline too. I gave it to you. Are you afraid that he will stare at you?"

Lu Ming smiled slightly.

Ao Tu's face changed a lot, his eyes flickered.

If this is the case, getting the blood of Jiulong and being stared at by Emperor Wu Emperor, he will certainly not be able to live in peace. I am afraid that even the Dragon Dragon Clan Supreme cannot protect him, and even the Demon Emperor may not be able to protect him.

At this point in his thoughts, his heart was cold.

"Oh, I don't seem to dare to ask for it, it's really boring, come on, a battle!"

Lu Ming's eyes showed war intent, and his body was boiling.

Roar! Roar!

Two dragon chants sounded at the same time. One came from Ao Tu. He directly transformed into a dragon shape and turned into a dragon.

And another Dragon Yin came from Lu Ming's body, and he exploded a dragon force.

Lu Ming's body, covered with a layer of purple gold scale armor, stepped on his body and rushed towards Ao Tu.

"Storm Gold Split!"

Ao Tu had a mouth, and a dark golden light burst out of his mouth, slashing towards the landing.

This ray of light, like a sword's awn, is sharper and scarier than the sword's awn.

Lu Ming burst out with a punch, colliding with the dark golden light.

boom!

With a blast, Lu Ming shook his body and stepped back for a hundred meters in a row, before he stood firm, and his arm still seemed to have countless sharp forces cutting his scale armor, and Mars was shining.

"Awesome metallic mood!"

Zhenyuan is running, and under the shock, the sharp force covering his arm is shaken.

Ao Tu, with more than 70% of the blood of a real dragon, was naturally in control of the metallic artistic conception and applied it to a terrible point.

The ray of light just now is the combination of metallic artistic conception and Ao Tu's demon power, which is terrible.

"Storm Gold Split!"

Ao Tu shouted again. This time, from his mouth, nine dark golden lights burst out, cutting the air and slashing towards the landing.

Boom!

Lu Ming burst out two more dragon forces in an instant. Three dragon forces broke out before and after, greatly increasing his strength.

Lu Ming was like a human-shaped tyrannosaurus, rushing towards Ao Tu, running the prison prison of merit, and his fists blasted continuously.

bump! bump! bump! ...

There were nine consecutive explosions, and nine dark golden lights were defeated by Lu Ming, who continued to rush towards Ao Tu.

"Golden Dragon Claw!"

Ao Tu had a dragon claw completely transformed into dark gold, just like dark gold casting.

call out!

He pulled out with a claw, and the dark golden dragon clawed toward the landing.

when!

Lu Ming blasted out with one punch, and bombarded with dark golden dragon claws, a terrifying roar erupted, such as two iron hammers collided together, forming a strong storm and spreading across the country.

Lu Ming's body trembled, drifting backwards, drifting back 100 meters, and then landing on the ground, backing nine more steps.

"What a terrible power, what a terrible attack power, is this a dragon with more than 70% concentration?"

Lu Ming showed a shocked look.

Ao Tu's level should be 7th and 8th mid-level, which is equivalent to the mid-eighth level of the spirit fetus. Its strength and attack power are extremely powerful and terrible.

This is just a dragon with more than 70% concentration. If it is a pure blood dragon, how terrible and powerful it should be.

Nowadays, there are very few pure-blooded beasts in Shenhua Continent. According to legend, there are many in ancient times. How can such pure-blooded beasts and human races be arrogant?

Now that Donghua is known, only the demon emperor is pure blood.

I wonder if there are many pure blood beasts in the mysterious overseas continent?

"Lu Ming, you are not my opponent!"

Ao Tu shouted, interrupting Lu Ming's messy thoughts.

bump! bump!

Jiaolong stepped on the ground with four claws and slammed towards the landing.

"Is it?"

There was a sneer in the corner of Lu Ming's mouth, and the blood of Kowloon emerged.

At the next moment, Lu Ming turned into a Kowloon, and at the same time, another dragon force broke out in the body, a total of four dragon forces broke out.

The vast Longwei burst out, rushing towards Ao Tu.

Ao Tu's body trembled slightly, and there was a hint of fear in his eyes.

Yes, this comes from Ao Tu's instinct, out of fear of the superior.

Regardless of whether it is a monster or a beast, the level is extremely strict, the blood is the top, and the layers are laminated.

Ao Tu, but with the blood of a real dragon, is not yet a real dragon, but Jiulong is a more powerful existence than a real dragon. One of the top ten war beasts, the dragon power distributed from Jiulong, let Ao Tu be instinctive. fear.