

D Emperor 971

Chapter 971: Sword-to-sword collision

Roar!

Nine Dragons roared, Long Wei filled, Nine Claws stepped into the air, and slaughtered towards Ao.

Ao Tu also followed the roar, overcoming the fear in his heart and rushed towards the landing.

A dragon and a dragon were killed together on the battle platform.

Ao Tu has brought the metallic artistic conception to the extreme. His metallic artistic conception is absolutely equivalent to the level of level four. His body is as hard as gold and iron, and the dragon claws are made of dark gold. It is extremely hard and unbreakable.

Every move has terrible power.

And Lu Ming, the four artistic conceptions around, fuse together, the power is equally terrible.

At the same time, Lu Ming exploded four dragon forces, running the prison prison power, and every inch of his muscles could explode the power of the prison prison power.

Every muscle in his body bounced at random, and the power was extremely terrible, and every claw out had the power to suppress all.

Rumble!

The two dragons are entangled, bombarded continuously, and extremely barbaric. It makes people seem to have come to the ancient times.

Boom!

There are nine claws in Kowloon, and Ao Tu can't stop them at all. His body was caught by the dragon claws of Kowloon, struggling to tear, and suddenly scales flew, tearing a large chunk of flesh and blood.

Ao Tu took pain and fought back, tearing a piece off of Jiulong, but his dragon claws almost broke.

boom!

The body of Jiulong seemed to be extremely heavy, pressing on Ao Tu, causing him to hit the battle platform heavily, making a crackling sound of bone fracture.

The two tumbling, fighting dozens of moves, Lu Ming more and more courageous, gradually gaining the upper hand.

After all, Ao Tu was influenced by the breath of Kowloon. He was afraid, and the more he fought, the stronger the fear.

The heart is already afraid, how is Lu Ming's opponent?

puff!

Blood splattered, Ao Tu screamed, his body was torn apart by Jiulong Jiulong, he struggled, and finally escaped, but left a large piece of dragon meat, bloody.

"It contains Jiaolong meat with 70% concentration of true dragon, good stuff, keep barbecue!"

In the mouth of Jiulong, Lu Ming's voice was heard, and then the piece of dragon meat disappeared.

"Lu Ming, that's a good thing, leave me a copy later!"

In the stands, the fat man yelled and almost drooled.

Ao Tu almost exploded his lungs.

I can't wait to swallow Lu Ming and Fatty.

"Fat guys, too few, these are mine, wait for me to do more!"

Lu Ming yelled, and went towards Ao Tu to fight.

"Ah, I admit defeat!"

Ao Tu shouted suddenly, very unwilling.

He knew that if he continued to fight, he would definitely lose. Most of them would have to pay more for the dragon meat.

"Confessed?"

Lu Ming stopped silently and re-formed into a human form. It was a pity that his eyes moved around Ao Tu.

Ao Tu also turned into a humanoid, his face extremely ugly.

He was not seriously injured, but his face was uglier than he was seriously injured.

In this battle, he fought too much.

The dragon of luck above Lu Ming's head swallowed 90% of the dragon of luck on Ao Tu, and soared again, surpassing two hundred feet and approaching three hundred feet.

Such a huge dragon of luck is rare in ancient times.

Lu Mingfei got onto the stands.

"Fat man, it's a pity that this guy confessed early and lost your share!"

Lu Ming sighed.

"Damn, no, we share the same piece!"

The fat man shouted.

Ao Tu, who was flying to the stands, shuddered and almost fell off the battle platform.

Flying back to the stands, Ao Tu's face was very gloomy.

That Jiaolong Supreme, whose face was not as good as Ao Tu, was black like black charcoal.

In this battle, Lu Ming finally won, which shocked many people.

In this way, Lu Ming entered the final battle.

Next is the battle between Emperor God and Blood Sword One. The winner will fight Lu Ming in the final battle.

Most people think that Emperor God and Blood Sword One must have won the Emperor God.

