

King of kings 1451-1452

Chapter 1451

Omi's body suddenly trembled, and the ash that had coagulated into clumps on his body scattered in all directions.

"Ah." Outside the main hall, several young men and women who were burning incense suddenly screamed in fright and threw the incense in their hands as if they had seen a ghost.

When they looked up towards the entrance of the main hall, they were all foolish when they saw an old man with white hair and a white beard, slowly walking out, and the original clay Bodhisattva that was sitting inside the hall was gone.

"Shang's, Saint, Saint Ancestor." Those young men involuntarily knelt down.

Omi looked at the incense burner placed at the entrance, how come he ran to a temple, Omi clearly remembered he was in a large hall of the palace.

When Omi reached the entrance, he looked into the distance and realized that there was no other place for him, it was still the same palace, but, I don't know how long it had been, it had been diffused into a temple, and everyone worshipped him as a Bodhisattva.

Omi exhaled deeply, only then did he look at the young people who were trembling on their knees and asked, "What year is this evening?"

"Back, back to the Holy Ancestor, today is the Great Martial Calendar, three three and a half years."

"Great Martial Calendar, three thirty-five, so, it's been a hundred years."

"Back, back to the Holy Ancestor, you, from what my grandparents said, when they were young, you sat here, so it has indeed been over a hundred years to this day."

"A hundred years." Omi's heart contracted sharply, Omi seemed to remember a bit less than a hundred years ago, he didn't know how he entered the retreat, Omi only remembered that all his brothers and sisters, friends, and several of his wives, all passed away at the phase level between those years, Omi was so grief-stricken that he couldn't wake himself up all day, muddled through, and then, knew nothing more." Remember the website [.kanshu8.net](http://kanshu8.net)

Omi stood at the entrance of the main hall, unmoving and meditating for a long time, unaware that the entire entrance of the main hall was already filled with people kneeling.

The others from the Imperial City of the Great Martial Empire, hearing that Shang's Holy Ancestor was not dead and had woken up, came in a panic and saw Omi standing at the door meditating, no one dared to disturb him, and only knelt in front of the door in silence.

By the time Omi regained consciousness, there was a large group of strong men kneeling in front of the door, protecting the Great Martial Empire and all the vice-national clans returning to the Void.

Omi exhaled deeply again, looking at the large group of people kneeling in front of him, none of them were familiar, all of them were unfamiliar faces, the people he knew in the beginning, all of them were gone, Omi was like from the last century, to this century.

There was no need to ask anymore, since it was a hundred years later, the rest of Omi's wives, Qin Ren, Wen Xia, Yin Hua, and even Yao Lan, were all gone.

Those sons and daughters of Omi were all gone as well.

The palace is still the palace, the palace is still the palace, but the people no longer have the original people, as the saying goes, the scenery is still the same, things are different, a wake up has been a hundred years apart.

Omi silently shed a tear.

When he thought of the scene a hundred years ago when his children and grandchildren circled the hall and his concubines were happy, Omi still felt a heartache in his heart even though a hundred years had passed.

Everyone outside the palace door knelt in silence and didn't dare to speak, perhaps they wouldn't understand what Omi was feeling at the moment, because Omi was the oldest person to live in this world since records began, Omi himself may not know exactly how old, but most of the scene knew that Omi was exactly 259 years old as of today. Omi's time spent sitting in the great hall also

Exactly 108 years.

When Omi was about 147 years old, all his brothers and Liu Xiangyun's wives left him, and from that year on, Omi lived a muddled life for a total of almost four years, and then Omi was never able to get out of that shadow and went into deep meditation on his own, and then up to this day, a full 108 years. Omi also happens to be 259 years old.

Although Omi was still close to stepping into the Ancestral Returning Realm, Omi hadn't stepped into it yet after all, so Omi was still a pale old man at the moment, his skin had dried up, his hair, his beard, all white, and he couldn't see his youthful appearance at all.

However, Omi wasn't worried because he would soon be able to step into the Returning Ancestor, his intuition told him that once he stepped into the Returning Ancestor, he would be young again, as if he had been reborn, becoming a young boy once again, what was it to be old again now. Moreover, the young lad who was once again young again was the same as the seventeen or eighteen year old boy he was now, and although he looked just as young in appearance, Omi was fundamentally different from them.

"Pay your respects to the Holy Ancestor." The large group of people kneeling at the entrance, seeing Omi finally move, were busy bowing deeply.

Omi said, "No need to be polite, may I ask if any of you are members of my Shang clan?"

At this moment, an old woman on the scene busily stood up and called out, "Grandfather."

This old woman was a Returned Void Phase One.

"You are?" Omi felt very familiar, this old woman was a child, he had definitely seen her before, only, it was a child, now she was very old, her face naturally became unrecognizable.

That old woman cried, "Grandpa, I'm Shang Yang ah."

"Ah, Shang Yang? Yang Yang?" Omi was shocked, if he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, it was hard to believe that the old woman in front of him was his granddaughter Shang Yang, who was just a little girl at first.

Shang Yang was Shang Jisheng's daughter.

"Grandpa, woo-hoo." Shang Yang ran forward in a panic, kneeling at Omi's feet and crying.

"Yangyang, get up and talk."

"Grandpa, you've finally woken up, I didn't think you really weren't dead."

"Oh, Yangyang, Grandpa didn't expect to see you again, I'm sure there's not much left in my grandchildren's generation that can be seen again today." Omi sighed.

Shang Yang nodded his head and cried, "Of those in my generation, those who are older than me today are no longer, leaving only a few born to Grandmother Wenxia and Grandmother Yin Hua."

Omi nodded, then said to the kneeling crowd, "Everyone, disperse."

"Yes, Holy Ancestor."

Omi and Shang Yang, entered the main hall, and everyone outside dispersed.

"Grandfather, what's your situation now? When you were a child, you started training in seclusion and you've already reached the Void Returning Realm, what about now?"

"Oh, Yang Yang, Grandpa I have now stepped into the 9th stage of Return to Void."

"Returning to the ninth stage of Void?" Shang Yang looked incredulous, in this world, the second stage of homing void can dominate an empire, the third stage of homing void the entire world has not seen one for hundreds of years, the fourth stage of homing void is even more of a legend, and the fifth stage of homing void is not even a legend. Therefore, Omi, the Returned Void Stage 9, was already a very terrifying existence.

"Shang Yang, you're almost 160 years old now, aren't you?"

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"Yes, grandpa, I am currently the only one of the Shang clan to return to the void."

"Well, Yang Yang, tell grandpa what happened in the last hundred years, when did your grandmothers, when did they all leave." Omi asked.

"Well, since 108 years ago, after grandpa closed the door on his own, everyone in the family expected you to wake up one day, but unfortunately, you never did, after fifty years, everyone had no hope, they thought you were dead, so this place, gradually became your mausoleum, then the descendants of the Shang Clan set up an incense burner here, and came to burn incense every day, and then the Bai Clan The clan became a royal family, and this place still exists or the same, we'll come to pay our respects to you whenever we can."

"Well, when did my Shang clan, when did it start to decline? Other than you, who else has stepped into the void?"

"Grandpa, actually, it's only been less than three years since I stepped into the Returned Void, and before I stepped into the Returned Void, our family, the Shang Clan, had a window of almost six years or so, during which our family did not return to the Void. Above me, the last Returning Void was Grandmother Yao Lan, but unfortunately, Grandmother Yao Lan left nine years ago. Before Grandmother Yao Lan, there were three Returned Void, Grandmother Wen Xia and Grandmother Yin Hua, as well as one of your sons Shang You."

"Eh? Shang-woo? How is this possible." Omi was a little disbelieving, Shang You was Omi's son born with Xiaomeng, his talent used to be absolutely average, but he didn't expect that he would end up stepping into the first stage of Return to Void.

It was a pity that he was now also big time gone.

"Yes, Uncle Shang You's one year big limit before Grandmother Yao Lan."

"So, if I had woken up ten years earlier, I would have been able to see them again."

"Hmm."

Omi was dazed for a while, seemingly in regret. One second to remember to read the book

If he had woken up ten years earlier, he would have at least been able to see Yao Lan, but unfortunately, the will of the heavens had played tricks on him.

Shang Yang asked, "Grandpa, what are your plans next?"

Omi said, "Next, Grandpa has an important thing to do."

"Grandpa, what is there to command us to do."

"No need, alright, Yang Yang, you go back first, I'll come back again when I finish this matter."

"Okay."

The next important thing Omi had to do was to fulfill one of his wives' last wishes.

Although Omi muddled through those years, Omi still remembered that when Shangguan Rou died, she said that she wanted to return to her hometown so badly.

Not only Shangguan Zou, but also Liu Xiangyun, Xu Mei Qian and the others, their biggest regret before they died was that they couldn't go back home again.

Therefore, Omi wanted to fulfill their last wishes and bring them with him, back to the other world.

"I don't know how Little Fire and Little Black are doing now." Omi said inwardly.

Omi flew out of the palace and headed straight to the Royal Mausoleum.

"Brother Chen." At that moment, in the distant sky, a black shadow flew over, it was Little Blackie.

"Little Blackie."

"Brother Minister, I finally see you again." Little Black's tears were flowing out.

Little Blackie had a longer lifespan than humans, so he was still alive today.

"Little Blackie, me too, it's so good to see you, finally there's an old friend." Omi touched.

"Chenchen." Little Blackie burst into tears.

Omi asked, "Little Blackie, you know that

How and where is Dao Little Fire?"

Little Fire's lifespan, Omi doesn't need to worry, this guy has at least 400 or 500 years of life expectancy, he can't die.

"Brother Chen, since everyone thought you died, Little Fire and I were both sad, after that, he sensed the memory, the message of his ancestral heritage left behind, he is going to search for his ancestral heritage, if he finds his ancestral heritage, he will evolve and become a higher species, equivalent to our black jiao, evolving into a dragon like existence, I really envy Little Fire."

Omi said, "I hope Little Fire succeeds in finding his ancestral heritage and evolves into, huh, I don't know what species Little Fire will be after he evolves."

: "Brother Chen, it's a Qilin, if Little Fire succeeds in evolving, he will become a Qilin, a creature as great as a dragon."

"A unicorn, huh, good. How about you, how are you now?" Omi asked, Omi could feel it, Little Black seemed to be starting to reach his old age.

"Brother Chen, the lifespan of my Black Jiao clan is longer than humans, but there is a limit, I'm afraid I won't live much longer, I'm already older than you, but now even you are almost 260 years old, huh?"

"Little Black, is there any possibility of you evolving into a dragon?"

"Brother Chen, you're joking, I'm a galaxy away from the dragon, that's a galaxy away, throughout the ages, although there are legends of a dragon turning into a jiao, but that's a legend after all, really where can there be such a thing."..

To think that back then, when Omi and Little Blackie had just met, Little Blackie was still very naive and arrogant, calling himself a dragon at every turn, and calling Omi a humble human, now, Little Blackie was no longer the young black jiao back then, and had to recognize reality, wanting to evolve into a dragon, that was an incomparably distant dream.

It was like, mortals, wanting to reach the return of their ancestors and become a more advanced human, so distant and unrealistic.

Of course, Omi was already only one step away.

Omi patted Blackie as a gesture of comfort.

“Brother Chen, how long can you live now?” Xiao Hei asked, although Omi woke up, but now Omi is indeed pale as can be, so everyone will wonder when the big limit will be.

Omi smiled, “We human martial arts practitioners, when we practice to the point of returning to the void, after passing the nine stages, we enter the Ancestor Returning Realm, when we reach the Ancestor Returning Realm, we can return to our youth, and most likely our bodies are no longer mortal, and I, now that I am only a little bit away from the Ancestor Returning Realm, I am 100% confident that I will step into the Ancestor Returning Realm.”

“Ah, brother minister, congratulations.” Little Black was busy expressing his joy, so much so that even if Brother Minister was old now, he didn’t have to worry about dying, he would soon be able to return to his ancestors.

“Brother Minister, your body is no longer mortal after you return to your ancestors, wouldn’t this be equivalent to evolution, it’s equivalent to our black jiao class, evolving into a dragon?”

Omi nodded, “It should be.”

“Wow, Brother Chen, you’re a bull.” Little Black looked adoring, this was the equivalent of their Black Jiao tribe, an existence that could evolve to a dragon, could it not be worshiped.

However, after worshipping, Little Black was a bit empty inside, because after Omi returned to his ancestors, he would welcome his new life, and he, still, would have to die an honest and great death, everyone was simply not on the same level anymore.

“Brother Chen, where are you going?” Blackie asked.

“I’m going to finish something my wives are sorry about.”

“What?”

“The wives I brought from the other world, their greatest regret in this life is that they were not able to go back there before they die, and I must fulfill that last wish for them and take them back there with me, so I will then have to find the passage back to the other world.”