

King of kings

1835

Omi said, "In that case, you can do whatever you want."

"Patriarch, kill him, I think he's upset." A Mahayana stage man pointed at Omi and said.

"Yes, Clan Chief, he was sent by Mo Qing, his tone is so arrogant, it must have been Mo Qing that made him so arrogant, anyway, we already wanted to have a showdown, the reason for this extra move is just because we're afraid that the other cultivation families will also revolt and cause us trouble."

Mi Feng snorted, "This Omi, he's just a small person, what's the point of killing him, why don't you let him bring me a message back. Omi, listen to me, you go back and tell Mo Qing that if he honestly accepts my negotiation terms, then he can continue to be his First Emperor. My condition is that the palace of the Mo Dynasty is divided in half to be used as a cultivation cave for our Mi's Immortal Family members. Secondly, Mo Qing's Nine-Five bed is given up to me and he moves to the other corners of the palace. This way, I can let him continue to be the long king in plain sight, otherwise, don't blame me for being rude. Alright, you can get out."

Omi laughed out loud.

This Mi Feng, some of his ideas were similar to Omi's, and Omi had thought about sleeping on that Nineveh bed.

Omi said, "Mi Feng, don't be delusional, it's impossible for the Long Emperor to agree to your conditions."

"If you don't agree, then I'll let his Moji perish."

Omi said, "Unfortunately, the one who will perish first is your Mi Clan."

"You're looking for death." Mi Fengton slapped and killed.

Omi was already prepared. Remember the URL [.kanshu8.net](http://kanshu8.net)

Omi came this time with the purpose of figuring out the intentions of the Mi Clan, if they really wanted to usurp the throne, then Omi would kill the half-immortal of their family.

Omi rushed into the sky.

"Boom." The roof toppled over.

Mi Feng didn't take Omi seriously at all, and with Omi's first stage of tribulation, he could stab him to death with one finger.

So, Mi Feng really did poke Omi with one finger, and if he didn't expect it, Omi would explode his body with a single finger in the blink of an eye.

Omi clearly felt the power of Mi Feng's finger more than anything else, and Omi sensed that it carried an air of certain death. After all, Omi was at the first stage of the Tribulation, and there was a natural weakness in his realm, before Omi could counterattack, any of Mi Feng's moves would be able to put him to death.

Omi did not hesitate, his twelve sword formations had already moved with his mind, and the moment his twelve ancient flying swords appeared above him, Omi's momentum changed dramatically.

Of course, Omi's momentum didn't come from itself, but from those twelve flying swords.

"Ah." Feeling the powerful momentum of those twelve flying swords, Mi Feng was startled, but he didn't stop his attacks and poked a finger straight at Omi.

"Second set of twelve sword formations, one slash of the slanting sun." Between Omi's twelve flying swords suddenly, they cooperated with each other, forming a small magnetic field, or formation.

A flash of light and a flash of light.

"Chi." Mi Feng's finger was slashed off by Omi's sword, like a slanting sun.

"Ah." Mi Feng, who thought he could kill Omi with a single finger poke, was dumbfounded at this moment.

"Two slashes of the slanting sun." At the moment Mi Feng was dumbfounded, Omi slashed down with another sword, electrifying.

In the next second, half of Mi Feng's body, from his left shoulder to his right waist, was cut down by Tang

Tzu-Chen slashed down diagonally.

Mi Fengton wanted to flee, although his body was cut in half, his head wasn't dead, it wouldn't hurt his infant, although Mi Fengton couldn't figure out why Omi's sword was so strong, he wasn't even in the mood to think about it, it was important to save his life. Having already reached the transmigration stage, he would never want his flesh body to be destroyed, although he could take away his flesh body, it wasn't original and was many times more dangerous for transmigration.

"Hmph, trying to escape." Omi revealed a contemptuous snort.

"Slash the sun again." Omi cut up from behind with a sword, this sword, and it wasn't called a sword, it was one of the two flying swords that crossed over.

"Swoosh."

The power was multiplied, and in the next second, Mi Feng's body was cut into several pieces, and his YuanYing escaped in time.

Mi Feng's infant yelled, "Don't come over, or I'll self-destruct."

Mi Feng's eyes looked at Omi in fear.

At this moment, all of the Mi Clan's Immortal Clan on the ground were dumbfounded, their proud patriarch, a half-immortal who had reached the fifth stage of Tribulation, had been beaten by Omi in

two or three moves to the point where his flesh was destroyed and he needed to self-destruct his infant to threaten.

Omi sneered, "Explode, you explode for me to see."

"Don't you force me, I'll really explode." Mi Feng's infant yelled.

Because it had reached the Tribulation Stage, Mi Feng's Yuan Yin no longer looked like an infant, but an illusory shadow with a golden glow and the appearance of a child of about six or seven years old. Initially, the infant looked like a baby, and as he grew stronger, the infant grew larger and larger, and after reaching the tribulation stage, the infant had reached the appearance of a six or seven year old child.

Omi's mind moved, and the twelve flying swords above his head spun once again.

"Don't, don't." Mi Feng yelled.

Omi snorted, "If you want to explode, don't talk so much, if you don't dare to explode, just say so, don't threaten me with what you don't dare to do."

"Pounce." Mi Feng's infant knelt down and cried, "Omi, Senior Tang, Grandpa Tang, please spare me, sob."

Omi trailed off, "Didn't you just scream to self-destruct."

"Oooh, Grandpa Tang, I don't dare to explode, I don't dare to explode."

"What a waste, now you're even shouting grandpa at me, where's the arrogance just now, didn't you want to usurp the throne and sleep in the bed of the Ninth Five, you're worthy of this wimp now?"

"Oooh, Grandpa Tang, I'm not worthy, I'm not worthy, I shouldn't have been evil to the Long Emperor, I'm sorry to the ancestors of the Mo Dynasty for cultivating my family, I'm sorry to the Long Emperor, oooh." Mi Feng looked as if he had come to a great realization and slapped himself.

Omi put away the Twelve Sword Formation and said, "Whether you die or not has nothing to do with me, this time, for the sake of your good attitude in admitting your mistakes, I'll spare you."

"Thank you, thank you Grandpa Tang for sparing my life." Mi Feng couldn't care less about the gazes of so many clansmen on the ground, after all, compared to life, everything was just clouds.

Omi said, "It's late today, tomorrow, come with me to Mo's Imperial City and personally make amends to the Long Emperor, if the Long Emperor doesn't spare you, then you're on your own."

"Yes, Grandpa Tang, I hope that Grandpa Tang will help me put in more beautiful words in front of His Majesty." Mi Feng cried out.

"You can fend for yourself if you don't speak beautifully. Alright, I've been here for so long, I haven't even had a mouthful of tea, so why don't you hurry up and order me to go down and treat me well tonight." Omi ordered.

"Yes yes yes."