

King of kings

1837

"If I say spare, he will spare, although Mo Qing is the Long Emperor, I am the one who speaks for the Mo Dynasty now." Omi.

Mi Feng was happy inside, so it seemed that there was no danger in his trip to the Moji Imperial City. It seemed that it was indeed worth it to spend so much effort to entertain Omi yesterday.

"Fellow Daoist Tang, what did you think of those ten good families last night?"

"It's okay."

"If you think it's okay, should I have it sent home to you?"

"No need."

"Oh, Senior Tang, then I'll help you stay in my family, and in case you think of them again in the future, send someone to tell me and I'll send them here immediately."

"What a redundancy." Omi said in his heart, the future had already been played with by many people from their family.

"Fellow Daoist Omi, those ten good families are all national beauties, if I don't keep them for you, they might be brought to the room tonight by the rest of my family ah, they're just waiting for you to use them up and let them have a taste."

Omi was speechless, but Omi also felt a moment of sadness for the women of this era, some of the ones with poor posture were fine, if the ones with good posture, there was no telling how many men would be possessing them.

The ten beauties from the good family last night, Omi also did not know what their future fate would be. The first website m.kanshu8.net

A day later, back in Mo's Imperial City.

Omi brought Mi Feng with him to Mo Qing's palace.

"Paying homage to His Majesty the Long Emperor." Mi Feng's heart seemed to be quite unhappy as he bowed after seeing Mo Qing.

"Yo, you are? Mifune?" Mo Qing was startled as Mi Feng changed his flesh body and his appearance was naturally different.

"Exactly my servant."

Mo Qing looked at Omi and said in his heart, Omi was indeed powerful, he had only been gone for a few days and had captured Mi Feng back, moreover, Mi Feng's flesh body had been destroyed, the person who destroyed his flesh body was definitely Omi.

Thinking of this, Mo Qing also developed a slight fear of Omi, remembering that he even hit Omi's Spirit Gathering Formation before, and now he couldn't help but be a little afraid.

Mo Qing snorted to Mi Feng, "Mi Feng, I heard that you want to rebel."

"No such thing, if you don't believe me, ask Tang Daoist."

Mo Qing didn't want to hear it at all and said to Omi, "Omi, it's a disaster to keep such people, kill them."

Omi did not speak.

"Tzichen, kill him." Mo Qing ordered, and his voice rose a few points.

Only then did Omi say, "Although it's true that Mi Feng wants to rebel, it's also true that he's stronger than you, and it's only natural for him to want to rebel. Now that he has a good attitude of admitting his mistakes, I intend to let him go."

Mo Qing held a fire in his heart and said, "Omi, the Long Emperor is me." Omi's last words, that he intended to let Mi Feng go, made Mo Qing almost storm off, making it sound like Omi was the boss.

Now Omi to Mo Qing more and more unpleasant to look at, self-confessed after the previous incident, how the relationship can not be repaired, besides, Omi is also ready to take away his nine-five bed, simply not polite.

Omi said, "Although the longest emperor of the Mo Dynasty is you, it's my word that counts."

"Omi, could it be that you also want to rebel?" Mo Qing was furious.

"Oh, I don't want to rebel, the Mo Dynasty is still yours, but I also want to make a condition, I've heard that your Nine-Five bed has 950 times the aura of other places."

Mo Qing's body trembled, he didn't expect that Omi would also hit on his 9-5 bed seat

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"Omi, don't forget your identity, you dare to hit on my Nine-Five bed ." Mo Qing shouted, roaring his face and neck.

Omi said to Mi Feng, "You can leave now."

"Yes, His Majesty the Long Emperor." Mi Feng bowed to Omi and then quickly walked away.

Omi almost didn't die of anger, it seemed like Mi Feng was deliberately poking at the fire by being angry at Mo Qing and even calling Omi Long Huang in front of Mo Qing.

Mo Qing was really trembling with anger.

Omi said, "Don't listen to his nonsense, I don't want to be a long emperor."

"If you don't want to be a long emperor, why do you want to take my nine-five bed." Mo Qing asked through clenched teeth.

Omi laughed, "The Nine-Five bed is so full of aura and is of great benefit to my cultivation, so why wouldn't I want it. There's no reason for me to let you have it, if it was before, I probably wouldn't have taken it from you, but you've disappointed me, so don't blame me either. Since you dared to hit on my Spirit Gathering Formation, then why shouldn't I hit on your Nine-Five bed. Mo Qing, my request is not excessive, you move to another place, this will be my room from now on, you will still be the Long King, I won't fight with you, at the same time, I will also try to maintain the rule of the Mo Dynasty. Alright, what I've said is clear enough, you should move out now."

Mo Qing said coldly, "Omi, you wait, I'll tell my daughter about this."

"Oh." Omi laughed softly.

Mo Qing was helpless and walked away furiously.

Omi walked to the back hall and saw the Nine Fifths bed, Omi lay down on it, and sure enough, the aura of this bed was nearly a thousand times thicker than that of the outside world.

No wonder the Nine Immortal Dynasties were able to rule for over a hundred thousand years, with such a dense bed, how could other immortals compete with them.

Omi thus cultivated for three months on this bed of Nine Fifths.

During these three months, Omi didn't leave half a step.

After three months, Omi seemed to have touched the threshold of the Second Stage of Tribulation.

"Haha, Second Stage of Tribulation, it seems like I won't take too long to break through up there." Omi was overjoyed, every day he cultivated at 950 times his aura, with Omi's aura absorption speed, it would be strange if he didn't break through.

Omi walked out of the palace, in these three months, no one had come in, except for some palace maids who cleaned and such.

Omi returned to the home he had been in.

"Omi, you're back." Mu Qianji smiled, it had been three months, and everyone already knew that Omi had taken away the Ninth Five's bed.

"Qianji, all of you come with me tonight, I didn't snatch the Nine-Five bed for myself, I did it for all of you." Omi said.

"But there's only one bed space, can it accommodate so many people?"

"Everyone sits on the bed, a little squeeze is definitely accommodating."

"Oh, ninety-five beds, the aura really is 950 times that of other places."

Omi nodded his head, "I can tell you for sure, yes."

"Wow, if that's the case, then wouldn't it be too much of an advantage to be the long king."

"Why else would so many immortal cultivation families want to be a long emperor one day? It's not for this particular location. The aura of the palace range is already thicker than anywhere else, and the place where the emperor sleeps is 950 times stronger, and by 950 times here, I mean 950 times the

palace range, and if it's two circles and three circles and four circles away, it's probably thousands of times stronger."