

Gourmet 1261

Chapter 1261 Where Did He Come To?

The Wandering Soul Realm, also known as the Wandering Soul Ghost Realm, was a mysterious small world relatively close to Earth Prison. The people there specialized in the cultivation of the Way of Ghost and were good at keeping ghosts. These ghosts were not ordinary as they were ghost slaves capable of infiltrating people's spirit sea and devouring their souls. Many people didn't want to deal with people from this small world because they were too scary. You never know when they would release a ghost slave, send it into your spirit sea, eat away your soul, and finally turn you into a fool who has lost all intelligence before killing you. Even a Little Saint might be devoured by ghost slaves and die, let alone Bu Fang who was just a half-step Saint.

There were many first-class small worlds present. The Vajra Realm, the West Little Buddhism Realm, and many others were all very strong, but they were afraid of the Wandering Soul Realm. Although it might not be as strong as them in terms of overall strength, it possessed very uncanny means.

Those big-breasted and brainless Vajra Realm experts would naturally be crushed by the Wandering Soul Realm experts. Other small worlds such as the Winged Man Valley and Earth Prison were very strong, but they also didn't have the means to cope with such bizarre abilities. They might be able to win by slowly wearing down these ghost-controllers with great strength, but if they wanted to crush them completely, it would be very difficult.

Among these small worlds, the West Little Buddhism Realm was the one who could defeat the Wandering Soul Realm most. After all, the Way of Buddha practiced by them was a deadly means to the grim ghost-controllers. In the process of practicing the Way of Buddha, every monk was actually constantly forming his relic, which required a strong mental force. Therefore, the Wandering Soul Realm experts were at a disadvantage when facing these monks with mighty mental force.

Everyone present knew the Wandering Soul Realm's strength, so they didn't think Bu Fang would have a chance. They knew that he had formidable means to fight against four Little Saints, but those were useless to these ghost-controllers. After all, no matter how strong his means were, his own strength was just a half-step Saint. How could the mental force of a half-step Saint be stronger than that of a Little Saint?

The level of mental force was divided into divine perception, divine will, and divine soul. A half-step Saint was considered gifted if he could condense his divine perception. Divine will was the product of highly condensed mental force, which could only be formed by top geniuses in the Little

Saint realm. As for divine soul, it could only be condensed by Great Saints, which was more than enough to show how difficult it was to get it. In fact, divine soul was something that had touched the true realm of God.

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Plumes of black smoke rushed at Bu Fang at full speed. The entire arena turned completely dark in an instant, making it difficult for the audience to see him and the Wandering Soul Realm expert. They could only feel the chilly aura flying back and forth, making their hair stand up, but they couldn't see anyone at all. Even they felt so nervous, not to mention Bu Fang, who was in the center of the arena. The Wandering Soul Realm's means were indeed terrifying.

"Hehehe... Do you know how the pain of purgatory feels? It's as terrible as having your skin nibbled away inch by inch and your mental force devoured bit by bit. It's as horrible as watching yourself be reduced to food but unable to struggle and resist... It's a feeling that you'll never forget!" said the Wandering Soul Realm Little Saint. His grim laughter echoed throughout the arena.

Bu Fang had a strange look on his face. He did not comment on the Little Saint's words. Of course, he didn't know the pain of purgatory, and he didn't want to know it. He grabbed the bandage and slowly wrapped it around his arm, covering the black and white markings. His movement was slow, and he was very serious in wrapping his arm. Such an attitude immediately angered his opponent!

"You're courting death!" The Wandering Soul Realm Little Saint's voice exploded in the arena, ringing in every ear.

The eerie scene sent chills through many people's bodies. In the dark smoke, no one could see the Little Saint because his mental force could make him disappear.

After tying a nice bow to the bandage on his arm, Bu Fang slowly put down his hands. The next moment, he looked sideways to the right. His head didn't move—only his eyes moved.

In that direction, a face suddenly emerged from the darkness, grinning grimly.

Suddenly, the face's eyes met Bu Fang's gaze. The atmosphere became somewhat awkward for a moment.

“You can’t see me...” The Little Saint sneered, then he began to drift away into the distance like a puff of smoke.

Soon, the face emerged again, but Bu Fang’s eyes turned slowly and stared at him.

The Little Saint’s pupils constricted, and his hair stood up! ‘A coincidence! It must be a coincidence! He couldn’t have seen me! He’s only a half-step Saint! How could he see me?!’

His body dissolved and drifted away like smoke again. However, when he reappeared, his eyes met Bu Fang’s eyes once again. He was so shocked that he almost cried.

He had always been the one who played the role of the ghost and scared people. Since when did people become so scary?!

“Go die!”

The Wandering Soul Realm expert couldn’t stand Bu Fang’s gaze any longer. He gave a scream, turned into a puff of smoke, and wrapped around Bu Fang’s head. He wanted to get into Bu Fang’s spirit sea.

Bu Fang lowered his hands, narrowed his eyes slightly, and twitched the corner of his mouth.

Before long, all the smoke in the arena turned into a funnel-shaped vortex and drilled into Bu Fang’s head.

Everyone gasped as the scene in the arena was finally revealed to them. There were two figures standing face to face. Bu Fang stood in the same place in his striped red-and-white robe with no expression. Not far away from him, the pale-faced Little Saint craned his neck and hunched his back, his black hair falling over his face. His red eyes stared at Bu Fang through the gaps between his hair.

Both of them didn’t move at all.

“Hehehe... He succeeded in getting into his spirit sea. This little chef is dead.” The ghost-like leader of the Wandering Soul Realm team gave a shrill laugh, and her pale face showed a satisfied expression.

Meanwhile, everyone outside the arena was gasping.

“That’s it... He lost the match! The Little Saint’s mental force has gotten into the chef’s spirit sea!”

“After a while, the chef will lose all his intelligence and become a fool completely.”

“That’s a pity. He’s very gifted, being able to fight four Little Saints with the strength of a half-step Saint. Too bad that he meets the Wandering Soul Realm... He’ll become a fool soon.”

The audience felt pity. The best way to deal with the Wandering Soul Realm experts was to prevent their mental force from invading your spirit sea. Only in this way could one have a chance to win. However, once your spirit sea was invaded by their mental force, it meant failure.

The experts of the Wandering Soul Realm had all sorts of tricks they could use in one’s spirit sea. After all, that was what they were best at.

“Amitabha! Owner Bu... is in danger.” Fa Wu from the West Little Buddhism Realm narrowed his eyes, put his palms together before his chest, and sighed.

The Abyss and the Vajra Realm experts looked on coldly, the Winged Man Valley experts in white jade masks smiled, and the Earth Prison experts watched curiously.

In the Immortal Cooking Realm, everyone in the square fell into silence. They were shocked by this strange method. They never knew that one could fight in another person’s mind. Could Bu Fang survive it? They all clenched their fists in nervousness.

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A dark cloud entered Bu Fang’s spirit sea, accompanied by ghostly howls and a grim laugh. The Wandering Soul Realm expert floated in midair on the dark cloud, his eyes full of greed and viciousness. The next moment, a huge ghostly shadow appeared beside him, opened its mouth, and gave a deep sniff. “What a pure mental force...” His mouth was almost watering. He didn’t expect that the mental force of a half-step Saint could be so pure and even smelled better than his. “It’s my lucky day”

The dark cloud rolled toward the heart of the spirit sea. The Little Saint was going to devour Bu Fang's mental force bit by bit from there.

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In the heart of the spirit sea...

Bu Fang suddenly appeared. He clasped his hands behind his back, his face expressionless.

The four Artifact Spirits beamed instantly.

The White Tiger turned his eyes and gave a proud snort, while the Golden Divine Dragon twisted his waist. The latter's eyes lit up as he said, "Little Host, who are you going to choose this time? Why don't you choose Nicholas the Handsome Dragon? You'll never regret choosing me!"

The Vermilion Bird rolled her eyes at the Golden Divine Dragon. "You stupid dragon."

Bu Fang glanced at the four Artifact Spirits and twitched the corners of his mouth.

There was a golden shadow over the spirit sea. It was a Phantom Spirit of divine will, somewhat similar in appearance to Bu Fang.

"Huh?" Suddenly, the dragon and the bird both stared wide-eyed into the distance. There, a black cloud was coming fast.

"Why is an ignorant guy coming into Little Host's spirit sea?" the dragon said with a look of disbelief.

Bu Fang didn't answer. He just turned his head and looked into the distance without expression.

The black cloud rolled over with a monstrous murderous aura.

“A pure and flawless spirit sea like this is absolutely delicious...” A figure emerged in the black cloud and saw Bu Fang standing in midair at a glance. His eyes lit up instantly. “Hehehe... Found you!” The Little Saint’s pale face showed an excited look.

Bu Fang looked at him indifferently. The Golden Divine Dragon, Vermilion Bird, and White Tiger also looked at him coolly. As for the Black Turtle, he was still asleep.

The Phantom Spirit sat cross-legged at Bu Fang’s side. Its eyes were closed, and its whole body was golden.

The Wandering Soul Realm expert saw Bu Fang first, then the Phantom Spirit beside him. He didn’t recognize what it was at first, but he was stunned when Bu Fang let out a gentle breath that sent a storm across the whole spirit sea. Just now, he had been focused on the purity of the spirit sea, and now he was shocked to find out...

‘Why is this half-step Saint’s spirit sea so huge?! And why does that golden shadow look so much like the legendary... divine will Phantom Spirit? Where the hell am I?’

Chapter 1262 If You Don’t Seek Death, You Won’t Die

The divine will Phantom Spirit was the crystallization of mental force, which Bu Fang condensed after he acquired the mental force cultivation technique from the System. He had only recently formed his divine will, so he was not very familiar with its control. However, according to the technique, in addition to releasing spiritual pressure, the divine will could also transmit sounds and enter other people’s spirit seas. Bu Fang, however, disdained the use of these tactics. This might be because of his cold character. When the Wandering Soul Realm Little Saint got a good look at Bu Fang’s spirit sea, he was utterly stunned. Was this vast expanse of spirit sea, which seemed to form a world of its own, really a person’s spirit sea? No matter how strong a half-step Saint was, his spirit sea couldn’t be so vast, could it? Even the spirit seas of Little Saints had boundaries, and if they wanted to improve their mental force, they needed to constantly expand their spirit seas.

He glanced at the boundless spirit sea again, which seemed like a real ocean, and his heart suddenly trembled.

Had he come to the spirit sea of a Great Saint? Why did he have a feeling that he was digging his own grave?

When the black ghost slave hovering behind him sensed the spirit sea’s aura, it gave a deafening roar, then rushed with all its black smoke to the billowing spirit sea below.

Even then, the Little Saint came to his senses. He squinted at the Phantom spirit beside Bu Fang, grinning. “Acting all mysterious. How can a mere half-step Saint like you have divine will Phantom Spirit? Perhaps the reason why your spirit sea is so vast is that you are gifted, which also explains why you can fight four Little Saints despite being just a half-step Saint.”

Looking at Bu Fang, his eyes gleamed evilly. He didn’t believe that a half-step Saint would have a divine will Phantom Spirit. Even geniuses from the Di Ting Clan, the strongest of the nine major clans in Nether Prison, could not form divine will when they were still half-step Saints!

“So what if your spirit sea is vast? Spirit seas have always been playgrounds for the Wandering Soul Realm experts... After I devour your spirit sea, maybe my cultivation base will break through the Two-revolution Little Saint Realm! You must be my fated chance!”

The Little Saint’s eyes grew greedy. He couldn’t believe that he had just been frightened by Bu Fang, that he had been frightened by a half-step Saint. He felt ashamed.

Bu Fang had a strange look on his face. He stared at the confident Little Saint and didn’t understand where his sense of superiority came from.

At that moment, the ghost slave rushed toward the spirit sea with black smoke all over its body. With ghost flames dancing in its eyes, it greedily opened its mouth, wanting to devour the entire spirit sea.

“You can’t escape!” The Little Saint burst out laughing.

Bu Fang was speechless. Did he say he was going to run? Also, did this guy selectively ignore the four Artifact Spirits? They were so large that he couldn’t have not seen them. Or was this guy selectively blind?

When the Taotie’s soul ran into his mind to possess him and saw the Golden Divine Dragon, the Vermilion Bird, and the Black Turtle, it was so scared that it cowered and didn’t even dare to fart. Why was this guy so arrogant? Was this the so-called fearlessness of the ignorant?

As Bu Fang thought of this, the way he looked at the Little Saint grew even more strange.

Bu Fang's strange gaze made the Little Saint uncomfortable. "Ghost slave, drain his spirit sea for me!" He let out a scream, then turned into a beam of black light and sped toward Bu Fang. At the same time, strange markings appeared on his body, and the black smoke around him suddenly turned into a long chain, which was extremely dark and flickered grimly.

"This is the Wandering Soul Realm's Soul Chain! Your soul will be locked by my chain and suffer purgatory-like torture!" The Little Saint laughed and threw the chain out, which slithered through the void at full speed, clattering against each other.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind him, hovering in midair with an indifferent face as the chain drew closer.

When the Little Saint saw that Bu Fang didn't dodge, he sneered. "You're courting death!"

Just as the chain was about to approach Bu Fang, a huge dragon claw suddenly appeared in front of him. The chain crashed onto the claw and wound around it.

"AHHH!" The Golden Divine Dragon raised his dragon head and let out a loud cry.

The Vermilion Bird rolled her eyes and thought, 'Why is this stupid dragon shouting?'

In the distance, the White Tiger rolled his eyes proudly.

The Little Saint was aware of the dragon claw for the first time. "What? Isn't this dragon just decoration for the spirit sea?" His pupils constricted as he said in disbelief.

The Wandering Soul Realm experts were careless about their appearance, but they all decorated their spirit sea. They would bring all kinds of divine mountains, animals, and plants into their spirit sea. Of course, these things were all fake, but they could satisfy their vanity. Moreover, their spirit sea's appearance was the key to attracting the opposite sex. That was why the Little Saint thought Bu Fang was the same as them.

"A decoration?! Do you think Nicholas the Handsome Dragon is just a decoration? Have you ever seen such a handsome decoration?!" The Golden Divine Dragon's huge head approached the Little Saint, setting off a gust of strong wind.

The Little Saint sucked in a cold breath. The next moment, the look in his eyes turned sharp.

“So what if you’re not a decoration? Even if you’re a dragon, you have to coil up in front of me! You do look good, though. I can move you to my spirit sea!” he said, grinning. The next moment, his eyes flashed red as he jerked at the chain in his hand.

“AHHH!” The Golden Divine Dragon raised his dragon head and let out a loud cry.

“Harder! Don’t stop! Quick!” The whole spirit sea rang with his voice.

“How is it possible?! How can the chain be useless?! How can the dragon in the spirit sea of a half-step Saint be so strong?” The Little Saint was stunned. With a crackling sound, tiny cracks appeared across the chain, then it shattered completely into black smoke and faded away.

The Little Saint staggered in midair. Suddenly, he narrowed his eyes slightly and looked down. There, his ghost slave was flying toward the spirit sea. Soon, it crashed into the sea, but it was instantly bounced off with a loud bang.

At this moment, the whole spirit sea began to churn. Water splashed while a huge shadow blanketed the ghost slave completely. It was the shadow of the terrifying old turtle, who was so huge that his body blotted out the whole sky.

The Black Turtle’s earthy yellow eyes turned and fixed on the ghost slave, who was so small that it seemed like a small dot floating in front of his eyes. Water vapor shot out of his nostrils and nearly blew it away. Then, his mouth opened, revealing countless sharp teeth.

The ghost slave was scared out of its wits. Without hesitation, it turned and planned to flee into the distance and return to the Little Saint. However, the Black Turtle suddenly inhaled, causing it to move back toward his huge mouth instead.

In the Little Saint’s shocked eyes, the ghost slave was completely devoured by the Black Turtle.

A ghost slave was not even enough to plug the Black Turtle’s teeth. After swallowing it, he looked around blankly, then closed his eyes and went back to sleep, sinking slowly into the spirit sea with the huge mountain on his back.

The Little Saint's mouth was wide open, and his jaw was about to drop. 'This... This... This is not f*cking decoration at all! Then... that dragon is not a decoration as well?!'

He subconsciously raised his head and looked at the Golden Divine Dragon, who was staring at him with a playful look. He shuddered and turned to Bu Fang, who was just a half-step Saint.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind him and twitched the corners of his mouth. Then, the divine will Phantom Spirit at his side suddenly opened its eyes and burst into bright golden light, illuminating the whole spirit sea and setting off stormy waves that swept across all directions. At the same time, translucent golden ripples spread from the spirit's body.

RUMBLE!

When the Little Saint saw the Phantom Spirit's eyes, he felt that he was going to kneel. His face instantly turned pale, and when the spirit waves swept across him, his body immediately became broken.

"You..."

He was really scared! 'That thing is real... It is a real divine will Phantom Spirit! Why does this half-step Saint have a Phantom Spirit? I'm finished! The Wandering Soul Realm team is finished!'

In the face of an expert with divine will Phantom Spirit, the Wandering Soul Realm experts were like kittens. Their strongest technique didn't work at all!

'Run! I must get out of this place as soon as possible!'

What was the point of him staying here when even his ghost slave had been swallowed up?

His figure suddenly turned into a beam of light, and he was about to run away. However, a loud dragon cry rang out, and then he found that he was enveloped by a dragon claw.

"You attacked me, and now you want to run away? Do you think that's the right thing to do?" The Golden Divine Dragon squinted at the Little Saint, his whiskers fluttering.

“I... I was wrong! I have eyes, but I failed to recognize Mount Tai!” Looking at the huge Golden Divine Dragon, the Little Saint knelt on the dragon claw without hesitation.

‘The Divine Dragon, Vermilion Bird, Black Turtle, and White Tiger are all f*cking divine beasts! I can’t believe they’re all here! This spirit sea is too luxurious! Why would I come to a place like this? I’m digging my own grave!’

“Tsk, tsk, tsk... This is the first time I’ve seen a soul who dares to enter the Little Host’s spirit sea... Your courage is commendable,” the Golden Divine Dragon said as a mighty surge of pressure suddenly spread out from his body.

The pressure forced the Little Saint to lie face down. ‘This pressure...’

Before he could think further, however, the Divine Dragon closed his claw. With a boom, the Little Saint was crushed into a cloud of smoke and faded away.

Bu Fang shook his head with emotion as he watched the Little Saint vanish into smoke. His spirit sea was impregnable. It was his strongest means, but this guy actually intruded it so recklessly. ‘If you don’t seek death, you won’t die...’

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In the square, everyone held their breath and stared at the arena. Suddenly, some people’s pupils constricted as they noticed the two figures in the arena moving.

The Wandering Soul Realm experts all narrowed their eyes and grinned.

“That little chef should be going crazy soon!”

They knew that their mental attack was not something a half-step Saint could resist.

“By now, his soul should have been tortured to near death by Soul Eight!”

Chapter 1263 Stubborn Wandering Soul Realm Experts

A sound of teeth chattering rang out in the arena. Bu Fang stood with his hands clasped behind his back, his expression unchanged. Across from him was the Wandering Soul Realm Little Saint, his hair falling over his eyes and face that turned as white as a sheet. The atmosphere was somewhat awkward for a moment.

The sound came from the Little Saint's mouth. Upon hearing it, everyone froze and stared wide-eyed at the arena.

"What happened?"

"Hasn't the little chef lost yet?"

"His spirit sea is invaded by a Wandering Soul Realm Little Saint, and it's very likely that he will become a fool. Did he manage to resist it?"

Everyone present knew the horror of the Wandering Soul Realm, so they found it hard to believe that Bu Fang could survive the attack. The Wandering Soul Realm experts focused on the mental force, which should be fatal to him. After all, in everyone's eyes, he was just a half-step Saint. The mental force of a half-step Saint was at least twice as weak as that of a Little Saint, so he naturally could not resist the invasion of his opponent.

"What's the result?!"

"It's not clear who won for the time being..."

"The atmosphere is so depressing..."

Everyone stared wide-eyed at the arena. No one knew who won the match. Suddenly, some people's eyes narrowed because they saw Bu Fang move.

Bu Fang's fingers twitched slightly, then he raised his hand and flicked his finger between the Little Saint's eyebrows. The Wandering Soul Realm expert staggered back a few steps and sat down on the ground. His eyes were glazed, and he kept clapping his hands, while his face showed a silly expression with drool dripping from the corners of his mouth.

The scene made everyone gasp in disbelief. From what they could see, the Wandering Soul Realm Little Saint seemed to have become a fool. Looking at him, all the experts from various small worlds were struck dumb. A Little Saint had invaded the spirit sea of a half-step Saint, but in the end, it was the Little Saint who became a fool, and he was even a Little Saint who was good at spiritual manipulation! Their eyes didn't deceive them, did they?

"How is this possible?! How could Soul Eight fail? He was just fighting with a half-step Saint. How could he fail?" All the Wandering Soul Realm experts were shocked by the result, while the woman who led them stared with wide eyes.

They were all too familiar with the way Soul Eight looked now. It was an idiotic look that occurred only after one's mental force was completely destroyed. However, shouldn't this happen to the half-step Saint?

'Can it be that the ghost slave backfired?' the woman suddenly thought of this.

Soul Eight's ghost slave was notoriously unruly. He was probably attacked by it when he tried to devour the half-step Saint's mental force. It was quite possible. If this was the case, it could explain why Soul Eight had become a fool. Of course, she didn't want to believe that the half-step Saint had caused this. In her opinion, this was completely impossible. Soul Eight, after all, was a Little Saint.

Bu Fang's eyes were much clearer now. He gave his neck a twist. Looking at the Little Saint, who had become a fool after losing his wits, his face flickered with a strange expression.

The Wandering Soul Realm expert had brought this to himself. If he didn't get into Bu Fang's spirit sea, it wouldn't be so easy for Bu Fang to defeat him. His action was literally courting death. After losing his mental force, his cultivation base would begin to slowly dissipate, and soon he would die. There was no way to reverse this because mental force was the root of human beings. It connected to the soul, so when the mental force was destroyed, the soul was broken as well, and the person would soon die.

Commander Mo Yuan returned to the arena. He gave Bu Fang a surprised look as if he hadn't expected him to win so easily. After carefully examining Soul Eight's condition, he announced loudly, "The winner is the Immortal Cooking Realm."

The Wandering Soul Realm experts rushed into the arena and brought Soul Eight back. The woman held out a palm and laid it on his head. An invisible fluctuation spread out in an instant.

“Hmm? His soul and mental force were torn to pieces at the same time. Soul Eight was indeed attacked by his ghost slave, who should have died with him,” she said coldly.

“That boy’s lucky! Look at his confused face... Obviously, he doesn’t even know how he had won the match,” said another expert.

The woman breathed a sigh of relief, then turned to look at a young man beside her. “Soul Three... You will fight him next! Your ghost slave is the most loyal, so it’s impossible that it will attack you. Remember, turn this boy into a fool this time!” said the woman. Her cold voice made everyone tremble.

“No problem... Chief, you just wait for my good news! I’m not like that useless Soul Eight,” the young man said with a smile. Then, he kicked the ground, drifted into the arena like a ghost, and stood in front of Bu Fang. He was clad in a long white robe, his hands hanging stiffly at his sides. His hair was messy, and his eyes flashed with black light.

“Oh... Another one?” Bu Fang narrowed his eyes.

“Don’t think you’re invincible just because you defeated Soul Eight. The horror of the Wandering Soul Realm is beyond the imagination of a mere half-step Saint from a third-class small world like you...” said Soul Three. His voice was hoarse with a touch of unruliness.

Commander Mo Yuan glanced at both of them and announced the start of the match.

Bu Fang let out a soft sigh.

The next moment, the young man also turned into a cloud of black smoke and rushed into Bu Fang’s head in an instant.

‘The same trick again?’ Bu Fang’s expression suddenly became very strange. ‘Is this all the Wandering Soul Realm experts can do?’

Outside the arena, the Wandering Soul Realm contestants looked on gloomily. They were looking forward to seeing Bu Fang’s mental force shatter, anxious to see him turn into a fool. Soul Three would never fail, or so they thought.

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In Bu Fang's spirit sea, another figure appeared. The Golden Divine Dragon, who was yawning, paused momentarily.

"Another one? The Little Host's spirit sea is really quite lively..." As soon as he finished saying that, he reached out his dragon claw again.

Soon, the only sound left in the spirit sea was Soul Three's miserable howl.

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Bu Fang was too lazy to enter his spirit sea this time. He produced a chair from the System's storage space, sat down, then took out some spirit fruits and ate them leisurely. The Wandering Soul Realm Little Saint, Soul Three, was staring at him from not far away.

His calm manner put a strange look on every face.

"Did this guy give up already?"

"Is it because he knows he can't resist the Little Saint's attack, so he chose to die happily?"

"But... Why do I feel something's not right here?"

Suddenly, Soul Three moved. A frightened expression came over his face, and then he staggered several steps back, sat down, and even rolled on the ground. Before long, he began to shiver, and the look on his face became like that of a fool.

The scene made everyone suck in a cold breath.

Soul Three had also become a fool.

At the sight of this, all the Wandering Soul Realm experts' hairs stood up.

“How could that be?! Soul Three’s ghost slave is extremely loyal and stable! It will never attack him! Why has he become a fool too?! By the look of it, his mental force should have been torn to pieces as well... But why did that little chef look perfectly fine? What the hell is going on?!”

The Wandering Soul Realm experts were shivering all over. Bu Fang’s calm manner made them feel as if anger was burning in their chests! They wished they could tear him to pieces now!

“Dammit! Soul Three boasted that his ghost slave is the most loyal one, and yet the same thing happened to him too! A piece of junk!” The grim woman of the Wandering Soul Realm was furious.

“Could Soul Three have been killed by Soul Eight’s ghost slave?”

Someone put forward this idea, and it immediately won everyone’s unanimous approval. This was a very likely scenario. Soul Eight was devoured by his ghost slave, who might still be in the boy’s spirit sea. When it was about to devour the boy’s spirit sea, Soul Three arrived, and they had a fierce fight. As a result, Soul Eight’s ghost slave devoured Soul Three.

“This boy is really lucky!” said one Wandering Soul Realm expert coldly.

Suddenly, the grim woman moved. Her white robe fluttered, and in the next instant, she had appeared in the arena, surrounded by many ghostly figures.

“Let me send you to your death,” she said coldly.

Bu Fang glanced at the woman, stuffed the fruit in his hand into his mouth, chewed it for a while, then spit out a seed.

“This woman is the leader of the Wandering Soul Realm! She’s very fearsome!”

“Yes! Her name is Demon One, and she boasts that she is as strong as Nether Prison geniuses... Among all the experts from first-class worlds, she can be considered as one of the top experts.”

“This little chef will die this time!”

The audience went into an uproar when they saw the woman step into the arena. Her appearance made many experts gasp, whether they came from the Vajra Realm, Earth Prison, the Winged Man Valley, the West Little Buddhism Realm, or even the Abyss. These experts watched the battle in the arena nervously, eager to know the final result of the match.

A gust of chilly wind began to blow in the arena. Soon, the woman turned into a puff of black smoke and went into Bu Fang's spirit sea.

'Again?' Bu Fang rolled his eyes. 'She's using the same trick too. These Wandering Soul Realm experts are really f*cking stubborn! Both their teammates have become fools. Why do they still want to rush into my spirit sea? Do they like being tortured so much?'

In his spirit sea, he had not only the Artifact Spirits of the God of Cooking Set, but also his divine will Phantom Spirit. These guys' mental forces could never do him any harm.

As soon as the woman struck, the other Wandering Soul Realm contestants began to scream, and their faces lit up with excitement. Obviously, they thought the woman would succeed.

Bu Fang grabbed a spirit fruit, took a bite, then turned his eyes and squinted at the Wandering Soul Realm experts outside the arena. The look in his eyes made their cheers gradually fade. Soon, they all stared at him blankly.

'Why are we cheering? What if the Chief also fails?'

As soon as this thought came to them, the woman let out a terrible cry. Blood flowed out of her seven orifices as she staggered back, her head in her hands and her body writhing violently.

"Hmm?" Bu Fang paused. He didn't expect that the woman did not immediately become a fool. However, he quickly understood the reason.

Because of the failure of the first two contestants, the woman was much more careful. She only sent seventy percent of her mental force into Bu Fang's spirit sea and left the remaining thirty percent in her body. Now, as the seventy-percent mental force was destroyed by the Golden Divine Dragon, she was experiencing a backfire.

“You... You have formed the divine will... What are... those monsters in your spirit sea?!” growled the woman. As blood was oozing out of her seven orifices, she appeared more horrible and ferocious.

Her words stunned everyone present.

Divine will? How could a mere half-step Saint form the divine will?

Bu Fang stuffed the last spirit fruit into his mouth, shook the water from his hand, and glanced indifferently from the corners of his eyes at the woman. The next moment, a storm set off in his spirit sea, and his divine will poured out of his body.

Over his spirit sea, the closed eyes of the divine will Phantom Spirit flicked open and shone with dazzling golden light.

Outside the arena, the audience’s pupils constricted. They suddenly felt a terrible pressure sweep over them, which made them breathe faster.

Divine will... This was really the pressure from one’s divine will!

All of a sudden, Bu Fang’s body burst into golden light, while a huge divine will Phantom Spirit emerged above his head. At this moment, he looked like a god.

The appearance of his divine will stunned everyone.

Chapter 1264 The Semifinal Rules of the Team Competition

Divine will was a manifestation of mental force condensed to the extreme. The mental force was divided into three levels: divine perception, divine will, and divine soul. Most of the geniuses present, such as Fa Wu, the monk from the West Little Buddhism Realm, the team leader of the Winged Man Valley, and the team leader of the Wandering Soul Realm, had only formed their divine perception and were still a long way from divine will. No one expected that this half-step Saint from the Immortal Cooking Realm would have divine will. It was simply against common sense and difficult to understand.

Looking at Bu Fang, who was radiating golden light in the arena, and the golden Phantom Spirit above his head, which was somewhat similar to his appearance and was emitting vast spiritual

pressure, all the people present felt suffocated. Only then did they understand why Bu Fang was able to fight four Little Saints on his own and why he was able to create miracles repeatedly in the arena. It turned out that his mental force was so much stronger than everybody else!

The team leader of the Wandering Soul Realm was already petrified. Her seven orifices were bleeding continuously, and her face was full of fear.

‘Divine will? He has more than just divine will...’ the woman thought.

If Bu Fang only had divine will, she wouldn’t have bled even if she couldn’t get away unhurt. Although she had not yet formed her divine will, she had already formed her divine perception. Therefore, even if her mental force was weaker, she could still run away. The terrible thing was, she couldn’t run away.

‘There are great terrors in this little chef’s spirit sea!’

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back, his whole body shining with golden light. He looked at the Wandering Soul Realm expert coldly. All of a sudden, his divine will moved. The golden Phantom Spirit floated above his head, held out a hand, and pointed a finger at the woman.

The expert was instantly immobilized by a mighty pressure. She felt as if her mental force and divine perception were broken at that moment. She wanted to resist, but there was nothing she could do. The next moment, a finger pressed down on her.

A miserable howl immediately rang out as the terrible divine will kept oppressing the woman. At the same time, a golden fire burst out of her body and burned brightly.

In everyone’s shocked eyes, the invisible soul energy in her body seemed to fade away, and her eyes gradually became blank. Then, the golden fire on her body disappeared. Just like that, the team leader of the Wandering Soul Realm had become an idiot as well.

The God of Cooking Set was one of Bu Fang’s secrets. Now that she knew the secret, he naturally had to prevent it from leaking out.

The divine will faded away, and Bu Fang’s Vermilion Chef Robe no longer fluttered. He clasped his hands behind his back, looked at the woman who had become an idiot with indifferent eyes, and let out a soft breath.

Commander Mo Yuan flew over in a beam of light and landed in the arena. He looked at Bu Fang in astonishment. He was really shocked this time. Even he had only formed his divine perception. As for divine will, he had not even seen its shadow. However, this little chef, who was only a half-step Saint, had actually formed his divine will.

‘Perhaps this is the so-called... genius. It takes a lot of mental force to cook, and he may be gifted. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have been such a great chef.’

“It’s over,” said Bu Fang.

Commander Mo Yuan recovered from the shock and nodded at Bu Fang. He then announced, “In this team match between the Immortal Cooking Realm and the Wandering Soul realm, the winner is the Immortal Cooking Realm. It has officially become one of the top ten teams and entered the semi-finals.”

Everyone outside the arena froze, and then looked at each other.

“The Immortal Cooking Realm is in the semi-finals? So simple?”

“Isn’t the Wandering Soul Realm a first-class small world? Why are its contestants easier to defeat than the Blackwind Continent’s?”

Mo Yan, Zhu Yan, and the others were very confused. The way they looked at the Wandering Soul Realm contestants became very strange. ‘Is this a first-class small world? It doesn’t appear to be too strong... We’ve won this match so easily.’

Meanwhile, in the Immortal Cooking Realm, the people in the square were suppressing their laughter. This team match was a bit too easy. The so-called Wandering Soul Realm seemed to have gained some false reputation. Although it was said to be on the same level as a first-class world like the West Little Buddhism Realm, it appeared to be extremely weak.

The way the West Little Buddhism Realm experts looked at Bu Fang had changed. The fact that he had formed his divine will and easily defeated the Wandering Soul Realm was enough to make everyone learn about his frightening talent.

“This is the real example of one person holding up a world!” Some people couldn’t help but sigh with emotion.

The match was over. Bu Fang walked out of the arena leisurely. He didn’t leave, however, but waited like everyone else. There were still a few matches to come, and when they were over, Commander Mo Yuan would announce the rules for tomorrow’s semi-finals. He had revealed that the semi-finals would not continue to be arena matches, so Bu Fang had to pay attention to it.

Bu Fang hoped to make it to the finals and fight with the experts of Nether Prison. His goal, of course, was to meet the experts of the Nether Puppeteer Clan and get a Sacred Nether Puppet heart to repair Whitey. Therefore, he didn’t want to be eliminated so early.

No one dared to underestimate Bu Fang anymore. Although his physical body was not strong, he had divine will, which showed that his talent was absolutely extraordinary. Once this kind of expert stepped into the Little Saint realm, his cultivation base would definitely improve by leaps and bounds. The experts of all the first-class small worlds, who didn’t take him seriously at all, began to think otherwise.

Bu Fang was very calm. He clasped his hands behind him and watched the match in the arena. The stall was closed early today, so he had the time to watch the competition. This was also the first time he watched the match seriously.

The last team match would decide the last one of the top ten teams.

Soon, the contestants from both teams stepped into the arena. Bu Fang’s eyes narrowed when he saw them.

“The Abyss and the Vajra Realm?”

Looking at the two teams, Bu Fang’s expression became strange. He didn’t expect that these two would fight for the last spot. It was the experts from the Abyss and the Vajra Realm who jointly attacked him yesterday, and today they were fighting each other.

The Vajra Realm team was obviously at a disadvantage. It was originally very strong. With Yi Zhu, a top Little Saint, leading the team, it was actually not weaker than the Wandering Soul Realm team. However, he was killed by Bu Fang, who was possessed by the White Tiger. In addition, its two Little Saints were seriously injured in yesterday’s attack. It was a little dangerous for them to face the Abyss team now.

Because of yesterday's attack, all the contestants of the Vajra Realm were disqualified from the individual competition, so the team competition became their only hope. They didn't want to be eliminated and go back in disgrace. So, they would fight with all their might today.

The battle broke out in an instant. Although the Vajra Realm Little Saint was injured, he still had to fight. After all, all the Abyss contestants were Little Saints, and the Vajra Realm half-step Saints were not as gifted as Bu Fang, who could fight four Little Saints alone.

The two Little Saints fought each other fiercely in the arena, instantly making the audience excited. The match would decide the final team in the semi-finals of the team competition, so many people were very interested.

Slash!

Suddenly, the audience gasped, and their pupils constricted. A huge head shot up into the sky, spewing blood. The Vajra Realm expert's head was cut off by the Abyss expert with a scythe. The next moment, the head fell to the ground and kept rolling.

The whole audience was silent as a strong smell of blood spread in the air. The Abyss expert smiled coldly, put away his scythe, and walked out of the arena.

The Vajra Realm lost another Little Saint. The rest of its contestants were so angry that their whole bodies were almost wrapped in flames of fury.

In the second match, the Abyss expert attacked only with lethal moves. Soon, another Vajra Realm Little Saint was beheaded.

In the third match... the Vajra Realm gave up and withdrew from the team competition.

The Abyss team, which had killed all its opponents, had succeeded in advancing to the semi-finals and becoming one of the top ten teams. Its contestants, surrounded in a strong smell of blood, looked like blades in the arena, flashing with a sharpness that stung people's eyes.

The top ten teams stepped into the arena. Most of them were first-class small worlds, including the West Little Buddhism Realm, the Winged Man Valley, the Abyss, and Earth Prison. Of course, there

were also several second-class small worlds and a third-class small world. These were the teams that would fight in the semi-finals.

The semi-finals were extremely cruel. As all know, only three teams could make it to the finals and face the two teams from Nether Prison.

Commander Mo Yuan stood in the middle of the arena. Suddenly, four figures flew whistling across the sky and landed in the arena. Mighty auras spread out of them, causing the pupils of every contestant to constrict.

The Little Saints present were basically One-revolution Little Saints. They were all the top experts and geniuses in their own small worlds, so they represented their small worlds in this tournament. However, in the face of the four figures who had just descended into the arena, they all felt depressed.

They were the four Prison Overlords of Earth Prison—Jin Jiao with the Corpse Ghost Soul Sealing Fan on his back, Yin Jiao with the Primal Chaos Gold Gourd, the pink-haired Luo Ji with a hot figure, and You Ji with the Overbearing Hefty Sword on her back, who was in charge of keeping order.

Bu Fang was quite familiar with them, so when he saw them, he was slightly stunned. He finally met these Earth Prison Overlords again. When they were in the Immortal Cooking Realm, they were oppressed by the Will of the Great Path, so they could not fully exert their power. Even so, they were already very strong. Now, seeing them again, he finally felt their true strength.

Each of them was a top expert among the Little Saints. Although their auras were much weaker than Bi Luo, the Empress of the Goddess City, they were strong enough to oversee the tournament.

“The semi-finals of the team competition and the individual competition will be held tomorrow.” Jin Jiao was the one who would announce the rules. He was a burly man, and just by standing there, he could make people feel oppressed, and when his eyes rolled, everyone shuddered.

“The rules for the semi-finals of the team competition have changed. The team competition is inherently about teamwork, but arena matches cannot fully demonstrate your teamwork. Because of this, the organizers changed the rules.

“The venue of the semi-finals will start from the bank of the Yellow Spring River outside the Forbidden Soul City and go all the way to the source of the river, the Yellow Spring Town. Each

team will have a jade plate. The plates have two colors, black and white, with the words Earth and Prison written on them.

“The teams that will arrive in the Yellow Spring Town with two jade plates of Earth and Prison are considered to have successfully stepped into the finals. However, I don’t expect five teams to get the jade plates, because from the semi-finals onward, your life and death will be decided by destiny. There is no restriction on killing in the semi-finals. We only look at jade plates. If you don’t have the jade plates of Earth and Prison, even if you kill all the other teams, you won’t be able to step into the finals.”

Jin Jiao’s commanding voice resounded through the audience, making everyone gasp. The semi-finals that only looked at jade plates with no restriction on killing... Just listening to the rules made everyone shudder.

“Yellow Spring Town is on the other side of the Yellow Spring River, so you’ll have to cross the river to reach it. By the way, let me give you a friendly reminder that there are many treasures along the river. On your way to the town, if you encounter any treasures, you are allowed to acquire them, because it is your fated chance. Of course, with luck comes misfortune. There will be all kinds of savage monsters and disasters waiting for you along the way.

“In any case, what we want to see is the combination of Earth and Prison jade plates,” Jin Jiao said in a faint tone, putting his hands behind his back.

“This is the semi-finals of the team competition. This is the cruel Netherworld’s Tournament of the Great Path.”

As his voice rang through the air, everyone felt a heavy weight in their hearts, making their pupils constrict.

Chapter 1265 The Semifinals Begin! Targets By A Killing Intent!

Everyone was shocked by the rules of the team competition’s semi-finals and couldn’t help gasping. “They need to travel from the bank of the Yellow Spring River outside the Forbidden Soul City to the source of the river, the Yellow Spring Town? This is a road of no return with many great dangers!”

The Yellow Spring River could have been called a forbidden land, but because of its vast area, it was not included. However, its source was not much different from a forbidden land. In tomorrow’s

semifinals, these contestants needed to cross half the Yellow Spring River. It was like sending them to death.

Many people began to talk to each other. Of course, they, the audience, naturally didn't need to worry too much, but this was not good news for those contestants. Crossing the Yellow Spring River was not an easy task even for a One-revolution Little Saint. However, compared with the danger around the river, the threat from other contestants was even scarier. Whether it was the murderous Abyss, the benevolent West Little Buddhism Realm, or the Winged Man Valley, their contestants were all very menacing.

The rule made the legs of some contestants from several teams a little weak. They all came from second-class small worlds, and they were lucky to reach the semifinals. Such a rule was a disaster for them.

"I'll start distributing jade plates now. There are ten of them, five white and five black. The white ones have the word 'Earth,' and the black ones have the word 'Prison'. They will be randomly and secretly distributed to you. Other teams do not know what color your jade plate is," Jin Jiao explained. The next moment, his eyes lit up, and his aura exploded out.

Jin Jiao's cultivation base was very strong. When he was in the Immortal Cooking Realm, even though his cultivation base was suppressed, he was still able to fight Nether King Er Ha and even forced him to summon the Armor of Nether King. The main reason was that his true-self was extremely strong. And, over the past few years, his cultivation base and that of others had increased greatly, making them even more fearsome.

The beams of light shot out and were caught by the leader of each team. Zhu Yan looked at the jade plate in his hand with a confused look. He thought it would go to Bu Fang, but it actually fell into his hand. He could feel the warmth exuding from it.

"Our jade plate is white!" he said to Bu Fang.

As soon as his voice rang out, numerous glances were thrown at him from all around. The strange expressions on those experts' faces made Zhu Yan tremble all over.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched.

'Zhu Yan, you really are a stupid teammate... Jin Jiao deliberately distributed the jade plates in a secret way so that no one would know what we have in our hands. Once the color of our jade plate

is known by others, we will be targeted by teams with different colors. It's no big deal if those teams are weak, but it will be a disaster if they're as strong as the Winged Man Valley...'

...

In the Immortal Cooking Realm...

When the people saw what Zhu Yan was doing, they covered their heads with their hands in frustration.

"He's too stupid! How can he say aloud the color of his jade plate?!"

"Now the other teams that got black jade plates will target the Immortal Cooking Realm team..."

"Although many people fear Bu Fang because of his divine will, the Immortal Cooking Realm team is still the weakest of these teams. Apart from him, the rest of the team simply cannot contribute their fighting capacity at all. On the other hand, the strength of other team's contestants is all super strong... It's hopeless!"

The corners of the Zhu family head's mouth twitched violently. He couldn't understand why there was such a stupid junior in his family!

...

Bu Fang glanced at Zhu Yan and said, "Give me the jade plate."

Zhu Yan hurriedly handed the jade plate to Bu Fang. He was regretting it now. He knew that as the color of their jade plate was leaked, they would probably become the target of others. He felt a little depressed and hated himself for his foolishness.

The jade plate was like a hot potato—whoever had it would become the target of all. He realized what he was capable of now. He was no longer the arrogant junior of an aristocratic family who had just come out of the Immortal Cooking Realm. He knew how weak he was, and he knew that if he held the jade plate without strength, it would become his death warrant.

Bu Fang tried to put the jade plate in the System's storage space, but he found that it could not be put away.

As if spotting Bu Fang's movements, Jin Jiao twitched the corner of his mouth and said, "All the jade plates for this competition have to be carried by the contestants and cannot be put into any storage space. The purpose of this is to make it easier for everyone to snatch others' jade plates."

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched. 'This organizer is really trying to stir up trouble. It's plain that they want us to fight each other to death.'

He sighed and put away the jade plate with a flip of his hand. Although he couldn't store it in the System's storage space, he still had other means to hide it. However, as soon as he died, the jade plate would surely fall out.

Then, without saying anything, he left the square, taking Mo Yan and the others with him.

The contestants in the arena watched Bu Fang and the others leave with strange eyes, and some even gave a sneer.

"I like the new rules," said the Abyss leader coldly, his blood-colored robe flapping. "I want everyone to do everything you can during the competition to kill that little chef," he voice-transmitted to the rest of the team. Everyone nodded solemnly.

After that, all the teams left. Each team was keeping a wary eye on the others. Now it was known that the Immortal Cooking Realm team had a white jade plate, so there were still four white jade plates left. Anyone who exposed the color of the jade plate would become the target of others.

After all the teams left, the square was in an uproar. Everyone was looking forward to tomorrow's semifinals. When they heard the rules of the competition, they felt a sense of death. There was no doubt that this kind of competition was much more interesting than the arena matches.

...

It was quiet throughout the night.

The next morning, in the inn...

Bu Fang opened his door and frowned.

Opposite him, Mo Yan and the others appeared, all armed to the teeth. They were extremely nervous about today's competition. After all, it was very easy to die in the face of so many contestants from first-class small worlds. They had to be serious. Although Bu Fang was with them, he couldn't protect them all the time.

Bu Fang was frowning not because of the appearance of Mo Yan and the others, but because he was having a headache about the Little Saint test. He thought he could finish the test before the semifinals started, pushing his strength to the level of the Little Saint. However, now it seemed that it was just his wishful thinking. The Little Saint test was not that simple.

"The Little Saint test: The host needs to hunt a one-star sacred beast in the Yellow Spring River valley and complete the cooking of the sacred beast meat. The dish must be approved by the System before the Host can qualify for promotion."

The Little Saint test required Bu Fang to hunt a one-star sacred beast in the Yellow Spring River valley. It certainly had killed his plan to advance to the next realm overnight. The valley was very vast, and most importantly, one-star sacred beasts had already attained intelligence, so it was not easy to hunt one down. The task looked easy, but in fact, it was not simple at all. Moreover, it was mixed with the semifinals, which made it even more difficult.

That was why Bu Fang frowned.

"What's the matter?" Xuanyuan Xiahui asked when he saw Bu Fang frown.

"Nothing..." Bu Fang glanced at the four of them, then asked, "Do you want to take part in this competition, or do you want to stay safe and just be spectators?"

If they choose to take part, then he would give up the idea of putting them in the Heaven and Earth Farmland.

Zhu Yan and the others seemed to have made up their minds last night. "We want to take part. Although the competition is full of dangers, the Prison Overlord has also said that it contains great opportunity!" If they could acquire precious treasures along the way, perhaps their strength would increase greatly.

After hearing their decision, Bu Fang nodded, then clasped his hands behind his back and walked out.

“I have a feeling that once the competition starts, we will be targeted by a lot of people. Many teams will try to kill us...” Bu Fang said. “So, you should be mentally prepared.”

Mo Yan and the others suddenly felt a little scared.

...

At the gate of the Forbidden Soul City...

A large crowd of spectators stood on the wall. With a creak, the gate opened, and ten teams slowly emerged from inside the city.

Unlike yesterday, today’s ten teams were fully armed. After all, today’s competition was no joke. Moreover, unlike the arena matches, the semifinals included many external factors, and the contestants could also use treasures, so there were more uncertainties.

Prison Overlord Jin Jiao hovered in midair with the huge Corpse Ghost Soul Sealing Fan behind his back, sending out throbbing waves of terror.

“Walk along the Forbidden Soul City for dozens of miles and you will see the surging Yellow Spring River. That’s the starting point of your competition. Once you get there, the competition starts,” Jin Jiao said. Then, the corners of his mouth curved upward slightly. “I wish you good luck. You can start now.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the crowd on the wall erupted into an uproar.

The semifinalists looked at each other, then unleashed their fearsome auras and flew toward the distance.

The competition started, and every spectator was excited.

Bu Fang glanced at Mo Yan and the others behind him. After that, he flew straight ahead without saying a word. The others kept up at full speed. Soon, everyone was flying toward the Yellow Spring River.

RUMBLE!

The rushing Yellow Spring River water was scarlet and looked as if it was bleeding, glowing like blood. In the river, there were bones, dead bodies, and even broken souls that were howling and wailing.

When Bu Fang arrived here with Mo Yan and the others, the place was already empty. The other teams had already rushed into the dense forest ahead.

Looking at the forest, Bu Fang felt that it was like a devil who would eat people, surging with the aura of death. He had a feeling that there were countless enemies waiting for him in it. He frowned, then sent out his divine will and brought Mo Yan and the others into the Heaven and Earth Farmland.

After that, the ground under his feet exploded, and he turned into a beam of light, shooting into the dense forest at full speed.

As soon as he entered the forest, the fallen leaves rose in a flurry. Then, all of a sudden they were torn to pieces by an invisible force. At the same time, he heard the sound of birds flapping their wings and crying, filling the air with an eerie atmosphere.

Bu Fang stopped immediately. He raised his head and looked at the trees in the distance. There, on the branches of a great tree, stood five figures. They were all clad in blood-colored robes and eyeing him coldly. In an instant, a monstrous killing intent targeted him.

The next moment, a rain of fallen leaves swirled down around him.

Bu Fang turned his head slightly and looked into the distance. On another tree, a blond man wearing a white jade mask with a pair of white wings behind him was staring at him with a gentle smile.

Chapter 1266 Rubbish, I, Howling, Am Back!

The sound of birds flapping their wings echoed through the dense forest. The air was filled with strong killing intent. Leaves fell slowly from trees, swirling in the air, and then were torn into pieces by sharp energy. Bu Fang stood where he was. A strong wave of pressure came to him with a gust of wild wind, rolling up fallen leaves all over the ground. His Vermilion Chef Robe flapped noisily.

In the distance, five figures clad in blood-colored robes stood on a great tree, looking down at him. Their cold eyes were filled with monstrous killing intent, terrifying to look at.

On the other side, there was an expert from the Winged Man Valley wearing a white jade mask. His white wings folded up behind his back, and his arms were crossed over his chest. Although he was exuding a holy aura, there was an air of ferocity about him.

Looking at them, Bu Fang frowned slightly and said in a low voice, "The Abyss and the Winged Man Valley."

"Here you are at last..." said the Abyss leader coldly, his voice sounded grim. "We didn't kill you last time, but you can't get away this time..."

Boom!

As his voice rang out, his aura and the experts' aura around him rose abruptly, sweeping out like a gust of strong wind. The aura of peak One-revolution Little Saints was almost suffocating.

The Abyss leader's strength was extremely formidable.

Bu Fang wasn't surprised that the Abyss experts wanted to kill him. After all, given what he did at the Abyss, it wasn't strange that they wished him dead. He turned his head to look at the Winged Man Valley expert, and his eyes became a little cold.

"You don't have to look at me like that. I simply want the jade plate in your hand on behalf of the Winged Man Valley," the expert said with a gentle smile. His voice was very soft. "Coincidentally, our jade plate is black, which is a pair with your white jade plate. I trust you will give it to me, won't you? There's no point in you holding it anyway."

The Winged Man Valley expert's words caused the Abyss experts to narrow their eyes and fall into thought. Then, the Abyss leader turned to the four men behind him and said, "Leave this to me. You

keep moving forward and don't fall behind the others. If you come across a team with a black jade plate, kill the team and take the jade plate."

The four Abyss Little Saints nodded. They also understood that it was not very wise to waste their time here. Their leader could handle this little chef alone. If the five of them stay here together, they might miss their opportunity. After all, many of the teams participating in this competition were very strong, such as the Winged Man Valley, the West Little Buddhism Realm, and Earth Prison. If these small worlds got the upper hand and took all the jade plates, it would be very difficult for them to snatch the jade plates from them.

Although the little chef's mental force was powerful, their leader alone was enough to deal with him.

The four of them unleashed their auras, and their bodies began to twist. The next moment, they disappeared from the tree, turned into four blood-colored beams of light, and shot toward the depths of the forest, startling many birds.

Soon, there were only three people left, Bu Fang, the Abyss leader, and the Winged Man Valley expert. Their auras intertwined as if forming an invisible realm.

...

In the Forbidden Soul City...

The huge light screen showed the scenes of the match. Suddenly, the screen wobbled and split into nine squares, each showing a different scene. The people in the square looked up with excitement. These scenes were also broadcast to various small worlds through the projection array.

Suddenly, some people's pupils constricted, and they exclaimed and pointed to the middle square on the light screen. The scene on it made the whole audience gasp.

"A Winged Man Valley expert, an Abyss expert... and that little chef? They confronted each other so soon?"

"The Immortal Cooking Realm team is the weakest, so it's the easiest to target..."

“It’s not a surprise that the little chef is targeted by the Abyss team, but why is he also targeted by the Winged Man Valley? Is it because one of their stupid teammates revealed the color of their jade plate?”

The audience was abuzz with discussion. Without a doubt, this battle was the most attractive one. The Winged Man Valley was arguably one of the strongest teams in this competition. It was not even weaker than the West Little Buddhism Realm. Since Bu Fang was targeted by such contestants, he probably wouldn’t go too far. People could feel the pressure he was under just through the light screen.

...

Bu Fang looked at the two experts indifferently and sighed softly.

The Abyss leader’s face was stern. The next moment, his aura exploded out, and the tree trunk beneath his feet burst open as he turned into a blood-colored beam and rushed toward Bu Fang at full speed. He looked as if he had turned into a bloody dragon.

Instead of rushing to make a move, the Winged Man Valley expert watched with great interest. The Abyss team was strong, but he had not taken them seriously yet.

Boom!

The group exploded, and Bu Fang jumped into the air. Rubble flew in all directions.

“You can’t run away from my attack!” The Abyss leader sneered. With a flip of his hand, he produced a blood-colored spear, then raised it and thrust it at Bu Fang. A sharp force seemed to cut the air to pieces. At the same time, a terrible aura exploded out from him. His strength as a peak One-revolution Little Saint made the pupils of the Winged Man Valley expert constrict.

In this Winged Man Valley expert’s view, Bu Fang was probably doomed this time. Bu Fang was amazing. Since the beginning of the tournament, he had constantly shocked everyone. To their surprise, he killed strong opponents, successfully reached the semifinals of the team competition, and even defeated the Wandering Soul Realm team, which even the Winged Man Valley found very difficult to deal with.

Of course, that was because of Bu Fang's talent, which enabled him to form his divine will with the cultivation base of a half-step Saint. Divine will did not enhance one's strength too much, so it posed little threat to One-revolution Little Saints like them. However, it was a nightmare for the Wandering Soul Realm experts, who fought with mental force.

As a result, the Immortal Cooking Realm team made it here. However, he thought that it was the furthest it could reach. After all, there was only one Wandering Soul Realm team in this competition.

Bu Fang looked at the Abyss leader coldly, dodged the attack, and landed in the distance. Then, looking at the Winged Man Valley expert, he asked, "Aren't you going to attack me as well?"

"Me?" The Winged Man Valley expert paused, then shook his head and said with a smile, "I'm not in a hurry. I just want your jade plate. Or... Give me your jade plate, and I'll save your life. What do you think of this proposal?"

Those words made the Abyss leader's face fall. The next moment, his movement accelerated. If the Winged Man Valley expert made a move, he wasn't sure that he could kill Bu Fang.

With a rumble, the Will of the Great Path enveloped his body, making his movement even more terrifying. Each of his moves now seemed powerful enough to shatter the void.

Bu Fang sighed. He had no time to waste with these fellows. He still had to hunt a one-star sacred beast. The Little Saint test was waiting for him.

He landed in the distance, his hands hanging at his sides, and said in a low voice, "White Tiger... deal with them. Make it quick."

The next moment, a storm was set off in his spirit sea, accompanied by a deafening tiger roar. Suddenly, his pupils narrowed, looking like two sharp swords, and his hair turned white, waving in the wind and giving off a menacing air.

The Abyss leader and the Winged Man Valley expert narrowed their eyes. They noticed a sudden change in Bu Fang's aura.

"This feeling..."

The two experts were not the only ones who noticed that. All the people who saw that through the light screen also broke out into an uproar. They were all too familiar with that hair and look. Wasn't that the same figure who said everyone present was rubbish?

His remark had provoked the wrath of the whole audience. Now, the same guy had appeared again.

White-haired Bu Fang rolled his eyes as his lips slowly parted, revealing his white canine teeth. His sword pupils narrowed further, and he glanced at the Abyss leader. "Rubbish, I, Howling... am back again," he said in a low voice. The next moment, he raised his chin and squinted cockily at the Abyss leader and the Winged Man Valley expert.

The Abyss expert frowned. "Acting all mysterious! You think you're invincible just by changing your hair?!" He smiled coldly. He had absolute confidence in his strength. If he couldn't even kill a half-step Saint, he might as well kill himself. To him, a mere half-step Saint was like a worm.

"Die!" Shouting, he threw out his bloody spear. The weapon burst forth with mighty blood-colored energy, piercing through the air with terrible power and shattering the void as it was about to nail Bu Fang to the ground!

White-haired Bu Fang didn't dodge. He didn't even move. He just raised his hand and slapped the spear away with his palm, as easy and casual as if he was just swatting a fly.

"Like I said, you're all rubbish..." He raised his chin cockily. Then, like a phantom, his body became blurry and disappeared. When he appeared again, he was already standing in front of the Abyss Leader.

"What speed is this?!" The Abyss expert's pupils constricted.

ROAR!

White-haired Bu Fang opened his mouth and let out a roar. His voice was deafening, and behind him, there seemed to be a white tiger roaring at the sky.

Boom!

The Abyss leader was thrown backward by a tremendous force, crashing into a tall tree.

Bu Fang turned his fist into a palm and rushed out, descending from the sky to fight with the Abyss expert. The speed of them moving was extremely fast. In the end, the expert was thrown away like a cannonball again and smashed into the ground, creating a large pit.

“Rubbish.”

Hovering in midair with his white hair waving and a disdainful look in his eyes, Bu Fang raised his chin proudly.

“How is that possible?! You’re just a half-step Saint...” The Abyss leader coughed up a mouthful of blood and looked at Bu Fang in disbelief.

He took a deep breath, turned to the Winged Man Valley expert, who was watching the battle in the distance, and said, “My friend, join forces with me to kill him! I don’t want his jade plate, only his life! Help me kill him, and his white jade plate will be yours.”

The Winged Man Valley expert narrowed his eyes instantly.

“A bird-man... Rubbish.” White-haired Bu Fang turned his head and glanced at the Winged Man Valley expert, his mouth twitching with disdain.

A ferocious look flashed in the Winged Man Valley expert’s eyes when he heard that. The next moment, he burst out laughing. “My friend of the Abyss... Let’s kill this guy together!”

His wings suddenly spread behind him. The next instant, white feathers shot out like sharp long knives, all heading toward Bu Fang.

“The Winged Man Valley people hate being called bird-men most! You’re courting death!” The wings behind him flapped, and then a terrible aura spread out in all directions as he approached Bu Fang.

White-haired Bu Fang folded his arms over his chest, pursed his lips in disdain, and snorted coldly. “Why can’t I call you that? A bird-man is a bird-man. Rubbish...”

As soon as he finished speaking, his figure disappeared, flying through the air like a beam of white light. The next moment, he and the Winged Man Valley expert exchanged a blow. At the same time, a blood-colored beam of light shot toward him. The Abyss leader also joined the battle.

The noise of the battle resounded through hundreds of miles, and even the ground in the Forbidden Soul City shook slightly. Everyone who watched the battle through the light screen was dumbfounded.

On the light screen, white feathers flew messily and scarlet blood sprayed in all directions. A white-haired young man tore the Winged Man Valley expert's wings, then threw a spear and nailed the Abyss expert to the ground.

The result of the battle was a complete surprise to all. Both the Abyss and the Winged Man Valley experts were killed at the same time.

A wild and arrogant atmosphere filled the air, while white feathers stained with blood swirled. White-haired Bu Fang crossed his arms over his chest and floated in midair. Beneath him, blood flowed all over the ground. He glanced coldly around, then looked directly at all the people watching the battle through the light screen and said, "With all due respect, you are all rubbish in my eyes..."

Chapter 1267 Looking for a Sacred Beas

"Dead... They're dead?!" Everyone who saw the scene through the light screen was struck dumb. They felt cold all over as if they had fallen into a ten-thousand-year-old ice cave.

The One-revolution Little Saint of the Winged Man Valley was dead.

Of all the Winged Man Valley contestants, the weakest were One-revolution Little Saints. They were determined to make it to the finals and fight against Nether Prison geniuses. However, one of their Little Saints was killed at the beginning of the semifinals, and even his wings were savagely torn to pieces.

The Abyss expert was also a peak One-revolution Little Saint, but he was killed and nailed to the ground by a spear.

The result greatly surprised everyone.

“How can the little chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm be so strong? Didn’t he just have a powerful mental force?”

The crowd was stunned. When they recalled his arrogant remark of calling them all rubbish, they felt their eardrums were buzzing.

“This fellow... really does seem to have the strength to say so!”

Two peak Little Saints were mercilessly killed by him. They all saw the battle just now and noticed that he didn’t show any sign of strain while fighting against the two experts. It meant that this was not his real strength yet.

“This little chef is likely to be the biggest wild card in this Netherworld’s Tournament of the Great Path!”

...

In fact, not only them, but Bu Fang himself was also curious about how strong his cultivation base was after being possessed by the Artifact Spirit. Was it at the level of a Two-revolution Little Saint or Three-revolution?

With a buzzing sound, his white hair turned back to its original color, and his pupils also returned to normal. The White Tiger had gone back to his spirit sea, and he immediately felt the great loss in his body. Clearly, the battle was not as easy as outsiders seem. Even with the cultivation base of a half-step Saint, his body was almost completely depleted of true energy.

With a thought, Bu Fang entered his spirit sea and asked the White Tiger what level his fighting strength would reach after he was being possessed by them.

The White Tiger proudly cocked his head and said, “The fighting strength after being possessed by the Artifact Spirits is determined by the Host’s cultivation base. The Host can only be possessed by one Spirit a day. This is the rule.

“The Host with the cultivation base of half-step Saint can probably have the same fighting strength as a One-revolution Little Saint after being possessed, but with our abilities, there’s no problem

fighting against a Two-revolution Little Saint, though it will take some effort to kill one. As for Three-revolution Little Saints, we can also fight, but don't even think about killing them." The White Tiger was cocky, but when Bu Fang asked, he answered honestly.

Bu Fang nodded to show that he understood. His current strength was that of a half-step Saint, and after being possessed by the White Tiger, he was able to exert the cultivation base of a One-revolution Little Saint. Generally, his strength after being possessed was one level higher than his original strength, but his fighting strength was another level higher. In other words, if he could break through to One-revolution Little Saint, he might even be able to fight a Four-revolution Little Saint.

He left his spirit sea. With his hands clasped behind his back, he hovered in midair. There were two bodies beneath his feet, gurgling with blood. After seeing them, the look in his eyes grew cold. The White Tiger was in charge of killing, so he didn't hesitate to kill. He then turned and looked toward the depths of the dense forest.

With a thought, Mo Yan, Zhu Yan, and the others appeared in front of him. They still seemed a little confused, not quite sure why they were suddenly sent to another world by Bu Fang. Soon, they came to their senses and saw the two bodies below. Although the two men were dead, the terrible pressure that emanated from their bodies still frightened them.

"An Abyss Little Saint and... a Winged Man Valley Little Saint?!"

Zhu Yan and the others weren't too surprised when they saw the Abyss Little Saint, but when they saw the Winged Man Valley Little Saint, they gasped.

Both of them were dead, and both were killed by Bu Fang.

'Is the Great Demon King really so horrible? He even killed a Winged Man Valley Little Saint!'

"If you want to gain experience, go now. Be careful and don't get caught by others, because once you're found, it will be difficult to escape. There are many treasures along the Yellow Spring River to its source, but you need to stay alive to get them," Bu Fang said, looking at them.

Zhu Yan and the others were going to take advantage of this competition to find their fated chances, and Bu Fang would not stop them. The trip to Earth Prison was indeed a great opportunity for them. The Immortal Cooking Realm was in the stage of recovery, so it didn't have too many good things. Earth Prison, on the other hand, was already mature. They might be able to obtain rare treasures

such as immortal fruits or nether fruits and become Little Saints overnight. After all, luck was hard to predict.

“You can go now. We’ll meet at Yellow Spring Town. Good luck,” Bu Fang said.

Zhu Yan, Fang Yu, Mo Yan, and Xuanyuan Xiahui nodded seriously. After coming to Earth Prison to participate in the tournament, they finally understood that behind an able man, there were always other able men. They saw all kinds of geniuses, whose auras were so strong that they simply couldn’t resist, and that almost despaired them. If it hadn’t been for Bu Fang, they would have gone home. Therefore, they wanted to take this chance well. As Jin Jiao said yesterday, the semifinal was as much a matter of opportunity to them. After all, there were countless treasures all the way up the Yellow Spring River.

With a rumble, Zhu Yan and the others turned into beams of light and shot into the depths of the dense forest, shaking the ground and kicking up fallen leaves. They went to look for their opportunity. They might die in the process, but they were no longer a group of children living in the Immortal Cooking Realm’s gentle countryside. They knew they needed to grow. Maybe after this competition, they would become the backbone of the realm, but everything would have to wait until they came back alive.

Bu Fang put his hands behind his back and watched them leave with an indifferent expression. Then, he glanced again at the two bodies on the ground and frowned slightly. He needed to move faster, too. He must complete the Little Saint test as soon as possible, get the black jade plate, and enter the finals. Moreover, he always felt that the semifinal was not as simple as it seemed.

‘The organizers are very bold to set the competition venue on the bank of the Yellow Spring River. Aren’t they afraid of the Yellow Spring Great Sage’s wrath? He is a Great Saint, after all.’

...

Battles broke out continuously all the way through the dense forest. As they went deeper, the fighting became more and more intense. Several teams from second-class small worlds were soon attacked by other teams, and their jade plates were mercilessly snatched away.

Some teams were lucky and met kind teams like the West Little Buddhism Realm, so they were able to survive. However, those teams that met the Winged Man Valley and the Abyss were not so lucky. They were all brutally killed.

As a result, when the journey was halfway through, teams from second-class small worlds were basically all wiped out, leaving only a few first-class small world teams. These remaining teams had a tacit understanding to use different routes. Obviously, they didn't want to meet and fight each other. They knew it was not a safe journey.

There were very fearsome savage monsters in the dense forest, and many of these monsters were at sacred beast level. After all, this was the Yellow Spring River valley, a remote area that had not yet been developed in Earth Prison.

Earlier, a slightly weaker first-class small world team intruded the territory of a three-star sacred beast. As a result, the whole team was savagely obliterated, and their jade plate also fell there.

Jin Jiao had said that if the teams that arrived in the Yellow Spring Town didn't have two jade plates, they would be eliminated. It was a cruel competition, so each team was extremely careful.

The audience was glued to the light screen, and some even clenched their fists nervously.

...

"The Little Saint test requires me to hunt a one-star sacred beast and cook a dish with it as the ingredient..."

Bu Fang was thinking. The task was not simple even for him. First of all, it was not easy to find a one-star sacred beast in the Yellow Spring River valley. The whole area was so vast that if he searched aimlessly, he didn't know when he would find one.

He furrowed his brows tightly and landed on the ground.

The forest ground was full of rotten leaves. All of a sudden, the leaves exploded, and a long snake, its color the same as that of a fallen leaf, opened its mouth and darted at Bu Fang at full speed, spewing poison from its fangs.

It was a seven-star beast emperor. Its strength was good, but it was too weak for Bu Fang. Before it could reach him, the snake began to burn. A white flame burned it to death in an instant.

With a thud, the snake fell to the ground, charred and emitting a strange smell of meat.

“Hunting... naturally requires bait...” Looking at the burnt snake, Bu Fang’s eyes suddenly lit up.

The corners of his mouth twitched. Then, with a thought, he produced a clucking Eight Treasures Chicken.

Eighty’s eyes were wide as it looked around with a stunned face.

Bu Fang grabbed the chicken, stroked its head, and said, “Eighty, after eating countless rare and precious treasures in the Heaven and Earth Farmland, you little fellow are not weak among all the other beast emperors. Also, as an Eight Treasures Chicken, you’re a great tonic and have a high-level sense. Tell me, can you sense any sacred beasts around you now?”

Eighty rolled its tiny eyes and nodded. Then, its round and fat body broke free from Bu Fang’s hand and jumped to the ground. It clucked and took a step, intending to run south. However, it had just taken a step when Bu Fang picked it up by its head.

“Very well, thank you very much.” Bu Fang glanced at Eighty with a faint smile and walked north.

Eighty’s eyes went wide as it stared incredulously at Bu Fang.

What about the trust between man and chicken?!

Eighty was a rare immortal beast that could provide great nourishment, which made it a great temptation for savage monsters. Therefore, it had a natural warning against predators. Once it was in the territory of a savage monster, it would instinctively turn its head and walk away. Bu Fang knew this very well.

He sent Eighty back to the farmland and flew in the opposite direction.

After flying for some time, he suddenly felt cold all over and noticed many cobwebs in the forest. His pupils constricted, and he stopped on a tree branch and glanced around.

The next moment, several spider’s threads fell one by one and came at full speed toward him.

“Huh? A spider savage monster?” Bu Fang felt a headache. It was the last savage monster he wanted to meet because it couldn’t be eaten.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The ground shook, and the trees fell. The cobwebs suspended in midair all turned into sharp spears and shot at Bu Fang. He snapped his fingers and unleashed his divine will. The next moment, a white flame appeared, burning the void and twisting it.

In the blink of an eye, all the spider’s threads were burned, then fell to the ground.

ROAR!

There was a savage roar in the dense forest, causing Bu Fang to furrow his brows.

All of a sudden, a huge hairy black spider, tens of feet tall, emerged from the trees, opened its mouth wide at Bu Fang, and roared. He could see a female face under its belly.

“A one-star sacred beast, Beauty Spider Emperor!” With the System, Bu Fang immediately recognized the savage monster. Unfortunately, although it was indeed a one-star sacred beast, it was a spider and couldn’t be made into food.

He shook his head, kicked on the tree branch, and flew back. With a thought, a bright golden meatball emerged in his palm, and he threw it at the approaching spider.

With a boom, the meatball exploded, and Bu Fang disappeared.

On the following journey, Bu Fang broke into the territory of several savage monsters, but unfortunately, he didn’t meet a suitable target. He had even encountered three-star sacred beasts, and he had to turn around and run away immediately.

The audience who saw Bu Fang’s behavior through the light screen was already confused. In their view, he must be an idiot. The other contestants were all avoiding savage monsters, but he kept intruding the lair of one savage monster after another, and then running away. Was he mentally sick?

A golden ray sped through the dense forest. Suddenly, it stopped in midair. Bu Fang squinted slightly and looked into the distance. There, he saw a glow coming from a treasure and towering spirit energy, accompanied by sounds of shouting and fighting.

It seemed that he had met a semifinal team. He asked Shrimpy to bring him forward. Soon, they landed on a big tree, where they watched the battle from a distance. Shrimpy lay lazily on his shoulder, spitting bubbles, while his eyes lit up as he watched the fight.

In the distance, an expert covered in blood was struggling to resist the attack of a large black snake that looked like a flood dragon. Not far away from the snake, several bright red fruits were swaying in the wind. The glow Bu Fang saw came from these fruits.

Many spectators gasped when they saw the fruits. They were a kind of supreme-grade immortal ingredient, the Spirit Floor Dragon Fruit. It was plain that the snake wanted to turn into a flood dragon with the help of the fruit. Once it succeeded, its strength would certainly become stronger.

Everyone assumed Bu Fang would pick the fruit while the expert was fighting the snake. However, they soon found that they were wrong. His gleaming eyes were not fixed on the fruit, but on the fierce black snake, a peak one-star sacred beast.

Chapter 1268 Spiced Salt Snake Mea

The Dragon Heaven Realm was a first-class small world located near the Winged Man Valley. The two of them were friendly to each other, but the former's overall strength was naturally not as strong as the latter. The Dragon Heaven Realm experts never expected that they would encounter such a calamity in this Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path. The Winged Man Valley experts had attacked them without hesitation in order to rob them of their jade plate.

The Winged Man Valley's jade plate was black, while the Dragon Heaven Realm's was white.

At first, the Winged Man Valley team was kind enough to travel along with the Dragon Heaven Realm team, but after learning the color of the latter's jade plate, they didn't hesitate to kill.

Of the five Dragon Heaven Realm Little Saints, four were killed, and the remaining one was not only seriously injured, but also accidentally intruded on the territory of a one-star sacred beast. Naturally, he was attacked by the monster. If it weren't for his strength, he might have been devoured by the huge black snake, which was about to transform into a flood dragon.

However, the expert also knew that he could not last for too long, for he had been seriously injured by the Winged Man Valley experts. He even began to feel hopeless.

Suddenly, a sharp whistle rang out. The Dragon Heaven Realm Little Saint's eyes narrowed, then he sucked in a cold breath.

As the tree branch in the distance exploded, a figure turned into a beam of light, sped across the void, and then fell abruptly on the big black snake's head, pushing it to the ground.

The snake was very strong, and as long as it ate the spirit fruit that was about to ripen, it could transform into a flood dragon and gain stronger strength. Even so, it was still thrown to the ground. Its head smashed the earth, producing a loud rumble.

The loud noise caused the Dragon Heaven Realm expert to gasp. When the smoke and dust cleared, he looked up and saw a figure floating in midair, who was wearing a fiery robe with a pair of flaming wings. His black hair waved in the wind. The familiar figure made the Little Saint's pupils constrict, and he took a deep breath and said in an incredulous voice, "You... You're that chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm?!"

'Why is he here?' the Little Saint thought to himself. 'Didn't the Winged Man Valley experts leave one man to deal with him? He couldn't have survived! Even the weakest Winged Man Valley contestant is a peak One-revolution Little Saint, who is far stronger than this little chef... But he is now standing in front of me and has even saved my life... That means... the Winged Man Valley expert was killed by him?!'

The Dragon Heaven Realm expert sucked in a cold breath. Then, his expression suddenly changed, and he let out a hearty laugh. "Good! Very good! All those cunning people of the Winged Man Valley deserved to be killed!"

He kept laughing and even had tears in his eyes. All four of his teammates died at the hands of the Winged Man Valley contestants, and only he escaped. Therefore, his hatred of the Winged Man Valley was simply indelible.

Bu Fang naturally didn't know what the expert was thinking. His only target at this moment was the big black snake before him. The snake was very strong, but it was the most suitable prey for him. As long as he killed this savage monster and made it into a dish, he would be able to complete the Little Saint test.

With a thought, one Explosive Meatball after another appeared and floated around him.

The black snake stood up from the ground, supporting its head with its huge and long body. There were some protrusions on its abdomen, which was a sign that it was about to transform into a flood dragon. Unfortunately, it encountered Bu Fang.

The Explosive Meatballs hovering around Bu Fang emitted hot aroma and bright golden light. He squinted at the snake. With a thought, one meatball after another turned into golden beams of light and shot toward the snake.

BOOM! BOOM!

The sacred beast's defense was very strong, even stronger than that of the Vajra Realm experts. After all, savage monsters had rough skins and thick flesh, and their defense was inherently stronger than that of human beings. Therefore, the explosion of the meatballs had only slightly staggered the big black snake.

The Dragon Heaven Realm expert was already stunned. He couldn't believe that a half-step Saint was beating up a sacred beast. After all, it was known to all that sacred beasts were much stronger than human Little Saints.

This big black snake was very strong. Its skin was rough, and its flesh was thick. Bu Fang was having difficulty dealing with it. After all, his strength had not reached the level of Little Saint, and his damage was a little too low. Therefore, he could only rely on Explosive Meatballs.

Meatballs exploded continuously and hit the black snake. Even the ground was blasted into a deep hole, where the snake was struggling.

Bu Fang chose to let the Explosive Meatballs explode in a very precise position, and that was seven inches from the snake's head. People said that if you want to kill a snake, you should hit it seven inches from the head. Since the black snake had not transformed into a flood dragon, this method worked equally well for it. As a result, the big black snake struggled under the bombardment.

After throwing more than twenty Explosive Meatballs in a row, Bu Fang also felt a little weak. However, the snake finally lay motionlessly in the pit. He descended from midair and landed on the broken ground.

The Dragon Heaven Realm expert in the distance was dumbfounded, and so was the audience who watched the competition through the light screen. The battle was simply a torture. After witnessing such a terrifying bombardment, the expert now believed that Bu Fang must have killed the Winged Man Valley expert.

“Thank you for saving my life,” the Dragon Heaven Realm expert said and nodded at Bu Fang. He was not an ungrateful person. He opened his mouth and was about to say something again when Bu Fang suddenly raised a finger and stopped him.

Bu Fang gave him an expressionless look, ignored him, and then stepped straight into the deep pit of smoke. After a while, he grabbed the tail of the snake with one hand and dragged the huge black snake out of the pit.

The next moment, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared in his hand. With a slashing sound, he made a cut with the knife and flipped his hand, effortlessly cutting off a piece of meat from the snake. Blood immediately poured out like a fountain, bubbling on the ground.

Grabbing the big piece of meat, he began to prepare it. It was, after all, sacred beast meat, which was full of rich spirit essence and spiritual energy.

Bu Fang ignored the expert and started a fire on the spot. Soon, flames were soaring into the sky. He then took out the White Tiger Heaven Stove, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife.

There was water boiling in the wok. It was the Heavenly Mountain Spirit Spring Water. Bu Fang was not extravagant enough to wash ingredients with the Spring of Life.

He put the snake meat into the wok and cleaned it. After washing for a while, he took it—all the blood and dirt on it was gone.

All the people who were looking at the light screen were open-mouthed. They were dumbfounded, and their faces were filled with disbelief.

“This... This little chef went through so much trouble to find a sacred beast just to... eat it?”

“He killed a one-star sacred beast for cooking?”

“I feel sorry for that big snake... It was so unlucky to be targeted by a chef...”

All were speechless as they watched Bu Fang start cooking skillfully.

Snake meat was a kind of meat that could provide great nourishment, let alone meat of a one-star sacred beast. The spirit essence, spiritual energy, and true energy contained in it were more than enough to turn this ingredient into delicious food.

The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife spun in Bu Fang’s hand. With it, he made a cut in the snake’s skin, turned it over, and took out the pink flesh. The black snake was too big, so he only took a piece of snake meat wrapped around its gall, which was tender and full of rich spiritual energy.

Bu Fang skillfully peeled off the skin and dropped it on the ground. He didn’t want to eat snake skin. Although it was rich in collagen, all he needed was the meat. If what he wanted to make was snake broth, he could have kept the skin. This time, however, he didn’t intend to make snake broth.

He put the snake meat, which had been stripped of its skin, into the wok again. This time, the wok was filled with boiling Spring of Life and slices of Son Mother Ginger. He watched patiently as the meat rolled in the water. When the rich life energy poured into the meat and its gamey smell was removed by the ginger, Bu Fang fished it out of the wok.

Spirit essence kept escaping from the meat, and a rich aroma spread through the air, stirring one’s taste buds.

With a thought, Bu Fang put away the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, and then a sheet of metal net appeared in front of him. He placed it over the White Tiger Heaven Stove, with the white flame burning under it. Instantly, the scorching heat twisted the air above the metal net.

After patting the meat dry, Bu Fang cut it into slices with the kitchen knife and placed them piece by piece on the huge grill.

Sizzle...

The snake meat gave off a rich smell as soon as they touched the grill. White foam was seeping out of the meat, and when the foam burst, a strong aroma filled the air.

Bu Fang sat cross-legged down on the ground and spread his divine will, enveloping the White Tiger Heaven Stove. The snake meat on the grill was slowly changing, constantly giving birth to spiritual energy and beginning to curl slightly as it was scorched by the high temperature. Beads of oil and juice seeped out of it, and a rich meaty aroma lingered around.

In the distance, the Dragon Heaven Realm expert was staring dumbfoundedly at Bu Fang.

‘Is he wasting so much effort to kill a one-star sacred beast during the competition just to satisfy his appetite? What a psycho!’

‘But why does this snake meat smell so delicious?’

Looking at Bu Fang, who was sitting on the ground, the expert couldn’t help but feel somewhat speechless.

‘Why does he seem to trust me? He’s not worried that I will kill him and take away his jade plate? Although I’m also holding a white one, no one will mind having too many white jade plates...’

Of course, he wouldn’t do such a thing, and fortunately, he didn’t do it. Because once he did it, Bu Fang would instantly use Spirit Possession and kill him on the spot.

The fact that he didn’t make a move won him some respect from Bu Fang.

The Dragon Heaven Realm expert didn’t disturb Bu Fang, and Bu Fang was too lazy to pay him any mind.

With a shake of his hand, many bottles appeared in his grip, and then he sprinkled their contents on the snake meat. A pungent smell immediately wafted from those bottles.

“What is this smell? It’s so pungent...” When the Dragon Heaven Realm expert sniffed the aroma, he sneezed several times in a row. However, there was no denying that the aroma of the spices was really delicious.

The snake meat had curled up and turned golden. Oil seeped out of it, boiling with small bubbles and giving off a rich and mellow fragrance. All of a sudden, the meat floated up and fell into a blue-and-white porcelain bowl Bu Fang had prepared. Then, he took out the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, heated it, and poured some oil. When the oil came to a boil, he added the snake meat.

Sizzle!

Bu Fang tossed the wok and made the snake meat roll in it, then sprinkled spices and added seasonings such as Scale Tail Scallion. Soon, one golden ray after another began to burst from the dish in the wok. The bright golden light made everyone open their mouths and drool.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The sound of the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and the stove clashing together was clear and melodious. When the ingredients were tossed for the last time, Bu Fang sprinkled the spices one last time before placing the golden snake meat into a bowl.

He sighed softly, then wiped the oil stains around the porcelain bowl with a clean white cloth. The dish was completed.

He put away the cloth and twitched the corner of his mouth. “The Little Saint test dish, Spiced Salt Snake Meat, is completed.” Bu Fang’s faint voice rang out.

The dish with golden light had already attracted everyone’s attention. At this moment, they were staring at the light screen that was showing Bu Fang. No matter how fierce the battles in other light screens were, they couldn’t be attracted. What was more appealing than delicious food?

Gulp.

The Dragon Heaven Realm expert swallowed.

With his hands clasped behind his back, Bu Fang stared at the bowl of Spiced Salt Snake Meat and twitched the corner of his mouth. At that moment, the System in his mind had begun to evaluate the dish.

...

“How fragrant! How can there be such a strong aroma of food in this dense forest?” a figure muttered.

Deep in the forest, a Winged Man Valley expert wearing a white jade mask slowly landed on a tree branch. He then caught a glimpse of Bu Fang and the Dragon Heaven Realm expert in the distance.

He came here to hunt down the Dragon Heaven Realm expert and was attracted by the aroma. However, he didn’t expect to see Bu Fang here. His pupils constricted in disbelief.

...

Bu Fang held a pair of chopsticks and looked at the bowl of snake meat without expression. Then, he picked up a piece of steaming meat and put it in his mouth. The next moment, the System’s serious voice rang out in his mind.

Chapter 1269 Passes the Test and Becomes a Saint!

The Spiced Salt Snake Meat was cooked with the meat of a one-star sacred beast, which contained rich energy and abundant spirit essence. After being roasted at high temperatures, the meat was curly, crispy, and delicious. Coupled with salt, pepper, and spices that Bu Fang had prepared, the dish’s aroma was simply amazing. It was as if a dusty treasure was suddenly unearthed, emitting dazzling light that shocked everyone. Rumble!

The next moment, thunderclouds began to gather in the sky.

Bu Fang raised his head. Seeing the familiar thunderclouds, he remained unfazed. It had been a long time since he had seen such a sight. It was a pity that Whitey was still asleep and couldn’t help him resist the lightning punishment. Otherwise, its strength would surely grow enormously after devouring it.

The dishes Bu Fang previously cooked during the competition were merely snacks, so they didn’t attract lightning punishment. However, this dish cooked for the Little Saint test was a complete dish and certainly not an ordinary one, so it would naturally attract lightning punishment. Both the ingredients and cooking techniques he used were top-notch, not to mention that he had put his heart into this dish.

The oppressive thundercloud kept expanding in the sky. Instead of looking at it, Bu Fang reached out his chopsticks, picked up a piece of snake meat, and put it in his mouth. The salty taste of salted pepper instantly spread in his mouth, while the warm taste of the meat seemed to wrap his tongue. It was accompanied by the impact of the meat's spirit essence, making Bu Fang's eyes suddenly light up.

He bit it gently and produced a clear and crisp crunching sound. When the snake meat was bit through, it emitted a puff of hot air. Its almost perfect taste gave Bu Fang a slight shudder. The smell of salted pepper tickled his taste buds and made him want to eat more, while the tender meat and the fragrant flavor made him unable to stop chewing.

Bu Fang nodded. He thought the dish was really good. He originally wanted to make snake broth, but now it seemed that this Spiced Salt Snake Meat was a much better choice. In fact, if he used the snake meat to make broth, the broth itself might taste good, but the meat would not be as good as the Spiced Salt Snake Meat. This was why, after much consideration, he chose to cook the Spiced Salt Snake Meat.

In the distance, the Dragon Heaven Realm expert's eyes were already wide open. The aroma in the air made him gulp. It smelled too delicious. Moreover, just by looking at Bu Fang eating, he couldn't help but want to try the dish as well.

Even the audience looking at the scene through the light screen was in an uproar.

"It looks delicious!"

"Is it true that this guy killed a one-star sacred beast just to satisfy his appetite?"

"He's indeed a chef! I can't believe he killed a sacred beast to eat it!"

Everyone was shocked by Bu Fang's behavior. They couldn't understand why he did that. After all, he was in a competition, and yet he actually had the leisure to find an ingredient and cook delicious food. This was simply insane.

Suddenly, the leaves in the distance rustled. The Dragon Heaven Realm expert, who was attracted by Bu Fang's delicious food, got a fright and turned to look over with a wary look in his eyes.

In the shadow of the dense forest, a figure slowly appeared. With a slash, the wings behind the figure spread out. The white and holy wings were pleasant to look at.

A Winged Man Valley expert had arrived unexpectedly.

“How fragrant... If it weren’t for the smell, I really couldn’t find you...” The Winged Man Valley expert wore a white jade mask with a smile on his lips. His eyes were fixed on the Dragon Heaven Valley expert. After all, he was here to track down this guy.

“Hand over the jade plate in your hand... You and I are friendly neighbors. Why should we kill each other over a jade plate?” the winged man said with a gentle smile, his voice full of charm.

“Get lost! You hypocritical bird-man!” the Dragon Heaven Realm expert roared furiously.

Crunch!

Their conversation didn’t affect Bu Fang. He picked up another piece of snake meat and stuffed it into his mouth.

The Winged Man Valley expert also saw Bu Fang. There was a chilly look in his eyes as he said, “You’re here as well, little chef... and you’re still alive. It seems that they have failed and let you run away. However, you’re unlucky to meet me. You can’t escape this time.” After speaking, he folded up his wings.

RUMBLE!

Suddenly, there was a loud thunderclap in the sky. Both experts looked up at the sky covered by the dense canopy of leaves and branches, and their faces became somewhat strange.

The Winged Man Valley expert’s words didn’t affect Bu Fang’s mood at all, but the experts who saw the scene through the light screen thought it was amusing.

“Young man... this little chef didn’t run away...”

“He had slain your Winged Man Valley’s expert and also killed an Abyss expert...”

“I think I can already hear the wings of this Winged Man Valley expert being torn...”

Through the light screen, the audience could clearly see the activities of many contestants, but the contestants didn't know what had already happened.

Bu Fang's eyes narrowed as he put the last piece of snake meat in his mouth. He didn't pay any attention to the Winged Man Valley expert.

At that moment, the System's serious voice sounded in his mind.

‘Evaluating the dish for the Little Saint test... The evaluation is completed. The dish is of high-grade. Congratulations to the Host for passing the Little Saint test.’

The System's words made Bu Fang's mouth twitch slightly. After so long, he finally completed the Little Saint test.

RUMBLE!

In the sky, the thundercloud began to churn, giving off a terrible sense of oppression that startled the Winged Man Valley expert and the Dragon Heaven Realm expert. Suddenly, there was a loud crash of thunder, and the whole forest seemed to be enveloped in a blinding light. The next moment, a deep blue thunderbolt burst down from the cloud and came crashing down toward Bu Fang.

The Winged Man Valley expert was taken aback. “He's facing a lightning punishment?!”

The audience who saw the scene through the light screen was also startled, and many Little Saints' pupils constricted. They were no strangers to lightning punishment because they must face it to step into the Little Saint Realm from the True Immortal Realm. Moreover, the stronger a person was, the more powerful the lightning punishment he needed to transcend.

According to a person's talent, lightning punishment could be divided into three, six, or nine thunderbolts, and each was more terrible than the previous one!

“This idiot actually chooses to face his lightning punishment here? After transcending the punishment, he will certainly become extremely weak. How can he resist me then?” The Winged Man Valley expert’s eyes were flashing. Then, the wings behind him flapped, and in the next instant, he landed in the distance.

The Dragon Heaven Realm expert was close to despair. Bu Fang’s choice to face the lightning punishment now almost put himself in a hopeless situation!

Lightning punishment?

Bu Fang was also somewhat confused because he felt the thunderclap seemed odd. He wondered whether he was facing the dish’s lightning punishment or his Little Saint’s lightning punishment.

RUMBLE!

All of a sudden, the deep blue thunderbolt in the sky turned purple as if the lightning punishment had been compressed to the extreme, horrible to look at. If anyone saw the clouds above the dense forest at this moment, they would be shocked—there were actually two whirlpools in the thunderclouds.

The thunderbolts poured out of the cloud, gathered together, and turned into a purple thunder dragon, whose power seemed to shatter the void!

A purple thunder dragon?!

Everyone was dumbfounded. They had never seen such a thunderbolt before.

At the source of the Yellow Spring River...

Accompanied by a deep dragon roar, a sleeping behemoth suddenly raised its head. Its eyes were burning like two blood-colored candles, and the air blowing out of its nostrils seemed to be able to overturn mountains. It was staring at the whirlpools in the distance.

In a valley, a figure slowly floated into the air, holding a green plant and squinting into the distance.

...

Bu Fang stood where he was, his hair fluttering violently in the wind. His Vermilion Chef Robe had turned red because of the lightning punishment, and the flaming wings on his back had also spread out.

With the completion of the Little Saint test, his cultivation base also naturally stepped into the Little Saint Realm.

His eyes focused, while his thought entered his spirit sea. At this moment, his spirit sea had undergone tremendous changes. A whirlpool had appeared on the surface of the spirit sea. Mental force was constantly revolving in it, causing his aura to keep rising.

“Is this what gave the One-revolution Little Saint its name?” Bu Fang’s eyes narrowed slightly.

Suddenly, the divine will Phantom Spirit sitting cross-legged over the spirit sea turned into a beam of light and fell into the whirlpool. Energy was continuously pouring into it, gradually making its vague appearance clearer.

“The Little Saint Realm is divided into nine revolutions, so there will be a total of nine whirlpools...”

In the distance, the Vermilion Bird and the Golden Divine Dragon were also staring at the whirlpool, their eyes flashing.

Their little host had finally reached the Little Saint Realm. However, as his strength continued to rise, the obstacles he would face next would become more and more terrible. They wondered if he could handle it.

Bu Fang opened his eyes and looked up. A gust of oppressive wind blew at him, making his hair flutter wildly.

The next moment, the thunder dragon descended, baring its teeth and brandishing its claws. It seemed to tear apart the sky. Its purple light reflected in everyone’s eyes, making them gasp. Even then, the bandage on Bu Fang’s arm unrolled, revealing his Taotie Arm surrounded in Yin and Yang energies. Facing the thunder dragon that was coming at him, he threw out a punch with all his might.

“Crazy! He’s trying to resist such a powerful lightning punishment with his flesh!” The Winged Man Valley expert looked at Bu Fang as if he were looking at a fool. Even from afar, he could feel how terrifying the fluctuation and pressure from the thunder dragon was, and yet the little chef was going to fight it with his own flesh. If this kind of behavior was not crazy, what was? He was now waiting to see how the little chef would be blown to pieces by the lightning punishment!

BOOM!

A powerful blast swept out in all directions. Tiny lightning arcs stung the cheeks of both experts, while their pupils constricted at the same time. Soon, however, they gasped. They saw Bu Fang standing where he was, unscathed, looking as if he had blown the thunderbolt with a punch.

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes and felt a tingling sensation pass through his body. Surprisingly, when the two lightning punishments were mixed together, they actually strengthened his body. Perhaps this was the baptism of advancing to a higher realm.

BOOM! BOOM!

After that, thunderbolts came crashing down one after another, but they were all destroyed by his fist.

One lightning punishment, two lightning punishments...

Everyone was stupefied, while Bu Fang was panting. He wished that he could have Whitey’s lightning-eating ability.

The third thunderbolt was not the end, though. When the sixth thunderbolt appeared, everyone was dumbfounded. However, it was still not the last one. Finally, when the ninth thunderbolt arrived, everyone was petrified.

A total of nine lightning punishments...

“How gifted this little chef is?! I think he can match the top geniuses of Nether Prison! No, even those top geniuses may not be able to attract nine lightning punishments when they become One-revolution Little Saints from half-step Saints!”

The light screen glowed blindingly, while the jaws of the audience in front of the screen were about to drop. Suddenly, the dazzling light faded away, and the scene was gradually revealed again.

Bu Fang dropped his hands at his sides, panting. Beads of sweat trickled down his face and fell to the ground.

In the distance, the Winged Man Valley expert and the Dragon Heaven Realm expert were stunned.

Suddenly, the Winged Man Valley expert squinted at Bu Fang as his aura exploded out. The next moment, the wings behind his back spread, then he turned into a white shadow and sped toward Bu Fang at full speed.

“After transcending nine lightning punishments, you must be extremely weak now... So it’s the best time to kill you!” The Winged Man Valley expert’s eyes filled with madness.

A genius who could transcend nine lightning punishments would be a nightmare for the Winged Man Valley if he was allowed to live! He must be killed!

Bu Fang felt very weak now. He had resisted the lightning punishments by his own strength, which was a lot of pressure for him. He was now so tired that he could hardly keep his eyes open. This kind of exhaustion was mental exhaustion.

The Winged Man Valley expert’s sudden attack woke everyone from their shock, and they all scolded him for being so despicable. The Dragon Heaven Realm expert clenched his jaws and unleashed his aura to stop him, but he was already badly injured and couldn’t do much. The next moment, he was knocked away by one blow, flying backward and coughing blood.

A slender sword appeared in the Winged Man Valley expert’s hand. He lifted it up and thrust it toward Bu Fang’s head. “Die now! So what if you transcended nine lightning punishments? No matter how talented you are, you will eventually die in my hands!” A cold laugh came bursting out of the expert’s mouth.

With his head bowed, Bu Fang raised his eyes slightly and glanced at the Winged Man Valley, who was approaching with monstrous killing intent. He let out a soft sigh.

“What an annoying fly... Goldie, come out and get some fresh air. Remember... rip off his wings for me.”

Chapter 1270 You Want to Fight Me With a Sword?

For Bu Fang, fighting the nine lightning punishments with his flesh was a straining task, especially when they were purple thunderbolts, which were the combination of the dish and his cultivation base's lightning punishments. Even with his divine-will-level mental force, he struggled to cope with the thunderbolts rushing into his body, for he needed to constantly transform them into energy that enhanced his physical strength. As a result, he was drained and exhausted at the moment, and he could barely keep his eyes open.

At this moment, the Winged Man Valley expert attacked him, wanting to kill him before he recovered.

Bu Fang, of course, was annoyed.

The Winged Man Valley expert was shocked by Bu Fang's nine purple lightning punishments. He realized that if Bu Fang grew up, he would become a very terrible existence. Therefore, he wanted to take the opportunity to kill him. However, he didn't realize that his action had thoroughly angered Bu Fang.

Everyone who saw the scene through the light screen sucked in a cold breath, shocked by Bu Fang's lightning punishments. The terrifying thunderbolts sent shivers through them, but they also didn't expect the Winged Man Valley expert to attack at this moment.

They disdained such a move as this was taking advantage of people's perilous state. However, no one could deny that it would be a disaster if a genius, who could transcend nine lightning punishments, were allowed to grow up.

The Winged Man Valley naturally couldn't accept this kind of disaster, so the expert attacked Bu Fang while he had just transcended the lightning punishments and was still extremely weak.

He attacked with his strongest move.

The Immortal Cooking Realm experts were all yelling and roaring furiously, clenching their fists as they watched the battle on the light screen.

Could Bu Fang still create miracles in the face of a peak One-revolution Little Saint? No one knew. For Bu Fang, who had just transcended the lightning punishments, it was almost a deadly situation. It was known to all that one was at his weakest moment after overcoming the lightning punishment, so how could he resist the attack from such a formidable opponent?

Bu Fang's head was bowed. His arms were hanging at his sides, and his eyes seemed dim. His muscles were twitching slightly as though tiny electric arcs were running through them.

Suddenly, his aura changed, and then his hair began to turn gold at a speed visible to the naked eyes, waving in the wind.

The Winged Man Valley expert abruptly halted in place. "Blond hair?"

He was slightly taken aback because all the people from the Winged Man Valley were blond. However, Bu Fang's hair was somewhat different from theirs. Their blond hair was closer to yellow, while his was like real gold!

The next moment, Bu Fang raised his head.

ROAR!

A dragon roar rang out. The expert's pupils constricted as a chill ran down his back. He felt as if he had been targeted by a horrible monster.

Even then, Bu Fang threw a punch while the shadow of a golden dragon appeared behind him, accompanied by a deafening roar that resounded through the skies.

The Winged Man Valley expert's muscles tensed up as if he had been completely bound by a terrible force. It felt like being wrapped by countless invisible chains. The feeling made him almost vomit blood.

"The Little Host actually thought of me, Nicholas the Handsome Dragon, at this critical moment! Just as I thought, I am the Little Host's true love!" The blond Bu Fang threw his head back and burst out laughing, then threw out a punch.

With a bang, the Winged Man Valley expert was knocked off his feet by the punch, looking helpless. White feathers swirled in the air as he was thrown backward like a cannonball and smashed into the ground in the distance, creating a deep pit.

As he fell to the ground, he coughed out a mouthful of blood, and his sword fell far away from him.

“How is that possible?!”

Bu Fang had sent him flying with just one punch. When he received that attack, he had a feeling that he was facing his team leader.

‘How is that possible! Our leader is a Two-revolution Little Saint! Didn’t this little chef just break through the Little Saint Realm? His first mental force whirlpool is certainly not stable yet, so how could he exert such great power?! Is this the real strength of a genius who has transcended nine lightning punishments?!’

Blond Bu Fang laughed as he straightened his golden hair with both hands, while his eyes sparkled with joy. “Bird-man, how dare you attack Nicholas the Handsome Dragon’s beloved Little Host? Do you think you have too many feathers that you want me to pluck them for you? Well, Little Host said that the chicken wings behind you are no longer yours.”

“They’re not chicken wings! They’re holy wings! The holy wings of the Winged Man!” the expert growled.

“Holy wings? In this dragon’s eyes, they are no different from chicken wings!” Blond Bu Fang twitched his lips, then continued, “Let me tell you something... When it comes to chicken wings, Little Host’s cooking styles aren’t good enough. Although he knows how to roast, grill, deep-fry, stir-fry, braise... the most delicious style is marinated chicken wings. I once tasted super delicious marinated chicken wings... Back then, I wasn’t following this Little Host. I remember that the chicken wings were taken from a bird-man just like you, who claimed to be a god. He had more wings than you... Six pairs! Can you believe that? Tsk, tsk, tsk... Each pair is marinated to perfection...” Blond Bu Fang’s eyes gleamed as he spoke the last few sentences.

In his spirit sea, Bu Fang gave the Vermilion Bird a speechless look. “Apart from narcissism, is this fellow a chatterbox?” he asked with a straight face.

“Not really. Maybe he’s been trapped for too long that his mind isn’t working properly,” said the Vermilion Bird, rolling her eyes.

Bu Fang twitched the corners of his mouth. He was too lazy to say anything else. He decided to let the Golden Divine Dragon vent. He was going to use the time to restore his mental force. Under the lightning punishment's nourishment, his physical body was steadily getting stronger, and his mental force started to soar.

In the mental force whirlpool, the divine will Phantom Spirit absorbed energy while Bu Fang sat cross-legged in midair with his eyes closed.

When she saw that Bu Fang began to recover, the Vermilion Bird turned to the White Tiger. "Old White, do you remember the marinated chicken wings that that stupid dragon was talking about? They're the wings of a real god! We are... beasts who have eaten the wings of a god!" she said, flapping her wings.

"Chicken wings? I've forgotten..." said the White Tiger, who was lying in a corner. After that, he stuck out his tongue and licked his lips.

...

"That's enough! You're the f*cking chicken wings! Your whole family is chicken wings!" The Winged Man Valley expert was furious. He stood up, his aura soared rapidly, and his sword flew back into his hand.

"Oh? You want to fight me with a sword? It's a pity that I don't have a sword now, or else I could kill you in ten minutes," said blond Bu Fang in a regretful tone. Then, the golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared in his hand. Throwing the knife casually, he smiled like a hooligan.

"Aurora, the Sword of Judgment!" the expert roared, his blond hair fluttering. The next moment, his mask broke, revealing a handsome face. It had long been known to all the small worlds that the Winged Man Valley experts were all handsome and beautiful. However, being handsome wasn't helpful to him now, especially when he was facing Nicholas the Handsome Dragon, for this dragon hated people who were more handsome than him.

"Judgment?!" Blond Bu Fang stared at the expert's handsome face. All of a sudden, he vanished, leaving behind countless golden afterimages. When he reappeared, he was already standing in front of the man. Then, in the blink of an eye, he swung out his kitchen knife and cut the sword in half like tofu.

The broken blade fell to the ground with a clang.

The Winged Man Valley expert froze, and his aura faded away. Before he could even use his strongest move, his sword was broken in half. The scariest part was that the sword was a supreme-grade immortal tool.

“You!” The expert’s eyes widened because he saw the golden kitchen knife spun and flew past him like a dragon. The next moment, he let out a miserable cry.

With a slashing sound, the white wings behind him were cut off.

Holding the pair of blood-stained wings, blond Bu Fang grinned. “Tsk, tsk, tsk... Your wings are indeed much worse in quality, but they can still be used as a kind of ingredient. This handsome dragon will help Little Host collect it. However, I have a feeling that I’ll be despised by him...”

With that, he put the wings into the System’s storage space.

The expert staggered back, covered in blood. At this moment, he finally realized that he was no match for Bu Fang at all. He was like a fish on the chopping board.

“Now you are really ugly and not as handsome as me. As I said, if you want to fight me with a sword, I can kill you easily,” said blond Bu Fang, shaking his head.

He raised his hand and flicked his finger on the expert’s forehead, knocking him flying backward.

Roar!

Suddenly, one terrible aura after another exploded out from all around. Then, a white spider thread shot out of the forest, turned into a spear, and instantly pierced the expert’s body. After that, more spider threads came and wrapped him completely.

“Save... Save me...”

A huge hairy spider darted over from the depths of the forest. As it approached, it stood up, revealing a ferocious woman face on its abdomen, while it kept pulling back the spider threads. Soon, it pulled the Winged Man Valley expert under its body and began gnawing at him.

At the same time, fresh spider threads shot over and wrapped up the surrounding trees, twitching gently. The next moment, countless hairy spiders crawled out from all around, each with a beautiful woman face on its abdomen, ferocious and terrible to look at. For a moment, a scary atmosphere pervaded the dense forest.

“This... This is a swarm of Beauty Spiders!”

The Dragon Heaven Realm expert felt cold all over. He couldn't believe that they had encountered a swarm of Beauty Spiders. To top it off, there was even a Beauty Spider Queen among them, which was a two-star sacred beast! He was in despair, and he knew that they were dead this time. People always said that Earth Prison was full of dangers, and it turned out to be true!

All the people who saw the Winged Man Valley expert being gnawed by the Beauty Spider felt scared, and they all cried out in horror when they saw so many spiders appear at the same time.

“It's over... They're dead!”

“Beauty Spiders are killers in the forest!”

“Even a Two-revolution Little Saint will die if he encounters them!”

...

Blond Bu Fang wiped the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and narrowed his eyes. He glanced at the spiders around him, then at the enormous black snake carcass and the red spirit fruits swaying in the distance.

‘These Beauty Spiders should have been attracted by the snake's carcass and the spirit fruits. Savage monsters have their own territories. After the black snake was killed by Little Host, its territory lost its owner, so this place naturally became a target of all the surrounding monsters. Unfortunately...’

“In front of me, Nicholas the Handsome Dragon, you ugly things are all rubbish,” he said in a deep voice, shaking his head.

A clattering sound rang out as bones fell all over the forest floor. The Beauty Spider, which had finished eating the expert, raised its head and hissed. Suddenly, its murderous eyes locked on blond Bu Fang.

Suddenly, dozens of huge spiders jumped onto spider threads and sped toward him.

The Dragon Heaven Realm expert collapsed to the ground in despair. He had lost all hope. In the face of such a terrible group of spiders, his only fate was death.

Suddenly, he paused.

At the same time, all the people watching through the light screen were struck dumb, as if they had seen a ghost.

In the forest, blond Bu Fang, surrounded by countless spiders, burst out laughing. All of a sudden, shafts of golden light thrust out from the gaps between the spiders, while a shadow of a golden dragon emerged in midair, wheeling in the shadow of a knife.

The next moment, the knife shadow slashed down, and the spiders immediately screamed and exploded one by one.

A gust of wind blew over. Blond Bu Fang ran his hand through his hair and breathed a soft sigh.

“Remember the name of the expert who killed you... Nicholas the Handsome Dragon.”