

Gourmet 1281

Chapter 1281 Meet the Stone Statue Ghost Kings Again, the Old Way

“Hmm?” Lu Cheng stood in front of Yellow Spring Town with his hands clasped behind his back. Squinting, he looked up at the sky. His eyes sparkled as he saw one ray after another fly by. “The forbidden lands in Earth Prison... The skeleton from the Cave of the Fallen Gods and the killer from the Black Temple... Is it true that these forbidden lands can no longer sit still upon learning that the Senseless Lotus has been obtained by someone, just as the intelligence mentioned?” Lu Cheng muttered to himself. Then, the corner of his mouth twitched slightly.

“The forbidden lands in Nether Prison have been secretly captured by his lordships, and these forbidden lands in Earth Prison will soon become their targets... After all these years, it’s time for the Netherworld to be unified. As long as we capture Earth Prison, the surrounding small worlds are not far from bowing their heads. At that time, the Netherworld will become a big world and enter the stage of the big worlds, and Nether Prison will be the center of this new world...”

There was a look of anticipation in Lu Cheng’s eyes and a faint smile on his face. Of course, it wasn’t that simple to capture Earth Prison. There was a reason why Nether Prison had not taken it after so many years.

...

“How many jade plates have we got now?” Zhang Xuan held up a jade plate with the number five carved on it. He frowned. He didn’t like five very much.

“Six, I think,” said Lu Yang from the Nether Chef Clan.

“We seem to be collecting more slowly than I thought. At this rate, the other jade plates will probably be obtained by those rubbish.” Zhang Xuan put away the jade plate with a serious look in his eyes.

“We can just kill them all...” the expert from the Fire Demon Clan said as magma surged under his skin. A plume of fire was spewing out of his mouth as he spoke.

“Have we found the number one jade plate?” Zhang Xuan asked.

Among all the people present, Zhang Xuan was the strongest, so they naturally made him their leader. Although they would be competing with each other later, they were in the same camp now.

There were ten jade plates in total, but so far, they had only collected six, much slower than Zhang Xuan had expected. The main reason was that these jade plates were hidden in strange places—some on cliffs, and some even in the dens of spirit beasts. This increased the difficulty of getting them.

With a buzz, a ray faded away in the sky. It meant that the last jade plate was found by someone. Now, the Nether Prison camp had collected six jade plates, while the remaining four were taken by contestants from other small worlds.

Zhang Xuan stood up, smoothed out the folds of his clothes, and then looked straight into the distance with indifferent eyes.

“Very good, it seems that the killing will start early,” he said, his voice filled with cold murderous intent.

The other Nether Prison experts all screamed with excitement at his words, and the expert from the Fire Demon Clan burst into flames, becoming hot and blazing.

“The slaughter is finally about to begin! I’m tired of seeing those ants from other small worlds!” the Fire Demon roared.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The next moment, the ten experts all turned into beams of light and sped away.

...

Bu Fang put one hand behind his back and held a jade plate with the other. On his shoulder, Foxy rolled her cute eyes and grabbed another jade plate in her little paws.

Jin Jiao said that a contestant could only get one jade plate, so Bu Fang couldn’t hold two at the same time. However, he could let Foxy hold another piece, so he didn’t break the rules. He had discovered this on a sudden whim.

The corner of his mouth twitched slightly. After taking a look at the thick forest in front of him, he moved on with Foxy and soon got into the forest, flying toward a specific direction according to the route he remembered.

The rules of the semifinal were to his liking. He wanted to get the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass, but if he went in there carelessly, it might be really hard to get it. However, with the others' help, he might have a chance to get it.

With a whirring sound, Bu Fang rushed out of the forest. The view in front of him opened up, and in the distance was the entrance to a huge valley, where boulders stood in great rows. Among them, he saw two familiar figures.

“Stone Statue Ghost Kings... We met again,” Bu Fang muttered.

The two Stone Statue Ghost Kings were the Yellow Spring Great Sage's pets and were responsible for guarding the Yellow Spring Grass and the entrance to the valley. They were very strong. When he was here the last time, Bu Fang had not confronted them and used a clever method to sneak into the valley. That was why he was not very clear about their strength.

However, since the Yellow Spring Great Sage asked them to guard the entrance, it meant that they were certainly not weak. Moreover, there was a powerful Torch Dragon in the valley! The dragon had the true bloodline of the Divine Dragon, which made it extremely formidable. When he was here the last time, only Lord Dog was able to suppress it, and Nether King Er Ha could only turn his head and run.

Nevertheless, since Er Ha's strength was not too strong, Bu Fang was not very clear about the Torch Dragon's cultivation base.

A gust of wind blew over. In the valley, Yellow Spring Grasses were swaying, emitting a rich spirit essence. Bu Fang's eyes glowed when he saw them.

Yellow Spring Grasses were divided into nine levels. For every extra leaf, the grass's quality was upgraded. Starting from six leaves, they were extremely difficult to grow artificially, and the top-grade Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass was even rarer and could only be found in nature. Basically, it could not be farmed, which was why the Yellow Spring Great Sage was so careful to protect it.

Bu Fang's target this time was the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass. He wanted to make the best wine, and that must use the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass. He already had the Nine-petal Flower of Helplessness. If he added the grass, the Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine he would make would be absolutely delicious!

The thought of it made his mouth water, and he licked his lips.

However, the entrance to the valley was guarded by two Stone Statue Ghost Kings.

"I guess I'll have to do it the old way..." Bu Fang's mouth twitched slightly as an idea came to him.

Last time, Bu Fang cooked Marble Wok Fish, which caused the two Stone Statue Ghost Kings to fight and shatter each other. This time, he planned to do the same thing. He felt that the two fellows would fall for it again. If he was not mistaken, both of them must be foodies. Since they were foodies, things would be easy to handle.

Foxy stood on Bu Fang's shoulder. Holding a jade plate in her paws, her small eyes were darting from side to side, while her two tails were twitching back and forth.

"Do I still cook Marble Wok Fish this time?" Bu Fang said to himself, "No, what if these two Stone Statue Ghost Kings became clever and can't be fooled? I think... I'd better choose a new dish this time..." He narrowed his eyes, stroked his chin, and nodded.

Looking at Bu Fang, Foxy took the jade plate in her mouth, then imitated him by putting her paw under her chin and nodding.

Bu Fang was amused by her. He rubbed her little head.

With a thought, Bu Fang entered the Heaven and Earth Farmland and asked Niu Hansan for a good piece of fat beef. A few moments later, a grieving cow moo echoed through the farmland. Then, Niu Hansan came running from a distance with a piece of beef and handed it to him.

Bu Fang gave Niu Hansan a strange look. However, he didn't ask anything. These were all Niu Hansan's personal business. He didn't need to get into them, so he left the farmland right away.

The little fox jumped to the side with the jade plate in her mouth, her big eyes fixed on Bu Fang.

Bu Fang produced the White Tiger Heaven Stove and put it on the ground. He also got out the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. After that, he took out the ingredients one by one and washed them all with Heavenly Mountain Spirit Spring Water.

There were not many ingredients this time, but they were all very special and unusual ingredients. To make the dish, Purple Garlic was a must, along with Son Mother Ginger, fat beef, and Green-and-red Exploding Flame Pepper. This kind of pepper was produced by Niu Hansan using the grafting method.

In addition to these, there was another ingredient, which was a kind of mushroom. In Bu Fang's opinion, it was very similar to the Enoki mushroom in his previous life but had great spirit essence and very high quality. Despite their difference, he chose to call it Enoki mushroom.

He opened his mouth. A plume of white flame gushed out, went under the White Tiger Heaven Stove, and began to burn ragingly, making the whole stove emit high heat. The Spring of Life in the Black Turtle Constellation Wok soon came to a boil. He put the mushroom into the water, blanched it, and put it into a blue-and-white porcelain bowl.

After that, he poured some oil into the wok. When the oil reached the right temperature, he added the diced Purple Garlic and Son Mother Ginger into it and began to stir-fry.

Sizzle...

The sound of stir-frying rang continuously. Soon, a strong fragrance spread and went into the nostrils. Holding the jade plate in her mouth, Foxy narrowed her eyes, and her nose twitched. The smell of Purple Garlic was really delicious.

After stir-frying, Bu Fang took out a small jar made of blue-and-white porcelain. It was not big, and its mouth was tightly stuffed.

"I can finally use it..."

A flicker of excitement came into his eyes as he looked at the jar.

“It’s a chili sauce I made in my spare time with a yellow pepper that grows in the Heaven and Earth Farmland. It doesn’t taste as good as the Abyssal Chili Sauce, but it’s necessary to make this dish...”

The chili sauce was very spicy. Most importantly, it had a sour taste, which was its essence and the most crucial part of the dish!

He scooped up a spoonful of yellow chili sauce and added it into the wok. The oil immediately splashed and sizzled, and a potent spicy smell wafted out.

Sizzle...

After adding the yellow chili sauce, Bu Fang began to move the wok and stir-fry until a delicious smell filled the air.

In the distance...

The little fox watching from the side opened her mouth, drooling. The jade plate in her mouth fell to the ground with a thud, and the noise attracted Bu Fang’s attention.

“Foxy, hold the jade plate properly. I’ll let you taste the dish later.” Bu Fang curled his lips when he saw the little fox’s drooling look.

The little fox quickly picked up the jade plate on the ground and kept nodding.

In the distance...

Zhang Xuan made a straight cut with his sword and hacked a Wandering Soul Realm expert in half. A strong smell of blood immediately filled the air.

“Oh... I sensed the aura of a jade plate suddenly appearing in that direction...” The Fire Demon’s eyes narrowed slightly as he looked in the direction where Bu Fang was cooking.

Zhang Xuan took out a jade plate from the body and tossed it a few times. “This is the seventh jade plate. There are still three left, one of which is the number one jade plate,” he said.

“The bald donkey is holding one... I guess the remaining two are with the stinking chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm,” said a man with three black horns on his forehead.

“Let’s go... It’s time to kill that stinking chef who has no idea of death or danger,” Zhang Xuan said coldly as he shouldered his heavy sword.

The next moment, the group of Nether Prison experts flew in the direction of Bu Fang.

...

The sauce gave off a strong aroma after being stir-fried by Bu Fang. Although the yellow chili sauce was not as pure as the Abyssal Chili Sauce, it was made by Bu Fang and tasted very good as well. It was very suitable to be the seasoning of certain dishes.

As for why Bu Fang did not use the Abyssal Chili Sauce, it had some limitations despite its excellent taste. It could not be used on some dishes, just like what he cooked this time. If he used the Abyssal Chili Sauce, the dish would not taste as good as yellow chili sauce.

He poured some Spring of Life into the wok and diluted the sauce. Soon, the orange broth began to boil. He then added a piece of crystal fruit of life, which melted immediately and turned into a rich spirit essence.

He covered the wok and let the broth boil. Then, he took the fat beef. It was a perfect piece of beef. The marbling on its surface was like an exquisite piece of art, which made Bu Fang grin.

He picked up the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife. The next moment, the knife fell hard as if it was coming from the sky and cut the beef into pieces. He used the Cutting Immortal Style to process the beef.

“Hmm?” After cutting up the beef, Bu Fang’s heart gave a sudden jerk. He looked up into the distance. A menacing aura was approaching at full speed from that direction.

His eyes narrowed slightly.

“Sure enough... Although the aura only appeared for a brief moment, they still picked it up. Well, it’s good that they’re here... I was worried they won’t come.”

Bu Fang breathed out a sigh and put the cut beef into the wok.

Chapter 1282 Sour Soup Beef, the Stone Statue Ghost Kings Are Broken Again

Sour Soup Beef! Yes, this was the dish Bu Fang was going to use this time. It was an extremely appetizing dish, a delicacy that made those who tasted it want more.

Cooked with a unique cooking method using excellent demon beef and accompanied by Bu Fang’s secret yellow chili sauce, the dish would definitely be delicious.

Even Bu Fang couldn’t help swallowing during the cooking process. The potent spicy taste of the yellow chili sauce and the faint sour taste had stimulated his taste buds, making him drool uncontrollably.

He put the thin slices of beef into the wok. The boiling soup immediately devoured them. He then took out the Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine and poured some into the soup. As the wine entered the wok, a strong fragrance immediately filled the air, making the soup taste more mellow.

After adding the beef, he began to simmer the soup. Before long, a lot of foam began to appear on the surface. He carefully removed them and let the soup continue simmering for a while. Soon, the aroma of meat wafted out and hit him in the nose, while the rising steam seemed to turn into a mooing demon cow.

Bu Fang took out a blue-and-white porcelain spoon and scooped up some soup, which took on a yellow sheen because of the yellow chili sauce. He gently blew away the steam, then took a sip. A faint sour taste immediately spread across his tongue, causing his brows to rise.

“Sure enough, the sour taste of the chili sauce alone is not enough...” Bu Fang frowned.

He then took out a jar and added a few drops of brown fruit vinegar into the wok. It was a vinegar made by him as well, which tasted extremely sour. After being added into the boiling soup, it disappeared instantly.

Bu Fang took a sniff, and a look of satisfaction came over his face. He scooped up another spoonful of the soup, blew away the steam, and slurped it. A sour taste that made him shiver immediately spread on his tongue. After shivering, he felt a sense of comfort that made his mouth water. The feeling brightened his eyes.

“Perfect,” Bu Fang said in a low voice.

After that, he put out the fire. The boiling soup in the wok gradually quieted down. He took out a huge blue-and-white porcelain bowl and poured the dish into it. A strong aroma immediately pervaded the air. Then, he placed the blanched Enoki mushrooms on top of the dish and arranged them in a beautiful pattern.

Slices of beef floated on the surface of the soup, looking soft, tender, and delicate, while wisps of hot steam were constantly rising from them. Because of the color of the soup, they took on a yellow sheen and looked very delicious. The mushrooms arranged over them added to the aesthetic of the dish and made it more attractive.

Rumble!

A thundercloud began to gather in the sky. Soon, thunderbolts were falling. Just like last time, Bu Fang used his physical body to resist and block all the lightning punishments.

...

In the valley...

The Yellow Spring Great Sage was lying in bed, rubbing his swollen face. Suddenly, he narrowed his eyes and looked into the distance. The thunderbolts there caught his attention.

“Which ignorant spirit beast is facing its lightning punishment in my territory? Ah, never mind... I’m not in the right shape to be seen by outsiders now. I’ll spare that little fellow this time...” he said in a depressed voice. “The fellow in the bronze palace is really too much. Doesn’t he or she know that you can’t hit someone in the face?”

He let out a deep sigh, then took out a Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass and toyed it in his hands.

...

As the leaves rustled, Nether Prison experts landed one after another. They all looked at the thundercloud slowly dispersing in the sky with solemn expressions.

“Someone has just transcended a lightning punishment?” Zhang Xuan said.

“It’s no big deal. It’s just a lightning punishment for ordinary dishes. However, the dish seems quite unusual since it had attracted eight lightning punishments...” said Lu Yang from the Nether Chef Clan. He was naturally very familiar with this kind of lightning punishment. As a gifted Nether Chef, cooking was his best skill. Even so, he still couldn’t cook a dish that could attract eight lightning punishments.

“What’s that... It smells so delicious!” The expert from the Horned Demon Clan twitched his nose. He suddenly got a whiff of the strong aroma, making his expression change and his mouth water.

“Could it be that the chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm is cooking?”

The Nether Prison experts looked at each other, seeing the incomprehension in each other’s eyes.

“Why would he cook in a place like this? Did he think he was safe when he got the jade plate, so he decided to cook to celebrate?”

“Let’s go and see what that boy is up to!” Zhang Xuan said coldly.

After that, the group of experts sped away.

...

Foxy opened her mouth again and drooled as she stared at the Sour Soup Beef, causing the jade plate to fall to her paws. She gave an impatient cry.

“Alright... Be patient.” Looking at the impatient little fox, Bu Fang couldn’t help but twitch the corner of his mouth and rub her head.

He took out a pair of chopsticks, picked up a slice of beef, blew on it, and then gave it to Foxy. The little fox opened her mouth, swallowed the beef, and began to chew happily.

As soon as the beef entered her mouth, Foxy's eyes narrowed. All her fur stood up, and her body was shaking. It was obvious that she had been overwhelmed by the sour taste of the Sour Soup Beef.

When Bu Fang saw Foxy's reaction, he twitched the corner of his mouth. 'This little fellow...' He even saw tears seeping from the corner of her eyes. 'So, the sour taste made her tear up?' He rubbed the little fox's head.

Despite the sour taste, Foxy kept chewing and finally swallowed the beef. As she swallowed, she sensed the feeling when the tender beef slid down her throat into her stomach, and it made her feel that her whole body had become transparent!

"That's enough... I'm just giving you a taste. I'll cook it for you next time. This Sour Soup Beef has a different purpose today." Bu Fang rubbed Foxy's head and ignored her pathetic look of wanting another piece of beef.

Of course, Bu Fang couldn't resist the temptation, so he picked up a slice of beef and put it into his mouth. The sour taste immediately spread on his tongue, making him shiver all over. There were even tiny beads of sweat on his nose. All in all, the feeling was extremely pleasant.

"Foxy, throw the jade plate between those two big fellows..." Bu Fang said, looking at the little fox.

Foxy's big eyes lit up. She gave a squeak, threw the jade plate up, and slammed her tail on it. The plate immediately flashed across the air in a graceful curve and fell between the two Stone Statue Ghost Kings.

The arrival of an unknown object startled the two Stone Statue Ghost Kings. They kept staring at the jade plate as if they were wondering what it was. One of them even raised its foot and stepped on it, causing the ground to shake with a rumble.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched. Fortunately, the jade plate was made of special materials, so strong that it was not crushed by the Stone Statue Ghost King's foot. The next moment, his mental force began to surge, and his divine will spread from his spirit sea. Under the control of his mental force, the bowl of Sour Soup Beef in his hand slowly drifted toward the middle of the two Stone Statue Ghost Kings.

Foxy squeaked, her eyes filled with tears and an unwilling look as she watched the blue-and-white porcelain bowl gradually fly away.

Soon, the Sour Soup Beef landed steadily in the middle of the two Stone Statue Ghost Kings. They glanced at each other. The next moment, their eyes suddenly lit up.

The taste and the feeling were so familiar to them! They had a deep memory of this feeling!

They squatted in front of the blue-and-white porcelain bowl and looked at each other. Then, both of them reached out their stone fingers, picked up a piece of beef, and put the meat into their mouth. A sour and spicy taste instantly burst out, making their eyes light up.

It tasted like that Marble Wok Fish... But it was different! It seemed even more delicious!

The two Stone Statue Ghost Kings stared at each other with the look in their eyes growing sharper.

One for me, one for you. One for me, one more for you... They shared the Sour Soup Beef and ate happily.

Bu Fang's mouth twitched as he watched from a distance. As he had expected, even though their bodies were rebuilt, their nature as foodies would not change. They were eating happily now, but who knew if they would still be so happy later.

He picked up Foxy and put her on his shoulder. Then, true energy gushed from under his feet, pushing him forward at full speed. His body turned into a beam of light and left a trail of afterimages in the air. In the blink of an eye, he had crossed the area the two Stone Statue Ghost Kings were guarding and entered the valley.

Although it was an old trick, it still worked.

The two Stone Statue Ghost Kings were eating happily, so they didn't notice that someone had entered the valley.

A little while later, a rustling sound came from the distant woods. The next moment, the Nether Prison experts emerged from it.

“Oh?” Zhang Xuan’s eyes narrowed slightly as he saw the jade plate not far away from the two Stone Statue Ghost Kings. It was the jade plate they were looking for.

“Found it! There’s the jade plate!” a Nether Prison expert shouted excitedly.

They all chose to ignore the two Stone Statue Ghost Kings.

“Get it!” Zhang Xuan shouted, then turned into a beam of light and sped out, landing next to the Stone Statue Ghost Kings in a flash. He grabbed the jade plate, on which was carved the number nine. It was a jade plate that ranked quite low. He frowned and sighed. He thought it was the jade plate with number one.

“Hmm?” Zhang Xuan’s heart suddenly gave a jerk. He raised his head abruptly and looked into the distance. A thin figure stood there, and on its shoulder lay a listless little fox.

“It’s you!” His pupils constricted as a monstrous killing intent exploded out of his body.

With his hands clasped behind his back, Bu Fang looked at Zhang Xuan in the distance. Suddenly, he raised his hand and pointed to the Sword Demon Clan expert’s side.

That gave Zhang Xuan a pause. The next moment, he heard the screams of Nether Prison experts behind him and a whirring sound, while he felt a powerful wind blowing at him. He spun abruptly, only to see a huge stone fist growing larger and larger in his eyes.

With a bang, the fist hit him on the bridge of his nose.

Zhang Xuan was struck dumb. For a moment, he thought he heard a crack. A mixed feeling welled up in his heart, and his eyes turned red and blurry. There even seemed to be teardrops rolling down his cheeks.

With a plop, he fell to the ground, his face facing the sky. The jade plate in his hand also dropped to the ground.

“I was... f*cking... set up?!” Zhang Xuan muttered to himself.

Roar!

A hoarse roar rang out. The two Stone Statue Ghost Kings stood up at the same time and began to roar at each other. Without a doubt, the problem of uneven sharing had arisen again. They were arguing about who ate an extra piece of beef.

In the distance, the Nether Prison experts were dumbfounded. What was going on here? Why were these two Stone Statue Ghost Kings suddenly roaring at each other?

“These two wicked creatures!” Zhang Xuan flew into a rage. He got up with his heavy sword in one hand while the other covered his nose. When he saw that Bu Fang had long since disappeared, he became even angrier. “Does that boy think these two Stone Statue Ghost Kings could stop me?! How naive! Watch how I cut them in half!”

With a boom, a horrible sword will burst out of Zhang Xuan’s body. At this moment, he seemed to have turned into a sword!

“Die now, wicked creatures!”

“ROAR!”

However, before Zhang Xuan could wield his sword, the two Stone Statue Ghost Kings turned their heads and growled at him. It seemed his sword will was being suppressed, and then he saw two fists growing larger and larger in his eyes!

Bang! Bang!

Zhang Xuan’s nose was hit again. The punches knocked him flying backward, and fell in the distance and rolled several times on the ground.

The Nether Prison experts were stupefied. In their eyes, the two Stone Statue Ghost Kings began to fight each other. Their deafening roars rang incessantly while terrible energy fluctuations swept across all directions. The ground seemed to be blowing apart.

If Bu Fang were still here, he would have found that the two Stone Statue Ghost Kings had become stronger.

Soon after, the two Stone Statue Ghost Kings smashed each other at the same time, turning into rubble that rolled all over the ground.

The Nether Prison experts in the distance were rendered speechless. Looking at the bowl of Sour Soup Beef on the ground, and then at the two Stone Statue Ghost Kings that had been smashed into pieces, they felt their minds were in a mess.

Zhang Xuan struggled to his feet, his face covered with blood. When he saw the Stone Statue Ghost Kings that had been broken and scattered all over the ground, he immediately burst out laughing. Then, he walked up to the rubble and kicked them fiercely as if to vent his anger.

“F*cking wicked creatures!”

...

In the valley...

The Yellow Spring Great Sage suddenly stopped rubbing his face. Then, his eyes seemed to be on fire.

“The two idiots f*cking broke again?”

He was furious. He didn’t understand why he had such stupid guardians!

The void was torn apart. Holding the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass in his hand, the Yellow Spring Great Sage stepped into the void and came to the entrance of the valley in an instant.

As soon as he emerged, he saw Zhang Xuan angrily stomping on the broken Stone Statue Ghost Kings in the distance.

The atmosphere turned completely quiet at this moment.

Chapter 1283 Who Dares Touch My Grass!

The two Stone Statue Ghost Kings shattered again. With red eyes, the Yellow Spring Great Sage stared at Zhang Xuan, who was stomping on them in the distance. He felt anger simmer inside him. “Are you... having a good time stomping on them?!” he said coldly, gritting his teeth.

His voice seemed to come from the skies. It was extremely cold, like a piece of ice that would not melt for ten thousand years.

Zhang Xuan’s back was turned to the Yellow Spring Great Sage, so he didn’t see the latter’s gloomy face. However, he could feel a wave of burning anger behind him.

In the distance...

The eyes of the other Nether Prison experts all went wide as they stared in disbelief at the Yellow Spring Great Sage. The Fire Demon even raised his hand and pointed a finger, his lips quivering as he said, “Zhang Xuan... You... Behind you...”

Did they know the Yellow Spring Great Sage? Of course they had heard of his name, but they had not seen him. However, before they came to Earth Prison, the elders in their clans had warned them not to provoke any Great Saints in Earth Prison.

Now, they were all struck dumb. The Yellow Spring Great Sage did not bother to conceal his aura. It was as terrible and suppressive as the eruption of a volcano, making their bodies tremble.

Even in Nether Prison, Great Saints were already supreme existences.

Zhang Xuan’s eyes were red, and blood continued to gush from his nostrils. It was what the two Stone Statue Ghost Kings’ punches left him, and he was still a little dizzy now. However, he never imagined that the two fellows would fight and eventually break each other at the same time. It was like heaven was helping him!

“Idiots! How dare you beat me! Who the f*ck keeps these two idiots here? Retarded stuff!”

Zhang Xuan’s fury seemed to be completely unleashed at this moment. Then, he heard the Yellow Spring Great Sage’s words.

“Yes, I do! I’m having a f*cking good time! How dare these two wicked creatures beat me? See, now I’ve trampled them to pieces!” Zhang Xuan said confidently, grinning.

He thought it was the Fire Demon or Lu Yang who spoke. However, he suddenly felt that something was not right. He raised his head and looked around. The next moment, his bloody and swollen face revealed a look of surprise. He saw his companions all standing in the distance, each winking at him with a look of horror on his face.

What was going on? Since his companions were all far away, who was the person asking questions behind him?!

Zhang Xuan’s heart skipped a beat. Holding the heavy sword in his hand, he slowly turned his head and looked behind him. The next moment, he saw an unsightly face with a delicate palm print on it.

“Are you having a good time?” asked the Yellow Spring Great Sage with a straight face.

Gulp.

Zhang Xuan felt as though he had a big stone in his throat. It was hard to speak.

“I…”

He was greeted by an aura that made him feel like he could hardly hold the sword in his hand!

“I own these two Stone Statue Ghost Kings… Were you calling me mentally retarded just now?” the Yellow Spring Great Sage asked again. His aura made Zhang Xuan want to kneel.

‘Great Saint! He’s a Great Saint!’

Zhang Xuan turned his head and glanced at the two Stone Statue Ghost Kings that had turned into rubble, then at the blue-and-white porcelain bowl placed on the ground. It suddenly dawned on him that he had been schemed against.

‘That damn Immortal Cooking Realm chef!’

“Great Saint... I—”

Zhang Xuan wanted to explain, but he was interrupted.

“That’s enough. My heart hurts now, so shut your mouth,” the Yellow Spring Great Sage said. The next moment, he threw out his palm, which contained the pent-up anger he had kept for a long time.

Zhang Xuan’s expression changed dramatically. He tried to resist, but his hand had hardly lifted when the slap hit him in the face. With a loud crack, he was thrown backward into the distance, falling into the pile of rubble that was the Stone Statue Ghost Kings and knocking over the blue-and-white porcelain bowl.

The Yellow Spring Great Sage looked incredulously at his hand. ‘So this is the feeling of slapping someone... For some reason, it feels really good!’ he muttered in his mind.

Zhang Xuan’s lips were swollen. With a sorrowful expression on his face, he got up, grabbed the bowl, and shouted, “Great Saint, listen to me!”

“What?” The Yellow Spring Great Sage squinted at him coldly. “I grant you three words. After that, you can go with my Stone Statue Ghost Kings.”

Zhang Xuan’s heart gave a jerk. He suddenly realized that this Great Saint was going to kill him! “It wasn’t me... They fought and eventually broke each other at the same time!” He quickly told the truth.

“They fought and then broke each other at the same time? How could I, the wise Yellow Spring Great Sage, possibly keep such idiotic Stone Statue Ghost Kings?” The Yellow Spring Great Sage held the grass in his hand and gave a sneer.

Zhang Xuan was dumbfounded. ‘They’re the idiots you keep! How can you f*cking not know? By the way, he called himself the Yellow Spring Great Sage... So he is indeed the Earth Prison Yellow Spring Great Sage...’

“Great Saint... I’m telling you the truth! Your Stone Statue Ghost Kings fought over a dish and broke each other!”

Zhang Xuan felt very aggrieved. He did nothing at all and even got two punches in the face, but why did he feel as if he had destroyed the world?

“If you don’t believe me, you can ask them!” He quickly raised his hand and pointed to his Nether Prison companions.

The Yellow Spring Great Sage’s face was extremely gloomy. He turned his cold eyes and saw the Nether Prison experts nodding repeatedly.

Crack...

The grass in his hand was suddenly crushed as he clenched his fist. At the same time, a chilly killing intent swept over the Nether Prison experts, making them feel like crying. After that, they all changed from nodding to shaking their heads.

“We don’t know anything...”

“We didn’t see anything...”

Zhang Xuan was petrified. He looked incredulously at his companions and felt his throat dry up. He was f*cking abandoned by his own people?

“I...”

“What else do you have to say?” The Yellow Spring Great Sage’s face was cold. The next moment, he took a step and appeared in front of Zhang Xuan. “How can my Stone Statue Ghost Kings be stupid enough to fight each other? Are you questioning my taste?” His voice grew colder and colder.

Looking at the Yellow Spring Great Sage's face, Zhang Xuan became more and more indignant.

'Surely this guy knows! He must have known that his Stone Statue Ghost Kings broke into pieces after fighting each other! This guy... He's just trying to hide the fact that he keeps two idiots!'

"I'm not convinced!" Zhang Xuan's eyes turned red. A terrible aura suddenly exploded out of him, while his sword rose up into the sky, gleaming dazzlingly. "I'll fight you!" The sword flew back. He slapped the hilt and thrust it at the Yellow Spring Great Sage. "Today... I'll try the power of a Great Saint! The Sword Demon Clan will never admit defeat!" he growled at the top of his lungs.

The corner of the Yellow Spring Great Sage's mouth twitched as he watched Zhang Xuan rise up to resist. Then, he threw out another slap.

...

Bu Fang sensed that the Yellow Spring Great Sage had rushed out. His heart filled with joy, and he immediately flew forward at full speed. At the same time, his divine will spread and enveloped his body, preventing the Yellow Spring Great Sage from detecting him.

With the Yellow Spring Great Sage's cultivation base, if he really wanted to, he could spot Bu Fang in an instant. However, Bu Fang had enveloped his body with divine will, which reduced the chances of him being detected.

Soon, he was in the huge valley.

Rumble! Rumble!

The air rang with a deafening rumble. The enormous Blood Illuminating Dragon was lying in the middle of the valley, its heavy breathing constantly echoing out from its nose and mouth, making the ground tremble.

The dragon was the Yellow Spring Great Sage's third pet, who was extremely powerful.

Bu Fang squinted. He felt a terrible oppression. Back then, he felt like a worm when he faced the dragon. Now, he was not as weak, but he could still feel that he had no chance against it.

Even if this Blood Illuminating Dragon's cultivation base had not reached the Great Saint level, it was most likely not far from that.

Therefore, Bu Fang didn't wake the dragon. He stood on the valley wall, frowning and glancing around. The dragon lay right in the middle of the valley, surrounded by countless Yellow Spring Grass. It was in this valley that Bu Fang had picked a One-leaf Yellow Spring Grass of extraordinary quality. Now, he was here again, and what he needed to find this time was a Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass.

A Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass was extremely precious, and it would take him quite some time to find it.

With a kick to the ground, Bu Fang flew forward in a beautiful arc through the air and landed lightly on the valley floor like a fallen leaf. He didn't wake the huge Blood Illuminating Dragon.

The dragon was lying on the ground, still snoring. The air spewing from its nostrils was like a hurricane that could destroy everything.

The little fox on Bu Fang's shoulder was already frightened by the Blood Illuminating Dragon's aura. She pulled at his hair with her front paws, and her two tails were tucked between her legs, not daring to make a sound.

Bu Fang gave her a look, rubbed her head, and sent her into the Heaven and Earth Farmland. That way, she would no longer be oppressed by the dragon's pressure. After that, he walked with light steps to the side.

Naturally, there couldn't be only one Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass. The Yellow Spring Great Sage held one in his hand every day, so there should be one growing in this valley. All Bu Fang needed to do was look for it.

The Blood Illuminating Dragon slept soundly with drool flowing out its mouth. Bu Fang walked slowly in the valley. The environment here was amazing. There was a blood-colored pool, which seemed to be the source of the Yellow Spring River. Bloody water flowed out from it continuously, and there were even souls howling in it.

“An Eight-leaf Yellow Spring Grass... A pity, it’s missing a leaf.” Bu Fang looked at the grass and sighed.

There were no Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass near the pool. Could it be that there was only one Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass in the whole valley, which was the one the Yellow Spring Great Sage was holding?

Bu Fang frowned, lost in thought. Suddenly, his eyes turned and fell on the dragon’s abdomen.

Under the abdomen of the huge, mountain-like Blood Illuminating Dragon, a grass was swaying and emitting dazzling light. The rich energy it contained made Bu Fang’s heart race.

“A Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass... I’ve found it at last!”

...

The Nether Prison experts froze. Zhang Xuan was dead. He was killed by a slap from the Yellow Spring Great Sage. They never expected him to die so miserably in the end. In front of the Great Saint, his sword energy and strength were no different from those of ants.

“It turns out that he’s a junior from the Sword Demon Clan in Nether Prison... However, since he broke my Stone Statue Ghost Kings, he must be punished. Even if the Great Saints of the Sword Demon Clan come, I’ll beat them as well!” The Yellow Spring Great Sage raised his palm, glanced at Zhang Xuan, who had turned into a puddle of mess with his sword, and twitched his mouth. Then, he turned his eyes to the Nether Prison experts in the distance.

The group of experts immediately felt chills run through their bodies.

“Are you ready to die?” the Great Saint asked lightly.

Suddenly, a long cry rang out in the distance. The next moment, a beam of light flew over at top speed and appeared over the group of Nether Prison experts in a flash.

“Yellow Spring Great Sage, please calm down!”

Lu Cheng appeared with an unsightly face. He didn't expect the Nether Prison contestants to be stupid enough to provoke the Yellow Spring Great Sage. This brute was not weaker than those supreme beings in the forbidden lands!

"A Nether Puppeteer... Do you think you can stop me?" the Yellow Spring Great Sage said coolly, holding the grass in his hand and glancing at Lu Cheng from the corners of his eyes.

Lu Cheng's heart skipped a beat. He was just a Seven-revolution Little Saint, and he was no match for the Yellow Spring Great Sage. If this mighty expert slapped him, he would surely end up just as badly as Zhang Xuan.

"Great Saint... Zhang Xuan is dead, you should calm down... These children are from the nine clans in Nether Prison. If you kill them, you will offend these clans!" Lu Cheng said quickly.

No one dared to offend this fearsome existence who had planted grass for tens of thousands of years at the source of the Yellow Spring River.

"But they broke my Stone Statue Ghost Kings..." the Great Saint said without expression. "They tempted my pets with a dish."

Lu Cheng's face froze at the words, and he looked sharply at Lu Yang. This young fellow was the only chef present.

Lu Yang was dumbfounded. 'What the f*ck? I didn't do anything!'

"It's not me!" He spoke quickly. If he just kept quiet, the Yellow Spring Great Sage might slap him. The Great Saint seemed to be addicted to slapping others.

"Not you? Aren't you from the Nether Chef Clan? Who else can cook a dish here except you?" Lu Cheng said, frowning. He also wanted to believe that it was not Lu Yang, but...

"I'm a Nether Chef, and my dishes emit Nether energy. Great Saint, take a closer look at that bowl," Lu Yang said helplessly. "That dish emits immortal energy."

What? Immortal energy?

Lu Cheng paused. He seemed to think of something, then his expression became somewhat odd.

The Yellow Spring Great Sage also froze momentarily.

Suddenly, the ground began to shake violently, causing everyone's expression to change dramatically! The next moment, a dragon roar rang through the skies, and a horrible aura pervaded the air as if to destroy the world!

The Yellow Spring Great Sage's face fell. "Dammit! Someone actually lured me out of the valley?! Who dares touch my Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass?!"

Chapter 1284 I Will Give You Back a Piece of Grassland

Bu Fang thought the Blood Illuminating Dragon would not wake up, but that was only his wishful thinking. The dragon loved to sleep, but it would still wake up. Just as his hand touched the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass, the Blood Illuminating Dragon opened its eyes as if it had been electrocuted and gave a roar. As the deafening roar rang through the skies, a huge dragon claw struck the ground. Then, the dragon moved its gigantic body, lowered its head, and fixed its eyes on Bu Fang, spewing a puff of foul gas from its mouth.

Bu Fang furrowed his brows, quickened his movements, and grabbed hold of the Yellow Spring Grass.

With a whirring sound, the dragon's tail lashed out at Bu Fang's head. The void kept rumbling as if it were about to crumble to pieces. This Blood Illuminating Dragon was extremely formidable. Although Bu Fang had attained the cultivation base of a Little Saint, he wasn't sure that he could resist the attack from the tail. So, he moved, uprooting the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass without hesitation. The soil broke and fell from its root.

Roar!

The dragon's pupils constricted. Monstrous killing intent exploded out from its body, while its tail flashed through the void and was almost on Bu Fang's head.

Looking at the approaching tail, Bu Fang raised the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass in his hand and held it in front of him. The dragon's nostrils flared, its scales stood up, and its wings flapped. It gave a somewhat dumbstruck roar and halted its tail.

A gust of strong wind broke Bu Fang's velvet rope and caused his hair to wave freely in the air.

"Oh? So it works?" Bu Fang's eyes lit up. He didn't expect the dragon to stop its tail. Was it because of the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass? He felt that the Yellow Spring Great Sage must have instilled in the dragon the idea of protecting the grass, so it didn't dare to hurt it. "This is going to be interesting..." He twitched the corner of his mouth.

The next moment, the tail lashed out toward him again, but this time, it came from another angle. The dragon would never stop until it killed Bu Fang. However, he just held up the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass and turned around, and the dragon halted its tail once more.

The Blood Illuminating Dragon was very angry. Slapping the ground with its claws, it raised its head and roared furiously.

"I can't play with this dragon any longer..."

Taking the opportunity that the dragon couldn't do anything to him, Bu Fang flew at high speed out of the valley. However, the dragon flapped its huge wings and suddenly stopped in front of him. It seemed that this dragon was not so foolish after all.

Bu Fang frowned as he saw the dragon stop him from leaving. He felt more and more pressure. If he didn't get out of the valley soon, he wouldn't have a chance to escape when the Yellow Spring Great Sage came back.

The dragon's lantern-like eyes stared at Bu Fang, then it gave a low roar.

Bu Fang seemed to be able to see the provocative look in those eyes. Looking at it, he suddenly had an idea. He entered his spirit sea and said to the Golden Divine Dragon, "Goldie... Go out there and help me roar at that dragon."

The Golden Divine Dragon's body twisted immediately. The next moment, Bu Fang's hair turned blond at a speed visible to the naked eye.

“Yo-ho... A pure-blooded young female Illuminating Dragon...” Blond Bu Fang looked up at the huge dragon. His eyes suddenly lit up, and he stuck out his tongue and licked his lips.

The Blood Illuminating Dragon was slightly taken aback. It found that the aura of this despicable human had changed greatly. The next moment, it flew into a rage, for it sensed that Blond Bu Fang was flirting with it! As a female dragon, how could it allow a human to molest it? Was this human a psychopath who would molest even a dragon?!

“ROAR!”

Blond Bu Fang’s eyes suddenly widened, and he took a deep breath. Then, he opened his mouth and let out a dragon roar that was countless times louder than the Blood Illuminating Dragon’s. At the same time, a majestic golden dragon appeared and wheeled behind him, exuding great pressure.

The Blood Illuminating Dragon was stunned.

“Girl, give thyself up to the mighty Nicholas the Handsome Dragon!” Blond Bu Fang laughed triumphantly.

In his spirit sea, Bu Fang looked speechless. He told Goldie to roar back, not to flirt with the dragon. Suddenly, his expression changed, and blond Bu Fang, who was laughing, was stunned.

A terrifying pressure suddenly came crashing down, freezing blond Bu Fang’s face. The next moment, he bent his body and sped away into the distance, like a tightly coiled spring that had been released. He wanted to run away.

“You still want to leave after stealing my Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass?!” A deafening voice rang through the whole valley.

With a thud, blond Bu Fang hit an invisible barrier and bounced back. “F*ck! It hurts! Little Host is courting death... I can’t believe he provoked such a top Great Saint!” The corner of his mouth twitched violently.

The next moment, the void was torn apart, and the Yellow Spring Great Sage stepped out of it. Holding a grass in his hand, his eyes were cold and ruthless, full of terrible killing intent. He saw blond Bu Fang at a glance.

“It’s you!”

Of course the Yellow Spring Great Sage knew Bu Fang. It was this boy who stole one of his One-leaf Yellow Spring Grass, which made his heart ache for days. Now, this boy had come to steal his grass again!

“Boy... You’ve already got the Senseless Lotus. Isn’t that enough? Why can’t you just leave my Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass alone?” The Yellow Spring Great Sage was furious.

With a buzz, Bu Fang regained control of his body, and his hair turned black. He looked at the Yellow Spring Great Sage in midair with a straight face and took a deep breath. The void around him had completely frozen, so he couldn’t enter the Heaven and Earth Farmland. The Yellow Spring Great Sage’s strength was beyond his expectation.

‘The Golden Divine Dragon said that he’s a top Great Saint... It’s kind of scary... Even so, he was slapped and thrown out of the blood mist by the mysterious existence in the bronze palace. How strong is that mysterious existence?!’ Bu Fang couldn’t help thinking.

...

Lu Cheng hovered in midair and looked deep into the valley. The Yellow Spring Great Sage had left, and Zhang Xuan had died. The other Nether Prison experts all collapsed to the ground, panting fiercely.

“Captain... What should we do now?”

Lu Cheng took a deep breath and twitched the corners of his mouth slightly. “Let’s get out of here quickly. That Immortal Cooking Realm chef has angered the Yellow Spring Great Sage. He’s dead.”

Despite their loss, he was a little excited. Every time he thought of the way Bu Fang looked at him, all his hair stood up. He felt better knowing that the psychopath was going to die.

Led by Lu Cheng, the group of experts sped away from the valley. All of a sudden, everyone's expression changed. A figure flew from the distant sky and smashed into the ground like a meteor. With a rumble, the ground exploded and completely shattered.

The Nether Prison experts gasped and looked incredulously at the figure in the pit.

Lu Cheng's heart gave a jerk. He immediately unleashed his divine will, while a huge puppet in a black robe appeared behind him.

As the smoke and dust gradually dissipated and settled down, the appearance of the figure in the pit was revealed.

It was a skeleton in golden armor, with blue ghostly fire in each empty eye socket, beating as if to attract people's attention. Its armor was so dazzling that no one could look straight at it, and on its back, it carried two spears with sharp tips.

"The skeleton of the Cave of the Fallen Gods!" Lu Cheng's eyes narrowed. He felt a terrible and suffocating murderous air from the skeleton. It was... very strong!

He turned to the Nether Prison contestants and said, "You go first... I'll hold it back! Go back to Yellow Spring Town first!"

Hovering in midair, Lu Cheng's face grew very serious. This trip to Earth Prison was a little more dangerous than he had expected. No wonder Nether Prison had not captured Earth Prison for so many years. The main reason was that there were too many almighty experts here. Although they had killed the previous Nether King, there were still many powerful beings.

The Nether Prison contestants had already turned pale. They were no match for the Yellow Spring Great Sage, and now, they were not even the match for this skeleton.

Lu Cheng raised his hands. His divine will turned into threads and wound around the Sacred Nether Puppet behind him, which immediately flew over and hovered in front of him.

At this point, the Nether Prison contestants turned and flew toward the distance without hesitation.

The ghostly fire in the golden-armored skeleton's eye sockets twitched. It took no notice of the fleeing group. "Those who stop us will be mercilessly killed." Its jaws moved and produced a clear voice.

"Hmph! The skeletons of the Cave of the Fallen Gods... I've always wanted to get a sense of how strong you are!"

Lu Cheng suddenly rose, sat cross-legged in midair, and spread his arms. His hands were as delicate as a woman's and even shone like jade. Threads kept falling from them. The next moment, a loud rumble rang out as the puppet's black robe was torn to pieces.

A bright silver light bloomed as the Sacred Nether Puppet's appearance was revealed. It was made of metal and had sharp edges and corners. On its chest was a gem shining with blue light. It was its energy source, the legendary Sacred Nether Puppet's heart.

Facing the huge Sacred Nether Puppet, the ghostly fire in the skeleton's eyes twitched, and then it drew a spear from its back. The next moment, its slender skeleton legs bent and suddenly straightened. Like a spring, it shot into the air, pointing its spear at the puppet!

The battle broke out in midair in an instant! Only, as soon as it had begun, Lu Cheng felt a terrible, menacing aura come hitting him in the face.

...

Bu Fang and the Yellow Spring Great Sage were looking at each other. In the Great Saint's eyes, Bu Fang was already a dead man. Anyone who dared hold his grass must die. His Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass was his treasure, and to take away his treasure was like killing him!

Bu Fang's face was very calm. He looked at the Yellow Spring Great Sage and let out a long sigh. 'I've been discovered... It seems I've no other choice,' he thought to himself.

"It was my fault that I took your One-leaf Yellow Spring Grass last time. After all, you grew the grass..." he said.

"You're begging for mercy? It's no use... Since you stole my grass, you must die!" the Great Saint said coldly.

Bu Fang shook his head and said, “This Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass is born of heaven and earth and belongs to nature, so it naturally belongs to those who are destined to own it. Since I can hold the grass, it shows that it is destined to be owned by me...” His expression was very serious.

The corners of the Yellow Spring Great Sage’s mouth twitched violently. “Fib all you like... I’ll not fall for it! The grass is everything to me, and if it dies... I’ll kill everyone!” he said fiercely. He had been planting grass at the source of the Yellow Spring River for tens of thousands of years, but he still cannot grow a lot of Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass. To him, this grass was his rarest treasure!

“Fib? Do you think I’m just making it all up? Everything in the world is about fate. What is yours is yours in the end, and what is not yours will never be yours... Since I can hold this grass, it naturally shows that it... doesn’t belong to you.” Bu Fang looked at the Yellow Spring Great Sage with a straight face and continued to fib... no, to explain.

“That’s enough! I don’t want to listen to you anymore! Even if you’re the man protected by that mangy dog, you must die now!”

The Yellow Spring Great Sage roared, and his hair floated up. The next moment, he threw a palm at Bu Fang. For a moment, the air seemed to solidify, filled with monstrous killing intent as an enormous palm smashed through the void and went for Bu Fang!

Bu Fang held the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass in his hand with a calm face. Looking at the approaching palm, he let out a long sigh and thought, ‘Looks like I must use the trump card now...’

“Stop. Don’t you want to know why I took this Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass? If you give me the grass today, I will give you back a piece of grassland in the future...” he looked straight at the Great Saint and said seriously.

The palm descended and stopped abruptly an inch from Bu Fang’s nose.

Chapter 1285 The Arrival of Killing Intent, Bu Fang Is Surrounded!

“Give me back a piece of grassland?”

The Yellow Spring Great Sage’s eyes narrowed when he heard Bu Fang’s calm words. He had to admit that the boy had a strong mind. Even a Nine-revolution Little Saint would be smashed into

meat paste by his palm, let alone a One-revolution Little Saint. However, this little fellow was not at all frightened and didn't even bat an eye.

"I have a lot of One-leaf Yellow Spring Grass. What do I need so much for?" As if he had heard the funniest joke in the world, he burst out laughing, his voice ringing through the sky.

"The grassland I will give you will not be full of One-leaf Yellow Spring Grass, but Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass..." Bu Fang said lightly.

"Young man, you're about to die. Why are you still fibbing? Do you know how rare Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass is?" The Great Saint's eyes grew sharper. "The growth of the Yellow Spring Grass from eight leaves to nine leaves is a qualitative transformation, which is beyond the ability of human beings. Only after countless years of cultivation by heaven and earth could it be formed... The Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass you're holding is the first of its kind I've seen in ten thousand years."

A palm was suspended in midair, emitting a terrifying force that caused the surrounding to crumble. Instead of falling, it floated an inch from Bu Fang, and it didn't fade away. The control of power was absolutely extraordinary.

"Believe me, a grassland is not a dream," Bu Fang said seriously.

The Yellow Spring Great Sage twitched his mouth and smiled disdainfully. "Tell me, what do you want to do with this Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass? It's rare because it's scarce. I hold it in my hand and toy with it occasionally for my amusement."

If truth be told, what really made him stop attacking was not Bu Fang's promise of giving him a grassland, but the use of the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass.

Bu Fang raised his hand and held up the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass. It was turquoise and had nine leaves, growing from bottom to top. The higher the leaf, the greener it was. Rich spirit essence spread from it, and just by smelling it was enough to refresh one's spirit.

"This is the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass..." Bu Fang said. Then, he lifted his other hand, and a Nine-petal Flower of Helplessness appeared in his palm with a gentle light. It was white and looked like a magnolia, giving off a sweet smell.

“The Nine-petal Flower of Helplessness?!” The Yellow Spring Great Sage looked surprised. He didn’t expect Bu Fang to have obtained this flower. However, the flower was much inferior to the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass. ‘So why did this boy show me the flower?’

“You may be holding the Yellow Spring Grass just for fun, but this is a real waste of treasure,” Bu Fang said rudely, looking at the Great Saint.

Anger simmered inside the Yellow Spring Great Sage. He couldn’t wait to kill the boy with a slap. However, he resisted the impulse because he wanted to know what the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass could be used for other than as a toy.

Could it be used as a medicine? That was not a big deal. After all, there were too many spirit herbs in the world that were more powerful than the Yellow Spring Grass, so why should such a rare flower be used as medicine?

If Bu Fang couldn’t give him a satisfactory answer, he would definitely kill him with a slap, even if he had obtained the Senseless Lotus and seemed to have a strange relationship with the mysterious existence in the bronze palace. He, the Yellow Spring Great Sage, was not afraid of anything!

Bu Fang took a deep breath and said, “When the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass is combined with the Nine-petal Flower of Helplessness, they make the best wine...”

“What?!” The Yellow Spring Great Sage froze, then his expression became strange. He looked at Bu Fang as if he were an idiot.

‘Wine? This boy risked his life to get the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass just to make wine?’

“Are you crazy? Or do you think I’m a fool?” The Great Saint’s eyes narrowed slightly. The surrounding void was once again locked down.

Bu Fang looked indifferently at the Yellow Spring Great Sage as he said, “You don’t believe it?”

“Do you think I’ll believe you?” the Yellow Spring Great Sage sneered. He had drunk wine, of course, but there was really no wine that could impress him.

Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth. With a thought, a jade jar appeared in his hand. It was his last jar of Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine. He sent the jar flying toward the Great Saint.

“Hmm?” The Yellow Spring Great Sage paused. Then, he raised his hand and grabbed the jar. “What’s this?” he asked doubtfully.

“This is the Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine I made from the One-leaf Yellow Spring Grass I picked last time,” Bu Fang said honestly.

“Wine? Can you really make wine out of Yellow Spring Grass?” The Yellow Spring Great Sage narrowed his eyes and opened the cover with a slap. An intense bouquet immediately drifted into his nose from the wine jar. It was a very unique aroma, incredibly tantalizing, and just smelling it made him crave for wine.

“It doesn’t seem bad...”

He gave Bu Fang a suspicious look, then lifted the jar and poured the wine into his mouth. A stream of clear wine immediately poured into his mouth from the jar.

The Yellow Spring Great Sage threw his head back and drank deep. The aromatic wine kept trickling down from the corners of his mouth. Soon, he finished the whole jar of wine in one go.

“Great!”

His eyes lit up. After downing the whole jar of wine, he wiped away the wine stains on the corners of his mouth, and his face turned a little red. Although the spiritual energy contained in the wine was negligible to a Great Saint, its taste was really amazing. It was the most delicious wine he had ever tasted!

Moreover, the wine was indeed made from Yellow Spring Grass. He smacked his lips and could taste the grass on his tongue. He was very familiar with Yellow Spring Grass, so he could recognize its flavor. This made his eyes grow brighter.

“I didn’t know Yellow Spring Grass can be used to make wine...” he said in a low voice.

“The wine is made from One-leaf Yellow Spring Grass and One-petal Flower of Helplessness. If I can make it from Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass, the quality and taste of this wine will be improved,” Bu Fang said seriously. “What I said earlier about wanting to make the best wine is not just empty talk. The wine will be ten thousand times better than the one you just drank. That’s why I risked my life to get the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass.”

Ten thousand times?

The Yellow Spring Great Sage’s expression changed.

‘Is he exaggerating? Ten thousand times better than the one I just drank? That kind of wine is really unimaginable! Does such a wine really exist? I’ve tasted all three kinds of fine wines made in the Abyss at its heyday, and they’re not as good as the wine this boy gave me... And now, he said he can make it ten thousand times better...’

The Yellow Spring Great Sage was still reluctant. A Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass was extremely hard to find. If it was used to make wine, the grass would be gone when the wine was finished. He still felt bad at the thought.

“Trust me, good wine is hard to come by. You can plant grass when it’s gone, but when a wine is gone, it’s gone forever,” Bu Fang said.

The Yellow Spring Great Sage was a little moved. Suddenly, his eyes widened, and he said, “I was almost fooled by you! Since One-leaf Yellow Spring Grass can make wine, so can the eight-leaf one! Why do you have to use the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass?!”

“Eight-leaf?” Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth and shook his head. “The best wine must be made with the best ingredients.”

The Yellow Spring Great Sage choked at that, and for a moment, he didn’t know what to say. Bu Fang made that remark with great confidence and boldness, but what he said was reasonable. How could a wine be called the best wine if it wasn’t made with the best ingredients?

Seeing that the Yellow Spring Great Sage was tempted, Bu Fang worked harder to persuade him. After a long time, the palm in midair disappeared.

The Great Saint stared at Bu Fang and said coldly, “Make the wine now... in this Yellow Spring Valley. I want to be the first to drink the best wine. If you dare to deceive me... you know the consequences!”

“Make the wine here?” Bu Fang frowned.

“Why? You can’t do it?” The Yellow Spring Great Sage’s anger flared again when he saw Bu Fang frown.

“I can... But I have a little competition to take part in. It’s important because I have to save an old friend,” said Bu Fang. Then, he raised his hand, and the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass flew into the Great Saint’s hand. “When I’m done, I’ll come back here to make the wine...”

“The competition held by those old guys in Nether Prison? Tsk, tsk, tsk... The purpose of the competition is not that simple.” The Yellow Spring Great Sage gave Bu Fang a deep look and put away the grass with a flip of his hand. “Fine. Come back here after the competition. I’ll wait for you to make the wine... When you finish making the wine, I’ll personally take you to Nether Prison.”

“It’s a deal,” said Bu Fang.

Suddenly, the Great Saint retracted his aura. The force that locked the whole valley disappeared immediately. Bu Fang gave him a look, then put his hands behind his back, stepped through the air, and sped out of the valley.

The Yellow Spring Great Sage watched Bu Fang leave. If it was someone else who talked to him like that, he would have killed him with a slap. However, this boy had an unusual relationship with that mangy dog. In addition, since he could pick the Senseless Lotus, it proved that he was someone extraordinary. So, he chose to trust him for now.

He licked his lips. Of course, the main reason that moved him was the so-called wine that tasted ten thousand times better. Just the thought of it made him feel excited.

...

Boom!

The huge Sacred Nether Puppet crashed to the ground. A golden spear pierced its heart, causing it to dim. Eventually, the blue heart cracked.

In midair, Lu Cheng's face turned very unsightly. He never expected the skeleton in golden armor to be so strong. Was it an Eight-revolution Little Saint or a Nine-revolution one? He was an expert from the Nether Puppeteer Clan. With the help of the Sacred Nether Puppet and his own strength, he had no problem fighting an Eight-revolution Little Saint. However, his puppet was destroyed by the skeleton! After losing its heart, it had lost the ability to continue fighting.

'I must run away!' Lu Cheng gritted his teeth. That was the only thought left in his mind at the moment. Without hesitation, he turned around and sped away. At the same time, numerous low-level Sacred Nether Puppets appeared, flew toward the skeleton, and surrounded it.

The ghostly fire in the skeleton's eye sockets suddenly burned brighter. The next moment, fire emerged and blanketed everything, while lines appeared and spread across the surface of its golden spear. Then, it put all its force into the spear and swung it out.

In the blink of an eye, all the puppets were shattered and turned into pieces of metal that scattered on the ground!

As it watched Lu Cheng fly away, the ghostly fire in the skeleton's eyes seemed to be swirling like vortexes. The next moment, it lifted its spear and threw it at Lu Cheng.

The moment the skeleton threw the spear, however, it suddenly sensed something, which made it turn its gaze in another direction. There, a young man in a striped red-and-white robe came stepping through the air. Because of this moment's distraction, the spear it had aimed at Lu Chang's heart had gone awry.

The spear tore through the air and sped after Lu Cheng. Soon, a slashing sound rang out, accompanied by a miserable howl.

"OUCH!!! Damn skeleton from the Cave of the Fallen Gods! How dare you stab my ass?! I'm not finished with you! When the Nether Puppeteer Clan Great Saints are here, I'll break your bones one by one!" Lu Cheng's voice resounded through the air with shame and anger.

The spear flew back and was held by the skeleton, its tip stained with some blood. However, the skeleton didn't mind. It threw out a fireball and burned off the blood. Then, it fixed its eyes on Bu Fang.

“The holder of the Senseless Lotus...”

The skeleton’s jaws opened and closed, making a strange sound.

Suddenly, a dark shadow slowly drifted over from a distance. A figure lurking in the shadow with a cold aura locked his eyes on Bu Fang and said, “I finally found you... the holder of the Senseless Lotus.” The Black Temple expert also arrived.

Meanwhile, a beam of holy light fell from the sky. The Winged Man Valley expert landed on a tree trunk in the distance. Wearing a circlet of grass he had woven around his head, he watched with great interest as the skeleton and the shadow surrounded the target of his mission.

“Well... Arriving early is not as good as arriving at the right time... It seems my task will be completed easily, and I can go back and report soon without having to do it myself. Great!” the Winged Man Valley expert muttered to himself, chuckling as he folded the two pairs of wings behind him.

Bu Fang put his hands behind his back and hovered in midair. His brows furrowed slightly as he looked at the skeleton in golden armor in front of him and the black shadow behind him. He could sense the terrible aura coming from them. The aura was extremely strong, definitely belonging to top Little Saints!

‘Who are they? Why are they blocking me?’

He even felt killing intent from them.

Killing intent?

Bu Fang’s eyes became sharp. ‘When did I provoke these existences? Two top Little Saints... Are they so determined to kill me?’

Chapter 1286 Fight the Skeleton, Possessed by the Black Turtle!

Lu Cheng fled. He covered his ass and sped away, leaving a trail of blood in the air. That spear attack broke his heart.

When he saw Yellow Spring Town from far away, he felt much relieved. The skeleton from the Cave of the Fallen Gods shouldn't have the audacity to intrude into the town and hunt him down. Forbidden lands were called forbidden lands because they were restricted. Formidable as they were, they couldn't be unscrupulous. Once the skeleton broke into the town, the Cave of the Fallen Gods would be severely cursed.

Therefore, when he saw the town, his heart calmed down.

Like a falling meteor, he landed on the ground. His face had turned purplish-black as if there were a wave of pent-up anger flowing underneath his skin. His legs were a little weak, and his lips were trembling.

The Nether Prison experts who had fled earlier had returned as well. When they saw Lu Cheng, they were very surprised because they didn't expect him to come back faster than them.

"Captain Lu Cheng, how did you get back so soon? Have you destroyed that skeleton?" Lu Yang asked excitedly. However, the only response he got was the captain's cold gaze.

'This guy has to bring it up!' Not only did he not destroy the skeleton, but he had even been stabbed in the ass by it! The pain on his ass made him extremely sensitive now.

In Yellow Spring Town, the few Prison Overlords frowned and watched the Nether Prison contestants returning hastily from the outside. They clearly saw Lu Cheng's injury. Although he tried his best to cover it up, they could still sense the smell of blood coming from him.

"What's the matter?" Jin Jiao's eyes narrowed.

"An expert of the Cave of the Fallen Gods has appeared... You can already announce the end of the semifinal. Most of the other contestants are not coming back," Lu Cheng said, glancing at Jin Jiao with a somewhat bitter expression.

"An expert of the Cave of the Fallen Gods?!"

The expressions of Jin Jiao and the others changed. Why did an expert of that forbidden land appear now? The Prison Overlords exchanged glances and saw the shock in each other's eyes.

“Is it because of the Senseless Lotus?” Luo Ji said, blinking her beautiful big eyes, her pink hair waving.

The Senseless Lotus was indeed likely to be the reason for the forbidden lands to strike. Since Bu Fang was the one who got the lotus, did this not mean that the expert was looking for him?

After having a few words with the others, Jin Jiao carried his Corpse Ghost Soul Sealing Fan and flew out of the town. Yin Jiao and the others remained behind.

You Ji’s face turned cold. She took a step and jumped into the air, flying out of the town. In a flash, she had caught up with Jin Jiao.

Yin Jiao also wanted to follow when he saw You Ji sped away. However, his feet had just left the ground when Luo Ji pulled him back with a hand.

“The town needs guarding! You stay here with me,” she said, pouting her rosy pink lips.

...

Bu Fang was surrounded by a shadow and a skeleton. Terrible killing intent spread in the air, and he didn’t dare to move. He could feel the aura of both experts wrapping around his body like silk threads.

These were two peak Little Saints with incomparable strength.

He took a deep breath and focused his eyes, not daring to be careless.

A skeleton in armor... He wondered where did these strange experts come from? Bu Fang did not know when he had offended them. After all, he was a very low-key person.

He glanced around and found the mess all over the ground. It was evident that there had been a fierce battle. There were many broken metal pieces, which looked like the remnants of a puppet. They all exuded a very strong aura, which meant that they belonged to an extraordinary puppet.

All of a sudden, the skeleton's mouth moved, and an enigmatic voice rang out of it.

“Hand over the... Senseless Lotus...”

The pale blue ghostly fire danced in its eyes, and each of its two hands held a golden spear covered in profound patterns.

‘They’re here for the Senseless Lotus?’ Bu Fang thought to himself. ‘The flower is indeed extraordinary, attracting so many experts...’

However, even he didn’t know what the Senseless Lotus was for. The mysterious existence in the palace told him that if he made it into a dish, it could help him avoid a calamity. In any case, he would not hand it over.

“I don’t have the Senseless Lotus,” Bu Fang said calmly. However, as soon as his voice rang out, his pupils constricted.

A golden spear tore through the void, appeared in front of him, and hit him with a rumble. At this moment, the invincibility of the Vermilion Chef Robe was activated and blocked the attack. Even so, he was knocked flying backward by a tremendous force.

“So strong...” Bu Fang was in a state of shock. The skeleton was too fearsome. He could not even see the trajectory of the spear at all. Had it not been for the invincibility of the Vermilion Chef Robe, he would probably have been pierced by the spear.

“Hehehe... You’d better yield... If you hand over the Senseless Lotus, you may still have a chance to survive.”

The figure in the black mist kept laughing as if to mock Bu Fang. In this expert’s view, Bu Fang was just a One-revolution Little Saint, and such strength was no different from a worm to them. Surrounded by him and the skeleton, Bu Fang would surely die.

The spear flew back and was caught by the skeleton. The ghostly fire in its eyes was beating fiercely as if it was wondering why it had failed to pierce the human with the spear.

Bu Fang took a deep breath. The next moment, several Divine Seal Dumplings appeared and hovered around him. He wasn't very optimistic. He was well aware of the limitations of these dumplings on experts at this level. Basically, their effect was equivalent to nothing.

He gritted his teeth. 'Am I going to use the Sword Pot?' As his trump card, he didn't expect to use the sword pot so soon. Moreover, he wasn't sure if it could suppress the skeleton and the mysterious expert in the black mist.

Suddenly, Bu Fang sensed a calling coming from his spirit sea. Frowning, he entered his spirit sea.

As soon as the Divine Dragon and the Vermilion Bird saw Bu Fang entering the spirit sea, they quickly said, "Little Host, your opponents are too strong this time..."

"I know," said Bu Fang with an indifferent look. He certainly could not escape, and if he really had to fight them, perhaps he could only use the Sword Pot. After all, it was his strongest offensive means so far.

"Let me out," said a cold voice suddenly. In the spirit sea, the White Tiger raised his head cockily and stared at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang paused, then nodded.

The Divine Dragon and the Vermilion Bird were both helpless.

"Little Host is just a One-revolution Little Saint. Although the White Tiger is in charge of the killing, he can only have the fighting capacity of a Five-revolution Little Saint. The opponents this time are two top Little Saints..."

Suddenly, the spirit sea churned, then the massive Black Turtle emerged from the water. A mighty gust of air spewed out of his mouth.

...

Bu Fang's hair turned white, and his aura changed. He looked straight at the skeleton in golden armor with sharp eyes as his expression turned grave. Without saying anything, he sped through the air, rumbling the air with his oppressive aura.

“Your struggle is futile...” The expert wrapped in the black mist sneered as he watched the white-haired Bu Fang flying through the air.

The skeleton said nothing. The ghostly fire flickered in its eyes, then its golden armor clanged. Its skeletal legs bent and straightened in an instant, pushing it into the sky and crashing with Bu Fang.

Roar!

Suddenly, a deafening roar exploded in the air. It was the roar of a tiger, accompanied by endless anger. At the same time, a white tiger emerged in the sky, raised its head, and roared furiously toward the sky.

The next moment, a huge tiger claw appeared and crashed into the skeleton. Shockingly, the skeleton was slapped back and thrown into the ground, blowing up a huge pit.

In midair, white-haired Bu Fang stood proudly with his hands folded across his chest. “In Howling’s eyes, all the people present are rubbish!” he said cockily, raising his chin. However, as soon as he finished speaking, his eyes rolled, and his white hair quickly turned black.

The White Tiger reappeared in the spirit sea, lying listlessly in a corner.

“If I were at my peak strength... I can kill these two crawlies with one claw...” He snorted, his nostrils gushing hot air. He looked unwilling to admit defeat.

The Divine Dragon and the Vermilion Bird both fell silent. After all, they were only Artifact Spirits. Although they could boost Bu Fang’s strength through Spirit Possession, the extent of the enhancement would still be linked to his actual strength. The enemies this time were far too strong.

Bu Fang furrowed his brows. Although the White Tiger had knocked the skeleton flying away with a slap, he had also used up all his energy and became extremely weak. He took a deep breath and decided to return to his body. However, at this moment, the Black Turtle, who had been sleeping, suddenly opened his eyes and looked at him.

“Host, let me out.”

An old voice echoed through the whole spirit sea, slightly stunning Bu Fang.

Even the Vermilion Bird and the Divine Dragon were startled, their eyes widening in disbelief.

The lazy Black Turtle actually decided to strike? He had never gone out to fight since the previous host. They didn't expect that they would have a chance to see him fight this time.

Could it be that...

Before Bu Fang could recover from the shock, the enormous Black Turtle had vanished from his spirit sea.

...

Rubble tumbled into the deep pit as the skeleton, who had been slapped away by the White Tiger, slowly climbed out. The ghostly fire in its eyes was still flickering, and its aura had become more and more horrible.

At this point, the light screens in various small worlds suddenly became clear. Previously, after Bu Fang entered the Yellow Spring Valley, the screens had become blurred. Now, they could finally see what was happening.

Everyone stared at the light screens with wide eyes. However, what they saw made them all gasp.

"This... What's going on?"

"What's that skeleton in golden armor?"

"What's the little chef doing this time?"

The audience was in an uproar. They didn't expect that as soon as the light screens became clear, the first thing they would see was the battle of the little chef.

The bones of the skeleton rattled with each other as it grabbed the two golden spears. The ghostly fire in its eyes flickered once more. The next moment, its aura changed abruptly. With a rumble, a terrible aura exploded out from it and swept out in all directions.

Suddenly, a whirring sound could be heard approaching. Jin Jiao and You Ji had finally arrived. When they saw the skeleton in golden armor, their faces changed.

“It’s really an expert from the Cave of the Fallen Gods...”

Jin Jiao’s face turned very unsightly, and he shouted, “Stop it!” Then, he raised his hand, grabbed the handle of the Corpse Ghost Soul Sealing Fan, and jerked it out. The fan immediately burst into a deep blue light and grew huge in a flash. He gave it a hard swing. A tornado that seemed to be able to wipe out one’s soul flew toward the skeleton at once.

Facing Jin Jiao’s attack, the skeleton just threw out a spear. In the blink of an eye, the tornado was scattered, but the spear’s momentum didn’t decrease, and it continued to fly toward Jin Jiao.

Jin Jiao’s face fell, and he quickly lifted the Corpse Ghost Soul Sealing Fan. He managed to block the spear but was knocked to the ground by its tremendous force.

The scene was transmitted through the light screens to various small worlds. Everyone gasped in disbelief.

“How can this skeleton in golden armor be so... strong?”

“That’s an Earth Prison Overlord! I can’t believe he was thrown away by a spear!”

“How did that little chef provoke such powerful existences?!”

You Ji’s face became extremely grave. She pulled out her hefty sword and let out a loud cry, her aura rising steadily. However, just as she was preparing to attack, a cloud of black mist suddenly drifted in front of her.

“Hehehe... After so many years, all the Earth Prison Overlords have changed. Did those Overlords who followed the previous Nether King... die?” A creepy laugh came out of the black mist.

With a rumble, You Ji was also knocked flying backward. She shot through the air like a cannon and smashed into the ground.

The experts who were watching through the light screens had become numb. In the black mist was yet another terrifying existence who could easily knock a Prison Overlord flying away. They couldn't believe that the little chef was targeted by two such horrible experts. There was no way he could escape death this time!

The skeleton still had a spear left in its hand. It grabbed the spear tightly, the ghostly fire in its eyes flickering. Then, it shot up into the air, turning into a golden shooting star as it approached Bu Fang in midair.

Bu Fang's eyes were shut. As the skeleton closed in on him, the sharp tip of the spear pointed at him, making the air ring with a whistling sound.

Suddenly, just as the skeleton was within one meter of Bu Fang, the latter opened his eyes and revealed a pair of old eyes that was filled with the vicissitudes of life. At the sight of the eyes, the ghostly fire in the skeleton's eye sockets immediately twitched violently.

At the same time, Bu Fang's black hair began to slowly turn dark green...

Chapter 1287 Good Night, Gentlemen

The look in Bu Fang's eyes was like that of someone who had experienced countless vicissitudes of life, and the aura that exuded from him was ancient. His dark green hair fluttered in the wind as he stared at the skeleton who was within one meter of him. His eyes seemed to see through the secular world. An aura that was as majestic as a mountain spread from him, blanketing the whole area as if to suppress everything. The mighty pressure came crashing down and struck the skeleton.

The skeleton's bones rattled, while the ghostly fire in its eyes flickered violently. The next moment, it opened its mouth and thrust its golden spear at Bu Fang's head. It wanted to kill him!

The audience watching the light screen was already in an uproar. They were completely shocked.

"What the hell is going on here? The little chef's hair f*cking changed color again, and this time it turned green? What the f*ck? Green? Such an exotic color? What strange character will he become this time?"

They were used to the fact that Bu Fang's hair would change color at some times, but he had changed into too many colors! At first, it was black, then blond. It had also turned white, then red. And now, it turned dark green...

"Is this little chef going to make his hair into a rainbow? Would rainbow-colored hair make him invincible?!"

Many people, however, were still worried because the skeleton had just knocked a Prison Overlord away with one strike. This level of strength was too horrible. Could this little chef defend himself against it? Or could the little chef with dark-green hair stop it?

The golden spear flew straight toward Bu Fang's head, trying to pierce him. Its power was so terrible that even the void seemed to be torn apart by it!

In the distance, You Ji and Jin Jiao's pupils constricted. Was Bu Fang going to be killed?

Standing on a tree branch with a grass circlet on his head, the Winged Man Valley expert watched with great interest as his eyes gleamed.

"Is the battle about to... end? It's kind of boring. However, it's not the young man's fault. The skeleton and the shadow are too strong. Even if I want to defeat them, it will take some skill and effort."

Two inches, one inch...

Green-haired Bu Fang was calm. He looked as if he would have stood still before a landslide. Then, under the attention of countless people in front of the light screens and under the skeleton's monstrous killing intent, he slowly opened his mouth.

"He opened his mouth? What lethal technique will he use this time?"

Everyone held their breath. They had already figured out Bu Fang's pattern. Whenever this fellow changed the color of his hair, he would use different kinds of amazing tricks. For example, when his hair turned white, his attitude turned cocky, and he could beat a Little Saint to death even when he

was just a half-step Saint. Now, he was opening his mouth... What kind of trick would he use this time?

“Ah...”

Green-haired Bu Fang’s mouth opened wider and wider. Then, with all eyes upon him, he uttered a lazy yawn. Even then, the skeleton’s spear thrust at him and poked a huge hole in the void, where turbulence churned violently.

“What the hell?! Ah... What is that?!”

All the people who waited for Bu Fang to pull his stunt were dumbstruck.

“So many people have been f*cking waiting for the killing strike he’s been brewing for so long, and all he did is yawn?! And... where did he go after yawning?!”

There was a loud rumble, and everyone was stunned.

Even the skeleton, who was hovering in midair and holding the spear, looked confused. Its pale-blue ghostly fire twitched in its eye sockets.

Where did Bu Fang go? Everyone was wondering. Even the projection array seemed to have a hard time finding him, showing the same scene on the light screens for a long time. Then, it finally found him.

There was a huge pit in the ground, and green-haired Bu Fang was lying inside.

“Ah...”

With all eyes on him, he opened his mouth again and yawned leisurely.

The corner of Jin Jiao’s mouth twitched, while You Ji was speechless. The figure in the black mist snorted, and the Winged Man Valley expert in the distance widened his eyes and looked on curiously, wondering what kind of trick was this.

After yawning, Bu Fang seemed to feel that he could not go on like this, so he climbed slowly out of the pit. His body swayed as he walked unsteadily, looking as if he would fall at any time. His appearance made everyone think that he would probably fall asleep the next second.

The skeleton held the spear with the ghostly fire twitching in its eye sockets. A few moments later, it locked onto Bu Fang again and threw the spear at him. With a sharp whistling sound, the golden spear shot out like lightning, flying so fast that there seemed to be a fire burning on its tip.

RUMBLE!

Finally, amid the dazzling light and deafening explosion, the spear completely devoured green-haired Bu Fang.

“Is... Is the little chef dead?”

The audience staring at the light screens was stunned. Looking at the ground covered by the dazzling light and explosion, they didn't know what to say.

After a long time, the smoke and dust finally cleared, and the skeleton also landed on the ground. Its armor kept clanging as it walked slowly toward Bu Fang.

All of a sudden, the ghostly fire in its eye twitched, for it saw another deep pit in the original one. Green-haired Bu Fang was lying on his back with his arms and legs spread out. The golden spear was standing just one inch from the side of his head and was still shaking.

A steady snoring sound rang out from Bu Fang's nose, causing the audience to gasp and exclaim.

“What? He's fine? I can't believe he's unscathed after suffering such a powerful attack! And he's even sleeping...”

“This little chef is going to defy heaven! Also, is he possessed by the Sleeping God?!”

“You can't sleep now! Wake up and fight!”

All the people were shouting in their hearts!

As if hearing their shouts, green-haired Bu Fang staggered to his feet, then opened his mouth again and yawned.

Meanwhile, the people in front of the light screens also opened their mouths and yawned, as if they had been infected by him. Some people even had tears at the corners of their eyes.

“Dammit... Why is his yawn so contagious?!”

The skeleton seemed furious, and it opened its mouth and uttered in a strange voice, “Die...” The next moment, the ground under its feet exploded, while its body shot forward. At the same time, it threw its skeletal fist at Bu Fang’s head, intending to smash it.

“After living for so many years, this old turtle had seen everything in the world... Fighting and killing are boring. Nothing but sleep is the best thing in the world.” Green-haired Bu Fang finally spoke, and his voice seemed to have turned much older. After that, he yawned again.

Everyone in front of the light screen yawned with him. The audience didn’t know whether to laugh or weep. This was supposed to be a serious fight!

Suddenly, a loud rumble rang out like a thunderclap, startling everyone who felt a little sleepy. Only then did they recall that Bu Fang was in a fight.

A wok appeared and hovered in front of green-haired Bu Fang. It was the Black Turtle Constellation Wok.

The skeleton’s fist struck the wok, but it failed to break it. That put a confused look on its face.

Bu Fang put his hands behind his back, yawned, looked at the skeleton with a pair of weary eyes, and said, “This old turtle will remember you... Do you want to sleep too?” After that, he lay flat on his back, his arms and legs outstretched.

The skeleton fell silent, and the audience watching through the light screen was speechless.

‘Why are you sleeping now, motherf*cker? Get up and fight!’ Everyone was screaming inside.

“Good night, little skeleton,” green-haired Bu Fang said faintly. Then, he began to snore.

With a whirring sound, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok suddenly soared into the sky. The next moment, it expanded in midair and turned as huge as a mountain, then fell to the ground with a crash and covered Bu Fang like a huge metal turtle shell.

The atmosphere froze for a moment.

“Good night, gentlemen,” a lazy voice drifted out of the wok, sounding somewhat muffled.

The crowd fell silent.

“Good night... My ass! Stand up and fight like a man! We need a good fight! Don’t hide in the black wok like a turtle hiding in its shell!”

The skeleton flew into a rage. The ghostly fire in its eyes burned brighter, while its aura was rising steadily, causing the surrounding air to twist and distort.

“Hehehe... This is going to be fun!” the expert in the black mist said with great interest. “You think you’re safe in a black wok that looks like a turtle shell? The skeletons of the Cave of the Fallen Gods cultivate their bones, which gives them incredible physical strength. They’re even stronger than the Tyrant Clan in Nether Prison. Sooner or later, the skeleton will break the black wok!”

Jin Jiao and You Ji narrowed their eyes.

The skeleton did what the expert in the black mist had said. Its golden armor clanged as its white bones turned silver and became as strong as metal. Then, it raised a fist and smashed it down at the mountain-like black wok.

RUMBLE!

The punch seemed strong enough to shatter a mountain range and made the whole ground tremble.

All of a sudden, a crisp, cracking sound rang out beside everyone's ears. The black wok remained firmly on the ground, surrounded by clouds of smoke and dust, but the skeleton had retreated several steps, and its skeletal palm was cracked.

What?! What was going on here?

The laughter of the expert in the black mist came to an abrupt end. He felt as if a slap had hit him in the face.

The audience broke out in an uproar. The mighty skeleton had just cracked its hand by punching the black wok? How was that possible?

All of a sudden, a buzzing sound echoed out. Everyone narrowed their eyes and saw a mysterious pattern begin to emerge on the black wok, which was extraordinarily profound and puzzling. The next moment, the pattern spread like ripples and became clear. The audience gasped because they saw that the surface of the black wok was now covered with sharp, earthy-yellow spikes.

They finally figured out why the skeleton's fist cracked after hitting the black wok.

"This black wok... can reflect attacks?!"

"How are they going to fight him? He's too shameless!"

"There's no point in fighting him anymore. They'd better go home, take a shower, and sleep."

The expert in the black mist was a little angry because he had made himself look like a fool. Suddenly, he appeared above the black wok, and then terrible energy began to gather in front of him. The next moment, a black energy cannon shot out of the black mist, fell vertically, and struck the black wok hard.

Boom!

A layer of earth was lifted off by the explosion.

The aura of the expert in the black mist became unstable, while an earthy-yellow halo flashed across his body.

The crowd seemed to hear a soft thud. Now, their expressions were getting more and more strange.

“All close-range attacks will be reflected, while long-range attacks will... rebound? Why did he become so shameless after his hair changed to an exotic color?”

The audience didn't know whether they should weep or laugh. They had been worried about Bu Fang's safety, but now it seemed that they were all worrying for nothing.

Jin Jiao and You Ji were already dumbfounded.

In the distance, the Winged Man Valley expert's eyes narrowed slightly. “Not bad. It seems I still have to attack him myself...” His lips curved upward into a faint smile. The next moment, the two pairs of white wings behind him spread out. Then, he sped toward the black wok, tearing the sky apart like a beam of white light.

As he rushed out, a holy cross light sword emerged and hovered above his head!

I'm Yu Luo from the Winged Man Valley, and I've come to try out the power of your turtle shell!” A deafening voice rang through the air.

Everyone was shocked, and when they sensed the terrible aura that filled the air, they gasped.

The expert in the black mist sped away to the distance, looking a little shocked and surprised.

“He is a Perfected Little Saint?!”

Chapter 1288 Take the Dried Pot with Bare Hands!

The sudden appearance of the Winged Man Valley expert surprised everyone. A terrible beam of light approached at full speed, tearing apart the sky and illuminating the whole area in an instant. It was a light sword shrouded in holiness and surging energy. “He is a Perfected Little Saint?!”

The words shouted by the expert in the black mist shocked everyone.

Little Saints were divided into nine revolutions, and the gap between each revolution was huge. Only top cultivation methods, techniques, and precious materials could make up the gap. Otherwise, it was impossible for one to challenge those who were at higher levels. A Perfected Little Saint was the supreme existence among all Little Saints who had reached the peak and was unlimitedly close to the Great Saint realm!

No one expected such a high-level expert to attack the little chef.

The light sword pierced through the air, crossed the sky, and slashed down at the Black Turtle Constellation Wok that was glowing with an earthy-yellow light. The expert in the black mist gave a cry of horror, while the ghostly fire in the skeleton's eye sockets flickered. Apparently, they were also shocked by the Winged Man Valley expert's attack.

With a loud boom, the sword struck hard on the wok. The power of the sword was extremely terrible. The whole sky was creaking as a blinding light erupted from the impact point, illuminating the whole area and dazzling all eyes. What followed was a cloud of smoke and dust, and a sweeping wave of air.

After being struck by a Perfected Little Saint, this turtle shell, no, this black wok should have been blown to pieces, right?

Everyone fell silent. They didn't know what Bu Fang had done, which put him in a situation where he was not only being attacked by two Nine-revolution Little Saints but also targeted by a Perfected Little Saint from the Winged Man Valley. It was a deadly situation!

The pupils of Jin Jiao and You Ji constricted, and their expressions changed dramatically. The situation had gone beyond their expectation. The appearance of the experts from the forbidden lands and the Perfected Little Saint from the Winged Man Valley made the situation completely out of their control. Bu Fang was probably out of luck this time!

The audience, who had been a little sleepy due to green-haired Bu Fang's yawns, had already woken up at this moment and were no longer sleepy. Everyone was staring at the light screen, looking at the spot where the brilliant sword light burst out.

"What happened to the little chef?"

Amid the surging smoke and dust, the mountain-like black wok could still be vaguely seen. Then, when the smoke finally cleared, everyone saw that the ancient, heavy wok was still intact, with earthy-yellow light swirling over its surface. However, they could also clearly see that it had sunk a little into the ground.

“This wok is really... hard. It’s not invincible, though.” The winged man, Yu Luo, chuckled. He straightened the grass circlet on his head, then said with a hint of a smile in his eyes, “I’m sure it will be blown to pieces after a few more hits!”

The expert in the black mist was drifting around like a dark cloud, while the ghostly fire in the skeleton’s eyes was flickering. Both of them were watching Yu Luo in midair.

They were not worried that Bu Fang would keep hiding in the wok. Although the wok could reflect damage, with their ability to recover, the effect was negligible. As long as they continued to attack, they could break the wok sooner or later because it took a lot of energy to maintain this kind of defense. As Nine-revolution Little Saints and a Perfected Little Saint, they were not afraid of wasting energy with a One-revolution Little Saint.

...

In his spirit sea, Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth when he saw the Black Turtle Constellation Wok’s insane defense.

“The Black Turtle’s still going strong though getting on in years...” the Divine Dragon said, swaying his body.

The Vermilion Bird also flapped her wings and looked a little surprised. “In terms of defense, the Black Turtle is indeed the strongest among us. If he really tried his best, even a Great Saint cannot break through his defense in a short time.”

The White Tiger seemed a little unconvinced, but the Black Turtle’s performance made him speechless, so he only snorted. The turtle had lived too long, and the rest of them really couldn’t match that. He admitted that the turtle was better than him in terms of defense, but when it came to killing, he, Howling, was still the strongest!

At the thought of that, the White Tiger raised his head proudly and snorted again.

“But to keep hiding under the wok is not a solution... Moreover, although they cannot break the wok’s defense now, as long as they keep attacking, they’ll eventually exhaust the wok’s defense...” Bu Fang frowned.

“Exhaust the Black Turtle’s defense?” The White Tiger seemed to have heard something ridiculous. “Do you think the turtle slept for nothing? The reason why he keeps sleeping is to reduce consumption... The energy he has accumulated... Hmph, I’m not bragging. Even if we give that bird-man a hundred years, he may not be able to break the turtle’s defense! Unless a Great Saint breaks it by brute force, otherwise...”

“Otherwise what?” Bu Fang asked, puzzled.

“Otherwise, no one under the Great Saint Realm can break the Black Turtle’s shell!” the Divine Dragon said, raising his head.

His words were very powerful, but they sounded somewhat awkward.

Bu Fang stroked his chin, thought for a moment, then began to communicate with the Black Turtle.

...

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Yu Luo was very excited because the appearance of such a punching bag had brought some entertainment to his boring task. Therefore, he kept wielding his light sword and attacking. Although each of his attacks failed to break through the wok’s defense, he still attacked happily. The fact that he could attack freely with all his might made him feel refreshed, and he was shivering with a pleasant feeling.

The expert in the black mist and the skeleton in golden armor were also constantly attacking. The attack of the three supreme existences among Little Saints made everyone swallow hard. However, what shocked them even more was Bu Fang’s unshakable turtle shell.

Suddenly, the turtle shell moved. Everyone could clearly sense the movement because their attention was locked on it at the moment. Therefore, any slight movement of it would be magnified in their minds.

“Is it going to break at last? It can’t hold on any longer?” The corner of Yu Luo’s mouth twitched slightly. Just as he had expected, the mere turtle shell couldn’t resist his attack at all. He felt lonely to be so formidable...

The ghostly fire in the skeleton’s eyes was flickering, and its attack was getting fiercer and fiercer. “Hand over... the Senseless Lotus.”

Boom!

It struck the wok with a punch, causing it to shake. The reflected damage was blocked by its golden armor.

“So, you came for the Senseless Lotus too... So did I. What a coincidence.” Yu Luo glanced at the skeleton and the expert in the black mist in surprise. “However, I still have to kill this boy... I can’t help it. After all, it’s a mission. That’s why I need to do more work than you,” he said ruefully.

The skeleton ignored him, and the expert in the black mist was too lazy to pay him any mind. However, the crowd who was watching through the light screen exclaimed.

“I understand now... This bird-man is sent by the Winged Man Valley to avenge their team leader who was killed by the little chef!”

“That’s right! The saying that the Winged Man Valley seeks revenge for the smallest grievance is indeed true!”

“It’s over... A Winged Man Valley expert plus two other mighty experts... The little chef is dead!”

...

In the Immortal Cooking Realm...

The people watching this scene were already outraged. They couldn’t believe that their Great Demon King was jointly attacked by so many people. It was so unfair! The Winged Man Valley

expert was killed in the competition, but now they sent someone to avenge him? This was so despicable and unreasonable!

However, it was no use for them to get angry. The Immortal Cooking Realm was only just recovering, so it was no match for the Winged Man Valley. They couldn't send experts to help Bu Fang.

...

Creak...

A muffled sound suddenly rang out. The three experts stopped attacking at the same time, while Yu Luo narrowed his eyes. The sound came from the black wok.

"Ah..."

Another yawn echoed out of the wok. The audience didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"Have you attacked enough? This old turtle already said good night to you all, and you still kept on pestering me... Do you know that disturbing someone's sleep is equivalent to murdering someone for money?" said a muffled voice. Then, the wok was slowly lifted. All eyes were fixed on it as dust and dirt rolled down from it.

Suddenly, a violent fluctuation spread from the wok, and then a silver beam of light shot out as well.

"What is that?"

Yu Luo raised an eyebrow and glanced doubtfully at the light beam, then lifted a hand and threw a palm at it. With a deafening rumble and a force that seemed to destroy everything, the palm collided with the silver light.

The next moment, his face fell. "F*ck! What is this?!" His expression looked as if he had just seen a ghost.

The silver light faded away, revealing a steaming dried pot with a dumpling and seven meatballs inside.

“What the hell is this? A dish? That fellow didn’t cook such a dish after hiding in the turtle shell for half a day, did he?”

Yu Luo naturally didn’t know what this dried pot was, but the audience watching through the light screen did.

Jin Jiao and You Ji also knew what it was. As soon as they saw it, their expressions changed dramatically, and they turned and ran away without hesitation.

An uproar broke out in the audience. No one thought that such a brave man could exist in the world. He actually picked up a dried pot with his bare hands? Everyone observed a moment of silence for him.

An explosion broke out with a deafening boom!

A terrible rumbling sound echoed through the void, and then a blazing fire swept across all directions.

In the sky, a huge mushroom cloud completely devoured Yu Luo. The moment the Perishing Pot exploded, he knew that it was going to be bad. When it exploded, a rainbow-colored light enveloped him, and to his horror, he found that he couldn’t move for a brief moment. It would be fine if that were all, but his physical defense plummeted at that moment to the level of a Seven or Eight-revolution Little Saint!

He was a Perfected Little Saint, so close to stepping into the Great Saint Realm! As long as he could condense his own Will of the Great Path, he would become a Great Saint!

And yet, he had f*cking taken the dried pot with his bare hands!

The mushroom cloud ascended into the sky, bringing horrible loud noise and a soaring explosion.

After throwing the Perishing Pot, green-haired Bu Fang brought the Black Turtle Constellation Wok down again and let the explosion hit it.

The skeleton and the expert in the black mist were not far away from Yu Luo, and they also had no idea what the Perishing Pot was, so they, too, were swallowed by the explosion.

The skeleton was smashed on the ground in the distance with many bones broken, while the expert in the black mist was also thrown to the ground and kept wailing in pain.

After some time, the mushroom cloud in the sky finally dispersed, revealing the scene after the explosion. All the people who saw it through the light screen couldn't help exclaiming. The sight was simply too shocking!

Yu Luo hovered in midair. His white feathers were all charred, his face was blackened, and much of his blond hair was burnt. He now looked like a poor beggar.

"I..."

He was so angry that his lips trembled.

Suddenly, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok moved again, and then another silver beam of light shot out, flying across the sky like a silver meteor.

"Again?! Do you think I will pick it up with my bare hands again?"

Yu Luo's eyes were almost on fire. Did that little chef think he would fall for the same trick twice? He moved in midair. His wings spread behind him, his long legs stretched straight, and his ragged clothes fluttered in the wind.

At that moment, he felt that he had become a fairy! Of course, the feeling disappeared when he saw the silver beam of light moving toward him.

Facing the light, his hands lifted uncontrollably, and he caught it firmly. When the light faded away, he saw another dried pot.

"I... Why the f*ck did I pick it up with my bare hands again?!"

BOOM!

An explosion rang out again.

At that moment, the skeleton struggled to its feet, the blue ghostly fire pulsating in its eyes. The next moment, the blue fire turned blood-red and looked as if thousands of souls were dancing in it. After that, the fire floated out of its eyes and drew a bloody fire array over its head.

With a rumble, the array began to rotate, and for a moment, the void seemed to be burning.

All of a sudden, an extremely terrible aura spread out from the array, and then a golden skeleton arm came reaching out and slapped at the Black Turtle Constellation Wok!

The moment the golden skeleton arm appeared, the Yellow Spring Great Sage, who was holding a grass in the Yellow Spring Valley, sneered. "He can't hold it anymore?" With the grass in his hand, he took a step and immediately disappeared!

At the same time, a dog bark suddenly resounded through the air. Then, the void was torn apart, and a dog paw reached out of it and slapped fiercely at the golden skeleton arm!

Chapter 1289 Lord Dog Strikes

Great Saints were considered forbidden existences. Once they struck, they would immediately attract everyone's attention. In their eyes, a fight below their level was only a small brawl. It was the same even when the Perfected Little Saint from the Winged Man Valley struck just now. Even Lord Dog wouldn't interfere when no Great Saints were involved. After all, he was now preparing for something big.

However, once a Great Saint struck, the situation would be different. For example, the Winged Man Valley leader had summoned the clone of a Great Saint in the previous competition. It was a violation of the rules, so Lord Dog immediately appeared and destroyed the clone with his paws.

This time, forced by the Black Turtle-possessed Bu Fang, the skeleton in golden armor had summoned a Great Saint from the forbidden land. When the Great Saint's aura spread out, it shocked everyone. Even the light screens quivered slightly under the Great Saint's power, and the image became a little blurry. However, the audience could still get a general view of the scene.

In midair, a blood-colored fire array spun, and from it, a golden skeleton arm reached out, slapping at Bu Fang who was hiding under the black wok. The arm shone brightly with mysterious runes carved across its surface. Its power seemed to be able to shatter the sky and the earth. As soon as it appeared, all the people held their breath.

Jin Jiao and You Ji had turned pale. By this time, the competition was utterly beyond their control. There was no way they could stop the interference of a Great Saint. Lord Ying Long might be able to do that, but he was guarding the Nether King now, so it was impossible for him to come.

When he saw the golden skeleton arm, green-haired Bu Fang immediately went under the black wok. The next moment, the arm fell from the sky and struck hard on the wok with a deafening rumble. A buzzing sound could be heard as the wok trembled, and then was smashed deeper into the ground, causing the earth to crack and rocks to fly in all directions.

Suddenly, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok shrank and hovered over Bu Fang's palm, while his dark-green hair also turned black.

At the same time, the void was torn apart. A dog bark rang through the skies, and then a dog paw fell and slapped at the golden arm. Sensing the paw, the owner of the arm seemed a little angry. Instead of dodging, the palm turned and went straight toward Lord Dog's paw.

In the blink of an eye, the two mighty beings collided in midair, producing a deafening rumble that rang through the entire Earth Prison.

A blaze of light burst from the screen, making it hard for the audience to see anything. Soon, when the light was gone, everyone gasped.

In the shocked eyes of all, the dog paw broke a finger bone of the golden skeleton arm, which fell from midair and smashed hard into the ground, creating a deep pit as if it was as heavy as a mountain!

"Earth Prison Dog! Don't you stop me! I must get the Senseless Lotus!" A roar of anger burst out of the array.

All of a sudden, the sky was torn to pieces. A figure stepped through the air, holding a grass in his hand as he watched with a playful look in his eyes. The Yellow Spring Great Sage had arrived. He glanced at Bu Fang, who was standing on the ground with a straight face, then casually threw out a palm.

The palm hit the golden skeleton arm suspended over the array like the Yellow Spring River pouring down from the sky, causing cracks to appear on its surface.

“Why didn’t you pick the Senseless Lotus yourself when it floated quietly on the Yellow Spring River? Now that it has been picked by someone, you’re here to rob the other’s fruit of labor?” A gentle, magnetic voice rang out of the rift in the void, and then another dog paw came slapping out. “I really can’t stand shameless people like you... although you skeletons don’t know what shame is.”

Boom!

The dog paw and the skeleton arm hit each other again. The world seemed to have turned much darker. With an unwilling roar, the golden skeleton arm slowly retracted into the array.

The Yellow Spring Great Sage chuckled and flicked his finger. Suddenly, another stream of Yellow Spring River water fell from the sky and broke the array. The skeleton in golden armor was also hit by the water, smashing him to the ground and breaking into white bones.

“Yellow Spring! Earth Prison Dog! I’ll not spare you! I’ll definitely kill you!” A blood-colored ghostly fire appeared on the white bones, beating fiercely. It seemed to turn into a ferocious face that was growling and unleashing a curse. Its voice was full of unwillingness, brutality, and monstrous killing intent.

“Shut up, you ugly thing.” The Yellow Spring Great Sage’s eyes grew cold as he pointed out a finger. The next moment, a huge finger descended from the sky, crushing the ghostly fire completely. At the same time, the bones that had been twitching and trying to get together again were completely shattered, turning into bones scraps and scattering all over the ground. Just like that, the skeleton in golden armor, who was a peak Little Saint, had fallen.

In midair, the black mist was churning, then it turned into a beam of light and sped away toward the distance. The death of the skeleton was a great shock to the expert in the black mist. He turned and flew away without hesitation, trying to escape. He was no match for the Yellow Spring Great Sage.

‘That brainless damn skeleton! I can’t believe it actually summoned a Great Saint! How could the Yellow Spring Great Sage just sit back and watch when it summoned a Great Saint at his doorstep?’ the expert swore in his mind.

The black mist quickly turned into a beam of light and sped away.

Nothing was more important than his life, not even the Senseless Lotus. What he had to do now was to get out of this trouble as soon as possible. Otherwise, he would suffer the same fate as the skeleton. Fortunately, he didn't summon a Great Saint of the Black Temple, which was his token to survive.

Suddenly, a terrible pressure completely enveloped him. He jerked his head up, and his eyes widened in disbelief. In the sky, a dog paw came smashing down toward him!

"WHY?!" His mind trembled, and he growled unwillingly.

With a rumble, the black mist dispersed, revealing the expert. He was a figure completely wrapped in bandages. His eyes were scarlet, and his hand was holding a dagger as he flew across the void at full speed.

"I didn't summon a Great Saint! Why are you killing me?!" the expert of the Black Temple roared, shocked and furious.

"Does Lord Dog need a reason to kill you? I just don't like the Black Temple." Lord Dog's gentle and magnetic voice rang out.

The next moment, a dog paw fell from the sky and slapped the Black Temple Little Saint. With a ripping sound, the expert's body burst completely and turned into a puddle of black mess.

In the distance, the Yellow Spring Great Sage narrowed his eyes as he looked at the dog paw that crushed the Black Temple expert into a puddle of blood and gore. "Has this mangy dog grown stronger again?" he muttered to himself. Then, he slightly twitched the corner of his mouth and chuckled. "Well, it's good that he has become stronger, for Earth Prison will have a stronger backer... Since Tian Cang's death, Nether Prison has been anxious to do something... It's better to let the dog scare them."

...

Everyone looking at the light screen was silent.

“What just happened? Was that a fight between Great Saints?”

“Our forefathers have not deceived us... If you haven’t become a Great Saint, you are no different from a worm...”

The power of Great Saints was simply the power of heaven and earth. They had condensed their own small worlds and had the Wills of the Great Path that was independent of that of heaven and earth, and that made them almost invincible.

The dog had broken a Great Saint’s finger bone with a paw, then killed a peak Little Saint with another. It shocked everyone. Only now did they know that there were still so many Great Saints in Earth Prison!

...

In the boundless void of Earth Prison, a chubby black dog lay prone in midair, waving his paw gracefully. The movement made the fat on his body wobble. The next moment, Lord Dog stood up and looked into the distance. His eyes were fixed on a black palace that seemed to be embedded in darkness.

“The Black Temple...” His eyes were cold. “You are best at sneak attack and assassination. If Tian Chang and I hadn’t been ambushed by you... how could Nether Prison defeat us so easily?! I’ve finally come back this time, and it’s time to settle scores with you!”

After saying that, his body twisted and slowly disappeared into the void.

Meanwhile, the Black Temple also sensed that the assassin they sent to find the Senseless Lotus was killed. For the forbidden land, every expert was extremely important. The death of a peak Little Saint was a great loss to the Black Temple!

“Dammit! How dare you kill an expert of the Black Temple... When the Black Temple makes a comeback, you will all die!”

...

Bu Fang let out a soft sigh and put the Black Turtle Constellation Wok away. In his spirit sea, the Black Turtle was already lying near the spiritual whirlpool and had fallen asleep.

Although the attack of the golden skeleton arm was powerful, it only made the Black Turtle feel a little itch on his back. Unless a Great Saint attacked in person, it was very difficult for anyone to break his defense. Now, since the Yellow Spring Great Sage and Lord Dog were involved, there was no doubt that Bu Fang was safe.

In the sky, Yu Luo, the Winged Man Valley expert who was turned into a black bird by the two Perishing Pots, was dumbfounded. He opened his mouth and breathed out a puff of black smoke. Even several of his white feathers were charred. The Perishing Pots and the Divine Sealing Dumplings had nearly killed him. If he was not a Perfected Little Saint but a peak Little Saint, the act of blocking them with his bare hands would have seriously injured him, if not killed him. He was caught off guard by the seven-colored light that had reduced his defense.

Lord Dog was gone, but the Yellow Spring Great Sage was still here. A horrible aura locked the void, and the whole sky was locked down by a mighty force.

Yu Luo's face had turned purplish-red. How could he escape from a Great Saint? Although he was a Perfected Little Saint and was not far from the Great Saint Realm, he was still a Little Saint. There was an insurmountable gap between him and a Great Saint!

"Oh... A bird-man from the Winged Man Valley?" The Yellow Spring Great Sage held the grass in his hand and looked at Yu Luo indifferently.

The expert from the forbidden land was killed, and there was still a Little Saint from a small world left. What would happen to this guy?

Everyone, including Jin Jiao, You Ji, and the experts who were watching through the light screen, was very curious.

Bu Fang produced a pot of tea and drank from it. Although he had condensed his divine will, his mental force was almost exhausted after using two Perishing Pots mixed with Explosive Meatballs and Divine Sealing Dumplings and being possessed by Artifact Spirits. Therefore, he needed the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea to recover. He also wanted to see what would happen to the bird-man. This was the guy who attacked the black wok the most just now. Of course, he was also the only one who caught the Perishing Pots accurately.

Yu Luo blinked and glanced around. He looked at Bu Fang, and then at the Yellow Spring Great Sage. Suddenly, he felt like crying. He just wanted to take a good vacation... He didn't understand why he had been sent on such a mission.

Plop!

All of a sudden, he dropped to his knees in midair with tears trickling down his face. "Brother, I was wrong! I surrender!"

Facing the Yellow Spring Great Sage, Yu Luo chose to give up.

The scene made everyone laugh. "What about your f*cking dignity as a Perfected Little Saint?!"

...

Meanwhile, in the Winged Man Valley...

A Great Saint flew into a rage. He threw out a beam of light and completely destroyed a mountain!

"What a disgrace! How can a noble Winged Man yield to others?! Dammit! Not only did he not get the Senseless Lotus, but he also failed to take revenge! The Winged Man Valley will not suffer this without doing anything!"

Chapter 1290 Enter Nether Prison, The Finals Begin

Yu Luo's surrender took everyone by surprise. No one thought that this fellow would give up his dignity as a Perfected Little Saint. Under the mighty pressure of the Yellow Spring Great Sage, he had dropped to his knees and begged for mercy. In fact, no one knew that he was bleeding inside. He just wanted to have a good vacation after he finished the task. However, he didn't expect that he would fail!

"My Stone Statue Ghost Kings have just been broken by a bunch of unruly boys from Nether Prison. You will take their place and guard the entrance for me," the Great Saint said faintly.

Yu Luo's heart was filled with grief. As a noble Winged Man and a Perfected Little Saint, he was reduced to guarding for others. He was very upset. He took a deep look at Bu Fang, who was drinking tea from a teapot, then sighed with his charred wings drooping.

The corner of the Yellow Spring Great Sage's mouth curled upward slightly as he glanced at Bu Fang. "I'll wait for you, boy," he said meaningfully. After that, he grabbed Yu Luo by the arm, took a step, and disappeared before all eyes.

Jin Jiao and You Ji flew over from a distance. When they saw that Bu Fang was unscathed, their expressions became a little strange.

"I can't believe you're still in one piece after resisting those attacks from peak Little Saints?" Jin Jiao said, taking a deep breath. His eyes grew incredulous as he looked at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang put away the teapot. After a few sips of the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea, he felt much refreshed, and his mental force had recovered a lot. Hearing Jin Jiao's words, he just twitched the corner of his mouth.

"As long as Great Saints don't show up in person, any attempt to kill me is just a joke," he said.

His reply made Jin Jiao and You Ji gasp, and the audience who heard them through the light screen broke out into an uproar.

"This showboating... We approve it!"

"This little chef is getting better and better at showboating!"

"How can Great Saints show up casually?"

Among the crowd in front of the light screen, some were shocked by Bu Fang's strength, while some were shocked by his powerful remark.

As long as Great Saints didn't show up, no one could kill him!

How many people in this world could attract a Great Saint to attack him?

Bu Fang knew very well that his current cultivation base was still too weak. If he was stronger, when he was possessed by Artifact Spirits, the power they could exert would be even stronger, and he might even be able to resist attacks from a Great Saint. After all, the Black Turtle's defense was almost invincible.

Jin Jiao and You Ji didn't waste time and directly brought Bu Fang back to Yellow Spring Town.

There was no light screen in the town. After all, it was prepared for the competition rather than for the audience. The Nether Prison experts paced restlessly back and forth in the square, while Lu Cheng leaned against a wall with his buttocks facing outside. There was a wound on his ass, which was pierced by the skeleton's golden spear.

"That little chef must be dead, isn't he?"

"The skeleton in golden armor is from the Cave of the Fallen Gods, an expert from a forbidden land. Even Captain Lu Cheng was seriously injured by it. How could the little chef survive?"

"He's just a mere One-revolution Little Saint. Maybe he has some means to fight a Two-revolution Little Saint, but the skeleton is a peak Little Saint... There's no way he could escape death this time!"

The Nether Prison experts had nothing to do, so they talked with each other. Zhang Xuan was dead, killed by the Yellow Spring Great Sage with a slap. No one was to be blamed for this, though they all felt that he had died wrongly.

After some time, three figures flew from outside the town and landed in the square. Everyone's eyes lit up and looked at them, but what they saw made them all gasp.

"That little chef is... not dead?!"

"Not only is he still alive, but he's also unscathed! How's that possible? Isn't he targeted by the skeleton?!"

"What a lucky guy... The fluctuation of the battle just now was so terrible. He's so weak, and yet he's still alive!"

The Nether Prison experts were all surprised when they saw the expressionless and unscathed Bu Fang.

As soon as Jin Jiao and You Ji landed in the square with Bu Fang, Yin Jiao and Luo Ji rushed up to them. Seeing that Bu Fang was still alive, the two of them couldn't help but breathe sighs of relief. Earlier, when they heard the appearance of an expert from the Cave of the Fallen Gods, they all thought he was dead. In the end, he was still alive and well.

Suddenly, Jin Jiao thought of something. He squinted at Bu Fang and asked, "By the way, have you found a jade plate?"

Bu Fang nodded and raised his hand. On his palm, a jade plate with the 'one' symbol carved on its surface appeared. There was no doubt that this was the jade plate representing the first place, and it was found by him.

The Nether Prison experts in the distance were chagrined at the sight of Bu Fang's jade plate. They had been searching for it for a long time and couldn't find it. It turned out that he had found it before them. Didn't that mean the first place of the individual competition was won by this puny little chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm?

The audience exploded into an uproar when they saw the jade plate in Bu Fang's hand through the light screen. If the first place of the semifinal was won by this little chef, it was basically a slap in the face of all Nether Prison experts. They all claimed to be geniuses, and although they were only from the second-best team, they had looked down on Bu Fang and others. In the end, however, the first place was won by someone they looked down upon.

Two figures slowly walked into the town. They were Fa Wu and Fa Shang. Fa Shang's face was somewhat gloomy because he couldn't find a jade plate. The rest of the jade plates were already taken by the Nether Prison contestants. At this point, all the contestants had returned because the time was up. Almost all of them came back empty-handed, except Fa Wu, who held a jade plate in his hand.

Jin Jiao stepped into the arena and asked all the contestants who had found the jade plates to also step into the arena. Eight Nether Prison contestants stood up and took the stage. Of the ten jade plates, they got eight, while the remaining two were found by Bu Fang and Fa Wu. These ten contestants were the semi-finalists. They would enter Nether Prison for the finals.

The result was somewhat unexpected. The contestants from Earth Prison were all eliminated, and one contestant from the West Little Buddhism Realm and one from the Immortal Cooking Realm were in the top ten.

...

Everyone who looked at the light screen in Nether Prison was silent. The Immortal Cooking Realm was a very weak small world, but its contestant had won first place in this semifinal. It was kind of ironic.

On the other hand, the Nether Prison contestants in the arena were furious. It was Bu Fang's scheme that killed Zhang Xuan. If he were still alive, he would surely lead them to find all the jade plates, and they would also take up all the top ten places in the semifinal. If that happened, they wouldn't have glanced at the audience outside the arena with the look in their eyes now. They would be as confident and proud as ever.

...

Meanwhile, the people in the Immortal Cooking Realm were already boiling. For them, it was a miracle that Bu Fang had won first place in the semifinal of the individual competition.

"As always, the Great Demon King never ceases creating miracles!"

"The Great Demon King is indeed the Immortal Cooking Realm's pride!"

"The Great Demon King is invincible! Try your best to win first place in the finals!"

The Immortal Cooking Realm experts were all screaming with excitement. Even Meng Qi and the other city lords sitting in front of the light screen were chuckling. Bu Fang had indeed brought great honor to the Immortal Cooking Realm. They thought the Immortal Cooking Realm would be cannon fodder for this tournament, but he alone had made the team the greatest dark horse in the competition! That was enough for them. Even if he lost the first match in the finals after entering Nether Prison, they would still be proud enough. At the very least, they had made an appearance in front of all the experts from different small worlds.

...

Jin Jiao took the jade plates back and announced the ranking. The more Nether Prison contestants listened, the angrier they became. The rankings were a humiliation to them, as the first and third places were taken by two experts from other small worlds. They would surely be laughed at by the best team once they got back to Nether Prison. Perhaps, at this moment, they had already become the laughing stock of the best team.

“Don’t be so full of yourself... The finals won’t be as easy as the semifinals. The members of the best team are a group of freaks,” a Nether Prison expert gritted his teeth and said to Bu Fang. They were upset by his attitude and wanted to frighten him.

However, Bu Fang only glanced at them indifferently and said, “You don’t know anything. As long as Great Saints don’t show up in person, any attempt to kill me is just a joke...”

His words shocked the Nether Prison experts. They couldn’t believe he was so confident and reckless. Moreover, it sounded strange to them when such a remark was made by a mere One-revolution Little Saint.

“You can all go back and have a good rest now. The semifinals of the individual and team competitions are over, and so are the competitions held in Earth Prison. Next, the finals of the individual and team competitions will be held in Nether Prison. Before going there, you all have three days to rest,” Jin Jiao said.

The look in his eyes was somewhat complicated. None of Earth Prison’s contestants made it to the finals of the individual competition. Fortunately, they qualified for the team finals and had the chance to enter Nether Prison. Otherwise, it would be a slap in the face. As one of the organizers, how could Earth Prison not have a contestant in the finals?

After Jin Jiao announced that the competition was over, Bu Fang left the arena and returned to the inn.

As soon as he entered the inn, he saw that Zhu Yan and the others were still in their rooms. Obviously, they were still cultivating and trying to break through. So he went back to his room, washed up, and had a good rest. He was also tired from the battle and the competition.

After relaxing for a while, he entered the Heaven and Earth Farmland. Nowadays, the spiritual energy in the farmland was very rich. His apprentices were all cultivating there, and their cultivation bases were soaring, especially Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu. The spiritual energy in the

Light Wind Empire was hundreds of times worse than the farmland, so their cultivation bases had improved by leaps and bounds.

Lu Cheng's Sacred Nether Puppet had been smashed by the skeleton, so Bu Fang couldn't get its heart to repair Whitey. If he wanted to find another one, he had to go to Nether Prison. He had a feeling that the trip to Nether Prison would not be an easy one. In his view, Nether Prison seemed to be enveloped in an enormous haze, fraught with peril. Therefore, he didn't dare to be careless and planned to make more preparations before setting out.

He also thought of another thing. As an overlord-class small world, people living in Nether Prison must have strong purchasing power. If he wanted to improve his cultivation base, he must find ways to increase the rate of accumulating more turnover while he was there. And so, what dishes to cook had become a headache for him.

Bu Fang spent the next three days in the farmland, studying new dishes. Such days were always pleasant and short.

Three days passed quickly. On the fourth day, he left the farmland. Nethery and Foxy didn't go out with him.

Bu Fang opened his door. To his surprise, Zhu Yan and the others were already waiting for him outside. They looked refreshed, and their cultivation bases had greatly improved. Without a doubt, this trip to Earth Prison had brought them great benefits.

They were all very excited because they could represent the Immortal Cooking Realm in the finals held in Nether Prison. This filled their hearts with a sense of honor.

A huge array had been carved in the center of the square, covering the entire arena. The contestants arrived in droves. Fa Wu saw Bu Fang from a distance, and he nodded to the latter. Over the past three days, the West Little Buddhism Realm team had filled up five contestants.

Everyone stepped into the arena.

The Nether Prison experts were all staring at Bu Fang. As someone who had taken the first place in the individual competition, he naturally became a thorn in their side. They were all sneering because Nether Prison was their home court. Once they were there, Bu Fang would be at their mercy!

Surrounded by the din of the contestants, Lu Cheng inserted one crystal after another into the sockets of the array. Soon, the array activated and began to shine brightly. All of a sudden, a white beam of light fell from the sky and enveloped the whole arena.

When the light faded away, everyone in the arena disappeared.

Jin Jiao, You Ji, and the others took a deep breath as they watched the light fade away. They wondered how these contestants would perform in Nether Prison, as they were about to face those terrifying geniuses of Nether Prison's best team.