

Gourmet 1301

Chapter 1301 A Palm Strike From the Great Saint, the Nether King Leaves the Seclusion

“This is a Death Food Tool called... the Crazy Sword Pot.” Bu Fang’s faint voice resounded through the sky and swept across the city in an instant. Everyone woke up at the sound.

The Black Temple assassin didn’t expect that Bu Fang would strike back.

‘What will this One-revolution Little Saint use to fight back?’

The gap between a One-revolution Little Saint and a Nine-revolution Little Saint was huge. This was also why he was overjoyed when he guessed that the Sacred Puppet City experts would not show up—that would give him enough time to kill this little chef.

An earthy-yellow clay pot was suspended in Bu Fang’s hand. Its lid was lifted, and out came the fragrance and the heat, as well as bright, dazzling light. In the night sky, the pot seemed as bright as a diamond.

With a buzzing sound, an invisible wave spread from the pot. The terrible power made everyone present feel their hearts tremble. It was as if something terrible was about to be released.

The moment Bu Fang took out the Sword Pot, Zhang Qiubai’s skin was crawling with goosebumps, and his eyes were filled with disbelief. He took a deep breath. He could feel the sword will from the pot. It was not strong, not even as strong as his, but there were too many of them, so many that it was as if they could destroy the whole world. It was very scary.

In front of them, he felt that his sword will was like a wisp of spray in the vast sea. It was a very incredible feeling! This was the first time Zhang Qiubai had felt that way. Facing the clay pot, he felt as if he were facing the patriarch of his clan.

The patriarch of the Sword Demon Clan was a Great Saint! He became a Great Saint with his sword will and was called the real Sword Demon. Even the Great Saints of the other clans did not dare confront his sharpness!

That made Zhang Qiubai’s hair stand on end. He couldn’t believe he had felt that from a One-revolution Little Saint.

“What trick is that?!”

“It’s horrible! It feels like facing the Great Saint of my clan!”

“Heaven... Has this guy been hiding his strength all along?”

Lu Yu and the others were already struck dumb. They were not stupid. Feeling that even the air had become sharp, they knew how terrible Bu Fang’s trick was this time!

The Black Temple expert’s eyes went wide with horror at this moment. Upon sensing the power of the Sword Pot, he turned and fled without another word. He was decisive because he sensed death from it.

In the sky, the Sacred Puppet City’s Nine-revolution Little Saint shot out at full speed and hovered in front of Bu Fang, his face very serious. Staring at Bu Fang, he raised his hand and said coldly, “Stop it!” The way he looked at Bu Fang was already hostile.

“Did you enjoy the show? Can’t sit still now?” Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth and gave the guy a sarcastic look. His tone was full of undisguised disdain. “Despite the loud noise of the battle, you didn’t show up, and now you suddenly appear to stop me... Do you really take me for an easy target to bully?”

“I was on my way...” The Nine-revolution Little Saint looked at Bu Fang’s Sword Pot with dread and did not dare to be too provocative, for fear that he would suddenly throw it out.

Bu Fang’s eyes narrowed slightly. After hearing the Little Saint’s words, he became even more contemptuous of him. He raised his head, looked up into the sky, and met with the eyes of a supreme existence. He twitched the corner of his mouth slightly. The next moment, he fixed his eyes on the Black Temple assassin who was fleeing in panic.

With a light flick of his finger, the earthy-yellow Sword Pot immediately shot out, turned into a light beam, and flew toward the assassin.

How strong was the Crazy Sword Pot? Bu Fang had long wanted to witness it.

This Little Saint of Sacred Puppet City wanted to see him killed, but when he took out the Sword Pot, he appeared at once to stop him. Did they really think that he had no temper?

The Black Temple assassin felt pins and needles on his scalp. He was flying fast, but the Sword Pot was even faster, and it had already targeted him. His mind was trembling. He tore open the void and jumped into it, as if he had entered another dimension. He was trying to avoid the Sword Pot. However, even though he was hiding in another space, his scalp was still tingling. The feeling made his hair stand on end. It was as if a sense of death hung over his heart.

“Dammit!” Even his lips were trembling.

The Nine-revolution Little Saint’s eyes were very cold. “You’re courting death! Sacred Puppet City is not a place where you can be so presumptuous!” he cried out fiercely.

Suddenly, a powerful divine will spread out of him, then with a clicking sound, a Sacred Nether Puppet appeared behind him. It was very huge, emanating an extremely powerful pressure.

“Stop it for me! I don’t believe that the trick of a mere One-revolution Little Saint can be too powerful!”

With the Little Saint’s roar, the huge puppet’s eyes burst into light. Then, it raised its steel arm and slapped at the Sword Pot, intending to smash it with a slap.

However, the puppet’s slap only made the Sword Pot tremble slightly and gave off a creaking sound. It was still intact.

One, two, three... Countless sword beams gradually bloomed around the Sword Pot, spinning with terrible cutting force.

With a clanging sound, the puppet’s arms were cut into pieces!

The destructive clay pot didn’t lose its momentum, and it rushed forward at full speed, immediately blowing a big hole in the puppet’s chest, in which hung a bright blue puppet’s heart.

The Nine-revolution Little Saint's heart gave a jolt. He couldn't believe that his Sacred Nether Puppet couldn't resist the clay pot for even a second! As if he had seen a ghost, he began to tremble. He was so scared that he flew away immediately, not daring to fight the clay pot again.

With a rumble, the huge puppet fell to the ground. The flaming wings behind Bu Fang flapped slowly, then he flew out and hovered in front of the puppet. There was a gleam of joy in his eyes as he looked at it.

‘At last, I’ve found a Sacred Nether Puppet’s heart...’

He talked to the System in his mind. After that, he raised his hand. In his palm, there was a silver ball that looked like a drop of water. It was Whitey's source. With a buzzing sound, it changed shape in his palm. The next moment, it suddenly shot out and attached to the puppet's heart like a cat seeing a fish. In the blink of an eye, it had completely wrapped around the heart.

In the distance, the Little Saint could no longer pay attention to his Sacred Nether Puppet. He just wanted to run for his life.

Meanwhile, the destructive Sword Pot continued flying at full speed toward the Black Temple assassin. It went faster and faster, and at last, it came nearer to its target.

Looking at the approaching clay pot, the assassin's face contorted with madness. He summoned all the energy in him, turned them into a powerful strike, and blasted it at the pot, intending to blow it apart.

The Sword Pot did explode, but unfortunately, it wasn't because of his strike.

With a rumble, the Crazy Sword Pot exploded not far from the assassin. It was so bright and dazzling that it looked like a burning sun in the night sky, illuminating all of Sacred Puppet City. The blinding light made everyone look up with a blank face.

One, two, three... Thousands of sword wills swept across the air, which looked as if ten thousand swords had returned to their home. For a moment, the sky was blotted out by swords that kept flying back and forth. Soon, they formed a huge ball and wrapped the Black Temple assassin in it.

Before the assassin could even speak, he was slashed bloody by the terrible sword wills and died on the spot.

All those who saw this scene gasped.

Zhang Qiubai shuddered. Without hesitation, he turned and flew away, for he felt that the Sword Pot's energy was still spreading.

Lu Yu and the others were all fleeing crazily as well. In a moment, they had flown far away from the scene.

Even then, the ball, which had been hatching for a long time and was filled with sword will, burst apart. Thousands of sword wills spread in all directions like threads as if to cut everything apart!

Bu Fang's expression changed slightly when he glanced at the terrible attack that came like a wave. Even he couldn't resist the power of the Sword Pot. Just as he was about to take refuge in the Heaven and Earth Farmland, the silver liquid wrapped around the puppet's heart suddenly moved. It floated in front of Bu Fang and turned into a huge silver wall to block the bombardment of the sword wills.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

One sword will after another crashed into it, covering the wall with nasty-looking sword marks.

All of a sudden, a mighty wave of pressure came falling from the sky. The next moment, a figure descended, stepping through the air. There was a small world floating over his head, and a vague Will of the Great Path could be seen swirling above the small world. As soon as the figure appeared, he unleashed his aura and spread his palm, which grew larger and larger and eventually enveloped the whole Sacred Puppet City.

The Great Saint of Sacred Puppet City had shown up.

The sword wills kept cutting the palm, filling the air with clanging sounds. Naturally, he would not allow such a destructive means to explode in the city.

After a long time, the power of the Sword Pot finally disappeared.

The Great Saint's palm was already covered with sword marks. He withdrew his palm and looked directly at Bu Fang with indifferent eyes.

'Such means is already strong enough to threaten a Great Saint... Why does a mere One-revolution Little Saint have such strength? If this trick can be used by Nether Prison...'

At this moment, Whitey, who had turned into a silver wall, restored to its original form and stood in front of Bu Fang. Round, chubby, and with blue mechanical eyes, it was still the same Whitey Bu Fang had always known, but he felt it was a little different.

"Oh? A puppet?" The Great Saint's eyes fell on Whitey. His eyes narrowed slightly and flashed with surprise.

Whitey looked like a Sacred Nether Puppet, but it seemed more exquisite. However, it only slightly caught the Great Saint's eye. A Sacred Nether Puppet who didn't reach the level of Great Saint was not worthy of his attention.

After the storm generated by the Sword Pot was dealt with, the Great Saint turned his eyes back to Bu Fang.

Whitey hovered beside Bu Fang, lifted its big palm, and touched its bald head, while Bu Fang was squinting at the Great Saint in the sky.

"Sacred Puppet City is the major city of the Nether Puppeteer Clan. You will be punished for using a destructive move here. I'll throw a palm at you, and if you survive it, I'll spare your life." The Great Saint looked at Bu Fang with indifferent eyes. The way he looked at him was as if he was looking at a worm.

The next moment, a rumbling sound suddenly rang out, and the spiritual energy of heaven and earth was summoned. The Great Saint slowly raised a hand and threw it at Bu Fang. At the same time, vast energy gathered and turned into a huge palm in the sky. It contained horrible pressure and the aura of death that sent shudders into one's heart.

With just one palm, the Great Saint completely compressed the space around Bu Fang.

Bu Fang hovered in midair, staring at the Great Saint. In his spirit sea, the four Artifact Spirits roared at the same time. Even the lazy Black Turtle opened his eyes.

At this moment, it seemed that death was really coming.

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In the Nether King Palace of Earth Prison...

A rumbling sound rang through the air as the ground under the palace collapsed. The next moment, thousands of torrents surged up.

Lord Dog, who was lying on the ground, squinted at the scene. Suddenly, he raised his head, and his eyes became very sharp.

“Those Nether Prison old codgers attacked Bu Fang boy? Have they been so shameless?!”

He threw his head back and let out a deafening bark. The void suddenly tore into a huge crack, and he stepped into it with his elegant cat-like steps.

Even then, a wild laugh burst out from the shattered ground of the palace.

“Mangy dog, wait for me!”

The next moment, a shadow shot through the void and rushed into the crack before it closed up completely.

Ying Long grabbed the Hollow Eye Staff and looked stunned.

“His Highness had just passed the Demon Passes, and he’s gone to play with that mangy dog?”

Chapter 1302 The Nether Puppeteer Patriarch!

Ying Long glanced at the shattered ground. The whole ground was deeply caved in. The rubble rolled, and a cloud of smoke and dust rose into the sky. The Demon Passes were set up right under the Nether King Palace. Now, as Er Ha broke through the passes and rushed out, the ground naturally collapsed. In fact, he could also choose to come out in a more gentle way.

Holding the Hollow Eye Staff, Ying Long hunched his back and paced among the ruins with his hand behind him. His white hair was waving in the wind.

Feeling that the repressed power in the Demon Passes had disappeared a lot, a faint smile appeared on his face.

“My lord Tian Cang... Little Nether King is finally grown up.” His faint voice rang through the air.

He didn’t stop the Nether King from leaving. He once said that if Er Ha could pass the fifteenth level, he would leave him alone. Now that Er Ha had done it, it was only natural that he would keep his promise.

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Meanwhile, in Sacred Puppet City. The huge palm that appeared in the sky shocked everyone and made them gasp. The people who had fled when the Sword Pot exploded all turned around after it was contained by the Great Saint, looking at the figure shining like the sun in the sky.

If was the Great Saint who guarded the Sacred Puppet City, and he finally got his hands on Bu Fang.

Bu Fang was only a One-revolution Little Saint. How could he fend off an attack from a Great Saint? It was clear that the Great Saint was going to kill him.

Many people took deep breaths and felt sorry for him. They all felt that the Great Saint was targeting Bu Fang. Previously, when the Black Temple assassin tried to kill him, none of the Nether Puppeteer Clan’s experts showed up. Now, as he showed a formidable trick, he was immediately attacked by a Great Saint.

It was too unfair for Bu Fang, and many people felt the same way. Of course, the people of Nether Prison didn’t think so. In today’s match, Bu Fang had caused them great losses, so when they saw that he was about to be killed by the Great Saint, they all couldn’t help cheering excitedly.

The Great Saint’s palm was extremely horrible. Smoke and dust covered the sky, and the air rang with a deafening rumble.

Bu Fang's face was grave as he looked at the palm that blotted out the sky. It was the palm of a real Great Saint, not an attack from a distance nor an attack from a clone. It was a palm strike that was thrown at him by a real Great Saint at close range, so its power must be extremely horrible!

No one was optimistic about Bu Fang's fate. How could he survive the attack of a Great Saint?

The Nine-revolution Little Saint, whose Sacred Nether Puppet was destroyed by Bu Fang, watched excitedly. His eyes were full of resentment. If it weren't for Bu Fang, his puppet wouldn't have been destroyed! That was why he had a grudge against Bu Fang—he wanted to tear him to pieces himself.

'But... this guy will soon turn into a puddle of meat under my lord's palm. Although my lord said that he would not pursue the matter anymore if this little chef could survive his attack, it was impossible for a One-revolution Little Saint to survive that! This little chef will surely die!'

The look in the Great Saint's eyes was indifferent as his palm fell from the sky and kept pressing down toward Bu Fang.

'The fact that this little chef is being pursued by the Black Temple proves that he is extraordinary. In this case, I will kill him,' thought the Great Saint.

Bu Fang's energy was surging, while the Artifact Spirits in his spirit sea were roaring wildly. The horrible pressure made his hair wave violently, and the tips of his hair even sparkled. He raised his head and stared at the huge palm in the sky.

Suddenly, the Great Saint's eyes narrowed slightly and looked doubtfully at Bu Fang's side. The next moment, the void there was torn apart. Then, with a buzzing sound, a terrible aura kept pouring out of it.

"Bu Fang, young man... If you give me ten spicy strips, I'll help you block this palm. What do you think?" A lazy and familiar voice rang out.

Bu Fang was slightly taken aback. He turned his head, looked to his side, and saw two figures emerge from the rift in the void.

Lord Dog walked slowly with his enchanting cat-like steps, his fat quivering slightly. The other figure was a handsome young man with an easy-going look. His shirt was open at his chest, and his aura was like that of a savage ancient monster. The wind ruffled his hair as monstrous Nether energy exuded from his body.

Looking at the familiar figure, Bu Fang said in surprise, “Nether King Er Ha?”

The young man was the Nether King, whom he had not seen for a long time.

‘Has he gone through the Demon Passes? His aura and strength are much stronger now...’

Nether King Er Ha appeared at Bu Fang’s side. When he sensed the Little Saint aura from Bu Fang, his face was covered with a look of surprise. “Young man, you’re really making rapid progress... Fortunately, I am gifted and can rely on my father, or else you would have caught up to me!”

A rumbling sound rang out as the Great Saint’s palm came smashing down. It seems that now was not the time to catch up with one another.

Lord Dog yawned, lifted a paw, and was about to throw it at the palm when he was stopped by Nether King Er Ha.

“Well, since I’ve just returned, I’ll let Bu Fang young man experience my strength!” Er Ha grinned. “This is a free service, so you don’t have to pay me with spicy strips!” he said, his voice full of excitement. Then, he turned and raised his voice. “Nether King Armor!”

As his voice rang out, a plume of energy soared into the sky. The next moment, a cold, black suit of armor appeared and wrapped him up with a clanging sound. Brilliant light swirled across its surface, and two sharp black horns could be seen stretching out from the top of the helmet, while a pair of wings unfolded behind him. At this moment, his body became huge, and his appearance was cool.

Nether King Er Ha’s eyes became focused. Then, he raised his hand and threw a punch with infinite Nether energy at the palm falling from the sky. At the same time, a huge ghost king appeared behind him, roaring wildly.

The fist collided with the palm. A terrible explosion echoed out, while powerful blasts swept across the city.

Bu Fang's eyes narrowed. Feeling the collision of two mighty forces, he couldn't help taking a deep breath.

Lord Dog gave Nether King Er Ha a look of surprise. 'I didn't expect this boy to be so strong after going through fifteen Demon Passes... Looks like Tian Cang left him something great. Er Ha has a good father...'

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The astonishing explosion shocked the whole Sacred Puppet City, and the pressure in the air made many people lie prone on the ground, trembling. This was the power of Great Saints!

With his puppet on his back, Lu Ban walked out of his room with a serious look.

Inside the inn, Ba Juetian leaned back in a chair, his face grave.

The void twisted as a lithe and graceful figure covered by dazzling light slowly emerged.

"The clash of Great Saints?"

All three of them muttered to themselves at the same time.

Meanwhile, the eyes of the Great Saint standing in the sky became a little more focused. "What a familiar aura..." When the smoke cleared, his eyes fell from the sky like a sword, and he finally saw the figure clearly.

Nether King Er Ha, clad in the Nether King Armor, folded his arms over his chest with a wicked smile on his lips. His aura was surging, and he was in high spirits.

Looking at Er Ha, the Great Saint was dazed for a moment. He seemed to see the peerless expert who had once fought against nine fearsome opponents alone.

"Earth Prison's... Nether King? The Nether King of Earth Prison... has returned?"

Nether King Er Ha's wings flapped, and he immediately turned into a black beam of light, shooting up to the sky.

With a flash of black light, a halberd appeared in his hand. The huge and black halberd swung, ripped through the air, and smashed hard toward the Great Saint. The void rumbled under the power of this strike.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and looked at Nether King Er Ha, while Lord Dog twitched his mouth.

The Great Saint from the Nether Puppeteer Clan didn't dare to be careless. He roared, and a silver beam of light soared into the sky, which was a humanoid puppet covered with patterns. Then, it dragged Er Ha into an intense battle. With a buzzing sound, numerous spiritual threads slithered out of the Great Saint's spirit sea and fell onto the puppet.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A violent battle broke out in the sky in an instant, causing terrible blasts to sweep out in all directions.

For Nether King Er Ha, who had just come out of the passes, a great battle was all he needed now. Therefore, he kept howling excitedly while he fought the puppet.

Soon, they tore the sky and continued their battle in the starry sky!

Great Saints could walk in the starry sky for a short span of time, and fighting in the starry sky could minimize their losses!

All the people in Sacred Puppet City raised their heads in disbelief and looked at the flashing light in the night sky. Sensing the fluctuation of the battle spreading down from the starry sky, they all swallowed hard.

The battle of the Great Saints came so unexpectedly, and it seemed to be caused by that little chef. Many people turned their eyes to him. At this moment, they saw the dog at his side—a fat black dog!

Lu Ban, Ba Juetian, and the expert from the Di Ting Clan shrouded in dazzling light all gasped.

“The Earth Prison Dog?!”

As the three Kings of the younger generation, they naturally heard of the Earth Prison Dog’s name. The dog had shown the world his unparalleled power when Nether Prison and Earth Prison were at war!

Many people sucked in cold breaths when they saw how close Bu Fang and Lord Dog were.

“I can’t believe this little chef has a close relationship with the Earth Prison Dog!”

Lord Dog rolled his eyes and scanned the crowd. He wasn’t interested in any of these Nether Prison juniors. He glanced at Bu Fang and said, “The Nether Prison Great Saint is really shameless. How could he attack you in person?”

Bu Fang had used the Sword Pot, which had consumed a lot of his mental force. He looked somewhat pale right now. He took out the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea and began to pour it into his mouth. As the refreshing tea entered his mouth, the energy in it kept seeping into his body and rushing into his spirit sea. His exhausted spirit sea was recovering rapidly. All in all, it was a pleasant sensation.

Lord Dog didn’t say anything as he watched Bu Fang regain his mental force. Instead, he turned his eyes to the distant sky with a serious look.

“I heard you still have a match tomorrow? It seems you can’t compete in it now...” Lord Dog said. “The Patriarch of the Nether Puppeteer Clan is here!”

The battle in the starry sky had reached its climax.

The next moment, a loud rumble rang out, then Nether King Er Ha drifted down from the sky and landed beside Bu Fang. His armor had disappeared, and he laughed with a charming look on his face.

Bu Fang glanced at him, then tossed a few spicy strips to him.

Nether King Er Ha's laugh came to an abrupt end. He grabbed the spicy strips, brought them up to his nose, and took a deep breath. An intoxicated look came over his face as he felt the spicy aroma spread through his nostrils. Then, he shoved one into his mouth and began to suck at it.

The familiar feeling when the spicy strip rubbed against his lips made him feel like crying.

"I haven't had spicy strips for a long time..." Er Ha said.

A figure with mighty aura walked back from the starry sky, staring at Nether King Er Ha with cold eyes.

RUMBLE!

At this moment, an even mightier aura approached at full speed from outside the Sacred Puppet City. It was so terrible that it seemed to collapse the void.

In the sky, the Great Saint from the Nether Puppeteer Clan focused his eyes. "Patriarch!" He bowed respectfully toward the approaching aura.

Lu Ban felt his body, mind, and soul tremble, and he also bowed respectfully toward the aura, which belonged to the patriarch of the Nether Puppeteer Clan.

That was one of the nine strongest existences in Nether Prison!

The aura turned all faces pale.

Nether King Er Ha held the spicy strip between his lips, and Lord Dog squinted into the distance.

"Earth Prison Dog... Now that you're here, stay for a while and have a good chat with me..." A voice exploded out in the sky.

Outside the Sacred Puppet City, a golden light burst out. A huge head of a golden puppet emerged in the sky and stared through the city wall at Lord Dog. There seemed to be energy floating in the puppet's gaze!

At the same time, a supreme pressure spread and filled the air. At this moment, all the people in the city dropped to their knees.

Lord Dog turned and gave Bu Fang a look, twitching his mouth. "Bu Fang, boy, gather all the people and things you want to bring. We'll return now."

Bu Fang was slightly taken aback, but he nodded with a straight face. His figure flickered, and then he appeared in the inn. After sending Zhu Yan and the others into the Heaven and Earth Farmland, he came back to Lord Dog's side.

Rumble!

The golden puppet's pressure was growing stronger and stronger. There was a figure sitting cross-legged on its head.

Suddenly, the colossal puppet lifted its hand and threw its golden palm toward Lord Dog.

"Let's go! Since this old codger is here... the others will be here soon! Now is not the time to settle scores with them!" Lord Dog twitched his mouth. After that, he let out a bark, which resounded through the skies like a sudden thunderclap. The next moment, he threw out his paw, sending a tiny paw toward the huge golden palm.

In the blink of an eye, the paw and the palm collided. Taking advantage of this, Lord Dog walked with his enchanting cat-like steps, tore the void, and stepped into the opening with Bu Fang and Nether King Ear Ha, who was sucking a spicy strip.

"Trying to run away?!" A deafening voice rang out, filled with rage!

Suddenly, the figure above the giant puppet's head disappeared. When he appeared the next moment, he was already in front of the rift in the void, throwing his palm over to pull Bu Fang out.

Bu Fang furrowed his brows. With a thought, a Perishing Pot and a Sword Pot appeared in his hands at the same time. Staring at the hand that was coming at him, he focused his eyes and smashed both pots against each other!

1303 The Fusion of Two Pots, Wounding the Great Saint!

The Perishing Pot and the Sword Pot were Bu Fang's strongest offensive means now. They were both added with the farmland's Will of the Great Path and the Explode Gourmet Array, which made them into Death Food Tools. However, he had never tried to use them at the same time, let alone fuse them.

The fusion of the two dishes was not as simple as mixing two ordinary dishes and stir-frying them. Their energy needed to be intertwined so that the fusing process would be stable, and in turn, prevent a premature explosion. Otherwise, as soon as they touched one another, both pots would explode, and Bu Fang would likely be devoured and turned into ashes in an instant.

Death Food Tools were highly-unstable offensive dishes to begin with.

Bu Fang was resolute this time. After all, he had suffered great losses in Sacred Puppet City. He didn't want the losses to go unpaid! Therefore, before leaving, he wanted to give the city an unforgettable memory.

The Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was the strongest existence of the Nether Puppeteer Clan. His aura was terrible, and it seemed to make the void crumble. His hand approached with great power as if he was going to smash Bu Fang into pieces in a flash! Shrouded in golden light, the palm went straight toward Bu Fang's head, intending to crush it.

Suddenly, the Patriarch furrowed his brows. He saw the young man was looking at him without fear and then took out two dishes. One was a dried pot, and the other a clay pot.

‘What is this young man trying to do? He's merely a One-revolution Little Saint...’

The Patriarch was calm as he stared at Bu Fang with indifferent eyes.

Buzz...

Bu Fang's face turned pale instantly as a solemn look appeared in his eyes. The Perishing Pot and the Crazy Sword Pot both contained horrible energy, and when they fused, the energy repelled each other. His mental force poured out and wrapped both pots like threads, constantly removing the repulsive force between them.

The Perishing Pot and the Crazy Sword Pot kept getting closer to each other. Finally, they completely fused. Their auras seemed to have turned into a pair of fishes nestling head to tail against each other like that of the Yin-Yang Symbol, which spun constantly to balance the energy.

Having done this, Bu Fang felt that his divine will was almost exhausted.

At this moment, Lord Dog finally sensed Bu Fang's unusual behavior. When he turned around and saw what happened, a shocked look flashed in his eyes. "What are you doing, Bu Fang boy?!"

Nether King Er Ha paused momentarily as well. With the spicy strip hanging between his lips, he stared at Bu Fang with wide eyes. 'Is this young man... crazy? The energy in the dried pot and clay pot is strong and violent... How could they be fused? Such fusion would cause an explosion!'

The Nether King finally figured it out. Hurriedly, he pulled the spicy strip out of his mouth and shouted, "Stop it now!"

However, it was too late. A strange kind of energy they had never seen finally fused. The air seemed to boil at this moment. In their perception, the pair of Yin-Yang fishes seemed about to explode, and it shone so brightly that the whole world was lit up!

"Don't worry... I just want to give Nether Prison a great gift," Bu Fang said faintly. His face was pale with sweat trickling down his forehead, and his breath was coming in gasps.

The Perishing Pot and the Crazy Sword Pot used the same Gourmet Array, and yet it was still so difficult to fuse them. How hard would it be if he were to fuse two different Gourmet Arrays?

But Bu Fang had no time to think about it now, for the Patriarch's palm had approached him. He grinned, his eyes gleaming as he slapped a palm on the Yin-Yang fishes.

A whistling sound rang out instantly as the Perishing Pot and the Crazy Sword Pot shot out toward the Patriarch!

“How dare a mere One-revolution Little Saint like you raise your hand against me?” said the Patriarch disdainfully with narrowed eyes.

The pair of Yin-Yang fishes was spinning, and the energy in them was somewhat vague. Although wisps of dangerous energy spread out of them, the Patriarch didn’t think that a One-revolution Little Saint could pose him any threat. The next moment, he slapped his palm at the pair of fishes.

BOOOOOM!

A shocking explosion echoed out, sweeping out in all directions with terrible flames and sword will. In a twinkling, a destructive force completely devoured the Patriarch! At the same time, an enormous mushroom cloud exploded out and rose into the sky, while plumes of smoke and clouds of dust billowed!

The whole Sacred Puppet City lost its voice at this moment, and the only sound in the air was the rumbling of the explosion. Everyone looked up at the explosion in the sky with a blank face. It was the last gift Bu Fang left them.

Suddenly, the huge puppet outside the city moved. It reached out its great palms and clapped them together, containing the massive explosion between them. Some flames leaked out from the gaps between the fingers, but they had been significantly weakened.

Boom!

Another explosion rang out within the explosion. Then, pieces of broken metal could be seen falling out from the huge Sacred Nether Puppet’s palms.

Soon, the massive explosion was forcibly suppressed.

The golden palms separated. A red-faced old man stood on one of them, squinting at the void where the rift had been, his face was cold as ice. He raised his hand—there was a cut in the palm. His flesh was wriggling in it, and soon, the wound was healed without shedding a drop of blood. Although the injury was nothing, it brought him great shock.

“This feeling... Could he be the inheritor of that man?! Impossible... That man had died in the starry sky. He can't have an inheritor! If this boy is truly that man's inheritor... He must die! Such a man is not allowed to exist in this world! Not even one!”

The shock in the Patriarch's mind was greater than the injury in his palm, though the cut was made by a mere One-revolution Little Saint.

With a thought, the Patriarch's will spread out in all directions. The whole Nether Prison seemed to become restless at this moment.

In the Di Ting Clan's land, an existence, who had been sleeping, slowly opened his eyes. There seemed to be mysterious torrents swirling in those eyes.

At the Tyrant Clan, a figure burning in five clumps of Nether fire gradually rose to his feet. The Qi and blood in his body rumbled like thunder, and the aura exuding from him seemed to collapse the void.

The Patriarchs of the various Nether Prison clans had woken up at this moment.

...

The void in Earth Prison was torn apart, where three figures walked out.

Lord Dog and Nether King Er Ha twitched the corners of their mouths. They turned around and glanced at Bu Fang, whose face was pale and bloodless, feeling somewhat strange.

“After not seeing him for a long time, Bu Fang young man's temper seems to grow... hotter,” Nether King Er Ha said with a spicy strip between his lips.

Lord Dog rolled his eyes and said, “For what? Although the power of his two dishes is good after fusing, they're far from strong enough to kill that old fellow. At most, they could scratch his skin... His attack served no actual purpose.”

Nether King Er Ha nodded in agreement. “By the way... is it good that we brought Bu Fang young man back at this time? I heard he had entered the finals... It's not easy.”

“Why? We both know that Nether Prison is up to no good. Do you think with those old codgers’ nasty nature, they would let Bu Fang boy receive the nourishment of the Will of the Great Path after he won the championship?” Lord Dog said, twitching his mouth.

“Those old fellows are intending to show off Nether Prison’s prowess with the tournament. If Bu Fang killed one or two of the three so-called Kings... Hah! They would surely make a Great Saint kill him.

“They won’t allow anyone from outside Nether Prison to win the first place... Besides, if my prediction is correct, Nether Prison is about to do something again. They have always wanted to promote the Netherworld into a Great World... and they are losing their patience.

“Especially... After seeing you obtain Tian Cang’s legacy, they will become more and more nervous. After all, they’re scared of the arrival of another Tian Cang, though you are nowhere near as good as your father,” Lord Dog said.

With the spicy strip dangling from his lips, Er Ha rolled his eyes. This mangy dog seemed to talk a lot recently.

“What should we do now? Bu Fang young man had exhausted his mental force after using that trick... Where should we bring him to?” Er Ha asked.

“Where?” Lord Dog paused, then he cocked his head as a mysterious look came over his face. “We’ll go to a nice place,” he finally said.

“Ugh?”

The next moment, Lord Dog brought Er Ha and Bu Fang through the void, heading in the direction that led to the source of the Yellow Spring River.

“Dammit! Mangy dog, you want me to fight with that old codger Yellow Spring, don’t you? So you can steal his grass?! You know that old codger wants to beat me every time he sees me!” Er Ha’s cries rang out in the sky.

...

The battle was over. The clash of Great Saints that broke out suddenly took everyone by surprise. Moreover, the little chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm was gone, taken away by a Great Saint. What would happen to tomorrow's competition? Did this mean that the Immortal Cooking Realm team had admitted defeat?

Many were exchanging glances, but the people of Nether Prison were overjoyed. With the absence of the Immortal Cooking Realm team, the championship of the team competition would be won by their team.

Nether Prison was indeed invincible!

Many people knew that Bu Fang was forced to leave the competition by Nether Prison experts, and that made them feel somewhat embarrassed. However, it didn't take long for the feeling to disappear.

"Even if the chef had not been forced away, he could not defeat the experts from our best team! He can keep dreaming, but he will never win the championship!"

...

The next day, all the small worlds began to watch the finals through the light screen, but they were soon told that the Immortal Cooking Realm team had announced its withdrawal, and that its qualification for both the individual and team competitions was revoked.

This immediately aroused dissatisfaction from all the small worlds. They placed great expectations on the Immortal Cooking Realm, who was the dark horse of the tournament, but in the end, this was what they got. Many people felt that there was a conspiracy, but they couldn't prove it.

In the end, the Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path turned into a civil war of Nether Prison. Almost all the contestants in the individual competition were from Nether Prison.

The three Kings of the younger generation finally showed up, and they took the first three places. The younger generation still trembled in fear under their pressure.

When the finals of the Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path came to an end, Nether Prison began sending many emissaries to various small worlds. A joint effort planned by Nether Prison for a long time was finally about to begin.

...

In the Yellow Spring Valley...

Nether King Er Ha held a spicy strip between his lips and sat on a rock. His face was badly beaten, and he looked sad. From time to time, he would touch his nose, and blood would come out of his nostrils. There were even tears in his eyes.

After sitting cross-legged in the valley for three days, Bu Fang finally recovered his mental force. On the fourth day, he opened his eyes and sent out his divine will, which immediately came in contact with three powerful divine wills. Without a doubt, they belonged to Lord Dog, the Yellow Spring Great Sage, and Nether King Er Ha.

Holding a grass in his hand, the Yellow Spring Great Sage squinted at Bu Fang. When he saw Bu Fang wake up, he leaned over with a friendly expression.

"Little guy, your mental force must have recovered, right? You said you will come to me and make the wine once you return from Nether Prison... Well, now is the time for you to fulfill your promise, don't you think so? I've prepared the grass for you..."

Chapter 1304 The Earth Prison Branch, Bu Fang's Dish

'Make wine?' The Yellow Spring Great Sage's words gave Bu Fang a pause. It took him a few moments to recall that before he left for Nether Prison, he promised the Great Saint he would make a jar of fine wine with the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass. If truth be told, he never thought that he would come back to Earth Prison so soon. He slowly rose to his feet. The huge consumption of the mental force had brought a heavy load to his physical body. He felt sore all over. He exercised his neck, flexed his arms and legs, then turned his eyes to the Yellow Spring Great Sage.

"I can make the wine, but not here. Not in this valley," Bu Fang said.

'Hmm? What does he mean?' The Great Saint squinted at Bu Fang, but he didn't find any sign of flinching.

“You don’t have any equipment in this valley, so this is not a suitable place to make wine,” Bu Fang said seriously.

Making wine was more than just lip service. It took a variety of techniques and equipment.

The Yellow Spring Great Sage fell silent. In the distance, Nether King Er Ha with his bloody nose and swollen face, as well as the fat Lord Dog who was lying on the ground and getting ready to sleep, looked over at them.

“What do you want to do, then?” the Yellow Spring Great Sage asked.

‘He’d better not push his luck! I’ve even provided him the precious Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass. Is he trying to deceive me?’ The Great Saint grew suspicious.

Holding a spicy strip between his lips, Nether King Er Ha looked at Bu Fang and thought to himself, ‘Is Bu Fang young man going to take this old man to his restaurant in the Immortal Cooking Realm? That’s a good idea, but… Would this old man leave the Yellow Spring Valley? He wouldn’t leave here just for a jar of wine, would he?’

Bu Fang stroked his chin and became lost in thought. A few moments later, he looked up at the Yellow Spring Great Sage and said, “Give me a little more time to open a branch in Earth Prison…”

The Yellow Spring Great Sage froze, while Lord Dog and Er Ha widened their eyes.

“Right! Bu Fang young man, if you open a branch in Earth Prison, I’ll have no need to sneak out again… Brilliant!” Nether King Er Ha was so excited that he nearly spat the spicy strip out of his mouth.

Lord Dog raised his head in surprise and glanced at Bu Fang.

“I’ve even decided on the location of the restaurant. It will be at Forbidden Soul City, which is a city closest to here,” Bu Fang said, touching his chin.

“Forbidden Soul City? It won’t work. That city is too remote… You should open your restaurant at the busiest place in Earth Prison so that everyone knows it. With your cooking skills, you deserve

the honor, and you should be hailed at the top. I'll help you settle this right now," Nether King Er Ha said with a smile.

However, Bu Fang shook his head and rejected the help. "Thanks, but that won't be necessary. If the food is delicious, people will come no matter how remote the place is," he said.

Nether King stopped in place. 'Bu Fang young man is really... confident. Well, he has the skills to do so.'

...

Three days later, a modest restaurant opened in Forbidden Soul City without attracting too much attention.

After hanging small wooden plaques on the wall inside the restaurant, Bu Fang clapped his hands. Nethery was looking at him from behind with Foxy in her arms. When he told the System about his plan of opening a branch, the System naturally showed its full support. So, after he found the location, it renovated and decorated the new restaurant for him.

A new place, a new environment, a new group of people... Everything was new. The layout of the restaurant did make Bu Fang feel a little nostalgic, though, for it was exactly the same as the restaurant in the Light Wind Empire. When he saw it for the first time, he had a moment of trance and thought he had returned to the Hidden Dragon Continent.

It was all a delusion, of course. The rich spiritual energy in the air had proved that. If he were at the Light Wing Empire, the spiritual energy wouldn't be so strong. In fact, it was even stronger than that of the Immortal Cooking Realm.

Lord Dog lay beneath a Path-Understanding Tree in the restaurant. The tree was covered with stripes that were too many for one to count. But that was not important. Nethery sat beside Lord Dog with Foxy in her arms. The little fox closed her eyes as she enjoyed the deep voices that came out of the tree. At her level, the tree had no effect on her, but she still enjoyed the sound very much.

Bu Fang gave the restaurant a name that was easy to understand and remember, the Yellow Spring Little Restaurant. He just couldn't think of a better name.

The opening of the restaurant didn't attract any attention. Previously, as the venue of the Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path, Forbidden Soul City was crowded with people. However, with the Earth Prison team's mediocre performance in the competition, the audience who came to the city to watch the competition quickly left. As a result, the city was quite empty now.

It was not without reason that Nether King Er Ha said this place was remote. The city was located near the source of the Yellow Spring River, which was considered a rather dangerous area, so it was normal to have fewer people.

Bu Fang wasn't too concerned about that, though. After tidying up, he turned and walked into the kitchen. As he lifted the curtain, a bell rang. Whitey, who stood at the door that led to the kitchen, looked at him with its blue eyes flickering and lifted its big palm to touch its head.

Looking at Whitey, Bu Fang couldn't help but twitch the corner of his mouth. Everything was so familiar. He patted the puppet's round belly, then walked into the kitchen.

Once inside, he took out a rack of Papillion ribs. The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared next with a dragon roar. Using Meteor Cutting Technique, he hacked the ribs into smaller pieces. After that, he produced several spirit beast eggs and cracked them into a bowl. He bathed the ribs with egg and then flour before sprinkling spices on them and putting them aside.

When the ribs were marinated for some time, he took out the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, placed it over the White Tiger Heaven Stove, and breathed out a white fireball. Ever since Bu Fang devoured the Fire Demon's fire, his flame seemed to have gone through some changes. It was subtle, but he felt that his control of the flame was more precise. His eyes lit up at the improvement, and he made a mental note about the uniqueness of the Fire Demon's fire.

He heated the wok. Soon, the oil began to boil with white forms that emerged across its surface. At the same time, its unique aroma permeated the air. He then added the marinated ribs into the oil.

Sizzle...

In the blink of an eye, tiny bubbles rose from the ribs.

The moment the ribs touched the oil, Lord Dog, who was lying under the Path-Understanding Tree, woke up, raised his head, and twitched his nose. His eyes lit up the next instant.

Sizzle...

Bu Fang scooped the briefly fried ribs from the oil and placed them in a blue-and-white porcelain bowl. Then, he poured the oil out of the wok. Whitey opened its belly and sucked away all the oil.

Next, he added the chopped Scale Tail Scallion and Purple Garlic into the wok and stir-fried them until they gave off a strong aroma. The smell was so potent that it tingled one's nose and made one want to sneeze. As the fragrance filled the air, he threw the ribs back into the wok and began to stir-fry them together. The flames danced fiercely beneath the wok. Before very long, a meaty fragrance rose, filled the kitchen, and then spread outside.

Outside the restaurant, Nether King Er Ha and the Yellow Spring Great Sage came together. Their relationship had eased up a lot after they had a fight. Recently, they had been talking and laughing as if they were close friends.

"Listen to me, Big Yellow, do you know the most delicious thing in Bu Fang young man's restaurant?"

"That's right! The spicy strip, the thing in my lips now. Don't be conceived by its ordinary look, mind you... Trust me, this spicy strip is the most delicious food in the whole universe!" said Nether King Er Ha triumphantly as he sucked at the spicy strip.

Looking at the spicy strip, the Yellow Spring Great Sage didn't seem to believe his words. A moment later, he said, "What's that smell? So fragrant?"

It was the first time that the Yellow Spring Great Sage came to Bu Fang's restaurant. As soon as he stepped into it, he smelled the strong aroma.

"Bu Fang young man is cooking. Although his face is somewhat paralyzed, his dishes... if truth be told, are pretty amazing," the Nether King said.

Ting-a-ling!

The curtain hung before the kitchen door was pushed open. The next moment, Bu Fang walked out, holding a plate of steaming Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, then came in front of a dining table.

Lord Dog, lying under the Path-Understanding Tree, brightened up instantly. He bolted over, placed both his front paws on the table, and stuck out his tongue excitedly.

It had been a long time since Lord Dog had a taste of the steaming and delicious Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs. Without the dish, he had grown thinner recently...

Foxy also smelled the aroma. She immediately struggled out of Nethery’s arms, came beside Lord Dog, and stared expectantly at him with her cute, big eyes.

Lord Dog was not happy. ‘This is my Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs!’ he thought, then reached out his fat paw and pressed it against Foxy’s head.

The little fox’s tails swung back and forth as she kept stretching out her front paws, but she just couldn’t reach the ribs.

“This mangy dog is becoming more and more worthless. I can’t believe he actually bullies a little fox for a plate of food.” The Yellow Spring Great Sage clasped his hands behind his back, shook his head, and sneered.

Nethery wore a black dress that revealed her long fair legs. Her hair was still grayish-green. It seemed that the side effect brought by the outbreak of the curse was very difficult to remove. She sat at the table, and Bu Fang also served her a plate of ribs.

Without a doubt, today’s dish was Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs. They quite missed it after not eating it for a long time.

Lord Dog began to attack his food. His tongue rolled and pulled the ribs into his mouth. The way he ate looked somewhat... savage.

As Foxy watched them eat, she almost burst into tears. She also wanted to try the ribs. Knowing that she couldn’t get anything from Lord Dog by showing her cuteness, she dashed to Nethery’s side, stuck out her tongue, and licked her face while blinking her cute, big eyes.

Nethery wasn’t stingy. She picked up a rib covered in orange sauce and brought it in front of Foxy’s mouth. The little fox snatched it, chewed it happily, and gulped it down. Her eyes lit up in an instant. It was delicious!

Nether King Er Ha walked into the restaurant, found a seat, and sat down leisurely with his legs crossed.

The Yellow Spring Great Sage didn't seem to fit in. He had not left the valley for a very long time. It was because today was the opening of Bu Fang's restaurant that he came here.

"Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs? This mangy dog is hopeless. Look how he forgets himself in front of a plate of food..." The Yellow Spring Great Sage wasn't impressed by Lord Dog's table manners. "He is the Earth Prison Dog, and that made him a prestigious... dog. Can't he be more elegant when eating?"

Ting-a-ling!

Bu Fang walked out of the kitchen and saw the Yellow Spring Great Sage. With an expressionless face, he nodded at the Great Saint and the Nether King. In his hand, he held a small bowl with three pieces of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs. He thought for a while, then placed the bowl in front of both men.

"I've cooked extra. It was for Foxy, but since she's sharing with Nethery, you two can have it. Take it as an opening promotion," Bu Fang said.

The Yellow Spring Great Sage rolled his eyes. 'Don't you think your opening promotion is too cheap? Only three pieces of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs?'

Foxy, eating happily beside Nethery, seemed to hear something. She reflexively raised her head, but she couldn't figure out what was going on. She then continued leaning against Nethery, begging for food with her cuteness.

Nether King Er Ha was happy, though. He grabbed a pair of chopsticks and said, "Well, spicy strips are my favorite, but since this is an opening promotion, I'll not stand on ceremony with you!"

With that, he reached out with the chopsticks and picked up a rib. As he lifted it, the sticky sauce was pulled into silk-like threads. Then, he shoved the aromatic rib into his mouth. His lips were stained with the rib's delicious sweet and sour sauce, and he quickly stuck out his tongue and licked them clean. Finally, he narrowed his eyes with satisfaction and began chewing.

The Yellow Spring Great Sage couldn't help but smack his lips and swallow as he watched Nether King Er Ha eat with that ecstatic look. 'Isn't this just a bowl of ribs? I'm a man who has tasted the Abyss's top wine! There's no food in this world that can surprise me!'

Nether King Er Ha looked at the Yellow Spring Great Sage, who maintained a reserved manner, and said, "You don't want to eat, Big Yellow? If yes, I'll finish them all..."

The Great Saint squinted at the Nether King and grabbed a pair of chopsticks. "I have to give it a try, of course. After all, it's free," While saying that, he picked up a rib. The steam and the meaty aroma made his mouth water.

'Maybe... it will taste delicious?'

The Yellow Spring Great Sage shoved the sauce-covered rib into his mouth. As soon as it touched his tongue, his eyes went wide. Then, he turned to look at the bowl. However, he saw that the last rib was already picked up by Nether King Er Ha and was now being shoved into his mouth...

Chapter 1305 Open the Jar of the Best Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine

It was a sweet and sour flavor that could gladden the heart and refresh the mind. Yellow Spring Great Sage immediately succumbed to it. He couldn't remember when was the last time he had savored something like this. It was like a flavor that came bursting out from the depths of his memory. The warm sauce that flowed between his teeth and tongue put a blurry look in his eyes. His muscles were quivering, and he felt intoxicated, a feeling that he had felt once when he held the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass for the first time. "This... This is delicious!"

Yellow Spring Great Sage never thought that there would be such a delicious dish. 'No wonder that mangy dog has become so fat! If I can eat such delicacies every day, I'm willing to gain ten kilograms and be fatter!'

He grabbed the chopsticks and wanted to pick up another piece of meat. However, he saw that the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs Bu Fang said was an opening promotion was already gone. He had only eaten one rib, and the other two had ended up in Nether King Er Ha's mouth.

The guy sat across the table with crossed legs, and he was holding a spicy strip in one hand while chewing the delicious Sweet 'n' Sour Rib with narrowed eyes and a satisfied look.

At this moment, Yellow Spring Great Sage wished he could kill the fellow with a slap. He stuck out his tongue and licked the sauce from his lips as his eyes gleamed with killing intent.

That gave Nether King Er Ha a pause, and he opened his eyes in bewilderment.

Suddenly, Yellow Spring Great Sage turned his head and rested his eyes on Lord Dog, who was eating nonstop from a plate. He felt envious at the thought of the plate full of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in front of the dog, and at the sight of the fat dog eating with sauce spitting everywhere. Perhaps this was the so-called winner in life.

Bu Fang wiped his hands and glanced at Yellow Spring Great Sage. When he saw the latter's envious eyes, he twitched the corner of his mouth, cleared his throat, and pointed a finger at the small wooden plaque hanging near the door. The menu of the restaurant was written on the plaque.

He didn't write too many dishes for this Earth Prison branch. However, he added a clause that the customers could bring their own ingredients. It meant that this little restaurant focused on specialty dishes, and as long as customers brought their own ingredients, he would cook for them.

Yellow Spring Great Sage's eyes lit up instantly. "Well, bring me ten plates of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs first!" He grinned like a fool, revealing his white teeth.

"Hmm... You can't order Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs anymore because you have eaten it today. If you want to try it again, come back tomorrow," Bu Fang said hesitatingly after thinking for a moment.

Yellow Spring Great Sage was struck dumb. "You said it is the opening promotion!"

"Big Yellow... Hasty men don't get to eat Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs," Bu Fang said with a straight face and serious tone to Yellow Spring Great Sage.

Looking at Bu Fang's paralyzed face, Yellow Spring Great Sage suddenly had an urge to give him a good beating.

"By the way, have you brought the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass, Big Yellow?" Bu Fang asked.

The Great Saint was so upset now that he didn't want to talk to Bu Fang. He simply threw the grass to him.

The Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass was wrapped up by a gentle force as it drifted toward Bu Fang. His hand grabbed it, and his eyes brightened. As soon as he took it, a vast spirit essence poured out of it, squeezing through his skin and into his body.

Holding the grass, he lifted the curtain and walked back into the kitchen. Once inside, he took out the Nine-petal Flower of Helplessness.

‘System, is the brewing method still the same?’ Bu Fang asked the System in his mind.

The System remained silent for a few moments, then a new set of information poured into Bu Fang’s head.

“A new brewing method?” His eyebrows furrowed instantly, and he began to carefully read the instructions. The more he read, however, the more shocked he was, for he found that the method was somewhat incredible.

“Use the Will of the Great Path to make wine? Will that even work?!” Bu Fang took a deep breath, frowning.

At his level now, he found that most of the advanced dishes were related to the Will of the Great Path. It seemed that the Will was extremely crucial when cooking such dishes. In fact, judging from the cultivating methods in this world, the Will of the Great Path always seemed to be necessary.

Anyone who wanted to become a Great Saint had to condense his or her own Will of the Great Path, and the strength of the Will would decide the strength of the Great Saint.

Bu Fang touched his chin, lost in thought. When he brewed the Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine with the One-leaf Yellow Spring Grass and One-petal Flower of Helplessness as the ingredients, he had used Ni Yan’s Heavenly Star Catcher Disk. Looking back now, he realized that he was brewing the wine with the Will of the Great Path because the disk was the physical representation of the Hidden Dragon Continent’s Will of the Great Path.

However, the Will of the Great Path he needed now was more crucial.

Holding the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass and the Flower of Helplessness, he entered the Heaven and Earth Farmland. If he were to brew the wine with the Will of the Great Path, there was no better choice than the farmland's Will.

A breeze was blowing in the farmland, and the air was filled with rich spiritual energy. Bu Fang walked among the farmland and picked many immortal herbs and spirit ingredients. These things could help with the brewing of the wine.

Niu Hansan came trotting over when he knew Bu Fang was here. However, Bu Fang sent him away because he was thinking about the brewing method and didn't have time to entertain him. Niu Hansan didn't mind, however, and he just looked at Bu Fang happily.

As the master of the Heaven and Earth Farmland, Bu Fang naturally could control its Will of the Great Path. He closed his eyes and felt a vague Will slowly churning in the sky.

With the improvement of Bu Fang's cultivation base and richer spiritual energy, the farmland had expanded again. The original farmland was just a farm, but now, there were other terrains, such as mountains, rivers, valleys, and cliffs. It looked more and more like a real little world.

Bu Fang came to a mountaintop, sat cross-legged down, and released his divine will. As his will appeared, the Myriad Treasures Immortal Tree began to sway with bright light, and the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree also glowed dazzlingly. For a moment, the whole Heaven and Earth Farmland seemed to freshen up.

Suddenly, a huge vortex appeared in the sky. It kept spinning and soon turned into a twister with its tail wheeled rapidly toward Bu Fang. There were two light balls in his hand—the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass and the Nine-petal Flower of Helplessness. The twister came smashing on them, shattering them in an instant and turning them into two round drops of liquid. At the same time, Bu Fang crushed the other immortal herbs and spiritual ingredients. Soon, they all merged into a large mass of energy liquid.

The divine will Phantom Spirit emerged over him the next moment. It opened its eyes, hovered over the liquid, and kept slapping at it with its palms, causing the liquid to ripple violently and the energy in it to boil.

As the Phantom Spirit slapped at the wine, the Will of the Great Path kept being fused with it.

Inside the farmland, all spirit beasts raised their heads. Niu Hansan was lying in a reclining chair and staring respectfully at Bu Fang, who appeared like a god. Right now, Bu Fang seemed to be really the god of the farmland.

As a rumbling sound filled the air, a leaf fell out of the Myriad Treasures Immortal Tree and hovered in front of Bu Fang. Then, it was crushed, turned into green juice, and mixed with the wine. There was a leaf that flew out of the Nine Revolutions Great Path Tea Tree as well, and the same thing happened to it.

Time went by slowly.

The mass of energy wine began to gradually turn bright green with a Will surging inside.

Beads of sweat were breaking out all over Bu Fang's forehead. It was a huge effort for him to continuously control his divine will. When his divine will was almost fully exhausted, he poured the wine into a jar placed in front of him and covered it with mud. The frightening energy immediately disappeared, and the farmland returned to normal.

He breathed a soft sigh of relief. Sitting cross-legged on the mountaintop, his eyes flashed with bright light. Then, he held the wine jar with both hands, left the farmland with a thought, and returned to the kitchen.

He opened a cupboard, which could manipulate the passage of time. After adjusting the time, Bu Fang placed the wine jar inside, then set the environment. When he was done, he walked out of the kitchen with a tired look.

Yellow Spring Great Sage and the others were chatting. When they saw Bu Fang come out, their eyes lit up. However, they were slightly shocked to sense that his mental force had become so weak.

"Is the wine ready?"

"Not yet... Making wine is not an overnight thing. Big Yellow, hasty people don't get to taste fine wine," Bu Fang said seriously one again.

Yellow Spring Great Sage was speechless.

To Bu Fang's surprise, the Great Saint didn't show a regretful look. Instead, he smiled and waved his hand.

"That's alright. I'm not in a hurry. After all, your restaurant is here. I can always find you here... Furthermore, I've found another hobby that is similar to my hobby of holding the grass," said Yellow Spring Great Sage.

Bu Fang paused momentarily and asked, "What hobby?"

"Eating! I'm somewhat intoxicated by the delicious Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs..." Yellow Spring Great Sage couldn't help licking his lips. "Besides, I've set myself a small goal just now... I want to taste all the dishes in your restaurant."

Nether King Er Ha winked at Bu Fang with a spicy strip between his lips. Without a doubt, Yellow Spring Great Sage had been persuaded by Er Ha. Nevertheless, Bu Fang was confident that his dishes wouldn't disappoint the Great Saint.

"Well... In addition to my restaurant's specialty, Big Yellow, you can bring your own ingredients. Dishes cooked with different ingredients taste differently..." Bu Fang said.

Yellow Spring Great Sage's eyes lit up instantly.

...

There was a new restaurant in Forbidden Soul City. It was so low-key that it didn't attract much attention, let alone diners. After all, there were so many restaurants in the city. Why would people visit a new one?

However, just a few days after the restaurant opened, people began to fly in and fly away in front of it. Some people secretly sensed the auras of these experts, and what they perceived shocked them. The aura of each of these experts was as mighty and powerful as a torrent!

"That's... a Prison Overlord?!"

Someone recognized one of the experts that frequented the restaurant, and his eyes went wide instantly. Because of the tournament, many people had seen the few Prison Overlords. When the

tournament was over, all the Prison Overlords had left, but now... someone discovered that they all appeared in a little restaurant in Forbidden Soul City!

Did this restaurant belong to some mysterious power? Otherwise, how could it attract these Prison Overlords?

The various powers in the city began to secretly pay attention to the restaurant.

One day, an old man, who had a bent back and a walking stick in hand, was seen walking from outside the city and stepping into the restaurant. At the sight, the people secretly watching the restaurant all gasped. The news spread like wildfire, for they saw Jin Jiao and Yin Jiao, both Prison Overlords, standing in front of the restaurant to greet the old man.

Who was this old man?

“Prison Overlord Ying Long! He’s the leader of the five Prison Overlords, the mentor of the present Earth Prison Nether King! He was Nether King Tian Cang’s right-hand man!”

Someone recognized the old man, and the news spread instantly. The whole Forbidden Soul City was abuzz, and many people could no longer sit still. Soon after, the news was heard by half the Earth Prison and the various major powers around the city, who sent their experts to the little restaurant.

All of a sudden, it was as if the restaurant had become a place of worship, where experts from various major powers flocked to. However, they didn’t come for the food, but the customers in the restaurant.

Jin Jiao and Yin Jiao might not attract the attention of these experts. After all, the top experts from various major powers were not weaker than these Prison Overlords. However, Prison Overlord Ying Long was different. He had attracted the attention of many people, not only because of his status and power but also because of his strength! Yin Jiao was one of Earth Prison’s Great Saints!

When the experts of various major powers stepped into Forbidden Soul City, they all went to the restaurant. However, they were struck dumb as soon as they arrived because there was a long line in front of it...

...

The Sun Family was an aristocratic family from Tiankui City, which was the largest city closest to Forbidden Soul City. It had an extraordinary status in Earth Prison. Today, the head of this family had come to the restaurant as well, and he was dumbfounded when he saw the long line.

“Hey, Brother! Are you also attracted by the restaurant’s reputation? Did you come here to taste its food?”

The head of the Sun Family looked confused. ‘Food? What the hell? Did he think I came all the way here just for food? I’m here to see Prison Overlord Ying Long!’

However, he didn’t dare to stir up trouble. After all, Prison Overlord Ying Long was inside the restaurant now, so he just joined the line and waited patiently for his turn to enter the restaurant.

Inside the restaurant, Yellow Spring Great Sage, Prison Overlord Ying Long, and the others sat quietly. Yellow Spring Great Sage was holding a bowl of noodles and slurping at it, his lips gleaming with oil. He had found a new hobby now, and that was eating... Eating made him relaxed and happy.

Ting-a-ling!

The kitchen’s bell rang as the curtain was lifted. A figure slowly walked out of the kitchen, holding a jar in his hands.

Many people in the restaurant turned their eyes to the man. Even Yellow Spring Great Sage stopped eating.

“Hmm?”

The crowd looked at him with doubt in their eyes.

Bu Fang took a deep breath as an excited look flashed through his eyes. “The supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine is about to be... opened!

“However, before I open it, I need your help,” he said, resting his eyes on Yellow Spring Great Sage, Lord Dog, Ying Long, and others.

“Help? What do you want from us?”

The crowd paused. Their interest was aroused.

“Help me attract Earth Prison’s Will of the Great Path to nourish the wine jar...” Bu Fang said and twitched the corner of his mouth.

Chapter 1306 Infuse the Wine with the Will of the Great Path

“What?” Nether King Er Ha and the others were struck dumb when they heard Bu Fang, and Yellow Spring Great Sage nearly spat noodles out of his mouth.

‘Attract Earth Prison’s Will of the Great Path to nourish the wine... This little chef is so daring. Does he know how vast the Will is?’

Bu Fang stared at the few of them with a straight face. He didn’t say anything again but just looked at them. Under the gaze, Yellow Spring Great Sage couldn’t continue eating the noodles.

Ying Long, holding the Hollow Eye Staff, didn’t know what to say. He knew about Bu Fang’s cooking skills. When he was at the Immortal Cooking Realm, he tasted his dishes. He turned around and glanced at Nethery. The curse in her was suppressed by Bu Fang’s cooking skills as well.

However, he wanted to attract Earth Prison’s Will of the Great Path to nourish a jar of wine now? How could a jar of wine withstand the infusion of such power? They could do it, but could the jar withstand the power? Why would a little chef, who was merely a One-revolution Little Saint, be so bold as to come out with this idea?

Lord Dog stuck out his tongue and looked interested, however. As for Nether King Er Ha, he narrowed his eyes and grinned. “Let Big Yellow do it. Among us, he’s the most suitable one.”

That gave Yellow Spring Great Sage a pause. “Why am I the most suitable one?” He didn’t know that he could play a role in the making of the wine.

“The old man Ying Long is slightly weaker. The mangy dog always wanted to devour the Will of the Great Path, and he will be struck by lightning as soon as he attracts the Will. As for me... Hehe. I’m too lazy,” Nether King Er Ha said as he crossed his legs.

Yellow Spring Great Sage looked speechless. “Don’t you know why you can’t attract the Will of the Great Path? It is because you are too weak...” he said, twitching his mouth in disdain.

“If you can help me attract the Will of the Great Path and infuse it with the wine, you can have a small jar of wine for free. Let me tell you in advance... this wine is very expensive,” Bu Fang said seriously.

He was generous enough to give away a small jar of wine for free. He had no choice because he needed Earth Prison’s Will of the Great Path. After all, he was a little too weak to do it himself. Well, he was actually far from strong enough to do it.

“A small jar? That’s not enough! I can finish it in one gulp...” Yellow Spring Great Sage pursed his lips.

“Finish it in one gulp?” Bu Fang squinted at the Great Saint. ‘He wants to finish the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine in one gulp... Does he think he’s a Wine Saint? After infusing with Earth Prison’s Will of the Great Path, coupled with the Wills of the Heaven and Earth Farmland and the Immortal Cooking Realm, the wine will contain three different Wills... If he finishes it in one gulp, he is likely to be drunk forever...’

Bu Fang didn’t say anything, though. He just glanced somewhat disdainfully at Yellow Spring Great Sage.

“Come, give it to me. I’ll take it as a sacrifice for the fine wine... But if this wine can’t satisfy me, I’ll eat in your restaurant until you cry!” said Yellow Spring Great Sage after he finished the last mouthful of noodles.

Bu Fang gave him the jar. As soon as he took it, he grew suspicious. There was no strange fluctuation in it, as if it was just an ordinary jar of wine. “Hmm?” The Great Saint narrowed his eyes and gave Bu Fang a dubious look. His mistrust of Bu Fang was getting stronger and stronger. After all, the wine was brewed with the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass, so it shouldn’t be so ordinary.

Holding the jar, Yellow Spring Great Sage swaggered out of the restaurant, while Bu Fang and the others followed.

Outside the restaurant, the people waiting in line immediately let out cries of surprise. Many people were looking in shock at the top figures walking out of the restaurant, and some of them even gasped.

“That’s Prison Overlord Ying Long... He’s really here!”

“Wait... That man seems to be the Yellow Spring Great Sage?!”

“Is that man His Highness the Nether King? I heard His Highness has gone through the Demon Passes...”

The experts from various families widened their eyes, and they were all stunned as they looked at the figures walking out of the restaurant.

When at last, a black dog walked out with elegant cat-like steps, the crowd fell silent.

“Heaven! That’s the Earth Prison Dog!!!”

“The Guardian of Earth Prison?”

“The Earth Prison Dog who, according to legends, attacked Nether Prison with the previous Nether King?”

At the sight of Lord Dog, the crowd exploded into an uproar. They had thought that Prison Lord Ying Long was the only mighty expert in the restaurant, but in the end, a group of mighty experts came walking out of it...

That threw them into confusion. They had prepared gifts to meet with Prison Overlord Ying Long, but with so many mighty experts here, they were too ashamed to take out their gifts.

However, more people were curious about what these mighty experts were going to do.

Yellow Spring Great Sage wasn't concerned by the group of people around them. In a Great Saint's eyes, these men were mere worms. There were only a few Great Saints in Earth Prison, and those were the only people that concerned him. Had it not been for Bu Fang's dishes, which suited his taste, he wouldn't even glance at him.

Now, of course, he could only follow after Bu Fang. The temptation of delicious food was great.

With a thud, the jar was placed on an empty field in front of the restaurant by Yellow Spring Great Sage. Then, he waved his sleeve, and a powerful air immediately swept out. The people crowded in front of the restaurant floated in the air as an invisible force pushed them far away. Some people even sat down on the ground and looked confused.

"The cultivation of a Great Saint Realm is all about cultivating a small world. The small world has to form its own Will of the Great Path, and when this Will is completely formed, only then could one detach from this world..." Lord Dog said suddenly.

What he said was meant for Bu Fang, but when the people around them heard it, they felt as if a thunderclap was ringing in their ears. They sat cross-legged down and listened attentively. These were the words from the Earth Prison Dog, and they naturally had to listen carefully.

"However, it is not that easy to detach... In fact, Ruin Prison, Earth Prison, and Nether Prison are sharing the same Great Path, which is extremely powerful... so much more powerful than that of the Immortal Cooking Realm."

There was a heavy look on Lord Dog's face, which gave Bu Fang a pause. The stronger the Will of the Great Path, the harder it was to detach. Perhaps this was the reason why Lord Dog was emotional.

"Here we go," Nether King Er Ha said with a spicy strip held between his lips.

All eyes fell on Yellow Spring Great Sage immediately, and many people froze.

"What is Yellow Spring Great Sage going to do? So much pomp?"

Suddenly, the crowd felt an extremely terrifying aura explode out of Yellow Spring Great Sage's body. It was as if an ancient existence, which had been sleeping for tens of thousands of years, had

awakened. As soon as the aura appeared, the people present all fell silent, not daring to make a sound.

At this moment, the entire Earth Prison was completely stirred up.

...

In God Vanishing Mountain, the long eyelashes of a beautiful woman wrapped in ice fluttered. The next moment, her eyes flicked open with a sharp look flashing through them.

“Oh? This is old man Yellow Spring’s aura... Who is he trying to fight now?”

...

A plume of black smoke billowed out of the Black Temple and turned into a face with a serious look. Yellow Spring Great Sage’s aura made him wary.

“Is that old fellow...showing off his prowess?”

...

The gates of the Cave of the Fallen Gods opened with a squeak, and vast ghostly flames poured out of it. A golden skeleton walked out of the cave. Its bones were wrapped in flames, and in its eye sockets, a red ghostly fire danced.

The skeleton raised its head, and the ghostly fire in its eyes immediately swirled and seemed to reflect everything. The next moment, its jaws parted, and a mysterious sound rang out.

“What is he doing... The old fellow has not made a move with all his might for tens of thousands of years. Why is he unleashing his aura today?”

...

Yellow Spring Great Sage looked like a god at this moment as he slowly floated into the air. As the oldest Great Saint of Earth Prison, he was extremely strong, and no one could see through his actual strength. Now, as his aura spread, the whole Earth Prison was shocked.

The Yellow Spring River rocked. Broken souls howled in the river, while fishes jumped out of the water as if they were praying to the skies. At the same time, all the spirit beasts in the Yellow Spring River Valley knelt respectfully on the ground.

Yellow Spring Great Sage put his hands behind him and slightly twitched the corner of his mouth. “Earth Prison’s Will of the Great Path... Haha!”

The next moment, he reached out a hand. With a buzzing sound, a huge hand soared into the sky and went into the starry sky in a flash. After it arrived at the starry sky, the hand tried to go further, but it was stopped by an invisible barrier.

Yellow Spring Great Sage narrowed his eyes, then clenched his palm. The hand grabbed the light screen and pulled back.

RUMBLE!

A great change happened to the entire Earth Prison. In a twinkling, the sky turned dark with thunder rumbling. Bolts of lightning kept smashing at Yellow Spring Great Sage, but his body glowed goldenly as if he had turned into real gold, blocking the terrible bombardment completely.

The minds of the people down below were trembling.

“This is a Great Saint... This is the strength of a top expert in this world!”

It was said that a real Great Saint could cause heaven and earth to change color with every movement, and they finally witnessed it today.

“This is a god!” The group of people around the restaurant dropped to their knees and bowed their heads respectfully. In fact, all the people in Forbidden Soul City had also knelt on the ground, and every one of them was extremely excited.

There were also eyes looking at this direction from the various forbidden lands.

However, Yellow Spring Great Sage was not concerned at all.

The world darkened at this moment, and then an invisible palm came slapping at Yellow Spring Great Sage from the skies.

“This is the wrath of the Will of the Great Path,” Lord Dog said in a faint voice. Apparently, he was very familiar with the Will of the Great Path’s pattern.

Bu Fang glanced at Lord Dog. He wasn’t surprised that this black dog was so familiar with it. After all, this fellow ate the Will.

As if he sensed Bu Fang’s gaze, Lord Dog rolled his eyes and said, “If I am the one who attracted the Will of the Great Path...” He chuckled before continuing, “It will not be as simple as a palm strike.”

The corner of Bu Fang’s mouth twitched. He wondered how far this fat dog had offended the Will of the Great Path.

In the sky, the invisible Will of the Great Path turned into a palm and came slapping down.

Yellow Spring Great Sage’s robes waved gracefully, making him look like a god. With his flesh, he withstood the palm strike. At this moment, the whole Yellow Spring River rocked and tossed violently.

“The Yellow Spring... comes from the sky! Hahaha!” His eyes were bright as if he wanted to see through heaven. After that, he pulled back the hand.

In the sky, a beam of light was drawn down suddenly, glowing blindingly as it smashed toward the jar on the ground.

“Boy... This is Earth Prison’s Will of the Great Path. I only attracted a wisp of it, but it is enough to blow an ordinary Great Saint apart. Can your jar withstand it?” Yellow Spring Great Sage said in midair, his voice echoing through the skies.

All the people were stupefied. They couldn't believe that Yellow Spring Great Sage had attracted Earth Prison's Will of the Great Path. It was equivalent to stealing heaven secrets!

"This old man Yellow Spring is too daring..." the supreme existences of the Cave of the Fallen Gods and the Black Temple said at the same time as they continued to watch.

Bu Fang paused, then he narrowed his eyes and said, "It will be fine."

The earthen jar and the brewing method were both provided by the System, so it naturally had calculated all these.

"Good... Here it comes!"

The beam of light was pulled out by Yellow Spring Great Sage, and then he lashed it down hard. With a boom, it smashed the jar. The next moment, the lid was opened, causing the other Wills of the Great Path to rush out of the jar.

Lord Dog, Yellow Spring Great Sage, Ying Long, and the others gasped instantly, and their pupils constricted.

Three Wills of the Great Path?!

What kind of wine was Bu Fang making?!

Bu Fang leaned forward slightly with an excited look in his eyes. "It's about to begin..." He grinned.

The Earth Prison's Will of the Great Path attracted by Yellow Spring Great Sage poured into the jar. A rumbling sound echoed through heaven and earth, while a blinding light made all the people lift their hands to cover their eyes.

The process continued for a long time. Finally, the light gradually faded away, and the jar returned to normal.

An extremely rich bouquet rose from the wine jar, spreading far and wide. For a moment, half of the Yellow Spring River Valley was enveloped in this aroma.

As the fragrance swept past them, all the people felt their cultivation base loosen. The feeling made many people gasp in astonishment.

By just inhaling the bouquet, they already had this kind of feeling. What would happen if they got to taste the wine?!

On the dried ground in Forbidden Soul City, fresh grass began to grow, and flowers began to bloom. In just a flash, the entire city was filled with beautiful flowers. All flowers blossomed as the aroma of wine drifted past. It was as if the wine was a true immortal wine.

Bu Fang focused his eyes. Just as everyone was intoxicated by the aroma, he took a step forward and appeared next to the jar in an instant. He could see wine swirling inside the container. Without hesitation, he grabbed the lid and covered the jar.

The wine aroma vanished instantly. Everyone looked lost with a blank look in their eyes.

...

Meanwhile, in God Vanishing Mountain, the beautiful woman's eyes flashed with a look of surprise.

'Yellow Spring Great Sage stole the Will of the Great Path just to make wine? What kind of wine is it? Why would he steal the Will of the Great Path for it?'

The beautiful woman was curious to know the answer.

The Cave of the Fallen Gods and the Black Temple had similar responses.

...

Yellow Spring Great Sage descended from the sky. Looking at Bu Fang, who was holding the wine jar, he grinned from ear to ear and rubbed his palms with an expectant look.

“Bu Fang, my little friend, you said you will give me a small jar of wine. Don’t cheat, for those who cheat are dogs,” he said, licking his lips.

In the distance, Lord Dog glanced coldly at him, and that made Yellow Spring Great Sage laugh dryly.

Bu Fang gave Yellow Spring Great Sage a look. Since he said he would give the Great Saint a jar, he wouldn’t go back on his words. With a thought, a fist-sized wine jar appeared in his hand. Then, a stream of rainbow-colored liquid flowed out of the bigger jar into the smaller jar.

Looking at the fist-sized wine jar, then at the huge wine jar in Bu Fang’s arms, Yellow Spring Great Sage felt somewhat confused.

“Bu Fang, my little friend... Did you take the wrong jar? This... jar seems a little too... small.”

Chapter 1307 One Million Nether Crystals for a Glass

Comparisons were odious. That perfectly described Yellow Spring Great Sage’s present mood. A miserable expression came over his face as he looked at the huge jade jar in Bu Fang’s arms, then at the wine jar in his hand, which was only about the size of an adult’s fist. Rumble...

An oppressive sound echoed through the skies, which came with terrible energy. Many people couldn’t help looking up at the changes in the sky, where clouds were churning as if mysteries were stirring among them.

‘A tribulation!’ Bu Fang’s eyes flickered as he thought to himself. The tribulation didn’t come as a surprise to him. He was already accustomed to facing lightning punishments whenever he cooked something amazing. However, this tribulation was something different.

It was no longer lightning, but scary pressure which seemed to come from the Will of the Great Path!

“This wine jar is really too small...” Yellow Spring Great Sage said as he looked at Bu Fang.

“Small? You won’t feel that way later...” Bu Fang glanced at him and said faintly.

His words gave the Great Saint a pause.

“Look! An anomaly!”

“Is that a lightning punishment? No, it doesn’t look like one!”

“That’s a tribulation from the Will of the Great Path!”

The scene shocked the people of Earth Prison, and they looked at the anomaly in astonishment. At this moment, there seemed to be a heavenly palace in the sky, in which thousands of thunderbolts slithered messily like serpents, all targeting Bu Fang.

“This wine seems to be truly extraordinary. Otherwise, it wouldn’t have attracted a tribulation...”

Yellow Spring Great Sage carefully held the wine jar in his hand as he looked at the palace in the sky. He was slightly surprised. The tribulation was an unusual one. It was the manifestation of the Will of the Great Path upon sensing power that was beyond the control of this world. Although he was the one who attracted Earth Prison’s Will of the Great Path, Bu Fang was the primary maker of the wine. Therefore, the tribulation targeted Bu Fang instead of him.

Rumble!

There seemed to be divine soldiers roaring in the heavenly palace. Thunderbolts slithered messily in the sky, while a terrible fluctuation shook the world. At this moment, the whole Earth Prison was plunged into the terror of the tribulation.

Lying in front of the Yellow Spring Little Restaurant, Lord Dog glanced at the tribulation in the sky and said in a faint voice, “This is a Heavenly Palace Tribulation, a punishment that can only be attracted when one reaches the peak of a particular realm. And usually, the average person can’t even touch the peak of a realm at all...”

“Bu Fang boy should have reached the peak. He has likely stepped into the peak level of Qilin Chef Realm with this jar of wine...”

A peak Qilin Chef was not weaker than an average Divine Chef. In other words, the jar of wine in Bu Fang's arms was equivalent to a wine brewed by a Divine Chef, and... it was very likely to be the top fine wine among all the wine brewed by Divine Chefs. After all, once the wine brewed by a peak Qilin Chef transcended a Heavenly Palace Tribulation, it would have a different taste, which was very intoxicating. The average chef could not brew such a wine in his lifetime.

The peak level...

The people of Earth Prison were stunned. Just now, they were shocked by the customers in the restaurant, which included Earth Prison Dog, Yellow Spring Great Sage, Prison Lord Ying Long, and the Nether King. These were all famous supreme existences of Earth Prison. It was an amazing sight to behold when they gathered in a little restaurant.

But then, something even more shocking happened—the owner of the restaurant brewed a jar of wine that touched the peak level! Just the mere thought of such an amazing wine was enough to make them excited and make their mouths water. At this moment, everyone wished to taste it.

Bu Fang raised his head and looked at the anomaly in the sky. The palace filled with thunderbolts was just the Will of the Great Path's manifestation, and he wasn't too concerned about it. Holding the jade wine jar, he could feel an incredible power contained inside.

"Whitey," Bu Fang called faintly.

Ting-a-ling!

The kitchen's curtain was lifted, and the bell rang beside every ear. That gave the crowd a pause. The next moment, a white puppet walked out of the restaurant. It had a pair of blue eyes and looked somewhat stupid, cute, and harmless.

"I'll let you handle this tribulation," Bu Fang said as he raised a hand and patted Whitey on its round belly. After that, he walked straight into the restaurant with the wine jar in his arms.

That gave the crowd another pause.

"This chef... plans to defend against the Heavenly Palace Tribulation with his harmless-looking puppet? Isn't he overconfident?!"

Yellow Spring Great Sage gave Whitey a surprising look and clicked his tongue in admiration. Then, he followed Bu Fang's footsteps, carefully holding his small wine jar.

Seeing that Bu Fang had entered the restaurant, Nether King Er Ha and the others followed.

Outside, the experts from various families of Earth Prison all stared at Whitey with wide eyes. Under their gazes, Whitey raised its big hand and touched its bald head. The next moment, its blue eyes gleamed like the starry sky, and its metal wings unfolded with a rumble. Then, it kicked the ground and shot into the sky in a beam of light.

Under the watchful eyes of all, Whitey rushed into the palace that was full of thunderbolts in the sky. The palace looked like the residence of some gods, mysterious and profound, and it represented the peak-level tribulation.

Could a puppet withstand such a mighty tribulation?

As soon as Whitey rushed into the palace, it pulled out the War God Stick and swung it fiercely. The sea of lightning exploded into an uproar in an instant. At the same time, a huge black vortex appeared in its abdomen, spinning rapidly as it devoured the lightning like drinking water.

“What the f*ck?! What is happening?!”

The crowd was stupefied. As they watched the harmless-looking Whitey rush into the palace in the sky and wantonly devour the lightning like a robber, their faces turned blank.

Many couldn't believe that a tribulation could be transcended like that, especially when it was a Heavenly Palace Tribulation representing the peak level. Although the lightning punishment wasn't too strong because Bu Fang's cultivation base wasn't strong enough, he should at least show some respect to it, shouldn't he?

Just as the people were stunned by the way Whitey used to transcend the tribulation, Bu Fang had brought the wine jar into the restaurant with a group of men behind him.

Just now, when Yellow Spring Great Sage attracted the Will of the Great Path into the jar, they saw and sensed everything clearly. In this inconspicuous jar was a wine infused with three different

Wills of the Great Path—the Earth Prison’s Will of the Great Path, the Immortal Cooking Realm’s Will of the Great Path, and one whose origin they did not know.

How amazing was the wine brewed in this way? Everyone was curious. Even Prison Overlord Ying Long, who looked the oldest among them, came near the jar, leaning on the Hollow Eye Staff.

The jade jar was inconspicuous, looking like a real ordinary wine jar. It didn’t even glow. However, the crowd knew that it was a jar of extraordinary wine.

Nethery held Foxy in her arms, and both of them blinked at the same time.

“Bu Fang young man, open the jar now and let us try the wine...” Nether King Er Ha said with a spicy strip held between his lips. He couldn’t wait to taste it.

Bu Fang didn’t answer him immediately. Instead, he placed his palm over the lid of the jade jar and glanced at Nether King Er Ha.

“This wine... You can’t taste it for free,” he said with a straight face.

The people present froze, while Yellow Spring Great Sage reflectively held his little wine jar tighter.

“This wine is called the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine. Its ingredients included the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass, the Nine-petal Flower of Helplessness, the tender leaf of the Immortal Cooking Realm’s Immortal Tree, the leaf of the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree, the source of the Spring of Life, the juice of the Flaming Vermilion Fruit...”

Bu Fang spat out a bunch of names in a serious voice. All the people present were men with high status, so after they heard the names, they couldn’t help but gasp.

They knew the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass. It was Yellow Spring Great Sage’s precious treasure, and he had been holding it in his hand every day. The fresh leaf of the Immortal Cooking Realm’s Immortal Tree was an ingredient no less amazing than that, and the leaf of the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree... They felt incredulous knowing that the wine was made with these ingredients.

“Well...” Bu Fang sighed, attracting everyone’s attention. “To be honest with you, I’ve lost everything for this jar of wine.”

No one, however, felt that he had lost everything when they heard him say that.

“Therefore, if you wish to taste this wine, you need to pay me Immortal Crystals or Nether Crystals... Take it as a support for my fruit of labor,” he continued.

The crowd looked at Bu Fang and complained in their minds. ‘He just wants us to pay for the wine... What’s the need to utter so much rubbish?’

“Well, we are not short of... money,” Yellow Spring Great Sage waved his hand casually and said with a smile.

He was right. The people present were all men with high status, and they would not be short of Nether Crystals.

“Good. I’ll tell you the price now,” Bu Fang said.

Nether King Er Ha and the others smiled indifferently. It was only a jar of wine. How expensive could it be? At their level, they had seen everything. Or so they thought.

Lord Dog lay under the Path-Understanding Tree, licking his paw as he glanced at Nether King Er Ha and the others with a half-smile.

“Due to its unique ingredients and difficult brewing method, there is only one jar of supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine in this world. Therefore, I’ll sell it by glasses. The price for a glass is one million Nether Crystals,” Bu Fang said calmly.

Although he sounded calm, Bu Fang’s heart raced as he said that because he also didn’t expect that the System would fix such an astronomical price on this jar of wine. According to what he knew about the System, this jar could fill at least a hundred glasses. In other words, this jar of wine cost over one hundred million Nether Crystals!

When he told them the price, everyone present froze.

Although they had seen everything and they had great mental toughness, they were struck dumb when they heard the price. It was true that they were men with high status, but they had never heard of a wine that cost so much. Even the top wine of the Abyss cost only hundreds of thousands of Nether Crystals a jar, and yet Bu Fang's wine cost one million Nether Crystals a glass...

They thought he'd better changed his name to Profiteer! What he did was truly immoral!

Even Nether King Er Ha couldn't help but have the same thought at this moment.

Yellow Spring Great Sage was shocked. As he glanced at Bu Fang, he reflexively put his arms tightly around his fist-sized wine jar.

'He's selling a glass of this wine for one million Nether Crystals... Although my jar is small, it can fill at least a dozen glasses. In other words... I'm now holding tens of millions of Nether Crystals? I'm now a millionaire?! No wonder he said I'm not suffering any losses... I'm rich!'

At the thought of that, Yellow Spring Great Sage grinned like a fool.

"Don't you think it is too exaggerating to sell a glass of wine for one million Nether Crystals?" Prison Lord Ying Long glanced at Bu Fang as he tapped the floor with the Hollow Eye staff.

The others also nodded in agreement.

"You think it's expensive?" Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth.

The next moment, he gently lifted the lid of the wine jar. In a flash, a rainbow light burst out of the jar, attracting all eyes. The color was shockingly beautiful, but what startled them was the rich bouquet, which made them feel like they were floating in the ocean.

The aroma spread far and wide as soon as the lid was lifted, drifting out of the restaurant through the door and intoxicating all the people outside. Soon, it filled the whole city, causing the people to cheer excitedly.

Bu Fang took a deep sniff at the bouquet and said, "Do you still think it's expensive?"

Prison Overlord Ying Long's withered face twitched instantly. With a thought, a cloth bag appeared in his hand, and he threw it onto the table with a thud.

"Here's one million Nether Crystals. Give me a glass now," Prison Overlord Ying Lord said.

Nether King Er Ha and the others were rendered speechless in an instant.

"Where is your dignity?!"

Chapter 1308 This Wine Is... Heaven-defying!

The wine that cost one million Nether Crystals a glass was not for ordinary people, but the people present were not ordinary people. Whether it was Prison Overlord Ying Long, Yellow Spring Great Sage, or Nether King Er Ha, they were all extraordinary figures of Earth Prison. Their status was prestigious, and no one dared to offend them. Given their status, they naturally had plenty of Nether Crystals. Although one million was a huge sum, they could still afford it.

In the Netherworld, Nether Crystals were not only used as a currency but also as one of their cultivation resources. The greater one's strength, the more Nether Crystals one stored, for the Nether energy contained in them could aid their cultivation. It was also the reason why it became the currency commonly used in Ruin Prison, Earth Prison, and Nether Prison.

However, one million Nether Crystals was still not a small amount. Many small aristocratic families could barely come out with so many crystals even after selling everything they owned.

Bu Fang picked up the cloth bag Prison Overlord Ying Long threw on the table. There was storage space inside filled with heaps of Nether Crystals. He counted one million, no more and no less, and that caused him to give the Prison Overlord a surprised look.

'This old fellow is bold. He didn't even blink when paying. It looks like he's a rich guy...' Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth and gave Prison Overlord Ying Long a meaningful look.

"Quick, give me the wine. I've never drunk wine so expensive in my entire life... I want to give it a good taste..."

Prison Overlord Ying Long leaned on the Hollow Eye Staff, his withered face twitching. He felt as if his heart was bleeding as he watched Bu Fang put away his cloth bag. Although he was a Prison Overlord, those were his hard-earned money.

Bu Fang didn't say anything but focused his eyes. With a flip of his hand, a small blue-and-white porcelain wine glass appeared in his grip. It was like a mini goblet, about the size of two thumbs combined, and it had a tiny foot.

Holding its stem between his thumb and index finger, Bu Fang unleashed his divine will. Then, he pointed out his other index finger at the wine jar. A stream of rainbow-colored wine immediately slithered out of the jar like a tiny snake and filled the glass.

The crisp sound of the wine filling the glass was melodious, like that of marbles falling onto a jade plate, while the rainbow-colored wine swirled in the glass under Bu Fang's control. The bouquet was rich and mellow, lingering in one's heart.

After filling the glass, Bu Fang covered the jade jar with its lid again. Holding the stem, he handed the glass to Prison Overlord Ying Long.

The people present were somewhat struck dumb. Even Bu Fang was twitching the corner of his mouth. 'Sure enough... with the System's nasty nature, this wine glass is a little too tiny...'

Nevertheless, Bu Fang had great confidence in the wine.

Prison Overlord Ying Long took the wine glass. Looking at the wine, his face twitched even more violently. He thought he must be crazy to have thrown out one million Nether Crystals without hesitation and bought a glass of wine that was so tiny.

'This is not even enough to fill the gap between my teeth... How am I supposed to feel happy after drinking it? Isn't drinking wine for pleasure? The wine is so little that I'll feel a toothpick prickling at my heart after drinking it...'

If it weren't for the one million Nether Crystals he didn't want to waste, Prison Overlord Ying Long would have thrown this tiny glass of wine in Bu Fang's paralyzed face now.

What a profiteer!

‘Are you surprised?’ Nether King Er Ha grinned at Ying Long’s livid face and felt happy. The old Prison Overlord’s look reminded him of how he felt when he first asked Bu Fang for spicy strips. At that time, he was so naive, cute, and easy to fool. For the sake of spicy strips, he was willing to sell his body, even his handsome face.

‘Ying Long old man must have felt the same now.’

Yellow Spring Great Sage was grinning from ear to ear at the side. His heart filled with joy as he kept rubbing the fist-size jade wine jar in his hand. His hobby of holding grass was likely to change into holding the wine jar. Initially, he thought his fist-size wine jar could only fill about ten glasses, but after he saw the wine glass, he thought Bu Fang was really a fair seller.

‘He deserves my favorite grass...’ he mused.

“Just give it a taste. You’ve paid for it, right? It will be a waste if you don’t try it,” Bu Fang said seriously as he looked at Ying Long’s painful look.

His words stabbed through Ying Long’s heart like an invisible arrow. The old Prison Overlord snorted and tapped the floor with the Hollow Eye Staff. Then, while staring fiercely at Bu Fang, he pursed his lips, held the glass between his thumb and index finger, poured the wine into his mouth, and downed it in one gulp.

Even though it was only so little, he wanted to drink it like it was a large bowl of wine. Drinking is all about the heroic spirit!

The moment the wine entered his mouth, Prison Overlord Ying Long’s cloudy eyes went wide and filled with disbelief. It was as if he was not drinking a tiny glass of wine, but one whole Yellow Spring River! He had a feeling that the water of the Yellow Spring River was pouring from the sky into his throat, filling his body with vast Nether energy and turning his face red in an instant. The rich bouquet enveloped him like the ocean, and he couldn’t help floating in it. At that moment, Ying Long felt that he had gone back to the time when he was still a little dragon, flapping his wings and chasing after the neighbor’s little female dragon all over the mountain. That was his lost youth.

“Ah! My long lost youth!”

Plop.

Prison Overlord Ying Long narrowed his eyes and craned his neck as the corners of his mouth curved upward to reveal an intoxicating look.

As soon as he drank the wine, his face flushed. The next moment, he fell to the ground with a plop. The Hollow Eye Staff was thrown to the side, his limbs were waving incessantly, and he even let out a deep laugh.

Judging by his look, he was obviously drunk!

All the people in the restaurant widened their eyes and exchanged glances, while the few Prison Overlords looked as if they had just seen ghosts. They felt incredulous as they watched Ying Long grinning like a child and waving his limbs on the ground. Was this really their chief, the stern and unsmiling Prison Overlord Ying Long? He looked exactly like a drunkard!

Everyone sucked in a cold breath and turned to look at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang shrugged to show his innocence. “This old fellow’s strength is good... but I never thought he’s such a lousy drinker,” he said, spreading his arms.

A lousy drinker? He said Prison Overlord Ying Long was a lousy drinker?

Jin Jiao and Yin Jiao didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. Even if Ying Long was a lousy drinker, he was still a Great Saint. He would most probably stay sober even after he drank the whole Yellow Spring River. However, he was drunk like a child after drinking a tiny glass of wine. Was this wine... toxic?

“So strong?” Holding a spicy strip between his lips, Nether King Er Ha also gasped and felt somewhat incredulous.

Suddenly, Prison Overlord Ying Long stopped moving on the ground. Then, energy began to surge over his body. All the people present were very familiar with this kind of feeling.

Yellow Spring Great Sage narrowed his eyes, while Lord Dog stuck out his tongue.

“This old fellow is about to make a breakthrough after drinking a glass of wine?”

Buzz...

Prison Overlord Ying Long's aura grew stronger and stronger, while a terrible fluctuation began to spread. That was the telltale sign that he was about to break through.

Lord Dog thought for a while, then he said, “The wine is infused with three Wills of the Great Path, thus making it a super nourishing wine even for Great Saints. It can feed to the Will of the Great Path in the small world formed by the Great Saint.”

Lord Dog's analysis made all the people present gasp. Yellow Spring Great Sage held his wine jar even tighter.

“This old fellow is drunk. I'm afraid that he can only transcend his tribulation after waking up... The Great Saint Tribulation cannot be transcended while sleeping,” Lord Dog said.

“You guys bring Ying Long back first...” Nether King Er Ha told Jin Jiao and Yin Jiao as he squinted at Ying Long.

At the command, the two Prison Overlords picked up the staff, helped Ying Long up, and left the restaurant.

With their departure, the news of Prison Overlord Ying Long passing out in the restaurant spread in an instant. All the people, who were watching the Heavenly Palace Tribulation in the sky, immediately exploded into an uproar.

“What? Prison Overlord Ying Long passed out after drinking just one glass of wine?!”

“He made a breakthrough after drinking a glass of wine? Prison Overlord Ying Long is a Great Saint!”

“At the Great Saint level, to break through each revolution is as difficult as scaling heaven! The wine can actually help a Great Saint breakthrough? Doesn't that make it a... divine elixir for us Little Saints?!”

The shock brought by the news was huge. For a moment, the crowd watching the Heavenly Palace Tribulation in the sky shifted their attention to the restaurant. Their desire for such great wine grew even stronger. A wine that could help them break through was enough to drive them crazy, especially to those who were stuck at bottlenecks and about to reach the end of their lives. The wine was simply a divine elixir that everyone wished for.

The people in the restaurant were breathing rapidly.

With the spicy strip dangling between his lips, Nether King Er Ha also threw out a cloth bag. Earth Prison was his main court, and he had plenty of Nether Crystals here. He was Earth Prison's Nether King after all, and he would look bad if he was poor.

"Here are one million Nether Crystals. Bu Fang young man, give me a glass of wine! I'm already thirsty!" Nether King Er Ha said impatiently.

Bu Fang happily put away Nether King Er Ha's cloth bag and nodded with a straight face. Then, he repeated the same steps and filled a glass with wine. The strong bouquet drifted far and wide again, intoxicating all the people both outside and inside the restaurant.

The wine was not much, but its aroma was enchanting. The people lining outside the restaurant all crowded together, craning their necks and looking at Nether King Er Ha. Well, most of them were actually staring at the glass of wine in his hand.

Was this wine really so amazing? Now was the time to find out if it really could help a Great Saint make a breakthrough. Soon, everyone would find out if Prison Overlord Ying Long's breakthrough was just a coincidence or because of the wine.

Nether King Er Ha gave the wine a deep sniff, then an intoxicated look came over his face. The next moment, he downed the wine in one gulp.

A stream of wine entered his stomach like a torrent. He felt as if the Yellow Spring River was rushing through his throat. The feeling made Nether King Er Ha tremble all over. Even the spicy strip between his lips fell off unknowingly.

Nether King Er Ha turned his head mechanically and glanced at the spicy strip on the floor. He reached out a hand to grab it, but he found that the spicy strip kept getting blurry, turning from one spicy strip to two, then from two to four.

‘Ugh? I can have more spicy strips after drinking the wine?’

A flush instantly emerged on Nether King Er Ha’s handsome face, and he began to grin.

The crowd exchanged glances.

What the heck?

Plop.

Another muffled sound rang out as Nether King Er Ha collapsed to the ground.

“Spicy strips... So many spicy strips! I’m now a man with a large stack of spicy strips... I now have an endless supply of spicy strips... Bu Fang young man, I have many spicy strips... You stinky cu*t can no longer embezzle my spicy strips!”

Lying on the ground, Nether King kept reaching out his hands to grab the air in front of him, grinning like a fool.

Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth as he glanced coldly at Nether King Er Ha. ‘In wine, there is truth. It seems Er Ha is not happy with me deep down...’ He narrowed his eyes.

You Ji and Luo Ji twitched the corners of their mouths.

Without a doubt, Nether King Er Ha was drunk and saw a vision after drinking the wine, just like what happened to Prison Overlord Ying Long. Of course, what was most important for them was to sense the changes in his aura. All the people were not concerned by his words and began to pay attention to his aura.

Buzz...

Sure enough, Nether King Er Ha's aura began to surge. His cultivation base, which had just made a breakthrough, began to soar.

"He has broken through?!"

"Heaven! This is not a coincidence! This wine is... heaven-defying!"

"It seems that the chances of breaking through after drinking a glass of this wine are one hundred percent!"

Everyone was utterly shocked and gasped.

Nether King Er Ha was a Great Saint, and he had just made a breakthrough. It should be difficult for him to break through again in a short time. However, after drinking a glass of wine, his aura surged, and his cultivation base began to change and improve under the three Wills of the Great Path in the wine.

The news would shock the whole Earth Prison! Everybody was crazy!

For a moment, the group of people outside the restaurant wanted to rush through the door.

Bu Fang gave the noisy crowd an indifferent look and said in a faint voice, "Get in line. Troublemakers will have to bear serious consequences."

As soon as his voice rang out, the sound of heavy footsteps echoed out. Whitey walked over from outside the restaurant with lightning arcs dancing across its body. In its huge palm, it held a golden lightning knife, which exuded a mighty aura.

"Also, the price for the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine is one million Nether Crystals per glass. If you can afford it, get in line. Otherwise... you can turn around and leave now," Bu Fang added.

This time, his words stunned all the people present, and they fell silent.

One million Nether Crystals for a glass of wine?

Walking with his enchanting cat-like steps, Lord Dog came to Nether King Er Ha's side, reached out a paw, and ran it up and down the drunk Nether King's body. Before long, he found a cloth bag. After yanking it up and counting the contents, he grinned.

In front of the shocked eyes of Luo Ji, You Ji, and the others, Lord Dog threw the cloth bag to Bu Fang.

"Bu Fang boy... give me a glass of wine. Let's see if this wine can help me make a breakthrough?" Lord Dog said.

Yellow Spring Great Sage and the others paused, then their breathing became rapid. Given Lord Dog's mighty cultivation base, if this wine could help him make a breakthrough, it would really be a heaven-defying wine!

Chapter 1309 Lord Dog's Real Strength

To help Lord Dog make a breakthrough? Lord Dog's gentle and magnetic voice rang in the restaurant. It made everyone freeze and suck in a cold breath.

Could a glass of this wine help Lord Dog make a breakthrough?

Even Yellow Spring Great Sage's pupils constricted. It was then that he thought of such an important matter, and for a moment, his breathing became faster. 'If this wine can help that mangy dog break through, it can help me as well... And if he can break through his current realm... he will touch that level! Heaven!'

Yellow Spring Great Sage felt excited when he thought about it!

Bu Fang paused for a moment, then he thought of the same. He knew that if Lord Dog could make a breakthrough, he was likely to reach an extremely formidable realm. Therefore, he didn't hesitate to answer Lord Dog's urge.

He lifted the jar's lid straight away. The strong bouquet immediately permeated the air, intoxicating all the people present. Whether this wine could help Great Saints break through, just the aroma alone was worth tasting!

Bu Fang gestured with his finger. The rainbow-colored wine flew out of the jar instantly and filled the glass like a tiny snake, spreading an intense fragrance through the air.

Lord Dog licked his lips with a hint of excitement in his eyes. In addition to Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs, this wine was another thing that could excite him.

“Drink it quickly... Don’t stand on ceremony,” Yellow Spring Great Sage urged.

Nethery and the others also watched curiously.

When Bu Fang handed the wine glass to Lord Dog, the latter narrowed his eyes. His mental force poured out and held the glass. Looking at the wine, his nose twitched as he sniffed at it. Then, a strange look came over his face, and he stuck out his tongue to lick his lips. The next moment, with a gurgling sound, the glass upended and the wine flowed out of it like a tiny snake, rushing into his mouth.

Lord Dog opened his mouth, his sharp teeth glistening in the light.

Gulp.

The moment the wine entered his mouth, he gulped it down.

The crowd seemed to hear the sound of a waterfall or a torrent, and that put a baffled look on their faces. Wasn’t it just a tiny stream of wine? Why did it sound as if he had drunk a whole waterfall?

Yellow Spring Great Sage held his wine jar as he fixed his eyes on Lord Dog. He wasn’t the only one. All the people in the restaurant were staring at Lord Dog. They were very curious. If the Earth Prison Dog made a breakthrough after drinking the wine, what level would he reach? Could it be beyond the Great Saint Realm?

Only Yellow Spring Great Sage knew Lord Dog’s strength. Like him, the Earth Prison Dog was a Nine-revolution Great Saint. In the Netherworld, Nine-revolution Great Saints were already the strongest existences. The previous Nether King, Tian Cang, was at this level as well, and so were the nine old fellows of the nine Nether Prison clans.

This level was already the supreme strength in this world. However, it was still within the Great Saint Realm. The people in the restaurant didn't know if there were other realms beyond the Great Saint Realm.

Yellow Spring Great Sage knew, of course. Outside the Netherworld, there was a boundless starry sky and real great worlds. There should be existences beyond the Great Saint Realm in those worlds.

The goal of those old fellows of the nine Nether Prison clans was to integrate the surrounding small worlds and make the Netherworld step into the ranks of great worlds. If they succeed, they would be able to get in touch with the other great worlds and obtain the ways to enter higher realms.

Of course, if Bu Fang's wine could aid in breaking through, it would save a lot of effort. That was the reason why Yellow Spring Great Sage was so curious and even looked forward to the result.

Gulp.

Lord Dog blinked and twitched his nose. After drinking the wine, he lay on the ground.

The whole restaurant was very quiet. Nobody said anything as everyone stared at Lord Dog, hoping to see the signs of breaking through.

Burp...

After a long time, Lord Dog opened his mouth and burped. A strong alcohol smell filled the air as he smacked his mouth and sighed with regret.

"The wine is great, but a pity..." He shook his head with a strong look of regret in his eyes.

Sure enough, he couldn't make a breakthrough. The shackle of this world was too strong. Bu Fang's wine was magical, but it still couldn't help a Great Saint break free of the shackle. The wine was like a small knife. It could help Great Saints cut the ropes that restricted them, but it was not strong enough to cut the cage that was made with towering tree trunks.

"But still, there's a surprise." Lord Dog grinned. The breaths puffing out of his nose smelled of alcohol.

Yellow Spring Great Sage felt regret when he found that Lord Dog had not made a breakthrough, and he let out a long sigh. ‘It didn’t work?’ A bitter smile came over his face. He thought he was a fool to lay his hope on a jar of wine. However, his depressed mood was gone as soon as he sensed Lord Dog’s aura. ‘Apparently, the wine was not completely useless. It actually helped that mangy dog completely recover from his injury...’

Even he felt somewhat frightened upon sensing Lord Dog’s pressure.

‘This dog had devoured so much Will of the Great Path... which seems to be a way as well. Should I copy him and eat some Will of the Great Path?’ Yellow Spring Great Sage clutched the fist-sized jade jar, his eyes gleaming.

However, after thinking for a while, he gave up the idea. Although a Great Saint was formidable, the backlash of the Will of the Great Path was not something fun to deal with.

“I’m a little sleepy. I’ll take a nap...” Lord Dog said, twitching his nose and glancing at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang nodded.

After that, Lord Dog turned around, walked with wobbling cat-like steps to the Path-Understanding Tree, lay under it, and fell asleep.

Bu Fang felt a little regret as well. The supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine could help Great Saints break through, but it couldn’t help Lord Dog. Judging from that, Lord Dog was most likely a Nine-revolution Great Saint, which made him a supreme existence among all Great Saints.

After so long, he finally found out about the dog’s cultivation base. Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth.

“Yellow Spring Great Sage, we are leaving now...”

You Ji and Luo Ji also wished to try Bu Fang’s wine, but when they looked at Nether King Er Ha, who was as drunk as a dead pig, they chose to bring him back to the Nether King Palace first. It would not be so good if the Nether King made a fool of himself in front of the general public.

Yellow Spring Great Sage nodded.

After that, You Ji and Luo Ji helped Nether King Er Ha up and flew into the sky.

In midair, Nether King Er Ha, who was supported by You Ji and Luo Ji, suddenly woke up, reached out his hands, and cried at the top of his lungs. “Spicy strip! My spicy strips... My stack of spicy strips... Spicy strips, come back to me!”

Bu Fang glanced coldly at him. ‘Your spicy strips? Hehe...’

Bu Fang’s expression made Nethery, who stood at his side, shudder instantly. She had a feeling that when Nether King Er Ha woke up, he would be mercilessly exploited by Bu Fang.

Bu Fang covered the jar with its lid, then glanced at Yellow Spring Great Sage and said, “Do you want to try it?”

Yellow Spring Great Sage looked at the fist-sized wine jar in his hand, then at the huge wine jar at Bu Fang’s side. His nostrils widened, and his eyes narrowed as he threw out a bag of Nether Crystals.

Sitting in a chair and carefully putting away his wine jar, Yellow Spring Great Sage said generously, “Come, give me a glass of wine!”

That gave Nethery a pause. “Don’t you have the wine yourself, Yellow Spring Great Sage?” she asked in puzzlement.

“I can’t bear to drink it. Little girl, do you know that the longer you keep the wine, the better it will become? I want to hold this wine jar for... ten thousand years!” Yellow Spring Great Sage said seriously.

Both Nethery and Foxy froze.

‘What you said is so reasonable that... Foxy and I are speechless.’

“Alright.” Bu Fang agreed to Yellow Spring Great Sage’s idea. His wine would really get better and stronger the longer it was kept. However, how it was kept was extremely crucial.

He poured a glass of wine for Yellow Spring Great Sage.

Soon after, there was another drunk man in the restaurant.

“I tell you... Years ago, I visited the Abyss and stayed sober after drinking a thousand glasses of wine... I’ve tried all three best wines of the Abyss... The taste... Now that I think of it... Ugh... I can’t remember how they tasted now... Little girl, I tell you... when that fellow Tian Cang came to me... I... I...”

Yellow Spring Great Sage’s face was red, and his breath stank of alcohol as he pulled Nethery to the dining table and babbled at her. Nethery had no choice but to put on an embarrassed smile that didn’t lack politeness. As for Foxy, who was in her arms, she pinched her nose with a disgusted look.

Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth. It seemed that the alcohol content in this supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine was really strong. All the Great Saints who tried it had become drunk, even though each of them just drank one glass.

‘No wonder the System provides me such a tiny glass. If the wine is served with a bowl... It will kill them, won’t it?’ Bu Fang thought to himself.

At this moment, the group of people outside the door was already restless. They couldn’t believe that the wine in this restaurant could help Great Saints break through. Although it was ineffective for the Earth Prison Dog and Yellow Spring Great Sage, they were nowhere near as good as these two existences, who were supreme existences in the whole Netherworld.

Since even Great Saints made breakthroughs after drinking the wine, it would surely help them, who were just Little Saints, right?

As soon as the thought came to them, the crowd exploded into an uproar.

“I have to try this wine no matter what!”

“I want to drink it, even if I need to sell everything my family owns!”

“Quick, go back and inform the family to prepare Nether Crystals. The wine costs one million Nether Crystals a glass... F*cking expensive!”

Many experts of aristocratic families shared similar thoughts. Soon, the line in front of the restaurant was dispersed. No one would bring one million Nether Crystals with them all the time, except Great Saints, of course. There were no Great Saints in the line, and one million Nether Crystals was a huge sum. In fact, the amount was almost the entire wealth of a small family!

...

In the Nether King Palace of Earth Prison...

A rumbling sound rang out in the sky. Earth Prison’s Will of the Great Path rolled over, blanketing the whole palace with terrible pressure.

Outside the tightly shut palace doors, Old Tie looked with a blank face at the changes in the sky and felt incredulous.

“What’s going on? Is His Highness about to break through again? With his lazy attitude, how could he break through so frequently? What happened to this world?!”

Meanwhile, a terrible Will of the Great Path was also spreading in the sky over Prison Overlord Ying Long’s residence, and a rumbling sound kept ringing out!

Two Great Saints were making breakthroughs at the same time.

“What the hell is going on?” Old Tie wondered if he was really out of touch with the world for too long?

The air rang with the deafening rumble of thunder. On this day, the whole Earth Prison was wrapped in a sea of lightning. The breakthrough of a Great Saint was loud and noisy. It had been a few thousand years since the last breakthrough of a Great Saint, for it was not an easy feat to achieve.

...

At the Cave of the Fallen Gods...

A golden skeleton stood outside the cave with blood-colored ghostly fire dancing in its empty eye sockets.

“Ying Long old man is breaking through? That old fellow has basically used up all his talent, and he is so old that breaking through will be a heavy burden for his body... And yet, he actually broke through now?

“There must be something strange about it. Also, Tian Cang’s boy had just gone through the Demon Passes, but he’s making another breakthrough now... This time, he doesn’t have the Demon Passes to conceal the heavenly secret for him, thus making such a loud noise... The attention of Nether Prison will surely be attracted.”

Buzz...

A silver skeleton walked out of the cave.

“Go to the Nether King Palace and find out what caused those Great Saints to break through so rapidly,” said the golden skeleton.

The blue ghostly fire in the silver skeleton’s eyes flickered, and then it vanished in an instant.

...

A clump of black smoke swirled over the Black Temple, where a pair of scarlet eyes hovered.

“This is incredible... Ying Long, the old dragon, is getting a second chance? He has broken through even at such an old age? What is the reason? Something is not right! I must send someone to find out about this oddity!”

...

In Goddess City, Empress Bi Luo was enjoying a chocolate cake and a delicious glass of pearl milk tea in Fang Fang's Ice Cream Store. She was sitting in front of a large window in a bright red dress with her long fair legs stretched out. The light shone through the glass and fell on her, making her look very beautiful.

Many women in the city were looking at her, enchanted by her beauty.

Suddenly, Empress Bi Luo, who had just sucked a pearl into her mouth, froze as she saw a gentle woman in a plain white dress sitting in front of her.

It was the High Priestess.

"Your Majesty, there is a message from Master... She asked us to find out about the mystery of Ying Long getting a second chance and report the findings to her as soon as possible," said the High Priestess in a soft voice.

However, her words put a strange look on Empress Bi Luo's face.

"That old fellow Ying Long got a second chance? How could he find a female dragon at such an old age?" Empress Bi Luo scooped up a large chunk of chocolate cake with a spoon and happily shoved it into her mouth, then looked doubtfully at the High Priestess.

The High Priestess twitched the corner of her mouth. "No... Ying Long has broken through. Master ordered us to find out the reason. It is incredible that he could break through, and Master thinks that there is something strange in it."

"Oh. I was wondering why would any female dragon fall for that old fellow... Well, I'll make the arrangement after I finish my afternoon tea," said the empress.

"Master wants Your Majesty to find out the truth yourself," the High Priestess's voice was serious.

That gave Empress Bi Luo a pause. "Oh, alright."

"Your Majesty, your matcha-flavored ice cream is here..." Jing Yuan's gentle voice rang out.

“Awww... Give it to me...” While chewing the cake in her mouth and with some milky-white cream on her red lips, Empress Bi Luo picked up her milk tea and rose to her feet.

The corner of the High Priestess’s mouth twitched violently as she looked at Empress Bi Luo’s back.

‘Your Majesty, I know desserts are delicious, but... you need to control a little bit.’

The fact that Ying Long and the Nether King broke through at the same time sent a storm across the whole Earth Prison. The impact caused by the breakthrough of Great Saints was naturally extraordinary, and it shocked all the aristocratic families, major cities, and even forbidden lands!

Even Nether Prison was somewhat struck dumb.

...

In the Yellow Spring Little Restaurant...

The night had grown dark. The restaurant’s door closed with a creak. It was brightly lit inside, and Bu Fang could be seen sitting at the dining table. A jade jar was placed on the table, which contained the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine.

Nethery had left to borrow money from her sister.

Bu Fang removed the lid and poured himself a glass. Immediately, the bouquet wafted out. The rainbow-colored wine swirled in the glass, looking dazzlingly beautiful. He took a deep sniff at the aroma, twitched the corner of his mouth, and brought the glass in front of his lips.

Chapter 1310 An Outstanding Bargain!

The night was still, and a bright moon hung high in the sky. The Yellow Spring Little Restaurant in Forbidden Soul City was brightly lit. There were not many people inside, and the leaves of the Path-understanding tree were rustling.

Lord Dog lay under the tree, snoring softly. What came out of his mouth and nose when he breathed was rich Nether energy.

Nethery had gone to You Ji. In addition to borrowing money, she went to chat with her. After all, they were sisters.

This time, Nethery also had to pay for the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine. She didn't have to pay for other dishes, but the System was very firm that, except for Bu Fang, anyone who wanted to drink the wine would have to pay. It was the same even for those who were close to him, like Lord Dog and Nethery.

Bu Fang wasn't bothered by that, however. With Lord Dog's strength, he could easily find one million Nether Crystals. Moreover, with his nasty nature, he must have dug away the treasures of many experts. He would have no trouble forking out one million Nether Crystals.

As for Nethery... You Ji was her sister, and as a Prison Overlord, she naturally could find one million Nether Crystals. Therefore, Bu Fang didn't get too caught up in this issue.

At the moment, he and Lord Dog were the only people in the restaurant.

Bu Fang held the wine glass and looked with flickering eyes at the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine in it. He knew that the effect of the wine on him was meager and that it could hardly help him break through, but he still wanted to give it a taste.

"I'll take it as my compensation for making this wine..."

The wine was colorful and bright. Bu Fang brought the glass to his lips and finished it in one gulp.

The first flavor he tasted was spicy, which was so strong that he felt his scalp go numb. In a flash, the heat swept through his whole body like a storm. After that, the richness of the wine exploded.

Initially, he thought a glass of wine was not much, but after he drank it, the tiny stream of wine seemed to swell in an instant, turning into a rushing torrent that surged and rocked in his mouth.

The feeling was hard to describe.

The taste was excellent. It was the best wine Bu Fang had ever drunk. Just the flavor alone was worthy of one million Nether Crystals.

Bu Fang pursed his lips because the bouquet was still lingering in his mouth, and he savored it with a frown on his face, enjoying the taste brought by the wine.

Lord Dog, lying under the Path-Understanding Tree, opened his sleepy eyes and glanced at Bu Fang, who had just downed a glass of wine. An amused look immediately filled his eyes.

Suddenly, Bu Fang's face turned red. He opened his mouth, exhaled softly, and shook his head. For a moment, he felt the world was spinning around him.

‘No wonder even Great Saints couldn't withstand a glass of this wine. Its alcohol content is indeed extraordinary.’

Bu Fang sucked in a cold breath. He got up and felt that his body was limp...

When Lord Dog saw Bu Fang's look, he grinned as if he was laughing at him in silence. Of course, Bu Fang, at his current condition, couldn't see Lord Dog's mocking laugh.

Bu Fang felt the world spin around him and saw all kinds of images, which made him widen his eyes. He saw skyscrapers, streets full of traffic, flames that danced in the kitchen when someone was cooking...

The familiar images left him slightly dazed.

‘These seem to be the scenes of Earth from my previous life?’

Bu Fang froze for a moment. Then, supporting himself with the walls, he headed upstairs and entered his room. Reeking of alcohol, he crawled up to his bed and fell asleep.

...

The next day, when the sun was high up in the sky and the world was bright, a group of people had gathered in front of the Yellow Spring Little Restaurant. Their eyes were wide as they stared at the tightly shut door and exchanged glances.

These people were all experts of aristocratic families sent here by nearby major powers, and each of them had prepared one Million Nether Crystals to buy a glass of wine. They had waited since early morning, but the restaurant was still closed even though the sun was high up in the sky now.

“What is going on? Why is the restaurant still not open?”

“I thought the restaurant opens six hours a day? Half a day has passed now... Dusk will soon be upon us if it still doesn’t open!”

“The owner went back on his word!”

The experts of aristocratic families in front of the restaurant talked noisily with one another. However, no one could figure out what happened. They knocked on the door, but there was no response. They thought of breaking into it, but when they recalled that the restaurant was guarded by the Earth Prison Dog, they gave up the idea.

Everyone was itching to get the wine. Since it could improve the cultivation base of Great Saints, the effect on them, who were all Little Saints, would naturally be even better.

They could only continue to queue up.

As a result, an interesting scene appeared in Forbidden Soul City. The heads of famous aristocratic families from various major cities of Earth Prison could be seen quietly standing in line in front of a little restaurant. When the residents of Forbidden Soul City saw this, they all felt incredulous and kept pointing at them. That made these family heads flush with embarrassment. They had never been watched by people like they were animals! However, for the sake of the wine, they choked back their anger.

They continued to wait. Soon, dusk settled in, and then the moon climbed back up the sky again, shining gently and blanketing the world with a silver light. The family heads, who were still waiting in lines, waved their hands in boredom as they sat cross-legged on the ground.

“Let’s leave now... It seems the restaurant will not open today.”

“I wasted my whole day waiting here...”

“He’s giving us attitude!”

The heads of aristocratic families were filled with anger, but they had no choice other than to leave the restaurant.

After that, the news in the restaurant had quickly spread through the entire Earth Prison.

...

Rumble!

After one day, the Great Saint Tribulation had gradually come to an end, and the experts of forbidden lands, who had been watching the tribulation, retracted their glances.

...

In the Nether King Palace of Earth Prison...

Nether King Er Ha burst out laughing as he sensed the soaring power in his body. He thought that buying a breakthrough with one million Nether Crystals was an outstanding bargain. ‘Bu Fang young man is a fair seller!’

His heart was filled with joy, and he began to search around the Nether King Palace. Before long, he gathered one million Nether Crystals again, and he prepared to buy another glass of wine from Bu Fang.

As for what he did and said when he was drunk... he had selectively forgotten them. He actually woke up wondering why his spicy strips were gone.

...

In Ying Long's residence...

Prison Overlord Ying Long slowly opened his eyes. Lightning arcs were jumping around his body, and his aura had grown several times stronger, which made him appear extremely fearsome.

With a dragon roar, he suddenly soared into the sky and turned into an enormous Ying Dragon. He had a long body like that of a divine dragon, a pair of wings on the back, and dark golden scales.

His roar kept spreading and rang through the whole Earth Prison. He was very excited. At his age, he never thought that he could break through again, and it was all because of a glass of wine. It was a wonderful feeling.

"The wine is worth its high price."

Ying Long transformed back to his human form. Holding the Hollow Eye Staff, he looked excited and amazed as he turned his gaze in the direction of Forbidden Soul City. He held back his excitement and didn't go to the city at once. Instead, he calmed down and began to stabilize his cultivation base.

...

Meanwhile, the various forbidden lands in Earth Prison had received the information from the experts they sent out.

The breakthroughs of Prison Overlord Ying Long and Nether King Er Ha were all because of a glass of wine that came from a little restaurant in Forbidden Soul City.

The news had even spread to Nether Prison. However, as Nether Prison experts were still celebrating their victory in the Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path, they scoffed at the news and thought it was fake news deliberately created by Earth Prison to win back some faces. They didn't take it seriously at all.

The forbidden lands of Earth Prison were naturally not like that. Each of them sent out an expert to Forbidden Soul City, who was ordered to bring back a glass of wine, and each of these experts brought several million Nether Crystals. Whether or not the rumor was true, if there was such wine, there was no harm for them to give it a try.

For a moment, a storm swept across Earth Prison, and various powers began to move, sending one expert after another to Forbidden Soul City. The once quiet and remote city was once again bustling with activities after the semifinals of the tournament was over.

...

Bu Fang opened his eyes and yawned. His clothes were a little messy, and so was his hair. However, he felt his body, soul, and mind were much clearer now.

“Oh? My cultivation base...” He paused for a moment and examined his strength. Previously, there was only one spinning whirlpool in his spirit sea, but now there were two. Did this mean that his cultivation base had entered the Two-revolution Little Saint Realm?

“I thought dishes are ineffective in improving my cultivation base?” Bu Fang was surprised. He never thought that after drinking a glass of wine, his cultivation base would actually break through a level.

In any case, it was a good thing for his cultivation base to break through because that gave him more confidence.

Upon sensing that he was dirty, he stepped into the bathroom. Hot water sprayed out of the shower-head, and soon, steam filled the whole bathroom. The dim yellow light shone on the steam and made the atmosphere somewhat languid.

After taking a shower, Bu Fang walked out of the bathroom. He was clad in a bathrobe, and his hair was wet, dripping with water. He rubbed his hair with a towel, but it was still a little wet. However, he didn’t bother with it anymore. Instead, he put on his Vermilion Robe. The sun was up, and it was time to open the restaurant.

He had a good sleep. He felt that his mental force seemed to have improved slightly after sleeping.

Bu Fang went downstairs and came to the kitchen. Whitey’s mechanical eyes flickered, and he patted it on the belly.

“Another beautiful day...” Bu Fang said with an expressionless face.

After practicing his knife techniques for a while in the kitchen, he came to the dining area.

“You’re awake, Bu Fang boy,” said Lord Dog in an amused tone as he lay under the Path-understanding Tree, looking at Bu Fang, whose hair was still wet.

“I’ve slept a little too long, but the wine tasted really good. It’s worthy to be the fine wine made with the Nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass,” Bu Fang nodded and said.

He didn’t notice the teasing tone in Lord Dog’s words, and he thought the amused look in Lord Dog’s eyes came from something he did when he forgot himself in his cup. At this moment, he could only keep a calm and straight face so that it would not be too embarrassing.

With a creak, Bu Fang opened the restaurant’s door. Sunlight shone through it and pooled on the ground. He slightly narrowed his eyes as the sunlight dazzled him.

He paused for a moment when he saw the long line outside the restaurant, then he said with a straight face, “Oh? So many people... You all came really early.”

Outside the restaurant, when the heads of aristocratic families who had waited for so long saw Bu Fang open the door, they felt like crying.

“Early? Early, my ass... We’ve been waiting here for a whole day and a whole night!” said a family head, glaring at Bu Fang. His eyes were bloodshot and looked extremely terrible and ferocious.

One whole day and one whole night?

That gave Bu Fang a pause. Then, he seemed to recall something, and the look on his face turned slightly odd.

‘I’ve slept for one day and one night after drinking a glass of wine? I thought I’ve only slept for a night? No wonder Lord Dog looked at me with such a strange expression.’

“Queue up properly. The little restaurant is open now,” Bu Fang said calmly with a straight face. After that, he turned and walked into the restaurant.

The family heads exchanged glances and watched as he left. They felt pain in their teeth at Bu Fang's calm look.

“This guy had slept one whole day and one whole night! Didn't he feel embarrassed at all?”

However, now was not the time to think about this question. The heads of aristocratic families crazily rushed into the restaurant.

Bu Fang stood at the kitchen door and turned around. He looked at the people at the front door and said indifferently, “Queue up properly and do not push others.”

...

Outside Forbidden Soul City, a clump of black smoke hovered in midair, where a figure loomed.

“It seems that... this chef was the target Chief asked me to assassinate before?”

The shadow was lost in thought for several moments.

“I tried to assassinate him before, but now, I need to buy wine from him... This is embarrassing. Chief simply didn't consider our feelings when assigning tasks...”

...

The ground crumbled, and skeletons crawled out of it, closing in on Forbidden Soul City. These skeletons all had blue ghostly fire twitching in their eye sockets.

A silver skeleton stood in front of these skeletons. At the moment, it was touching its chin with a skeletal hand, thinking.

Suddenly, the ghostly fire in the silver skeleton's eye sockets twitched. It looked up and saw a clump of black smoke hovering in the sky. “A guy from the Black Temple...”

“A skeleton from the Cave of the Fallen Gods...”

There seemed to be some rivalry between the two.

Suddenly, both of them turned to look in a direction at the same time, and they saw a figure in bright red robes approach from the distant horizon, striding with her long legs as her curvy waist swayed enchantingly.