

Gourmet 1311

Chapter 1311 Drunken Nethery

“That woman... is also here!” The ghostly fire in the silver skeleton’s eye sockets kept beating, and it opened its mouth as if it were taking deep breaths.

“Sure enough... Even the crazy woman of God Vanishing Mountain can’t sit still upon learning the wine that can help Great Saints break through!” the figure wrapped in black mist also couldn’t help saying.

Empress Bi Luo’s bright red gown kept waving as she approached with big strides. There was a split in her gown from her waist down, so her long fair legs could be vaguely seen as she moved.

When she saw the silver skeleton and the black mist in the sky, the corners of her mouth curved upward into a disdainful smile. “The Cave of the Fallen Gods and the Black Temple... It looks like what Owner Bu came out with this time is remarkable. I need to quickly get it from him.”

A thoughtful look came over Bi Luo’s beautiful face as her red lips slightly parted. Then, she walked toward Forbidden Soul City at a steady pace, swaying her waist.

The silver skeleton snorted. This was considered an open competition between the three forbidden lands, which would have an impact on their faces. Although the Cave of the Fallen Gods didn’t have faces when compared with God Vanishing Mountain, they couldn’t lose to the Black Temple!

With a rumbling sound, the silver skeleton started toward the city. After he left, the skeletons all over the place sunk back into the ground.

The Black Temple expert, on the other hand, gave an evil laugh and headed toward the city as well.

...

Nethery had returned with You Ji and the others. They brought a large sum of money with them, each carrying at least one million Nether Crystals. They also wanted to taste the little restaurant's wine.

When they arrived, people were already crowded in front of the restaurant. With Foxy in her arms, Nethery walked past the line and entered the restaurant.

Bu Fang was sitting at a dining table. The jade jar was placed at his side, while many blue-and-white porcelain glasses were placed on the table. All the glasses were filled with colorful wine, which shone dazzlingly in the restaurant's light. Overall, it was a wonderful sight.

The moment Nethery walked in, Bu Fang rested his eyes on her and said faintly, "You're back?"

Nethery nodded. Then, she narrowed her eyes, took out a cloth bag, and handed it to Bu Fang. "Here's one million Nether Crystals... Give me a glass of wine," she said seriously.

Bu Fang didn't hesitate to fulfill that. He picked up a glass and handed it to her.

Several heads of aristocratic families standing in front of the table exchanged glances.

"Is this wine really worth one million Nether Crystals?!" They were still a little hesitant. After all, the price was not a small sum, and it was a great burden to an aristocratic family. Nether Crystals were not crystals. The difference between the two was huge.

A glass of this wine was... worth several cities.

Nethery took the glass handed to her by Bu Fang and pursed her red lips. She was already impatient.

You Ji, Luo Ji, and the other Prison Overlords also stepped through the door. For a moment, the restaurant became very lively. They rested their eyes on Nethery.

Holding the blue-and-white porcelain glass, Nethery slightly opened her mouth and poured the wine into her mouth.

A Great Saint could break through after drinking this wine. What would be the effect after a Little Saint drank it? This was the question in many people's minds. If the wine could help a Great Saint break through a level, surely it would help a Little Saint break through three to four levels, right?

Many people thought the same. If the wine really had this effect, it was indeed worthy of one million Nether Crystals! If it really could help a Little Saint break through three to four levels, perhaps the whole Earth Prison would become crazy!

Nethery finished the wine in one gulp, her smooth neck moving as she swallowed. Her eyes were closed, and her gray-green hair swayed behind her.

The moment the wine entered her mouth, her face wrinkled, and she opened her mouth. Apparently, she was stung by the pungency of the wine.

"It's very spicy..." Nethery wrinkled her nose and said.

Foxy reached out a tiny paw, grabbed the glass, and sniffed it. Her eyes lit up in an instant. Then, she stuck out her tongue and licked all the remaining wine in the glass.

All the people were watching curiously with wide eyes at Nethery. They didn't know what would happen to her after she drank the wine. Would she break through? Would she break through a few levels at once?

After drinking the wine, Nethery's pale face turned red instantly. She opened her mouth, stuck out her tongue, and breathed hot air.

Foxy, who licked the wine, also looked confused as she lay on Nethery's shoulder with a red face.

Suddenly, Nethery stumbled and almost fell. Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth. He was expecting this, so he put an arm around her waist.

That turned the girl's face completely red. She opened her mouth, and her breaths smelled of alcohol.

"De-deli-delicious..." Nethery said, her eyes narrowed.

After Bu Fang put his arm around her waist, she kept shaking her head, then she thrust her head at Bu Fang, smashing her forehead into his...

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched violently. He knew that Nethery would not be easy to take care of after she was drunk.

As for Foxy, who was lying on Nethery's shoulder, she was already limp and looked as if she was about to fall off. Bu Fang took her and put her on his shoulder. Rubbing the little fox's warm head, he didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

His head was hit a few times in a row, and he couldn't stand it anymore. When others were drunk, they usually talked nonsense or slapped the bed. Why did Nethery like to smash her head against others when she was drunk?

"Whitey," Bu Fang called faintly.

Whitey lifted the curtain and walked out of the kitchen, its mechanical eyes flashing.

"Guard the wine. I'll be right back," Bu Fang said. After that, he took Nethery's hand, put Foxy on his shoulder, and started toward the second floor. Even then, Nethery tried to hit him with her head again, but Bu Fang raised his hand and blocked it with his palm. He patted her on the face, feeling helpless.

He realized that not everyone was like him, who behaved himself so well after drinking.

Buzz...

Suddenly, Bu Fang halted his steps and narrowed his eyes. You Ji, the other Prison Overlords, and the heads of many aristocratic families all turned their gazes over.

Nethery drank the wine, so in addition to forgetting herself, she would also have a breakthrough, which was everyone's concern.

RUMBLE!

Sure enough, her aura began to soar rapidly. Without a doubt, it was the sign that she was about to break through.

However, to their surprise, the soaring lasted only for a short while, and in the end, Nethery only broke through one level. She was now a Two-revolution Little Saint.

After the outbreak of the cursed snake, Nethery had suffered a severe side effect, but her cultivation base had improved significantly as well. Moreover, the cursed snake had been imperceptibly enhancing her cultivation base. Now, after drinking the glass of wine, her cultivation base had broken through one level.

“Only one level?”

“A Little Saint can only break through one level after drinking the wine?”

“This... Did she drink fake wine?”

The heads of aristocratic families were all struck dumb. They couldn't help frowning, their minds filled with doubts.

However, it was obvious that Bu Fang's wine was not fake. In this case, it meant that the wine could help a Little Saint break through one level only. Or, in other words, the wine could help the drinker break through one level, regardless of his or her current level.

Such an effect was already heaven-defying, but many people felt regret, especially Little Saints. If the wine could only help them break through one level, it wasn't worth one million Nether Crystals a glass to them. Usually, the cultivation resources of a million Nether Crystals could be used by several Little Saints for several years.

However, to Great Saints or Nine-revolution Little Saints, the wine was a divine wine! If a Nine-revolution Little Saint drank the wine, they might be able to break through into the Great Saint Realm. To Earth Prison, it was great news because it would have many new Great Saints! Therefore, this wine has its benefits!

Nethery's breakthrough was over, but Bu Fang's face grew serious. In the distance, You Ji, with the hefty sword on her back, turned pale when she saw Nethery's look.

A bright green light suddenly burst out of Nethery's body, and the cold, evil-looking cursed snake could be vaguely seen around her, fixing its cold eyes at Bu Fang.

It was a long time before the bright green light faded away.

"The cursed snake..." Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. Thinking about the curse in Nethery, he felt a little headache.

He took her by the hand and went to the second floor. Then, he opened the door to her room, stepped into it, and placed her on the bed. He also brought Foxy down from his shoulder and placed her next to Nethery's head.

The girl and the fox slept soundly on the bed. Bu Fang left the room, closed the door, and came back to the dining area.

Meanwhile, the news that the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine could only help a Little Saint break through a level had already spread. The family heads waiting in line immediately exchanged glances. Many of them didn't want to wait any longer and left. They were here for the wine, for its effect of helping them break through. Since it could help a Great Saint break through a level, they thought it would help a Little Saint break through at least three to four levels.

Now, however, it seemed that the wine was not as magical as many had claimed.

Bu Fang was calm, and he watched with a straight face as the people waiting in the line left. He had expected this. These people were just opportunists. They wanted to use the wine to break through several levels at once, but there was never such an easy thing in the world.

Although the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine was magical, breaking through three or four levels at a time was not good for cultivators. Instead, Bu Fang felt that it was great to break through just one level because the wine could cleanse their bodies and strengthen their foundations, which was the key.

Bu Fang's expression remained unchanged as he watched one expert after another left.

You Ji and the others looked at him with growing respect, amazed by his calm behavior at such a great turn of events.

They, too, paid the money and bought the wine. As the wine was not allowed to be taken out of the restaurant, they drank it on the spot.

After drinking the wine, they were all drunk.

Jin Jiao's face was red, and he kept slapping himself on the chest and shouting. Luo Ji giggled incessantly. Normally, they were awe-inspiring Prison Overlords, but they still acted like a fool when drunk.

Even the unsmiling You Ji began to swing her sword in the restaurant after drinking the wine.

Bu Fang rubbed the center of his brows and asked Whitey to send them out of the restaurant.

Although many heads of aristocratic families had left in disappointment, thinking that the wine wasn't worth one million Nether Crystals, there were still many remaining. They all paid for the wine, drank it, and broke through on the spot. Of course, they became drunk as well and were sent out of the restaurant by Whitey.

Since they were drunk, Bu Fang didn't consider them as troublemakers. Otherwise, the Clothes-Stripping Crazy Demon would have to strike again.

Nether King Er Ha arrived quietly. The moment he stepped through the door, he burst out laughing.

"Hahahaha! Bu Fang young man... your wine is excellent! You're worthy of being the man appreciated by me!"

Bu Fang still remembered the words uttered by this fellow when he was drunk yesterday. At the thought of that, a cold smile immediately came over his face.

'Stinking cu*t?' He twitched the corner of his mouth.

Nether King Er Ha's laugh came to an abrupt stop, and he felt a shock of cold stab through him. 'What happened?' He couldn't figure out why he felt that.

"Give me another glass of wine!" Nether King Er Ha said, grinning.

Why should he cultivate when he could break through by drinking? All he had to do was drink a glass of wine every day, and in a few days, he would be stronger than his father!

"And bring me a few spicy strips..." he said. His spicy strips had just run out.

"Spicy strips? No more." Bu Fang glanced at Nether King Er Ha and just handed him a glass of wine without any spicy strips.

'Who did you call stinking cu*t yesterday?'

"Why are there no spicy strips? Impossible... I saw you still had them yesterday..." Nether King Er Ha's eyes went wide. He didn't believe Bu Fang. "Aye, you're a naughty young man! Come, give me spicy strips. I'll pay you!"

He grinned, produced another cloth bag, and waved it at Bu Fang's face.

Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth with a cold look. "Well, as a stinking cu*t, I don't have spicy strips. In fact, it never existed, and it will never exist again in this lifetime..."

Nether King Er Ha was shocked when he heard that. 'How did Bu Fang young man know the term stinking cu*t?! What happened? Heaven, did I do something incredible after drinking the wine? I can't remember anything now...'

However, when he saw Bu Fang's expressionless face, Nether King Er Ha decided to just shut his mouth. Holding his glass, he walked to the side and drank it. Then, he narrowed his eyes and touched his chin, waiting for the pleasure of breaking through to come.

He waited for a long time, but what he got was just dizziness. The breakthrough didn't appear.

‘What?’ Nether King Er Ha froze. ‘Could it be that... this wine only helps one break through when drunk for the first time? Tell me this isn’t happening?’

A crisp sound of footfalls rang through the door, accompanied by a fragrance.

“Oh, what an amazing smell. Owner Bu... It’s been a long time. What good thing have you come out with this time?” A soft and sweet voice echoed through the air.

Many heads of aristocratic families who decided to remain were struck dumb by what they saw. The elegant figure was breathtakingly beautiful.

Empress Bi Luo stepped into the restaurant with a smile on her peerless face.

Chapter 1312 The Fearsome Whitey

A soft voice came through the door, giving Bu Fang and Nether King Er Ha pause. A fragrant breeze came next, and then Bu Fang saw a familiar figure, who was none other than Bi Luo, the Empress of Goddess City.

‘Why is she here? Shouldn’t she be in Goddess City?’ Bu Fang thought.

Empress Bi Luo was dressed in a bright red gown. Her long fair legs could be vaguely seen through the red dress, and when her long eyelashes moved, her eyes gleamed enchantingly.

Bu Fang looked at her and frowned, but said nothing.

“Owner Bu, have you made something amazing recently and shocked the whole Earth Prison? Even my Master told me to find out more about it myself.” Empress Bi Luo said with narrowed eyes and an attractive smile on her beautiful face.

Bu Fang, however, remained impassive. He lifted a hand and pointed at Nether King Er Ha, who was holding his head with both hands and looked sorrowful. This guy had just gulped down one million Nether Crystals again, but he didn’t make a breakthrough.

“Oh, my stupid brother is here too...” Empress Bi Luo glanced at Nether King Er Ha in surprise. She could sense his cultivation base, and the oppressive pressure he exuded made her suck in a cold breath. She realized that her brother had broken through to the Great Saint Realm.

“A Great Saint... Dad really had high hopes for this boy,” she said enviously. Then, after noticing Nether King Er Ha’s gloomy look, she turned to Bu Fang and asked, “What happened to him?”

Bu Fang glanced coldly at the Nether King and said in an indifferent voice, “Nothing. He just drank a glass of wine.”

“Wine?” Empress Bi Luo’s eyes lit up in an instant. She slightly pursed her red lips, came in front of Bu Fang with sexy steps, and fixed her eyes at the wine on the table. She was immediately intoxicated by the bouquet wafting out of the glasses.

“Is this the wine that many claimed could help a Great Saint break through a level?” she asked.

Bu Fang nodded.

She was thrilled. “It seems that this is the thing Master is looking for... The breakthroughs of Prison Overlord Ying Long and Er Ha are all because of your wine, right?”

Empress Bi Luo touched her smooth, fair chin and became lost in thought. The wine was indeed heaven-defying. Besides, judging from Er Ha’s sorrowful look, only the first cup of this wine would have a significant effect. Even so, it was still heaven-defying. A wine that could help a Great Saint break through... She was extremely thrilled just by thinking about it.

She narrowed her eyes and said to Bu Fang with a smile, “I want a cup... I need to bring it back to my Master!”

Bu Fang glanced at her, raised a hand, and pointed to the small wooden plaque at the door. “One million Nether Crystals for a cup. Also, here’s a friendly reminder: this restaurant doesn’t accept take-out orders. You can only drink this wine here.”

‘One million Nether Crystals for a single cup?’ Empress Bi Luo was dumbfounded when she heard that. ‘One million Nether Crystals... This wine is too expensive! He’s treating people like fools! Also, the wine can only be drunk here? How am I going to report this to Master? I need to bring this wine back to her...’

Empress Bi Luo thought for a while, then she said, “Can’t you bend the rules a little, Bu Fang? I’m the Empress of Goddess City after all...”

She touched her purse. She couldn’t even fork out one hundred thousand Nether Crystals now, let alone one million. No one would bring so many Nether Crystals when traveling, and she wasn’t aware of the price before this.

Suddenly, the ground shook, and then a silver skeleton walked through the door.

Empress Bi Luo turned around and gave the skeleton a sideways glance, who was an expert from the Cave of the Fallen Gods.

“If you don’t have money, don’t buy wine.” The skeleton’s mouth opened and closed, and a mysterious voice came out of it.

Empress Bi Luo’s face turned cold instantly. She just forgot to bring her money. As the Empress of Goddess City, how could she not have one million Nether Crystals?

“Are you mocking me, skeleton?” she said, her eyes narrowed.

The ghostly fire in the silver skeleton’s eye sockets twitched. Then, it flipped its skeletal palm, and a purse immediately appeared, which fell to the table with a thud.

“Little chef, give me a cup of wine,” said the silver skeleton.

‘A skeleton from the Cave of the Fallen Gods...’ Bu Fang looked at the skeleton with a straight face. He couldn’t help but think of the skeleton in golden armor who tried to kill him, who had used a Great Saint trick and smashed him with a golden skeletal arm.

He remembered everything clearly, and he would not be polite to anyone who tried to kill him. Although he treated everyone who came to his restaurant as customers, it was up to him to decide whether he wanted to sell them his dishes or not.

“How do skeletons drink?” Bu Fang asked with an expressionless face as he stared at the silver skeleton.

The flames in the skeleton’s eye sockets throbbed violently. “It’s none of your business how skeletons drink. All you have to do is sell me the wine...” the skeleton said coldly. There seemed to be a threat in its voice.

Empress Bi Luo stood to the side with a slight smile. ‘How skeletons drink is a very serious question...’

“I’m sorry, but this wine will not be sold to you,” Bu Fang sat in his chair and said faintly.

The silver skeleton was displeased, and the ghostly fire in its eye sockets seemed to want to burn everything. “How dare you!”

“Hehehe... The little chef’s right. You’re a skeleton, so how are you going to drink it? Can you even digest it?”

A cold voice came through the door. Then, a plume of black smoke rolled into the restaurant and hovered in midair. Gradually, the smoke dispersed, revealing a figure wrapped in black bandages.

“The Black Temple guy... Do you want to fight?” the silver skeleton said coldly as it lifted a hand and clenched its palm into a fist, filling the air with a cracking sound.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk... Are you angry from embarrassment? I didn’t come here today to chat with you... Owner, give me a cup of wine,” the figure in black bandages, who was an expert from the Black Temple, said to Bu Fang in a hoarse voice.

‘This is interesting. Even the Black Temple and the Cave of the Fallen Gods are sending their men here...’ Bu Fang narrowed his eyes and crossed his arms.

“You also want to buy the wine?” Bu Fang asked.

The Black Temple expert nodded. “I’m not like this ugly and useless skeleton. I can drink.”

“I’m sorry, but I won’t sell you the wine even if you are not useless,” Bu Fang said coldly.

The Black Temple expert’s expression changed dramatically. “Why?!”

“Why? The guy who tried to assassinate me in Nether Prison is from your Black Temple, isn’t he?” Bu Fang said, looking at the expert who was wrapped up like a mummy.

The Black Temple expert’s face froze. Sure enough, Bu Fang still remembered this incident. However, it was normal because no one would forget it. After all, being assassinated was like walking on the edge of death.

“You have to sell me the wine today... My Master said I must bring the wine back to the Black Temple... You don’t want to live every day of your life in fear of assassination, do you?” the expert said coldly, sneering at Bu Fang.

The silver skeleton laughed as it watched. “The Black Temple is still so shameless and disgusting. After all these years, the way you threaten people hasn’t changed at all.”

Empress Bi Luo narrowed her eyes and looked at the silver skeleton and the Black Temple expert with a half-smile. At this moment, Lord Dog, lying under the Path-understanding Tree, opened his sleepy eyes and glanced at the two experts.

The glance immediately made their hearts skip a beat. The rumor that claimed the Earth Prison Dog was guarding this little restaurant was indeed true.

The Black Temple expert withdrew his arrogance in an instant and didn’t dare to be rude, but the way he looked at Bu Fang grew colder.

Bu Fang remained in his chair with a straight face. ‘I’m being threatened... all because I refused to sell him the wine... But am I a man who is afraid of being threatened?’

“Owner Bu... I can help you get rid of these two annoying guys, but can you bend the rules a little bit for me?” Empress Bi Luo said, chuckling.

The Black Temple expert and the silver skeleton turned to her.

“What strength do you have to get rid of us, woman?” Both experts sneered at the same time.

Empress Bi Luo shook her head. Then, she turned to look at Nether King Er Ha, who was still wallowing in frustration, and raised her voice. “Would you give me a hand, little brother?”

As her voice rang out, Nether King Er Ha paused. He then struggled to his feet, his body swaying. He felt a little dizzy. The supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine was very strong. Although it had lost the effect of breaking through, its alcohol content was still very high.

The moment Nether King Er Ha got up and before he could stand still, he stumbled and almost fell back to the ground.

Empress Bi Luo slapped her forehead, at a loss for words.

“Do you think a drunkard can help you get rid of us?” The Black Temple expert and the silver skeleton sneered.

Nether King Er Ha was displeased. ‘Are they looking down on me?’

However, before he could make a move, Bu Fang already called out in a soft voice, “Whitey.”

Inside the kitchen, the curtain was lifted, and then Whitey appeared in a flash, standing behind Bu Fang.

“Throw these two guys out of the restaurant,” Bu Fang said.

Whitey’s mechanical eyes flashed with bright blue light as it strode toward the two experts.

“The Black Temple and the Cave of the Fallen Gods are blacklisted, and no dishes of this little restaurant would be sold to you. So, please leave now,” Bu Fang said without expression.

Upon hearing that, both experts flew into a rage. They never thought that Bu Fang would really not give them any face. They were from the forbidden lands!

“How dare you!” The Black Temple expert’s scarlet eyes burst into light. Then, his body turned into a beam of black light in an instant and shot toward Bu Fang, intending to capture him.

“Troublemaker, you will be stripped as an example to others!” The moment the expert moved, Whitey’s mechanical eyes flickered, and its body appeared in front of Bu Fang in a flash.

Facing the Black Temple expert in bandages, Whitey threw out its huge palm.

BOOM!

The two of them collided. The Black Temple expert took a step back and sucked in a cold breath in disbelief.

‘Why is this puppet so strong? It can actually block my attack? A puppet that is as strong as a Nine-revolution Little Saint? Could it be a Nether Puppeteer’s Sacred Nether Puppet?’

After Whitey was repaired, its fighting capacity had improved significantly. Moreover, its strength was further enhanced after it devoured the Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine’s Heavenly Palace Tribulation. As a result, its fighting capacity was incredibly fearsome now.

Whitey’s aura grew violent. It swung its huge palm out hard, grabbed the Black Temple expert’s head, and pushed him out of the restaurant.

As soon as the two of them rushed out, an intense fight broke out!

Whitey drew its Thunder Knife. After going through the Heavenly Palace Tribulation, the War God Stick had transformed into a knife and become more powerful.

The fight instantly attracted the attention of the whole Forbidden Soul City. However, it ended just as fast as it started.

Pieces of bandages fell from the sky and scattered all over the ground. The Black Temple expert, who was wrapped in bandages, could be seen fleeing in black smoke with his naked back vaguely visible.

The scene shocked everyone. They couldn't believe that he was defeated so quickly. If he didn't have the black smoke, they might have clearly seen his naked body.

For a moment, all looked in awe at Whitey, who was flapping its metal wings and carrying its Thunder Knife in midair.

Even Bu Fang's eyes were flickering.

Whitey, who had returned, was still as fearsome as ever.

Chapter 1313 A Smack in Lord Dog's Face

The Black Temple expert was chased away just like that?

In Yellow Spring Little Restaurant, Empress Bi Luo slightly parted her red lips and blinked her beautiful eyes, looking somewhat incredulous. Clearly, even she didn't expect that Bu Fang's puppet would be so strong.

That guy from the Black Temple wasn't weak. Among Nine-revolution Little Saints, he was considered strong. After all, he came from a forbidden land. Even she didn't have the confidence to strip him naked. And yet, all his bandages were removed by the puppet.

But she was also a little curious. Why did the puppet only remove the bandages? What hobby was this?

Whitey turned around and went back. The metal wings on its back were folded, and it had shoved the Thunder Knife into its abdomen.

The silver skeleton stared at Whitey with ghostly fire twitching in its eye sockets. 'The Black Temple fellow is not weak, and yet his bandages were stripped by this puppet... The task is getting difficult.'

Although it was a skeleton, it was not stupid. It knew that it couldn't use force in this little restaurant. After all, the Earth Prison Dog was here. Even if the dog was too proud to attack them, there was still Nether King Er Ha, who was a Great Saint now. It naturally didn't dare to offend them.

Therefore, the skeleton planned to turn around and leave. However, it had just turned around when it froze to the spot. Nether King Er Ha had already appeared in front of it, raised his hand, and hit it on the forehead with a flick of his finger.

A great force exploded out on its head instantly. The silver skeleton only felt that its head was about to be blown apart. This was the power of a Great Saint. Although it was only a wisp of his full power, it was already something that a Little Saint could not withstand.

Like a cannonball, the skeleton was thrown flying out of the restaurant and smashed deep into the ground, breaking bricks and sending rubble flying in all directions. When it crawled out of the ruin, its body was covered with cracks, making it look rather miserable.

“Get out of here.” Nether King Er Ha’s voice rang out from the restaurant, followed by a burp.

The silver skeleton felt humiliated. It was an expert of the Cave of the Fallen Gods, and yet it was thrown out of the restaurant by someone. They simply didn’t show any respect to the Cave of the Fallen Gods.

“Are you trying to offend the Cave of the Fallen Gods?” Its mouth opened and closed, producing a strange voice. It was very angry. These people had no idea about the horrible strength of the forbidden land!

However, its words were responded to by Nether King Er Ha’s indifferent voice, “Why are you still here? Do you want me to break all your bones?”

The silver skeleton, covered with cracks, snorted and left immediately.

The scene was witnessed by many people, and they all gasped. Those were two Nine-revolution Little Saints who came from forbidden lands. To Earth Prison, forbidden lands had always been a taboo to mention.

“Sister, what do you think of my finger flicking just now?”

In the restaurant, Nether King Er Ha’s laughing voice rang out. Empress Bi Luo responded with a faint smile. The atmosphere was still harmonious.

The experts from the Cave of the Fallen Gods and the Black Temple were chased out of the restaurant. For some reason, Empress Bi Luo was very happy. However, her face quickly grew gloomy. She was supposed to bring back the wine, but she realized now that it was a little difficult to do that.

Bu Fang didn't consider their relationship and was not accommodating at all.

'Do I really have to ask Master to leave God Vanishing Mountain?' The last time her Master left the forbidden land, Nether King Tian Cang was attacking Nether Prison, and when she came back, she was seriously wounded.

A forbidden land was a cursed land sealed by a supreme power. Her Master was formidable, but if she left God Vanishing Mountain, she would be punished. Therefore, Bi Luo couldn't ask her Master to leave the forbidden land for a cup of wine.

That was why she still wanted to fight for her Master. She talked for a long time, but she was mercilessly rejected by Bu Fang. Even she was a little angry now.

During the persuasion, Nether King Er Ha interrupted a few times, asking Bu Fang for spicy strips, but all he got were cold glances and rejection. That made him clutch his head with both hands and wail as if he had lost all hopes in life.

After being rejected many times by Bu Fang, Empress Bi Luo was frustrated. Soon, she took Nether King Er Ha by the hand and left the restaurant.

Bu Fang did not comment on that.

The wine had a flaw, and that was, it could only help a Great Saint or a Little Saint break through a level. Since this was revealed, fewer and fewer people came to buy the wine. As a result, the restaurant went from noisy to silent suddenly.

Bu Fang wasn't concerned by that, though. He knew it was inevitable. After all, not everyone could spend a million Nether Crystals on a cup of wine.

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When the sun was setting and the dusk was settling in, Empress Bi Luo returned to the restaurant with enchanting steps. In her slender hand, she held a cloth bag that contained one million Nether Crystals.

She placed the bag on the table. With her red lips slightly curved upward and her long eyelashes fluttering, she gave a soft snort and said, "Here's one million Nether Crystals. Owner Bu, give me a cup of wine."

There was a hint of anger in her voice. It was plain that she was a little unhappy with Bu Fang. However, the dissatisfaction wasn't too strong. After all, Bu Fang was just a businessman in her eyes, and it was normal for him to focus on profits.

She did somewhat admire Bu Fang because he wasn't tempted by her beauty.

Now that Empress Bi Luo had paid, Bu Fang would not reject her. He poured the colorful wine into a blue-and-white porcelain cup and handed it to her.

The empress took the cup with her slender and fair fingers, then gave the rich bouquet a sniff. The fragrance pleased her.

Bu Fang put away the cloth bag with a satisfied look on his face. Although this supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine was not easy to make, he had to admit that it was a serious money-maker. Just the income of these few days alone was equivalent to the revenue of several branches for several months. He was very satisfied with the result.

He was still far from achieving the next revenue target, but he believed that even if the target was a pit as deep and vast as the sea, it would be filled one day.

Meanwhile, he had found a way to become rich. He just needed to come out with more high-grade dishes such as the Yellow Spring Helpless Wine, and he would soon make the next breakthrough.

At present, Bu Fang was a Two-revolution Little Saint. If he could complete the revenue task, he might be able to become a Nine-revolution Little Saint directly. This was how the System's upgrade worked, always so capricious. However, if he didn't complete the task, it would be very difficult for his cultivation base to improve, much harder than other people.

Of course, Bu Fang wasn't too concerned about it.

Empress Bi Luo gracefully sat down on a chair. She crossed her legs, revealing her fair skin and exquisite curves. With a strange look in her eyes, she stared at the cup held between her fingers.

'I can't believe this thumb-sized cup of wine is selling for one million Nether Crystals...'

Even though Bi Luo was an empress, the price still shocked her. She then realized that Bu Fang was really good at making money. Whether it was the Fang Fang's Ice Cream Store in Goddess City or the million-Nether-Crystal wine in front of her, they all perfectly demonstrated his money-making ability.

"The wine that costs one million Nether Crystals a cup... I wonder how it tastes." Empress Bi Luo chuckled and glanced at Bu Fang, who was standing behind the counter while wiping a cup with a square of clean cloth.

Lord Dog, lying under the Path-Understanding Tree, seemed a little bored. Now that all his injuries had recovered, he didn't need to sleep so often. He opened his eyes and gave Empress Bi Luo a curious glance.

"It's useless. Although the wine can help one break through a level, it's ineffective against the bottleneck of a major realm. After all, breaking through from the Little Saint Realm to the Great Saint Realm is not as simple as accumulating energy."

When Lord Dog saw Empress Bi Luo's seemingly excited face, he couldn't help saying something to dampen her hopes.

Bu Fang stopped cleaning the cup, arched an eyebrow, and glanced at Lord Dog in puzzlement. If truth be told, he wasn't too sure about the effect of this supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine. He knew it could help a Little Saint or a Great Saint break through a level, but it was useless for peak Great Saints such as Lord Dog. However, he didn't know if it could help a Perfected Little Saint.

"It's useless?" Empress Bi Luo gave Lord Dog a look and pursed her red lips. Then, she poured the wine into her mouth.

The moment the wine entered her stomach, Empress Bi Luo's face turned completely red, which made her breathtakingly beautiful. Her face looked like a fresh apple dripping with water, inviting people to give it a bite. She was indeed an enchanting woman.

"It's surprisingly delicious..." Empress Bi Luo's eyes turned as bright as the brightest stars in the night sky. She stuck out her tongue and licked her lips, while the breaths coming out of her nose grew hotter.

The next moment, a rumbling sound echoed out, and powerful energy began to surge over her body.

"Hmm... Is she breaking through?" Bu Fang was slightly taken aback. "Didn't Lord Dog say the wine has no effect on a Nine-revolution Little Saint?" Looking at the surging energy over Bi Luo's body and the rings of energy that rippled out in all directions, his face grew stranger and stranger.

Lord Dog was speechless. 'This is not supposed to happen...' As someone who had tried the wine, he knew very well that although the wine contained powerful energy and could help a Great Saint or a Little Saint break through a level, it could not help a Nine-revolution Little Saint break through the barrier and step into the Great Saint Realm. After all, the gap between the Little Saint Realm and the Great Saint Realm was enormous!

To become a Great Saint, a Little Saint needed to form a small world with its own Will of the Great Path. That was the reason why there were so few Great Saints in Earth Prison.

'This woman is going to become a Great Saint after drinking a cup of wine?' Lord Dog finally understood what it felt like to be smacked in the face. He snorted and turned his head away sulkily. "All this is just a coincidence..."

Empress Bi Luo's hair spread out around her as she sat with a blank face. At the same time, her aura turned into a pillar and thrust into the sky.

...

Meanwhile, in God Vanishing Mountain...

An indescribably beautiful and striking woman sat on a chunk of ten-thousand-year-old ice as a gust of freezing wind was blowing at her hair. Suddenly, her black eyes turned and looked at the distant horizon, where an energy beam thrust into the sky.

“This is... Bi Luo’s aura. Is she breaking through?” the woman muttered under her breath as her eyes slightly brightened.

She asked Bi Luo to find out why so many Great Saints had broken through, but before she could get the answer, Bi Luo was breaking through.

“Could it be that...”

...

The Cave of the Fallen Gods and the Black Temple also sensed the aura. As rivals for tens of thousands of years, they naturally were very familiar with Empress Bi Luo’s aura.

The Black Temple expert, who was stripped naked by Whitey, and the silver skeleton, whose bones were cracked by Nether King Er Ha’s finger, couldn’t believe what they had just sensed. That woman actually broke through right after they left? Was she concealing her strength, or the wine was really so...magical?!

Empress Bi Luo’s breakthrough was like a blasting fuse that caused both forbidden lands to explode into uproars. Even the supreme existences in them could hardly sit still.

...

In the Sword Demon Clan’s land...

Powerful beams of sword energy flew incessantly in a square sword pool, smashing at a figure. Suddenly, the figure opened its eyes. There seemed to be divine swords flashing in the pair of eyes.

Among the nine clans, the Sword Demon Clan was responsible for keeping an eye on God Vanishing Mountain, one of the forbidden lands of Earth Prison. Now that a God Vanishing Mountain expert was breaking through the Great Saint Realm, it naturally attracted his attention.

In fact, this man already had a lot of doubts in his mind. In the past few days, there had been successive breakthroughs by Great Saints of Earth Prison. He didn’t dare overlook such an oddity.

After all, Nether Prison had begun to carry out its big plan, so the changes that occurred in Earth Prison at this critical moment was not a good sign.

“What happened to Earth Prison? Did those Great Saints agree to break through together? And... It’s been many, many years since a Perfected Little Saint broke through the Great Saint Realm.”

The Sword Demon Patriarch took a deep breath. There seemed to be sword energy flickering in his eyes.

The emergence of a new Great Saint in Earth Prison at this time was not good news for Nether Prison.

Just then, a sword talisman sped over from outside the valley and fell into the Sword Demon Patriarch’s hand. It broke, and the message in it spread out instantly. When he saw the message, the expression on his cold face finally changed.

“Are we finally making a move?”

He took a deep breath and rose to his feet. Water splashed around him while sword energy spread in all directions.

As the water in the sword pool churned, the naked Sword Demon Patriarch pulled out a blue sword from it.

“My sword is already hungry and thirsty.”

Chapter 1314 Nether Prison Cannot Hold Back Any Longer

Over Forbidden Soul City, terrible pressure and thunderclouds gathered rapidly. All the people looked up in horror.

A lot had happened in Forbidden Soul City recently. Not only had its name spread all over Earth Prison, but many experts had visited it. And now, there seemed to be an expert facing the tribulation in the city.

“By the looks of it, this thunder tribulation is an extraordinary one...” Some people were inexperienced and didn’t know what the thunder tribulation meant. However, experienced experts recognized it in an instant, and that made them gasp.

“This is a... Great Saint Tribulation!”

“Who is breaking through the Great Saint Realm?!”

“Is it because of that wine? Can a Nine-revolution Little Saint really break through the Great Saint Realm after drinking it?”

Many people were astonished. They didn’t expect this to happen.

A Little Saint needed to go through a qualitative transformation to become a Great Saint, and that was to form his or her own little world, and then form the Will of the Great Path for the little world.

It was not just the accumulation of energy. How could a cup of wine achieve that? And yet, to everyone’s surprise, it actually succeeded!

“It’s the City Lord of Goddess City! I saw her walk into the little restaurant with my own eyes! It must be her! She’s breaking through after drinking the wine!”

“Could it be a coincidence? The City Lord of Goddess City is a Perfected Little Saint to begin with.”

“Coincidence or not, if this wine can really help a Nine-revolution Little Saint step into the Great Saint Realm... it’s worth one million Nether Crystals a cup!”

Everyone was thrilled. At this moment, those heads of aristocratic families who had left all came running back with millions of Nether Crystals, gathering in Forbidden Soul City to watch the Great Saint Tribulation.

Empress Bi Luo sat in the restaurant. Her face was flushed, making her look even more beautiful. It was a long time before she gave Bu Fang, who was wiping cups, a complicated look. Coincidence or not, she was about to step into the Great Saint Realm today.

Rising from her seat, Empress Bi Luo suppressed the tipsy feeling churning in her. The wine was so strong that she nearly passed out, but she knew that she was on the verge of breaking through, so she couldn't afford to pass out. And so, after bidding farewell to Bu Fang, she walked out of the restaurant.

The moment Empress Bi Luo left the restaurant, the whole Forbidden Soul City exploded into an uproar. Even then, heaven and earth seemed to fall silent as terrible explosions and a rumbling sound filled the air.

She began to transcend her tribulation, the Great Saint Tribulation that countless people had dreamed of and feared.

The tribulation went on for one whole night. The next morning, when the first sunlight appeared in the sky, the thunderclouds finally dispersed. Empress Bi Luo's impressive body could be seen hovering in midair. Her eyes were narrowed, and she looked as if she was savoring the terrible power in her.

From the sky came a peal of laughter. Stepping through the air, Nether King Er Ha arrived. He talked and laughed with Empress Bi Luo.

Soon, Ying Long came as well, leaning on his staff. He nodded at the empress. Bi Luo was the previous Nether King's offspring as well, so he would naturally give her the respect she deserved. As he looked at her, his heart was filled with mixed emotions.

The previous Nether King was truly amazing, for even an offspring he produced from lust was extraordinary, and now she had even reached the Great Saint Realm, becoming one of the top powers of Earth Prison. A pity that Empress Bi Luo came from God Vanishing Mountain. Otherwise, as the previous Nether King's offspring, she could lead Earth Prison together with Nether King Er Ha to defend against the attack that Nether Prison was about to launch.

Empress Bi Luo smiled in midair. At that moment, everyone was in a trance. It was as if all the flowers in the world had quietly bloomed.

After having a few words with Nether King Er Ha, she turned and gave the quiet Yellow Spring Little Restaurant a deep look. Then, she sped away, turning into a beam of light and disappearing into the horizon. She was going back to God Vanishing Mountain to report her findings to her Master.

In the sky, a figure strode over, holding a jade jar and grinning from ear to ear. He was none other than Yellow Spring Great Sage. With the others, he landed on the ground and stepped into the restaurant. After chatting with Bu Fang for a while, everyone left.

...

Nether Prison had already launched many operations. Many small worlds around it began to unite with it to become a great world. Except for a few small worlds, most have succumbed to its power.

Countless armies were assembled on a vast flatland. Terrible auras tangled together and soared into the sky as if to cause a major change to the whole world.

These armies came from the various clans of Nether Prison, consisting of experts whose faces were covered with feverish looks!

Rumble!

Great Saints of the nine clans flew over from the horizon and hovered in midair. Fearsome auras spread from them, twisting the void around them. Standing straight in the sky, they looked like pillars that supported the world.

Nether Prison had more Great Saints than Earth Prison, and the main reason was that its resources were richer than that of Earth Prison.

Suddenly, the void was torn apart, and then nine rifts appeared in the sky.

At the sight of that, all the Nether Prison experts became more feverish, and each of them looked extremely excited.

“Patriarchs!” The Nether Prison Great Saints wore solemn expressions as they bowed at the void. Soon, several vague figures emerged in midair.

“The pace of the unification of the Netherworld must move forward, and the small worlds around us must surrender. If reason fails, use force.” A profound voice thundered through the skies. “Conquer

the small worlds that are unwilling to surrender, including West Little Buddhism Realm, Wandering Soul Realm, the Abyss, Immortal Cooking Realm, and Earth Prison! The Netherworld becoming a great world is irreversible! This is the inevitable manifestation of the Laws of Heaven and Earth!”

As the voice rang out, the armies down below exploded into cheers and shouts. Their voices soared into the sky and shocked the whole world. The Great Saints in midair also cupped their fists and feverish looks.

It was time for Nether Prison to show its mettle.

Later, deafening voices began to ring out continuously in the sky. The supreme experts of the nine clans took turns to talk and assign tasks. Every clan was ordered to attack a small world which refused to surrender, and they would be led by Great Saints.

The Fire Demon Clan was the first to depart. Shrouded in terrible flames that could burn off everything, tens of thousands of Fire Demons screamed and turned into a river of fire as they sped toward the distant sky.

The Sword Demon Clan, the Nether Chef Clan, and the others had received their orders as well. Each of them had their own target. Of course, as every clan’s strength was different, the small world each clan needed to conquer was different. For weaker small worlds, weaker clans were sent. Nether Prison’s actions were calculated and deliberate.

The operation had caused the entire Netherworld to go through a tremendous change.

However, the nine clans of Nether Prison didn’t attack Earth Prison. The main reason was that its status was different. No ordinary clan could capture Earth Prison.

The war had begun. The deployment of Nether Prison armies shocked the whole Netherworld. The small worlds surrendered to Nether Prison and were also forced to send their experts to war. For a moment, the entire Netherworld was mobilized to conquer those small worlds that refused to surrender.

...

Down below in the Abyss...

The Great Judge watched with a towering rage as a palm came crashing down from the sky. In the blink of an eye, the team of Judges formed by him was slapped into a bloody and gory mess. Under the attack of several Great Saints, the Abyss City's walls collapsed, and its defense crumbled completely.

The Abyss, which had just freed itself from Nether Prison's control, chose to surrender once again under the crushing power. When a Great Saint of the Fire Demon Clan casually thrust a banner of his clan onto the ruin of Abyss City, the Great Judge and the Lord of Abyss City bowed their heads.

...

The Wandering Soul Realm was a cold world with souls flying everywhere.

An enormously huge savage monster stood in midair with its hooves crashing through the walls of the Wandering Soul Realm's major city. When countless experts turned into broken souls under the hooves, the remaining experts chose to surrender as well. Trembling, they watched as the Horned Demon Clan's flag rose from the ruin.

...

Similar scenes kept happening in the small worlds around the Netherworld.

The Winged Man Valley had already surrendered to Nether Prison's pressure, and it had sent countless experts to follow the Nether Prison armies into various small worlds. Although they could not let their holy light illuminate the skies, they could follow Nether Prison's steps and cast the holy light to every corner of the Netherworld.

The smoke of war soon spread all over the Netherworld. Many small worlds were threatened. In the face of the domineering Nether Prison, some second-class and third-class small worlds chose to surrender. Such a monster was not what they could resist.

Of course, some small worlds with backbone would not easily surrender.

In the West Little Buddhism Realm, the chanting of Buddha's name rang through heaven and earth. Amid bright Buddha's light, a towering Great Buddha enveloped the whole realm with a Buddhist Kingdom flashing in its palm.

The Great Saint from the Beastmaster Clan, who was sent to attack the West Little Buddhism Realm, was seriously wounded by the palm and forced to flee. His army was routing as well, and the savage monsters summoned by them had turned into gory carcasses that fell off from the sky.

As a first-class small world, the West Little Buddhism Realm still had the dignity that matched its status.

Meanwhile, in the Vajra Realm, two naked experts burst into a golden light and grew ten thousand meters tall. They threw out their fists and brought down a Divine Chef of the Nether Chef Clan from the sky.

Terrible roars shocked the world.

Some small worlds surrendered, and some small worlds chose to resist. All in all, a war of surrender and resistance was spreading around the Netherworld.

...

In the Immortal Cooking Realm, the huge bronze door slowly opened with a deafening creaking sound. Even then, the Immortal Tree's branches spread out as if to lash the sky and the ground, enveloping the whole fifth layer.

Meng Qi and the other City Lords watched from outside the fifth layer. Their faces were livid with shock. It never occurred to them that Nether Prison would be insane enough to start a war. Suddenly, a war drum sounded from behind the bronze door. Each of its beats was like a strike in their hearts.

The Immortal Cooking Realm experts fell silent.

Today's Immortal Cooking Realm was no longer the same small world that was bullied by others. After a short period of development, its experts had cultivated their own spirits, though it was still insignificant in the face of true power.

Buzz...

Sharp sword energy ripped the sky apart as two Great Saints broke through the barrier and came out of the bronze door, sweeping the realm with cold eyes. Accompanied by deafening cries and shouts, the experts of the Sword Demon Clan rushed through the barrier into the Immortal Cooking Realm with crazy killing intent.

All of a sudden, a small hut exploded, and a beam of light shot out of it into the sky. Realm Lord Di Tai had come out of seclusion. His golden hair waved in the wind, and his deep eyes seemed to glow with bright light. His naked body was shrouded in golden light, and his aura shook the skies.

At this moment, the Immortal Tree's branches came and wrapped him up. There seemed to be a world flashing in Realm Lord Di Tai's eyes as his cultivation base rose higher and higher until it broke the Little Saint barrier and stepped into the Great Saint Realm.

There was a sad look in his eyes. Nether Prison's pressure made him feel the crisis, so he chose to fuse himself with the freshly awakened Immortal Cooking Realm's Will of the Great Path. It made his cultivation base step into the Great Saint Realm, but by doing so, he had also cut off his road to the higher levels. His strength was fixed forever. However, to get the realm through the approaching crisis, he didn't regret it.

Buzz...

The equipment of the Divine Chef, including a kitchen knife, a black wok, a spatula, and an iron bowl, appeared and hovered around him. Then, Realm Lord Di Tai took a step forward and rushed toward the battlefield in the fifth layer.

"Bastards of Nether Prison, your Realm Lord Di Tai is back again!"

...

In Earth Prison, a sword light flashed in midair and ripped the void apart. An old man in gray robes came walking out of the rift, his eyes seemingly flickering with sword intent. He lifted a hand. In the palm, a tiny gray sword was wheeling slowly. While toying with the tiny sword, the old man looked up into the distance.

“The wine that can help a Great Saint break through... What a familiar feeling. Is he the inheritor of that man? No matter who he is, as long as he is related to that man, he must die. No information about that man should appear in the Netherworld again.” The gray-robed old man’s voice was soft, but it exploded in midair like thunder.

...

In God Vanishing Mountain, a white-robed woman narrowed her eyes as a sharp look flashed through them.

In the Cave of the Fallen Gods, the golden skeleton sat cross-legged down with blood-colored ghostly fire dancing in its eye sockets.

In the Black Temple, bandages fell as the air rang with the sound of steady breathing.

...

In the Yellow Spring Little Restaurant...

Yellow Spring Great Sage, who was chatting with Bu Fang, suddenly gave a surprised ‘oh’ and turned his head, while Prison Overlord Ying Long, who was leaning on the Hollow Eye Staff, opened his cloudy eyes.

At the same time, Lord Dog, lying under the Path-understanding Tree, yawned and said, “It seems that Nether Prison cannot hold back any longer.”

Chapter 1315 Destroys the City With a Sword, the Arrival of a Crisis

The appearance of the gray-robed old man changed the expressions of all the Earth Prison experts. They couldn’t help frowning in dread. Even Lord Dog yawned to show his seriousness. Bu Fang didn’t feel anything special, however. He just sensed that their emotions had changed ever so slightly.

He had put away the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine. As days passed, fewer and fewer people came to buy the wine. Almost all those who could afford it had made the purchase, and since only the first cup was effective, no one would spend another one million Nether Crystals for a second cup. It wasn’t worth the price. Even if someone did buy a second cup, it would be just

for the taste. No one except Nether King Er Ha would be so extravagant as to spend so much money for that purpose.

As a result, the business of Bu Fang's restaurant gradually returned to normal.

Recently, Yellow Spring Great Sage kept visiting the restaurant. It was not because he fell in love with the atmosphere, but he liked to hold and stroke his jade jar there. Whenever someone looked over, he would explain that the jar contained the wine that cost one million Nether Crystals a cup. Every time he did that, people would look shocked. The jar was about the size of a fist, and that meant it could fill over a dozen cups. That made it worth over ten million Nether Crystals.

Yellow Spring Great Sage enjoyed those shocked looks. Whenever someone was shocked, he would be very happy. At his level, ordinary materials could no longer make him feel happy. What he wanted was the joy on the spiritual level.

Nether King Er Ha and the others didn't hesitate to roll their eyes at him, and they didn't conceal their disdain for his shallow behavior.

Since no one was buying the wine, Bu Fang began to cook. A restaurant was not a wine shop, after all. In any restaurant, food was the main focus. Although the effect of his dishes was nowhere near as good as the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine, they still had some effect.

Ting-a-ling!

The kitchen's curtain was lifted, and the bell rang. Bu Fang walked out of it with a plate of a steaming dish in hand. A rich fragrance spread from it, making all the people in the restaurant twitch their noses and sniff at the smell.

"It smells great."

Everyone's eyes lit up. Bu Fang placed the dish on the table. Lord Dog had already bolted over with an impatient look, laid his front paws on the table, and stuck out his tongue. It was his favorite, Sweet 'n' Sour Dragon Meat Ribs.

Nethery had woken up. She slept for two days after drinking the wine, and she was already starving. With Foxy in her arms, she sat to the side and began eating a bowl of Dragon Blood Rice.

The aroma of food stimulated the appetite of many people present, so they all ordered dishes and began to eat and drink. The atmosphere in the restaurant was harmonious, totally different from the tense atmosphere in Earth Prison.

After finishing his food, Prison Overlord Ying Long took his leave from Yellow Spring Great Sage and the others, then walked out of the restaurant and flew away. As one of the Overlords of Earth Prison and the expert in charge of the order, he couldn't just sit back and watch a Nether Prison Great Saint intrude.

...

The gray-robed old man floated outside the Black Temple, looking indifferently at the building with his hands clasped behind his back. Soon, a clump of black smoke drifted out of the temple toward him.

"I didn't expect that the Sword Demon Patriarch would come here in person. Welcome!" the supreme existence of the Black Temple said in a hoarse voice and smiled at the old man.

The temple's gates opened with a creak. The old man chuckled, and the sword energy around him seemed to boil. Then, he followed the Black Temple's expert through the gates and disappeared. Suddenly, the temple's gates closed, producing a deafening rumble.

Inside the Black Temple, the two mighty experts seemed to be plotting something. A night had gone by when the gates opened again. With his hands clasped behind him, the old man flew out of the temple, stepped on a sword light, and sped away.

The Black Temple expert hovered at the gates. Wisps of blood-colored light swirled in the black smoke that shrouded him, and he seemed to be contemplating.

...

At the Cave of the Fallen Gods...

The golden skeleton sat cross-legged in front of the cave. Its body seemed to radiate dazzling golden light, and the blood-colored ghostly fire in its eye sockets throbbed as it looked at the distant sky, where a majestic sword light suddenly appeared.

“Jin Lou, you should know why I am here...” With his hands clasped behind his back, the gray-robed old man hovered over the golden skeleton.

The golden skeleton turned its skull and slowly looked up. The ghostly fire in its eyes flickered.

“The catastrophe of this age is coming. If the Netherworld does not become a great world, it will follow in your footsteps, and you, the so-called forbidden lands, will be completely annihilated in the long river of history,” said the old man. “The forbidden land could help you survive the first catastrophe, but it cannot help you withstand the second catastrophe. When it comes... you will all die.”

The golden skeleton’s ghostly fire twitched, and a clicking sound rang out as if it was sneering. “How can you nine traitors be qualified to withstand the catastrophe when even that man had failed to do so?” The fire in its eyes beat, showing that it was agitated.

Instead of getting angry, the old man just smiled. The next moment, a beam of sword energy appeared in his hand. With a light toss, the beam flew toward the skeleton.

“Jin Lou, it is not for you to judge if we are traitors. I just want to ask you now: do you want to live?” the old man said faintly as he hovered in midair on a sword light.

The golden skeleton reached out a golden palm, and immediately, the sword energy fell and wrapped it up. Upon sensing the energy, the fire in its eyes flickered violently. “You... Did you touch the barrier?!”

The old man was pleased with the skeleton’s shock. “Not me... but us. All nine of us have touched the barrier, and Di Ting even had half of his foot into it... This is what gives us the confidence to withstand the catastrophe. As long as the Netherworld becomes a great world, we will survive it.”

The golden skeleton fell silent. After the ghostly fire in its eyes beat for a long time, it finally said, “Fine... I’ll join you.”

“A wise man submits to fate. Hahaha...” The gray-robed old man burst out laughing. Then, he sped away on the sword light.

...

From the sky, the gray-robed old man threw a beam of sword energy toward God Vanishing Mountain.

Suddenly, a slender and fair arm swept out of the mountain and dispersed the sword energy.

“You don’t have to come to me. I’m no longer concerned about life or death. Get out of here.” A cold voice echoed out.

“Don’t you want to reconsider... Ice Saint? At its prime, your Ice Vanishing Palace was a monster that looked down upon the whole Netherworld. Are you willing to let it sink to the ground?” the old man said lightly. “It’s not worth doing this for that Nether King Tian Cang...”

“I don’t need you to teach me what to do. Get lost now,” said the indescribably beautiful woman sitting on the ten-thousand-year ice.

“If you go against the wind, you will inevitably suffer destruction... No one can stop the unification of the Netherworld. Black Demon and Jin Lou both gave in. What are you holding on to?” the old man said coldly. The next moment, he raised a hand, and countless beams of sword energy immediately appeared in it.

“You’re not leaving? If you don’t get out of here now, I’ll call the dog,” said Ice Saint in a cold voice.

At that, the old man’s expression changed. “Hmph! You have no idea what is good for you! Soon, that dog won’t be able to protect even himself. You will die with him!” He sneered, then stepped on the sword light and sped away.

A disdainful look appeared on Ice Saint’s face as she watched the old man disappear. “A bunch of hypocrites. How dare he come to ask for my help when they had wounded me in the past? Do they think I’m so accommodating?”

As soon as she finished speaking, she pulled out an ice-cream cone from behind her and slowly enjoyed it.

...

Outside Forbidden Soul City, the Yellow Spring River suddenly rocked. Huge waves rose to the sky as the blood-colored water churned. All of a sudden, a sword beam flew whistling over and cut the river in half.

The gray-robed old man hovered in midair. His eyes flashed, and thousands of sword beams could be seen wheeling behind him.

“Forbidden Soul City...”

A strange smile appeared on the old man’s face. Looking at the broken city walls, he soared into the sky and thrust a sword at the city down below. The void squeaked under the mighty pressure of the sword.

RUMBLE!

A huge sword fell from the sky and smashed onto Forbidden Soul City, devouring everything in an instant. Under the formidable destructive force of the sword, the buildings in the city collapsed, and bricks turned into powder. In a flash, the majestic city was reduced to ruins.

Meanwhile, a few thousand miles away, the people of Forbidden Soul City watched the scene in shock and horror. Fortunately, Prison Overlord Ying Long had moved them out of the city. Otherwise, they would have all died under the attack. The sword strike was so strong that even a Perfected Little Saint couldn’t resist. It was as if a real God of Sword had descended.

The gray-robed old man waved his sleeve. A powerful blast immediately swept out with a rumble, dispersing the clouds of smoke and dust that covered the ruin.

“Oh?” His eyes focused as he glanced down, then suddenly, they burst into a bright light. “It’s still standing?!” He took a deep breath. Looking at the unscathed little restaurant among the ruins, his face turned cold in an instant.

Bu Fang put his hands behind him and walked to the door of the restaurant. At his side, Nethery stood quietly with Foxy in her arms.

The powerful sword strike had reduced the whole Forbidden Soul City to ruins. Through the smoke and dust, Bu Fang stared with a straight face at the gray-robed old man standing in midair.

Yellow Spring Great Sage walked out of the restaurant, holding his wine jar, while Lord Dog also came out with his enchanting cat-like steps. Standing in front of the door, they looked up at the old man.

“What’s coming will come... These guys couldn’t hold back at last,” Lord Dog said in his gentle and magnetic voice.

Holding his wine jar, Yellow Spring Great Sage glanced at Lord Dog and said, “Mangy dog, this old fellow is here for you, right? He’s bold to come to you alone.”

Lord Dog shook his head. “Alone? You think too much... These few old fellows are scared of death.” The next moment, he flew into the sky and hovered in front of the gray-robed old man. However, to his surprise, the old man’s eyes didn’t turn to look at him. His gaze was fixed on Bu Fang, who was standing in front of the restaurant.

Lord Dog tilted his head. He then discovered that the monstrous killing intent exuding from the old man was targeted at Bu Fang.

“A little restaurant that cannot be destroyed, a heaven-defying dish, and that familiar aura... You are really too similar to that man. And because of this... you must die!”

Chapter 1316 The Forbidden Land Strikes, a Skeleton True Dragon!

The strange killing intent froze not only Lord Dog, but also Bu Fang, who was standing in front of the restaurant. Looking at the gray-robed old man in midair, he couldn’t help but frown his eyebrows. He could feel that the killing intent was targeted at him. Bu Fang had never met this old man before, and he shouldn’t have any conflicts with him. Why, then, was the old man harbored such a strong killing intent for him, so much so that it felt as if he wanted to destroy the world?

‘When did I offend him?’

Holding his wine jar, Yellow Spring Great Sage gave Bu Fang a strange look. After thinking for a while, he said hesitantly, "Maybe he's jealous of your handsome looks." He had thought the Sword Demon Patriarch was here for Lord Dog, but it turned out that the old fellow's target was Bu Fang. He and Lord Dog both were somewhat confused.

"Nonsense... If he's really jealous, he's jealous of my handsome appearance. Bu Fang young man just has a... paralyzed face," Nether King Er Ha said seriously as he craned his head out of the restaurant. Then, he pushed a lock of hair away from his forehead as a charming smile emerged on his lips.

Rumble!

A terrible aura spread in the sky and swept out in all directions. In the distance, the people of Forbidden Soul City couldn't help but gasp. The pressure was too horrible. They couldn't believe that an expert of this level would dare to attack wantonly in Earth Prison.

Ying Long narrowed his eyes. Behind him, the few other Prison Overlords, including Jin Jiao and Yin Jiao, also wore grave expressions. Others might not recognize the old man, but as Prison Overlords, they naturally knew who he was.

He was the Patriarch of the Sword Demon Clan, a mighty existence who was claimed to have already reached the Nine-revolution Great Saint Realm! An existence of this level was insanely fearsome!

When the previous Nether King, Tian Cang, attacked Nether Prison, none of the Patriarchs from the nine clans had come to Earth Prison. Why did one of them come and even destroy a city with a powerful strike?

When they related this to the recent events in Earth Prison, the Prison Overlords' faces grew uglier and uglier.

"Nether Prison cannot hold back any longer... They are going to strike finally. After the Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path was over, they began to show their prowess with the intention to bring all the surrounding small worlds under their wings. The nine old fellows from the nine Nether Prison clans are going to... form the Great Netherworld!"

Leaning on the Hollow Eye Staff, Prison Overlord Ying Long's face was grave.

“But... Does this old fellow despise Earth Prison? Is he trying to bring the whole Earth Prison to its knees alone?”

His face was unsightly. He knocked the end of his staff on the ground, causing the ground to cave in.

...

The gray-robed old man in the sky finally moved. His killing intent for Bu Fang plunged the whole world into terror. With a sharp cry, a sword flew out from behind him, emitting a light so bright that it turned the world dark at this moment.

“You... must die,” said the Sword Demon Patriarch.

All of a sudden, the sword turned and sped toward Bu Fang.

“Old man, do you really think I don’t exist?” A gentle and magnetic voice echoed through the air. Sneering, Lord Dog shook his body, causing his fat to wobble, then raised his paw and threw it out.

With a rumble, the paw and the sword smashed together. It was as if the most horrible collision had happened. At this moment, the whole world turned dark, while a rumbling sound filled the air, hammering at every ear. The next moment, powerful blasts and terrible energy waves spread and swept out in all directions.

“Earth Prison Dog... I’ll kill you one day! Those who go against nature will come to no good end! That’s what happened to Tian Cang, and you... will face the same fate soon!”

The gray-robed old man stood in midair with his hands clasped behind his back. Beams of sword energy shot out from around him, forming a pattern that looked like a lotus flower. Suddenly, he pointed out a finger. At the gesture, the thousands of sword beams turned into a torrent and quickly transformed into an enormous silver dragon in the sky.

The sky in Earth Prison couldn’t bear the power and began to break, letting in streams of void turbulence. It showed that the attack of a Great Saint was strong enough to destroy a world!

Lord Dog's eyes turned red instantly. "If you want to fight, fight me in the starry sky!" He let out a bark that shook the skies. Then, he threw out a paw, which grew larger and larger until it blotted out the sky and dragged the silver dragon into the starry sky.

The space over the sky and under the starry sky was the battlefield for Great Saints! There, the battles always frightened heaven and shook the earth!

"So be it. I'll cut down your dog head first before killing this little bastard who shouldn't have existed!" The Sword Demon Patriarch gave Bu Fang a cold look that was filled with monstrous killing intent. After that, he shot into the sky and rushed into the battlefield in the starry sky.

Lord Dog's fat wobbled as he turned around and gave Bu Fang a deep look. "Take care of yourself. I'll be right back," he said.

Then, walking with his enchanting cat-like steps, he went into the battlefield as well.

Before long, everyone felt that the sky seemed to have turned dark. A terrible battle was taking place over the sky. At this moment, all the savage monsters along the Yellow Spring River fell to the ground, trembling. Under the pressure of Great Saints, none of them could move.

The Forbidden Soul City had already turned into a ruin with rubbles scattered all over the ground. However, under the System's protection, Yellow Spring Little Restaurant was intact. There was an invisible energy barrier swirling around it.

Standing in the restaurant, Bu Fang became lost in thought. The Sword Demon Patriarch's surging killing intent and strange words made him narrow his eyes.

After analyzing his words, Yellow Spring Great Sage and the others thought that Bu Fang must have obtained the legacy of some mighty figure, which was dreaded by the nine old fellows of Nether Prison.

The Netherworld had been around for a very long time. Many legendary figures were born here, so it was normal for some of them to leave behind their legacies. Yellow Spring Great Sage, who was the oldest man among those present, tried to figure out whose legacy Bu Fang obtained, and why it was dreaded by the Sword Demon Patriarch and filled him with such monstrous killing intent. However, he couldn't think of any.

Suddenly, his eyes lit up. ‘Could it be... the legacy of a peerless expert from the previous age?’ he thought to himself. Even he was frightened by the thought. ‘A supreme existence of the previous age? That’s a forbidden existence!’

When an age died, a new age was born. This was the power of the intangible law of time in the world, and Laws and Rules was the mystery beyond the Will of the Great Path.

‘Could Bu Fang’s legacy have something to do with this mystery?’

Yellow Spring Great Sage had lived long enough to know many things. He knew that those in the forbidden lands in Earth Prison and Nether Prison were all survivors from the previous age, and what surrounded them was the power of Laws and Rules.

The power restricted them. Once they left the forbidden lands, they would be corroded by the power, and their life force would be reduced rapidly. The influence was weaker for those with weaker strength, but once a Great Saint left the forbidden land for too long, he or she would be severely wounded and might even turn into ashes by the power of Laws!

If the legacy Bu Fang obtained did come from a supreme existence of the previous age, it explained why he was so hated by the nine Nether Prison clans.

“You are such a lucky guy! I can’t believe you actually obtained that kind of legacy...” Yellow Spring Great Sage said enviously, looking at Bu Fang.

A strange look came over Bu Fang’s face as he listened to Yellow Spring Great Sage’s analysis. There was no one else who knew him better than himself. He didn’t obtain the legacy of a supreme existence from the previous age. What he had was a system that was helping him become the God of Cooking.

Bu Fang rubbed his nose and was lost in thought again. The Sword Demon Patriarch’s words made him frown. The indestructible little restaurant and the heaven-defying dishes were all the System’s features. When the Patriarch said that he was similar to a man, did he mean that that man also exhibited these features? Was there another person in the Netherworld besides him who was related to the System?

At the thought of this, Bu Fang’s heart skipped a beat, and he couldn’t help asking the System. However, the System didn’t respond to his inquiries as if it had silently admitted that.

‘Could it be the former host?’

Bu Fang was shocked. From the conversations between the Artifact Spirits, he learned about the former host. However, the former host had long perished. Otherwise, he would not be here. What surprised Bu Fang was that the former host seemed to be related to the Netherworld.

“Bu Fang!”

Suddenly, Nethery’s cold voice rang out beside his ear, interrupting his thoughts. Bu Fang was slightly taken aback, and he gave her a confused look.

With a serious look in her dark eyes, Nethery raised a hand and pointed at the distance.

Bu Fang looked over to where she was pointing at.

Crack... Crack...

The ground around Yellow Spring Little Restaurant was breaking apart, and the soil was turned over as one pale skeleton after another crawled out. For a moment, the whole Forbidden Soul City, which was reduced to a ruin, seemed to have turned into the land of the dead.

Yellow Spring Great Sage widened his eyes in surprise and said, “Look at all these skeletons... Is that fellow of the Cave of the Fallen Gods here?”

Suddenly, the ground exploded with a loud boom, then a huge shadow was cast on the ruin, causing everyone’s breath to become shorter.

An enormous bone dragon rushed out of the ground.

In addition to the bone dragon, skeletons in bronze armor also crawled out of the ground with bone spears in their hands. The flickering ghostly flames in their eyes were all fixed at Bu Fang in the restaurant.

“They’re making trouble... I can’t believe that the Sword Demon Patriarch persuaded those guys in the forbidden land to help him... It looks like it’s going to get a little tricky.” Yellow Spring Great Sage focused his eyes and took a deep breath as he looked at the huge skeleton dragon in the sky.

“ROAR!” Although it was a skeleton dragon, what came out of its mouth was a true dragon roar!

“This is a skeleton dragon transformed from the corpse of a True Dragon... one from the previous age!” A serious look came over Yellow Spring Great Sage’s face as he felt the pressure.

The skeleton dragon’s aura was extremely terrible. True Dragons and Divine Phoenixes were all real divine beasts, and every one of them had the strength of the Peaked Great Saint, which made them invincible. Therefore, even though this skeleton dragon was transformed from a dead True Dragon, it also possessed incredible power!

Even then, a great sheet of blood-colored flames rose in the distance, and a golden skeleton could be seen slowly walking out of it. A terrible aura mixed with monstrous killing intent exploded out of it as the ghostly fire in its eye fixed at Bu Fang.

“Jin Lou! Are you insane? Why did you leave the forbidden land? Are you courting death?” Yellow Spring Great Sage shouted with a frown.

The golden skeleton glanced at Yellow Spring Great Sage, then turned around and continued staring at Bu Fang, paying no mind to Yellow Spring Great Sage. For a moment, the atmosphere grew a little awkward.

“You... die,” Jin Lou said. Then, as the ghostly fire in its eyes twitched, a mighty divine will spread from its body.

The skeleton dragon in the sky opened its mouth and let out a deafening roar. The next moment, a plume of white flame came pouring out of its mouth, gushing toward Yellow Spring Little Restaurant. The dragon wanted to completely destroy the restaurant with its fire!

Chapter 1317 The Assassination From a Nine-Revolution Great Saint!

A True Dragon still possessed a supreme dragon’s might even when it was dead. Although this was a skeleton dragon from the previous age, the fire it breathed seemed strong enough to destroy heaven and earth. The whole sky had turned white. Yellow Spring Great Sage took a deep breath and snapped his fingers. The next moment, the water of the Yellow Spring River rushed over, gathered

in front of him, and soon turned into a blood-colored water dragon, crashing with the dragon's breath.

A hissing sound rang out as the blood-colored water evaporated, turning into steam that filled the air. Before long, the whole ruin that was Forbidden Soul City was enveloped by a cloud of white mist.

"Bu Fang, my little friend, help me take care of this wine jar. I'll be right back," said Yellow Spring Great Sage.

Before Bu Fang could react, the jade wine jar had flown into his hand. Holding the fist-sized jar, he heard the wild laugh burst out of Yellow Spring Great Sage's mouth.

"I've not exercised for ten thousand years. Well, I'll spend some time today playing with this skeleton!"

Even as he said that, Yellow Spring Great Sage stepped on the blood-colored water and soared into the sky. Then, he put his thumb and his index finger into his mouth and let out a shrill whistle. The sound spread far and wide.

The next moment, a dragon roar exploded out of the Yellow Spring Valley and shook the skies! The ground seemed to tremble violently, while powerful blasts caused the air to ripple!

Yu Luo, the Winged Man who was forced to guard the valley, widened his eyes and stared at the crumbling ground behind him. The next moment, a Blood Illuminating Dragon flapped its wings and flew out of the valley, opening its huge mouth to reveal its sharp teeth. A terrible pressure spread, causing Yu Luo's wings to shudder.

The dragon soared into the sky and sped toward Forbidden Soul City in the distance. There, an enormous pale skeleton dragon was roaring.

It didn't take the Blood Illuminating Dragon too long to arrive. Soon, it blotted out the sky with its gigantic body.

"You have your skeleton dragon, while I have my Blood Illuminating Dragon! Let's see if your True Dragon skeleton could withstand the bombardment of my dragon!" Yellow Spring Great Sage laughed heartily.

Roaring, the Blood Illuminating Dragon approached with blood-colored dragon's breath spreading out of its month. It reached out a claw and smashed the enormous skeleton dragon into the ground with a deafening rumble!

The Skeleton True Dragon and the Blood Illuminating Dragon were both Great Saints, and their battle soon filled the air with a loud din and broke the ground, attracting the attention of thousands of experts. It was a shocking sight to behold.

"You're digging your own grave." The golden skeleton's mouth moved, and a profound voice rang out of it.

All of a sudden, the ground caved in as the golden skeleton shot into the sky like a golden cannonball, heading straight toward Yellow Spring Great Sage. As it drew closer, it threw out a punch, which was so powerful that it made the surrounding air ripple!

"Skeleton, let's fight in the starry sky! I have been wanting to see how strong the survivors from the previous age are!" Yellow Spring Great Sage gave a long whistle. At that, the blood-colored water of the Yellow Spring River rushed over, wrapped him up, and brought him into the starry sky.

Without a word, the golden skeleton stepped on the air and followed, its golden bones bursting into a dazzling light that looked like flames. Meanwhile, the Skeleton True Dragon and the Blood Illuminating Dragon also rushed into the starry sky. Suddenly, three more Great Saints had entered the battlefield in the starry sky!

Clouds of thick water vapor blanketed the ruin that was Forbidden Soul City and enveloped the whole Yellow Spring Little Restaurant.

Bu Fang stood at the door and was lost in thought, while Nethery was at his side, holding Foxy in her arms.

The battle broke out too suddenly, but it also seemed as if it had already been planned for a long time. The forbidden land's intervention seemed to be orchestrated by the Sword Demon Patriarch.

Nether King craned his head out of the restaurant, glanced at Bu Fang, who was lost in thought, and grinned. "Don't worry. If three Patriarchs of the nine Nether Prison Clans were here, they might be

able to give that mangy dog some trouble. However, only the Sword Demon Patriarch is here. The dog is not afraid of him.”

Bu Fang looked up at him and said nothing.

Crack... Crack...

The ruin around Yellow Spring Little Restaurant turned as one pale skeleton after another crawled out. With ghostly flames burning in their eyes, they marched toward the restaurant.

Glancing at those skeletons, Nether King Er Ha’s eyes lit up instantly. “Bu Fang young man, give me ten spicy strips, and I’ll get rid of these rubbish for you,” he said with a big smile, revealing his white teeth.

He finally found a way to earn spicy strips. Ever since he called Bu Fang a stinking cu*t that day, he had not seen a single spicy strip. His craving for it had almost driven him insane. Now, these skeletons around them looked like walking spicy strips in his eyes.

That pulled Bu Fang out of his thoughts. He gave Nether King Er Ha an indifferent look and said, “As a stinking cu*t, I don’t have any spicy strips.”

At this moment, Whitey walked out of the kitchen. A deep black hole could be seen spinning on its abdomen, and then the Thunder Knife emerged from it with a crackling sound. Thunder dragons wheeled around the blade, giving the knife a frightening appearance.

“Whitey can clean up these bones for me, and... it doesn’t ask spicy strips from me,” Bu Fang said seriously.

Nether King Er Ha’s nostrils flared. He looked at Whitey, whose mechanical eyes were flickering, then at the expressionless Bu Fang. An embarrassed smile immediately came over his face.

“Five! What about five spicy strips?! That’s the lowest price I can offer!” Nether King Er Ha said through clenched teeth, his eyes watery.

Bu Fang couldn’t help twitching the corner of his mouth when he saw Er Ha’s look. “Fine,” he said in a faint tone at last.

No sooner had he said that than Nether King Er Ha sped out of the restaurant with the Nether King Halberd spinning fiercely in his hand, as if he feared that Bu Fang would go back on his words.

Boom!

Struck by the halberd, a skeleton broke into pieces and fell to the ground. Ghostly flames roared all around in an instant. A dashing skeleton cavalry charged at Nether King Er Ha on bone horses. Fearless, he swung his halberd and crushed the group of skeletons into broken pieces, then plunged into the horde of skeletons like a savage warrior. As a Two-revolution Great Saint, it was very easy for him to destroy these skeletons.

“Spicy strips!”

“Spicy strips!!”

Nether King Er Ha’s hair was waving as he swung his halberd. For every stroke he made, he destroyed a skeleton, and then he would cry out, “Spicy strips!”

Those skeletons who were destroyed had their ghostly flames beating in confusion. ‘Is there any connection between skeletons and... spicy strips?’

After a long time, no more skeletons crawled out of the ground. All that was left were their crumbled bones.

Clad in the Nether King Armor while clasping the Nether King Halberd, Nether King Er Ha stood straight like a spear. The bright red cloak streaming down from his shoulders flapped noisily in the wind. He looked rather cool right now.

Over the sky, a rumbling sound rang incessantly. The battle of Great Saints in the starry sky shook the world and attracted the attention of many experts. There seemed to be eyes in the void, watching at the fierce battle.

Earth Prison Dog’s reputation was heard all over Nether Prison. As for Yellow Spring Great Sage, he wasn’t as famous, but he had been the focus of many powers. The Sword Demon Patriarch, on

the other hand, needed no introduction. As the Patriarch of one of the nine Nether Prison clans, his strength was formidable.

The battle that involved these figures immediately attracted the attention of various top Great Saints. It was considered one of the greatest battles of the time, one that had not been seen for years.

Nether Prison was completely crazy now. It was fighting almost all the small worlds in the Netherworld, and somehow, it did manage to bring many of them under control. And now, it was attacking Earth Prison.

However, protected by Earth Prison Dog, Earth Prison was not that easy to capture. Besides, it had the most number of Great Saints among all the small worlds. If Nether Prison were to capture Earth Prison with force, it would have to pay a serious price!

...

Standing in front of the Yellow Spring Little Restaurant and looking at the broken skeletons all over the ground, Bu Fang let out a soft sigh. Then, he clasped his hands behind his back, turned, and was about to walk into the restaurant.

All of a sudden, Nether King Er Ha sensed something. He looked up and saw clumps of black mist appear in the sky. "Black mist?" That gave him a pause, then he cried out in shock, "Black Temple?! First, it was the Cave of the Fallen Gods, and now the Black Temple?"

With his expression changed dramatically, Nether King Er Ha took a deep breath and shouted, "Bu Fang, look out!"

The Black Temple was best at assassination. Since the Black Demon of the Black Temple didn't appear after so long, he must be waiting for the right time to strike, and if he didn't go to the battlefield in the starry sky, he could only be at one place...

Bu Fang, walking into the restaurant, stopped in place at the shout and looked over his shoulder at Nether King Er Ha, puzzled. Then, he saw the panic in Er Ha's eyes.

'What? Why is he panicking?' Bu Fang didn't understand. The next moment, his pupils constricted as he found that the void in front of him began to twist and distort. Gradually, a figure emerged in

the twisting void. It was an expert wrapped in black bandages like a mummy, and there seemed to be a world flashing in his scarlet eyes.

“Hehehe... Are you surprised?” Black Demon sneered. “I don’t know why the Sword Demon Patriarch wants me to kill you... but as an ethical assassin, I must solemnly tell you that even if you are just a One-revolution Little Saint, since someone paid me handsomely to kill you, you won’t be able to see tomorrow’s sun.”

He then lifted a hand, and the black bandages wrapped around it immediately unraveled and turned into a dagger that was shrouded in black Demon energy.

Bu Fang’s eyes narrowed. The next moment, he saw Black Demon thrust the dagger at him. The void cracked and broke in front of the dagger, and for a moment, the world seemed to fall silent.

Nethery, who was standing at his side, had a blank look in her eyes, while Foxy stared with wide eyes and open mouth.

Black Demon was pleased. He really enjoyed the shocked look of his targets the moment before he killed them. Whether it was in the previous age or this age, he, Black Demon, was the number one assassin of the Netherworld!

He thought that with his strength of a Nine-revolution Great Saint, assassinating a One-revolution Little Saint was like... using a sledgehammer on a gnat. Nevertheless, he was still pleased when he saw the shocked look in Bu Fang’s eyes.

“Die now!”

Black Demon thrust the dagger and pushed its blade into Bu Fang’s body. He was very confident that his power could kill this One-revolution Little Saint instantly!

In the distance, Nether King Er Ha let out a furious roar. He never thought that the supreme existence of the Black Temple was so shameless. How could a Nine-revolution Great Saint assassinate a One-revolution Little Saint?!

The moment Nethery saw the dagger stab into Bu Fang’s body, her eyes shone with a cold green light.

BOOM!

Terrible energy exploded out as if to devour Bu Fang. However, Black Demon froze the next moment.

Bu Fang's shocked face had returned to normal, and his eyes had regained focus as he stared at Black Demon. The dagger was stabbed on his body, but it was blocked by the Vermilion Robe's invincibility. The assassination that Black Demon was very confident about had failed.

"How is that possible?!" cried Black Demon. Even though he was a Nine-revolution Great Saint, he was shocked by what happened.

"Why is that not possible?" Bu Fang's face was expressionless and extremely cold.

At this moment, Whitey thrust its Thunder Knife from behind Bu Fang, and monstrous killing intent exploded out of its mechanical eyes.

Bu Fang's indifferent eyes were also filled with rage. Suddenly, the bandage on his arm came off, revealing his Taotie Arm. With the Yin and Yang energy swirling around it, he threw the fist at Black Demon's face.

At the same time, Nethery, with a green light flickering in her eyes, threw a slap at Black Demon's cheek.

Chapter 1318 The God of Cooking's Menu

A Nine-revolution Great Saint was assassinating a Little Saint? Was there such a shameless Great Saint in the world? In the distance, the Earth Prison experts watching at the situation in Forbidden Soul City were struck dumb. Prison Overlord Ying Long's eyes narrowed, while Jin Jiao, Yin Jiao, and the other Prison Overlords also gasped. Sure enough, the Black Temple was the most shameless forbidden land.

"That damnable Black Demon!" Prison Overlord Ying Long flew into a rage, and he smashed the ground with the butt of the Hollow Eye Staff. The next moment, he stepped into the air and sped toward the city. After watching for a long time, he finally couldn't bear it and wanted to join the battle.

The other Prison Overlords stayed put. You Ji's eyes were filled with worry. Nethery was with Bu Fang. Would her sister get hurt? However, she was not strong enough to join the battle, so all she could do was worry for her!

...

Black Demon didn't expect that he would fail. From the previous age to the present age, he had only failed once, and this was his second failure.

He had not failed when he promised the Great Saints of the nine Nether Prison clans to assassinate Nether King Tian Cang. He managed to seriously injure Tian Cang, leading to the Nether King's demise under the joint attack of the nine clans.

This time, however, he failed to assassinate a mere Little Saint?!

It was his second failure since his debut. He still remembered his first failure, when his target was the number one expert in the previous age. Coincidentally, that expert was also a chef. 'But... this chef in front of me is a far cry from that chef!'

Although his strength had dropped and he was no longer at his prime after being trapped in the forbidden land for an age, it was impossible for him to fail at assassinating a One-revolution Little Saint!

He was, after all, the number one assassin of the Netherworld, so he quickly woke up from the momentary lapse of concentration brought by the failure. Facing the attacks from Bu Fang, Whitey, and Nethery, he only sneered disdainfully.

'The metal puppet is stronger. At least, it has the fighting capacity of a Nine-revolution Little Saint. But what are the chef and the girl thinking? They are merely One and Two-revolution Little Saints, and yet they want to go against me?'

Rumble!

Black Demon lifted a hand and flicked the Thunder Knife with a finger, sending it spinning away and causing Whitey to stagger back a few steps.

At this moment, Bu Fang threw out his Taotie Arm with terrible power. The punch hit Black Demon in the face with a thud, but the latter only grinned and said, “Are you tickling me?”

A scornful smile came over Black Demon’s face. With his cultivation base of a Nine-revolution Great Saint, he would not suffer a scratch even if he stood there and let Bu Fang attack at will.

Bu Fang’s eyes were extremely cold. He was about to produce the Sword Pot when Nethery’s chilly voice stopped him. He turned around and immediately saw that her pupils had turned turquoise. His eyes narrowed instantly.

Nethery’s palm struck out hard. It was extremely fast. The next moment, it landed on Black Demon’s face.

“Hehehe... Little girl, are you courting your own death, too?” Black Demon said with a cold smile. He was full of confidence, which came from his strength.

However, as soon as his voice rang out...

Pak.

Nethery’s palm slapped him in the face with a loud sound.

The slap put a strange look on Bu Fang’s face.

‘Hmm?’ A shock of cold stabbed through Black Demon the moment he was slapped, and the feeling numbed his body and heart. ‘This feeling...’ The next moment, a streak of turquoise flashed before his eyes. ‘Turquoise...’ Black Demon’s hair stood on end suddenly, and he stared at Nethery with his scarlet eyes as if he just saw something incredible!

He flew backward the next moment. Accompanied by a miserable howl, he fell on the ground in the distance, rolling.

Nethery's eyes had returned to normal, and she was in a slight trance. She gave her palm a puzzled look as if she didn't understand why it was so powerful. 'I've just thrown a Great Saint away with a slap? When did I become so powerful?' She blinked with a blank face.

Bu Fang also gave Nethery a puzzled look, while Whitey, carrying its knife that was flickering with lightning, scratched its bald head with a huge hand.

As a rumbling sound rang through the air, Prison Overlord Ying Long descended from the sky, clasping the Hollow Eye Staff. Nether King Er Ha also flew over and gave Nethery a baffled look.

In the distance, Black Demon rolled to his feet. A dark green light could be seen spreading across his face. His eyes were full of horror as he touched his face, where bandages were falling rapidly.

"A curse! It's a curse..."

Black Demon raised his scarlet eyes and glanced at Bu Fang, then he shifted his gaze to Nethery, looking as if he had just seen a ghost. It appeared that he was terrified of the curse as if it was the greatest taboo in the world.

'This guy knows the curse in Nethery?' Bu Fang thought to himself. The curse was extremely mysterious. Although his dishes could suppress it, he didn't know its origin. Even Nether King Tian Cang had failed to suppress it.

All the while, Bu Fang thought he might find the answer to the curse in Nether Prison. After all, Nethery and You Ji were brought from there by Nether King Tian Cang. It never occurred to him that this Black Demon, who came from a forbidden land in Earth Prison, seemed to know its secrets as well.

"A curse... I can't believe it's a curse..." Black Demon acted as if he had gone insane. Then, the killing intent in his eyes suddenly soared. "The Source of Curses, you're the source of doom! You're not supposed to exist! You must die!"

As the bandage on his face fell to the ground, he sped over like a madman. A turquoise curse power was corroding his face, causing his strength to continuously decline. However, his desire to kill Nethery had reached a frightening level, which was even stronger than when he tried to assassinate Bu Fang just now!

Nethery's face turned pale, while Bu Fang's brows furrowed instantly. At this moment, Prison Overlord Ying Long let out a long whistle and swung his Hollow Eye Staff.

“Black Demon! I'm going to avenge Nether King Tian Cang's death today!”

The Hollow Eye Staff made an upward thrust, and the ground exploded instantly, sending rocks and soil at the approaching Black Demon. Then, a powerful beam of black light shot out of the staff toward him.

With a crazy look in his eyes, Black Demon raised a hand and grabbed the black beam of light. The beam twitched in his hand, and yet it couldn't break free.

“Get lost!”

Black Demon was boiling with killing intent, and he roared. Prison Overlord Ying Long, however, did not comply with his order. Instead, he locked him in a fierce battle.

Meanwhile, Nether King Er Ha's eyes were already shot with blood. Tightening his grip on the halberd, he rushed up and joined the fight. His father, the previous Nether King, was a mighty man and had led an army to attack Nether Prison, but in the end, he died miserably. It was all because of this assassin, Black Demon! Therefore, Er Ha wanted to avenge his father's death today!

“Get out of my way, all of you!” Black Demon's killing intent was spilling out. All he wanted now was to kill Nethery, to kill the girl who carried the Source of Curses.

A violent battle broke out in an instant. With Nether King Er Ha's strength boosted by his Nether King Armor and Prison Overlord Ying Long's Seven-revolution Great Saint cultivation, both of them managed to trap Black Demon, a Nine-revolution Great Saint plagued by the curse, in a battle.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

This time, the Great Saints fought without holding back. The blasts created by their fight destroyed the ruin that was Forbidden Soul City the second time, causing the ground to crumble and cave in. The Earth Prison experts in the distance were already struck dumb by what they saw. They gasped and didn't know how to express their shock.

At this moment, Earth Prison seemed to have completely turned into a battlefield. Meanwhile, Yellow Spring Little Restaurant was still intact, even though it was trapped between the mighty auras of Great Saints. That amazed many people, for they had never seen anything so incredible.

In the restaurant, Bu Fang turned and glanced at Nethery. He found that her face had turned pale once again. Frowning, he lifted a hand. An array appeared in the palm, and he pressed it against Nethery's forehead.

Buzz...

The cursed snake emerged, coiling itself around her body while spitting its forked tongue.

‘The curse... seems to have recovered slightly? This is not good...’

Bu Fang's face grew serious. He helped Nethery into a chair, then gave the fight outside the restaurant a deep look. A moment later, he turned and walked into the kitchen.

“Special reward task announcement. Does the Host want to accept it?” A serious voice rang out in Bu Fang's mind. The System, who had not answered any of his inquiries, finally spoke.

Bu Fang had just lifted the kitchen's curtain when he heard the voice, and that gave him a pause. He took a deep breath and asked, “What's the special reward task?” The information about the previous host had somehow filled his thoughts.

“Complete the task, and the Host will receive the System's special reward,” the System answered seriously.

Bu Fang remained silent for a while. That did not answer his question.

“What's the task?”

“Special reward task: Cook a dish from the God of Cooking's Menu, Three-cup Divine Chicken.”

Cooking?

Bu Fang was slightly taken aback. He didn't expect that the task the System gave him at this critical time was to cook a dish. "Hold on..." Suddenly, he seemed to see light flashing before his eyes. "System, what is the God of Cooking's Menu?" he asked impatiently, sucking in a cold breath.

However, the System didn't answer him this time. It fell silent.

"The Three-cup Divine Chicken possesses a vast spirit essence that can suppress the power of the Source of Curses. Does the Host want to accept the task?" the System said in a serious voice.

Bu Fang was speechless. He thought that the System must be doing this on purpose. It knew he wanted to suppress the curse in Nethery, so it deliberately announced this task at this moment. It gave him no reason to refuse! Still, he felt something strange about the task, mainly because it was announced at this point in time.

Something struck him suddenly, and he narrowed his eyes and asked, "What are the risks of this task?"

The System remained silent for a while before saying, "The Host will receive a special reward after successfully cooking the dish from the God of Cooking's Menu. If the cooking failed... the Host will be wiped out.

"A friendly reminder: The dishes in the God of Cooking's Menu have magical effects when eaten for the first time."

If he failed... he would be wiped out?!

The answer petrified Bu Fang.

'But, according to what the System said, if I can make the dish... perhaps it can completely suppress the curse in Nethery? If that's true...' Bu Fang glanced at Nethery, who sat leaning on the chair with a pale face. He took a deep breath with a straight face.

"System, with the current level of my cooking skills, what are the odds of me successfully cooking the dish?" Bu Fang asked an important question.

The System didn't answer right away as if it was calculating. After a long time, it said, "After careful calculation, the odds of the Host successfully cooking a dish from the God of Cooking's Menu are two to ten."

'A twenty-percent success rate?! Are you kidding me, System?' The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched as his eyes flickered.

"Fine, I accept the task."

Although the success rate was low, at least it meant he still had hope, and if there was hope, he should fight for it. Slow and steady was good, but if he wanted to go higher, he needed to take risks.

At this moment, Bu Fang felt as if there was a fire burning in his chest. Whatever the System's intentions were, he had only one thought in his mind now: he would cook the dish!

Chapter 1319 Failed?

The task had a twenty-percent success rate. In other words, there was an eighty-percent chance that Bu Fang would fail. The failure rate was four times higher than the success rate. Any sane man would close his eyes and refuse the task once he learned the failure rate. Therefore, the System was surprised that Bu Fang chose to accept it, and he did so without hesitation. Once accepted, the task could not be stopped, and once it was stopped, he would be wiped out by the System.

Bu Fang's decision baffled the System. After a long time, it finally spoke again in the same serious voice, "The Host has accepted the task. The task will start now. Releasing the recipe of the Three-cup Divine Chicken. Please accept it, Host."

The moment the System's voice rang out, Bu Fang's eyes began to flicker. Standing on the spot, he became lost in thought as vast information rushed into his head.

In his spirit sea, the Divine Dragon, Vermilion Bird, White Tiger, and Black Turtle looked up at a book that emerged in midair. They appeared to be somewhat shocked. It was a golden book entirely condensed of spiritual energy. Violent waves kept spreading from it, which frightened even the Artifact Spirits.

"That's... the God of Cooking's Menu?!"

“What? Why is Little Host exposed to the God of Cooking’s Menu so early?”

“Is the System trying to force Little Host to his death? Why is it revealing the God of Cooking’s Menu now...”

The Artifact Spirits were all astonished, while the Divine Dragon and the Vermilion Bird talked with each other noisily.

“Hmph! The System is stirring up trouble. Little Host is only a Two-revolution Little Saint. What would be his success rate of cooking a dish from the God of Cooking’s Menu? Ten percent? Twenty percent? In any case, the success rate is too low,” the White Tiger said in a proud voice.

“This is not what we could worry about... Let’s just do our job.” The Black Turtle spoke, and immediately, the whole spirit sea fell silent.

Bu Fang had no idea what was happening in his spirit sea. At this moment, he was already absorbed in reading and understanding the contents of the God of Cooking’s recipe that poured into his head.

‘Three-cup Divine Chicken...’

He took a deep breath, and there seemed to be golden patterns swirling in his eyes. The dish was derived from a dish on Earth called the Three-cup Chicken. Bu Fang was naturally familiar with it. However, his face grew unsightly for the first time after he read the cooking method. He finally understood why the System said his success rate was only twenty percent, and that was actually an optimistic estimation. If he were to estimate himself, it would be less than ten percent.

It was too difficult.

Bu Fang could sense that there was a book in his spirit sea, which should be the God of Cooking’s Menu mentioned by the System. He couldn’t flip it now, however, and even his connections with the Artifact Spirits were cut off.

Frowning, he turned and walked into the kitchen. He stood in front of the stove, took a deep breath, and pondered over the details described in the recipe with flickering eyes.

The devil is in the details. No matter what you do, they are the most important, and cooking is even more so. Every detail in cooking can determine the taste of the dish. As a chef, Bu Fang must have the consciousness of paying attention to those details.

The dish was called Three-cup Divine Chicken because the main seasonings were only three cups: one cup of soy sauce, one cup of sesame oil, and one cup of rice wine. Since he could only use three cups of seasoning to cook a dish, the difficulty was naturally great.

With a buzzing sound, ingredients appeared over the stove. They were ordinary, without spiritual energy or immortal energy. In fact, they looked like the common ingredients he could buy in the market in his previous life. Of course, they were of excellent quality.

A plucked chicken was placed in a blue-and-white porcelain bowl, but it was not ready. Bu Fang needed to further prepare it. He didn't start rashly, and he didn't dare to. Once he failed, he would be wiped out. When the System said that, it was emotionless. Bu Fang believed that if he really failed, the System would kill him without hesitation. It would not show mercy just because he was the host.

Therefore, Bu Fang did not dare to be careless.

He closed his eyes and calmed himself down. After three seconds, he opened his eyes, and they were calm and indifferent, without any hint of emotion. He didn't fear that he would be obliterated once he failed, nor did he feel uneasy about the low success rate. All he had now was the calmness and easy assurance of a chef.

He placed the Black Turtle Constellation Wok over the White Tiger Heaven Stove. Flames jumped into the stove and began to burn, bursting with scorching heat. With a calm look in his eyes, he poured the water into the wok. He didn't use the Spring of Life this time but the water prepared by the System, which was sweet and refreshing. However, it did not contain spiritual energy or immortal energy as well.

When the water boiled, he scooped it out into a blue-and-white porcelain bowl. As he didn't wrap his palms with true energy, the boiling water put a frown on his brows.

Carefully, he plucked all the feathers from the chicken, sparing not even the tiniest hair. After examining it and making sure that it was clean, he removed it from the bowl and placed it on the chopping board. His hands were already red from the boiling water.

Bu Fang paused for a moment. Suddenly, he felt like he was cooking like a normal man again.

He took out the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, spun it in his hand, and used it to remove the chicken thighs. After chopping them into chunks, he placed them on a plate for later use.

Next, he poured oil into the wok, which came to a boil in no time at all, and then he added the chicken chunks into the oil. That was when his mental force exploded out, for what came next was the most important step that would decide his fate.

Bu Fang's divine will surged, and his mental force was spinning rapidly in his spirit sea. At this moment, everything became slower in his eyes. The boiling oil in the wok seemed to have frozen, its bubbles rising and bursting slowly as they broke the surface. When his mental force went into the wok like fine threads, he could even see that the heat in the oil infused the meat and cooked it.

In his spirit sea, the Artifact Spirits were holding their breaths.

"Not even a mistake is allowed."

"The dish in the God of Cooking's Menu must be perfectly cooked. Otherwise, it could not be included in the Menu."

"As long as there's a slight mistake, it means failure, and Little Host will be obliterated!"

The Artifact Spirits watched with mixed emotions. They had existed for a very long time, and they had seen many, many things. They never thought that this moment would come so early. If truth be told, this was also their test for the host. If Bu Fang could pass the test, he would be truly accepted by them, and they would wholeheartedly assist him in embarking on the path to become a God of Cooking. As Artifact Spirits, they needed to be very cautious before giving out their hearts.

Meanwhile, golden oil dripped into a bowl from the meat. After shaking off the last few drops of oil, Bu Fang began to prepare the next step. He had memorized every step of the recipe.

This dish from the God of Cooking's Menu was about making the best dish with the most common ingredients. This required very high cooking skills for a chef. Only by perfectly grasping every opportunity could a chef cook a dish to perfection.

...

Outside the restaurant, the horrible battle continued. Prison Overlord Ying Long, who had broken through recently, and Nether King Er Ha were fighting with Black Demon. The din of their fight could be heard everywhere. At the same time, in the boundless battlefield between the sky and the stars, several figures were clashing at high speed. Whenever they collided, powerful energy spread and swept out in all directions, causing some damaged warships drifting in the void to break down further.

The clash of Great Saints was extremely terrifying.

In the restaurant, Nethery sat in the chair with a pale face. The constant stabs of pain in her made her furrow her brows.

Lying in her arms, Foxy stuck out her tongue and licked Nethery's cheek, giving her some warmth while caressing her cheeks with her fluffy tails as if to relieve her pain.

...

In the kitchen, Bu Fang was concentrating on cooking. His eyes were wide and bloodshot. He dared not make a mistake, so he had to be highly focused. If one looked carefully, they would see that his hand that was holding the kitchen knife was trembling slightly. Although he told himself that he just had to cook like usual, when it came to actual cooking, he still found it hard to suppress the fear in his heart.

Sizzle!

He poured the sesame oil into the wok, which was the dish's first cup of seasoning. As the oil came to a boil, he added the chopped scallion and ginger. He began to stir-fry. His mental force exploded out once again, and everything seemed to turn slower in his eyes.

When the fragrance was brought out by the stir-fry, Bu Fang drained the oil and added the chicken that he had patted dry. He continued to stir-fry and toss the wok. The recipe had very strict requirements for the angle, force, and speed of wok tossing, and a mistake in any of these would cause the dish to fail.

Beads of sweat rolled off his forehead, and the bloodshot in his eyes seemed to have obscured his vision. Bu Fang was already very tired.

After stir-frying for about five minutes and tossing the wok dozens of times, the color of the chicken finally changed. At this moment, Bu Fang added the second cup, the rice wine. It was ordinary rice wine, yellow and cloudy, but the smell of it was unforgettable to him.

As soon as the wine was added, the wok seemed about to explode. The dish began to boil, filling the air with a sizzling sound. He covered the wok with a lid and let it simmer.

A few moments later, Bu Fang took a deep breath and grabbed the last cup of seasoning placed on the cooking bench. However, when his fingers touched the cup, his body suddenly froze, and he couldn't move at all. Even then, the veins in his eyes bulged and burst. He slowly closed his bloodshot eyes. Bloody tears flowed out from the corners of his eyes, trickled down his cheeks, and fell to the ground.

The immortal flame in the stove began to flicker violently at this moment as if it was about to die off.

“It's over!”

“Shit! Little Host is about to fail... The dish is indeed too much for Little Host's current cultivation base. His mental force had just stepped into the level of divine will, and it's not strong enough!”

“He would be obliterated if he failed... The path to becoming a God of Cooking is too difficult to walk. Even Little Host had failed to complete it...”

In Bu Fang's spirit sea, the Artifact Spirits were shocked by the sudden change, and they all sighed when they sensed his current situation. The narcissistic Divine Dragon, the vivacious Vermilion Bird, the boring Black Turtle, and the cocky White Tiger all felt sorry for him.

Perhaps, that was the last emotion they could give to the host of this generation.

...

In Yellow Spring Little Restaurant, Nethery seemed to sense something, and she turned to look at the kitchen. Foxy also raised her head.

In the battlefield between the sky and the stars, an enormous black dog gave the little restaurant a complicated look from the corners of his eyes.

Meanwhile, in the Heaven and Earth Farmland, the sky had turned bloody, while Niu Hansan could be seen standing in front of the wooden hut with a complex look on his face.

...

In the kitchen, Bu Fang's body was trembling violently. The sweat dripping from his forehead and the blood trickling from the corners of his eyes seemed to mix.

Suddenly, he flicked open his eyes, revealing a pair of bloody eyeballs.

Chapter 1320 The Aura of Laws

It was a pair of bloody eyes. They were filled with thick blood. Veins covered the eyeballs, and clots of blood seemed to swirl in them. Bu Fang had summoned all his mental force at this moment. In his spirit sea, the whirlpools spun at top speed as if they were about to explode. If that happened, it meant that he had failed.

The Artifact Spirits watched with complicated looks on their faces. To a chef, a success rate of twenty or ten percent was way too risky. Besides, it would increase the psychological pressure. The greater the pressure, the more nervous one would become, and in turn, one would be more prone to make mistakes.

When Bu Fang's eyes were completely shot with blood, the Artifact Spirits knew that their host of this generation was likely to fail.

Inside the kitchen of Yellow Spring Little Restaurant, Bu Fang was weeping blood. In his eyes, the stove had turned red, half-seen behind a mist of blood. His spirit sea was rocking, and the flames in the stove were swaying. It showed that his mental force fluctuated greatly at the moment, which also meant that his control over it was growing weaker. This was not good.

His hand was trembling, too. He was holding the last cup of seasoning for the Three-cup Chicken, the black soy sauce. Its surface rippled in the blue-and-white porcelain cup.

‘Am I going to fail?’

Bu Fang was somewhat lost at this moment. He felt as if all his strength had been drained, and he was so tired that all he wanted now was to lay down and sleep. But he dared not sleep, and he dared not let the string that was stretched taut in his heart break, for once it broke, everything would be over. His dream of becoming the God of Cooking and his future would vanish. Everything would be gone.

...

The Heaven and Earth Farmland was going through a great change now. The sky had turned bloody, and the air filled with rolling pressure that seemed about to destroy the farmland. Niu Hansan walked out of the wooden hut, looking at the sky with complicated eyes. Eighty could be seen lying on the ground with its wings around its head and its buttocks stuck in the air, while the Eight Treasures Pig also lay on the ground, trembling.

A clanging sound rang out suddenly as Jing Yuan dropped the bucket she had just filled with milk, spilling the white liquid all over the ground and filling the air with a rich smell of milk.

“What happened?” At this moment, Niu Hansan and Jing Yuan both felt as if the farmland was about to collapse. It was a bad feeling. It felt like the end.

“Maybe something happened to Owner Bu... We can only hope that he will ride out the calamity...” Niu Hansan sighed.

...

In the restaurant, Nethery’s face grew paler, and Foxy craned her head. A shrill noise echoed out as Nethery pushed the chair and rose to her feet, then started toward the kitchen with long strides. She looked into the kitchen, but before she could step into it, Whitey’s burly body appeared in front of her and stopped her from going further.

A blue light was flickering in Whitey’s mechanical eyes as it shook its head, signaling Nethery to not enter the kitchen.

Nethery glanced at Whitey, then at the kitchen. However, she could see nothing with the burly puppet standing at the door. She felt somewhat helpless, but she was sure that her hunch just now was right.

...

In the kitchen, Bu Fang seemed to have gone through a long struggle. It was a test of the System, and a hurdle he must face on his path of becoming the God of Cooking. He could not fall in front of it.

The bandage had come off his hand. A fire broke out suddenly as it fell into the stove. That gave Bu Fang a pause, and he stared at his Taotie Arm with a serious look. The Yin and Yang energy swirled around it, forming a pair of Yin-Yang fishes.

‘Taiji generates two complementary forces, and the two complementary forces generate four aggregates...’

Bu Fang’s eyes gleamed faintly. Something seemed to have broken out of the shell in his head at this moment.

His mental force was still spinning, and the food was also sizzling in the wok, sending forth an aroma. It was a rich fragrance, but it lacked an authentic charming flavor.

Looking at the Yin and Yang energy around his arm, Bu Fang suddenly twitched the corners of his mouth as if he was smiling.

At this moment, the Artifact Spirits sensed his joy.

“Oh no... Little Host has gone crazy,” said the Divine Dragon with a despairing look. “At a time like this, he should be weeping instead of smiling. Why is he smiling when he has failed to cook the dish from the God of Cooking’s Menu and is about to be obliterated?”

The other Artifact Spirits paid the dragon no mind. They were hopeful because, as Artifact Spirits, they could sense the confidence in Bu Fang at this moment, which truly moved them.

“Where did Little Host get his confidence? What gave him the confidence?”

Suddenly, the expressions of all the Artifact Spirits changed. They saw the divine will Phantom Spirit, who was sitting between the two whirlpools, slowly stand up. Then, with it in the middle, the spirit sea that was almost dried up began to rotate again.

“Crazy! Little Host is indeed crazy!”

“Is Little Host trying to make a breakthrough now? This is madness... If he failed, his soul would blow up, and he would not be reincarnated again!”

This time, whether it was the Divine Dragon, the Vermilion Bird, or the Black Turtle, they were all taken aback. What Bu Fang was trying to do was just sheer madness!

RUMBLE!

An earth-shaking transformation was taking place in the spirit sea. With the divine will Phantom Spirit in the center, the whirlpools spun and split, forming a pattern that looked like a two-flavor hotpot. Half of the pattern was calm, while the other was violent, and when they met, a mighty spinning force exploded out.

“This...” Even the Black Turtle, who was the most experienced Artifact Spirit, froze at the sight.

The pattern spun incessantly, and wisps of mental force spread from it to replenish the drying-up spirit sea. As the center of this pair of Yin-Yang fishes, the Phantom Spirit’s movement began to grow slower. It was making a breakthrough at this moment. As fresh mental force kept being produced, it grew stronger, and soon, Bu Fang’s mental force, which had just stepped into the level of divine will, reached the peak of its current level.

The mental force extended like threads in the spirit sea. The next moment, the expressions of the four Artifact Spirits changed dramatically because they found that Bu Fang’s will was spreading through the spirit sea. It made them release their divine might and stand in four different corners, facing each other across a great distance.

“What is this?!”

The Artifact Spirits were dumbstruck. Whether it was the appearance of the Yin-Yang fishes or the profound waves that were nourishing the divine will, which eventually made them stand in four corners, they all originated from an extremely mysterious means!

Even the Black Turtle's cloudy eyes slightly widened. "This is... the aura of Laws?" He was horrified. Although he had lived very long, he was still stunned by the scene in Bu Fang's spirit sea now.

"This Yin-Yang-Four-Aggregated spirit sea actually possessed the aura of Laws! How did Little Host do it? And how did he know these?"

Ignoring the Artifact Spirits' shock, Bu Fang opened his eyes. The smile at the corners of his mouth gradually disappeared, and the calm, indifferent look returned to his face. At this moment, his diminishing mental force soared by leaps and bounds.

On the stove, the flames roared and surged as if they were about to tower into the sky, and his hand, which was holding the cup, stopped trembling.

He splashed the soy sauce into the wok. Holding a spatula, his mental force poured out like threads.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Flames thrust upward inside the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. As Bu Fang began to toss the wok again, the ingredients danced in the fire and gleamed like diamonds.

After adding the last ingredient and stir-frying them together, the hardest dish that Bu Fang had ever cooked since his debut had finally been completed.

He placed a blue-and-white porcelain plate on the table. Then, firmly grabbing the wok, he poured the dish out into it. The food seemed to emit a bright light.

Cooking superior dishes without using any top-level ingredients and just using the most common ingredients might be the strength of the God of Cooking.

With the last piece of chicken falling into the plate, the dish sublimated and burst into light. Powerful spirit essence poured out of it like the source of a spring, gurgling as it spread through the

kitchen and enveloping the whole space in an instant. It was a terrible feeling. It was as if Bu Fang was facing a savage monster with incredible life force instead of a dish.

Bu Fang had a complicated look on his face. Even though he had forcibly refreshed his almost exhausted mental force by forming the Yin-Yang spirit sea and the Four Quadrants Array with the Artifact Spirits, it was an overdraft after all. After completing the dish, his nose was already bleeding. The veins in his eyes receded rapidly, and his vision became clear. He staggered back, leaned his back against the cupboard, and gasped for breath. What he breathed in was all spirit essence.

“Did I succeed?” Bu Fang muttered softly. Soaked with sweat, he put a hand on his forehead and lightly shook his head. He felt a lingering fear as he sensed the emptiness in him. In fact, he almost failed. If it weren’t for the formation of the Yin-Yang spirit sea and his divine will breaking through at the last moment, what awaited him would be obliteration.

After gasping for a few moments, Bu Fang calmed down. He finally completed the Three-cup Divine Chicken, a dish in the God of Cooking’s Menu. Although he cooked it according to the recipe, it was not without difficulties. He was weak, but cooking the dish didn’t seem to depend on his strength too much. Instead, it was related to his spirit, soul, and energy. Perhaps, the breakthrough he found just now was the twenty-percent success rate mentioned by the System.

A buzzing sound suddenly rang out in his head as if the System was pondering. “Analyzing the dish... Analyzing completed. Completion rating for the dish from the God of Cooking’s Menu: 51%. Congratulations to the Host for completing the task.”

Upon hearing that, Bu Fang’s body and heart relaxed immediately. He felt as if he was completely drained of his strength, and his heart was filled with a lingering fear.

The completion rating was fifty-one percent. It was only one percent extra. Without this one percent, the System might decide that he had failed, and what awaited him would be obliteration. The System had always said that he would die if he failed, but when he accepted this task just now, he really felt terrible killing intent from the System. It was what made his heart uneasy.

...

In his spirit sea, the golden book floating in midair turned slowly and stopped at a certain page. It was an empty page, but golden characters began to emerge, while mental force crazily gathered and turned into three golden drops of liquid.

The Artifact Spirits watched with blank faces as the three golden drops of liquid formed over the golden book. It shocked them so much that they couldn't help but gasp!

...

Ting-a-ling!

The kitchen's curtain was lifted, and the bell swayed gently. With a bloodless face, Bu Fang slowly walked out of the kitchen, holding a plate with both hands, and came in front of Nethery.