

Gourmet 1321

Chapter 1321 The Liquid Drops of the God of Cooking's Divine Power

Bu Fang walked out of the kitchen. His pale face startled Nethery and Foxy. This was the first time they saw him in such bad shape. However, despite his unsightly face, he remained expressionless. He placed the Three-cup Divine Chicken on the table. It was an unattractive dish, and it didn't have a strong aroma. The only thing that set it apart from the other dishes was its powerful spirit essence.

'Bu Fang cooked this? He was cooking it in the kitchen just now?' Nethery gave him a dubious look. 'Was he really cooking? Why did I sense a feeling of death in the kitchen? Could cooking be so dangerous?'

Bu Fang pulled over a chair and sat down. When he saw the puzzled look on Nethery's face, he said in a faint voice, "Try it. I cooked it just for you,"

'He cooked it just for me?' Nethery blinked at Bu Fang. Then, she picked up the chopsticks.

When Bu Fang saw that Nethery was about to eat the dish, his mind relaxed completely, and he sank into the chair. He began to go through what happened just now.

It was the greatest hurdle he had ever faced, and he almost died from it. In fact, it was the first time that he was so close to death. The risk did not come from an invincible expert nor a formidable enemy, but from the System, which was extremely close to him. It made him begin to ponder about its origin.

All the while, Bu Fang was very curious about the System's origin, and now, he learned that the former host of the System seemed to come from the Netherworld. What did that mean? At the thought of that, he felt cold all over. It seemed that the System was not as kind as he had thought. It might help him scale the peak, but once he failed, it would mercilessly abandon him.

Perhaps it was time for him to correct his attitude toward the System. In the past, he had developed a dependency on it. The mentality was not strong, but it was there. Now, however, the System seemed to be hiding behind a thick curtain of mist in his eyes.

Why did the System work so hard trying to cultivate hosts of different generations into Gods of Cooking?

Bu Fang was not a fool. He knew that there was no such thing as a free lunch in the world. One would have to give something before getting a reward. He had thought that it was a fair exchange between him and the System. He earned crystals, Nether Crystals, and Immortal Crystals for the System, and the System provided him resources and helped him grow. But now it seemed that this was not the case.

Narrowing his eyes, he took a deep breath. His mouth was filled with the smell of blood.

This time, if he hadn't formed the Yin-Yang spirit sea, he might have been abandoned and obliterated by the System like the previous host. Perhaps its appearance had surprised the System and thus brought him the chance to survive.

Now, what concerned Bu Fang was that the Yin and Yang actually originated from the world of his previous life. Could there be any relationship between his previous life and the System? With narrowed eyes, he leaned back in the chair and fell deep in thought.

Meanwhile, Nethery picked up a piece of chicken with the chopsticks.

The Three-cup Divine Chicken was a dish in the God of Cooking's Menu, but it smelled of ginger and garlic as if it was just a common dish. Its aroma didn't match its status, if truth be told, yet it almost got Bu Fang killed.

Nethery looked at the brownish-red chicken, then parted her pale lips and put it in her mouth. The first flavor that burst when she bit into the meat was the flavor of oil. The chicken was fried with oil first, which evaporated the liquid in it, then it was stir-fried in the wok. Meat cooked like this was fragrant and juicy.

The meat seemed to brush against her teeth, making her eyes brighten. Most importantly, a rich and mellow meaty aroma instantly wrapped her up as she chewed. She couldn't even think properly now, and all that was left in her was her love for the dish.

Nethery kept reaching out her chopsticks and picking up the chicken, and before she knew it, she had already finished the whole dish. Vast spirit essence poured into her body, and her pale face flushed instantly, looking delicate and charming.

Foxy squatted to the side and watched with an aggrieved look as Nethery finished the whole dish. Although its aroma was not strong, the little fox still felt the craving that she could hardly resist. Influenced by it, she had a strong desire to try the dish. However, Nethery had finished it all, and that made the little fox somewhat sad.

Nethery glanced at Foxy, then at the blue-and-white porcelain plate. An incredulous look appeared in her eyes. 'This dish... seems to have a special power! This is unbelievable! Is this a dish cooked by Bu Fang? Why is it unlike those he had cooked in the past? They are simply not on the same level! The dishes he cooked in the past are aromatic and delicious, but the fragrance of this dish... Only those who had tried it could tell!'

Her eyes gleamed as she glanced at Bu Fang, who was sitting in the chair. Suddenly, a strange fluctuation spread from her with a buzzing sound, and her gray-green hair began to turn black at a rate visible to the naked eyes, quickly returning to its original color.

At the same time, her aura began to soar. If anyone were here to witness this, they would be stunned. A few days ago, Nethery had just broken through a level after drinking the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine, and now, she was breaking through again after eating a dish cooked with common ingredients.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A series of booming sounds rang out as Nethery's aura kept climbing, rushing from the level of Two-revolution Little Saint to that of a Nine-revolution Little Saint! With just a dish, she had reached the peak in a flash!

Even Bu Fang, who was pondering in the distance, was startled by that. He looked over with a start and found that Nethery's cultivation was skyrocketing.

'She's a Nine-revolution Little Saint now?!' Bu Fang was stunned, and he looked confused. 'No... This cannot be the effect of a dish!' He frowned deeply.

Although the Three-cup Divine Chicken was amazing and it might be able to improve Nethery's cultivation base, it could not let her break through so many levels in a flash. It would take an average person hundreds of years to cultivate from a Two-revolution Little Saint to a Nine-revolution Little Saint. If a dish could achieve that, it would be too heaven-defying. Perhaps, the top dish in the God of Cooking's menu could do that, but not this Three-cup Divine Chicken.

Bu Fang raised a hand. An array could be seen rotating between his fingers as he used it to cover his eyes. Then, he could see that the cursed snake coiling around Nethery was beginning to seep into her body.

Apparently, the Three-cup Divine Chicken had melted the cursed snake's power, causing it to seep into her body and strengthen her power. That was what pushed her to the level of a Nine-revolution Little Saint in a flash. And that was not the end. After fusing with her, the cursed snake seemed to form a small world in her dantian. Of course, it would take a long time before the small world took its final shape.

Bu Fang retracted his gaze, and his brows furrowed deeper. He didn't know if the fusion between the cursed snake and Nethery was a good or bad thing.

After Nethery finished the Three-cup Divine Chicken, the System's voice rang out in Bu Fang's spirit sea. "Congratulations on completing the special reward task, Host. The reward will now be issued..."

The reward for the task?

Bu Fang's eyes lit up. He was looking forward to the reward for the task that had almost killed him.

"Task rewards: A fragment of the God of Cooking Set; a God of Cooking's Menu; three drops of God of Cooking's Divine Power," the System's serious voice rang out in Bu Fang's mind.

'A fragment of the God of Cooking Set?' Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. He was surprised that he had earned one more fragment with the task. He already had four sets, and in his spirit sea, he also had four Artifact Spirits. He was very curious about the last God of Cooking Set. However, he still had a long way to go because he had collected only two fragments now. According to his estimation, he would need five fragments to exchange the last set. In other words, he needed to complete three more tasks.

'The God of Cooking's Menu should be the golden book that appeared in my spirit sea,' he thought. 'But what are the three drops of God of Cooking's Divine Power? They sounded like something amazing...'

Meanwhile, in his spirit sea, the four Artifact Spirits were completely struck dumb. Even the Black Turtle, who had been the most prudent one, widened his eyes with a look of disbelief.

The White Tiger was squinting with envy and desire at the three liquid drops hovering over the book, which exuded a power that made all four of them almost bow down.

“My eyes didn’t deceive me, did they? Are those really... that thing?”

“Why is Little Host given this thing so early?”

“Maybe they’re the compensation for cooking the God of Cooking’s dish... After all, with Little Host’s strength, he couldn’t cook it. Since he completed an impossible task, it’s only natural for him to be given an impossible reward!”

The Artifact Spirits were talking with each other. With the appearance of these liquid drops of the God of Cooking’s divine power, their attitude toward Bu Fang had also changed quietly.

Suddenly, Bu Fang appeared in the spirit sea. The four Artifact Spirits rested their eyes on him at the same time. There was a rare flicker of awe on their faces, which was impossible to be seen in the past. It meant that they had begun to truly accept him.

Bu Fang did not notice that, however. He was attracted by the three liquid drops over the golden book. From the way the Artifact Spirits looked at them, which was full of awe and desire, these liquid drops seemed... extraordinary.

The divine will Phantom Spirit was sitting cross-legged in the center of the spiritual whirlpools, while the Yin-Yang spirit sea was exuding the aura of Laws.

The Artifact Spirits looked at Bu Fang with awe and wonder. Even their former host had not been able to produce a wisp of the aura of Laws in his spirit sea. What did this mean? It meant that their Little Host had potential! As God of Cooking Sets, they naturally wanted to choose a master with potential, and Bu Fang seemed to fit their requirements perfectly.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Outside the restaurant, the battle continued. Terrible blasts swept out in all directions, filling the whole area with violent energy and deafening noises while clouds of dust and smoke spread everywhere.

This was what would happen when Great Saints fought each other. Since they did not fight in the starry sky, the blasts caused by their battle were powerful enough to destroy an entire city.

Under the blanket of dust and smoke, Yellow Spring Little Restaurant looked like a boat drifting in a vast ocean that was about to be turned over by waves.

Rumble!

A black beam of light slashed down, throwing Prison Overlord Ying Long and Nether King Er Ha both to the ground. As they landed, the ground cracked and caved in completely under their feet.

In the sky, Black Demon, who was wrapped in black mist, exuded a mighty aura that shook the skies. He had suppressed the power of the curse, so he was able to fight them with full power. After all, he was a Nine-revolution Great Saint, so it was not difficult for him to fight Nether King Er Ha and Prison Overlord Ying Long at the same time.

“You are courting death! That girl carries the Source of Curses, the power that can destroy the world! How could you protect her? Do you want this age to be obliterated as well?!” There was a repressed terror in Black Demon’s voice.

“Bah! Shut your mouth! Stop trying to change the topic! I’m going to tear you apart today!” said Nether King Er Ha. He was holding his halberd, and his bright red cloak fluttered in the wind.

Leaning on the Hollow Eye Staff, Prison Overlord Ying Long looked up and said faintly, “I’m only here to avenge my lord Tian Cang!”

“Lunatics... You two are lunatics... In that case, I’ll kill you first before I kill that evil girl!” Black Demon said coldly.

The next moment, the demonic energy in the sky gathered and condensed into a cold and black dagger.

Suddenly, the three of them turned to look at Yellow Spring Little Restaurant in the distance. A clear sound of footsteps rang out as a lean, tall figure slowly walked out of the door.

Bu Fang stood at the door with a bloodless face and looked up at Black Demon in the distance. The next moment, he lifted a hand. Under his control, a drop of golden divine power began to gradually evaporate in his spirit sea.

“Who did you say you want to kill?” Bu Fang said in a faint voice.

Meanwhile, as soon as the Artifact Spirits sensed that a drop of golden liquid began to evaporate, they all clutched their faces with a look of disbelief.

“What is Little Host doing?! He’s wasting such a precious thing!”

“Why is he using a sledgehammer on a gnat?!”

Chapter 1322 I Have a Taotie Arm

As a man who had ridden through waves and storms, Black Demon had seen all kinds of great terrors. The fact that he lived from the previous age to this proved his ability. And yet, a mere Two-revolution Little Saint was threatening him with words. Were all the Little Saints now so wild and arrogant? The killing intent in Black Demon’s scarlet eyes grew stronger as he looked at Bu Fang, who was standing in front of the restaurant. The Sword Demon Patriarch had asked him to kill this little chef, and he had not done that. He did not expect that the boy would come forth to seek his own death. In that case, he would grant the little chef’s wish!

Black Demon’s eyes shone with bright light as if dazzling killing intent was surging in them.

Nether King Er Ha and Prison Overlord Ying Long glanced at Bu Fang and shook their heads. Although he was amazing and had many extraordinary tricks up his sleeves, Bu Fang was just a chef, a chef who happened to be a Two-revolution Little Saint. His growth was fast, but no matter how fast he grew, he could not go beyond the real barrier between realms and fight a Nine-revolution Great Saint, could he?

He was no match for even a common Great Saint.

In the Netherworld, Great Saints were the supreme existences. Each of them had gone through countless hurdles to reach his or her level. They were the true rulers of this world.

Therefore, when Bu Fang walked out of the restaurant and made the threat, Nether King Er Ha and Prison Overlord Ying Long both did not think that he was serious.

Er Ha focused his eyes. The halberd in his hands spun, and terrible sharp energy kept gathering on it. The next moment, he swung it. The destructive energy immediately burst out of it, smashing toward Black Demon.

The bright red cloak on his back flapped loudly in the wind as he kicked the ground and threw himself at Black Demon. In an instant, the ground caved in and turned into a huge pit. Even as he drew nearer, he spun the halberd. The Will of the Great Path belonging to the small world he had condensed surged around him.

All those who had become Great Saints had condensed their own Will of the Great Path, and only then could they break free of the Netherworld's restriction and walk in the starry sky. It was the privilege of Great Saints.

"You're courting death!" Black Demon's eyes became cold once again. He made a swing with the dagger, causing a thousand black streaks to soar into the sky. For a moment, it was as if the whole world was plunged into darkness.

The dagger and the halberd collided with a rumble, producing an earth-shaking explosion in an instant.

At the same time, Prison Overlord Ying Long flew over and swept out the Hollow Eye Staff. The ground was lifted, and countless rocks shot toward Black Demon.

The dagger made a slash again, cutting through the rocks that came crashing down from the sky like tofu and sending them to the ground.

Black Demon dashed forward. He had suppressed the curse in him, so his fighting capacity soared instantly. Moving like a phantom, he went into the turbulence behind the void. When he reappeared, he was already in front of Nether King Er Ha. He thrust his dagger smoothly, intending to cut Er Ha in half from head to toe.

An explosion rang out, and Er Ha sped away. Behind him, a streak of light that was the dagger, which was about ten thousand feet long, burst forth and cut the ground into pieces. Even the rushing water of the Yellow Spring River was cut in half.

All the experts watching the fight were silent, not daring to speak a word. They could only watch from a great distance at the clash between Great Saints. They did not dare to get too close.

Nether King Er Ha felt tremendous pressure. He could sense the amusement in Black Demon. Yes, amusement. After all, Black Demon was a Nine-revolution Great Saint, an expert much stronger than him. If Black Demon wanted to kill him, it would not be too difficult.

In fact, had Black Demon not been distracted by Nethery's curse, he might have been defeated by now, and if it weren't for Prison Overlord Ying Long's support, he might have been dead.

"Your Highness... step aside!"

Ying Long's voice rang out from behind him. Er Ha paused momentarily, then immediately moved thousands of miles away, exposing Black Demon.

Black Demon was slightly taken aback and glanced suspiciously at Ying Long.

All of a sudden, Ying Long's eyes turned silver. The next moment, with a dragon roar, he transformed into a giant dragon about ten thousand feet long, hovering in midair and flapping his wings, stirring up storms. The Hollow Eye Staff was mounted on the dragon's forehead, turning into a silver eye.

Then, a tiny beam of silver light shot out of the silver eye and turned into a twisting little dragon, which tore through the sky and sped toward Black Demon.

"A nice trick... I might be afraid if it were unleashed by that mangy dog, but you're just a giant worm," Black Demon sneered.

The next moment, he spun and turned into a pitch-black tornado. A small world emerged over his head. It was a dark world shrouded in black mist and enveloped in the terrors of darkness.

"How I miss this... When the Black Temple was at its peak, we held sway in the world... But now, we've fallen so low that even a giant worm is trying to bully me." A nostalgic look appeared in Black Demon's eyes. Then, he slowly thrust the dagger, on which the Will of the Great Path swirled. When it was upon the little silver dragon, he made a quick cross-cut. Plumes of black mist

rolled out as if the Will of the Great Path had turned corporeal. Then, with a deafening rumble, the little dragon was cut in half by the dagger.

The next moment, Black Demon bolted over and began fighting the giant dragon in the sky. The battle quickly came to an end. Ying Long was, after all, nowhere near as strong as a Nine-revolution Great Saint. One of his wings was broken, and he had turned back to his human form. He fell from the sky and crashed into the ground, creating a huge pit.

Er Ha came at full speed and helped him up. At this moment, he looked much older than before and seemed dying.

“Too weak...” Black Demon burst out laughing in the sky. Then, he fixed his eyes at Er Ha. “The big worm is wounded, and you will be next... After staying silent for so long, it’s time for my Black Temple to show the world our prowess,” he said coldly.

As soon as he said that, he flung the dagger. The black Will of the Great Path swirled around it as if to crumble everything.

“DIE NOW!”

The dagger went straight at Nether King Er Ha.

Er Ha roared. His aura exploded out, scattering the clouds in the sky as he pointed his halberd at Black Demon.

“Are you ignoring me?” Suddenly, a faint voice echoed out, ringing in every ear.

Black Demon was slightly taken aback, while Er Ha’s movement paused. Even the people watching from a great distance were dumbstruck. An uproar quickly followed.

“Is this little chef... crazy?”

“This is a clash between Great Saints! Why is he poking his hand into it? He’s merely a Two-revolution Little Saint!”

“Any Great Saint could kill him with a finger!”

The crowd gasped and thought Bu Fang must be crazy.

Was Bu Fang really crazy? No, he wasn't.

In his spirit sea, a liquid drop hovering over the golden book began to evaporate.

The System called these liquid drops the God of Cooking's divine power. Could it be really the power of the God of Cooking? It sounded like one. In any case, just by looking at how the Artifact Spirits desired it, Bu Fang knew that it must be something amazing. Therefore, he decided to use a drop and tried its power.

Controlled by his mental force, the golden liquid drop began to evaporate at a rate visible to the naked eye. Before long, it completely disappeared in his spirit sea.

The Artifact Spirits watched in astonishment as Bu Fang used a drop of divine power. The Divine Dragon wore a painful look on his face as he said, “What a waste!”

After evaporating a drop of the divine power, Bu Fang slowly lifted a hand. His heart suddenly trembled as he seemed to sense a supreme aura exuding from him. It spread to the whole world, up to the skies and down the earth.

All of a sudden, a pair of eyes seemed to open in the chaos and fell onto Bu Fang. His hair stood on end instantly, and his flesh crept.

Buzz...

An invisible wave enveloped him from top to bottom in an instant, and he felt a power that was as vast as an ocean filling his body. It was the first time he felt this.

BOOM!

A shocking aura exploded out of his body, spreading out in ripples.

Everyone was struck dumb. Yin Long, who lay gasping on the ground, had his pupils constricted as he stared incredulously at Bu Fang, while Er Ha sucked in a cold breath, looking shocked and puzzled.

Black Demon narrowed his eyes. When he sensed the power that was howling like a storm, he stopped breathing. “This aura... This feeling...” There was a savage look flickering in his eyes. “I finally understand why the Sword Demon Patriarch asked me to kill you! Your aura is... identical to that man!”

The next moment, a blood-curdling roar exploded out in midair, sweeping through the sky like thunder. Black Demon tore the void and stepped into the turbulence, flying toward Bu Fang at full speed. In less than half a breath, he approached Bu Fang from several thousand miles away. The small world shrouded in black mist churned over his head, while the Will of the Great Path rumbled and turned into a pitch-black dagger in front of him, surging with power.

“A familiar aura but a different man... The reason the Sword Demon Patriarch wants to kill you is that you haven’t fully grown up! Even though you possessed that man’s legacy, you cannot stand up against a Great Saint with your cultivation base of a Two-revolution Little Saint! So... you can die now! You must die, and that evil girl must die as well!”

RUMBLE!

The void cracked and shattered, turning into a long stretch of turbulence about a thousand-mile long. At the same time, the violent power of the void approached Bu Fang, intending to pierce through his body.

Bu Fang was expressionless. The energy of Yin and Yang kept swirling on his Taotie Arm, while the golden liquid drop of the divine power, which had evaporated, seemed to rapidly spread through his whole body. There seemed to be a great suction in the arm, which kept drawing the divine power, causing his arm to turn golden and glow dazzlingly. The light was blinding like the sun, and the power was strong enough to destroy the world.

The look on Bu Fang’s face was indifferent and cold as if the use of the divine power had numbed his heart.

Er Ha and Ying Long stared with wide eyes and gasped.

In the distance, the experts watching the battle were terrified. They all thought that Bu Fang was about to be killed. The fact that Black Demon was able to turn a stretch of void about a thousand miles long into turbulence proved that he was incredibly strong! It was very likely that the attack would blast Bu Fang into nothingness!

Black Demon approached Bu Fang in a flash with monstrous killing intent!

“DIE NOW!”

As the words rang out, Black Demon made a cross-cut with the dagger. The Will of the Great Path surging around it caused the void to crumble.

Facing the dagger, Bu Fang only exhaled with an expressionless face. After evaporating a liquid drop, he had a feeling that he was above all things. Looking at Black Demon’s ferocious face, he twitched the corner of his mouth and said, “As a Nine-revolution Great Saint, you are strong enough to destroy the world, but I have my… Taotie Arm.”

As soon as his voice rang out, he threw the golden fist at Black Demon.

Chapter 1323 Kills a Great Saint With Three Punches

“You’re courting death!” Black Demon growled. His voice boomed and echoed through the whole Earth Prison, sending a stab of pain in every ear and filling every heart with terror. His mighty power had ripped the sky apart. A stretch of the void, about a thousand miles long, had crumbled and turned into fragments, where turbulence churned violently.

Black Demon’s eyes filled with monstrous killing intent. The chef who inherited the legacy of that man and the evil girl who carried the Source of Curses must die. He had to destroy these two great threats with this strike! He wanted to put everything right with his strength!

He let out a roar that shook the skies, and his aura soared. The aura of a Nine-revolution Great Saint was on full display now, mighty enough to destroy heaven and earth. With a strike, he would crush and destroy everything!

Bu Fang’s eyes seemed to flicker with light. His face was expressionless as he stared at Black Demon, who was approaching and ripping through the void, looking as if he was facing a common man. Not a trace of awe for a Great Saint could be found on his face. All that was visible was a hint of a mocking smile on his lips.

Black Demon was sure that his eyes didn't deceive him. He saw the worm-like little chef's lips curve upward into a mocking smile. Even Er Ha and the others in the distance thought that Bu Fang must be crazy. If he was not, why would he show a mocking smile when facing a Great Saint? What gave him the courage to do that?

The dagger, shrouded in thick black demonic energy, tore the void and caused the turbulence to explode as it drew nearer. Suddenly, a golden light that seemed to burst out of the darkness illuminated the whole sky, and then Bu Fang threw out his fist, sending it straight at the dagger without hesitation.

A deafening boom echoed out. In the shocked eyes of all, Bu Fang's fist collided with Black Demon's dagger. In a flash, terrible shockwaves and blinding light exploded out and blanketed everything. Amid the light and sound, the crowd heard a cracking noise, which was as crisp as the cracking of bones or the breaking of metal.

Ying Long's eyes were wide, while Er Ha looked incredulous.

"Has Bu Fang young man... turned into ashes under Black Demon's attack? That old fellow is a Nine-revolution Great Saint after all, and his might is not to be underestimated... A Two-revolution Little Saint cannot stand up against a Nine-revolution Great Saint..."

The rumbling of the explosion continued to ring through the air. The next moment, the crowd saw a figure fly backward out of the flickering light of the explosion. That figure streaked across the sky, smashed into the distant ground, and plowed a deep trench, sending soil everywhere. The impact was so strong that the earth seemed to be shattered!

A gust of wind suddenly roared past, dispersing the light, smoke, and dust. Then, from amid the fading light, a figure walked slowly out. He was lean and tall, his black hair waving and his robes flapping.

Bu Fang's face was indifferent, cold, and ruthless. With his golden arm raised, he slowly walked out. He had just knocked a Nine-revolution Great Saint flying away with a punch, but he showed no emotions at all. It was as if what he did was just something normal.

The sight of Bu Fang appearing unscathed, however, astounded the crowd, and every one of them was sucking in cold breaths.

“How is this possible?!”

“Has my eyesight gone bad? Or have my eyes deceived me?”

“This must be fake... How could a Two-revolution Little Saint knock a Nine-revolution Great Saint away with a punch?”

The experts watching in the distance were all struck dumb. They did not know what to say now. At this moment, they felt as if there was a great mountain pressing against their hearts, so heavy that they could hardly breathe.

Even Ying Long and Er Ha were left dazed and confused. They glanced at Black Demon, who lay in the ruin, then at Bu Fang, who appeared to be calm and unscathed. The result of the collision was a great surprise to them.

“Bu Fang... young man, this...” Er Ha’s tongue seemed to be tied up. He didn’t know what to say, so he just stared at Bu Fang with wide eyes.

Ying Long’s eyes lit up, however. He knew Bu Fang was amazing, but he never thought that he could send a Great Saint flying with a punch. Was Bu Fang trying to break the norm and refresh everyone’s concept?

Standing on the ground, Bu Fang glanced at his golden arm. Even he had no idea what kind of power was contained in it. It was a power beyond his imagination. He knew the Will of the Great Path, and this power seemed to be above that. By just touching it with his mental force, his heart jerked.

‘Is this the so-called divine power? The power that comes from a god?’ The look in Bu Fang’s eyes grew sharp. ‘How strong is the so-called god, then?’

After a drop of divine power evaporated and gathered in his fist, it made his Taotie Arm grow stronger and stronger. Bu Fang had a delusion that he could destroy the world with a punch. Of course, it was just a delusion.

The punch, which had countered Black Demon’s attack and broke his bones and dagger, had consumed about one-third of the divine power. In other words, a liquid drop could let him throw out three punches.

“IMPOSSIBLE!”

Black Demon struggled to his feet. The bandage on his face was falling apart and melting, dripping like some foul liquid, and his scarlet eyes were full of disbelief and shock. The punch from a mere Two-revolution Little Saint had not only countered his attack and destroyed his defense, but it also broke his bones! That was unbelievable! He was a Great Saint!

“No... No, wait... This power doesn’t belong to you!” Black Demon’s pupils constricted. It was as if he thought of something, and fear suddenly came into his scarlet eyes. Then, a monstrous aura exploded out of his body again, while the black demonic energy gathered into a pitch-black world over his head. As soon as the world appeared, his strength soared. It was his small world, which contained his Will of the Great Path. Basically, the small world of a Great Saint was not much different from a real small world, and the Will of the Great Pain in it was getting stronger as well.

“You’re right... This indeed is not my power,” Bu Fang said faintly. The ground exploded under his feet as he kicked it and shot himself toward Black Demon like a cannonball, raising his hand with the glowing golden fist.

Black Demon roared. His body turned into a cloud of black mist as he was about to leave the pit, but no sooner had he flown up the air than Bu Fang threw out the glowing fist again.

With a rumbling sound, a golden fist shot out from where Bu Fang was and smashed the black mist. It exploded with a thud, revealing a furious Black Demon, who then fell from the sky and crashed into the ground again, kicking up dust.

Bu Fang walked slowly and came in front of Black Demon. All the people watching the fight held their breaths, shocked and stunned by the scene. They could not believe that a Two-revolution Little Saint was about to kill a Nine-revolution Great Saint. It was simply heaven-defying!

“You... You... You can’t kill me!” There was fear in Black Demon’s scarlet eyes at last. Facing Bu Fang’s power, which did not belong to this world, he finally felt a sense of despair. He knew the terror of that evil girl’s curse, but he had no idea that this little chef was so fearsome as well.

‘The Sword Demon Patriarch is right. I should kill this little chef as quickly as possible,’ he thought to himself, ‘But my arrogance had stopped me from doing that, and this had given him a chance to turn the tables... His power is identical to that man... Is that man coming back?’ Black Demon’s body trembled.

“This is the third punch, and it will kill you.” Bu Fang lifted the fist and put it on Black Demon’s forehead. Its golden light was no longer as bright as before.

The bandage that wrapped Black Demon’s head had already fallen off to the ground as he shivered all over.

“You want to kill me, and you said you want to kill Nethery as well... You didn’t give me a reason not to kill you,” Bu Fang said in a faint voice, looking at Black Demon.

Black Demon’s pupils constricted.

“Since you can’t give me a reason, you can die now...”

The moment he said that, a golden light bloomed, and he thrust his fist. The dazzling light shone through heaven and earth in an instant, while waves of explosive energy spread and knocked Er Ha and Ying Long flying away.

It was a long time before the rumbling sound faded away and the rolling clouds of dust and smoke cleared. When the people saw the scene, they all gasped in horror. The ground was deeply sunken as if it had been hit by a meteor, which created a huge pit ringed with high ridges. Yellow Spring Little Restaurant was the only building left in the pit.

Bu Fang stood in the center of the pit. The golden light on his fist had disappeared, and tendrils of white smoke could be seen rising from it. The Vermilion Robe flapped loudly in the wind.

There was another pit in the ground, much smaller, and a figure knelt inside. He was none other than Black Demon. His bandage had all unraveled, revealing his figure. It was a withered body with skin as dried as bones.

Bu Fang pulled back his fist. The figure fell to the ground with a thud, dissolving into a plume of smoke that dissipated into the air. A Nine-revolution Great Saint, who was also the master of a forbidden land, had fallen.

The people fell silent as they stared incredulously with blank faces, their hearts filled with mixed emotions.

Er Ha descended from the sky with Ying Long and landed at Bu Fang's side. Looking at the debris on the ground that was Black Demon, his face began to twitch with astonishment.

'He killed a Nine-revolution Great Saint with three punches... Are the chefs now all so violent and fearsome?'

The sneaky Lord of the Black Temple was killed by a chef. He didn't perish in the calamity that ended the previous age, nor did he fall in the hands of some Peaked Great Saint. He died under the fist of a Two-revolution Little Saint. For a Nine-revolution Great Saint, this was the worst way to die.

The fall of Black Demon naturally shook the world.

In the boundless battlefield between the sky and the stars, terrible explosions set off powerful waves of energy. The Sword Demon Patriarch was surrounded by thousands of swords, which seemed to cut heaven and earth to pieces. Suddenly, his expression changed, and he looked down in disbelief, his eyes full of horror.

"Black Demon is... dead?!" he said in an incredulous tone.

Lord Dog had transformed into an enormous dog with huge paws, while blazing Earth Prison Flames burned around him. There was a look of surprise in his eyes as well. 'Black Demon is dead? Who killed him?' he muttered in his head.

Standing atop the skeleton dragon's head, the golden skeleton's eyes flickered.

In the distance, Yellow Spring Great Sage burst out laughing. "That disgusting Black Demon is dead?! That's what I call retribution! Now that the Lord of the Black Temple is dead, you, as the Lord of the Cave of the Fallen Gods, are not far from death as well! Are you afraid now?" He laughed excitedly, pointing a finger at the skeleton from atop the Blood Illuminating Dragon's head.

His laugh caused the golden skeleton's face to turn sour.

"Let's go!"

All of a sudden, the blood-red ghostly fire jumped out of its eye sockets and turned into a giant wall of fire. Then, it left the battlefield with the skeleton dragon, fleeing at top speed. Black Demon's death brought great terror to it. Since someone had killed the Lord of the Black Temple, it might be killed as well. Therefore, it had decided to flee as quickly as possible. 'I would be safe as long as I'm hiding in the Cave of the Fallen Gods...'

Amid Yellow Spring Great Sage's hearty laugh, the golden skeleton of the Cave of the Fallen Gods fled like a defeated dog. That put a sour look on the Sword Demon Patriarch's face. 'How did Black Demon die?! Is that woman of God Vanishing Mountain here? Impossible... Even if she's here, she can't kill Black Demon!'

He pointed out a finger. Countless swords immediately fell from the sky, turning into a river of stars that swept across heaven and earth! The next moment, a small world filled with swords emerged over his head, and a silver sword flew out of it. He jumped onto the sword, pulled himself from the fight with Lord Dog, and sped away.

'That useless Black Demon... I only asked him to kill a chef, yet he failed to do such a simple task! No wonder he could only live until this age...' The Sword Demon Patriarch left with a gloomy face and a brooding mind.

Lord Dog and Yellow Spring Great Sage did not pursue him. They exchanged a glance and rushed out of the battlefield. They were also curious about who killed Black Demon.

Chapter 1324 An Invasion

The Sword Demon Patriarch fled, but Lord Dog did not stop him. It was not easy to stop a Nine-revolution Great Saint from leaving, for such an expert was already the supreme existence in this world. To achieve that, one would have to pay a great price. Lord Dog could do it, though, but he did not want to expose his trump card for a mere Sword Demon Patriarch.

What caused the Patriarch to leave was the death of Black Demon. The fall of a Nine-revolution Great Saint was by no means a minor incident. It could shake the entire Netherworld, especially since Black Demon had a unique status. He was the Lord of a forbidden land in Earth Prison, and his death meant the fall of that forbidden land.

When the Patriarchs of the nine Nether Prison clans suppressed the forbidden lands in Nether Prison, they only sealed their Lords and did not kill them. The main reason was that they had to pay a great price to kill any Lords of the forbidden lands. Even the experts of the nine clans were reluctant to pay the price.

There was a touch of amusement in Lord Dog's eyes as he watched the Sword Demon Patriarch flee on a sword. Then, he looked down, his eyes flickering as the rolling clouds were reflected in them. 'Who could kill a Nine-revolution Great Saint?'

At this moment, Yellow Spring Great Sage walked over, laughing. Being able to scare the golden skeleton off was obviously a major achievement for him, so he was very excited.

Lord Dog gave him a sideways glance. When he saw Yellow Spring Great Sage's happy face, he couldn't help but twitch his mouth.

"Is that all you can do?" Lord Dog said lightly.

Yellow Spring Great Sage was suddenly displeased. "You didn't see Jin Lou's look... He's so scared that he almost pissed himself! Hahaha! I can't tell you how happy I am when I saw that! After all these years, I finally saw these guys make a fool of themselves!"

Lord Dog rolled his eyes. "Can a skeleton piss? Why don't you show me how? Come, let's go back. I want to know who killed Black Demon. The fact that the expert could kill Black Demon shows that he or she must have some extraordinary tricks!" His chubby face wobbled as he said that.

...

All that was left of Forbidden Soul City was Yellow Spring Little Restaurant and a huge pit in front of it, where rocks rolled and plumes of cloud and dust rose.

Nether King Er Ha, Prison Overlord Ying Long, and the others stared at Bu Fang with strange looks in their eyes.

After turning his neck left and right, Bu Fang breathed a sigh of relief. He then glanced at Er Ha and the others and walked toward the restaurant. Nethery was standing at the door with Foxy wagging her tails in her arms.

The air was completely silent after the intense battle.

Er Ha and Ying Long started toward the little restaurant, while the people in the surroundings kept quiet. They realized that they had underestimated this restaurant. They had thought that the chef was

just a fish on the chopping board, but now it seemed that they were completely wrong. How could an expert strong enough to kill a Great Saint be a fish on the chopping board? If they were the ones who faced the Great Saint, they knew they would have been killed by a slap.

The few Prison Overlords approached from a distance. The battle was over, and they were worried about the safety of Ying Long and Er Ha, so they quickly flew over.

With his hands clasped behind his back, Bu Fang stepped into the restaurant. Nethery gave him a strange look, her eyes flickering. “Bu Fang... Do you still have that dish? I want some more...” she said, licking her moist red lips with her little tongue.

‘She wants some more?’ As a dish in the God of Cooking’s Menu, the Three-cup Divine Chicken must be delicious. However, Bu Fang almost died before he succeeded in cooking it. Had he not formed the Yin-Yang spirit sea, the System would have obliterated him. It was a dish he cooked with his life.

“There’s no more...” Bu Fang said with a straight face.

Hearing Bu Fang’s answer, a look of regret came over Nethery’s face.

“What the f*ck?!” Er Ha cried out when he saw Nethery from outside the restaurant. His voice startled her. Even Foxy, who was lying comfortably in her arms, bristled, and she stared unhappily at the Nether King.

“You... Little girl, why did your cultivation base grow so much at once?” Looking at Nethery, Er Ha sucked in a cold breath. As a Great Saint, he could tell at a glance the brimming cultivation base in her.

‘A Nine-revolution Little Saint... How did she achieve this in such a short time? What happened? Why has this world become so different from the one I know? First, Bu Fang killed a Great Saint with three punches, then Nethery suddenly became a Nine-revolution Little Saint... These changes are... too exciting!’

Ying Long also noticed Nethery’s improved cultivation base, and his pupils constricted. His face was pale, but he still stepped forward and came in front of her. As he stared at her, his eyes gleamed. “The curse in you... seems to have become... a little strange?” His old voice rang out.

At this moment, You Ji and the others stepped into the restaurant. First, they gave Bu Fang a frightened look, then they fixed their eyes on Nethery. They, too, were shocked by her soaring cultivation base, and they wondered how she became stronger than them in an instant.

Why were there so many strange things happening in this restaurant?

“I... I ate a dish cooked by Bu Fang.” Nethery felt she needed to give them a serious explanation, so she told them about the Three-cup Divine Chicken that Bu Fang had cooked for her.

She was telling the truth, but the others didn’t believe her.

“You’re saying that a dish was what skyrocketed your cultivation base to the level of a Nine-revolution Little Saint?” Er Ha widened his eyes. The look on his face said that he didn’t believe her. “If cultivation base can be improved like this, then why do we still need to work so hard? We can all just eat and grow stronger.”

Ying Long and the others fell silent. They also didn’t believe her. After all, a Two-revolution Little Saint that had become a Nine-Revolution Little Saint after eating a dish was like a fantasy to them.

Previously, Bu Fang had made a jar of wine that could help a Little Saint or a Great Saint break through a level, and that was already incredible. But how could a dish that could skyrocket one’s cultivation base exist? Did he cook it with some divine herbs? If it was real, how much would it cost? He was selling a cup of wine for one million Nether Crystals, so one could imagine such a dish to be extremely expensive!

“If there is such a dish... Bu Fang young man, you don’t have to say anything, just serve me ten plates,” Er Ha waved his hand and said impatiently.

Bu Fang gave him a sideways glance, twitched the corner of his mouth, and said, “That dish is not for everyone... It’s a specialty that I won’t be selling.”

“You play favorites... I have plenty of money!” Er Ha was displeased.

Bu Fang simply ignored his complaint. He was too lazy to answer that.

...

Rumble!

Two figures tore through the sky and appeared in midair. Lord Dog was surrounded in blazing Earth Prison Flames, while Yellow Spring Great Sage stood at his side. They looked down at the same time, and when they saw the huge pit in the ground, they gasped.

“Black Demon is indeed a crazy fellow. Great Saints usually fight each other on the battlefield between the sky and the stars, yet he chose to fight on the ground... By the looks of it, this area is permanently destroyed,” Yellow Spring Great Sage said as he glanced at the pit.

Lord Dog twitched his nose, then his eyes shone with a bright light. “The air is filled with boiling energy.” He sniffed an unusual power, which made his heart race. “It’s the remaining power of Black Demon’s Will of the Great Path and a... strange power. All these are caused by a single strike, which means that Black Demon was killed in an instant,” he continued faintly as he walked in the air, his fat wobbling.

Yellow Spring Great Sage took a deep breath. “How’s that possible? Black Demon was killed in an instant? Who could do that?”

Lord Dog didn’t answer him but landed in front of Yellow Spring Little Restaurant. They saw that it was intact.

“My wine!” Yellow Spring Great Sage was excited when he saw the restaurant, and he quickly rushed into it.

As soon as he entered the restaurant, he felt something was amiss. The atmosphere was harmonious. Bu Fang was wiping a porcelain bowl with a square of clean white cloth behind the counter, while Nethery sat in a chair with Foxy in her arms. However, Er Ha and the others were looking at her—sometimes in awe, sometimes in disbelief—and there was a strange look on every face.

Lord Dog’s fat trembled as he stepped into the restaurant.

“Bu Fang, my little friend, where is my wine?” Yellow Spring Great Sage said.

As soon as his voice rang out, Bu Fang flipped a hand and slapped a jade wine jar, sending it toward him.

Yellow Spring Great Sage grabbed the jar excitedly. Narrowing his eyes, he stroked it gently with a satisfied look on his face.

...

When Lord Dog and Yellow Spring Great Sage learned that Bu Fang was the fearsome existence who killed Black Demon, they blinked in disbelief.

Lord Dog even stared at Bu Fang with eyes so sharp that they made his hair stand.

However, when Er Ha and Ying Long nodded, they had no choice but to believe it. They might not believe the Nether King, but the old Prison Overlord's words still had some credibility. That shocked Lord Dog and Yellow Spring Great Sage, but they weren't too interested in the tricks Bu Fang used.

Lord Dog went to the Path-Understanding Tree and lay down, while Yellow Spring Great Sage stroked the wine jar with his hand as if it were his lover.

Although Er Ha told them that Bu Fang had killed Black Demon with three punches, they only looked somewhat shocked, and that was all. Afterward, the way Lord Dog looked at Bu Fang was as usual.

"Bu Fang boy... I'm hungry after that exercise. I want a plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs." Lying under the tree, Lord Dog raised his head as he said that.

Bu Fang nodded. He put down the plate he was wiping, turned, and walked into the kitchen. The atmosphere in the restaurant was still so harmonious.

...

The void in Nether Prison was torn apart, and then a beam of silver light shot out of it. Stepping on the silver sword, the Sword Demon Patriarch had returned. Black Demon's death had frightened him, causing him to flee in fear.

After returning to Nether Prison, he thought carefully for some time. Then, with a deep look in his eyes, he walked away, stepping through the air. He didn't go back to the Sword Demons' clan land but headed toward the clan land of the Di Ting Clan.

He entered the Di Tings' clan land and only left the next day. What he had discussed with the Patriarch of the Di Ting Clan during the night, no one knew.

The next day after that, the Patriarchs of the other eight clans all left their clan lands and gathered in the Di Ting's clan land to discuss something.

Their discussion didn't last for too long. Three days later, the eight Patriarchs left. Soon after, the news that Nether Prison was about to invade Earth Prison spread all over the Netherworld.

1325 The Long-Awaited System Promp

The nine Nether Prison clans were invading the various small worlds of the Netherworld, plunging them into wars. Some worlds were defeated and became Nether Prison's vassals, while others were still resisting, spilling their blood for their dignity. The cruelty of war dominated the whole Netherworld.

It was a surprise to many that under such conditions, Nether Prison actually announced that it would invade Earth Prison. The news immediately shocked the entire Netherworld.

"Has Nether Prison gone crazy? It really wants to invade Earth Prison at all costs?"

Earth Prison was unlike any other small worlds. Although it didn't perform well in the Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path, a weak younger generation didn't mean that its overall strength was weak as well. Earth Prison still had many formidable experts.

...

In the West Little Buddhism Realm, the light of the Buddha illuminated the sky. A huge golden Buddha sat in midair with his hands clasped before his chest, chanting. His voice rang through the skies.

Outside the realm, a Nether Prison army faced the golden Buddha, waiting for the opportunity to attack. Inside the realm, eighty-one pagodas burst into light at the same time. There was a Great Saint relic hovering in each pagoda, supplying vast energy that formed the golden Buddha. All the cultivators in the realm sat cross-legged down, knocking at wooden fishes and chanting.

“Amitabha.” A Great Buddha glanced peacefully beyond the sky with a ring of colorful light wheeling behind his back. Suddenly, a look of disbelief came into his eyes.

The void beyond the sky was torn apart, and then two figures stepped out of it. Terrible waves of pressure immediately swept across heaven and earth. One of the figures was shrouded in blazing flames that looked like the real Nether Fire, while the other was clad in darkness, his looming figure seemed to fuse with the void. Both of them were Peaked Great Saints!

“The Fire Demon Patriarch... The Shadow Demon Patriarch...”

The Great Buddha’s eyes flashed with horror. The next moment, his body burst into light as he flew out of the realm, followed by two other Great Saints. Hovering in the void, the three Buddhas faced the two figures that appeared like Demon Gods. Their mighty auras clashed violently and ripped the void.

“Buddhas of the West Little Buddhism Realm... Let’s fight in the Battlefield of the Stars, lest this world is destroyed,” said the Fire Demon Patriarch. His voice was gentle, but he looked like a clump of burning demon fire.

The Peaked Great Saints of the West Little Buddhism Realm chanted the Buddha’s name. Sitting on their lotus thrones, they flew into the sky and entered the battlefield.

Seeing this, the Fire Demon Patriarch burst out laughing, then rushed into the battlefield as well with the Shadow Demon Patriarch.

A violent battle broke out in an instant. The experts of the West Little Buddhism Realm and Nether Prison all looked up at the sky, and they saw that the sky had turned red with a sea of fire.

Peerless experts fought each other fiercely on the battlefield and filled the air with rumbling sounds. After a long time, the sea of fire disappeared, the sky parted, and a colossal flaming palm fell out of it, slapping toward the huge golden Buddha.

RUMBLE!

The whole West Little Buddhism Realm trembled, and then the experts inside all watched with rage and grief as the huge golden Buddha cracked and crumbled to pieces.

In a boundless sea of fire, the three Great Saints of the West Little Buddhism Realm who flew into the sky turned into ashes, while the eighty-one pagodas inside the realm collapsed at the same time.

The West Little Buddhism Realm had fallen.

...

In the Vajra Realm, a mighty roar rang deafeningly through the air. A burly and bare-chested man threw out a punch and forced the Nether Prison army back. Then, with both hands, he ripped a Great Saint of Nether Prison in half.

His terrible aura shook the skies!

Behind him, countless burly men pounded their chests and roared, cheering for the Peaked Great Saint of the Vajra Realm and laughing excitedly. They could hardly contain their excitement when they saw their Great Saint force back the Nether Prison experts.

All of a sudden, their laughter came to an abrupt stop. The Great Saint looked up at the sky with rage boiling in his eyes, where the void was torn apart. A young man came walking out of the rift, standing over the Nether Prison army with a calm look. There seemed to be towering strength in him.

“The Patriarch of the Tyrant Clan!” roared the Great Saint.

The next moment, the young man in midair casually threw out a punch at the Great Saint. The fist was covered with vast energy that churned like waves, and as it drew nearer, it evaporated many experts of the Vajra Realm.

Like the experts of the Vajra Realm, Tyrants cultivated their flesh, and their bodies were what made them invincible.

The Tyrant Patriarch's strike shook heaven and earth. The Great Saint of the Vajra Realm let out an unyielding roar and threw out a punch as well. It was the clash of the Vajra and the Tyrant, the clash of two mighty experts who had cultivated their flesh to the peak.

A rumbling sound echoed out as the void exploded, while half of the Vajra Realm shook. Its ground cracked and crumbled. With just a punch, the young man killed the Great Saint and turned him into nothingness.

“When you bite off more than you can chew, death will be your only fate... After conquering the Vajra Realm, prepare to invade Earth Prison,” said the Tyrant Patriarch faintly with his hands clasped behind his back, his figure appearing and disappearing in midair.

...

Meanwhile, the other Patriarchs of the nine Nether Prison clans also appeared in different small worlds, causing the resistance to crumble instantly.

In the Immortal Cooking Realm, the Immortal Tree shone brilliantly as its branches swayed back and forth, tearing a Little Saint apart with every lash.

There was a huge rhinoceros in midair. It had three horns, but one of them had been broken by the branch, which filled its eyes with a gloomy look.

“Sooner or later... Our hooves will stomp through the Immortal Cooking Realm. Retreat. Assemble the army and prepare to invade Earth Prison...”

A deafening voice echoed through the entire fifth layer of the Immortal Cooking Realm. Then, the formidable Nether Prison army began to retreat.

The Immortal Tree's branches swayed, filling the air with a clattering sound as they quickly formed into a humanoid figure. It stood on the crown of the tree, looking into the distance.

Realm Lord Di Tai, naked, stood beside the figure with flickering eyes.

The calamity of Earth Prison had finally arrived. How would it ride through it this time?

...

Half a month had passed since the battle of the Great Saints. During this period, Earth Prison did not relax. Instead, the atmosphere grew more intense with each passing day. It was as if a sharp knife hung over everyone's head, and it filled every Earth Prison expert with a great sense of crisis. They knew that it was the herald of the coming war.

Nether Prison experts were about to invade Earth Prison. It was a piece of devastating news for Earth Prison experts. Earth Prison was strong, but Nether Prison was stronger. It was hard to say if Earth Prison could stop the invasion.

If the previous Nether King, Tian Cang, were still here, they might not be so worried. After all, he was Earth Prison's pride. However, Tian Cang had fallen. Although the new Nether King had become a Great Saint, he was still young and growing, and he wasn't strong enough to take charge.

The Nether Prison, on the other hand, had the Patriarchs of the nine clans, who were all Great Saints. Therefore, the Earth Prison experts all felt a dark cloud hanging over their heads.

Forbidden Soul City had been rebuilt. It had a new name, though. They now called it Yellow Spring City.

The city had become the hottest place in Earth Prison. Countless experts were gathering here. After all, it was considered the safest place in Earth Prison. With Earth Prison Dog and Yellow Spring Great Sage guarding it, the people here would be safer than those in other places when the war broke out.

Of course, the most amazing place in Yellow Spring City was still that mysterious little restaurant.

There was a long line of people in front of the Yellow Spring Little Restaurant. They came from the aristocratic families of Earth Prison, and they were all very strong. However, these experts were waiting patiently in line to enter the restaurant.

From time to time, people walked out of the restaurant with a look of satisfaction on their faces. Some came out drunk, took a few steps, and sat cross-legged on the ground to break through.

During these days, the whole Yellow Spring City was enveloped in lightning punishments.

Inside the restaurant, Bu Fang was frowning. The corner of his mouth twitched as he looked at the long line of people outside.

After Nether Prison announced its plan to invade Earth Prison, the people in Earth Prison became restless. Experts who were initially not eager to improve their strength all flocked to his restaurant like crazy, and each paid him one million Nether Crystals for a cup of the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine. This made the sales of the wine skyrocket.

Bu Fang wondered if Nether Prison was purposely helping the sales of his wine, and he wasn't sure if he should thank them.

The experts who drank the wine had all broken through a level.

Yellow Spring Great Sage sat in the restaurant and was toying with his jade wine jar. He didn't drink the wine from the jar, though. He would rather spend one million Nether Crystals to buy from Bu Fang than drink his own wine. Such a strange behavior left Bu Fang speechless.

Looking at the wine in his jar, Bu Fang sighed softly and covered it with a lid. He decided to stop selling the wine. He turned to the people in the line with a calm face and said, "The supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine has been sold out. From today onward, there will be no more supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine."

His voice was not loud, but it was amplified by his divine will and spread throughout the whole city.

The faces of the experts waiting in the line outside the restaurant all turned very unsightly. What many had feared has finally come true. After all, the wine was limited, and those who came later because of hesitation had missed the opportunity to buy it.

Many people left, dejected, but some complained to Bu Fang. There were even people kneeling in front of the restaurant, crying and begging to buy a cup. Some were even willing to pay double for it.

However, Bu Fang rejected them all. He would not sell the remaining wine. He knew what these people were thinking. The war was coming, and the stronger they were, the greater the chance they could survive it. However, he had his own principle.

After shutting the door, Bu Fang walked into the kitchen and began cooking. Soon after, he came back out with a plate of steaming Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs and placed it on the table.

Lord Dog had already placed his paws on the table, waiting. As soon as the steaming ribs were served, their gleaming sauce attracted his attention, making his mouth water.

Ting-a-ling!

Bu Fang walked out of the kitchen again. This time, he came with a plate of Dragon Blood Rice bursting with spirit essence. Although Nethery's curse had somewhat vanished, it still needed to be suppressed, and nothing was better than Dragon Blood Rice.

Bu Fang also prepared a plate of Explosive Meatballs and Divine Sealing Dumplings for Foxy.

Lord Dog left after finishing the ribs. No one knew where he went. Nethery went back to her room to sleep after having her fill. As for Foxy, after she ate a few Explosive Meatballs, her eyes suddenly went wide as a lump appeared on her buttocks. Her face flushed. Then, with a ripping sound, a third tail popped out.

Narrowing her eyes, Foxy wagged her three white tails and looked very excited.

Bu Fang sat calmly at the table, poured himself a cup of wine, and drank it. As the wine entered his stomach, he felt a vast spirit essence explode in him.

'Congratulations on completing the revenue task, Host. The leveling up will now begin...' The System's serious voice rang out in his head.

On the eve of Nether Prison's invasion, the long-awaited system prompt finally rang out in Bu Fang's head.

Chapter 1326 The Fortune Flatbread of Primeval Chaos

The System's serious voice rang out in Bu Fang's head. It sounded familiar, but at the same time, it seemed to come from a great distance. "I finally... leveled up again," Bu Fang sighed with mixed emotions. He went inside him and began looking at the system panel.

Host: Bu Fang

True Energy Cultivation: Nine-revolution Little Saint Realm

Cooking talent: Nine Stars

Skills: Level 2 Meteor Knife Skill (100/100), Level 2 Big Dipper Carving Skill (100/100), Level 1 Knife Skill: Overlord Thirteen Blades (13/13), Gourmet Array (5/6), Cutting Immortal Style (3/3)

Items: Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife (God of Cooking Set), Black Turtle Constellation Wok (God of Cooking Set), Vermilion Robe (God of Cooking Set), White Tiger Heaven Stove (God of Cooking Set)

God of Cooking overall rating: Supreme Grade Qilin Chef (Can infuse the Will of the Great Path with ingredients, preparing food that has magical effects.)

System rank: Level 4 (Helping the Host to embark on the path to become the God of Cooking)

System reward: A fragment of the God of Cooking Set (3/5), the recipe of the Fortune Flatbread of Primeval Chaos, the Time Gourmet Array

Bu Fang touched his chin as he looked at the system panel. Many things on the panel had changed, and there were additional things.

The first thing that caught his attention was the fragment of the God of Cooking Set. The breakthrough this time had brought him one more fragment, which was a surprise. Moreover, he was not wrong when he guessed that the last God of Cooking Set would require five fragments. He had collected three now. Once he collected all five of them, he would be able to summon the last God of Cooking Set. Needless to say, he was looking forward to it.

Besides the surprise, Bu Fang also noticed the other rewards. In a rare move, the System provided a recipe this time. According to his experience, a recipe given as a reward for the leveling task was very unusual. Therefore, he was curious about the Fortune Flatbread.

After going through the recipe, Bu Fang couldn't help but suck in a cold breath. He was astonished by the flatbread's effect.

The third reward was a Gourmet Array, which he had not seen for a long time. There were a total of six Gourmet Arrays, and Bu Fang had collected five.

The fifth Gourmet Array represented 'time.'

'What's the use of this array?' Bu Fang furrowed his brows and thought it might be another useless Gourmet Array, like the Defense Gourmet Array.

Since he already had the Vermilion Robe, Bu Fang didn't spend too much time to research the Defense Gourmet Array. What defense could be stronger than the Vermilion Robe's invincibility?

All in all, the level-up was expected. Of course, the rewards it brought also made Bu Fang very happy. What delighted him the most was the breakthrough of his strength.

Whenever he leveled up, he always broke through several levels, and it was no exception this time. Now, he had broken through from a Two-revolution Little Saint to a Nine-revolution Little Saint. The rate at which he broke through was comparable to Nethery when she ate the Three-cup Divine chicken.

Bu Fang sat in the chair with a thoughtful look. In his hand, he held the cup with wine still swirling inside. His legs were crossed, and he looked leisurely.

Nethery and Foxy were playing nearby. Suddenly, they seemed to sense something, and they turned to look at Bu Fang at the same time. Foxy's tails were wagging as she blinked her big eyes, while Nethery's eyes flashed with a strange gleam.

With a muffled boom, rings of true energy spread from Bu Fang's body like ripples, causing the air to squeak as if it could no longer bear the weight.

“He’s breaking through?” Nethery cried out in surprise.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

As the energy rings spread, the sound of something breaking apart rang out.

Bu Fang’s breakthrough was more straightforward when compared to Nethery’s. In the blink of an eye, his cultivation base soared from a Two-revolution Little Saint to a Nine-revolution Little Saint.

If Nether King Er Ha were here and witnessed this, he would most likely be frightened to death. Perhaps he would wonder why people could break through so easily nowadays?

The breakthrough didn’t last for too long. After a few moments, Bu Fang opened his eyes. The look in them was calm as if breaking through was as normal as eating a bowl of rice or drinking a cup of water. He glanced at Nethery and Foxy, who appeared to be in a daze, then rose to his feet and went into the kitchen with the cup in his hand.

After the brief moment of daze, Nethery and Foxy began to play with each other again. The incident, which would shock the entire world, appeared to be something perfectly normal in this little restaurant.

Bu Fang placed the cup in the kitchen, then he went into the Heaven and Earth Farmland.

As soon as he was inside, Niu Hansan sensed his aura and came running at him.

Standing in front of Bu Fang, Niu Hansan looked at him from top to bottom. The way he looked at him made Bu Fang’s hair stand.

“What’s the matter?” Bu Fang gave Niu Hansan a puzzled look.

“Oh, Owner Bu... I thought I would never see you again!” Niu Hansan exclaimed. He then cheered, spread his arms, and threw himself at Bu Fang.

Of course, Bu Fang would not let Niu Hansan hug him, so he lifted a hand and put a finger against the latter’s forehead, stopping him from getting closer.

“That’s enough. I’m here to check on the situation in the farmland. I also need you to prepare some spirit rice for me,” Bu Fang said.

Niu Hansan had recovered his composure. He widened his eyes, nodded, then turned around to prepare the spirit rice.

Meanwhile, Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and walked about in the farmland. He found that the place had grown fuller and more real. The air was filled with birds’ twitter and fragrance of flowers, as well as rich spiritual energy. When he took a deep breath, the moist and sweet air went through his nose and made him feel as if his body and soul were cleansed.

The Spring of Life flowed, gurgling in the river. The little white dragon, which was the source of the Spring of Life, swam up and down in the water. The Blood Lobster was waving its pincers, and it seemed to have become one of the bullies in the river.

On the ground, the grass swayed. Eighty and the Eight Treasures Pig were running through it, while the Three-Eyed Wild Lion lay lazily to the side, sleeping.

The Myriad Treasures Immortal Tree stood straight in front of the wooden hut, swaying gently and glowing brilliantly. Its existence caused the vegetation in the farmland to keep growing. On its crown, the white Senseless Lotus bloomed quietly as a strange energy wave spread from it, filling the whole space.

The sight calmed Bu Fang’s mind.

Before long, Niu Hansan came running back with a cloth bag that contained the spirit rice.

Bu Fang took the bag from him and reached a hand into it. His eyes narrowed slightly as the cold and moist spirit rice brushed against his hand. He was very satisfied. Carrying the bag, he bid farewell to Niu Hansan and left the farmland.

Niu Hansan stood in front of the wooden hut with his hands behind his back. As he watched Bu Fang leave, he could sense that a tremendous change had happened to him. Previously, when the farmland was in turmoil, he thought Bu Fang was struck by some calamity. Now, it seemed to him that Bu Fang had resisted the calamity and even became much stronger. The reward of resisting a calamity was definitely huge.

When Bu Fang returned to the kitchen, he removed the spirit rice from the bag. These were no ordinary rice because they contained the Heaven and Earth Farmland's Will of the Great Path. He needed them to make the reward he had just received, the Fortune Flatbread of Primeval Chaos.

The name was a refreshing one, but Bu Fang was more drawn to its effect.

'Every Fortune Flatbread brings fortune. The flatbread baked with the Nine Dragons Fire Controlling Technique contains the fortune of heaven and earth, which will pass to the person who ate it.

'The so-called fortune is not fixed. It depends on the luck of the person eating it. For those who have greater luck, they will obtain top fortune, while those who have weaker luck will obtain common fortune..'

The System's voice rang out in Bu Fang's head at the right time.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched. The so-called fortune was naturally unusual. When Nethery ate the Three-cup Divine Chicken and broke through from a Two-revolution Little Saint to a Nine-revolution Little Saint, that was considered heaven-defying fortune. Although the top fortune was nowhere near as good as that, it was by no means bad. Any fortune was beneficial.

'The Fortune Flatbread can be taken out, and each customer can buy three pieces at a time.'

Bu Fang thought for a moment and realized that a hot-selling cuisine was about to be born. Of course, before that could happen, he needed to make the flatbread. At the thought of that, he immediately rolled up his sleeves excitedly, getting ready to make the flatbread.

...

Meanwhile, in Earth Prison...

With the fall of Black Demon, the Black Temple had lost its master. The building, which was shrouded in a cloud of terrible energy, began to change dramatically. At the same time, the power that could not be seen in the past began to appear.

Suddenly, the void was torn apart. A few figures emerged from it and hovered in midair. They were none other than Lord Dog, Nether King Er Ha, and Prison Overlord Ying Long. As soon as they arrived, they glanced at the flickering Black Temple in silence.

“With the death of Black Demon, this forbidden land is without a master, and it’s about to turn into dust in history. The Power of the Laws that sealed it up is beginning to fade away, so the treasures the Black Temple had hoarded for two ages are about to be exposed,” Er Ha said excitedly.

With the death of Black Demon, the treasures in the Black Temple immediately became an attraction.

Boom!

As the power broke and faded away, one expert after another flew crazily out of the Black Temple, their faces filled with fear and panic. However, since they carried the mark of the forbidden land, they were struck by black thunderbolts and turned into ashes the moment they stepped out of the Black Temple. It was the obliteration of the Power of the Laws.

Even Lord Dog dared not to touch the black thunderbolts that were the Power of the Laws. That was a forbidden power.

The Black Temple, which had existed for two ages, had vanished completely.

A golden skeleton was watching from a great distance. The ghostly fire in his eye sockets burned ragingly. The Black Temple’s fate completely silenced Jin Lou. He raised his head and looked into the distance, where Lord Dog, Er Ha, and Ying Long were staring at him. He didn’t say anything, but his eye sockets were filled with deep grief.

‘This, perhaps, is the tragic ending for all the beings who have survived to this age...’

In the end, Jin Lou left.

The terrible Power of the Laws that trapped the Black Temple for an age had finally disappeared. From then on, there was no more Black Temple in Earth Prison.

After the power disappeared, Lord Dog, Er Ha, and Ying Long flew into the Black Temple impatiently. All the people inside were killed by the power, but the treasures remained intact. The fact that these treasures could be kept from the previous age to this age proved that they were extremely precious and valuable.

Since Nether Prison was about to invade Earth Prison, the treasures of the Black Temple could be used to improve the Earth Prison army's strength.

Without hesitation, both men and the dog took away almost everything inside the Black Temple.

In the depths of the sky, an elegant figure stood in midair. She was clad in white robes and looked exceedingly beautiful.

Looking at the Black Temple, which was no longer enveloped by the Power of the Laws, Ice Saint sighed softly. Then, she took a step and returned to her God Vanishing Mountain.

...

In Yellow Spring Little Restaurant, Bu Fang had ground all the spirit rice to powder. He rubbed his hands and was getting ready to make the Fortune Flatbread, which he was looking forward to tasting.

Chapter 1327 Bake Flatbreads in an Oven

Round, pearl-like grains of wheat slipped from Bu Fang's fingers. The corner of his mouth twitched as he watched them jump. With his thumb and forefinger, he picked up a grain of wheat. Under the light, it looked as transparent as a gem. The wheat, which contained the Will of the Great Path, was indeed quite unusual. He took out a stone mortar and ground the grains shaken off from the spirit wheat into fine flour with pure white color. Then, he put the flour into a large blue-and-white porcelain bowl and mixed it with the Spring of Life that contained rich spirit essence.

This Fortune Flatbread of Primeval Chaos was not a dish in the God of Cooking's Menu, so Bu Fang used the best ingredients he could get his hands on right now.

After adding the Spring of Life and yeast to the flour, he began to knead it. Before long, he had turned the flour into a huge dough. Bu Fang's movements were rhythmic, and his use of every ounce of strength was just right. Kneading dough was also a skill that required proper technique.

As he kept kneading, the dough in the bowl began to rotate and became more and more glittering and translucent. It looked as if there was light shining from it. After kneading it for some time, Bu Fang patted the dough. A force burst out of it and bounced his palm back.

He took out a cup of oil, poured it into the bowl, and then continued to knead the dough. This time, his kneading movements were different.

The addition of oil turned the dough greasy, and as he kneaded it, the oil mixed with the dough and turned its color, which was as fair as a baby's skin, to yellow.

The purpose of the oil was to enhance the taste of the flatbread, so Bu Fang's choice of oil was the vegetable oil he had meticulously concocted, not animal oil.

After thoroughly mixing the oil into the dough, he set the bowl aside and waited for it to rise.

That was a long wait, so Bu Fang didn't stand in the kitchen. He wiped his hands, took a square of cloth and put it over the dough, then walked out of the kitchen with a teapot and came to the dining room. He pulled up a chair, sank back on it at the door, and looked at the clouds drifting slowly outside.

After drinking tea for a while, Bu Fang returned to the kitchen. He lit a fire in the stove, set the Black Turtle Constellation Wok on it, and poured golden oil into the wok. When the oil boiled, he added butter into it and began to stir-fry. After the butter turned into shortening, he poured it into a bowl and set it aside.

The dough expanded a little after fermentation, and the energy in it was swirling. He took out the dough, rolled it into a cake, smeared the shortening on it, and sprinkled it with crystal sugar.

After that, he rolled up the huge cake, cut it into four pieces, and flattened each piece from the cut side. Then, he took out a spirit fruit, cut it in half, placed it on the dough, and sprinkled some sesame seeds.

The preparation of the flatbread was completed.

Then came the most important part of making the flatbread: baking. It was not easy to bake the Fortunate Flatbread. It was called the Fortunate Flatbread of Primeval Chaos, which was a long

name, but the key was the Primeval Chaos. As for what it meant, it was something worth studying, and it also had a lot to do with the baking method.

A huge shadow suddenly appeared and fell to the ground with a bang. It was a huge oven. Made of clay, the oven's surface was uneven and blackened, which gave it a rustic look. It was two meters tall, a meter in diameter, and wrapped by a layer of yellow clay. Bu Fang called it a charcoal oven.

After taking out the oven, he went into the Heaven and Earth Farmland. He wandered around the Myriad Treasures Immortal Tree for a while before breaking off several of its slender branches, causing the tree to keep swaying its branches as if it was fighting him. When he was done, he quickly left the farmland and returned to the kitchen.

He put the branches in the middle of the charcoal oven, then opened his mouth to spew a white flame. The flame fell into the oven and ignited the branches of the Immortal Tree, which began to burn brightly.

After all this, Bu Fang retreated to one side.

The Fortunate Flatbread needed to be made from top-grade ingredients. Even the firewood were the branches of the Immortal Tree, which was absolutely superior-grade.

The fire burned in the oven, and the flames seemed to boil. As the branches of the Immortal Tree burned, dense smoke began to fill the air. At the same time, scorching heat clung to the oven walls, and the high temperature distorted the air inside. Bu Fang had his reason for using a charcoal oven, because only by baking the flatbread with this thing could it be regarded as an authentic flatbread.

After a long time, the branches of the Immortal Tree finally burned up. After all, Bu Fang didn't take too many branches.

With the dough in his hand, he stepped on the air and rose up to the mouth of the charcoal oven. He looked into the oven. Inside, the ashes from the branches were still giving off a high temperature, which was what he needed.

His eyes became focused, and he reached his hand into the oven to grab the flatbread. Once inside the oven, the heat seemed to melt his arm. Even with his current Nine-revolution Little Saint cultivation, he was struggling to cope with the heat. After all, it was the heat generated by the burning of the Immortal Tree branches.

With a splat, Bu Fang slapped the dough in his hand on the wall of the oven. The dough sizzled in an instant and began to cook under the hot temperature. He repeated the same action and slapped the rest of the dough to the wall. In a short time, the oven wall was covered with eighteen doughs.

It was not bad to bake eighteen doughs at one time.

Bu Fang drew his hand back. His arm was already red with the searing heat in the oven. To be honest, cooking this Fortune Flatbread really required skills.

He sat cross-legged on the ground. A stream of mental force poured out of him toward the oven, spreading into it like threads and covering the whole oven. He then began to carefully observe the changes of the doughs.

Time passed. About three hours later, the flatbreads were done.

Bu Fang opened his eyes and withdrew his mental force. The next moment, a brilliant shaft of light thrust out of the oven and shot into the sky. A rumbling sound could be heard as thunderclouds began to gather over Yellow Spring City.

Whitey's eyes flashed, and it walked out of the kitchen without hesitation. It had always been its job to resist lightning punishments, and it enjoyed doing it.

Bu Fang slowly rose to his feet, his eyes bright.

Outside the restaurant, there was a great roar of thunder as lightning punishments kept striking down from the sky. This had attracted the attention of many experts around. When lightning punishments appeared, they knew that the owner of Yellow Spring Little Restaurant was cooking delicious food again.

In Yellow Spring Valley, Yellow Spring Great Sage was sitting with his legs crossed in a reclining chair, holding a wine jar in one hand and humming a little tune. He seemed to be in a very good mood. Suddenly, he narrowed his eyes and looked in the direction of Yellow Spring Little Restaurant, his eyes shining brilliantly.

“Such a turmoil... Is Bu Fang cooking something delicious again?”

His eyes lit up instantly. Only Bu Fang's new dishes could have given him such high expectations. He got up from the chair, straightened his clothes, took the wine jar, and flew into the air toward Bu Fang's restaurant.

People stood sparsely in front of the restaurant. As Nether Prison was about to attack Earth Prison, many experts had left Yellow Spring City to join the army. They were all the people of Earth Prison, and they naturally have to fight for its dignity.

Therefore, there were not many people in the city now. Even so, the loud noise produced when the dish was transcending the lightning punishment still attracted many curious onlookers.

Soon, Whitey passed the punishment. There were lightning arcs dancing all over its body while a terrible aura spread from it. As Bu Fang broke through to the level of Nine-revolution Little Saint, Whitey's power became more and more oppressive. Even Bu Fang wasn't sure how strong it was now.

In the restaurant, Nethery and Foxy had already craned their necks in anticipation. Their movements were incredibly synchronized. A delicious smell pervaded the air. That was the smell of bread, and it made their eyes light up.

In the kitchen, Bu Fang stood in front of the huge oven. His hand reached into the oven, took out the baked Fortune Flatbreads piece by piece, and placed them on a plate.

The Fortunate Flatbreads freshly taken out from the oven looked very attractive. Their surfaces were golden brown, and the spirit fruit on them overflowed with juice, making them look even more tempting. The bottom was not so smooth, though, but that did not affect the taste.

Every piece of flatbread was steaming hot. Bu Fang put three of them in a blue-and-white porcelain plate and carried it out of the kitchen.

Ting-a-ling!

The curtain was lifted, and expectant eyes immediately rested on Bu Fang's face. With a calm look, he carried the plate to the table and placed it down.

Nethery and Foxy turned their eyes to the Fortune Flatbread on the plate instantly.

At this moment, a burst of loud laughter came through the door. Holding the wine jar in one hand, Yellow Spring Great Sage flew from a distance and landed in the restaurant.

“Bu Fang, my little friend, I can smell a rich aroma from a far distance. Have you been making something delicious again?” Yellow Spring Great Sage twitched his nose with an intoxicating look.

Bu Fang glanced at him and curled his lips. ‘Does this guy have a dog’s nose? How did he smell it from so far away?’

However, he didn’t say anything. He just raised his hand and pointed to the Fortune Flatbreads on the table.

Although the appearance of the Fortune Flatbreads was attractive, they didn’t look very tempting. They actually looked rather dry when compared with those delicious dishes with a tasty sauce. After all, they were only bread.

“They’re called Fortune Flatbread of Primeval Chaos...” Bu Fang said.

After that, he grabbed a piece of flatbread. He was actually very curious about its effect. With Nethery and Foxy looking at him curiously, he threw the flatbread to Nethery and then offered Yellow Spring Great Sage one. As for the last piece, he took for himself.

“How could a dry flatbread taste good? Why didn’t you cook barbecue? The taste of meat is much better than a dry flatbread.” Looking at the hot flatbread in his hand, Yellow Spring Great Sage curled his lips as if he were not happy.

“Hmm? So you don’t want to eat it? Then give it back to me,” said Bu Fang, glancing at him.

Yellow Spring Great Sage smiled awkwardly. “Well, I’ll eat it... The flatbread made by my little friend Bu Fang, who had made the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine, must be great as well. I’ll be the first one to try your new dish.”

After saying that, he picked up the flatbread, opened his mouth, and gave it a bite.

A crisp cracking sound rang out. Surprisingly, he didn't bite off the flatbread. It was actually moist and tender under the crispy skin. Most importantly, as soon as he sensed what was in the flatbread, Yellow Spring Great Sage's eyes went wide!

Chapter 1328 It's a Matter of Luck

Fortune Flatbread of Primeval Chaos. Just the name alone showed that it was an unusual dish.

Initially, Yellow Spring Great Sage didn't take it seriously at all. In his opinion, even if it was tasty, it would not be too delicious. Could a flatbread made of wheat flour taste better than seafood and delicacies? He thought he had tasted everything, and he would not succumb to a piece of flatbread.

Then, he took a bite of the Fortune Flatbread, and he chose to succumb.

Crunch!

His teeth bit through the crispy, golden crust of the flatbread, exposing the moist, tender, and fragrant filling. As he continued to bite, he felt as if there was a vast jet of gas about to burst out of the flatbread. His eyes widened in disbelief instantly.

As a Great Saint, Yellow Spring Great Sage immediately realized that the gas was the embodiment of the Will of the Great Path!

'What is this? The intangible Will of the Great Path... can take a physical form?!'

Crunch!

The filling was sweet and tasty. As he chewed the flatbread, his mouth was filled with a unique fragrance. It was a pure charcoal scent. He didn't expect this, but the flavor made him happy. Meanwhile, the jet of gas that was the physical form of the Will of the Great Path slipped down his throat into his stomach.

Was the fortune in the name of this dish referring to this jet of gas, the embodiment of the Will of the Great Path? Or was it the Primeval Chaos?

‘Oh?’ Yellow Spring Great Sage’s pupils constricted again, and his eyes shone brightly. ‘It changed! It changed completely!’

In his perception, after the flatbread entered his stomach, the wisp of gas penetrated his body, and then he could no longer sense it. Even with his divine will, he could not sense the wisp of air that was the Will of the Great Path anymore!

Yellow Spring Great Sage shuddered and felt even more incredulous.

‘Is this flatbread really so amazing?’

Suddenly, his eyes went wide as he stared at his arms. He found that strength began to fill them, and the rate at which it increased made him shudder.

“Can this flatbread... increase one’s physical strength?!” he said, horrified.

Soon, the muscles on his arms began to swell, and his chest muscles became larger, pushing at his clothes and making them tighter. In the blink of an eye, he had a perfectly fit body.

Yellow Spring Great Sage was a Great Saint, but the Fortune Flatbread had increased his physical strength! It was an incredible effect! For a Great Saint, stronger physical strength on a battlefield was a crushing advantage.

“Increased physical strength?” Bu Fang gave Yellow Spring Great Sage a look filled with sympathy. “It seems your luck is really bad,” he said lightly. Then, while the Great Saint was still in a daze, he took a bite of the Fortune Flatbread.

Crunch!

Bu Fang chewed the fragrant flatbread. Its crisp skin and tender filling were truly intoxicating and a special experience.

Yellow Spring Great Sage ate the flatbread as he stared at Bu Fang. Without considering its incredible effect, the flatbread actually tasted delicious. Still, he had not figured out what Bu Fang meant by bad luck. Why was eating a flatbread related to luck?

The Fortune Flatbread wasn't that hard to make, but it wasn't too easy either. The main reason was that the charcoal oven was difficult to control, which involved many skills. Baking in the charcoal oven could squeeze out the Will of the Great Path in the flour and turn it into wisps of gas. And this gas was the essence of the flatbread, just like the human soul.

It was the soul of the flatbread, which was also the so-called fortune.

Bu Fang swallowed the flatbread. Soon, his eyes brightened up. He felt a wisp of gas flowing through his body, and then his mental force began to soar and became stronger.

Before this, the maximum range that his divine will could cover was a hundred miles around, but now it was getting wider and wider, reaching a thousand miles!

Yellow Spring Great Sage sucked in a cold breath!

'How is this possible? Compared with the breakthrough in the cultivation base, the breakthrough in mental force is more difficult. Bu Fang had just eaten a piece of flatbread, and yet the range that his divine will can cover immediately skyrocketed! What's the point of cultivating, then? Everyone might as well eat this flatbread to break through!'

"Well... It seems that my luck is better than yours." Bu Fang glanced at Yellow Spring Great Sage and twitched the corner of his mouth.

Yellow Spring Great Sage was struck dumb. 'What does this guy really mean? What does eating a flatbread have to do with luck? What is he trying to say?'

Crunch!

Nethery held the flatbread, parted her red lips, and took a bite. The outer layer of the flatbread broke, and a rich aroma wafted into her nose. Her eyes lit up instantly as the wisp of air that was the Will of the Great Path entered her body.

Before long, as Yellow Spring Great Sage watched with wide eyes, her aura began to soar. Her cultivation base rose from a Nine-revolution Little Saint to a One-revolution Great Saint, then rose to Two-revolution Great Saint. Finally, it stayed at the Three-revolution Great Saint level.

Yellow Spring Great Sage was stunned. He was so terrified that he could hardly hold his precious wine jar.

‘What is this? Who can tell me what really happened? Why did this girl break through from a Nine-revolution Little Saint to a Three-revolution Great Saint with just one bite of the flatbread? Are Great Saints so cheap now? Can one easily break through by just eating a flatbread? I worked hard for thousands of years to become a Great Saint, but this girl...’

Yellow Spring Great Sage’s lips were trembling. As a Great Saint, he knew how hard it was to become one. Moreover, after stepping into the realm of Great Saints, each level would be more difficult to break through.

Therefore, when he sensed Nethery’s rapid breakthroughs, he felt a deep sense of helplessness. Comparisons were indeed the thief of joy.

Meanwhile, he finally understood what Bu Fang meant by luck. All three of them ate the same flatbread, but his skin only hardened a little. Bu Fang was luckier, for the range of his divine will increased several times. As for the girl, her luck was incredibly good. Her cultivation base had jumped straight to that of a Three-revolution Great Saint.

Compared to her, his luck was really bad.

Bu Fang withdrew his divine will and took his time eating the flatbread.

At this moment, the people who had been watching them outside the restaurant had already been stunned.

‘After the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine, has Owner Bu cooked another peerless dish that can make people break through to the realm of Great Saints in a flash? This flatbread will definitely be very popular!’ That was the thought in everyone’s mind.

Bu Fang took a bite of the flatbread, glanced at Yellow Spring Great Sage, whose lips were trembling, and said, “Well... A Fortune Flatbread is fifty thousand Nether Crystals, and each person can buy three a day.”

‘What?’

The price froze everyone. ‘Fifty thousand Nether Crystals for a flatbread? Why is it so cheap? This flatbread’s effect is as good as that supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine! Since that wine was sold for one million Nether Crystals per cup, it should be selling for at least eight hundred thousand Nether Crystals, right? That kind of heaven-defying effect doesn’t deserve fifty thousand Nether Crystals!’

The reason for this was known only to Bu Fang. Although the gas containing the Will of the Great Path in the Fortune Flatbread could enhance various abilities, the enhancement was actually determined by luck.

When one’s luck was good, the enhancement would be heaven-defying. For example, what Nethery got was a great fortune. However, when one’s luck was bad, the enhancement would be just something common, such as strengthening their bodies. The best example was Yellow Spring Great Sage.

As for Bu Fang’s mental force boost, it was considered a stroke of good luck. When his divine will’s coverage increased from one hundred miles to one thousand miles, it was the equivalent of his divine will stepping from an immature state into a mature state. If he were to cultivate on his own, it would take a long time. And now that he had felt this state, it would be much easier for him to cultivate to one thousand miles around again in the future.

Even so, the Fortune Flatbreads should not be so cheap, should they?

The truth was that its effect would not last. What caused the enhancement was the wisp of gas. Therefore, when the gas was used up, the enhancement would disappear. The effect would last about half an hour.

When Bu Fang explained the reason, it answered everyone’s doubts.

Even Yellow Spring Great Sage narrowed his eyes and nodded. He knew there was no such good thing in the world. He had cultivated so hard for thousands of years. If a little girl could be as strong as him with just a bite of the flatbread, he might as well throw himself at a wall and kill himself. However, he glanced at the flatbread in his hand and felt a little incredulous.

“My luck is not so good, and that’s why I only got enhanced physical strength... But I don’t believe my luck will always be so bad. Owner Bu, give me another piece of flatbread!”

Yellow Spring Great Sage's nostrils seemed to flare.

Bu Fang looked at him and said nothing, but he went into the kitchen and came back out with a basket of flatbreads.

"The selling of Fortune Flatbreads begins now. A flatbread is fifty thousand Nether Crystals, and each person is limited to three per day.

"Let me share some knowledge. Once you have the Fortune Flatbreads, you will have an advantage on the battlefield, and your chances of survival will become greater. If one of you has heaven-defying luck, you may break through the Nine-revolution Great Saint realm after eating it, and you will be revered by millions and dominate the battlefield."

Bu Fang's voice was powerful, and he spoke as if it were real. In fact, while the Fortune Flatbread could bring one fortune, anyone who wanted to break through to the realm of Nine-revolution Great Saint by eating it must already be a Great Saint and possessed heaven-defying luck.

For ordinary Little Saints, if they could achieve the effect like Nethery, it was already very amazing.

So, as soon as Bu Fang's voice faded, everyone outside the restaurant went crazy!

"Yes! Owner Bu is right!"

This Fortune Flatbread could really be their life-saving means. As a last resort, they could eat it and hope for the best. In case one of them was extremely lucky and became a Nine-revolution Great Saint, he or she would be able to turn the tides on the battlefield and become the hero of Earth Prison!

"Say no more, Owner Bu! Give me three Fortune Flatbreads first!" shouted an expert eagerly.

A hundred and fifty thousand Nether Crystals for a glorious opportunity was a very good bargain! Since they could cultivate to their current levels, these experts all had obsessive confidence in their luck.

Yellow Spring Great Sage was one such expert. He was extremely confident in his luck. Therefore, after eating the first flatbread in a hurry and waiting for half an hour until the effect disappeared, he quickly ate the second one. Once again, a stream of refreshing gas flowed out of the Fortune Flatbread and poured into his body. After that, he felt as if his body was about to explode. He opened his mouth and spewed out a hot ball of fire, which was promptly extinguished by Whitey with a slap.

“Congratulations. Your fates have conspired against you once again... You have obtained the fireball ability,” Bu Fang said seriously, looking at Yellow Spring Great Sage with a twitch of the corner of his mouth.

‘How bad is Yellow Spring Great Sage’s luck? How did he get such a low-end ability? Did he offend the Goddess of Luck?’

Yellow Spring Great Sage’s face went black. Fireball ability? When he tried to imagine that he was on the battlefield and got this fireball skill after eating a flatbread, he felt like a child abandoned by heaven.

“Well... The fortunes brought by the flatbread are unusual, and there are chances that you will get permanent abilities. However, this is rare...” Bu Fang stroked his chin, remembering a remark that the System had mentioned seriously when explaining the Fortune Flatbread. He couldn’t help telling the crowd about it.

Nethery’s Three-revolution Great Saint aura had faded, returning to the level of Nine-revolution Little Saint. She didn’t feel any discomfort. Without a doubt, the Fortune Flatbread would not bring any side effects.

She had not finished her flatbread yet, so she gave a little to Foxy. With her tongue sticking out, the little fox ate the flatbread. Her eyes narrowed in bliss as her three tails wagged.

“Bu Fang, boy, give me another flatbread! I don’t believe my luck will be so bad!” Yellow Spring Great Sage said, unconvinced.

The ability to spew fireballs was simply a joke. He was a Great Saint, not some juggler in a circus!

After spewing several more fireballs in a row, Yellow Spring Great Sage’s eyes turned red. He bought another Fortune Flatbread from Bu Fang, grabbed it in one hand, and angrily finished the second flatbread.

The experts outside the restaurant had already gone crazy, and they lined up again to buy Fortune Flatbreads.

Half an hour later, Yellow Spring Great Sage's eyes suddenly lit up, looking as sharp as the brightest star in the night. He picked up the flatbread, opened his mouth excitedly, and spewed another fireball.

Looking at the fireball, he was stunned.

Even Bu Fang gasped in surprise!

Chapter 1329 The Two Armies Confront Each Other

A hush suddenly fell over the restaurant. Yellow Spring Great Sage was stunned. He stared at Bu Fang with wide eyes, which were full of disbelief.

Bu Fang froze as well. His mouth parted slightly as if he wanted to say something, but no voice came out of it.

Yellow Spring Great Sage lifted the flatbread in his hand and looked at it. He hadn't eaten it yet—the flatbread was perfectly round with two slices of spirit fruit on top of it. He had a bad feeling.

He opened his mouth again. A gush of hot air rose from his chest, gathered in his mouth, and spewed out, turning into a red fireball in the air, which then exploded like a firework.

It was beautiful, and the skill was perfect. However, it was completely useless.

Bu Fang was a little surprised. Looking at Yellow Spring Great Sage, he said suspiciously, "Why haven't your ability disappeared?" He thought for a while and went on, "Half an hour had gone by. Under normal circumstances, your ability should have disappeared by now... Is it because the ability is too useless that it will take a longer time to disappear?"

Yellow Spring Great Sage's face was as dark as the bottom of a wok now. What Bu Fang said gave him some hope. If that was indeed what was happening to him, it would be fine. He was the mighty Yellow Spring Great Sage, a Nine-revolution Great Saint, and he did not want to spew a fireball before fighting his enemy. It would be extremely awkward. It was like a juggler on the street who

set a stick on fire by spitting at it. He was the supreme Yellow Spring Great Sage of Earth Prison, not a juggler on the street!

Another half an hour had gone by. Yellow Spring Great Sage sat on his chair with a dark face, while Bu Fang was busy selling flatbreads. Many people paid Nether Crystals and bought flatbreads, and they were very happy. Although one hundred and fifty thousand Nether Crystals were a lot, those who could come here to buy the flatbreads were mostly Little Saints. It was not difficult for them to come out with the money.

Some Little Saints even tried the flatbread on the spot to experience its effect.

Boom!

A Little Saint who wanted to verify the flatbread's effect took a bite. The wisp of gas rushed into his body, and his eyes lit up instantly. The next moment, a pair of white wings appeared on his back, which flapped and sent him into the sky at lightning speed. At the same time, his cultivation base kept soaring. Although he didn't grow too strong eventually, the Little Saint was already extremely happy and excited.

It seemed that his luck was really good. Moreover, it proved that the Fortune Flatbread could really bring fortune. As long as one was lucky, one might even become a Great Saint after eating the flatbread and drive the Nether Prison army away, just as Bu Fang had said. If that happened, that person would be famous.

With a black face, Yellow Spring Great Sage glanced at the excited Little Saint and snorted. "Get out of here! Stop showing off before me, or I'll kill you with my finger!"

His voice exploded like thunder in the Little Saint's ears, stunning him. The Little Saint quickly flapped his wings and left the restaurant.

Bu Fang looked over curiously.

Yellow Spring Great Sage's nostrils widened, then he glanced at Bu Fang and opened his mouth.

Roar!

Another beautiful fireball came spewing out and exploded in the air like a dazzling flower.

Looking at the fireball, Yellow Spring Great Sage nearly fainted. ‘It’s over... My mighty reputation is destroyed by the flatbread...’

“I can’t believe it’s really a permanent ability! You... you must be the legendary chosen one!” Bu Fang widened his eyes as he looked at Yellow Spring Great Sage.

He was really surprised. According to the System, it was extremely difficult for one to get a permanent ability from the Fortune Flatbread. In fact, the odds were about one in ten thousand! And yet, Yellow Spring Great Sage had obtained a permanent ability from his second flatbread. Yes, the ability was somewhat useless, but... who cared? His luck was simply heaven-defying!

The amazed look in Bu Fang’s eyes made Yellow Spring Great Sage wish he could kill him with a slap. He was a little confused now. Was he actually lucky or unlucky? Staring at the last flatbread in his hand, he hesitated. As the chosen one, the only person who ate the flatbread and obtained a permanent ability, he should have obsessive confidence in his luck. However...

After thinking about it for a while, Yellow Spring Great Sage decided to give up the last flatbread. Who knew if it would give him another permanent ability to spew water? If that happened, he would have to hide in a corner and weep.

Bu Fang entered the kitchen. Before long, he came back out with another basket of Fortune Flatbreads.

The customers who bought the flatbreads all left the restaurant excitedly. Soon, the news about the flatbreads spread throughout the whole Earth Prison.

People were told that the Fortune Flatbread could provide one with unimaginable fortune, and that as long as one was lucky, one could even become a Great Saint from a Little Saint for a short time. “As long as you have confidence in yourself, the flatbread can send you to the peak of your life,” some expert said. “And there’s even a one-in-a-ten-thousand chance to obtain a permanent ability. That Yellow Spring Yellow Great Sage had obtained a permanent ability to spew fire...”

In less than one day, the news had spread in Earth Prison. Everyone was a little confused when they heard it.

“Fortune Flatbread? What’s that? It gives you a random enhancement by luck? Is there really such a thing? Why is eating flatbread like a lucky draw?”

People were skeptical at first. However, when a Little Saint pulled out a flatbread in front of many experts, took a bite of it, and instantly transformed into a giant who stood over five meters high and exuded a formidable aura, while his Seven-revolution Little Saint cultivation base soared to that of a Nine-revolution Little Saint in an instant, the crowd was stunned.

The fact that the flatbread could improve the Little Saint’s cultivation base by two levels proved that it was much better than the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine. Of course, the Little Saint returned to his original level after half an hour, but his aura did not fluctuate nor collapse.

That, once again, shocked everyone.

It was an enhancement without any side effects! If everyone had a flatbread and ate it when fighting Nether Prison experts and obtained fearsome abilities, they would definitely throw the enemies off guard!

As Bu Fang had mentioned, if they became a Great Saint after eating the flatbread, they would be famous and leave a deep mark on this age. Everyone was dreaming of becoming a Great Saint, and they were eager to rush toward anything that would give them even just a sliver of chance!

Therefore, when the news spread, the whole Earth Prison exploded into an uproar. All aristocratic families rushed toward Yellow Spring Little Restaurant. This time, it was even more popular than the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine. For a moment, the people crowded in front of the little restaurant again.

Bu Fang carried one basket of Fortune Flatbreads after another out of the kitchen. His business was booming. If it weren’t for the limitation of three flatbreads per person per day, the roof of Yellow Spring Little Restaurant might have been ripped off. The customers were simply too crazy.

Jin Jiao, Yin Jiao, and the other Prison Overlords had rushed over as well. Nether King Er Ha, Prison Overlord Ying Long, and Lord Dog did not show up, however, and no one knew where they went.

Nether Prison was looking fiercely at Earth Prison, but it had not launched the attack yet as if it was waiting for some opportunity. So when the remaining Prison Overlords heard about Bu Fang’s

Fortune Flatbread, they all came to try it. If it was really so magical, it would certainly become a powerful weapon against Nether Prison!

Of course, the news that shook the entire Earth Prison could not be hidden from Nether Prison. The experts of Nether Prison had learned about it as well. However, most of them simply scorned at it.

“Fortune Flatbread? How could a flatbread accomplish what only heaven and earth could do? This is ridiculous...”

“Earth Prison must be trying to relieve the pressure we bring them, which is why it spread this nonsense at this time. They must be trying to frighten us.”

“The people of Earth Prison are indeed idiots. Serve them right to be trampled by us soon.”

...

Countless Nether Prison experts stood in the sky, shrouded in mighty auras. The great army of Nether Prison began to assemble.

Those armies that were sent to conquer the surrounding small worlds had all returned, including the Fire Demons, the Shadow Demons, and the Nether Chefs.

After capturing the surrounding small worlds, the armies of the nine clans were now assembled in the center. Their terrible auras seemed to turn into a colossal monster that was about to break free of heaven and earth.

The war horns were blowing. Their deafening sounds ripped through the sky and made every Nether Prison expert's blood boil with excitement.

Numerous warships hovered in midair. There was an army on the deck of every ship, which was led by a Peaked Nine-revolution Little Saint. The void creaked under their weight as the warships moved.

At this moment, a beam of light flew over and hovered in midair. It was a silver sword, on which stood a gray-robed old man, who was none other than the Sword Demon Patriarch. At the same

time, a huge figure formed entirely of flames loomed in the void, burning the air as terrible heat waves swept out of it. It was the Fire Demon Patriarch.

Of the nine clans, the Patriarchs of the six clans had shown up, hovering high up in the sky. There was a twisting small world over each of them, where the Will of the Great Path poured out and shrouded them, making them look like real gods.

With the arrival of these Patriarchs, the whole Netherworld went into a frenzy.

The void was crushed as tens of thousands of Nether Prison experts howled and roared, embarking on their journey toward Earth Prison with terrible auras.

Meanwhile, the trend of buying flatbread in Earth Prison was over. The experts who had bought the flatbread had left the city.

Every aristocratic family had sent out all their strength and formed a great army. Under the leadership of experts from these families, they were ready to fight with the Nether Prison army.

Earth Prison was very strong, and that was the reason why Nether Prison called back the armies that were sent to conquer various small worlds and assembled them into a great army. It was their respect for Earth Prison. However, for Earth Prison, it was a disaster.

The great army of the nine clans was extremely fearsome. Earth Prison might be able to resist it if the previous Nether King was still alive. Unfortunately, Tian Cang was no longer around.

How was Earth Prison going to withstand the attack this time?

At the Imprisoned Dragon Pass, the border of Earth Prison, a great army consisting of hundreds of thousands of experts had assembled. Everyone was looking up at the distant sky, where a dark cloud was approaching. Mighty figures could be seen over the dark cloud, their terrible auras towering into the sky.

The next moment, an invisible defensive barrier emerged outside Earth Prison, separating the Earth Prison army and the Nether Prison army.

War seemed imminent.

...

The morning sun shone on the earth. Bu Fang opened the door, and a gust of cold wind immediately blew into the restaurant. Earth Prison's winter seemed to be coming.

Bu Fang's expression did not change when he saw nobody outside the door. Those customers who had bought the flatbread hadn't come back. It told him that the war had begun.

Nether Prison had started the invasion, and Earth Prison had begun to defend its homeland.

He sighed softly. Then, he pulled a chair over, placed it in front of the restaurant, and sat down on it, basking in the warm sunlight.

Foxy jumped out from Nethery's arms onto Bu Fang's stomach. The little fellow's eyes kept darting from side to side.

Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth and rubbed the little fox's head. With a flip of his hand, he produced an Explosive Meatball.

Foxy's eyes lit up. She took the meatball from Bu Fang and began to gnaw at it on his stomach.

Nethery was clad in a black skirt that revealed her attractive fair legs. Standing behind Bu Fang's chair, she lifted her head and looked into the distance, her black eyes seemingly gleaming.

Earth Prison was her home. Although she was exiled, it would forever be her home, and she worried about its safety.

There seemed to be a black hole expanding in the distant sky. It was a dark cloud.

Suddenly, the chair squeaked as Bu Fang rose to his feet and gave Foxy, who was eating meatballs, to Nethery.

In Nethery's puzzled eyes, he clasped his hands behind his back and strode away.

“Help me keep an eye on the restaurant while I pay off some debts...” Bu Fang said to Nethery. While his voice was still ringing in her ears, his figure had already vanished into the hazy morning mist.

Holding Foxy, Nethery didn’t say anything as she watched Bu Fang disappear.

Bu Fang walked out of Yellow Spring Little Restaurant and left Yellow Spring City. He walked with long strides with his hands clasped behind his back, his hair and Vermilion Robe flapping in the wind. Before long, he came to the Yellow Spring River. He did not stop there but continued walking over the water.

In the distance, a small boat drifted through the hazy mist over the river, accompanied by a bleak sound of a flute that lingered in the air.

Chapter 1330 The Secret of the Soul Fisherman

The Yellow Spring River rushed without pause as ever. Scarlet water flowed in it, carrying wailing souls and pale bones.

Bu Fang walked over the water. A wind blew at his hair, flapping his robe.

In the distance, a small boat drifted through the mist. The sound of a flute rang out of it, and an old man in a bamboo hat and a straw rain cape could be seen sitting in it, swaying with the motions of the vessel.

When Bu Fang saw the boat, he twitched the corner of his mouth and produced a jade wine jar, which was smaller than the fist-sized jar he gave Yellow Spring Great Sage. Judging by its size, the wine inside could fill no more than three cups. Even so, that was already three million Nether Crystals, which was by no means cheap.

As the little boat moved, the water broke apart. Suddenly, the flute stopped, and the Soul Fisherman looked up, revealing his old face under the shade of the bamboo hat. When he saw the lean figure in the distance, the withered skin on his face trembled.

“This young man again!” The Soul Fisherman’s face turned unsightly as he put away the bone flute. Then, he grabbed a bamboo pole and slapped the water with it. The little boat immediately turned and changed its course. It was plain that he did not want to meet with Bu Fang.

The corners of Bu Fang's lips, which had curved upward ever so slightly, froze. The scene left him somewhat confused and speechless. Why did the Soul Fisherman turn away from him? When did he become so frightening?

"Wait..." Bu Fang cried out softly, but his voice exploded across the river.

When the Soul Fisherman heard the voice, he was startled, and the withered skin on his face twitched even more violently. Without hesitation, he slapped the river with the bamboo pole, causing the water to splash everywhere while the boat sped into the distance like an arrow.

Bu Fang sighed softly, then his Vermilion Robe transformed. A sonorous bird cry rang out of it, and a pair of flaming wings unfolded behind him. With his toe, he lightly kicked the surface of the river, which exploded in an instant as he turned into a beam of light and sped toward the Soul Fisherman's little boat.

Bu Fang was already a Nine-revolution Little Saint, and that made him stronger than the Soul Fisherman. It would be very easy for him to catch up. Before long, he was flying next to the little boat.

"Why don't you just let me go?" the Soul Fisherman said bitterly as he looked at Bu Fang, his face shivering.

He could not believe the rate at which this young man was improving. They had met three times, and the young man always brought him a big surprise each time. When they met for the first time, the young man was still very weak and no different from a worm to him. At that time, however, he was followed by a dog. The second time, the young man was still not strong, and yet he could fight him. And now, the third time, the young man had become a Nine-revolution Little Saint and was stronger than him.

How long had it been? Was this young man here to settle scores with him now?

The bamboo pole slapped the river rapidly, causing the water to keep exploding and making the little boat move like a beam of light. For a moment, two beams of light sped over the Yellow Spring River.

A long time later, they came to a wider section of the river, where the water was calm. The little boat finally stopped flying. Soul Fisherman sank back into the boat as if he had given up resisting.

Bu Fang had a strange look on his face. He couldn't understand why the old fellow kept running away from him.

"I'm old, and I'm too lazy to play with you anymore... I didn't bring the Flower of Helplessness today, so it's useless for you to stop me," said the Soul Fisherman. He removed his bamboo hat, exposing his dried white hair.

"Who told you that I'm here for the Flower of Helplessness?" Bu Fang asked, glancing at the old man.

That gave the Soul Fisherman a pause. He stared at Bu Fang, his cloudy eyes full of surprise and doubt. 'If he's not here for the Flower of Helplessness, why did he force me to stop my boat? Is he here to kill me?'

Bu Fang did not say anything but threw the wine jar at the old man.

'What is this?' Soul Fisherman raised a hand reflexively and caught the jar.

"When I took the Flower of Helplessness from you, I told you that I will pay back with a jar of wine. I'm here to pay the debt..." said Bu Fang.

His voice was calm, but the old man could not keep calm upon hearing that.

"Are you really just here to give me a jar of wine?" The Soul Fisherman was astonished.

Bu Fang nodded.

The Soul Fisherman's cloudy eyes lit up instantly, and his mood relaxed. "Now that I've taken the wine, can you let me go?" he said.

Bu Fang glanced at him and didn't say anything. Then, he flipped his hand and threw a steaming Fortune Flatbread at him. "Here's another thing for you... Take it as a token of appreciation for the One-petal Flower of Helplessness you gave me when we met for the first time."

After that, he stepped on the river, causing the water to explode while he sped away in a beam of light and disappeared into the hazy mist.

The Soul Fisherman grabbed the wine jar and Fortune Flatbread with hands as thin and withered as dead branches. As he watched Bu Fang leave, his eyes gleamed.

"I've been fishing for souls on this Yellow Spring River for ten thousand years, and this is the first time someone gave me wine... What a strange thing..."

His dried white hair waved in the wind as a hint of a smile came over his old face. It came from the bottom of his heart, which was now filled with mixed emotions. It had been a long time since he smiled like this.

Bu Fang's feet stepped across the river, and the water immediately rose with him like roaring dragons. After his strength was improved to that of a Nine-revolution Little Saint, his control over his power had become more skillful. When he landed on the riverbank, the flaming wings on his back had disappeared, and the Vermilion Robe had returned to its striped red-and-white look. With his hands behind his back, Bu Fang walked leisurely toward the restaurant.

...

The night had grown old. A lone boat drifted on the quiet Yellow Spring River as pale fireflies speckled the darkness. Along the banks, pitch-black dead trees stood frozen as if they had been struck by lightning.

The little boat stopped. A faint candlelight lit up inside, and then the Soul Fisherman came out. He removed his straw rain cape, revealing his wizened body, and sat down on the deck. A red candle was burning at one side of the deck, dripping with wax.

He took out a clay pot and slapped its lid open, exposing the wailing souls inside. There was a look of disgust in his eyes, but he still brought the pot up to his lips and drank the liquid in it that was mixed with souls. A pained look immediately appeared on his face as he hunched and trembled.

A long time later, when the moon was high up in the sky, the Soul Fisherman breathed a sigh of relief.

“The curse is getting stronger and stronger... After fishing souls for ten thousand years, the time that it cannot be suppressed has finally come...”

“How could I defy destiny when even his lordship had fallen? I’m just dragging out my feeble existence...”

The Soul Fisherman sighed. As his cloudy eyes looked at the reflection of the moon on the river, the rippling water made him dazed, lost in thought. In his eyes, he saw his former glory, the time when he was high-spirited and vigorous.

‘A pity...’

At this moment, he suddenly craved for wine. Although wine would fuel sorrows instead of quenching them, it was also a way to relieve worries. He thought of the jade wine jar, the wine that the amazing young man had given him.

“A wine made with Flower of Helplessness... Young men nowadays are really creative.”

The Soul Fisherman sighed and took out the wine jar. Seeing that it was only about the size of half a fist, he could not help but criticize Bu Fang’s stinginess. Then, he slapped the lid open. The moment the lid was removed, he was stunned.

A rich bouquet seemed to turn into a dragon and flew out of the jar, wheeling in the sky. As he took a deep breath, the strong aroma went into his body and wrapped him from top to bottom. The feeling made him shiver. At the same time, shafts of colorful light thrust out of the jar, illuminating the skies.

“This wine...”

For the first time, there was a look of shock in the Soul Fisherman’s eyes. He sensed a familiar essence from the wine.

“Could it be...”

Carefully, he brought the jade wine jar up to his cracked lips and took a sip. The refreshing liquor rushed through his throat. At that moment, it was as if flowers were in full bloom and everything was restored. The Soul Fisherman felt he was several decades younger in an instant. With just one sip of wine, he had found the feeling of his youth, the time when he was shaking heaven and earth.

Holding the jar, he closed his eyes softly. He could hardly contain the excitement in his heart as tears trickled down from the corners of his eyes.

A green light was swirling over his body as if it was fighting with the spirit essence in the wine, but the old man wasn't concerned by it anymore. Suddenly, he seemed to have thought of something, and he quickly pulled out a steaming flatbread from an old cloth bag that hung from the side of his waist.

Even after so long, the flatbread was still hot to the touch. He took a bite of it. As soon as the crispy flatbread entered his mouth, it gave him an unprecedented sense of satisfaction, while a refreshing gas flowed out of it and went into his body. It was the fortune gas of the Fortune Flatbread.

With the fortune gas entering his body, the Soul Fisherman's cloudy eyes suddenly brightened, and his aura began to change tremendously. His cultivation base skyrocketed, breaking through the barriers and rushing into the realm of Great Saints. At the same time, his old face had returned to his younger appearance, an inconspicuous middle-aged man.

"I..."

He touched his face and was somewhat stunned. The Fortune Flatbread actually restored him to his younger appearance and gave him back his strength. A pity that this state would only last for half an hour.

As if he thought of something, the Soul Fisherman suddenly burst out laughing. His voice echoed through the darkness over the Yellow Spring River. Alerted by it, the birds perched on the dead branches flapped their wings and took to the air noisily.

After returning to his younger appearance, the Soul Fisherman's body seemed to glow brilliantly. He went into the cabin and took out a food container, which was sealed with arrays.

“It’s been so long that I, an old man who is waiting for death to come, almost forgot his lordship’s order... Now that the man I’ve been waiting for has finally appeared, it’s time for this food container to be given out.”

The Soul Fisherman laughed, then he poured all the wine in the jar into his mouth. His aura soared in an instant, sending a storm across the whole Yellow Ring River while one Flower of Helplessness after another bloomed all over the water.

With the food container in hand, he walked over the waves and disappeared into the distance in a flash.

...

In the Yellow Spring Valley, Yellow Spring Great Sage, who was spewing fireballs with a dark face, suddenly furrowed his brows and looked in a certain direction. There was a mixture of surprise and doubt in his eyes.

“Soul Fisherman? How strange... How did this old fellow’s aura change so much? Was he given a second life? Well, forget it... It’s none of my business.”

Yellow Spring Great Sage shook his head and continued to study the fireballs with a dark face.

...

It was deep into the night, and a dead silence reigned everywhere. However, a mighty existence visited Yellow Spring City. His terrible aura suppressed the void as a small world appeared and disappeared over his head, with everything inside broken and destroyed.

The Soul Fisherman arrived on waves. Soon, he entered the city and stopped in front of Yellow Spring Little Restaurant. There, he retracted his aura, and he stared at the restaurant with a nostalgic look in his eyes.

He placed the food container on the floor and tapped it three times. After that, he just stared at the restaurant without making a sound.

Bu Fang, who was sleeping soundly in his room, suddenly opened his eyes. He sat up in bed and looked suspiciously at the door.