

Gourmet 1331

Chapter 1331 The Breaking of the Barrier and the Beginning of War!

At Imprisoned Dragon Pass, the frontier of Earth Prison...The air was filled with a blood-curdling atmosphere as two great armies confronted each other. Like an invisible shield, Earth Prison's defensive barrier stood between heaven and earth, protecting the realm from the enemy.

As the largest military city at Earth Prison's frontier, Imprisoned Dragon Pass was enormous. Its walls stretched for thousands of miles and were now packed with experts. Jin Jiao and Yin Jiao stood on the wall in black armor that gleamed coldly, while around them were top experts from the various aristocratic families. Most of them were Seven or Eight-revolution Little Saints, while some were Nine-revolution Little Saints.

A vast flat field fronted the city. It was the battlefield of Earth Prison since ancient times, where countless corpses were buried. Numerous battles, large or small, had been fought here in both previous and current age.

Beyond the barrier were many huge Nether Prison battleships. The auras of Nether Prison experts kept lashing at the shield like whips, trying to break it. With so many top Nether Prison experts gathered, their powerful auras seemed to fuse and turn into a colossal monster brandishing a great hammer that would crush everything with it.

Could Earth Prison resist the attack of these experts?

Many people were trembling, and they had no answer for that. The war horns had been sounded, and when Nether Prison began to attack, the bloodshed would start. This was a war to defend their homeland.

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A rumbling sound could be heard as Prison Overlord Ying Long and Nether King Er Ha flew out of the Black Temple. They had looted everything inside.

"It's time to go. The war has begun. As the backbone of Earth Prison, Your Highness's presence at the battlefield is required," Ying Long said seriously, looking at Er Ha.

The Nether King nodded, then glanced at the Black Temple and said with a frown, “What about that mangy dog? Shall we wait for him?”

Ying Long gave the temple a deep look. “We don’t have to worry about Earth Prison Dog. His power is far beyond our imagination,” he said. The next moment, he sped toward Imprisoned Dragon Pass with the Hollow Eye Staff in hand.

Floating in midair, Er Ha glanced at the Black Temple and sighed. Then, he clad himself in the Nether King Armor and produced his Nether King Halberd. As the bright red cloak on his back flapped loudly in the wind, he followed Ying Long and streaked across the void like an arrow.

Behind them, an oppressive aura surged in the Black Temple as if a terrible being was stirring inside.

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Meanwhile, at the door of Yellow Spring Little Restaurant...

When Soul Fisherman, who had become much younger, saw the light in the restaurant, he smiled.

‘Sure enough. The young man in this restaurant does have some kind of connection to his lordship. No wonder he could break through at such an incredible speed. Anyone associated with his lordship is bound to be extraordinary.’

He heard the sound of someone walking down the steps. With a smile on his face, he turned and left. As he walked, his mighty aura gradually disappeared, and the green curse that had been suppressed crept back out, clinging to his body. Soon, he turned back to an old man, and he dwindled into the darkness of the night with faltering steps. No one knew where he was going.

The door of the restaurant opened with a creak. Bu Fang was baffled when he saw the wooden food container that was placed outside. The strange wave he sensed from inside the restaurant came from it. He pulled his clothes tighter, walked out, and picked up the food container. After looking at it for a while, he still had no clues as to what it was, so he took it inside.

The door closed with a thud.

Bu Fang placed the food container on the table. Covered in intricate and mysterious patterns, the container looked old with marks of it being used frequently in the past. He drummed his long fingers against the table, thinking. After a long time, he decided to open it. However, his hand was bounced off when it touched the seal. Looking at it, Bu Fang furrowed his brows.

“This is... Imprison Gourmet Array?”

Bu Fang was incredulous, and yet he had no choice but to believe it as he sensed the familiar wave from the patterns. Although they were somewhat different from his Imprison Gourmet Array, they shared the same root.

“In other words, this Gourmet Array is also from the... System? Why is this food container here? Why is it sealed by an array? And what is the dish inside?”

Bu Fang focused his eyes and lifted his hand. The Imprison Gourmet Array appeared in his palm. If he wanted to open the food container, he had to attack the array with the same array.

Crack... Crack...

The air rang with a cracking sound as two arrays collided. A long time later, the power of the one on the container weakened significantly, and its light grew dimmer. Bu Fang slapped the food container, and its lid loosened up with a crack. Frowning, he lifted the lid. A rich aroma immediately spread from it, which smelled fresh as if the dish had just been cooked. At the same time, shafts of bright light thrust out and illuminated the whole restaurant.

Bu Fang fixed his eyes at the dish in the food container. It was a pork trotter that glistened like crystal and looked as exquisite as a work of art, and the Will of the Great Path that wafted out of it was shocking. He was stunned by the dish. He reached out a hand, wanting to give it a taste, but when he picked up a pair of chopsticks and touched the pork trotter, it shattered like glass.

“Oh?” Bu Fang’s pupils constricted as he pulled back his hand.

Inside the food container, the dish slowly crumbled into smoke and faded away in the air, as if it was just an illusion.

“Why did it disappear?” Bu Fang murmured.

The container was sealed with a Gourmet Array, and the dish inside contained the Will of the Great Path, which made it very likely to be left behind by the previous host. It was a pity that he could not taste the dish as it had dissolved into smoke. As a chef, tasting delicious food was a kind of enjoyment.

“Maybe the previous host wanted to tell me something through this dish... But since you didn’t let me taste the dish, I won’t believe whatever you want to say.” Bu Fang curled his lips.

Besides, he had his own goal, which was to become the God of Cooking that would top the food chain in this fantasy world. He would pursue this goal all his life, and he would not give up despite all the obstacles along the way.

The previous host might want to tell him that this path would be like the dish he left behind, which was just an illusion, and he would never reach his goal.

However, would Bu Fang care? He did not care at all. What concerned him was that he could not taste the dish.

He put the wooden container into the System’s storage space. As a chef, all he had to do was cook delicious dishes. He didn’t have to think too much about other things. No matter what he would face down the path, he would take measures according to the situation.

Tap.

He turned off the light, returned to his room, and lay down in the bed. Before long, he fell asleep.

Was the path of becoming the God of Cooking an illusion? How would Bu Fang know if he did not walk to the end of the path himself?

He had a wonderful dream that night, a dream that put a smile on the corners of his mouth. Even asleep, he had a happy and reminiscent look on his face.

The next day, as the morning star jumped out of the horizon, the sunlight shone at the earth, bringing warmth to the world that had been shrouded by the cold for one whole night.

Bu Fang woke up early in the morning and came to the kitchen. After practicing his knife techniques for a while, he began to cook. Sizzling sounds filled the air as flames danced beneath the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and ingredients jumped and rolled in the wok, sending forth rich aroma.

Another pleasant and leisurely day had begun.

After practicing cooking, Bu Fang came out of the kitchen with a steaming bowl of Dragon Blood Rice.

Clad in a black skirt, Nethery sat gracefully at the table. Bu Fang placed the dish before her, then took out a small plate with a few steaming Explosive Meatballs and placed it in front of Foxy. After that, he opened the door, pulled over a chair, and sat down in front of the restaurant.

In the distance, a dark cloud filled the sky, while the air was filled with terrible pressure. That was where the battlefield was located.

A gust of wind brought a faint warmth. Since the war had begun, there were no customers in front of the restaurant, so Bu Fang entered the Heaven and Earth Farmland. He wanted to study the new Time Gourmet Array. The array on the food container he saw yesterday made him realize that these arrays had more uses than they appeared.

The previous host used the Gourmet Arrays differently from Bu Fang. Perhaps he had not developed something like Death Food Tools, but he did work out other ways of using them, such as using the Imprison Gourmet Array as a seal.

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Outside Imprisoned Dragon Pass, Nether Prison experts floated in midair. The Sword Demon Patriarch stood on a sword with his hands clasped behind his back. His eyes were cold and indifferent, but monstrous killing intent could be seen surging deep inside.

The Fire Demon Patriarch loomed in the void, laughing evilly, while the other supreme experts of the nine clans, including the Sword Demon Patriarch and the Beastmaster Patriarch, had arrived.

The Sword Demon Patriarch glanced at the few old friends around him, focused his eyes, and said, “The inheritor of that man is in Earth Prison. We must defeat Earth Prison this time and kill that inheritor. If Di Ting, Nether Puppeteer, and the others are here, I’m sure they will do the same.”

“Hehehe... The inheritor of that man?” The Fire Demon Patriarch sneered. His eyes were red, and his body burned like a huge fireball. The next moment, his shrill voice exploded in the air. “He must die!”

“I didn’t know that man has an inheritor. If we allow him to grow up, he will become a major threat! We have to destroy the threat while it’s still in its infancy!” said a grim old man. A pitch-black snake was slithering in his sleeve.

In the sky, numerous Nether Prison battleships targeted Earth Prison’s defensive barrier. The next moment, beams of energy as powerful as the attack of a Great Saint kept shooting out of them and hit the shield.

All Earth Prison experts tensed up, for they knew that as soon as the barrier was broken, the war would begin!

The Sword Demon Patriarch’s eyes were cold as a silver sword rose into the sky from his back, ringing with a sharp sword cry.

“How are you going to resist us when Tian Cang is no longer with you? Yield now! You cannot stop Netherworld’s unification!”

All of a sudden, a sword light burst out in the sky, and then a terrible sword intent came slashing down at the barrier.

Boom!

A deafening noise rang out while a blinding light illuminated heaven and earth. At this moment, the whole of Earth Prison could see the bright light in the sky.

Hit by the sword of a Nine-revolution Great Saint, the barrier began to crack. The defensive shield left behind by Nether King Tian Cang had finally shattered!

Chapter 1332 The Battle of the Two Armies

A sword fell from the sky and hacked the barrier, cracking it in an instant. Fine lines spread like spider webs before the whole shield shattered and collapsed. The experts in Imprisoned Dragon Pass trembled and felt a shock of cold. As they looked up, they saw the barrier crack and break into crystal-like fragments before falling from the sky like an ice-cold rain, freezing their hearts and washing them over with horror.

The wind was beginning to gust in the vast battlefield that fronted the city, kicking up dust and sand.

As the shield gradually disappeared, the Nether Prison experts' surging auras finally appeared in the sky together with numerous battleships, which were spewing with energy as they waited to unleash their strongest attack and destroy Earth Prison. Experts could be seen standing on every ship, armored and high-spirited. They were the vanguard.

Dom! Dom! Dom!

A war drum was sounded. In one of the battleships, a bare-chested burly man was beating a huge bronze drum with a great hammer. Whenever he struck, the drum boomed like thunder. The sound was deafening, and yet it made one's blood boil. That was the effect of a war drum.

Standing on the bows of the battleships, the experts' eyes were bright, and their auras were imposing.

"Charge!"

Battle cries rang out suddenly, and they immediately jumped out of the ships, turning into beams of light and rushing toward the ground.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

As every expert of the vanguard landed, the ground collapsed and caved in, while cracks spread continuously in all directions.

On the walls of Imprisoned Dragon Pass, the Earth Prison experts were tense. They would not admit defeat when facing the Nether Prison vanguard.

Prison Overlord Luo Ji's pink hair was waving. She was clad in a black suit of armor that perfectly highlighted her curvy figure. Suddenly, a small yellow flag appeared in her hand. She waved it and sent Nether energy into it, causing it to float up into the sky, flashing with a thousand lights. Then, as a rumbling sound rang out of it, the battlefield about thousands of miles wide outside the city responded. In the blink of an eye, an array emerged from under the ground, bursting with light!

The Nether Prison experts rushed into the array like savage monsters, and a rumbling sound rang out. These experts were not weak, and they were all Five or Six-revolution Little Saints. When they rushed into the array, they immediately smashed and fought with it.

In the sky, the war drum of Nether Prison beat louder and faster like a storm that came so suddenly.

Dom! Dom! Dom!

Every beat seemed to strike on one's heart.

Boom!

Some experts were crushed into pulp by the array, but others managed to resist its attack and were trying to break through it.

Roars and unyielding growls resounded through the sky.

Jin Jiao lifted a foot and stepped on the parapet, fixing his eyes at the vanguard in the array. His muscles were shivering from excitement. When Nether King Tian Cang led the Earth Prison army to attack Nether Prison, he didn't take part in the battle. He regretted not witnessing the battle fought by Nether King Tian Cang, Earth Prison Dog, and many peerless experts, so this time, he would not be absent again.

Rumble!

An expert finally rushed out of the array, covered in blood. Holding a spear, he approached Imprisoned Dragon Pass.

Jin Jiao roared, then he grabbed a long black iron knife, kicked the parapet, and flew out of the city.

“Die now, you bastard from Nether Prison!” As he cried out, a terrible aura exploded out of him. Holding the knife with both hands, he fell from the sky and landed on the ground, facing the red-eyed Nether Prison expert. The next moment, he thrust the knife and hacked the expert in half. A cloud of blood mist spread through the air.

In the sky, more Nether Prison experts broke through the array. Battleships rumbled as one figure after another jumped off them and landed on the ground, shouting and roaring. For a moment, countless Nether Prison experts rushed into the array.

On the wall of Imprisoned Dragon Pass, Luo Ji’s face turned ghastly pale, and her little yellow flag grew dimmer before it was ripped apart.

The Nether Prison army rushed through the gap that riddled the array and trampled it down like a troop of chivalry with iron hooves.

This was the first wave of Nether Prison’s attack, and the attackers were experts below the Little Saint Realm from the nine clans. They were also the main force of this war!

After Jin Jiao killed the Nether Prison expert with a strike, his eyes shone brightly. He then grabbed the Corpse Ghost Soul Sealing Fan from his back and shook it, turning it into a huge iron fan about several meters high.

He watched as the army charged toward him. Terrible killing intent seemed to have turned into a multicolored great beast over it. His eyes became red as he roared, grabbed the iron fan, and waved it hard.

With a rumbling sound, a tornado appeared, turning into a long dragon and crashing toward the center of the battlefield. As it swept across the land, numerous experts were sucked into it, wailing and shrieking.

All of a sudden, a Nine-revolution Little Saint stepped out of a battleship and floated in midair. Facing the huge tornado, he reached out a hand, then closed and opened his palm. At the gesture, the soil on the ground flew up into the air, clung to the tornado, and wrapped it from bottom to top. Soon, a soil dragon appeared on the battlefield.

A Nether Prison Nine-revolution Little Saint finally struck.

The city gates of Imprisoned Dragon Pass opened with a creak. Behind them, the army that had been waiting burst into battlecries and began to charge, brandishing spears and knives.

Dom! Dom! Dom! Dom!

The war drums kept on beating.

On the wall, eight war drums appeared around the pale-faced Luo Ji, and she danced between them like a fairy. Whenever she struck a drum, a crash that filled one with enthusiasm rang out. At the same time, horns were sounded, echoing to the drum beats.

The armies charged, their cries shaking the skies. In the battlefield that stretched thousands of miles, two armies rushed at each other from either side like two black tides that had just poured out of broken dams, heading toward one another with incredible momentum.

Boom!

The moment the two armies crashed together, it was as if the sky had crumbled and the earth cracked, while the sun gave forth no more of its light and the moon dimmed! The battle broke out in an instant!

The aura of every expert was bursting, and all kinds of means were deployed as they kept bombarding the enemies. The brutal war showed its horror at this moment. Some Nether Prison experts were blown apart, while some Earth Prison experts' limbs were severed. Bloody mists filled the air as such miserable scenes took place all over the battlefield.

Soon, however, the battle came to a stalemate.

In the sky, an old man with a pale face and a black snake slithering in his sleeve was looking at the battlefield. "It's time for the experts of my Beastmaster Clan to join the fight," he said faintly.

The next moment, Nether Prison experts clad in cloaks rushed out of a battleship. There were dozens of them, each wearing a cold and indifferent face. They were all Little Saints. After coming

out of the battleship, they fell from the sky, and as they were about to hit the ground, they crushed the jade talismans in their hands.

Deafening bestial roars rang out as terrible-looking savage monsters appeared under them. They landed with booms, crushing the ground. Riding the monsters, the Beastmasters began to charge toward the enemy like a monstrous wave.

No Earth Prison expert on the battlefield could stand up against them. Many were slapped into pulps by the savage monsters, while others had their heads pierced with spears by the experts on the monsters.

The bloody nature of the war was on full display at this moment.

Yin Jiao stood on the wall in his armor. His playful face turned grave as he watched the savage monsters of the Beastmasters join the battle. The next moment, he raised a hand and slapped the wall with it. Suddenly, waves spread from the wall, then numerous deep black holes appeared over it.

“Fallen God Crossbows... Fire!”

Yin Jiao stood on the wall, his silver horn reflecting the light. As his voice rang out, strange waves appeared in those black holes. The next moment, sharp whistling sounds echoed as huge black bolts shot out of them, ripping through the air and crumbling the void, all heading toward the troop of savage monsters.

Roar!

A savage monster slapped the ground with its claws and stood up on two hind legs. Suddenly, a huge black bolt approached, went into its chest, and continued to pierce the Beastmaster on its back. Blood spurted from them both and flowed across the ground like a river. With a rumble, the monster crashed down and was pushed back a great distance.

More bolts came flying over and pierced the Beastmasters' savage monsters, who had been rampaging in the battlefield.

“How presumptuous!”

In the battleship, the Nine-revolution Little Saint of the Beastmaster Clan flew into a rage at the sight, and he pushed to his feet and flew into the battlefield.

On the wall of Imprisoned Dragon Pass, a Peaked Nine-revolution Little Saint from an aristocratic family also boiled with rage. He pointed a finger at the enemy, cursing, before rushing out to fight the Beastmaster.

A violent fight broke out instantly. The clash between two Nine-revolution Little Saints was one that could not be underestimated!

The war turned white-hot at this moment. The armies clashed, showering each other with deadly attacks, while top experts fought one another.

The battle between Nether Prison and Earth Prison broke out in a flash.

Rumble!

A Great Saint could not hold back any longer. He was a One-revolution Great Saint from Nether Prison. As soon as he struck, the air filled with a different kind of pressure. Terrible Will of the Great Path rocked in the sky, filling the Earth Prison experts' hearts with terror, while the experts on the city walls felt their hearts sink.

Their worst fears had come true. A Nether Prison Great Saint joined the battle. Earth Prison's Great Saints were much weaker than Nether Prison's, so if Great Saints were involved in the war, Earth Prison was doomed.

Some experts from different aristocratic families turned deathly pale, while some clenched their teeth and pulled out steaming Fortune Flatbreads, getting ready to fight with their lives.

Suddenly, a loud explosion rang out in the sky as two figures arrived in a flash.

“Do you really think there's no one in Earth Prison who can stand up against you?!”

A loud cry thundered as Nether King Er Ha walked over in midair. He was clad in the black Nether King Armor, and a plume of Nether energy rose from him, turning into a dragon that wheeled and roared in the sky. In his hand, he clasped the Nether King Halberd, which he swung fiercely. At this moment, he looked like a god who descended from heaven.

As he swung the halberd, a crescent-shaped light shot out of it and hit the Nether Prison One-revolution Great Saint, knocking him backward.

At this moment, Er Ha's small world emerged. It was a majestic world that illuminated the sky, and the churning Will of the Great Path inside completely suppressed the One-revolution Great Saint's Will of the Great Path.

Rumble!

The Nether Prison Great Saint flew backward, coughing blood.

Er Ha was wearing a full helm. His eyes were cold as he clasped the halberd with a towering aura. Raising his head, he glanced at the battleships floating in the sky with a domineering look on his face and pointed the halberd at them.

The Sword Demon Patriarch was cold and indifferent. Standing on the silver sword, he looked into the distance at Imprisoned Dragon Pass as if he was searching for something.

"I want all Great Saints below Three-revolution to strike and kill that fellow for me," he said lightly, his voice spreading and ringing through the skies.

The next moment, eight figures stepped out of the battleships. Eight Great Saints made their appearances at the same time, and their auras joined and swept out like a monster wave.

Er Ha narrowed his eyes. The only thing that Earth Prison was inferior to Nether Prison was the number of Great Saints. At an order, Nether Prison was able to send out eight One and Two-revolution Great Saints, while he was the only Great Saint from Earth Prison.

On the wall, the Little Saints of various aristocratic families exchanged glances and gnashed their teeth. Then, many of them pulled out steaming Fortune Flatbreads.

Crunch! Crunch!

They all bit into their flatbreads. Wisps of fortune gas went into them, and the auras of the Nine-revolution Little Saints who ate the flatbread all began to change.

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In front of Yellow Spring Little Restaurant, Bu Fang narrowed his eyes and curled up in a chair. A cold wind was blowing, and the sky of Earth Prison was enveloped in darkness.

Nethery was holding Foxy, and she seemed somewhat restless. Suddenly, the little fox jumped out of her arms and landed in Bu Fang's arms.

Bu Fang opened his sleepy eyes, looked over his shoulder in puzzlement, and saw Nethery staring at him bitterly. He twitched the corner of his mouth and said lightly, "You can go if you want..." He knew what she wanted just by looking at her.

Nethery's black eyes flashed instantly. Then, the Netherworld Ship crashed through the void and appeared. She gave Bu Fang a look before jumping into the ship and sitting on the prow. Her long hair waved in the wind, framing her beautiful cold face.

After all, Earth Prison was her home, and it was her bounden duty to guard her home.

Bu Fang slowly got up from the chair. As he stroked Foxy's soft hair and watched the Netherworld Ship depart, he fell silent. After that, he turned, walked into the kitchen, and took out a clay pot and a dried pot.

Chapter 1333 Eat a Flatbread to Quell the Fear

The battle between Great Saints could not be fought on the ground. Just the shock waves it generated would be enough to kill all the experts fighting on the battlefield. Therefore, Er Ha clasped the halberd, flew through the clouds, and rushed into the battlefield of the stars. The battlefield of the stars was meant for Great Saints. Here, they could wantonly unleash their supreme power without worrying that it would affect anyone down below.

Figures followed him into the battlefield.

Clad in the Nether King Armor with the cloak flapping loudly in the wind, Er Ha floated in midair, clasping the Nether King Halberd. Eight Great Saints of either One or Two-revolution had surrounded him, and their aura almost shook heaven and earth, bringing him tremendous pressure.

To Er Ha, this was a test of strength. After all, he was alone. The eight Great Saints could kill him by attacking him together.

His sharp eyes swept around him, and he was calm inside.

Earth Prison had way less Great Saints than Nether Prison, so in order to win the war, every Earth Prison Great Saint had to fight several Nether Prison Great Saints at a time. Otherwise, once the other Great Saints were free from any fight, it would be Earth Prison's disaster. That was why Er Ha had to stop the eight Great Saints around him.

He exhaled softly. All of a sudden, his eyes turned sharper.

The Nether King Halberd swept out, creating an arc-shaped air blast as he charged at the enemies.

The Nether Prison Great Saints stared at him coldly and moved in a flash as well.

A great battle instantly broke out in the battlefield of the stars, with Er Ha fighting eight opponents alone.

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On the wall of Imprisoned Dragon Pass, many Nine-revolution Little Saints of aristocratic families bit into their Fortune Flatbreads.

The flatbread was a weird one as it actually brought fortune based on one's luck. This kind of effect was very rare.

Crunch! Crunch!

The crisp sounds rang through the air on the wall.

On the Nether Prison side, many experts looked far into the distance and clearly saw what happened on the wall, and that baffled them.

“They’re eating flatbread in the middle of such a serious battle?”

Many Nether Prison experts looked at each other and felt confused.

“If the people of Earth Prison are so stupid, they deserve to be wiped out by Nether Prison,” some Nether Prison expert said with mixed emotions.

All of a sudden, mighty auras exploded out and soared into the sky from the top of the wall. The auras of the experts who ate the flatbreads changed—the fortune gas had transformed them.

An expert’s hair suddenly stood up like steel needles, and his aura grew a few times stronger. Then, he took a step forward, and his figure vanished in the air. The Nine-revolution Little Saint, who was also the head of an aristocratic family, had obtained the speed of lightning. Even an average Great Saint dared not underestimate such speed.

His laugh echoed through the air as he rushed into the battlefield. He moved so fast that he was like a phantom, and no one could stop him. In a twinkling, he had held up two Nine-revolution Little Saints and even seriously wounded one of them.

Boom!

A Little Saint of the Fire Demon Clan moved. Shrouded in flames that could burn everything, he flew toward the battlefield.

Meanwhile, an expert on the wall obtained a water-element fortune. He was surrounded in streams of water as if he had turned into a Water Demon, and his understanding of the water element had reached its pinnacle.

Rumble!

A water dragon rushed forward, caught the Fire Demon Little Saint, and threw him to the ground.

“Hahaha! My luck is very good!” An expert with long hair burst out laughing. His aura was climbing, and suddenly, it broke through the barrier of Nine-revolution Little Saint and stepped into the realm of Two-revolution Great Saint.

A terrible aura swept across the whole battlefield.

The expert, who had broken through on the battlefield and became a Great Saint, immediately soared into the sky and entered the battlefield of the stars to help Er Ha!

Er Ha was somewhat confused by the arrival of this expert because he never knew there was such a Great Saint in Earth Prison.

Those on the Nether Prison side were already stunned. They were somewhat dumbstruck as they looked at the Earth Prison experts who seemed to have been given some kind of drug.

Despite this unexpected turn of events, it still comforted them that Nether Prison still dominated the battlefield. After all, the foundations of Nether Prison experts were stronger than that of Earth Prison. As long as they persisted, Earth Prison would surely be defeated.

Suddenly, the eyes of Nether Prison commanders in the battleships went wide, and every one of them stared incredulously at the battlefield where the tide had changed in a flash. They were completely stunned.

In the battlefield, Earth Prison Little Saints distanced themselves from the enemies they were fighting, and each of them pulled out a steaming flatbread.

“Why are you eating during a battle? Are you looking down on Nether Prison?” a Nether Prison expert bellowed as if he had been humiliated.

“No... I just want to eat a flatbread to quell my fear,” the Earth Prison expert answered.

After eating the flatbread, the wisp of fortune gas entered his body, and the expert was struck by luck. In a flash, his cultivation base improved by several levels, and he killed the Nether Prison expert with a stroke of his knife.

Similar scenes were happening all over the battlefield. Those experts who ate the flatbread had become stronger by varying levels. Some had improved their cultivation bases significantly, and some Nine-revolution Little Saints had broken through to the Great Saint Realm.

Nether Prison was dominating the battlefield, but in the blink of an eye, the tables had turned. That baffled many Nether Prison experts and even someone from Earth Prison.

Ying Long was also confused as he floated in midair and watched many Earth Prison experts' strength skyrocket after eating the flatbread.

“Is that flatbread... some kind of a spirit pill or elixir? It can actually let a Little Saint's cultivation base soar in a flash and even give them a chance to step into the Great Saint Realm?”

However, Ying Long had no time to ponder further because, in shame and rage, Nether Prison had sent out stronger Great Saints. They wanted to crush Earth Prison with numbers.

“This is no place for you Nether Prison bastards to act wildly!” Ying Long's eyes were bright. He smashed the void hard with the butt of the Hollow Eye Staff, causing the void to tremble as powerful waves spread. Then, he strode away, lured the Nether Prison Five-revolution Great Saint into the battlefield of the stars, and fought him there.

With Ying Long's cultivation base, he naturally crushed the Five-revolution Great Saint.

Naturally, Nether Prison was unwilling to admit defeat, so two more Great Saints flew into the sky, one Seven-revolution and one Six-revolution.

These were the strongest Nether Prison Great Saints. The others were all Nine-revolution Great Saints, who were also the Patriarchs of the nine clans.

The Patriarchs seemed to be waiting for something. They floated in midair and looked at the battlefield down below with indifferent faces.

The battlefield of the stars constantly rumbled as terrible Wills of the Great Path collided and kept crushing each other.

Er Ha's strength was enhanced significantly by the Nether King Halberd and the Nether King Armor, and he managed to seriously wound several Nether Prison Great Saints. Eventually, with the help of the Earth Prison Great Saint who he never met before, he won the victory.

As the eight Nether Prison Great Saints who fought Er Ha fled with serious injuries, he pierced one of them with the halberd and lifted the body. The remaining seven managed to escape the battlefield.

After going through the Demon Passes, Er Ha had become extremely fearsome.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

All the experts on the battlefield looked up at the sky. There, a figure in black armor and a waving red cloak stood in midair, holding a halberd in one hand with a Nether Prison One-revolution Great Saint hanging from its tip. Beads of blood kept falling from the halberd into the battlefield, sounding like boulders smashing into the ground.

It was a shocking sight, and the Nether Prison experts were frightened.

The Earth Prison experts, on the other hand, exploded into an uproar and cheered excitedly. The Nether King's victory was like a shot in the arm for them, making their fighting spirit surge.

"Kill them all!"

Earth Prison's morale was at its peak, and it struck fear into the hearts of many Nether Prison experts. Relying on the Fortune Flatbread, Earth Prison managed to form a counterattack and forced Nether Prison experts several hundred miles back, killing countless enemies along the way.

"My Er Ha is so handsome!" On the wall, the pale-faced Luo Ji's eyes seemed to glow like tiny stars. She lost her heart to Er Ha as she watched him kill a One-revolution Great Saint like a god.

You Ji's eyes were gleaming as well, but very soon, her pupils constricted as she found that the real top experts of Nether Prison had moved.

The six experts, who had been floating in midair, had finally made their moves. As the supreme existences and true backbones of Nether Prison, their appearance in the battle was the beginning of Earth Prison's nightmare!

"Hehehe..." A cold laugh rang through the skies, lingering beside every ear.

The next moment, a fireball that looked like the sun thrust out of the void. Waves of searing heat and monstrous pressure instantly spread across the whole battlefield. The pressure made everyone feel as if they were suffocating, and no one dared to breathe too loud.

"This... This is the Fire Demon Patriarch!" said an Earth Prison expert in a bitter tone.

The Fire Demon Patriarch was a Peaked Great Saint of the nine Nether Prison clans, and he represented the supreme fighting force of the Netherworld. An expert such as this could not be defeated even with the help of the Fortune Flatbread.

Was Earth Prison about to be defeated?

Er Ha looked at the frightening existence who descended like the sun. Under the scorching sun, he was as meager as a worm.

He jerked his halberd, causing the Nether Prison Great Saint's body to explode and turn into a cloud of blood mist. Then, he pointed the halberd at the Fire Demo Patriarch.

"Hehehe..." The Fire Demon Patriarch's cold voice rang out. "You're overreaching yourself... I might be afraid if your father, Nether King Tian Cang, is here. As for you... you're just a worm to me."

Amid the flames, a figure emerged. His beard was fire, and he looked old, but his aura was as mighty as the sun.

Boom!

A flaming whip lashed out.

Nether King Er Ha roared. He swung the halberd and sent several beams of light in a row at the whip, and only then he was able to disperse it. Even then, wisps of white steam were already rising from his body.

This Fire Demon Patriarch was giving him much more pressure than Black Demon of the Black Temple. After all, Black Demon was suppressed by the power of the Laws. His strength was less than one-tenth of his full strength, and he was in a weak state.

Even so, Er Ha and Ying Long still had a hard time fighting Black Demon. Now, this Fire Demon Patriarch was a much stronger Nine-revolution Great Saint...

There was no way Er Ha could stand up against him.

“Where is that mangy dog...” Er Ha gritted his teeth as beads of sweat trickled down his forehead. “Without that mangy dog, no one in Earth Prison can resist the Patriarchs of the nine clans...”

All of a sudden, the void in the distance was torn apart, and then a Netherworld Ship came sailing out of it.

The ship floated over Imprisoned Dragon Pass with Nethery sitting on the prow.

You Ji’s pupils constricted when she saw Nethery, and her face turned unsightly immediately. “What are you doing here? It’s too dangerous here!”

“I’m here to help you,” Nethery said, looking at You Ji.

Nethery’s appearance did not attract much attention. At this moment, all eyes were on the Fire Demon Patriarch and Er Ha in midair.

The battle between them would decide the development of the war.

The Fire Demon Patriarch was too lazy to enter the battlefield of the stars. After all, he was just dealing with a Two-revolution Great Saint, so there was no need to enter that battlefield. With his power, he could directly kill the guy.

Suddenly, the Fire Demon Patriarch's scarlet eyes focused, then he threw a palm at Er Ha. The palm seemed to have gathered the sources of fire in the world. It burned ragingly, distorting the void. As soon as it flew toward Er Ha, it sealed the void around him, preventing him from running away.

The palm was filled with monstrous killing intent!

“Hehehe... Without Nether King Tian Cang, you are just fighting a war that you can never win!” The Fire Demon Patriarch's voice echoed through the skies.

Facing the palm, Er Ha felt as if he had somehow lost all hope.

All the people on the wall turned pale, their bodies swaying. If Nether King Er Ha was killed, it would be a huge blow to Earth Prison's morale.

Nethery raised her head and slightly furrowed her brows.

As the huge flaming palm drew nearer, a burst of laughter suddenly rang out in the distance, booming like thunder. Everyone jerked their heads around and looked in that direction.

“Hey, little fireball, are you an idiot? Do you think I don't exist? Do you know that I watched Nether King Tian Cang grow up?!”

Roar!

Accompanied by a dragon roar, the colossal Blood Illuminating Dragon flapped its wings and approached from the distance.

Two figures could be seen standing atop its head. One was Yellow Spring Great Sage, who held a jade wine jar in hand, and the other was a somewhat skinny figure.

Facing the flaming palm that was about to hit Er Ha, Yellow Spring Great Sage flicked his finger. The next moment, a stream of Yellow Spring water poured from the sky and smashed toward the palm.

Chapter 1334 I'm Stronger... But I'm Bald Too

A blood-colored river fell from the sky and collided with the huge flaming palm. It was not only the collision of energy but also the brief clash of the Wills of the Great Path. Sizzle...

The water entangled with the flames and generated a monstrous aura, while terrible energy kept rumbling and exploding. The next moment, in everyone's horrified eyes, the flames and the water blended and disappeared, turning into water vapor that filled the sky.

The colossal Blood Illuminating Dragon flapped its wings and landed in a battleship with a terrible rumble. Frightened by its majestic pressure, the people around all kept quiet.

This enormous dragon was also a Great Saint with horrible strength. In addition to Yellow Spring Great Sage, there was another lean figure atop the dragon's head, who was none other than Bu Fang.

Bu Fang sat up there with an indifferent face, while his Vermilion Robe fluttered lightly in the wind. He glanced at Yellow Spring Great Sage and said, "I'll leave this to you."

Yellow Spring Great Sage waved a hand in response.

Bu Fang thought for a while, then produced two Fortune Flatbreads and gave them to Yellow Spring Great Sage.

When Yellow Spring Great Sage saw the flatbreads, he immediately rejected them. Day and night, he thought of nothing but his recently acquired fireball-spewing ability, and he would feel very sad.

"Take them. A man's luck cannot be so bad all the time," Bu Fang comforted.

After considering for a moment, Yellow Spring Great Sage agreed. His luck could not be worse, so in the end, he took the Fortune Flatbreads.

The Fire Demon Patriarch naturally saw the Fortune Flatbreads Bu Fang handed Yellow Spring Great Sage, and his eyes burned with roaring flames.

"You must be the inheritor of that man Old Sword is talking about... Sure enough, only the inheritor of that man could cook flatbreads like this..." He stared at Bu Fang with a somewhat thoughtful and grim look in his eyes.

Bu Fang was calm, and he gave the Fire Demon Patriarch an indifferent look. After that, he stepped out from the Illuminating Dragon's back and fell on the wall of Imprisoned Dragon Pass.

Nethery stared at him with black eyes, parted her red lips, and asked, "What are you doing here?"

"It's pointless to stay in the restaurant when business is quiet, so I came out for a walk," Bu Fang answered with a straight face.

After hearing that, Nethery did not ask him anything again as if she had accepted the answer.

Standing to the side, You Ji was somewhat speechless. 'He's bored, so he came here for a walk? When did a battlefield become a place for a walk? You'll get yourself killed here if you're careless!'

You Ji was getting a little worried about Bu Fang. She could not believe that he actually let Nethery come to such a dangerous place. Nethery's cultivation had broken through and was stronger than hers, but there were Great Saints in this war, and once they discovered Nethery's secret, it would be a disaster!

As if he could see the worry in You Ji's eyes, Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth and said faintly, "Don't worry, everything will be fine. I'm here."

...

In the sky, the Fire Demon Patriarch let out a shrill laugh. Then, his body turned into a fireball and shot toward Yellow Spring Great Sage.

Yellow Spring Great Sage did not dodge. Instead, he threw out a blast with a backhanded swing of his hand, which smashed the Fire Demon Patriarch and forced him to take several steps back.

Yellow Spring Great Sage's cultivation base was indeed formidable, and he was not afraid of the Fire Demon Patriarch at all.

At this moment, a bestial roar rang out as the old man who was toying with a black snake stepped out from a Nether Prison battleship in the distance. He snapped his fingers, and the void seemed to tremble.

“My little precious, come out and get some air,” said the Beastmaster Patriarch. The next moment, an array emerged in the void and began to rumble, while a monster seemed about to crawl out of it.

With a screech, a gigantic dark shadow appeared from the array, blotting out the sky. It was actually a great black bat. The moment it appeared, it spread its wings, which were so wide that they seemed to cover the whole sky. Then, as the wings flapped, the bat turned into a beam of light and swooped down toward Yellow Spring Great Sage.

Yellow Spring Great Sage put his thumb and forefinger into his mouth and blew a whistle. The Blood Illuminating Dragon, who almost fell asleep, widened its eyes instantly, flapped its wings, and soared into the sky, bringing the giant bat back down with a slap.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Soon, two monsters grappled with each other on the ground.

Meanwhile, the Beastmaster Patriarch and the Fire Demon Patriarch joined hands and forced Yellow Spring Great Sage into the battlefield of the stars.

Yellow Spring Great Sage was a veteran Great Saint of Earth Prison with fearsome prowess. Although he did not follow Nether King Tian Cang to attack Nether Prison, the experts of Nether Prison knew him just as well. After all, he was a Nine-revolution Great Saint.

BOOM! BOOM!

Three Great Saints rushed into the battlefield of the stars, and the auras bursting out of them completely enveloped the battlefield, forcing Ying Long and the others to fight in a corner.

Yellow Spring Great Sage looked handsome and high-spirited. Carefully, he put away the jade wine jar he had been holding, and only then did he turn to the two opponents.

The Fire Demon Patriarch and the Beastmaster Patriarch were two famous experts from the nine Nether Prison clans.

All the nine Patriarchs were Nine-revolution Great Saints. Even so, some of them were stronger, and some were weaker. If the Patriarchs of the Di Ting Clan and the Patriarch of the Nether Puppeteer Clan were here, Yellow Spring Great Sage would not dare to fight them both alone. However, he dared to fight the Fire Demon Patriarch and the Beastmaster Patriarch at the same time.

With a thought, a real-looking, rushing Yellow Spring River emerged above Yellow Spring Great Sage's head and poured forth toward the two Patriarchs. A great fight broke out instantly.

...

When the Great Saints moved into the battlefield of the stars, the cloud of gloom that hung over everyone was finally lifted, while the bloody stench of the battlefield began to spread.

As he stood on the wall of Imprisoned Dragon Pass and looked at the battles down below, Bu Fang's face grew slightly serious.

He was in a daze when suddenly, a Little Saint from an aristocratic family appeared with surging energy and said, "Owner Bu! Have you brought Fortune Flatbreads here to sell?"

That gave him a pause.

"With the Fortune Flatbread, even the smallest fortune could enhance our strength, and if we gather many of such tiny forces, it will become a great force... It may let us win this war!"

This Little Saint was clearly a beneficiary of the Fortune Flatbread. After seeing how excited he was, Bu Fang was left somewhat speechless.

However, what he said reminded Bu Fang of something. The System had set the limitation that each person could only buy three Fortune Flatbreads a day, and since today was already a brand-new day, he could sell them again.

Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth. In his mind, he negotiated with the System and finally made it bring the charcoal oven here.

“I will sell the flatbreads. Give me time to make them. You guys hold on and don’t risk your lives,” Bu Fang said.

After that, he took out the White Tiger Heaven Stove, the charcoal oven, flour, and other things, and began to make the Fortune Flatbread.

Many people around were a little stunned and watched blankly as Bu Fang busied himself making the flatbread right in front of the battlefield. Everyone was somewhat speechless, while Luo Ji and You Ji rolled their eyes.

Did this guy come all the way here just to sell flatbread?

Sizzle...

Hot air rose into the sky as the oven was set and flames burned inside. Doughs that had been made were slapped onto its wall. Bu Fang sat cross-legged on the ground, spread his divine will, and began the important steps of making the flatbread.

Meanwhile, the battle had entered a white-hot stage. It was because half an hour had passed, so those experts who obtained their power through the Fortune Flatbread had grown weaker. Therefore, the Nether Prison experts had dominated the battlefield once again.

Earth Prison was losing ground.

Sword Demon Patriarch and the other Patriarchs exchanged glances, and they all saw the heavy look in each other’s eyes.

“Sure enough, that chef’s flatbread can dominate the war...” said Sword Demon Patriarch.

Shadow Demon Patriarch and Nether Chef Patriarch both narrowed their eyes, while Horned Demon Patriarch gave a gruesome sneer.

“Then kill that little chef. If he is indeed the inheritor of that man and is hiding in his restaurant, it will be difficult for us to touch him. However... since he dared to come to the battlefield, this is our opportunity to kill him,” Horned Demon said, laughing as he strode out.

Rumble!

The whole heaven and earth seemed to shake at this moment as a huge rhinoceros with three horns emerged and charged toward the wall of the Imprisoned Dragon Pass. The tips of its horns were pointing directly at Bu Fang.

This Great Saint, who was a Horned Demon, was targeting Bu Fang.

The faces of Luo Ji, You Ji, and the others turned unsightly. They never thought that a Nine-revolution Great Saint would be so shameless as to directly attack Imprisoned Dragon Pass.

When the Nether Prison experts on the battlefield saw this, they became excited, and their fighting spirits rose. Surging with killing intent, they suppressed the Earth Prison army and kept gaining ground!

Er Ha let out a loud cry. Clasp the Nether King Halberd, he moved, intending to stop Horned Demon Patriarch. However, he had a feeling that he was a moth flying into a fire.

Horned Demon Patriarch was a Nine-revolution Great Saint, and his prowess was extremely formidable!

Bu Fang sat cross-legged on the ground and enveloped the charcoal oven with his divine will. He remained calm. Although he sensed Horned Demon Patriarch's attack, he stayed steady like a mountain.

Nethery raised her arms and stood before Bu Fang while her aura began to surge.

Suddenly, the void in front of her was torn apart. Ice crystals spread as a graceful figure walked slowly out of the opening. It was an indescribably striking woman. Her beauty was breathtaking, and as soon as she appeared, she became the focus of the whole battlefield.

The moment Ice Saint appeared, she gave Nethery a complicated look. Then, she sighed softly and raised a hand. Her sleeve slipped to her elbow, revealing her arm that was as fair as jade. The next moment, she swung her palm at Horned Demon Patriarch.

At the gesture, ice crystals all over the sky gathered.

Horned Demon Patriarch immediately stepped back and widened his eyes. “The crazy woman of God Vanishing Mountain?! How dare you leave the forbidden land?!” he growled.

At this moment, many Nine-revolution Great Saints, including Sword Demon Patriarch, emerged around Horned Demon Patriarch. They floated in the clouds and stared at the woman in the distance.

“I didn’t kill you last time, and yet you still dare to show up here?! In that case, you will die this time! You don’t have to go back to God Vanishing Mountain anymore!” Sword Demon Patriarch said coldly.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

In the sky, the four Nine-revolution Great Saints unleashed their auras. For a moment, it was as if a terrible volcano was about to erupt.

“Sword Demon, come up and help me quickly! Ahhhh!”

Suddenly, a cry for help came from the battlefield of the stars, and that changed the expressions of the few Patriarchs who were about to fight Ice Saint.

“It’s a two-to-one fight, but they still need help? When did Yellow Spring Great Sage become so strong?”

Bu Fang, sitting in front of the oven, opened his eyes and breathed a soft sigh of relief. The next moment, he reached a hand into the oven, removed the flatbreads, and placed them in a basket.

“Thanks for the help. Take this flatbread as my token of appreciation.” Bu Fang glanced at Ice Saint and twitched the corner of his mouth. Then, he grabbed a steaming Fortune Flatbread and threw it to her.

After taking it, Ice Saint gave Bu Fang a suspicious look.

“You want to know the effect of this flatbread? Go up there and have a look, and you will have the answer...” Bu Fang said mysteriously, pointing at the battlefield of the stars.

Ice Saint narrowed her eyes. Then, she unleashed her mighty aura and flew into the sky.

...

In the battlefield of the stars, Yellow Spring Great Sage spat out a fireball from his mouth. The scorching high temperature of the fireball distorted the void and shocked Fire Demon Patriarch and Beastmaster Patriarch in the distance.

‘Yellow Spring Great Sage knows how to breathe fire? Is this the old fellow’s new combat skill?’

Yellow Spring Great Sage gave a scowling look at the startled Patriarchs. Then, he took out the Fortune Flatbread Bu Fang gave him, opened his mouth to reveal his white teeth, and took a bite off it.

He was already very familiar with its taste and crispiness, and as the familiar wisp of fortune gas rushed into his body, he clasped his hands together and put them before his forehead as if he was praying for good luck.

In the distance, Fire Demon Patriarch and Beastmaster Patriarch were somewhat stunned by the sight.

Suddenly, Yellow Spring Great Sage opened his eyes and burst out laughing. A terrible aura erupted from him and swept out in all directions like ripples.

“I knew my luck couldn’t be that bad all the time! Hahaha! Fireball and swineherd, it’s time for you to die!”

Yellow Spring Great Sage’s eyes shone brilliantly. His aura climbed higher and higher as if it had broken through a barrier and rushed into a more advanced level.

The next moment, a strand of hair fell from his head, causing his pupils to constrict. He lifted a hand and touched his head, and immediately, all his hair fell...

“What’s going on?” Yellow Spring Great Sage was stunned. “Why is my hair falling? How could I lose my hair? I am a Nine-revolution Great Saint! Is this the price of becoming stronger?”

Touching his bald head, Yellow Spring Great Sage’s heart was suddenly filled with sorrow. He wondered if he was lucky or not? This enhancement was giving him mixed emotions like that permanent ability to breathe fire.

“Maybe my luck is conspiring against me...”

Yellow Spring Great Sage was sad at the thought of his bald head, and he immediately fixed his eyes at Fire Demon Patriarch and Beastmaster Patriarch.

“I’m stronger... but I became bald... I’m bald because of you... So, it’s time for you to taste my wrath!”

Boom!

An explosion erupted in the battlefield of the stars, and waves of mighty pressure swept out in all directions.

Prison Overlord Ying Long and the others were startled once again. They stared into the distance with blank faces, and then they saw a beam of light shoot across the void.

Before Fire Demon Patriarch could dodge, he was already punched. That punch almost extinguished the flames on his body!

It was a punch with extremely terrible power!

Chapter 1335 Nether King Tian Cang!

The punch almost killed Fire Demon Patriarch. He was one of the nine strongest men of Nether Prison, a Nine-revolution Great Saint with a mighty cultivation base that awed the world. And yet,

he had failed to dodge and was almost killed. The flames around him were dimmed, and he was nearly knocked out of the battlefield of the stars.

Prison Overlord Ying Long gasped, while those Great Saints who were fighting him sucked in cold breaths when they saw Yellow Spring Great Sage's horrible strength.

"This is an Earth Prison Great Saint? Why is he so fearsome? Can losing hair boost one's strength? If turning bald can make one stronger, those monks of the West Little Buddhism Realm would be the strongest men in the world!"

With a rumbling sound, Fire Demon Patriarch was knocked flying away by the punch. As he flew across the void like a shooting star, he hit a passing meteorite, smashed a huge pit in it, and nearly blasted a hole through it.

As rubbles rolled and fell, Fire Demon Patriarch climbed out of the pit with rage burning in his eyes. His chest was deeply sunken, and some sticky liquid that looked like magma could be seen flowing from it. That was his blood.

It had been years. Since he fought Nether King Tian Cang with the others and was stabbed by the halberd and bled, he had not shed a drop of blood again. But today, he was wounded by Yellow Spring Great Sage with a punch.

"You're courting death!" Fire Demon Patriarch's eyes turned completely cold, and his killing intent was erupting.

In the distance, Beastmaster Patriarch was taken aback. Yellow Spring Great Sage's explosive prowess frightened him, and the oppressive aura pressed against his chest like a rock, making it difficult for him to breathe. He didn't quite understand why Yellow Spring Great Sage's strength suddenly became so strong!

"Do you know why I'm so strong? It's all because of you..." Yellow Spring Great Sage's eyes grew somber as he floated in midair. He lifted a hand, touched his bald head, and felt extremely sad for a moment. "What a heart-rending thing it is to lose all my hair in a flash..."

He breathed a long sigh. At this moment, only with violence could he express the fury in his heart.

Boom!

Even as his voice faded away, Yellow Spring Great Sage's figure flew through the void like a phantom.

Beastmaster Patriarch's pupils constricted. He wanted to fly away, but he was about to move when Yellow Spring Great Sage's face appeared right in front of him.

"You..."

He was scared out of his wits. How could he fight someone with such an incredible speed?

"Go to hell!" In desperation, Beastmaster Patriarch flicked his sleeve, and a dark shadow immediately shot toward Yellow Spring Great Sage.

It was a pitch-black snake with gleaming scales and a black forked tongue. One could tell at a glance that it was extremely venomous. Even a Great Saint would suffer if he was bitten by this snake.

However, the snake squeaked the next moment as its head was pinched between a thumb and a forefinger, which then squeezed hard and cracked it.

Yellow Spring Great Sage's bald head had a fine luster and seemed to reflect the glow of the stars in the sky. "Why did your little snake open its mouth so wide? Was it laughing at me?" he said coldly with an expressionless face.

Beastmaster Patriarch's heart ached as he watched Yellow Spring Great Sage crush his snake's head. It was a rare species, and there was only one such venomous snake in the entire Netherworld.

However, before his heartache was over, a fist grew larger and larger before his eyes and slammed him in the chest.

Bam!

His eyes went wide, and everything seemed to be still at this moment. Then, as he bent forward and coughed up blood, his body flew backward with a sonic boom and smashed hard into a meteorite as well.

After knocking two Nine-revolution Great Saints away with two punches, Yellow Spring Great Sage touched his bald head with a gloomy look in his eyes.

Beneath the battlefield of the stars, the clouds suddenly broke open, and several figures flew out of them. The first to show up was the beautiful Ice Saint. Her long hair and white robes waved in the wind, making her look like a peerless fairy. Then came Sword Demon Patriarch on a silver sword, while the other Nether Prison Great Saints, including Horned Demon Patriarch, followed.

From afar, they already saw Yellow Spring Great Sage, who was standing in the starry sky and exuding a terrible aura that seemed to shake the world.

Sword Demon Patriarch's pupils constricted, and he felt somewhat incredulous.

'How could Yellow Spring Great Sage's cultivation base be so strong? It feels as though he had broken through the barrier and reached a higher realm! Could it be the Perfected Great Saint Realm? That's a realm only Di Ting has reached!'

There was a hint of surprise on Ice Saint's stunning face as well, and she blinked as she looked at Yellow Spring's bald head.

"Yo, Sister, you're here." Yellow Spring Great Sage grinned when he saw Ice Saint.

Ice Saint's face returned to its cold look. She glanced at Yellow Spring Great Sage, then at Fire Demon Patriarch and Beastmaster Patriarch who had been smashed deep into the meteorites in the distance.

"Yellow Spring Great Sage, although you are an Earth Prison Great Saint, you have always been detached from the world. Why are you involved in this? It would not bring you any benefits." Sword Demon Patriarch stepped on the sword and fixed his eyes at Yellow Spring Great Sage. In the past, he wasn't concerned by this expert because even though he was also a Nine-revolution Great Saint, he was on a par with him.

However, the prowess of this bald Yellow Spring Great Sage was beyond imagination. He was even stronger than Di Ting. Therefore, if such an opponent could be talked out of the battle, he had better do it quickly.

“I’ve promised someone help, so I must honor my words...” Yellow Spring Great Sage said. Then, he brought up the unfinished Fortune Flatbread in his hand and continued eating it.

Ice Saint immediately saw the familiar flatbread. “Isn’t that steaming flatbread the same as the one Bu Fang gave me?”

“Oh? Little friend Bu Fang also gave you flatbread? Eat it now, Sister. You will become invincible after eating it.”

The corner of Ice Saint’s mouth twitched. She glanced at Yellow Spring Great Sage’s mirror-like bald head, then at the flatbread in her hand. For a moment, she found it hard to accept the side effect.

“No, I won’t eat it...” she said, waving her hand. She was almost deceived by Bu Fang. Fortunately, she came up here and had a look. Otherwise, if she ate the flatbread and became bald as well, who should she go to and complain?

Therefore, Ice Saint chose to refuse.

Yellow Spring Great Sage felt a little disappointed. When Ice Saint saw that look of his, she felt that this old fellow must be up to no good. ‘I can’t believe he wants to make me bald as well! What a sinister man!’

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Fire Demon Patriarch and Beastmaster Patriarch rose into the sky again, joining the other four Patriarchs to surround Yellow Spring Great Sage and Ice Saint in midair. Their terrible killing intent almost fused as one, causing storms to rage across the battlefield of the stars.

In the distance, Ying Long and the others had stopped fighting. They were watching the battle between Nine-revolution Great Saints with horror. The sight of six Great Saints joining forces to attack two Great Saints was simply shocking.

The battle broke out in a flash. Fire Demon Patriarch and Beastmaster Patriarch charged toward Yellow Spring Great Sage as if they had gone crazy, while Sword Demon Patriarch and Shadow Demon Patriarch joined the fight as well.

The void rang with a rumbling sound as the four Nine-revolution Great Saints fought a bald Yellow Spring Great Sage.

Meanwhile, Horned Demon Patriarch and Nether Chef Patriarch were fighting Ice Saint.

Terrible forces churned and swept across the battlefield of the stars, filling this part of heaven and earth with constant rumbling noises. At the same time, a mighty aura spread, crumbling meteorites and stirring the turbulences in the starry sky.

...

The few Great Saints had entered the battlefield of the stars, and that made many Earth Prison experts in Imprisoned Dragon Pass breathe a sigh of relief.

At this moment, Bu Fang had finished baking the Fortune Flatbreads. A few baskets of flatbreads were placed on the wall, sending wisps of hot steam into the sky.

“Flatbread! Fresh flatbread! Come and buy before they’re sold out!” Bu Fang shouted, looking at the Earth Prison army who was being suppressed down below.

His voice was not loud, but it rang through the whole wall and was heard by all Earth Prison experts. Soon, some experts rushed up the wall and bought the flatbread without saying anything. After buying and eating the flatbread, they would have to go back to fight, so they did not have time to talk to him.

Those experts who bought the flatbreads rushed back to the battlefield, holding off the enemies for their comrade while biting into their flatbreads. For a moment, crunching sounds rang out all over the battlefield.

“Brother, I’ll hold this position for you! Quick, go to Owner Bu and buy some flatbreads, then come back and fight!” said an expert who had bought the flatbread.

The same scene kept happening on the battlefield.

When those experts who bought flatbreads rushed back into the battlefield, the situation was reversed once again. The Nether Prison army was suppressed and kept losing ground, and this made the Earth Prison experts' morale soar.

Luo Ji laughed excitedly. Even her pink hair seemed to shiver.

Dom! Dom! Dom! Dom!

She waved her long sleeves, which pounded the drum and filled the air with deafening drum beats. The sound seemed to make everyone's blood boil.

You Ji's face flickered as she watched with excitement as well. She pulled the hefty sword from behind her back, took out a Fortune Flatbread, and gave it a bite. As the crispy crust was bitten through, the wisp of fortune gas in it immediately rushed into her. Her eyes lit up instantly.

The next moment, she lifted the Overbearing Hefty Sword and flung it into the distance. Like a meteorite, the sword smashed into the battlefield and hacked an expert in half!

You Ji stood on the wall with bright eyes, and one of her hands began to wave. Surprisingly, the hefty sword was moving back and forth on the battlefield! The wisp of fortune gas had given her a top fortune, a sword controlling technique! Most importantly, what she was controlling was not an ordinary sword, but the Overbearing Hefty Sword that weighed over ten thousand kilograms. She moved it as it weighed nothing! It was a shocking sight to behold!

The sword moved through the crowd like a frantic savage monster, causing clouds of blood mists to explode and changing the situation on the battlefield.

The Nether Prison army fell back, howling. Every expert was dumbstruck. They never thought that they would be routed.

A flatbread defeated them, not the Earth Prison army!

“Dammit!” An expert growled in one of the Nether Prison battleships in the sky. Suddenly, a rumbling sound began to ring as mysterious energy gathered in the ship. Before long, an energy beam shot out of it and headed directly toward the wall of the Imprisoned Dragon Pass, intending to kill all the experts on it. As the main weapon of the battleship, the energy beam was as powerful as the attack of a Great Saint.

...

Nether King Er Ha was very curious about Bu Fang’s flatbread. Without a doubt, Bu Fang must have made it when they were in the Black Temple. He felt regretful that he had missed such a fun thing. Luckily, he could still buy it now.

He took the Fortune Flatbread Bu Fang threw at him. It was steaming, and he felt warm when holding it. It was an amazing feeling.

Crunch!

As he bit through the crispy crust, Er Ha’s eyes lit up in surprise. The delicious and tender filling was one thing, but what made him widen his eyes was the wisp of fortune gas that rushed into his body.

“So, this is the fortune brought by the Fortune Flatbread?” Er Ha sucked in a cold breath. The next moment, he blinked, and he found that nothing had changed in him. “Where’s the fortune? Is my luck so good that even the Fortune Flatbread can’t control it?”

Confused, Er Ha touched his clean, smooth chin and became lost in thought.

On the wall, a few heads of the aristocratic families who stood closest to Er Ha felt weak in their legs and were trembling as they looked at him. Their eyes were full of horror, which was quickly replaced by a feverish look. They raised their hands, and they trembled so much that they could hardly speak.

“Y-Y-Your... Your Highness!”

The few family heads immediately went down on their knees and bowed.

“Aye, I’m here. You don’t have to be so courteous,” Er Ha was somewhat struck dumb. Then, his eyes lit up. ‘Could it be that the fortune I obtained is the legendary King Aura that can make all the people in the world submit? Well... This is the fortune that fits my status!’

Bu Fang gave Er Ha a strange look.

Nethery had already covered her mouth with one hand, her eyes full of disbelief. It was the first time she was so shocked.

Meanwhile, You Ji trembled and almost lost control of her sword as she looked behind Er Ha in horror.

There, a burly figure emerged from the air. It was somewhat blurry, but it made everyone tremble with fear by just standing there. The reason was that that figure was... Nether King Tian Cang.

Er Ha finally realized that these people were not afraid of him. He slowly turned his head and looked over his shoulder, then his neck froze.

“Oh, f*ck...”

His fortune was not scary but heaven-defying.

Even his dead father could be summoned by the fortune gas?

Nether King Tian Cang opened his eyes. There seemed to be stars appearing and disappearing in them, while a terrible aura gradually spread from him, causing the surrounding void to crack.

He rested his indifferent eyes on Er Ha. The gaze scared Er Ha so much that the strength left his legs, and he almost sat down on the ground.

“Da... Dad, it’s been a while since I saw you... What a coincidence... You came out for some air, too?”

Chapter 1336 Matchless Prowess!

Nether King Tian Cang was the great sovereign of Earth Prison. He was so strong that even the Great Saints of the nine Nether Prison clans feared him. He once took Earth Prison's army to attack Nether Prison and terrorized the experts there. However, this supreme existence was jointly attacked by the Great Saints of the nine clans and was even wounded by the Lord of the Black Temple with a surprise attack. Eventually, he was killed.

No one had thought that this peerless expert, who had fallen for a very long time and had become a legendary figure, would appear once again.

When those eyes shone, everyone's breathing became short.

Nether King Tian Cang had returned to this world.

Er Ha finally realized why those experts of the aristocratic families knelt before him in fear. His father had come back. Was this the so-called fortune? He could hardly believe that it actually summoned his dead father back to this world.

Light flashed around Nether King Tian Cang. His body seemed somewhat illusive, clearly incorporeal. The fortune was great, but it was too difficult to revive a man who was already dead. Death and revival were related to the Supreme Laws, so no matter how amazing the Fortune Flatbread was, it was far from matching the power of the Laws.

Judging from his unstable aura, the fortune had only summoned Tian Cang to this world for a short time. In fact, due to its difficulty, Tian Cang could only stay for less than half an hour.

'So this is Nether King Tian Cang...' A look of amazement came into Bu Fang's eyes as he studied the unparalleled existence with a burly body. The man's aura was mighty, and his eyes seemed to contain a world. He did have the appearance and aura of a supreme figure.

'I can't believe that Er Ha's fortune could summon an existence of this level... His luck is indeed heaven-defying. Perhaps he's the real chosen one...'

Hearing Er Ha's playful words, Tian Cang glanced around with his indifferent eyes. A moment later, he realized what had happened.

"Interesting... I was summoned back to this world from the chaos." His eyes flashed, then he lifted a hand and patted Er Ha on the head. "I've left you the Demon Passes, and yet you're only a Two-

revolution Great Saint. It appears that after I passed away, you didn't work hard in your cultivation," Tian Cang said lightly.

Er Ha smiled awkwardly. The aura of Tian Cang made him feel a little stressed, but the familiar aura filled his heart with mixed emotions. "I was trapped in the grief brought by your passing... And grief takes time to heal," he said, grinning.

The corners of Tian Cang's mouth curved upward into a faint smile. "It's been years, and yet you're still so naughty." He shook his head. The pitch-black energy around him churned as he moved. After that, he glanced around. His eyes stopped at Bu Fang for a few seconds, then they moved on and rested on Nethery.

"Girl, come over here. Let me have a good look at you." Tian Cang's eyes were somewhat complicated when he saw Nethery. After all, he was the one who exiled her, and he still felt a little guilty.

Nethery bit her lip and trotted to Tian Cang's side.

The previous Nether King rubbed her hair and sighed softly. When he sensed her cultivation base and the curse in her, a look of surprise came into his eyes. "Good, very good... I didn't expect you to turn the power of the curse into your own. I had tried every possible way to suppress it, but none of them worked. I can't believe you've done it," he said emotionally. He could sense that the power of the curse was turning into Nethery's power and was growing stronger and stronger.

"We welcome the return of Your Highness!" The experts of aristocratic families kneeling on the ground shouted excitedly. They never thought that the unparalleled man of Earth Prison would come back to life. The supreme existence, who once took them to attack Nether Prison, had returned when Earth Prison was attacked by Nether Prison.

Tian Cang's eyes fell on them, then he turned to glance at the vast battlefield that fronted Imprisoned Dragon Pass. As he felt the murderous atmosphere that blew in his face, he sighed softly and said, "So Nether Prison finally attacks Earth Prison..." He seemed to have expected this.

"It is imperative to consolidate small worlds into a great world. There are many small worlds in the Netherworld, but we have not had a great world. Once those formidable great worlds in the starry sky find us, the whole Netherworld would become a vassal to them, and the people would suffer," Tian Cang said.

He seemed to be muttering to himself, but everyone around him heard him loud and clear. What he said filled them with fear.

“But... Why should I care so much? I’m already a dead man. Although I’ve come back, I won’t stay for long.”

There was a deep look in Tian Cang’s eyes. As he stared at the destructive energy beams pouring out of Nether Prison battleships, he slowly stepped forward. At this moment, heaven and earth seemed to distort. Like a bright star, the previous Nether King stepped up through the air and headed directly to the energy beams.

The air rang with a rumbling sound as several energy beams as strong as the attack of a Seven to Eight-revolution Great Saint fell from the sky, and the void twisted and broke before them. They were aiming at Imprisoned Dragon Pass, and they were about to destroy it with shocking power.

In the face of this incredible power, many people in the city were trembling. However, when they saw Tian Cang, their previous Nether King, their trembling stopped, and they became fearless. That man was the god for every person in Earth Prison.

Er Ha raised his head, his eyes gleaming. He never thought he could see his father’s prowess again. Compared to his father, he was still like a child who played with sand.

You Ji, Nethery, and the family heads were all staring excitedly at the sky, hoping to see the Nether King’s mighty power once again.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back. As he watched Tian Cang walk up the sky as if there was a flight of invisible steps, he could not help but think, ‘He is truly worthy to be the strongest man of Earth Prison...’

The next moment, the energy beams hit Tian Cang and exploded in the sky. Frightening flames immediately spread and enveloped heaven and sky, obscuring all eyes. Everyone who witnessed it sucked in a cold breath. The explosion was so powerful that it almost destroyed heaven and earth.

Before long, the Nether Prison experts in the battleships widened their eyes as they saw a figure emerging amid the fading smoke. The destructive energy beams did not kill that expert.

Tian Cang glanced indifferently at the battleships and twitched the corner of his mouth in disdain. “A bunch of clowns...” As he said that, he raised a hand and slowly clenched the palm into a fist.

Immeasurable energy began to gather between heaven and earth into a colossal palm, which then gradually closed around a battleship. As the palm clenched into a fist, the ship was crushed and exploded into a sea of flames in the sky.

Before the explosion, however, the Nether Prison experts had already rushed out of the battleships. Several Two and Three-revolution Great Saints were furious. “How dare you!” shouted one of them as they charged toward the figure in midair with monstrous killing intent. A brief moment later, they were already in front of the man.

Facing them, Tian Cang only put his hands behind his back, raised his eyes, and glanced at them. The gaze scared those Great Saints out of their wits.

“How is this possible?!”

“It’s him! He is that formidable man!”

“Nether King Tian Cang?! Isn’t he dead?!”

The Nether Prison Great Saints were terrified. As they looked at that man, they thought of the time when they were dominated by fear. This was a man as dreadful as a devil king.

“Even Nether Puppeteer Patriarch dares not to be presumptuous in front of me... How dare you shout in my face?” Tian Cang said coolly, staring at the few Great Saints.

The next moment, the black energy around him formed into spears, and at his thought, they shot forward at top speed.

“Run!”

The Nether Prison Great Saints turned to flee without hesitation. They simply did not have the courage to fight with Tian Cang. However...

Slash!

A black spear pierced one of them, then another, and another... Soon, the air rang with the shrill cries of Great Saints, which were quickly followed by a series of booms as their bodies exploded in midair, turning into a rain of vitality energy and light that fell from the sky.

Standing amid the rain of flickering energy and flashing light, Tian Cang looked like a god.

The people in Imprisoned Dragon City were already stunned. Er Ha's blood was boiling, and his face was flushed as he clenched his fist tightly, while the Prison Overlords and the heads of various aristocratic families were extremely excited.

This man was the god Earth Prison once had, and he was still as mighty as ever!

At this moment, the Nether Prison experts on the battlefield, who had been losing ground, completely lost their will to fight. The army routed and began to retreat in panic.

Tian Cang glanced at them and smiled. Then, he raised his head and looked at the sky where the battlefield of the stars was. He began walking slowly toward it. He did not have much time left, so he had to solve what he was supposed to have solved...

On the wall, Bu Fang touched his nose as he looked at the cheering Earth Prison experts on the battlefield. The battle seemed to have been won with ease. There were still some steaming Fortune Flatbreads in the basket, but he knew he could not sell them now, so he put them away. He could sell them in the future.

"My father is going to the battlefield of the stars. Anyone wants to go and have a look?" Er Ha shouted excitedly at the people around him.

'The battlefield of the stars? I have not been there...' Bu Fang thought. He heard that all Great Saints fought there because their power was too great for the earth. 'I can go and have a look.'

Nethery had come to his side, tugging at his sleeve with a begging look in her eyes.

"Alright, I know. Let's go together," Bu Fang said.

Nethery narrowed her eyes happily.

Little Saints could already step into the starry sky for a short time. Since most of them here were Nine-revolution Little Saints, they had no trouble visiting the battlefield.

The Netherworld Ship floated in midair. Bu Fang was sitting on the deck, together with Nethery, You Ji, and Er Ha, who climbed up the boat shamelessly. The next moment, the ship flew up into the sky.

The experts from aristocratic families would not want to miss the opportunity to witness Nether King Tian Cang's prowess as well, so they all unleashed their cultivation base and rushed into the starry sky, even if that would put a great strain on their energy.

...

In the starry sky, the void was torn, and fearful airwaves rumbled.

Since Ice Saint was out of her forbidden land, her strength had weakened significantly, causing her to struggle a little in the fight. Even so, she fought bravely, raining ice crystals at her foes with every move.

Yellow Spring Great Sage was fearsome. He had turned bald, but he also grew stronger. Even though he was fighting five foes alone, he showed no signs of weakness and even gave his opponents a hard time.

His opponents, five Nether Prison Patriarchs, were overwhelmed. They could not understand why he became so strong after losing all the hair, and they wondered if they should shave their hair as well after this... In the past, Yellow Spring Great Sage could only fight two of them at most.

Suddenly, Sword Demon Patriarch seemed to sense something, and he turned his head and looked at the churning sea of cloud down below. His pupils constricted as he saw a figure slowly walk up through the clouds.

Bam!

Yellow Spring Great Sage knocked three men away with a punch and touched his bald head with a hand as tendrils of white steam rose from his body. Then, he seemed to notice something as well, and he turned his head. When he saw the familiar figure, his jaw dropped. He was even more surprised than when he found out he had turned bald!

In the distance, Ice Saint forced Horned Demon Patriarch back with an ice sword, then turned around abruptly and saw the man. Her expression changed dramatically.

Even Sword Demon Patriarch and the others gasped in disbelief.

“How could he still be alive?!”

Nether King Tian Cang walked leisurely with his hands behind him, but he was fast. With every step, he crossed thousands of miles. Before long, he was standing in the center of the battlefield, shrouded in a mighty black aura.

He glanced at Sword Demon Patriarch and the others, then gave Ice Saint a complicated look. Finally, he rested his eyes on Yellow Spring Great Sage and said in a strange voice, “Well... It’s been years since we met. When did you become bald? Although you’re bald, you have grown stronger.”

Chapter 1337 The Fall of a Patriarch

“Nether King Tian Cang?” All the people on the battlefield of the stars looked stunned as they stared at the man who had died a long time ago. Could a dead man be revived?

Sword Demon Patriarch and those from Nether Prison were terrified. They didn’t understand why Tian Cang was here. They had seen with their own eyes that he was hacked into a thousand pieces and perished, but now he was standing in front of them.

“No! You have not been resurrected! You’re just here for a short time by some power we don’t know!” Sword Demon Patriarch had a keen eye. When he saw Tian Cang’s somewhat blurry body, he immediately realized what happened. “This is a heaven-defying act that goes against the Great Path!” he shouted in a cold voice.

“Hahaha! The Great Path? You dare mention the Great Path to me? I don’t give a damn about it!” Tian Cang laughed as he stepped over the air and came to Ice Saint’s side.

Horned Demon Patriarch's pupils constricted.

"You... How dare you bully my woman? Are you courting death?" said the Nether King in a cold voice. The next moment, he waved his hand. A terrible force that could overturn heaven and earth knocked the Patriarch flying backward and threw him hard into a passing meteorite.

Yellow Spring Great Sage touched his bald head with a strange look in his eyes. 'It seems that Tian Cang is as formidable as ever!' he thought.

In the distance, a small ship flew into the battlefield of the stars and floated in a corner. Bu Fang and the others sat on the deck, watching with wide eyes.

Sensing their presence, Yellow Spring Great Sage looked over his shoulder and saw Bu Fang.

"Eh? How did Yellow Spring Great Sage become bald?" Bu Fang said, slightly surprised.

"Yeah, he wasn't bald before... To be honest, he looks ugly without hair," Er Ha said, grinning.

When he heard that, Yellow Spring Great Sage's face grew unsightly, and his heart filled with sorrow. Who was to be blamed for his bald head? The Fortune Flatbread! It was the fortune of the flatbread that turned him bald, and he couldn't even stop it! Luckily, he grew stronger at the same time. Otherwise, he would cry himself to death if a bald head was the only thing that was bought by the Fortune Flatbread.

Ice Saint stared at Tian Cang with a complicated look in her eyes. When she saw his somewhat illusive body, she sighed.

"He cannot stay in this world for too long! He's a dead man, and he cannot be resurrected! Let's fight and destroy him together!" said Sword Demon Patriarch.

With a rumbling sound, Horned Demon Patriarch, who was smashed into the meteorite, grew larger abruptly and transformed into a giant rhinoceros with three horns. His body was as enormous as a great mountain, and the tips of his horns gleamed sharply.

With a loud roar, the rhino charged, pointing its horns at Tian Cang. They seemed to crack the void as they drew closer.

“Animal...” Tian Cang’s eyes turned sharp. Then, streams of black energy swept over, wrapped him up, and turned into the Nether King Armor, while the Nether King Halberd appeared in his hand. He swung with the halberd and smashed the rhino on the head.

A deafening rumble rang out as if some great mountain had collapsed, and then a terrible explosion forced the giant rhinoceros back several steps.

ROAR!

The beast was furious, and it charged again.

“Let’s fight him together! He’s no longer as fearsome as he was!” Sword Demon Patriarch’s eyes lit up when he saw Tian Cang had failed to seriously injure the three-horned rhino, who was Horned Demon Patriarch.

The next moment, all the Patriarchs struck. An oppressive rumbling filled the air as they rushed toward Tian Cang, but they had just moved when a figure blocked their way.

“Hey... Have you all forgotten about me?”

It was Yellow Spring Great Sage. He turned to the Patriarchs and held his head up at a forty-five degree angle with a melancholy look. His faint voice gave them pause.

“Yellow Spring... If you insist on meddling, you will die miserably! Don’t say I never warned you! A man who has lived so long as you must be afraid of death! Since you’re afraid of death, get yourself away from here as far as you can!” Sword Demon Patriarch said coldly. Around him, countless swords rose, bursting with mighty energy.

“You’re right. A man who lives long fears death...” Yellow Spring Great Sage said, touching his bald head. “However... I hate being threatened more than being afraid of death.”

The next moment, a jade jar appeared in his hand. He slapped its lid open, and a rich bouquet immediately wafted out of the jar while a multicolored light illuminated the sky.

Gulp.

Carefully, Yellow Spring Great Sage took a sip of the wine, then narrowed his eyes and smacked his lips. He seemed to be enjoying himself.

“I’d best take a sip of the wine first, just in case anything happens,” he said. “You have forced me to drink my most precious wine... None of you are going to escape from me!” After that, he clenched his fist and charged toward the five Patriarchs, his bald head gleaming in the starry sky.

They fought with each other once again, shaking the skies with a rumbling sound.

In the distance, Er Ha and the others were stunned.

“Heavens... When did Yellow Spring Great Sage become so formidable?”

“He became stronger after he’s gone bald? How could there be such an incredible thing?”

Bu Fang thought it was strange, too. Yellow Spring Great Sage’s fortune was indeed unusual.

...

Tian Cang clasped the Nether King Halberd. Although it was not the real one, it was still very powerful. With every hit, he made the huge rhino bleed.

Ice Saint floated in the distance with her white robes fluttering in the wind. There was a blurry look in her eyes. As she looked at the mighty figure, memories came back to her, and she remembered seeing him fighting thousands of foes alone... Unfortunately, he was dead. Still, being able to see him again today had somewhat relieved her melancholy.

Bam!

The huge rhino was hit once again. Two of its three horns broke, and streams of blood were pouring out. Tian Cang didn’t say anything to Ice Saint. They didn’t even make eye contact. He just kept beating the rhino as if he was venting all his emotions through it...

His silence saddened Ice Saint. She knew, and Tian Cang also knew, that he would not stay in this world for too long. Perhaps the only thing he could do for her was to kill this three-horned rhinoceros who had bullied her.

Tian Cang's eyes were fierce as he threw his palm and snapped the rhino's last horn. The air rang with the beast's terrible howl as the blood of a Great Saint spilled across the starry sky, while the broken horn floated through the battlefield, gleaming.

Horned Demon Patriarch was scared. He was really scared. He had thought that Tian Cang was no longer as fearsome as before, but it turned out that the Nether King was crazier and fiercer after returning from death.

Tian Cang took a step and rode on the rhino's back. His black hair lashed at the void like thunder, and his eyes shone brilliantly as he punched the rhino with his huge fists over and over again.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

With every punch, he made the rhino cough up blood.

Sword Demon Patriarch and the others were stunned. "If this continues, Horned Demon will be killed!" The death of one of the nine Patriarchs would be shocking news to Nether Prison, and they could not afford it! "Hurry and rescue him!"

Sword Demon Patriarch roared as thousands of swords shot out of him. "Ten Thousand Swords!"

Rumbling sounds filled the battlefield as the swords broke free of Yellow Spring Great Sage's interception, turned into a river of swords, and poured toward Tian Cang with dreadful power. This was Sword Demon Patriarch's strongest technique, and he had used it when he faced Tian Cang last time.

The Nether King held his halberd over his head and began to spin it faster and faster until it turned into a wheel. The sound of metal on metal rang out the next moment when the river of swords crashed into the spinning wheel. None of the swords could pass through it, and in fact, every one of them was bounced off! Even then, Tian Cang punched the rhino between his legs once again with his powerful fist.

Ice Saint watched with a blank face. Her eyes turned slightly red as she covered her mouth with a slender hand.

On the Netherworld Ship, Nethery's eyes flickered, You Ji pursed her lips, and Bu Fang was expressionless. Er Ha, on the other hand, arched his brows and said, "My dad is still so good at attracting girls..."

Suddenly, Bu Fang narrowed his eyes as he sensed something unusual. The next moment, a horrible wave of pressure descended, which was so powerful that its appearance silenced the skies. He turned abruptly and glanced in a certain direction.

There, the void in the battlefield of the stars was ripped open, and a figure slowly walked out of it.

Everyone sucked in a cold breath. The void in the battlefield of the stars was very stable, and it would require a great force to rip it open. And yet, the figure was able to do that. How strong was he?!

It was an expert who glowed goldenly with a burly body and a serious face. His eyes were cold and ruthless, and fearful waves spread from him, shaking the void.

"Tyrant Patriarch?!"

The man walked across the starry sky. Around him, the void distorted, and turbulences lashed at him, but he wasn't concerned by them. With just his flesh, he could resist the lashes from the turbulences. He was that strong.

Waves of terrible pressure swept across the battlefield, making everyone feel breathless.

Tyrant Patriarch was the third strongest Patriarch of the nine clans, and he was far stronger than Sword Demon Patriarch and the others. He did not come with the Nether Prison army to invade Earth Prison, so no one had expected that he would rip apart the void and come to the battlefield of the stars at this point.

He glanced around. His gaze swept across the void like two sharp beams of light, stinging the eyes of those who met with them.

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes slightly.

“Nether King Tian Cang... What are you doing here? You are dead, and you should stay dead. This world doesn’t need you anymore. Now, let go of Horned Demon,” Tyrant Patriarch’s powerful voice rang through the skies.

Riding on the rhino, Tian Cang gave Tyrant Patriarch an indifferent look, then thrust the tip of his halberd into the rhino’s head. “Who are you to ask me to let go of him?” He pushed the halberd hard and twisted it.

The rhino’s eyes turned bloodshot instantly. Its shrill howl echoed throughout the battlefield, its body trembling violently and its aura on the verge of crumbling.

“How dare you!” A loud cry exploded out. Tyrant Patriarch took a step forward and lifted his fist. Streams of golden energy swirled around the fist, which seemed powerful enough to blow heaven and earth apart. “In that case, I’ll kill you one more time!” He threw the fist out, which turned into an enormous fist instantly!

At this moment, a figure with a bald head descended, lifted his fist, and threw it at Tyrant Patriarch’s fist.

BOOM!

The golden fist shattered while Yellow Spring Great Sage trembled. “Tian Cang boy, do what you want to do... I’ll hold off this bald guy. Take it as my tribute to you.”

Tyrant Patriarch was bald as well.

Tian Cang’s eyes flickered, then he smiled wickedly, pulled the halberd out, and thrust it into the rhino’s head once again.

Horned Demon Patriarch twitched and twisted violently, then his movements began to grow weaker and weaker... Before long, his vitality energy scattered across heaven and earth.

Bu Fang’s eyes lit up, and his breathing became rapid as he stared at the huge rhinoceros. ‘That’s a Nine-revolution-Great-Saint-grade food ingredient! Don’t waste it!’

The Nether King Halberd cut along the rhino's back and made a huge bloody gash. Blood poured out of it, falling like rain.

In the distance, Yellow Spring Great Sage charged at Tyrant Patriarch and threw out a fist, which collided with the Patriarch's golden fist once again. A loud rumbling sound rang out, then his eyes went wide as he was knocked flying backward. At this moment, his mighty aura began to dwindle rapidly, while stubby hair grew over his bald head.

'Shit! The fortune is over...' Yellow Spring Great Sage's heart sank. He touched his head, and when he found that his hair was growing back, he smiled happily.

Meanwhile, Tian Cang's body was growing blurrier and blurrier, and wisps of black smoke kept leaking from him. The rhino floated in midair with its belly facing the sky, drifting. There was no more life in it. A Patriarch of the nine Nether Prison clans had fallen. However, Tian Cang wasn't concerned about that. His eyes finally rested on Ice Saint. They didn't talk to each other but only made eye contact... After a few silent moments, he sighed.

The wind blew. Gradually, Tian Cang's body dissolved into smoke and disappeared from the battlefield of the stars.

Ice Saint lowered her hand and bit her lip. A hint of grief spread across her striking face.

On the Netherworld Ship, Er Ha froze. He was somewhat depressed when he saw Tian Cang vanish. He turned to look at Bu Fang and said seriously, "Bu Fang, give me your flatbread. I want flatbread..."

"It won't work," Bu Fang answered, glancing at Er Ha. Nevertheless, he still gave the latter a flatbread and watched him shove it into his mouth.

Chapter 1338 Where's Lord Dog?

Tian Cang was long dead after all. Although the Fortune Flatbread had temporarily brought him to life, it could not make him stay forever. He was well aware of this, so he used the little time he had in this world to kill Horned Demon Patriarch. The Great Saint's blood spilled on the battlefield of the stars. A body as colossal as a great mountain lay across the sky with blood pouring from a long gash on its back. Horned Demon Patriarch's true form was a three-horned rhinoceros, a ferocious monster. He was a fearsome patriarch with a fearful cultivation base, but now he was dead, killed by his opponent on the battlefield.

An oppressive atmosphere lingered in the air.

The Patriarchs fell silent, their eyes flickering coldly. Tyrant Patriarch's eyes shone blindingly like lightning as they stared at the body. His anger mounted, and the golden glow of his body grew more intense.

Ice Saint was shrouded in grief. As she watched Tian Cang dissolve into smoke and disappear, she felt a prickling sensation explode in her.

Without a word, Bu Fang passed a Fortune Flatbread to Er Ha. The young Nether King grabbed it and shoved it into his mouth, looking hopeful. However, Bu Fang knew that the same fortune would not appear twice within such a short time. The odds were extremely low, especially when Er Ha was trying to summon a supreme existence such as Tian Cang. The luck required to achieve that would be heaven-defying. Er Ha was lucky to have done that, but Bu Fang knew it was close to impossible to get the same fortune again.

His mouth was stuffed with dried flatbread, and his aura skyrocketed, but then, his movements slowed down and eventually stopped. Sure enough, Er Ha could not summon his father. Although the fortune gas entered his body and improved his cultivation base by a few levels, it did not bring him joy. He would rather not have his cultivation base improved.

You Ji and Nethery looked sad as well. They had great respect for Tian Cang. After all, it was he who gave them their lives by bringing them back to Earth Prison from Nether Prison. In fact, he was like a father to them.

Bu Fang sighed softly when he saw Er Ha choke on the flatbread. He lifted a hand and gently patted him on the back, helping him swallow it. Then, he said in a serious voice, "That's enough. We must always look forward."

Er Ha took a deep breath and calmed down. "Forget it. If I can't summon him, so be it. Even if I managed to summon him, he'd just try to impress women anyway." He twitched his mouth and tried to sound playful to hide his emotions.

Bu Fang thought he was right. Looking at Ice Saint in the distance, whose eyes were red and looked sad, he was amazed by Tian Cang's formidable ability to impress women.

A dreadful aura exploded out in the void. Tyrant Patriarch swept the battlefield with his fierce eyes, while the other Patriarchs floated up and came behind him, their mighty auras rising into the sky and distorting everything.

“This is not good!” Er Ha’s face turned unsightly, and his heart raced as he sensed Tyrant Patriarch’s violent aura.

With Yellow Spring Great Sage’s fortune over and Tian Cang gone, Earth Prison had become the weaker side in the battlefield of the stars. In the face of Nether Prison experts led by Tyrant Patriarch, they were now the fish on the chopping board.

Yellow Spring Great Sage floated beside Bu Fang and the others. Stubby black hair was growing on his head—he was no longer bald and so strong. He actually missed his fearsome strength, but he knew that he would not get that same fortune again. There was regret in him, of course, but what was more important now was... how were they going to face Tyrant Patriarch’s wrath.

“Tyrant Patriarch is the third strongest expert among the nine Nether Prison Patriarchs, second only to Nether Puppeteer Patriarch and Di Ting Patriarch...” Yellow Spring Great Sage said. “Although he’s only the third strongest, he can easily crush us!”

Judging from their fistfight just now, Tyrant Patriarch’s strength was exceedingly fearsome. Although Earth Prison had won the battle on the ground, that was on the premise that its Great Saints could defeat Nether Prison’s Great Saints. Otherwise, its victory on the ground would be completely meaningless. A Nine-revolution Great Saint could influence a battle as easily as drinking water.

Ice Saint, Yellow Spring Great Sage, Nether King Er Ha, and the others had all gathered around the Netherworld Ship and were looking warily at the experts led by Tyrant Patriarch in the distance.

Tyrant Patriarch’s strength was beyond imagination. He was able to resist the erosion of energy in the starry sky by his physical body alone. With his eyes shining like torches, he glanced around and finally fixed his gaze at Bu Fang. Sword Demon Patriarch said something in his ear, which made his gaze grow sharper as if he was looking at prey.

“So that young man is the inheritor of that man you mentioned...” Tyrant Patriarch’s cold voice rang in the battlefield like the scraping sound of metal on metal.

Sword Demon Patriarch nodded, grim-faced. He tried to kill Bu Fang when he was in Earth Prison, and he even sent Black Demon to assassinate him, but in the end, it was Black Demon who got killed. The outcome baffled him, but that did not matter now because all their troubles would be solved today.

“Kill him, and there will be no more threat... If that man’s inheritance does not reappear, no one can stop Nether Prison’s rise,” said Sword Demon Patriarch.

Tyrant Patriarch nodded as if he agreed to Sword Demon Patriarch’s request. Then, he took a step forward. His muscles trembled, cracking the void around him, and in a flash, he was in front of Bu Fang and the others. “That man’s inheritor...” he said faintly and reached out a hand toward Bu Fang’s head. The hand looked as if it was entirely made of gold, glinting dazzlingly.

Bu Fang frowned as he felt a pressure that made his muscles tremble slightly.

“Come over here!” Tyrant Patriarch shouted.

Suddenly, around Yellow Spring Great Sage, the water of the Yellow Spring River poured forth and turned into a blood-colored water dragon. He pointed a finger at Tyrant Patriarch, and the dragon immediately roared and threw itself at the patriarch’s palm, filling the air with a rumbling sound as it coiled around his body to constrain his movements.

“Yellow Spring... Where is your previous strength? You are weak now...” Tyrant Patriarch’s eyes flickered brightly. Yellow Spring Great Sage was just as strong as Sword Demon Patriarch at the moment, so he didn’t take him seriously at all. He clenched his palm into a fist, and his aura soared in an instant, breaking the water dragon. The bloody water splashed in all directions and turned into arrows, shooting toward Bu Fang and the others.

Yellow Spring Great Sage staggered back a few steps, and his face grew unsightly.

Ice Saint’s eyes turned icy blue, and immediately, a snowstorm emerged around her and froze the water arrows.

Tyrant Patriarch narrowed his eyes as he watched. Suddenly, a beam of golden light shot across the battlefield, and in the next moment, he appeared right in front of Ice Saint. “As I said... You can’t stop me!”

A huge golden fist grew larger and larger in everyone's eyes, which then smashed down hard. In the blink of an eye, the ice crystals cracked with lines, filling the air with a series of crisp breaking sounds before shattering into pieces.

Ice Saint grunted, and her slender figure staggered back. With each step she took, ice crystals formed beneath her foot and cracked.

Er Ha's pupils constricted. The playful look on his face disappeared as he said grimly, "Dammit... If this continues, we'll all be killed by this big fellow!"

Tyrant Patriarch was more powerful than they had expected.

Yellow Spring Great Sage suddenly turned to Er Ha and said, "Where's that mangy dog? Didn't Earth Prison Dog go to the Black Temple with you? Why did you come back without him? There may still be hope if that mangy dog is here!"

"Where's Lord Dog?" Bu Fang also asked, frowning.

A hint of helplessness came over Er Ha's face. "Earth Prison Dog may have found some fortune in the Black Temple and have fallen asleep. When he wakes up, he will probably be even scarier, but I don't think we can rely on him now," he answered with a soft sigh.

"In that case, we'll fight together!" Yellow Spring Great Sage produced the wine jar and took a swallow from it. As the rich aroma of the wine filled his mouth, his aura climbed and reached its peak in a flash. The next moment, the water of the Yellow Spring River rolled up and quickly formed into a giant blood dragon. At his order, the dragon flapped its wings and sped forward.

Ice Saint's eyes shone with an azure blue gleam, and she kept pointing at the void with her slender finger. Then, the whole area transformed into a world of ice and snow, and the blood dragon turned into a great ice crystal dragon with very sharp edges as it rushed toward Tyrant Patriarch.

This was the combined forces of two Great Saints, and the power was extraordinary!

Er Ha, wearing the Nether King Armor and holding the Nether King Halberd, jumped out of the ship, landed on the ice blood dragon's tail, and began running up its back. His aura was mounting as he ran, and when he finally rushed up the dragon's head, he leaped into the air. A blinding light gathered on the halberd as he swung it hard, unleashing a crescent-shaped energy blast.

The energy blast, the blood dragon, and the ice crystals all went toward Tyrant Patriarch at the same time. Even Sword Demon Patriarch would turn and flee in the face of an attack of such magnitude. However, Tyrant Patriarch remained unmoved.

As the blood dragon drew nearer, he lifted a hand and stopped it. Then, he opened his mouth and shouted. With the shout, his energy began to surge. A terrible rumbling sound echoed through the battlefield as a golden thunderbolt shot out of his mouth, hit the energy blast, and destroyed it. At the same time, the ice crystals on the dragon sent tendrils of freezing air toward his palm, intending to freeze him to the spot. However, they were immediately scattered by his boiling energy.

Suddenly, Tyrant Patriarch's arm doubled in size, and he clenched his palm and crushed the huge ice blood dragon with pure physical strength!

A loud explosion rang through the air. Yellow Spring Great Sage, Ice Saint, and Er Ha were despairing. Tyrant Patriarch was almost invincible!

"It's no use trying to resist..." Tyrant Patriarch glanced with derision at the three of them, then fixed his eyes at Bu Fang and said, "You... must die!"

He lifted a hand and pointed a finger at Bu Fang. The finger grew larger as it moved through the air, exuding a pressure so strong that the void seemed to crumble before it. It was going to kill Bu Fang in a flash!

The expressions of Er Ha and the others changed dramatically. In the Netherworld Ship, Nethery's face grew extremely unsightly, while You Ji was trembling at her side.

Standing on the ship's prow, Bu Fang looked up at the finger that had blotted out the sky. He did not flee. Instead, he took a step and rushed toward it. Tyrant Patriarch wanted to kill him, and so did Sword Demon Patriarch and others. It seemed that they all had taken him for a fish on the chopping board. A hint of a cold smile brushed his lips. They would soon learn that he was a man with a temper as well!

Suddenly, two pots appeared in his hands: a Perishing Pot and a Crazy Sword Pot, both surging with power. Then, he produced two Fortune Flatbreads and threw them into the pots. The next moment, Tyrant Patriarch's finger smashed him and created a shocking explosion.

Tyrant Patriarch was very confident. His finger was powerful enough to kill even a Seven or Eight-revolution Great Saint, not to mention a mere Nine-revolution Little Saint. Even though the boy was that man's inheritor, he was just a worm since he had not grown up, and a worm must accept the fate of being wiped out!

All of a sudden, Tyrant Patriarch narrowed his eyes as he sensed a strange fluctuation through his divine will.

Amid the explosion, a sonorous bird's cry rang out, and then a lean figure could be seen floating in the raging sea of flames. The figure was holding two pots, a clay pot and a dried pot, and he pushed them together. Streams of terrible energy were pouring out from both pots and gently fused into a pair of Yin-Yang Fishes!

"Guess how lucky I am?" Bu Fang raised his head and twitched the corner of his mouth, his hair waving in the wind. The next moment, the Yin-Yang Fishes Pot that was the combination of two pots and two Fortune Flatbreads was flung out, smashing toward Tyrant Patriarch!

Chapter 1339 Even Artifact Spirits Can't Stand It Anymore

The Perishing Pot and the Crazy Sword Pot were joined like a pair of fishes nestling head to tail against each other. Bu Fang got the idea from his Yin-Yang spirit sea, so they were in a balanced state. Most importantly, he added a Fortune Flatbread in each pot. He had thought of carving the Time Gourmet Array into them. However, he hadn't tested the new array, and he didn't know how powerful it was. It would be an unfortunate event if the pots exploded before he could throw them out, so he didn't do that.

Like a bright ray, the two pots tangled with each other and sped through the air at great speed, crumbling the void as they went.

Tyrant Patriarch's eyes shone like lightning as they fixed at the approaching pots. A faint look of disdain came over his face, and he lifted a hand, thinking to smash them with a slap. He would never be frightened by the trick of a Nine-revolution Little Saint. All Tyrants had great confidence in their flesh, and their bodies were their strongest offensive means.

Bu Fang's expression was somewhat strange when he threw the pots. It was on a whim that he added the Fortune Flatbread. He didn't know how much they would increase the power generated by the collision of the two pots, but he knew it would not be too weak.

When he was just a One-revolution Little Saint, the power produced by the fusion of the pots was already extremely scary. Now that his strength had improved significantly and had reached the level of Nine-revolution Little Saint, the power of the Perishing Pot and the Crazy Sword Pot had increased greatly as well.

This was Bu Fang's first test of how powerful their explosion was. Since Tyrant Patriarch was so strong, he thought he would use him as the test subject. Tyrant Patriarch wanted to kill him anyway, and it served him right to be killed.

Nether King Er Ha and the others were stunned when they saw the things Bu Fang had thrown out. Yellow Spring Great Sage narrowed his eyes, while Ice Saint furrowed her brows.

Bu Fang was somewhat expectant. With the Fortune Flatbread in them, he wasn't sure how powerful the Yin-Yang Pots were. It all depended on his luck.

"Just a small trick!" Tyrant Patriarch's eyes shone like torches. A strong aroma lingered in the starry sky. Looking at the two pots, his eyes grew colder and colder. "Sure enough... I can't believe that you're using dishes as weapons. You're more direct than that man..."

He took a deep breath and threw a palm at the two pots—he wanted to blow them apart with a slap. The next moment, his palm struck the pots. Then, after a moment of silence, they exploded with a deafening rumble. Dreadful blasts enveloped heaven and earth in an instant, while flames devoured everything.

The energy in the Perishing Pot was boiling, melting the Fortune Flatbread inside. Then, the fortune gas in the bread spread through the whole pot. The same thing was happening to the Crazy Sword Pot as well, and in the blink of an eye, both pots burst into light.

When Tyrant Patriarch slapped the pots, he immediately felt something was not right, and his brows furrowed.

"Hmm?" The other Patriarchs, who were not far from him, also made surprised sounds as if they felt something strange in this attack.

The explosion erupted and instantly devoured Tyrant Patriarch. Amid the flames, thousands of swords flew back and forth at great speed. Then, as the fortune gas burst out, the power of the explosion climbed once again, causing Sword Demon Patriarch and the others to back off several steps in horror.

Powerful waves of air swept across heaven and earth while deafening rumbling sounds rang through the skies. All the people were completely shocked. Looking at Tyrant Patriarch, who was devoured by flames, everyone swallowed hard.

Was this attack really unleashed by that chef, who was just a Nine-revolution Little Saint? Its power was already comparable to the attack of a Nine-revolution Great Saint! The terrible destructive force seemed to crumble the battlefield of the stars!

Yellow Spring Great Sage widened his eyes, then he laughed. He felt a burst of relief as he watched the fire swallow up Tyrant Patriarch. “This explosion should be enough to give that fellow a hard time!” he said excitedly.

Tyrant Patriarch was very strong, but such an explosion was not something anyone could resist. He would be wounded even with his formidable flesh.

‘Little friend Bu Fang always comes out with strange things. With the improvement of his strength, the power of the pots actually increased so much... In the future, when he becomes a Great Saint, I bet he will blow a hole in this starry sky with those pots! What a violent guy!’

Mighty sword intent rampaged in the sky as if they were trying to rip the void apart. It was a long time before they slowly dwindled and disappeared.

A hush fell over the battlefield. Everyone was staring at the center, where Tyrant Patriarch was devoured by the explosion. They were curious to know if he had resisted the blasts or had turned into ashes.

The Patriarchs focused their eyes and watched. Suddenly, their pupils constricted.

Er Ha, Yellow Spring Great Sage, and the others narrowed their eyes as well.

In the void, the residual waves of the explosion faded away. As the dust, flames, smoke, and sword intent gradually disappeared, a figure could be vaguely seen standing straight like a spear in the battlefield of the stars. Soon, everyone was able to see the figure clearly, and they all gasped.

Tyrant Patriarch stood proudly on the battlefield, his hair lashing at the void like lightning. His muscles were bulged out, which made him look burlier. In those muscles were forces that could destroy heaven and earth. Sword marks covered his body, which was left behind by the sword intent of the Crazy Sword Pot. One of them looked particularly ugly—it started from below his neck and ran all the way to his waist. It was a terrifying wound. There was blood seeping out of the gash, but just a little.

Tyrant Patriarch's eyes were indifferent, and the corners of his lips curved upward slightly. Meanwhile, the wounds on his body began to wriggle and heal rapidly. Before long, even the long ugly gash was gone. Under his twitching muscles, his blood rumbled like the sound of waves pounding on rocks.

"I have to admit that your attack is an amazing one. An ordinary Nine-revolution Great Saint would have been seriously injured by it, if caught unprepared. A pity that your opponent is me." Tyrant Patriarch rested his eyes on Bu Fang. He said that with a praising tone, and he even looked at Bu Fang with some appreciation.

He was right. Tyrants' flesh was invincible, and when they became Saints, they were almost immortal. If it were Sword Demon Patriarch or others, they might have been severely wounded by Bu Fang's attack.

The Fortune Flatbread had made the explosion more powerful. Originally, the combination of the Perishing Pot and the Crazy Sword Pot was about as strong as Yellow Spring Great Sage's punch after he became bald. However, when they were enhanced by the flatbread, they became stronger than his punch. Eventually, they managed to wound Tyrant Patriarch.

However, this kind of injury was only a minor injury to Tyrant Patriarch.

"You're strong with incredible talents... truly worthy to be that man's inheritor. Perhaps your potential is even greater than that man, for when he was at your level, he could never hurt even my hair..." A grim smile brushed Tyrant Patriarch's lips. "But because of that, you must die!"

All the sword marks on his body, including those larger ones, had completely healed. Looking at his perfect body, Tyrant Patriarch sneered, "Now it's my turn to attack." He then raised his head and fixed his eyes at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang's pupils constricted, and his flesh crept. He felt as if he was being stared at by a venomous snake. It was an unpleasant feeling.

Rumble!

A golden body flew across the sky and appeared in front of Bu Fang in a flash, exuding an oppressive aura that sent shivers through everyone. With his bulging muscles, Tyrant Patriarch looked like a little giant, and his fists were even larger than Whitey's. Suddenly, he lifted a fist and threw it at Bu Fang. If it hit him, his head would be blown apart instantly.

At this moment, Yellow Spring Great Sage appeared and waved his hand. The water of the Yellow Spring River gathered rapidly in his palm into a spinning vortex. He was going to block the punch.

Bam!

The punch struck the vortex and broke it instantly. Yellow Spring Great Sage's pupils constricted as a great force knocked him flying away like a cannonball, causing him to smash into a meteorite. He opened his mouth and coughed up some blood.

At his full power, Tyrant Patriarch made Yellow Spring Great Sage cough blood with just one blow.

Was this the strength of a Perfected Great Saint?!

Ice Saint and Er Ha narrowed their eyes and were about to move when Tyrant Patriarch turned around and let out a deafening roar like a savage monster.

“GET LOST!”

Er Ha and Ice Saint were in a trance. They felt as if a ferocious beast was roaring at them, while a powerful wave of energy poured over and forced them back several steps.

Even then, a leg lashed out toward Bu Fang's head.

Nethery's black eyes shone with a turquoise light as she rose to her feet on the Netherworld Ship, and her aura began to surge. However, she had just moved when Bu Fang stopped her.

Looking at the terrible and oppressive Tyrant Patriarch, Bu Fang's eyes focused. Tyrant Patriarch was indeed very strong. Since Nether Puppeteer Patriarch and Di Ting Patriarch were stronger, how terrifying were they?

For the first time, Bu Fang felt that the strength of Nether Prison was so strong. Meanwhile, he also had a faint feeling that the Patriarchs of the nine Nether Prison clans had an extremely strong desire to kill him. 'Maybe they have some grudge against the previous host, so they're afraid that I will grow up...'

Bu Fang entered his spirit sea. Inside, nine whirlpools were spinning, while a golden book floated in midair with two golden liquid drops over it. They were the God of Cooking's divine power, which was his reward.

The White Tiger, lying in a corner of the spirit sea, flicked open his eyes. Even the Black Turtle, who was sleeping, looked over suspiciously.

At this moment, the Divine Dragon cried out, "What a wasteful little host! Are you going to waste the divine power liquid drops again?! Do you know how precious they are?!"

All the Artifact Spirits looked over and fixed their eyes at Bu Fang, who was floating over the golden book.

The White Tiger rose to his feet. Perhaps he couldn't stand it anymore. "Host... Don't waste the divine power liquid drops. Let me handle this! It's not easy to get the divine power. You have to use it with care."

Bu Fang paused. He did not expect that the Artifact Spirits would react so violently. He had used a liquid drop to kill the Nine-revolution Great Saint of the Black Temple, Black Demon. Since the enemy this time was stronger, wasn't it normal to use another liquid drop?

"My enemy this time is very likely a Perfected Great Saint..." Bu Fang's face was grim.

However, the White Tiger cocked his head proudly and said, "A Perfected Great Saint? He's just rubbish to me... Besides, he should be looking forward to seeing me."

...

In the void, Tyrant Patriarch threw out his palm. The next moment, however, his movement halted abruptly. He saw Bu Fang's eyes change—they became extremely sharp like swords.

Suddenly, Bu Fang's black hair turned white. Then, he raised his chin, produced a Fortune Flatbread, and took a bite off it.

“Tyrant, little boy, I haven't seen you in a long time...”

Chapter 1340 Artifact Spirits“ Luck Will Not Be Too Bad

On the Netherworld Ship, a strange look came over Nethery's face when she saw Bu Fang's hair turn white. ‘That familiar white hair... Is the proud Bu Fang showing up now?’“Tyrant, little boy, I haven't seen you in a long time...”

The corners of white-haired Bu Fang's mouth curved upward slightly to reveal a wicked smile. Then, he took a bite of the Fortune Flatbread in his hand and began chewing it. The fortune gas rushed into his mouth, turned into a stream of mysterious energy, and poured into his body.

Crunch! Crunch! Crunch!

In a flash, the whole Fortune Flatbread was finished. After swallowing it, white-haired Bu Fang stuck out his tongue and licked his lips.

Tyrant Patriarch's pupils constricted. He stared at Bu Fang, and when he saw those sharp sword pupils, he trembled. “What did you say?!” he snapped. “Little boy? No one dares to call me that in the entire Netherworld! You're digging your own grave!”

“You don't seem to recognize me yet... But it doesn't matter. Soon you will know who I am.” White-haired Bu Fang twitched his mouth and turned his eyes to the distance. There, the other Patriarchs were looking at them.

...

In his spirit sea, Bu Fang watched with an expressionless face at the situation outside and asked curiously, “Why did he eat the Fortune Flatbread?”

“How is he going to fight if he doesn’t eat it? Little Host, your strength has improved rapidly, but... that little boy Tyrant is a Perfected Great Saint. White Tiger will have a hard time fighting him without the help of an external boost,” said the Divine Dragon, floating at Bu Fang’s side. “In any case, it’s best that Little Host doesn’t use the divine power liquid drops. They’re very useful, and it will be wasteful to use one drop to kill a Great Saint.”

Bu Fang didn’t agree with that, though. He wasn’t familiar with the divine power liquid drops’ effect. They might be very useful, but if they couldn’t be used, they were as good as useless.

“Can he win after eating the Fortune Flatbread?” Bu Fang went back to the topic.

The Divine Dragon glanced at him and smiled. It was as if he was smiling mockingly at Bu Fang. “Little Host, do you think everyone’s luck is as bad as yours?” He shook his head and continued, “The fact that you didn’t kill Tyrant with two Fortune Flatbreads and two Death Food Tools shows you didn’t touch even just a bit of the fortune.”

The corner of Bu Fang’s mouth twitched. He had at least covered Tyrant Patriarch with wounds.

“If it were me, Nicholas the Handsome Dragon, who fought that boy, I would have killed him with a Fortune Flatbread and a pot.” The Divine Dragon was so excited that his body was shivering. “Artifact Spirits’ luck will not be too bad... especially White Tiger.”

...

White-haired Bu Fang’s aura began to surge, rising rapidly from the level of Nine-revolution Little Saint and breaking the shackle in an instant. White flames emerged around him, twisting the void. Then, the White Tiger Heaven Stove appeared above his head. There was a blurry small world inside, filled with blazing flames.

One-revolution, Two-revolution, Three-revolution, Four-revolution... His aura kept climbing, and before long, it had reached Seven-revolution Great Saint. “Roar!” White-haired Bu Fang raised his head suddenly. Flames were blazing in his white eyes.

Boom!

His aura soared again. Fearful and scorching flames burned around him, distorting the void on the battlefield of the stars.

Eight-revolution, Nine-revolution...

Rumble!

All his white hair stood up, and his aura towered into the sky. The white flames around him kept wheeling and finally condensed into a flaming white tiger in midair, who opened its mouth and let out a deafening roar.

He had become a Nine-revolution Great Saint in just the blink of an eye!

In his spirit sea, Bu Fang was already struck dumb. He had thought that becoming a Nine-revolution Great Saint from a Nine-revolution Little Saint after eating a Fortune Flatbread was just a joke, that it was just a saying he used to get people to buy the Flatbread. Now it seemed that... it was not the case. 'This cocky White Tiger is really so lucky?' Bu Fang had eaten a Fortune Flatbread himself, and that just strengthened his divine will a little. The improvement was simply rubbish when compared to White Tiger's fortune.

"Hehe... White Tiger's luck is truly amazing. However, this handsome dragon's luck is even more heaven-defying," said the Divine Dragon with his arms crossed.

The Black Turtle and the Vermilion Bird rolled their eyes, while Bu Fang looked admiringly at the Divine Dragon despite not fully grasping his words.

...

All the people in the battlefield of the stars were struck dumb, feeling incredulous as they watched Bu Fang's aura climb and eventually reach a level that sent shivers through them. In a twinkling, he had become a Nine-revolution Great Saint from a Nine-revolution Little Saint! Such an impossible thing actually happened in front of them!

Rubbles fell and clattered as Yellow Spring Great Sage climbed out of the meteorite. He spat a glob of bloody phlegm to the side, then turned to look at Bu Fang, whose aura was surging in the distance. He was shocked instantly. "He's so strong! I didn't expect little friend Bu Fang to have such good luck!"

He sat cross-legged down on the meteorite and watched seriously. All of a sudden, he seemed to have thought of something, and his eyes shot with blood immediately. “This is not right! Why is he not bald after growing stronger?! Why should I be bald when I become strong?! This is unfair!”

That was a very serious topic!

Tyrant Patriarch appeared to be somewhat shocked, and he took a few steps back. Looking at the familiar look in Bu Fang’s eyes, his body suddenly trembled as if he had recalled some distant memories. “You... You...” Horrified, he pointed a finger at white-haired Bu Fang.

He remembered that he once saw someone’s hair turned white in a flash and obtained fearsome strength, but that was a different man. “You are indeed his inheritor...” Tyrant Patriarch took a deep breath. “You must die!”

Killing intent exploded out of him in an instant. The muscles on his chest trembled as he threw out a golden fist, which seemed powerful enough to destroy a star. It was a terrifying punch.

Shrouded in flames, white-haired Bu Fang lifted a hand and clenched the fist. Upon sensing the rocking energy in him, he grinned, raised his chin cockily, and gave Tyrant Patriarch a sideways glance. Then, showing no signs of fear, he also threw out a fist that was enveloped in flames.

Bam!

Tyrant Patriarch’s fist and white-haired Bu Fang’s fist collided in midair. An explosion spread in an instant, while a deafening noise rang out and shook the skies. After that, both men disappeared, only to meet again in the sky ten thousand feet from the ground. Their fists collided over and over again without fancy moves, and every collision caused their blood and energy to rumble.

“It’s useless! I’m a Perfected Great Saint! Even though you’re a Nine-revolution Great Saint now, you’re still weaker than me!” Tyrant Patriarch growled. He punched with his fists, kicked with his legs, and attacked with his elbows, turning all parts of his body into deadly weapons as his bulging muscles twitched like dragons.

In the space of a breath after the two of them collided, they had exchanged hundreds of blows. Tyrants were specialized in the cultivation of their bodies, and their flesh was their proudest strength. They were invincible when it came to flesh.

Boom!

White-haired Bu Fang was knocked flying away, but in the next instant, his figure flickered and disappeared. When he reappeared, he was already behind Tyrant Patriarch. “After all these years, your strength had grown a lot... However, you are still rubbish in my eyes!” He snorted cockily and punched Tyrant Patriarch on the back, knocking him flying away.

Unwilling to admit defeat, Tyrant Patriarch turned back quickly and locked white-haired Bu Fang in a fierce fistfight.

The fight shocked everyone. Er Ha’s jaw dropped as he watched with a blank face. He couldn’t figure out how Bu Fang became so strong. ‘A moment ago he was just a Nine-revolution Little Saint, but the next moment, he had become a Nine-revolution Great Saint... Does he have such heaven-defying luck as well?’

The other Patriarchs were trembling as they looked at white-haired Bu Fang fighting with Tyrant Patriarch. The figure that was shrouded in flames and the howls and roars reminded them of memories they didn’t want to recall.

In the starry sky, a gorgeous white tiger was burning all over with flames, fighting with Tyrant Patriarch with its claws, teeth, and tails. The fight shocked everyone.

Gradually, wounds began to emerge across Tyrant’s body. They were burning with white flames, which made him even more violent and turned his eyes red! “That man is dead! Why didn’t you disappear with him?!” he roared, throwing out another punch.

The only answer he got was a sneer from the White Tiger.

The fluctuation of the fight spread in waves while energy rippled in all directions, stirring the whole battlefield of the stars. Yellow Spring Great Sage watched with relish. Suddenly, he thought of something. He floated into the air, and before long, he came to Horned Demon Patriarch’s lifeless body, which was as enormous as a mountain, and put it away. A happy smile came over his face.

Rumble!

Meteorites exploded one by one, and flames spread in the void. Hit by a tiger paw, Tyrant Patriarch spun and smashed into a meteorite, crumbled it into pieces. He was covered in bloody marks. Golden blood flowed from the wounds as flames burned over them, preventing his body from healing the injuries. He was panting violently.

White-haired Bu Fang walked gracefully out of the blazing flames with his chin raised and a cocky look on his face. He raised a hand. Flames gathered in the palm and turned it into a tiger paw.

“You can’t kill me...” Tyrant Patriarch said, floating up. Suddenly, he burst out laughing, his voice lingering in the air and shocking all those who heard it. “Do you think you can kill me? Your cultivation base is boosted by bread. How long will it last? I can already sense that you’re starting to weaken... Once the time is up and your cultivation base returns to its original level, that will be the time for me to counterattack... I will crush your body inch by inch!” He laughed with a grim look on his face.

White-haired Bu Fang frowned. Indeed, the effect of a wisp of fortune gas couldn’t last for too long. He could feel that his strength had already begun to weaken. “You’re right. It can’t last for too long, but... the power I have now is enough for me to use that technique... Let’s see if you can survive it with your so-called indestructible body!”

He grinned, then the White Tiger Heaven Stove appeared above his head once again with a white tiger roaring over it. The moment it appeared, the stove grew larger and larger until it turned into a colossal thing that blotted out the sky. After that, it trapped Tyrant Patriarch inside like a cage!

Tyrant Patriarch was shocked, and he roared when he sensed the boiling flames around him. He punched the wall inside the stove, but it did not budge. “Dammit! Let me out of here!” Fear came into his eyes for the first time.

Bu Fang crossed his arms over his chest and floated in midair. The corners of his mouth curved upward slightly. “Do you think it’s a joke when people said that the White Tiger is in charge of killing?”

As soon as his voice rang out, Tyrant Patriarch was devoured by the boiling flames in the White Tiger Heaven Stove. All that was left was his miserable howls, which rang through the skies.

Everyone felt cold all over, while the Patriarchs in the distance trembled violently, their eyes filled with fear.

Was Tyrant Patriarch going to fall here today? He was the third strongest expert of the nine Nether Prison clans!

Suddenly, the whole starry sky seemed to freeze. There was a sudden tear in the void, and then an arm stretched out of it, reaching for the White Tiger Heaven Stove.

“That’s enough...” a thunderous voice boomed.

The Patriarchs became excited when they sensed the aura. “It’s Nether Puppeteer Patriarch! He’ll crush these unruly fellows!”

White-haired Bu Fang squinted at the arm, and the look in his eyes grew serious. ‘Have those two guys finally had enough?’ he thought to himself. All of a sudden, he turned and looked over his shoulder.

Behind him, the void was torn apart as well. A scary and vast aura poured out of it, collapsing the surrounding void. Then, a dog paw burning with black Earth Prison Flames stretched out of it, while a gentle and magnetic voice spread through the starry sky.