

## Gourmet 1341

### Chapter 1341 The Fall of Tyrant Patriarch

A gentle and charismatic voice rang through heaven and earth. That took all the people by surprise, and they turned abruptly to the rift that was torn open in the void.

There were actually two rifts—one on either side of the battlefield—and terrible existences were stretching their hands out of the openings.

Tyrant Patriarch was howling miserably in the White Tiger Heaven Stove. Scorching flames completely enveloped him and kept burning. His flesh was invincible, but he was suffering tremendous pain as the flames burned his body. His miserable voice rang beside all ears, making the hair of those who heard it stand on end.

White-haired Bu Fang raised his chin proudly. His eyes were cold, and he was emotionless as he looked at Tyrant Patriarch, who was being burned alive by the white flames in the stove.

In the distance, the Patriarchs were already stunned, and they felt extremely cold. They couldn't believe that Tyrant Patriarch was sealed and being burned with flames in a stove. Sword Demon Patriarch's eyes were full of horror. Looking at white-haired Bu Fang, he seemed to recall some memory that was hidden deep in his mind—the burning of white flames and the miserable shrieks.

A rumbling sound rang out as a rift was torn open in the void, from which a hand came stretching out, reaching for Bu Fang.

“That’s enough.”

A deafening voice accompanied the hand that was filled with an authoritative tone. The Patriarchs were excited because they knew that Nether Puppeteer Patriarch had finally made a move.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was the second strongest expert among the nine Nether Prison Patriarchs, and between him and the mysterious Di Ting, he was their backbone. Any trouble would be solved if he got his hands on it.

Nether King Tian Cang was a mighty expert who had attacked Nether Prison, almost invincible. Still, even he had suffered when he faced Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, which eventually led to him

being attacked by Black Demon. Therefore, as soon as he appeared, the Patriarchs thought that they had won the battle.

Inside the White Tiger Heaven Stove, flames burned incessantly as vitality energy leaked from Tyrant Patriarch's body in large amounts. He was screaming miserably without stopping.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's palm went directly toward White-haired Bu Fang, intending to kill him with one blow.

White-haired Bu Fang focused his eyes. He felt tremendous pressure.

Tyrant Patriarch was a Perfected Great Saint. It was a realm above the Nine-revolution, and there were levels within the realm as well.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, on the other hand, had reached the Perfected level many years ago. He had been staying there for a very long time, so he had touched the barrier. It would take him just one more step to break through into the supreme realm and stand above the whole Netherworld.

The pressure of such an expert was much greater than Tyrant Patriarch's, so even white-haired Bu Fang couldn't help but frown when facing it.

The effect of the Fortune Flatbread had begun to wane. If he were to resist Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's blow, the price would be huge.

However, another rift was torn open at that moment, and then a dog paw shrouded in black Earth Prison Flame thrust out of it.

Er Ha and the others became excited when they saw the dog paw.

"Mangy dog?!"

"Earth Prison Dog?!"

"Lord Dog?!"

Cries of surprise rang out among them.

White-haired Bu Fang gave the dog paw a sideways glance and slightly narrowed his eyes.

“How dare you bully my man when I’m not here?”

A gentle and charismatic voice rang through heaven and earth. The next moment, the dog paw slapped toward Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s palm.

The Nether Prison Patriarchs’ expressions all changed slightly, but then they sneered.

“Although that mangy dog is fearsome, he’s just as strong as Tyrant. Nether Puppeteer is much stronger than Tyrant... He’s overreaching himself. He will definitely be punished!”

Their hearts were filled with excitement. Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was a top expert of their nine clans, the foundation of their rule over the Netherworld. How could a mere mangy dog stand up against him? Even though this Earth Prison Dog was amazing, so what? In the face of absolute power, everything would be crushed!

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch didn’t say anything. As his palm drew nearer, the void trembled and collapsed, while ripples spread. Meteorites in the starry sky crumbled under his power, turning into rubble before scattering.

At this moment, the dog paw shrouded in Earth Prison Flame came and collided with the palm.

Boom!

A terrible explosion shook the void. Everyone felt as if their eardrums were about to rip as a tremendous amount of energy towered into the sky like great waves and came rumbling back down.

This level of fighting was simply shocking and scary.

“A close match?! I can’t believe this!”

The Patriarchs were cold all over and horrified!

White-haired Bu Fang's hair waved amid the collision of energy, while the Vermilion Robe he wore let out a sonorous bird cry, turned fiery scarlet, and wrapped his body. A scarlet fire burned around him, forming a barrier that resisted all the energy that was pouring over at him.

His eyes focused and fixed at the White Tiger Heaven Stove.

Inside the stove, Tyrant Patriarch was still screaming. After all, he was a Perfected Great Saint. Although the White Tiger Heaven Stove could suppress him, it would take a long time to burn him.

Some people saw Tyrant Patriarch bathed in flames inside the stove as if he had turned into a burning man, struggling and growling. He was punching at the wall, but he still could not get out.

The inside of the White Tiger Heaven Stove had turned into a world of flames, which was going to burn Tyrant Patriarch to death.

"How dare you!" Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's voice exploded like thunder in the sky, rumbling incessantly. He was furious.

Then, he threw out another palm, its power scarier than the previous one.

The pupils of Er Ha and the others constricted when they saw the palm. It didn't look like a human hand. Instead, it seemed to be made of steel, glinting coldly.

Even heaven and earth fell silent in front of this palm.

"How dare you act wildly when Lord Dog is here?!" The gentle and charismatic voice rang out again. Then, a dog paw struck, still shrouded in Earth Prison Flame, and collided with the palm.

The void collapsed, while dreadful fluctuations made many people retreat further and further until they could only watch the fight from a great distance.

This kind of fight terrified many Great Saints. Just its fluctuations alone had already made their hearts race, and they dared not get too close.

They were all Great Saints, but why was there such a huge gap between them?

However, there was an exception.

White-haired Bu Fang still sat cross-legged in the middle of the fight, unmoving like a ten-thousand-year pine tree. No matter how terrible the pressure was or how violent the energy blasts were, they could not budge him. His hair waved in the wind as he raised his chin cockily.

Suddenly, a startling scene appeared in the White Tiger Heaven Stove. Like butter scorched by high temperature, Tyrant Patriarch's body began to melt at a rate visible to the naked eye, as if it was going to turn into a pool of liquid!

Soon, his muscular, powerful arms softened and drooped on the ground, in which flames were burning. His head was full of cracks, and his hands began to melt and dripped to the ground as liquid drops. After a few moments, his body began to collapse, with holes bursting open one by one.

His shrieks were bloodcurdling. As time went by, however, his voice gradually disappeared. He could no longer scream as he had turned into a puddle of boiling liquid in the stove.

Everyone sucked in a cold breath. They could not believe that the mighty Tyrant Patriarch was burned to death by Bu Fang.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch flew into a rage when he sensed what happened, and he attacked even more violently. However, Lord Dog was continuously bombarding him with Earth Prison Flames. Although both of them didn't show up, just the collisions of their attacks were enough to crush everyone on the battlefield.

After a long time, everything in the stove went quiet. Tyrant Patriarch was completely silent, and the only sound in the stove were the flickering sounds from the blazing flames.

The fire was crackling noisily and burning fiercely, but it sent a chill into those who looked at it.

Tyrant Patriarch had fallen.

Bu Fang's hair began to turn from white to black at a rate visible to the naked eye, and his pupils also softened, no longer as sharp as before. The White Tiger had returned to his spirit sea.

Bu Fang was also quite shocked.

Tyrant Patriarch was a mighty existence. He was the third strongest Great Saint of the nine Nether Prison clans, and even Tian Cang had failed to kill him.

However, Bu Fang had accomplished the feat. Of course, he did that with the help of the Artifact Spirit, but it was still an incredible achievement.

The fall of a Perfected Great Saint was a piece of shocking news to the entire Netherworld, and it was even an unbearable loss to Nether Prison!

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch stopped attacking. The next moment, the void ripped apart, and a figure could be seen looming amid the rushing turbulence, staring at Bu Fang with a pair of ferocious eyes.

“You have killed Tyrant and Horned Demon. Of the nine Nether Prison Patriarchs, only seven remain now... We Nether Prison will not accept such a price! All of you will die with them!”

His words were full of monstrous killing intent, making Er Ha and the others tremble.

“Nether Prison's unification of the Netherworld and the establishment of a great world is required by the Great Path! No one can stop us... neither can you! Whoever stops us will be punished!”

Bu Fang stood in the starry sky with an indifferent face. Suddenly, a pair of eyes turned to look at him from inside the turbulence. It seemed to gaze down at him from the skies with a deep look that wanted to tear his soul apart.

At this moment, the void behind him was torn apart. Inside, turbulence was churning, and a lean dog shrouded in flames could be seen.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch turned his eyes to the dog. Their eyes met in midair through the turbulence.

“Whatever tricks you have, Lord Dog is waiting...” Lord Dog’s gentle and charismatic voice rang out.

They looked at each other for a long time, then Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s pupils constricted.

“Impossible... You want to take that step?! This cannot be! You can’t make it!” Nether Puppeteer Patriarch suddenly became very agitated.

Lord Dog only responded with a contemptuous laugh.

“You won’t succeed! Just you wait... I will definitely stop you!” Nether Puppeteer Patriarch growled. The next moment, the void in front of him slowly healed, and the rift disappeared.

Bu Fang stood in midair, his Vermilion Robe flapping noisily in the wind. Behind him, the dog in the rift slowly turned around and walked toward the depths of the turbulence, and then the void gradually healed.

Lord Dog said nothing and disappeared again, leaving many doubts to those present.

‘Nether Puppeteer Patriarch said Lord Dog wants to take that step... What step is that?’ Bu Fang thought to himself, frowning. The next moment, the White Tiger Heaven Stove returned to his side, turned into a belt, and wrapped around his waist.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and looked into the distance, where the Nether Prison Patriarchs gathered.

The Patriarchs’ hearts skipped a beat when they found that Bu Fang was looking at them. Without hesitation, they turned and sped toward the ground, and were soon out of sight. They didn’t want to end up like Tyrant Patriarch!

For a moment, the battlefield of the stars became very quiet. It was as if the battle had ended for the time being.

Chapter 1342 Lord Dog’s Voice

Nether Prison's army fled after a disastrous defeat, and its Great Saints also retreated as Lord Dog showed up and overpowered Nether Puppeteer Patriarch. The invasion ended in a crushing defeat for Nether Prison.

Of course, everyone knew that this was not the end. Although the Nether Prison army had lost, they would certainly come back, and the next time, the situation would be even more bitter.

Di Ting, the strongest expert of the nine clans, and Nether Puppeteer Patriarch did not take part in this war. The reason for that was unknown, but it had given Earth Prison a breathing space.

Tyrant Patriarch had fallen. Once this news spread, the whole Nether Prison would explode into an uproar.

As a Perfected Great Saint and the soul of the Tyrant Clan, the death of Tyrant Patriarch was a shocking disaster to the experts of the clan. After losing him, the clan's status would plummet to the bottom of the nine clans. Even though they had other Great Saints, the absence of Tyrant Patriarch, who held the clan together, would make it harder for them to have great power again.

The battlefield of the stars was quiet, with only broken meteorites and the blood of Great Saints. Since ancient times, this place had been known as the graveyard of Great Saints as countless of them had fallen here.

The battle that had just ended was comparable to the one that Nether King Tian Cang fought when he attacked Nether Prison. At that time, countless Great Saints were killed, but it was Earth Prison who lost.

On the ground, Earth Prison experts all raised their arms and cheered. They were too excited to contain their emotions.

It was a hard-won victory. Earth Prison had suffered heavy casualties, with some aristocratic families wiped out. But this was war. Had it not been for Bu Fang's Fortune Flatbread, Earth Prison might not have been able to hold on long ago.

In this war, Bu Fang's Fortune Flatbread became even more famous. Because of the good fortune they brought, the whole war was turned around.

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On the wall of Imprisoned Dragon Pass...

Everyone fell silent as they looked at the battlefield. It was filled with death and smoke, with bodies scattered all over the ground and blood flowing like rivers. The cruelty of the war lay before them at this moment.

Ice Saint, clad in a white dress, stood on the wall and let out a long sigh as she looked at the devastated land. Bu Fang and the others were on the wall as well.

Yellow Spring Great Sage narrowed his eyes with the corners of his mouth curved upward slightly, as if something good had happened. He looked at Bu Fang and seemed to want to say something, but he hesitated. "Forget it. I'll discuss it with you when we get back to the restaurant," he said with a smile.

Nethery stood beside Bu Fang in silence, while Er Ha and Ying Long went to manage the aftermath of the war.

Although the war was over, it did not mean that everything was over. Nether Prison was certainly not about to give up its goal of unifying the Netherworld.

In the future, it would definitely come back, and it would surely return with greater strength. By then, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, Di Ting, and other supreme existences would highly likely participate in the war.

Earth Prison, on the other hand, lacked experts at this level.

Suddenly Bu Fang remembered something, and he turned to Yellow Spring Great Sage and Ice Saint. As someone who had lived the longest, they might know the answer.

"Nether Puppeteer Patriarch mentioned just now that Lord Dog is going to take the last step, and he will definitely stop it. What does that mean?"

Yellow Spring Great Sage and Ice Saint looked at each other. Their faces grew solemn at the same time.

After thinking for a while, Yellow Spring Great Sage said to Ice Saint, “Sister, you tell him.”

Ice Saint nodded. “Do you know why Di Ting and Nether Puppeteer Patriarch didn’t take part in this war?” she asked.

Bu Fang shook his head doubtfully. This was actually one of the things that he didn’t understand. If Di Ting and Nether Puppeteer Patriarch joined the war, Earth Prison would never have been able to withstand their attack.

“Because they can’t. At their level, they’re thinking about how to break through to the next level. It was like a hazy mist, which cannot be touched or seen through,” said Ice Saint.

“Tian Cang touched this level once, but he gave up. He chose to fight Nether Prison. Di Ting should also have reached this level. As for Nether Puppeteer, he may still be a little behind... However, he needs to protect Di Ting from being disturbed, so he didn’t take part in the invasion as well.”

Bu Fang nodded with a straight face, then went on to ask, “So, you mean Lord Dog has reached that level too? Then why could he still show up to help us?”

Ice Saint’s long eyelashes fluttered slightly. Looking at Bu Fang, she said, “Earth Prison Dog should have just stepped into that level, so he can easily come out to help you. When he reaches the critical moment, any interference may lead to failure.”

Bu Fang was lost in thought. ‘No wonder Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was so horrified when he learned that Lord Dog had reached that level...’

“When Di Ting’s condition stabilizes, Nether Puppeteer won’t need to guard him anymore. At that time, he will probably sabotage Earth Prison Dog’s breakthrough,” Ice Saint said.

Bu Fang nodded. ‘Maybe Lord Dog has his own plan...’ he thought to himself.

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The result of this war shocked the small words around the Netherworld. No one expected that the full-force attack of Nether Prison would be resisted by Earth Prison, and that even Tyrant Patriarch and Horned Demon Patriarch were killed on the battlefield of the stars.

The experts of the Vajra Realm clenched their fists in excitement. Their world was defeated by Tyrant Patriarch. In terms of physical strength, the Vajra Realm was much weaker than the Tyrants. Although their world was now a vassal of Nether Prison, that didn't prevent them from feeling excited at the news of Tyrant Patriarch's tragic death.

The other small worlds, including the West Little Buddhism Realm and the Wandering Soul Realm, were all in uproars when the news reached them.

The invincible Nether Prison was beaten in the war with Earth Prison. It proved that Earth Prison was really strong. Even without Nether King Tian Cang, it was still not a world to be messed with.

However, everyone knew that Earth Prison had only temporarily stopped the invasion. The goal of Nether Prison was to unify the Netherworld and turn it into a great world, with it being the center of this great world.

Nether Prison would never give up invading Earth Prison. Soon, when the Great World Plan was launched, Earth Prison would not be able to withstand the crazy attack of Nether Prison.

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It was bustling again in front of Yellow Spring Little Restaurant.

With the end of the war, the Fortune Flatbread's fame spread throughout Earth Prison. Almost everyone knew about it now, including the name and location of the restaurant that sold it. It was a magical food that could turn the tide of the war.

Unfortunately, the owner of the restaurant cut back on the number of Fortune Flatbreads he sold after the war. Instead of three per day, each person could now buy only one. Most people, however, had no complaints. As long as they could buy it, they would be very happy.

Some aristocratic families even sent people to wait in front of the restaurant, and as soon as the door opened, they would buy the flatbread. They wanted to keep a stockpile of Fortune Flatbread because they knew that they would definitely come in handy in future wars.

These families were not stupid. Earth Prison seemed to have won the war this time, but they knew about the crisis that lurked behind the victory. Once Nether Prison launched another invasion, Earth Prison would definitely not be able to withstand the attack, for the next invasion would certainly involve more powerful experts.

Without top experts, Earth Prison could not win the coming war.

Although war was not all about top experts, how could they resist if their top experts were outnumbered? After all, it was still the stronger men who had the bigger say in this world.

Ting-a-ling!

The kitchen curtain was lifted, and Bu Fang came out of it carrying a basket of Fortune Flatbreads. His sleeves were rolled up, revealing his fair arms. The steaming bread was now the best seller in Yellow Spring Little Restaurant.

With a thump, he put the basket of Fortune Flatbreads on the table. This was the last basket of the day. Bu Fang made a limited number of Fortune Flatbreads every day, about three baskets or so. After he had sold all of them, he would not continue to make them.

The customers waiting in line were already impatient. They paid the money, took the Flatbreads, and promptly left.

Some people bought the flatbread for the fortune gas in it, while others simply bought it for its taste. Excluding the magical fortune gas, the delicious taste of the flatbread had captured the hearts of many. Some people even traveled tens of thousands of miles and spent tens of thousands of Nether Crystals just to taste a piece of Fortune Flatbread.

When the last Fortune Flatbread was sold, Bu Fang told the customers who were still in line that the day's Fortune Flatbread sales were over.

Of course, some people were upset, but others continued to queue up. It was still worth waiting in line for other delicacies in the restaurant.

Sizzle...

Bu Fang was busy cooking in the kitchen. After the war, the restaurant's business picked up again.

Nethery became a temporary waitress to help Bu Fang serve the dishes, saving him a lot of trouble. Foxy sometimes helped her. However, whenever the little fox looked at the steaming braised pork and the glittering and translucent meat chunks, her mouth would water. Waitressing could be a form of torture, especially for foodies like Foxy. So, just when she could no longer bear it, she returned to the Heaven and Earth Farmland.

Yellow Spring Great Sage also visited the restaurant from time to time. However, he only ordered a dish that goes with wine each time, and then he would sit happily at a table, holding his jade wine jar. When the dish was served, he would touch the mouth of the jar with his lips and taste a little bit of the wine. Sometimes, he would just moisten his lips with it, then finish the dish in great joy.

This kind of life made Yellow Spring Great Sage feel comfortable. At least, he was happier than when he had only known how to hold grass.

Nether King Er Ha finally regained his freedom. When he had nothing to do, he would come to Yellow Spring Little Restaurant and pester Bu Fang for spicy strips. Eventually, the latter stopped giving him a hard time and gave him some spicy strips.

After that, he always held a spicy strip between his lips while chatting with customers in the restaurant, and he would suck the strip from time to time. He looked very happy and content.

Because of a small restaurant, the once quiet and remote Yellow Spring City seemed to have become the heart of Earth Prison. All the aristocratic families had sent their experts to buy properties in the city, while some itinerant cultivators also gathered here.

The people from the nearby towns and cities were constantly migrating over. Soon, the once desolate city expanded and became a great city.

The Lord of Yellow Spring City, who was also the Lord of Forbidden Soul City before it was destroyed, was grinning from ear to ear. He went from being a little-known city lord to the lord of one of the most famous cities in Earth Prison, and all this was just because of a little restaurant.

Of course, he was also a frequent visitor to this restaurant.

The day's business for the restaurant was over, but the nightlife in Yellow Spring City had just begun.

On the streets, stalls selling all kinds of steaming dishes and snacks had been set up. On both sides of the streets were pedestrians, lanterns, ceremonial lanterns, and various delicious delicacies.

Because of a restaurant, business in the city was booming, and all kinds of special delicacies had gathered here, which made the city a famous food city.

Bu Fang no longer hunkered down in the restaurant at night. He would take Nethery and Foxy out and hang out in the streets. He thought it would be nice to take some time to taste the food and feel the local customs of Earth Prison.

Earth Prison was vast, but Bu Fang did not have time to visit all the places. He had only been to the Goddess City and Yellow Spring City, but that was enough for him.

Yellow Spring City had a great atmosphere at night. Nethery followed Bu Fang and glanced around curiously. The streets were lined with stalls selling various steaming delicacies, and the vendors were busy cooking.

Bu Fang saw a group of people gathered in front of a stall while the vendor was selling food to them with a big smile. He walked over, pointed to the snack made of dough in the wok, and asked, "What's this?"

"It's a specialty delicacy of Earth Prison, young man, a black glutinous rice cake from the south. Very delicious. Would you like to have some?" the vendor looked at Bu Fang and explained with a big smile.

Bu Fang nodded. He paid the Nether Crystals, then took the bag of black rice cake and shared it with Nethery.

There were still many kinds of delicacies along the street, including roasted phoenix feet, steamed Overlord Snails, and noodles seared with red oil.

Just as Bu Fang and Nethery were enjoying the rice cake, he suddenly stopped walking because a gentle and charismatic voice rang in his head.

“Lord Dog?”

Bu Fang was slightly stunned at the voice.

#### Chapter 1343 A Hungry Lord Dog

Bu Fang was holding a thin wooden stick with a steaming black rice cake on it. The snack glittered like black agate with pieces of spirit fruit dotted its surface. Suddenly, Lord Dog’s gentle and magnetic voice rang in his head. He released his divine will, but he could not sense Lord Dog’s aura within hundreds of miles. He thought it was just an illusion.

‘Why did I hear Lord Dog’s voice? Is it because I miss him too much?’

With his mouth wide open, he stuffed the glutinous rice cake into his mouth. The soft, moist snack was warm on his tongue. When he chewed on it, it stuck to his teeth, while the savory aroma and sweetness of rice burst and filled his mouth, giving him an unspeakable sense of happiness. This snack from Earth Prison was quite delicious.

“Bu Fang boy...”

As Bu Fang munched on the rice cake, Lord Dog’s voice rang in his head once more, and this time it was clearer. He paused, and he was quite sure that the voice was not an illusion.

Frowning, he waited patiently for the voice to speak again. Sure enough, a few moments later, Lord Dog’s voice sounded.

“Bu Fang boy... I’m hungry. Prepare a plate of Sweet ‘n’ Sour Dragon Ribs for me so that I can have the strength to continue fighting when I’m full!”

Lord Dog’s voice was solemn, but his words left Bu Fang speechless. If Bu Fang was right, Lord Dog was talking to him with a voice transmission. It was a technique requiring a high level of divine will, which the average person simply could not do.

He could also send voice transmission to others. After all, his divine will was also quite strong. However, the target of his voice transmission must be within the range of his divine will.

Lord Dog sent him a voice transmission from a great distance just for a bowl of Sweet ‘n’ Sour Dragon Ribs?

After thinking for a moment, Bu Fang did not refuse, and he asked through a voice transmission, “Alright. Where are you?”

“I’m at the former site of the Black Temple. Come here in three days... I need to break through a small barrier in these three days,” Lord Dog said, his voice gradually fading away.

Bu Fang was speechless. ‘He really just wants me to cook him a plate of Sweet ‘n’ Sour Dragon Ribs... Why is this fat dog so addicted to this dish?’

Nethery was walking beside Bu Fang. When she saw him suddenly stop in place, she blinked her big eyes and asked, “What happened? Is this black rice cake not delicious?”

Lord Dog’s voice transmission was targeted at Bu Fang only, so she had no idea what was really happening.

Foxy was sitting on her shoulder, happily nibbling on a roasted phoenix claw. Although her main food was Explosive Meatballs, she would not refuse other delicacies. She was a well-deserved foodie. It was only half a month after the war, and the little fox was already gaining weight, almost doubling in size. It was very likely that her mother, the six-tailed fox, would not recognize her now. It made one wonder whether she was a fox or a pig.

“Nothing. This glutinous rice cake tastes good...” Bu Fang said, shaking his head.

Later, the two of them did not say anything and went back to the restaurant.

‘Send a plate of Sweet ‘n’ Sour Dragon Ribs to Lord Dog at the former site of the Black Temple in three days...’

Bu Fang seemed to understand something. After Black Demon’s death, Lord Dog, Er Ha, and Ying Long broke into the Black Temple. Lord Dog probably got some amazing resources there, which was why he entered a state of breakthrough.



The fortune in the Black Temple gave him a chance to break through, so he did not join the previous war.

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes and nodded. As he did not need to deliver the food until three days later, he still had some free time. Holding Foxy, he entered the Heaven and Earth Farmland.

With the improvement of his cultivation base, the farmland had grown wider and wider. He glanced around. The Immortal Tree was swaying not far away, while the Senseless Lotus shone softly at its top. Beside them, the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree was constantly emitting mysterious notes.

The whole Heaven and Earth Farmland looked like a paradise.

As soon as they arrived, Foxy, who had doubled in size, unleashed her basic instincts and ran wildly among the grass with Eighty, Eight Treasures Pig, and other animals, while Niu Hansan came to Bu Fang with a big smile.

His apprentice chefs were exchanging experiences in the distance. After having a few words with them, Bu Fang entered the wooden hut and began to study the Gourmet Array.

He never got around to studying the new Time Gourmet Array.

When he threw out the Yin-Yang Pots on the battlefield of the stars, he suddenly realized that the Time Gourmet Array must also have some effect. There was 'time' in its name, sounding quite powerful, but he knew nothing about its effect. Therefore, he came to the farmland to study it.

To be sure, he would not be able to get any results in a short time. So in the following days, he ran the restaurant during the day, and in the evening, after tasting some delicious street food, he went into the farmland to continue studying the Gourmet Array.

Bu Fang wanted to make a Death Food Tool that was more powerful, but his research found that the Time Gourmet Array was so unstable that ordinary carriers could not sustain it for too long. Therefore, he focused on studying the carrier next.

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Three days later...

Early in the morning, the sun shone into the restaurant. Bu Fang opened his eyes and stretched himself. After washing his face and rinsing his mouth, he came to the kitchen and began his daily cooking practice. Cooking was a lifelong skill that required constant study and practice every day to master its full potential.

Sizzle...

When he was done practicing, he began to cook the ribs. He processed the dragon ribs and marinated them, then added them into the wok and began cooking. Before long, the ribs were cooked. Bu Fang placed the ribs on a blue-and-white porcelain plate, and then poured the orange-red sauce over them to make the aroma more savory.

A plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Dragon Ribs was thus completed.

After putting the plate of ribs into a food container he had prepared, Bu Fang walked out of the restaurant and closed the door.

As it was still early, only a few customers queued up in front of the restaurant. They were all very surprised at Bu Fang's appearance.

Bu Fang did not say anything to them. He just took out a piece of wooden plaque, wrote 'Rest For the Day' on it, and hung it on the door. Then, with the food container in hand, he turned and strode off into the distance.

Just then, Yellow Spring Great Sage approached at breakneck speed. From afar, he already saw Bu Fang.

He came to Bu Fang, especially today, because he had a good thing to exchange with him, but he did not expect him to go out so early. However, when he learned that Bu Fang was actually going to deliver food to Earth Prison Dog, he was very surprised, and he wanted to follow as well.

Bu Fang did not refuse because it happened that he was a little confused about getting to the former site of the Black Temple. Yellow Spring Great Sage could help and save him a lot of trouble.

The two of them jumped into the sky and began to fly at high speed. Before long, they landed and came in front of the former site of the Black Temple.

Since Black Demon's death, the mysterious power that enveloped the Black Temple had dispersed, and all the experts inside had been wiped out by that power. After losing its owner, the Black Temple lost its qualification to continue as a forbidden land, and all the people inside were obliterated because they did not belong to this age.

The Black Temple was a huge palace. Its roof, like a sharp sword pointing at the sky, gleamed with cold light. This was the once magnificent Black Temple.

Bu Fang and Yellow Spring Great Sage came to its front doors. They could see that the doors were covered with many dog paw prints. No doubt that these were all traces left by Lord Dog. It was obvious that he had harassed the Black Temple many times before.

Lord Dog should know that there was something in the Black Temple that could help him break through.

"Hahaha! I can imagine Black Demon's constipated look when he was harassed by that mangy dog..." Looking at all the dog paw prints on the doors, Yellow Spring Great Sage burst out laughing.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth also twitched slightly.

They didn't stay there for too long. Bu Fang raised his hands and pushed open the doors. With a creak, the doors opened on either side, and a burst of black gas rushed out of it as if to wrap them up completely.

They went in together. The Black Temple was very quiet—the only sound they heard was their footsteps echoing in the air. There was no one except the bandages scattered all over the ground.

The Black Temple was once glorious. Unfortunately, the change of the ages had reduced this mighty power to ruins. Everything inside was covered with dust as if they had been untouched for an age.

It was as if the experts who once lived in it never existed. If Bu Fang had not killed Black Demon himself, perhaps he would have fallen into the illusion that the Black Temple had been left untouched for an entire age.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk... So this is the Power of the Laws,” Yellow Spring Great Sage muttered as he walked with his hands clasped behind him.

“The Power of the Laws?” Bu Fang was puzzled.

“The so-called Power of the Laws is a force stronger than the Will of the Great Path. It is the source of the world, and no one can compete with it... Even Perfected Great Saints were like worms before the Power of the Laws,” Yellow Spring Great Sage said with mixed emotions.

“The Laws...” Bu Fang was lost in thought.

“To be honest, I’m also curious about what realm is beyond the Perfected Great Saint Realm. I have cultivated for tens of thousands of years, but I have not yet touched the barrier. It never occurred to me that that mangy dog would reach that level first.” Yellow Spring Great Saint touched his nose.

They continued walking into the depths of the Black Temple, talking as they went so they didn’t feel cold.

Suddenly, a shadow flashed in front of them.

Bu Fang and Yellow Spring Great Sage focused their eyes at the same time, while the latter held out a hand with mighty power gathering rapidly in his palm.

“Who’s there?! Show yourself!” Yellow Spring Great Sage shouted.

Then, the whole Black Temple began to flash with light. Soon, they saw a lazy fat black dog lying on the ground not far ahead, yawning.

“Lord Dog?”

“Mangy dog?”

Bu Fang and Yellow Spring Great Sage were taken aback. They had not sensed any living thing near them at all.

Lord Dog raised his head slightly, glanced at Yellow Spring Great Sage, and then fixed his eyes on Bu Fang.

“Bu Fang boy, you have come...” His gentle and magnetic voice resounded through the palace.

Bu Fang nodded. He took out the food container and removed the plate of shining Sweet ‘n’ Sour Dragon Ribs from it. A rich fragrance immediately filled the air.

Lord Dog’s nose twitched, and his eyes lit up in an instant.

“You sent me a voice transmission through a great distance just for a plate of Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs? Why can’t you come to eat at the restaurant after breaking through?”

With the plate of ribs in his hand, Bu Fang put the food container on the floor and walked slowly up to Lord Dog. Then, he placed the blue-and-white porcelain plate in front of him and sat on the cold steps.

Lord Dog just glanced at Bu Fang, buried his face in the plate, and started attacking the ribs. He behaved like he had not eaten Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs for a long time and was very hungry.

Yellow Spring Great Sage shook his head at the way Lord Dog ate, but he didn’t say anything either.

The palace fell silent again, with only the sound of Lord Dog eating ringing in the air.

After a long time, Lord Dog finally finished eating. Even the plate was licked clean by him, leaving not a bit of sauce.

When he had his fill, he licked his paws with satisfaction, and the corners of his mouth curved upward slightly.

“Bu Fang boy’s Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs never disappointed me...” Lord Dog said. Then, he opened his eyes. When he saw the puzzled look in Bu Fang’s eyes, he narrowed his eyes.

"I haven't tasted Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs for thousands of years. Now that I finally had it, I feel very moved!" Lord Dog said, licking his paws.

Thousands of years?

Yellow Spring Great Sage and Bu Fang were both dumbfounded. Didn't Lord Dog just disappear for a while? How did it become thousands of years?

"It's a long story... I don't have time to say much. Moreover, I will enter a critical moment next, so I need someone to protect me. That's why I called Bu Fang boy here. Otherwise, do you think I sent you a voice transmission just for a plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs? Well, that's actually one of the important reasons..."

Lord Dog twitched his nose as if he were savoring the taste of the ribs.

"In case I fail... At least I died with the taste of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in my mouth. I could die without regret..."

Chapter 1344 Undercurrent

"What?!" Lord Dog's words came as a shock to both Yellow Spring Great Sage and Bu Fang.

Why was he so pessimistic? That did not sound like his usual self!

Watching Lord Dog stick out his tongue and lick the corners of his mouth, Bu Fang felt that the fat dog just wanted to eat Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, and what he said just now was just an excuse.

"That realm is really dangerous, so you have to be careful," said Yellow Spring Great Sage. "Also, once you start to break through, those Nether Prison guys will definitely find out. If Di Ting and Nether Puppeteer break through before you do, we cannot stop them." Since he knew more things than others, he thought he'd better warn Lord Dog first.

That realm was abstruse and unfathomable. Di Ting and Lord Dog both touched it, but it was extremely difficult for them to break through. In fact, it was much more difficult than breaking through from a Little Saint to a Great Saint.

There were many obstacles to overcome, but Yellow Spring Great Sage didn't really know about those obstacles. After all, he was still a little far from that level, even after he ate the Fortune Flatbread and became bald. That was why he could only warn Lord Dog. As for what should be done, he did not know.

"Don't worry..." Lord Dog yawned. "I found an array here. It should be a relic of the previous age. Black Demon was going to use it to break through, but he died too suddenly," he said, sniffing. "The power of this array is incredible as it contains the power of time. When I found it, I rashly stepped into it. I then realized that a thousand years inside is just one day outside."

A thousand years inside was just one day outside?

Bu Fang and Yellow Spring Great Sage both gasped.

How could there be such an incredible array in the world?

"So you have cultivated in that array for a thousand years, mangy dog?" Yellow Spring Great Sage took a deep breath. He had lived only tens of thousands of years since he was born, and half of that time, he was playing with grass. Had he not, his cultivation base would be even more terrifying now. If he could go back in time, however, he would still play with grass because it brought him spiritual pleasure.

Still, he was taken aback by what Lord Dog said.

'No wonder this mangy dog touched that realm so quickly. In fact, with his previous cultivation base, he may be able to break through after some time. Now that he has cultivated for one thousand years, it certainly made it easier for him to get to that level...'

Bu Fang, on the other hand, was lost in thought.

'A thousand years in that array is just one day outside... Is this an array that can control the flow of time? Is it an array that contains the Time Gourmet Array? Could it be left by the previous host?'

What he knew now was that the previous host was probably a figure from the previous age. This could be inferred from what the Patriarchs of the nine Nether Prison clans and Black Demon had said.

Something major must have happened in the previous age, which caused the Patriarchs of the nine Nether Prison clans to kill the previous host.

What he couldn't figure out was whether these Patriarchs were experts of the Netherworld or the followers of the previous host? The answer might be known only to the previous host and the nine Patriarchs.

But that was not what he had to think about right now. It was the Time Gourmet Array that concerned him.

'Can the Time Gourmet Array be used like this? No...'

Bu Fang frowned and felt that things were not as simple as he had imagined.

He had experimented with the Time Gourmet Array in the Heaven and Earth Farmland. It could indeed control the flow of time, but once someone stepped into the flow of time, everything about that person, both physical and mental, would gradually age with the passing of time.

However, he did not observe such side effects in Lord Dog. Although Lord Dog was giving off an air of someone who had lived a thousand years, his body was exactly the same as a thousand years ago, and his mental strength had not declined.

After living thousands of years, even a Great Saint's body and mind would show the side effects of aging.

Judging from this, there was no doubt that this array must contain more than the Time Gourmet Array.

The atmosphere in the Black Temple became somewhat frozen. After a long time, Lord Dog broke the silence.

"Bu Fang boy, do you still have... Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs?" he asked, sticking out his tongue and looking at Bu Fang. "I can only have the strength to fight when I'm full..."



Looking at Lord Dog's trembling fat, Bu Fang couldn't help twitching the corner of his mouth.

He took out some dragon ribs and began cooking. Soon, a delicious aroma permeated the air in the Black Temple, and a plate of glittering and steaming Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs was placed in front of Lord Dog.

Lord Dog's fat trembled as he bent over the plate and began attacking the ribs once again.

Yellow Spring Great Sage sighed. He asked Bu Fang for three blue-and-white porcelain cups, then took out his precious jade wine jar and filled all three cups with wine. A refreshing bouquet filled the air instantly, making their mouths water.

"Come, since you have chosen to take that path, then I will use my treasured wine to wish you success!" Yellow Spring Great Sage said with a smile as he set a cup of wine in front of Lord Dog, who was eating the ribs. After that, he gave Bu Fang the other cup.

Colorful liquor sloshed in the cups. The bouquet of the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine seemed to drift tens of thousands of miles away. It was an extremely rich wine.

Lord Dog looked up. His nose and the hair around his mouth were all stained with the ribs' sauce. He opened his mouth and inhaled, and immediately, the wine in the cup went into his mouth.

"Excellent wine!" He grinned, licked his lips, then bowed his head and continued to eat his Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs.

When he finally finished eating, he belched and lay motionlessly on the ground. After a short rest, he rose to his feet and said, "You two, come with me..."

Lord Dog led the way, strutting his enchanting cat-like steps. After turning left and right again and again for a while, they came to a secret room. The location of this room was well hidden, and it was likely that only a few people in the Black Temple knew about its existence.

Bu Fang and Yellow Spring Great Sage followed the fat dog into the secret room. Inside was a completely different world. There were mountains and rivers, while the wind was gusting and a light rain was falling from the sky. But that was all. There was no life here.

In the middle of this world was a complicated and intricate array.

“See, that’s the array I told you. I’ve been lying there for thousands of years, and that’s how long I have not tasted Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs. How I miss them...” Lord Dog said.

His heart was still filled with lingering fear. He was worried that if he stayed in the array for tens of thousands of years and didn’t eat Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs, he would go crazy.

Bu Fang looked intently at the huge array. He was shocked.

It was rotating, giving off a mysterious aura. It looked completely detached from this world and did not seem to belong to this world at all.

Even Yellow Spring Great Sage was stunned. Such an array was completely beyond his imagination. It was like a miracle left by some god. “An array that can manipulate time... It is indeed a wonder!” As he said that, he couldn’t help reaching out his hand to touch it.

Bu Fang was sensing the array. He could clearly feel the aura of the Time Gourmet Array contained in it. It was the same aura as the array that was carved on the food container he was given some time ago. The difference was that the array in front of him consisted of more than just a Time Gourmet Array. It also included many different arrays, which were not even known to him. He felt that they should be other Gourmet Arrays that he had not yet acquired.

He couldn’t believe that by combining the different Gourmet Arrays, they could create such a marvelous effect.

Bu Fang’s eyes lit up as he looked through the whole array. He saw several rotating dishes inside, which were located in different corners.

Yellow Spring Great Sage and Lord Dog couldn’t see them, but he could. There were four dishes located in the four corners of the array, and the light they emitted formed into four mythical beasts: a dragon, a phoenix, a turtle, and a tiger.

The four mythical beasts were seated in the four corners of the array, maintaining its operation.

This was a Four Quadrants Array.

Bu Fang withdrew his gaze, shocked. He was becoming more and more curious about the origin of the previous host.

Previously, when he was cooking a dish in the God of Cooking's Menu, his spirit sea turned into a Yin-Yang-Four-Quadrants spirit sea. Bu Fang thought he was the first one in this world who had formed this array, but it turned out that the previous host had also created a similar array.

He sighed softly and shook his head as if he wanted to shake some thoughts out of his mind. He told himself that it was no use thinking so much—all he needed to do was to take measures according to what the situation called for. After all, he was only a chef, and his main job was to cook delicious food. All this fighting and protecting were just to make him better at cooking.

“Well, I’m going in. Bu Fang boy, don’t let anyone disturb me, or I could never taste your Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs again,” Lord Dog said half-jokingly, his gentle and magnetic voice resounding through the air. After that, he walked toward the array with his enchanting cat-like steps.

The array was activated the moment he stepped into it. The light of the Time Gourmet Array was flashing, while the four dishes representing the Four Quadrants were rotating.

Standing outside the array, Bu Fang looked at the scene solemnly with his hands behind his back, while Yellow Spring Great Sage held his jade wine jar and took a deep breath.

A few moments later, the array began to rumble and burst into light, and then Lord Dog’s aura was gone completely.

Bu Fang and Yellow Spring Great Sage exchanged a glance, said nothing, and turned and walked slowly out of the secret room. The door was shut with a crash behind them.

The two of them came to the center of the palace and sat down on the ground. Since Lord Dog asked them to protect him from being disturbed, he must have his reason.

...

At the Di Ting Clan’s homeland...

A fearful black vortex was spinning rapidly with vast energy gathering into it. Two figures stood beside it. One of them was a thin old man with sharp eyes. He was none other than Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, and beside him was Sword Demon Patriarch.

They both gasped as they watched the vortex and felt the terrible energy inside.

“That realm is indeed supreme... How I envy him,” Nether Puppeteer Patriarch said.

Sword Demon Patriarch carried a sword on his back. He didn’t speak because he didn’t know what to say. That realm was too far from him, and he only knew that it was a supreme realm. Even so, he was well aware of the horror of that realm.

He still remembered the devilish figure that had fought alone against the supreme existence of the great world at the end of the last age, as well as that mighty power that could destroy heaven and earth.

Unfortunately, that man died after all.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch tapped Sword Demon Patriarch’s forehead with a finger, bringing the latter to his senses.

“Don’t just stand there gaping... After fighting with that Earth Prison Dog in the battlefield of the stars, I found that he had also touched this realm. He should have used some means of the forbidden lands in Earth Prison,” Nether Puppeteer Patriarch said.

“Just as we used the means of the forbidden lands in Nether Prison,” Sword Demon Patriarch said, nodding.

“We can’t let him succeed. The Netherworld only needs Di Ting to step into that realm.”

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s eyes were full of enthusiasm as he looked at the black vortex. Then, he glanced at Sword Demon Patriarch and took out an old gourd.

“Take this gourd to Earth Prison. You must sabotage that dog’s breakthrough. Don’t worry, there’s enough wine in the gourd to make you even stronger than Tyrant. But remember not to drink too

much. I'll send you another helper. This helper... will surprise them." A sneer brushed Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's lips.

Sword Demon Patriarch took the gourd with intense excitement in his eyes. He knew what the wine in it was capable of.

"You can go now," Nether Puppeteer Patriarch waved.

Sword Demon Patriarch nodded. The next moment, a silver ray appeared under his feet. Stepping on the sword, he sped away and disappeared into the distance in a flash.

With his hands clasped behind him, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch looked at the bottomless black vortex and sighed softly. "It's almost there..."

Suddenly, the void behind him tore apart, and a burly figure enveloped in black smoke emerged.

"I've worked hard to put you together. You are my proudest masterpiece. It's time to let the world know your existence... Go now," Nether Puppeteer Patriarch said, without looking back.

The eyes of the figure in the black smoke turned scarlet in an instant. The next moment, the void healed, and the figure sped away with a rumbling sound.

## Chapter 1345 Braised Chicken Fee

The morning air was moist and had the unique fresh smell after the rain. In the bright sunlight, the water droplets hanging on the leaves sparkled like diamonds, looking dazzling. There was a long queue in front of Yellow Spring Little Restaurant. These people were all from aristocratic families. They had moved into Yellow Spring City from their respective cities so that they could line up in front of the restaurant early in the morning and buy the Fortune Flatbread.

Initially, many people came here to buy the flatbread only, but after they tasted the other dishes in the restaurant, they were instantly hooked. In the end, they were queuing up to taste the delicious dishes as well.

The economy of Yellow Spring City was booming because of a small restaurant. As if there was a tacit understanding, the stalls that did very well at night would not appear during the day because they knew that the day belonged to that restaurant.

Today, however, there was a lot of noise in the queue. Usually, the restaurant was already open at this hour. It had a day off yesterday, but it was still not open today. That struck many people as a bit odd.

People were talking noisily. Some guessed that the restaurant owner overslept, while others thought that he might be out of town. No matter what they guessed, the door remained closed.

Some people decided not to wait and turned to leave the line they had been queuing for a long time. However, shortly after they left, the restaurant door opened.

Everyone's face beamed instantly, and they looked into the door. The next moment, a graceful figure emerged.

With black hair framing her face, Nethery's long eyelashes fluttered slightly as she said, "You needn't wait. The restaurant will not open today."

The sounds of sighs filled the air. The customers who had been waiting in line for a long time all felt a little disappointed and upset. They thought the owner of the restaurant finally opened the door, but it turned out to be a girl who came out to tell them the disappointing news.

Nethery's manner was cold, and her words were very concise. Having said what she meant to say, she closed the door again. Inside the restaurant, she frowned and felt a little confused.

"Where did Bu Fang go?"

...

A great palace sat among the mountains. The Black Temple looked very shabby and was covered in dust. It seemed that no one had lived in it for tens of thousands of years, but in fact, it had only been turned into this miserable state about two weeks ago. The reason why it appeared so dilapidated was because of the Power of the Laws.

The Power of the Laws was somewhat similar to that of the Time Gourmet Array, but it was more profound. Before this, there were indeed experts living in the Black Temple, but because its master

had fallen, all the living beings in it were wiped out, and it had turned shabby. It was as if those experts had never lived in the Black Temple.

This was the unfathomable effect of the Power of the Laws. It had erased all traces of those experts who once lived here as if they had died thousands of years ago.

Bu Fang walked slowly with his hands behind his back, kicking up dust with every step. The silent Black Temple was like a sleeping beast that had hidden its claws. After wandering around for a while, he had a general understanding of everything here.

Black Temple was already a very powerful force ten thousand years ago. Although it had now been obliterated, many of its things were left behind. In some secret rooms, Bu Fang found books of cultivation techniques and books with histories of ten thousand years ago. Unfortunately, the contents of these books disappeared after Black Demon was dead, and even the information recorded in them by experts of later generations was erased by the Power of the Laws. Therefore, he didn't really get anything.

There was a surprise, though. Bu Fang found the kitchen. It was huge, with a whole row of orderly arranged stoves. They were relatively primitive stoves and needed to pump air manually. In addition, he also found some wine jars in the cellar.

He took out a jar of wine and slapped the lid off. A strong bouquet immediately wafted out. The wine was not very good, but its quality had been greatly improved due to its long storage time. Actually, these wines had long been drunk, but the Power of the Laws had restored everything to ten thousand years ago, the moment before Black Temple became a forbidden land.

Bu Fang produced out a cup and filled it with the wine. The liquor was transparent and looked quite sweet. He took a sip. It was spicy, but it also had a strong bouquet that made him feel comfortable.

Compared with the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine, this wine was nothing. However, because it had been stored for a long time, it had become good wine. Some wines would be mellower and tastier the longer they were kept, and this was one of them.

He brought all the wine jars back to the great hall.

Yellow Spring Great Sage was reclining in a lounge chair, toying with his jade wine jar. When he saw Bu Fang, his eyes widened, "Where did you find so many jars of wine?" he asked with a gasp.

He was surprised to see Bu Fang bring back what looked like the contents of an entire cellar.

In fact, Bu Fang did empty the whole wine cellar.

“Would you like a jar of wine?” Bu Fang glanced at Yellow Spring Great Sage and threw a wine jar at him.

“How can this ordinary wine taste better than the wine in my hand?” Yellow Spring Great Sage took the jar, but he smiled disdainfully as if he despised the wine Bu Fang had offered him.

Bu Fang ignored him and took out the White Tiger Heaven Stove. Now that he had wine, he needed some side dishes to go with it. He was rather experienced in cooking dishes that went with wine.

After lighting the fire in the stove, he poured water into the wok. While waiting for the water to boil, he began to prepare ingredients.

Bu Fang exchanged some chicken feet from the System. They were not large, about medium-sized. Chicken feet that were too large were difficult to infuse with flavor, and those smaller ones were not enough to satisfy the appetite. Medium-sized chicken feet were just right.

The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife spun in his hand, radiating a brilliant golden light. Bu Fang now wielded his knife very fast, and his knife skill had reached a mastery level. This was the result of regular practice. Under the sharp edge of the knife, the claws of each chicken foot were all cut off. After that, he put them into a wooden basin and began to clean them.

The cleaning step also required skills. He added spirit vinegar to the water. A sour smell immediately filled the air, causing Yellow Spring Great Sage to twitch his nose in the distance. Then, he began to scrub and clean the chicken feet.

After soaking, cleaning, and scrubbing the chicken feet, all impurities were removed from them, and the meat and bone were separated. Next, he blanched them, drained them, and laid them flat on a plate for later use.

What Bu Fang needed to prepare next was the braising liquid, which was the essence of this dish.



He took out a large piece of rhino meat and used it to make a stock. The meat came from Yellow Spring Great Sage, who picked it up from the battlefield of the stars. After the stock was made, he put together eighteen precious spirit herbs and boiled them into a golden brown liquid. When both were ready, he mixed the stock and the liquid together and added the rhino meat he used to make the stock.

The next step was the preparation of spices. For Bu Fang, it was an easy job because he had a good understanding of spices. After adding spices to the braising liquid, he mixed in some minced Exploding Flame Pepper and Son Mother Ginger.

Soon, the braising liquid was done. The liquid boiled in the wok, giving off a plume of steam and an attractive aroma of herbs.

Looking at the boiling liquid, Bu Fang added the chicken feet into it and reduced the temperature by making the flames burn slower. If the temperature was too high, the skin of the chicken feet would burst open, which would affect the appearance and taste. Temperature control was also a very important skill in cooking.

In the following braising process, he added various ingredients, such as Spirit Star Anise, more minced Son Mother Ginger and Exploding Flame Pepper, and some other spices.

Over time, the liquid thickened, and the chicken feet turned dark brown. They now seemed to be coated in a layer of liquid sugar, glistening and looking very delicious.

The braised chicken feet were finally ready. Bu Fang took them all out of the wok, drained them, and placed them in a blue-and-white porcelain plate, stacking one atop another.

Yellow Spring Great Sage was already stunned as he watched Bu Fang cook. The delicious fragrance in the air made his stomach growl, and he suddenly felt very hungry.

“Bu Fang, my little friend, what is this dish called? Is it the dish that goes with wine you mentioned?”

Yellow Spring Great Sage wiped the drool from the corners of his mouth with the back of his hand. He couldn't wait to try this dish. The chicken feet were braised with the liquid made of the rhino meat, which was actually the flesh of a Nine-revolution Great Saint. Just thinking about it was enough to fill him with excitement.

Bu Fang sat in a chair, slapped the lid off a jar of wine, and then gave Yellow Spring Great Sage a sideways glance. He didn't say anything but just picked up a chicken foot and took a bite off it. The skin was tender, the bones were not tough, and the tendons were very chewy. He could easily crunch them with his teeth.

After finishing it, he took a swallow of the wine. The mellow liquor and the tasty chicken feet filled his heart with happiness.

"This dish is called braised chicken feet. It goes perfectly with wine." After saying that, Bu Fang continued eating and drinking.

Yellow Spring Great Sage couldn't bear it anymore. He grabbed a chicken foot and began chewing it, filling the air with crunching sounds. He didn't even spit the bones. Then, he took a swallow of the wine and let out a sigh of satisfaction.

With wine jars in hand, the two of them ate the chicken feet. Soon, the floor was littered with chicken bones and empty wine jars.

If Lord Dog knew that they were happily eating chicken feet and drinking wine here, he would probably have a nervous breakdown. He asked them to protect him from being disturbed, not to have a feast. Of course, he didn't know what they were doing, and Bu Fang and Yellow Spring Great Sage didn't care.

The sound of crunching chicken bones and drinking echoed in the silent great hall, and from time to time, there was a burp from Yellow Spring Great Sage.

...

The sky in Earth Prison was torn apart. A terrifying pressure filled the air, and then a silver sword flew out of the rift in the void and sped away in a flash.

On the silver sword stood an old man in a gray robe. An old gourd hung on his waist. Although it looked very shabby, it was the source of the old man's confidence.

Even Tyrant Patriarch died in Bu Fang's hand. How could he be so ignorant as to come to Earth Prison and get himself killed? Without this gourd, he would not have come here again. It was a different story, however, now that he had it, for the gourd was something left behind by that man...

Soon, Sword Demon Patriarch saw the huge Black Temple and the invisible vortex rotating above it.

"Nether Puppeteer was right... That dog is really making a breakthrough!"

Hovering in midair, he narrowed his eyes and looked at the Black Temple below the vortex. His gaze passed through the walls and saw Bu Fang and Yellow Spring Great Sage, who were eating chicken feet and drinking wine in the great hall.

"Hmm? Sure enough, someone is guarding him..."

When Sword Demon Patriarch saw Bu Fang, his body gave a shiver—he instantly recalled Tyrant Patriarch's death. Then, he brought the gourd up, gave it a swirl, and uncorked it. A scarlet drop of liquid immediately floated out of the gourd.

"The Heaven-defying Fortune Wine... I can finally taste you."

A look of desire emerged in Sword Demon Patriarch's eyes, and he snapped his finger. The liquid drop immediately flew into his mouth and burst into a strong bouquet.

Suddenly, a terrible aura exploded out in the sky.

Bu Fang and Yellow Spring Great Sage, who were drinking and eating chicken feet, stopped and looked up into the sky. Their eyes fell on Sword Demon Patriarch standing on a silver sword.

## Chapter 1346 Big Yellow, Eat the Flatbread

Sword Demon Patriarch?! Bu Fang and Yellow Spring Great Sage paused when they saw the figure stepping on a sword in the sky. There was a half-eaten chicken foot in Yellow Spring Great Sage's mouth, and three of its toes were jutting out from his lips. As he chewed, they dangled as if alive.

“He came so soon?” Yellow Spring Great Sage said in surprise. He had not expected that Sword Demon Patriarch would come so fast and that Nether Prison would react so quickly. What shocked him even more was that Sword Demon Patriarch was here alone.

How could Sword Demon Patriarch hope to resist them when even Tyrant Patriarch had failed?

Yellow Spring Great Sage and Bu Fang exchanged a look and saw the bewilderment in each other’s eyes.

Boom!

In the sky, Sword Demon Patriarch’s aura exploded after he drank the drop of scarlet liquor. The blood in him seemed to boil, and his body seemed to expand. The Heaven-defying Fortune Wine was a masterpiece of that man. It could bring him a heaven-defying fortune and elevate his cultivation base to a very terrifying level.

With a snap of fingers, a sword sped toward the Black Temple down below, intending to destroy it. Its speed was scary, and as it flew, it produced a booming sound that numbed the scalps of those who heard it.

Crunch!

Yellow Spring Great Sage bit the chicken feet in half, then took a step and shot himself into the sky.

“Bu Fang, my little friend, save a few chicken feet for me! I’ll be right back!”

Laughing, he went straight at Sword Demon Patriarch. When he saw the sword that was coming, his expression changed. As he continued to chew the chicken foot in his mouth, the water of the Yellow Spring River appeared and swirled around him, then turned into a torrent and collided with the sword, generating a shocking explosion.

The air rang with a rumbling sound as the sword kept cutting and eventually hacked the torrent in half.

“How is this possible?!” Yellow Spring Great Sage was taken aback by the sword’s power. He knew Sword Demon Patriarch’s strength very well, which was much weaker than that of Tyrant Patriarch.

“He should not have the strength to cut through my water with the sword!” What had just happened confused him. He knew something was not right.

Still, Yellow Spring Great Sage would not be defeated just like this. After all, he was an old fellow who had lived tens of thousands of years.

He threw out a palm. Streams of water turned into a whirlpool and trapped the sword, then completely negated the killing force by spinning rapidly. After that, he clenched the palm into a fist.

Crunch!

The sword was crushed in an instant.

Yellow Spring Great Sage grinned and crushed the chicken bones in his mouth with his teeth.

In the sky, Sword Demon Patriarch smiled as he glanced at Yellow Spring Great Sage. He carefully put the cork back to the shabby gourd and put it away before turning back to his opponent. The look in his eyes grew sharp, and suddenly, the silver sword under his feet burst into light and expanded.

Rumble!

The void cracked as if a mighty force was shattering it, and in the blink of an eye, Sword Demon Patriarch was in front of Yellow Spring Great Sage. He raised a hand and waved. Countless swords appeared in the sky and rained down with incredible power.

That startled Yellow Spring Great Sage. Water streams appeared and formed a watery cage around him. The next moment, those swords hit the cage.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

They were so powerful that the cage trembled violently and Yellow Spring Great Sage was forced several steps back in the sky.

“How could you be so strong?!” Yellow Spring Great Sage was incredulous as he stared at his opponent and all those swords.

In the past, Sword Demon Patriarch was weaker than Yellow Spring Great Sage, but now he seemed to have reached Tyrant Patriarch's level, the realm of Perfected Great Saints. Each of his blows contained mighty power that could easily crush a man.

"So this is the feeling of power..." Sword Demon Patriarch was excited. He raised a hand and looked at it, sensing the energy that flowed in him. It had reached the level he dared not imagine in the past.

He waved his hand suddenly, and countless swords began to wheel around him. Even his sword intent and swords were strengthened. This was the effect of the Heaven-defying Fortune Wine. A drop of it had pushed him into the realm of Perfected Great Saints and allowed him to attack with incredibly formidable swords.

Although he was strong before this, he was just a Nine-revolution Great Saint. Now, however, his cultivation base was granted a qualitative leap.

He could hardly hide the excitement on his face as he looked at Yellow Spring Great Sage and pointed out his finger. In an instant, a sword sped forward like a bolt of lightning.

As the sword pierced through the air and approached at lightning speed, Yellow Spring Great Sage turned his body hurriedly and avoided it. However, its sharp blade still managed to cut a few strands of his hair.

"So violent?" Yellow Spring Great Sage's eyes widened. He was furious now.

Inside the Black Temple, Bu Fang sat on a chair, gnawing at a chicken foot as he watched the two experts fight in the sky. He was surprised to see that Sword Demon Patriarch's strength had grown so much stronger now and was suppressing Yellow Spring Great Sage. When he saw the latter being forced back, he thought he couldn't bear to watch any more.

"Big Yellow, why don't you just eat the flatbread?" Bu Fang shouted after taking a sip of wine.

"Eat the flatbread?" Yellow Spring Great Sage's eyes lit up. However, he immediately recalled that he would turn bald after eating it. He shook his head and hollered, "No! I won't eat it! I will not eat it for the rest of my life!"

Hearing his stubborn refusal, Bu Fang shrugged helplessly.

Rumble!

Ten thousand swords gathered in the sky and turned into a sword that seemed to cut the world in half, which then fell and shattered the void.

“The Returning Sword!”

Sword Demon Patriarch laughed. Now that he was able to suppress Yellow Spring Great Sage, his heart was filled with joy.

The fluctuation of the battle between two Nine-revolution Great Saints spread instantly, attracting the attention of many experts in Earth Prison. They all rushed to the place where the fluctuation originated, and when they saw what was happening, they gasped.

“Why are these Nine-revolution Great Saints fighting on the ground instead of the battlefield of the stars? Are they ignoring the rules?”

Nether King Er Ha’s hair was waving. Suddenly he narrowed his eyes and turned in the direction where the Black Temple was located. Then, he kicked the ground, shot himself into the sky, and sped toward it in a beam of light.

“Only Sword Demon Patriarch can have such a mighty sword intent in this world! How dare he come to Earth Prison and run wild again?!”

At this moment, Prison Overlord Ying Long and other Earth Prison experts moved out as well.

Inside the Cave of the Fallen Gods, a blood-colored fire burned. The golden skeleton sighed before falling silent again.

The fluctuation of the battle continued to spread. Those who were near the Black Temple soon arrived. When they saw the scene in the sky, they all sucked in cold breaths. They could not believe that Yellow Spring Great Sage was overwhelmed by Sword Demon Patriarch’s attacks.

In the sky, Yellow Spring Great Sage's body was already covered with bloody sword marks.

"When did Sword Demon Patriarch become so fearsome?!"

A figure fell from the sky and crashed into the ground with a rumble, creating a huge pit. The powerful impact even shook the Black Temple.

"I don't have time to waste with you... I'll finish you with a blow now." Sword Demon Patriarch slowly pulled out the sword on his back. It was an azure sword, and a sharp buzzing sound rang out of it as he lightly swung it.

Yellow Spring Great Sage climbed out of the pit. He looked somewhat bedraggled now.

Sword Demon Patriarch hovered in the sky and no longer took Yellow Spring Great Sage seriously. "I'm going to kill you with one strike. Ten Thousand Swords!" he cried out. The next moment, he made a straight cut toward the ground with the sword in his hand.

One sword after another shot out of the sword, and soon, there were ten thousand of them, all falling from the sky at once.

"You made me do this!" Yellow Spring Great Sage flew into a rage. The fact that he was being looked down upon filled his heart with anger. He could not believe that Sword Demon Patriarch, who he had suppressed in the past, wanted to kill him now.

The next moment, he produced a steaming Fortune Flatbread and took a bite of it. The wisp of fortune gas in it rushed into his body in an instant.

In the sky, the gourd hanging on Sword Demon Patriarch's waist trembled ever so slightly the moment the Fortune Flatbread appeared. It was as if they were echoing to each other.

As soon as he ate the flatbread, Yellow Spring Great Sage felt a burst of fortune explode in him! He opened his mouth, widened his nostrils, and spat out a fireball. A gust of wind came and fluttered his robes, then his hair began to fall, drifting away in the passing wind.

Before long, he was completely bald. He touched his head, and as he watched the rain of swords coming at him from the sky, he slowly lifted his fist and threw it out.



The next moment, one sword after another came crashing down, devouring Yellow Spring Great Sage in the blink of an eye.

The Black Temple shook violently. Inside, Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth, took a sip of wine, and said, “I thought you said you will never eat the flatbread for the rest of your life? Where’s your backbone?”

Sword Demon Patriarch stood in the sky with the sword in his hand. At this moment, he had a feeling that he was invincible. All of a sudden, the ground burst apart, and Yellow Spring Great Sage, who was devoured by his swords, shot out of it.

The air rang with explosions as Yellow Spring Great Sage flew through the rain of swords and threw a fist at Sword Demon Patriarch’s head!

RUMBLE!

The sword and the fist collided, and the impact made both men move a few steps back in midair. They were equal in strength now!

Yellow Spring Great Sage, who had turned bald, was extremely fearsome!

The people watching nearby were all dumbfounded. There were more onlookers this time than the fight that took place in the battlefield of the stars. After all, the battlefield of the stars had too many restrictions, so it was highly likely that the whole Earth Prison would learn that Yellow Spring Great Sage had turned bald!

“You’re courting death!” Sword Demon Patriarch kept swinging his sword, unleashing countless sword beams that were extremely sharp. For a moment, the sky seemed to have turned into a sea of swords.

Meanwhile, Yellow Spring Great Sage kept throwing out his punches in this sea, crushing one sword with each punch!

The destructive forces generated from the fight of two Nine-revolution Great Saints were terrible. Soon, the ground was completely shattered and collapsed under the violent fluctuations of their battle.

Bu Fang sat inside the Black Temple. His hair had turned gray-green, and he was yawning with tears in his eyes. Rings of green light spread from his body and enveloped the whole Black Temple. When the fluctuations fell from the sky, they were deflected and smashed into the surrounding ground before they could hit the building, creating a ring of deep trench around the Black Temple.

After braving through the sea of swords, Yellow Spring Great Sage finally came in front of Sword Demon Patriarch. He stared at his opponent, his bald head gleaming...

“You made me eat the flatbread, causing my head to turn bald... So you think you’re strong now, aren’t you?” Yellow Spring Great Sage said angrily. The next moment, he threw out a fist and punched Sword Demon Patriarch in the face.

“Ouch!” The punch knocked Sword Demon Patriarch flying backward for thousands of miles, and he could not stop himself from tumbling.

All of a sudden, the void tore open with a rumble. A figure wrapped in black smoke walked out of it, raised a hand, and caught Sword Demon Patriarch.

The moment the figure appeared, the world seemed to fall silent.

Chapter 1347 Nether King Tian Cang Resurrected?!

A figure flew tumbling across the sky, filling the air with a shrill noise.

Yellow Spring Great Sage’s punch was powerful. It hit Sword Demon Patriarch in the face and knocked him flying backward.

When the onlookers saw him streak across the sky like a shooting star, they cheered excitedly. Soon, however, their voices came to an abrupt stop because they saw a figure step out of the void, all wrapped in black smoke. A hand reached out of the smoke, caught Sword Demon Patriarch, and stopped him from flying.

Sword Demon Patriarch looked somewhat dumbstruck and furious. He was a sword cultivator. Although his offensive ability was fearsome, he was weak in defense, especially his flesh. He never thought that Yellow Spring Great Sage could approach him and punch him in the face. Had the man behind him not appeared and caught him, he would have flown even further.

The power of the punch was simply terrifying.

‘So this is his strength after turning bald?’ Sword Demon Patriarch thought to himself. He had seen Yellow Spring Great Sage’s fearful power, but he did not realize that it was so scary until he suffered it himself. ‘Is that bread really so magical? No! It cannot be! How could a piece of bread be better than the Heaven-defying Fortune Wine?!’

The Patriarch lost his temper from embarrassment. He growled, and suddenly, the gourd hanging on his waist soared into the sky, the wine inside rolling and rumbling fiercely like waves. A popping sound could be heard as the cork was removed, then a thin stream of scarlet liquor poured out of it and slithered into Sword Demon Patriarch’s mouth like a snake.

He drank greedily, savoring the wine as it went down into his belly. He felt as if a savage monster was roaring inside him, and his emotions were a little out of control.

Suddenly, a hand grabbed the gourd. The black smoke shrouding it faded, revealing the palm. It was a palm made of black metal, and the knuckles were joined with fine and tiny parts.

Sword Demon Patriarch’s pupils constricted when he saw the hand. “Let go of that gourd!” he growled. A sword thrust out from him, leaving afterimages in the air as it went at the metal palm.

However, the metal hand ignored the sword, picked up the cork, and pushed it back into the gourd’s mouth.

A clanging sound rang out. The sword, which Sword Demon Patriarch unleashed in his fury, hacked the palm, but it only managed to produce some bright sparks. That froze him, and as the gourd was corked, he calmed down. Then, he sucked in a cold breath and gave the gourd a frightened look. His mind was almost seized just now!

The benefits brought by the Heaven-defying Fortune Wine were amazing, but its side effect was dreadful. If he drank too much, he would lose control of himself, turn mad, and might even have a mental aberration.

Beads of sweat broke out on Sword Demon Patriarch's forehead, and he took a deep breath with lingering fear. Now that he had recovered himself, he felt that his body was so full that it almost exploded. He had drunk too much Heaven-defying Fortune Wine and filled himself with too much energy. His strength had not improved, however. The wine was indeed heaven-defying, but it could at most elevate his cultivation base to the level of Perfected Great Saint. If he were to reach for a higher level, the wine could not help him.

That was why he almost drank himself to death but did not gain any significant result, and had he not been stopped by someone, his body would have burst apart. At the thought of that, Sword Demon Patriarch turned to look at the figure that saved him.

It was a burly figure exuding pressures that shocked even him. A terrible aura permeated the air and suppressed him, and it felt almost hard to breathe. As he stared at the figure, his eyes went wide, and his pupils constricted. 'This man should be the one who Nether Puppeteer said he would send to help me... But why do I find him familiar?'

Gradually, the black smoke that shrouded the figure faded away, exposing the man to every eye. His appearance immediately stunned the crowd. Every person sucked in a cold breath with a look of disbelief, and some were horrified. They never thought that this man would appear in front of them because he was supposed to be... dead!

He was a big man with a familiar face, and yet he was cold with no emotions at all. Countless black metal rods were stabbed into him across his body, and two larger ones made of an unknown material pierced him from his back to his chest. They made him look somewhat savage and ferocious. However, none of these was their focus.

Sword Demon Patriarch was so shocked that he could hardly breathe. "Nether King Tian Cang?!" he cried out with a frightened look in his eyes. 'Why did he show up again? He had already come back to life briefly in the previous battle, and he's here again? Why can't he just stay dead?!'

He had absolutely no confidence that he could beat Tian Cang. The man had etched too deep a shadow in his heart.

"Nether King Tian Cang?"

As Sword Demon Patriarch's voice rang through the skies, the people down below all widened their eyes and stared incredulously at the figure hovering in midair. A few moments later, they exploded into an uproar.

Yellow Spring Great Sage, with his bald head, looked at Nether King Tian Cang, and his eyes went wide as well. 'Did Er Ha eat the flatbread again? Wait... No, this is not right!' His face grew serious because he could sense a terrible aura from Tian Cang. It was hostility.

"Who is... Nether King Tian Cang..." the figure said indifferently, glancing at Sword Demon Patriarch. His face was devoid of emotion, and if one looked carefully, they could see countless fine lines all over it. Without a doubt, the face was pieced back together by someone.

Suddenly, Sword Demon Patriarch's eyes gleamed with an excited look as if he had thought of something, then he burst out laughing. "No... You are not Nether King Tian Cang! You are Nether Puppeteer's Nether puppet!" He found it hard to believe that Nether Puppeteer Patriarch had not shown this trump card all these years!

'This is scary... A puppet made with Nether King Tian Cang's body? How insane! I thought Tian Cang's body was smashed and turned into countless pieces when we fought him, and some pieces could not be found at all. I can't believe Nether Puppeteer had the patience to find them all and pieced them back together...'

"I am not Nether King Tian Cang. I am a Heavenly Nether Puppet," the puppet said, his eyes flashing.

A Heavenly Nether Puppet?!

The conversation between Sword Demon Patriarch and the Heavenly Nether Puppet was heard by all the people, and they were deeply shocked.

"Nether King Tian Cang's body was collected by someone and made into a puppet?"

"Who did that... This is madness!"

"Nether King Tian Cang was an expert who had touched that level. How fearsome will the puppet made of his flesh be?"

The puppet did not talk much to Sword Demon Patriarch. He didn't seem to like talking much either. Clutching the gourd with his metal palm, he brought it to his abdomen, where the skin parted and revealed a space. After he put the gourd inside, his abdomen closed up.

The scene made everyone understand that this man was indeed not Nether King Tian Cang, but a Heavenly Nether Puppet.

"You've gone too far..." Yellow Spring Great Sage had figured out what happened at last, and his anger for Nether Puppeteer Patriarch grew stronger. "This is simply immoral!"

Suddenly, he felt cold all over.

In the distance, the puppet looked over expressionlessly and scanned him with glowing scarlet eyes. The next moment, a rumbling sound rang out, and then the puppet had appeared in front of him in the blink of an eye!

"Target detected... Proceeding with the obliteration task now!" said the puppet in an emotionless, almost mechanical voice. After that, he threw a punch at Yellow Spring Great Sage.

Looking at Tian Cang's face, Yellow Spring Great Sage felt anger boil in him. He did not dodge, and he threw out a punch as well. The next moment, their fists collided in midair.

A shocking explosion broke out in the sky. The next moment, Yellow Spring Great Sage was knocked down from the sky and smashed hard into the ground like a cannonball. The earth rumbled and caved in, while powerful waves spread and hit the green barrier.

Bu Fang, sitting in the Black Temple with his gray-green hair, opened his mouth and yawned.

The Heavenly Nether Puppet had knocked Yellow Spring Great Sage to the ground with just once punch. His strength was simply terrifying. Even then, a series of clanging sounds rang out in the sky as he lifted an arm and pointed at the ground. After that, metal plates lifted along the arm, exposing several muzzles.

The next moment, scarlet energy beams shot out of the muzzles, all aiming at Yellow Spring Great Sage. The void twisted and distorted as they passed as if it was burned by extreme temperature. The power was extremely terrifying.

Yellow Spring Great Sage, of course, dared not to get hit by them. Without hesitation, he slapped the ground with both hands and pushed himself out of the energy beams' range.

In the sky, the puppet turned his arm, aiming the muzzles at Yellow Spring Great Sage. The energy beams moved and instantly cut the ground in half. Rocks crumbled while lava pushed through the cracked earth, crawling slowly in all directions. It was a frightening scene.

Sword Demon Patriarch, hovering in midair, felt cold, and he gasped as he looked at the Heavenly Nether Puppet. 'Nether Puppeteer is indeed... a freak. I can't believe he actually copied that man's guardian puppet and made such a formidable existence! This Heavenly Nether Puppet's offensive tricks are somewhat similar to that man's guardian puppet!'

Yellow Spring Great Sage ran as fast as he could, and he felt as if a fire was burning on his buttocks. Suddenly, he kicked the ground, leaped into the sky, and came in front of the puppet. His fist flashed goldenly as he cried out, "Tian Cang boy... I'm sorry!" Then, he threw the fist at the puppet's head.

All of a sudden, Yellow Spring Great Sage felt as if time was slowing down. His fist turned extremely slow, moving like a snail toward the puppet. Meanwhile, the puppet's eyes slowly turned and fixed at him.

"This..." Yellow Spring Great Sage was shocked.

Bam!

The next moment, the puppet's fist struck Yellow Spring Great Sage in the face, knocked him from the sky, and smashed him hard into the ground like a cannonball once again.

His strength was simply... frightful!

The whole ground was riddled with pits and had turned into ruins. The Black Temple was intact, though, as it was being protected by Bu Fang.

The puppet raised his arm, and metal plates lifted again, revealing the muzzles. “Target detected. He will be obliterated.” His cold, emotionless voice rang out again, sounding as domineering as the Nether King Tian Cang who had once dominated Earth Prison and Nether Prison.

“Stop it!” Suddenly, a loud cry shook the skies and the earth, and then a shrill whistle grew louder and louder.

The puppet raised his head and saw an object was being flung at him from a distance. Instantly, his arm that had turned into muzzles transformed to its original look and caught the thing with a rumble.

He gave it a look and saw that it was the... Nether King Halberd.

At this moment, Er Ha flew across the sky and arrived, fixing his eyes at the Heavenly Nether Puppet in midair, as well as that familiar face.

Chapter 1348 Buddha-like Artifact Spiri

“Ahhh...”

Gray-green-haired Bu Fang yawned, and tears were welling in his eyes. After being possessed by the Black Turtle, his defense was unbreakable, so he had no trouble protecting the Black Temple. With eyes half-opened, he curled up in a chair, too lazy to even move.

In the sky, the Nether King Halberd was caught by the puppet. Made with Nether King Tian Cang’s body, this Heavenly Nether Puppet was extremely formidable. Even if an expert died, his flesh would still be very strong, and Tian Cang was a good example.

There was a hint of confusion on Tian Cang’s face as he looked at the halberd, but he regained his cold look in the next instant.

At this moment, Er Ha arrived. As he looked at the puppet’s face, the corners of his mouth kept twitching. “Dad, it’s me!” he shouted. However, what answered him was the puppet’s cold glance.

The halberd was flung back by the puppet. It flew whistling through the air, shattering the void, and in a flash, it was in front of Er Ha. He raised a hand and grabbed the halberd, but a great force



pushed him back several steps in midair. The puppet's strength was incredible, seemingly stronger than even a Perfected Great Saint. With Er Ha's cultivation base, he could not defeat him.

A clattering sound rang out as the ground moved. Yellow Spring Great Sage walked out of the ruin with his shining bald head and an incredulous look. He never thought that this Heavenly Nether Puppet would be so strong. 'He's indeed the man who had once attacked Nether Prison...Although he has become a puppet now, he's still so fearsome...' Touching his bald head, Yellow Spring Great Sage sighed. Then, he kicked the ground and shot himself into the sky like a cannonball.

Jets of air burst out from the puppet's back and pushed him toward Er Ha with mighty pressure.

Buzz...

Even as he drew nearer, he raised a hand. The metal plate on his arm lifted, and the muzzle under it began to flash with a scarlet light as energy gathered. The next moment, an energy beam shot toward Er Ha.

Er Ha was a little dazed at the moment, and he didn't seem to know how to avoid the energy beam, which contained terrible destructive force.

Boom!

Suddenly, Yellow Spring Great Sage came to his side and threw a punch at the energy beam. A deafening explosion erupted as the fist struck the beam, causing its energy to spill in all directions.

The energy beam had disappeared. Breathing heavily, Yellow Spring Great Sage brought his hand up, and a look of disbelief came over his face when he saw his fist had turned red. The power of the energy beam was too scary! It actually contained the Will of the Great Path that had been compressed!

The metal plate retracted as the Heavenly Nether Puppet twisted his neck. A terrible, oppressive aura spread from him.

In the distance, Sword Demon Patriarch was laughing excitedly. He thought the scene was so amusing. 'Nether Puppeteer is really nasty. I can't believe he managed to restore Tian Cang's body and even made it into a puppet, turning the invincible existence who once attacked Nether Prison into Earth Prison's nightmare... Yellow Spring Great Sage can never defeat this Heavenly Nether

Puppet because it's even stronger than Tyrant Patriarch...' Sword Demon Patriarch could hardly contain his excitement.

Yellow Spring Great Sage waved his fist to cool it down. The next moment, a sharp whistle broke out, then the Heavenly Nether Puppet appeared at his side, throwing a punch at him. The oppressive sound made by the fist as it punched through the air instantly widened his eyes.

The two of them began to fight again in midair. The puppet attacked faster and faster, and Yellow Spring Great Sage was having a hard time catching up with him.

After being in a daze for a while, Er Ha finally snapped back to his senses. The next moment, a fierce look leaped into his eyes. A Fortune Flatbread appeared in his hand, and in his fury, he hurriedly bit it and swallowed. In an instant, a wisp of fortune gas rushed into his body.

What he hoped to happen did not happen, but his aura began to skyrocket, climbing steadily until it stopped at the level of Eight-revolution Great Saint. He clenched his fists and felt the mighty power in him. With the enhancement of the Nether King Armor, he knew he could fight a Nine-revolution Great Saint now.

Er Ha focused his eyes as a wicked smile brushed his lips. "Dad, I'm sorry... but I have to do this!"

Boom!

He clutched the Nether King Halberd and rushed into the battlefield, fighting the Heavenly Nether Puppet with Yellow Spring Great Sage. The battle turned white-hot in an instant, and a rumbling sound filled the air. Soon, they moved their battle to the battlefield of the stars.

...

Meanwhile, in God Vanishing Mountain...

Ice Saint was sitting on a chunk of ice that had not melted for ten thousand years. Suddenly, her long eyelashes fluttered, and she opened her eyes. There seemed to be a snowstorm howling in her pupils, and a cold look emerged on her stunning face. She rose to her feet, her white dress waving gently in the wind. Then, she pointed the ground with her toe and flew into the sky.

Just as she was leaving the mountain, however, an invisible force stopped her, and that put a frown on her beautiful brows. Despite this, she ignored the invisible force and continued flying away. The familiar aura she sensed in the distance made her heart beat faster and faster.

...

All the experts had rushed into the battlefield of the stars, and the ground turned quiet for a moment.

Feeling the bursting energy in him, Sword Demon Patriarch turned and fixed his eyes on the Black Temple. His lips curved upward into an evil smile. With the bald Yellow Spring Great Sage gone, it meant that his opportunity had come. However...

He narrowed his eyes and glanced at Bu Fang. Whenever he saw this young man, his heart skipped a beat. After all, this was the guy who killed Tyrant Patriarch. Therefore, he didn't have absolute confidence even with the help of the Heaven-defying Fortune Wine.

To be sure, Sword Demon Patriarch believed that Bu Fang could not use that level of strength without limitation, for he was just a Nine-revolution Little Saint. If every Nine-revolution Little Saint was so heaven-defying, what was the point of having Great Saints? 'Even that man could not reach this level when he was a Nine-revolution Little Saint...' he thought to himself.

The vortex above the Black Temple had begun to spread, growing larger and larger. It was as if a supreme expert was devouring all the surrounding energy. 'The dog is making a breakthrough... I have to stop him.' Sword Demon Patriarch focused his eyes as he floated up and hovered in front of the Black Temple.

Buzz...

A sword appeared in front of him. As his divine will spread, it began to split, turning into two swords, then four, then eight... Soon, the whole sky was filled with swords, each pointing at the huge Black Temple down below.

'As long as the Black Temple is destroyed, that dog's state of mind will be affected, and he will not be able to break through...' Sword Demon Patriarch sneered.

Under the control of his divine will, the tens of thousands of swords turned into a river and poured down from the sky, filling the air with a rumbling sound as they went for the Black Temple. Each of the swords possessed a scary destructive force, causing the void to tremble.

“Destroy it for me!” Sword Demon Patriarch growled. The look on his face turned hideous, and all the pent-up anger in him was released at this moment.

Inside the Black Temple, gray-green-haired Bu Fang opened his mouth and yawned once again. If Sword Demon Patriarch hadn’t attacked, he might have fallen asleep.

After drinking the Heaven-defying Fortune Wine, Sword Demon Patriarch’s strength had reached the level of a Perfected Great Saint, and that made him very strong. That was why Bu Fang didn’t dare to be careless even though he was being possessed by the Black Turtle. He lazily produced a flatbread and smacked his lips. “Artifact Spirits’ luck will not be too bad…” he muttered as if to convince himself. Then, he slowly opened his mouth and shoved the flatbread inside, taking his time to chew it.

Many people were extremely anxious as they watched him eat so slowly in the distance. “Mate, can you stop eating like a lady at such an emergency?!” In their eyes, tens of thousands of swords were falling from the sky toward the Black Temple, and it seemed to them that they were about to destroy it in the next instant.

After eating the flatbread, Bu Fang’s eyes were still half-closed, as if he was slightly dazed. Then, they grew wider ever so slightly. Unlike the White Tiger, his cultivation base didn’t soar, but his divine will did become much stronger.

The next moment, a spherical green transparent shield emerged around the Black Temple, looking like a turtle shell.

“Who said Artifact Spirits’ luck is always good?” Gray-green-haired Bu Fang shook his head helplessly. However, he was very philosophical about his bad luck. Perhaps he was the legendary Buddha-like Artifact Spirit as he was very optimistic. Although his strength didn’t improve, his defense had skyrocketed. The fortune gas in the flatbread had all gone to his defense.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The swords began to rain down on the green shield. The air rang with the rumbling sound of explosions, and the turtle shell shook so much that it was as if it was going to crack at any moment. However, it managed to block the bombardment of tens of thousands of swords.

In the sky, Sword Demon Patriarch was somewhat dumbstruck.

Suddenly, the green turtle shell cracked with a small line, which slowly turned into a larger hole and revealed the figure inside the Black Temple.

Bu Fang rose to his feet, clasped his hands behind his back, and paced back and forth in the great hall. Then, his eyes gleamed as if he had thought of something. The next moment, a chubby little fox appeared in his arms.

Foxy blinked. It was obvious that she had grown fatter, and her three tails wagged on her buttocks.

“Little Host said that you’re overeating and need some exercise,” gray-green-haired Bu Fang said as he stroked Foxy’s head. After that, he took out a Fortune Flatbread and gave it to her.

Foxy’s eyes lit up. She took the flatbread with her paws and began eating it. In the blink of an eye, she had finished the whole thing. As she was patting her round belly, the fortune gas exploded in her. Her eyes widened instantly, and her cheeks bulged as if something terrible was brewing inside.

“Ahhh...” Bu Fang yawned again, his eyes half-closed. After that, he stroked Foxy’s head, lifted her, and gave her buttocks a light slap.

“The Little Host said, ‘Fire at will’...”

The moment his voice faded away, Foxy’s eyes shone brilliantly, and her mouth opened abruptly.

...

In the battlefield of the stars, Er Ha wielded the Nether King Halberd and fought the Heavenly Nether Puppet with Yellow Spring Great Sage. The puppet didn’t seem to be struggling. He had blocked almost all the attacks from both of them, and his body was still unscathed.

The Heavenly Nether Puppet made with Nether King Tian Cang's body was indeed formidable.

Suddenly, a shrill whistling sound rang out from down below, and then an indescribably beautiful figure in a white dress emerged. There was a hint of sorrow on her stunning face.

As soon as Ice Saint entered the battlefield of the stars, she saw the three men fighting in the distance. Then, she saw the Heavenly Nether Puppet, which was made with Nether King Tian Cang's body. Looking at the puppet with cold metal parts all over the body, she realized what had happened in an instant.

Anger was boiling up inside her. It seemed as if a fireball had just exploded in her chest. What Nether Puppeteer Patriarch did had filled her with monstrous killing intent. She knew that her strength might not be strong enough, but she would never allow anyone to humiliate that man like this!

She flipped her palm and produced a steaming Fortune Flatbread. She was willing to turn bald for that man. However, after she ate the flatbread, her hair did not fall. Instead, a terrible aura began to gather behind her back.

#### Chapter 1349 Nether King Tian Cang vs. Heavenly Nether Puppe

Ice Saint chewed the Fortune Flatbread, savoring the rich aroma that filled her mouth. She had seen Yellow Spring Great Sage become bald after eating the flatbread, so she told herself that she would never eat it. However, she had no choice this time. Tian Cang's flesh was made into a puppet by someone. To her, this was unforgivable, and it filled her with grief and fury, so she decided to eat it. She wanted to avenge Tian Cang.

'Tian Cang is dead. These guys from Nether Prison cannot humiliate him, and they are not qualified to do that either!' she thought to herself.

All of a sudden, a mighty aura exploded out behind her. It rocked violently, spreading in all directions as if it was about to rush out of the starry sky. Ice Saint's pupils constricted slightly as she hovered in midair with a blank face, her long hair waving and her dress fluttering. She was very familiar with the aura. Slowly, she turned and looked over her shoulder in disbelief.

The Fortune Flatbread had not improved her cultivation base as it did to Yellow Spring Great Sage. She was disappointed at first, but when the aura exploded out behind her, and she slowly turned and saw a familiar figure with his eyes closed, she lifted a hand and covered her mouth in astonishment.

“You... You...” Ice Saint never thought that she could summon Tian Cang with the Fortune Flatbread, and she was a little vexed at herself. She now recalled that when the last time Tian Cang appeared, it was because Er Ha had eaten a Fortune Flatbread. ‘Why didn’t I give it a try earlier? Is he being summoned because Er Ha and I missed him dearly?’

Genes could be passed on. Since Er Ha was so good-looking, his father, Tian Cang, was by no means ugly. His body was huge, and his somewhat illusory hair waved around his handsome, weatherbeaten face. Slowly, he opened his eyes. There seemed to be a world spinning in his pupils, and he looked a little confused, but soon, his eyes began to glow with life.

“Oh?” The moment Tian Cang woke, he saw Ice Saint, who was shedding tears. He paused, puzzled. “Ugh... Have I been summoned again?”

Ice Saint’s long eyelashes fluttered, but she didn’t say anything.

The corner of Tian Cang’s mouth twitched. He didn’t know whether to cry or laugh. He was calmer this time, however. He had no idea how he was summoned back to this world, but he knew that it would require a very strong conviction. It meant that there were still people who remember him in this world.

He raised his head and glanced around. He noticed that they were in the battlefield of the stars, and the atmosphere was somewhat depressing. Then, he turned his eyes into the distance. When he saw the few figures who were fighting there, his pupils constricted instantly.

Er Ha was fighting madly. He wasn’t too lucky this time. The fortune gas only elevated his cultivation base to the level of Eight-revolution Great Saint. Even with the enhancement of the Nether King Armor, his strength had barely reached the level of a Nine-revolution Great Saint, which was too weak in the face of the Heavenly Nether Puppet. If Yellow Spring Great Sage hadn’t held the puppet off, he would have been badly injured.

The Heavenly Nether Puppet was made with the best materials in the Netherworld, which had reached the peak in terms of toughness, strength, and efficiency in energy transmission. He was Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s pride, his masterpiece.

Meanwhile, Yellow Spring Great Sage’s aura began to decline. Although he had once again reached the level of a Perfected Great Saint with the Fortune Flatbread, he felt that he was beginning to grow weak. His opponent now was even faster than before. He was nervous. If he could not stop this Heavenly Nether Puppet from sabotaging Earth Prison Dog’s breakthrough, then there would be no one in Earth Prison who could stop Nether Prison. Therefore, he had to finish this fight as soon

as possible while the effect of the flatbread was still in him. He had to finish the puppet with a punch.

Yellow Spring Great Sage roared, his bald head seemingly glowing as a rushing Yellow Spring River emerged above him. The water poured down like a torrent and wheeled around him, causing his aura to climb. He lifted a fist. The water gathered over it and began to compress, turning into a square crystal. As a deafening shout burst out of his mouth, Yellow Spring Great Sage threw the fist at the puppet in the distance, pushing the crystal forward.

The Heavenly Nether Puppet twisted his neck, and his face that belonged to Tian Cang was cold and emotionless. There seemed to be light flashing in his eyes as he lifted a hand and threw a punch at the crystal.

BOOM!

The fist and the crystal collided. Energy spread like ripples, sweeping across the whole battlefield of the stars.

The tremendous impact threw Yellow Spring Great Sage back. Coughing blood, he fell from the sky like a cannonball. However, even as he was falling, he saw a figure approach the puppet. Dumbstruck, he looked at the puppet, then at Tian Cang. For a moment he was confused, but before he could figure out what was going on, he had already fallen through the clouds and smashed hard into the ground with a rumble. The whole area collapsed into a huge crater measuring thousands of meters from end to end, with plumes of smoke rising from the center. It was as if a meteorite had fallen.

...

In the battlefield of the stars, the smoke had cleared, and the energy ripples had disappeared. The Heavenly Nether Puppet pulled back his fist. His metal arm glinted cold and bright. In terms of physical toughness, this puppet, which took Nether Puppeteer Patriarch thousands of years to make, was even stronger than Tyrant Patriarch. Coupled with the mighty energy in Tian Cang's flesh, he was almost invincible.

Er Ha was panting for breath. His hair was messy, and he looked somewhat bedraggled. Suddenly, he jerked his head and looked into the distance. There, a figure was slowly walking over. When he saw that person's face, he froze.



“Dad?” Er Ha was struck dumb. He glanced at the burly, domineering Tian Cang, then at the Heavenly Nether Puppet in the distance. For a moment, he was confused.

“We meet again...” Tian Cang gave Er Ha a look and smiled.

Er Ha regained his wits instantly, and his eyes gleamed with excitement. ‘Dad’s been summoned again? Who summoned him this time?’ He glanced around, and when he saw Ice Saint in the distance, understanding dawned on him. He could hardly contain his excitement, but the next moment, he seemed to think of something, and that made his expression change.

Tian Cang glanced indifferently at the Heavenly Nether Puppet. ‘What a fine work of art,’ he thought, ‘But... How dare Nether Puppeteer make my flesh into a puppet?! Damn him!’ As he looked at the puppet’s face, which was actually his face, the corner of his mouth twitched, and he took a deep breath. There was a strange feeling in his heart.

The puppet, on the other hand, cocked his head, and his eyes flashed with a mechanical light. He was staring at Tian Cang because he did not know if he should attack or not.

‘I bet Nether Puppeteer Patriarch never thought I’d come back to life again... Otherwise, that old fellow would never refine my body into a puppet.’

Tian Cang stomped his foot, causing the starry sky to tremble. The next moment, he was approaching the puppet, pointing a finger at his clone.

The puppet’s mechanical eyes flickered. He sensed the emotions in Tian Cang. Then, the metal plate on his arm lifted open, and he raised his hand. A scarlet energy beam shot out of the muzzle in an instant.

Tian Cang twisted his body and dodged the attack effortlessly. “No matter what Nether Puppeteer did, there will always be my mark in my own flesh, and this mark cannot be wiped away by anyone.” Even as he muttered, his finger approached the puppet.

The Heavenly Nether Puppet seemed to feel uneasy. Suddenly, a series of clanging sounds rang out as his body began to change. On his arms, chest, palms, thighs, and legs, metal plates lifted and muzzles emerged, where scarlet energy was gathering. Then, with a rumbling sound, energy beams shot out of them, all aiming at Tian Cang. Flashing brightly, these beams streaked across the void and looked breathtakingly beautiful, but each of them contained lethal power that could kill a Great Saint.

Ice Saint and Er Ha moved quickly away from them. As they watched the energy beams shot across the starry sky, they both felt chills run down their backs. They hated to admit it, but the Heavenly Nether Puppet was too formidable. However, he had met his only nemesis: Nether King Tian Cang.

After all, the main component of this puppet was Tian Cang's flesh. At his level, the power of the Will of the Great Path he had formed when he became a Great Saint could not be destroyed, not to mention the mark of the Laws in his flesh. Therefore, he had absolute control over his flesh!

Tian Cang avoided all the energy beams, then pointed the finger on the puppet's forehead.

Buzz...

The next moment, the metal plates across the puppet's body lowered and closed, and his mechanical eyes flickered, while Tian Cang began to slowly fuse with him as if he was made of water.

In the distance, Ice Saint and Er Ha stared in bewilderment. They didn't expect this to happen.

"Does this mean that dad can use this puppet's body to come back to life?!" Er Ha said in surprise.

"It's possible..." Ice Saint nodded, her eyes flickering.

Was the man who shook the skies with his power and made Nether Prison tremble really coming back?!

The Heavenly Nether Puppet's body began to shake the moment Tian Cang entered it. His mechanical eyes flashed violently as if his emotions were bursting, while his body was twisting grotesquely. After a long time, the mechanical light in his eyes disappeared. His eyes closed, and when they opened again, they were filled with a domineering look!

Crack... Crack...

The Heavenly Nether Puppet clenched his fists, then the corners of his mouth curved upward slightly.

“Surprisingly, this puppet body is excellent...” he said. Although his voice was a little strange, it was not as emotionless as before.

...

Meanwhile, in Nether Prison...

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, who sat cross-legged on a black rock in the Di Ting Clan’s homeland, flicked open his eyes, which seemed bursting with lightning.

“How is that possible?! How did my spiritual mark in the Heavenly Nether Puppet become so weak?!”

He pushed to his feet, and a terrible aura exploded out of him. He glanced at the huge black vortex in the distance, took a deep breath, and ripped the void apart.

“Who is trying to erase the spiritual mark I left in the Heavenly Nether Puppet? The mark is refined with the most talented descendant of my clan... How can someone erase it without asking me?!”

A rift cracked open in the void. With his hands clasped behind his back, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch walked into it with a dark face. After that, the void healed.

A new storm was approaching!

#### Chapter 1350 The Death of Sword Demon Patriarch

Furry, chubby, bouncy, and warm to the touch... Even gray-green-haired Bu Fang began to like this feeling. As his hand lightly slapped Foxy on the buttocks, her three tails froze, and her eyes widened. In her mouth, there seemed to be something extremely horrible being brewed, causing her cheeks to bulge. The whole brewing time took about three seconds, and after that, she opened her mouth. Golden light could be seen gathering between her jaws. BOOM!

A thunderous noise exploded while powerful blasts swept out in all directions, resounding through the air. Foxy’s fat jiggled at this moment, and her white fur fluttered backward like grass in the wind. Something shot out of her mouth and went toward the sky at great speed. The powerful recoil pushed Foxy’s head back. Even gray-green-haired Bu Fang had to take a step back to absorb the force. His half-closed eyes went wide. Clearly, he was shocked.

It was a huge energy ball with a diameter of about eight meters. As it flew, streams of energy snaked around it, filling the void with a crackling noise.

Bu Fang, in his spirit sea, twitched the corner of his mouth in amazement. ‘What did this little fox spout after eating the Fortune Flatbread? Has she been upgraded from a Gatling gun to an eight-meter howitzer?!’

The huge energy cannonball shot through the air like a shooting star and rushed out of the shield.

Meanwhile, thousands of swords were still battering at the turtle shell. They were all deflected, though, and only made the shield glow brightly. The light dazzled Sword Demon Patriarch. Suddenly, he heard a loud boom that sounded like a thunderclap, then his eyes widened as he stared incredulously at the turtle shell.

A part of the shield began to rise as if a ball was about to burst out of it. The swords around it broke and fell to the ground. The next moment, a huge golden energy ball emerged and came straight toward him at top speed with tremendous pressure and a terrible aura.

Sword Demon Patriarch was struck dumb. He had never imagined that such a thing would come out from the turtle shell. The energy contained in this huge energy ball was extremely frightening, and it actually looked like a meatball that had been enlarged countless times. He had never seen such a huge meatball!

A deep rumbling sound echoed through the oppressive air, while powerful hurricanes began to wreak havoc nearby.

“I...” Sword Demon Patriarch muttered, then he spun and sped toward the distance on the sword as fast as he could. However, he underestimated the cannonball’s speed. In the next instant, it had approached his back.

Boom!

Energy devoured him, ripped his clothes, and made him shriek in horror. After that, the energy ball fell and smashed into the ground. The whole Earth Prison could feel the earth shake. After trembling violently for a while, it exploded and spread rings of energy, rolling up dust and cloud.

The onlookers felt as if their hearts were going to stop beating. At this moment, they seemed to have lost their hearing, and every one of them lay down on the ground, not daring to move. Dust and sand were brought up into the air and buried them. With their cultivation base, they were not afraid of being buried, but the explosion's shockwaves were too frightening.

Some Little Saints closer to the center of the explosion were thrown into the air, then tumbled for hundreds of meters before smashing into the ground. They had been staying far away, fearing that the shockwaves of the battle of Great Saints would hurt them, but in the end, they were still impacted. After being washed over by the energy ripples, some people were hurt and were coughing blood. It was hard to imagine how miserable Sword Demon Patriarch would be since he was at the center of the explosion.

The green energy shield gradually faded away after blocking the shockwaves, revealing the Black Temple.

Gray-green-haired Bu Fang narrowed his eyes and stroked the little fox in his arms with a smile. After releasing the energy ball, Foxy opened her mouth and belched, her fat jiggling as wisps of smoke drifted out of her mouth.

Buzz...

The Black Turtle's possession was over, and Bu Fang's gray-green hair gradually turned back to black. Holding Foxy with both hands, he brought her up and gave her a careful look.

'A Gatling gun turned into a howitzer... This is quite amazing. It seems I have not fed this little fox for nothing.'

He put her on his shoulder and turned around. The invisible vortex was spinning continuously. Obviously, Lord Dog should be breaking through already. Bu Fang let out a sigh of relief. He shook his hand, produced a few Explosive Meatballs, and shoved them into Foxy's mouth. The little fox ate them happily.

A gust of wind blew the dust and smoke away. The people watching from a distance all stood up, gasping when they saw the aftermath of the explosion. All around the Black Temple, the ground was in ruins, with cracks and holes everywhere. There was also a huge crater, where plumes of smoke were rising.

The clouds in the sky churned, and then several figures descended through them.

“Nether King Er Ha, Ice Saint, and... the Heavenly Nether Puppet?” Bu Fang held Foxy in his arms and looked up at the few people who came down from the sky. Immediately, a look of doubt came into his eyes.

The ruins clattered as Sword Demon Patriarch crawled out of it, looking miserable with his blackened body and torn clothes. When he saw the puppet, his eyes lit up instantly. “Heavenly Nether Puppet, kill them! Kill them all!” he growled in a hoarse voice. He knew that this puppet was sent here by Nether Puppeteer Patriarch to help him, and with his formidable strength, everything would be fine.

In the sky, the Heavenly Nether Puppet turned and rested his eyes on Sword Demon Patriarch. Then, waves of air spread, and the thrust on his back weakened. He landed next to the Patriarch.

Sword Demon Patriarch paused when he saw the puppet land at his side. A brief moment later, his expression changed, and he snapped, “What are you doing?! Go kill them! Quickly!”

Meanwhile, Er Ha and Ice Saint had landed beside Bu Fang. Looking at the ruined ground, they couldn’t help but suck in their breath.

‘What did Bu Fang do just now to hurt Sword Demon Patriarch so badly? The energy blast was almost as powerful as the strike from a Nine-revolution Great Saint...’

Bu Fang was puzzled, and his doubts deepened when he saw the faces of Er Ha and Ice Saint.

“It’s going to be fun,” Er Ha turned and told Bu Fang, grinning while twisting his hair with his finger.

In the distance, Sword Demon Patriarch was growling at the Heavenly Nether Puppet. Suddenly, Tian Cang smiled. The way the corners of his mouth curved upward scared Sword Demon Patriarch and nearly made his heart stop.

“You...”

Sword Demon Patriarch paused. His mouth opened in disbelief, and he pointed a finger at the Heavenly Nether Puppet. ‘Have my eyes deceived me? Is this puppet smiling at me? I thought Nether Puppeteer said that his puppets never smile?!’

The puppet lifted a hand and slapped him across the face, which pushed him back a few steps. His eyes went wide. “What are you doing?!” Sword Demon Patriarch roared again. However, what answered him was another slap.

“Who do you want me to kill?! Just who do you think you are ordering around? Haven’t you recognized me yet?!”

After being slapped many times across the face, Sword Demon Patriarch’s cheeks were swollen. He staggered back and slumped to the ground, looking at the Heavenly Nether Puppet in horror.

“You... You... You are not the Heavenly Nether Puppet! You are... Nether King Tian Cang?!”

Sword Demon Patriarch finally realized the truth, and he shouted it out loud, but that only sent a shock of cold through him.

‘How did this happen? Tian Cang is dead, and a dead man cannot be resurrected! How could this guy come back to life when his body had been made into a puppet by Nether Puppeteer?!’

He was not so shocked when Tian Cang was summoned by Er Ha because he knew that that was Tian Cang’s soul, and he couldn’t stay in this world for long. Now, however, when the Heavenly Nether Puppet with Tian Cang’s face spoke, he felt as if he had bumped into the scariest nightmare in the world.

“I have to thank that old fellow Nether Puppeteer. If it weren’t for him, I wouldn’t have a body to come back to life...” Tian Cang said.

Of course, it was too early to say that he had been resurrected. After all, his soul was summoned to this world, and he could not stay for too long. Once the time was up, he might have to disappear again. So he needed to think of a way.

In any case, even if he disappeared again, this Heavenly Nether Puppet could not be used again because he had already erased the spiritual mark in it.

“Impossible... How could you come back to life?! How could you break free from the Power of the Laws?!” Sword Demon Patriarch crawled and rolled backward like a madman with a look of disbelief on his face. Then, he raised a hand, and his sword that had fallen into the distance came flying back into his grip. Clutching the sword, he charged toward Tian Cang!

Tian Cang looked indifferently at him and lifted a hand. On the arm, a metal plate rose, and scarlet energy began to gather inside.

“I have to say that this offensive technique is really extraordinary...” Tian Cang said. The moment his voice rang out, a scarlet energy beam shot out, piercing through the air at great speed.

Sword Demon Patriarch’s pupils constricted. He brought the sword up to block it, but the cruel reality filled his heart with a chill. The energy beam pierced the blade and him together, leaving a hole about the size of an index finger on his forehead. The power of the energy beam was extremely terrifying. Soon, his soul was completely burned off.

His body fell to the ground with a thud, kicking up dust and sand. Another Nether Prison Patriarch had fallen in Earth Prison.

Tian Cang came to the Black Temple and looked up at the tightly shut doors. “Has Earth Prison Dog taken that step as well? It’s not an easy step to take...” he said and took a deep breath.

With Foxy in his arms, Bu Fang looked at Tian Cang. This was the first time he came in contact with this legendary man, who was Er Ha’s father, Ice Saint’s lover, and Nethery’s foster father.

At this moment, the void tore apart with a ripping sound, and the Netherworld Ship came sailing out of it. Nethery rose to her feet on the deck and walked out of the ship. As soon as she saw Tian Cang, she couldn’t believe it. She never thought that Tian Cang would come back to life with such an unorthodox method.

Bu Fang was studying Tian Cang’s body. It was somewhat similar to Whitey’s, but it looked more mechanical than Whitey’s chubby appearance.

“Your soul was summoned by the Fortune Flatbread, and then it possessed this puppet?” Bu Fang asked, stroking Foxy’s head.



Tian Cang nodded.

When the others heard Bu Fang's words, their expressions changed. Yes, what they feared would eventually happen. The soul summoned with the Fortune Flatbread could only stay in this world for a short time, so he would soon be gone.

"When people die, they go into chaos. I don't know why I was summoned. It felt like there was a supreme power pulling my soul... When I arrived in this world, my memory of that place became blurry. I can only vaguely remember that that place is called... Transmigration," Tian Cang said, rubbing his temple with a hand.

'Transmigration?' Bu Fang arched his brows. 'Is there really such a place in this world?'

Suddenly, Tian Cang's eyes began to flash with a mechanical light.

"Time is running out..."

Tian Cang was calm. He knew that his time in this world was limited. After all, he was already dead.

The expressions of Er Ha and Ice Saint changed, while Nethery looked anxious. Suddenly, the latter grabbed Bu Fang's arm and looked pleadingly at him. "Bu Fang... Do you have a way to help Nether King?"

Bu Fang glanced at her. It was the first time he had detected such feelings in her. Then, he sighed softly as he looked at the sad faces of Er Ha and Ice Saint.

He didn't know if it would work. As Tian Cang had mentioned, there was a mysterious power on him, which might be the so-called Power of the Laws, just like the power that had restricted the people in the forbidden lands. To suppress this power... perhaps only that thing could do it.

"I need you to guard Nether King Tian Cang and me... Don't let anyone or anything disturb us during this time," Bu Fang said, handing Foxy to Nethery.

That gave everyone a pause. Could Bu Fang really have a way?

...

Meanwhile, the void nearby Sword Demon Patriarch's lifeless body ripped apart, and powerful streams of Nether energy gushed out of it. The next moment, a figure with a bent back slowly walked out of the rift, spreading a terrible aura the instant he appeared.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch glanced at Sword Demon Patriarch's corpse, then turned his eyes to the Black Temple in the distance. A dreadful destructive force was churning in his cloudy eyes.