

Gourmet 1351

Chapter 1351 Sit Down and Hold This in Your Mouth

“Guard both of you?”

Bu Fang’s words lit up the eyes of Er Ha and the others. Could he really have a way?

To resurrect a dead man was an act that went against nature. The matters of life and death were the realm of the Laws, and the Power of the Laws was not something that an average person could defy, not even a Perfected Great Saint, or those who were at higher levels. After all, it was not the power of a family or even a plane, but the power of an entire universe, and a Great Saint was just a speck of dust in the universe.

Could Bu Fang really do that? Perhaps, whether he could do it or not, it was worth giving it a try, if not for anything but a sliver of hope. With his body and soul both ready, now might be the only chance for Tian Cang to be revived. Once they missed it, the legendary man would probably disappear forever. They could not give up this hope.

A serious look came into the eyes of Er Ha and Ice Saint. They withdrew from the Black Temple. Soon, only Tian Cang and Bu Fang were left. For a moment, the atmosphere was somewhat awkward.

Tian Cang didn’t know Bu Fang. After all, he had been long dead, and when he was still alive, Bu Fang was not even here. One of them was a legendary man, and the other was an unknown chef. It felt somewhat awkward when the two of them were left alone together. However, Tian Cang was curious about Bu Fang. He felt that this little chef had a unique charm.

“It’s because of you that I can come back to the Netherworld, right? I heard the bread you made can give others fortune?” Tian Cang said, looking at Bu Fang with a smile.

It was hard for him to smile because he had a puppet face. Even though most parts of this puppet were his flesh, this body didn’t belong to him anymore, so it was a little difficult for him to control it. Another reason was that his soul hadn’t truly fused with this body.

Bu Fang was thinking at the moment. When he heard Tian Cang’s questions, he raised his head and glanced at the Nether King. “Oh, it’s nothing,” he said with a straight face.

The corner of Tian Cang's mouth twitched. 'This little chef is really blunt... However, the fact that he could make the Fortune Flatbread proved that he's extraordinary. Although the bread's effect depends on one's luck, there are people with heaven-defying luck...'

Moreover, Tian Cang also felt that this fortune was related to one's conviction. He was well aware that luck alone could not pull him out of the Transmigration.

"What do I need to do?" Tian Cang asked. Of course, he wanted to be resurrected. As someone who had died, he knew how painful death was. The Transmigration was dark and chaotic, and there was no way to know the time. It didn't feel good at all to stay there.

Bu Fang raised his head again and glanced at Tian Cang. "Can you... stop talking?"

Tian Cang was left speechless. 'What a cold little chef...' he thought to himself.

At the moment, Bu Fang was thinking hard about how to save Tian Cang. He knew there must be a way because he had touched something in his mind, but he couldn't quite grasp it yet.

The so-called Power of the Transmigration should be the same as the Power of the Laws. It could trap someone in a place, just like how those experts of the forbidden lands were trapped. Otherwise, they should have perished together with the previous age tens of thousands of years ago.

'The experts of the forbidden lands had hoped to leave the confinement before, and they were crazy about getting something... which is...' Bu Fang's eyes lit up slightly. It was as if a shooting star had just streaked through his mind.

'That's right, the Senseless Lotus!'

Whether it was Jin Lou of the Cave of the Fallen Gods or Black Demon of the Black Temple, they all coveted the Senseless Lotus. To them, the lotus was a key that could unlock the shackle of the Power of the Laws. In short, it was a means to deceive the Power of the Laws.

But... it was not that simple.

Bu Fang didn't think the Senseless Lotus alone could solve the problem. After all, Tian Cang was not the same as those Lords of the Forbidden Lands. He was a dead man, and the Power of the Laws would be terribly strong if it needed to be deceived to bring a dead man back to life.

'Perhaps it corresponds to the power of a different law. The Power of the Law of Death corresponds to Transmigration. Is Transmigration also a Power of the Laws?'

Bu Fang's mind seemed to capture something, and his eyes gleamed brighter and brighter.

He entered his spirit sea. Nine whirlpools were spinning inside, exuding terrible auras. The White Tiger, Divine Dragon, Vermilion Bird, and Black Turtle were there to greet him. They looked at him, and they knew what he was about to do.

"Little Host, are you really going to do this? If you touch the Power of the Laws at your current level, it will harm your future..." said the Black Turtle. Of the four Artifact Spirits, he was the most prudent one, so the fact that he spoke showed the seriousness of the matter.

"Do you think my idea is feasible?" Bu Fang asked, looking at the Black Turtle.

"Although the path to becoming the God of Cooking is tough and dangerous, if you walk it step by step, the dangers are not too terrible and will be within your ability. You will still have chances to pass them. However, once you break the laws and get yourself involved in more advanced things when your level is not enough, it will make your future tougher and more horrible... You may even fall into the Transmigration forever," the Black Turtle explained.

That was all that he said. There were other things, but he could not mention them. The Black Turtle had lived a long time, and he had served many hosts. He admired Bu Fang, but that was it. It was enough for him to do things within his power without touching the Laws.

Bu Fang looked at the Black Turtle, then at the other Artifact Spirits, and the corner of his mouth twitched slightly. "Danger is danger, no matter how big or small..."

The next moment, the spirit sea began to change. The four Artifact Spirits separated and went to the four corners, forming the Yin-Yang-Four-Quadrants spirit sea. Bu Fang's mental force was highly concentrated at this moment.

He flicked open his eyes.

Meanwhile, in the Heaven and Earth Farmland, the Senseless Lotus growing on the Immortal Tree suddenly trembled slightly, then one of its petals fell. It glowed with a gentle light, which blanketed the whole farmland in an instant.

The Eight Treasures chicken, who was running wildly through the grass, jerked its head up and stared at the petals with its tiny eyes, and so did the Eight Treasures pig, who was digging the earth with its snout.

In front of the wooden hut, Niu Hansan, lying in a rocking chair, shook his head and muttered, “Owner Bu is stirring up things again...”

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Bu Fang lifted his hand, and a lotus petal immediately emerged in his palm, accompanied by waves of powerful vitality energy. He turned to Tian Cang and gently pushed the petal to him. “Sit down and hold this in your mouth,” he said.

“Senseless Lotus?!”

Tian Cang’s pupils constricted. With his vast experience, he recognized at a glance the thing Bu Fang gave him. It was a petal of the Senseless Lotus.

‘Senseless Lotus... I can’t believe this boy has the Senseless Lotus. Has that terrible existence in the bronze palace been... released? The Senseless Lotus is the so-called key, and once it is picked, it means that the existence in the bronze palace is... freed.’

Tian Cang took a deep breath. He thought of the terrible existence in the bronze palace drifting along the Yellow Spring River, who he had no confidence to deal with even when he was at his peak. That fellow was a... mysterious existence.

But then, his eyes lit up. ‘Since this little chef has the Senseless Lotus, perhaps he could really save me?’

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Outside the Black Temple...

Sword Demon Patriarch's body was tangled by black strings. Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, with his bent back, stood beside the body, his eyes cold. He flicked his sleeve, which fell over the head of the dead Sword Demon Patriarch.

A scuffling sound rang out. From Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's sleeve, one tiny mechanical bug after another crawled out, fell onto Sword Demon Patriarch's body, and crawled into the large hole on his forehead. Soon, chewing sounds filled the air, making the hair of those who heard it stand on end.

When the sounds could no longer be heard, wisps of black smoke wafted out of Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's body and enveloped Sword Demon Patriarch. Then, Sword Demon Patriarch, who was already dead, climbed to his feet. When he opened his eyes, the white in them had turned completely black!

Looking at him, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch smiled. "I'll call you Sword Puppet. Although I've made you into a puppet, your sword intent remains in you..."

Sword Demon Patriarch didn't respond.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch thrust a skinny old palm from under his sleeve. His fingers moved rhythmically, and with that, a clicking sound rang out of Sword Demon Patriarch's body.

Buzz...

A sword suddenly rose into the sky. Sword Puppet's body trembled, then he rushed forward, grabbed the sword, and flew toward the Black Temple.

Er Ha, Ice Saint, and Nethery stood in front of the Black Temple. Suddenly, a plume of terrible black smoke fell from the sky, and a mighty pressure washed them over. Their expressions changed dramatically.

"Here they come!" Er Ha said, clenching his jaws.

He would not let anyone stop his father from coming back to life. Clutching the Nether King Halberd, towering fighting will exploded out of him. He stomped his foot, cracking the ground and shooting himself into the sky. As he approached the black smoke, he swung the halberd and sent energy blasts that seemed to shatter the whole heaven and earth.

“Come! Let’s fight!” Er Ha roared. The effect of the Fortune Flatbread was not over yet, so he still had the strength of a Nine-revolution Great Saint!

He was answered by a sword. It was a powerful sword, and it collided with the energy blast. In the blink of an eye, both of them shattered.

With his sword in hand, Sword Demon Patriarch approached at great speed.

Er Ha’s pupils constricted. “Sword Demon Patriarch? Wasn’t he killed by my dad? How did he come back to life?!”

Facing Er Ha, the cold and emotionless Sword Demon Patriarch opened his mouth so wide that his whole jaw seemed to come off. Then, a brilliant sword shot out of it and pierced through the air.

It was too late for Er Ha to dodge, so he used the Nether King Halberd to block it. The next moment, the sword hit the halberd and split into thousands of tiny swords, which slashed his face, arms, and legs, leaving countless tiny wounds all over his body.

Sword Demon Patriarch flew back to where he came from. Then, a hunchbacked figure slowly stepped out of the smoke and dust. His footfalls were not loud, and his pace was steady.

A long time later, they saw the figure’s appearance. It was an old man with white hair, an old face, and a pair of asymmetrical eyes—one was big while the other was small. The flesh on his cheeks was drooping from age, and his eyes had heavy bags under them.

“The Heavenly Nether Puppet is my favorite work... Please return it to me.”

A hoarse and old voice rang through the skies. The hunchbacked old man put his hands behind his back, while Sword Puppet floated at his side with a dropped jaw.

All the onlookers gasped. Without a doubt, this man was the maker of the Heavenly Nether Puppet, the strongest man of the Nether Puppeteer Clan and one of the two supreme figures of Nether Prison—Nether Puppeteer Patriarch!

Chapter 1352 A Bowl of Noodles for You

“Sit down and hold this in your mouth...”

When Tian Cang first heard Bu Fang’s instructions, he did not want to do it. However, on second thought, he realized that he was considered a patient now. Since this little chef had the Senseless Lotus, it meant that he really had the means to bring him back to life. In that case, he might as well do as he was told.

So he sat down and shoved the Senseless Lotus petal into his mouth. The moment it touched his tongue, a warm and soothing aura spread and filled him. Just by keeping the petal in his mouth, Tian Cang felt that his unstable soul became clearer, and the supreme power that was pulling at his soul was separated from him. He had never felt so good before.

“Wu wu wu?” Tian Cang stared at Bu Fang with a look of excitement on his face.

Bu Fang gave him a sideways glance and said, “Don’t talk. Keep it in your mouth.”

Tian Cang nodded and did as he was told.

“You’re a dead man, and the Senseless Lotus has little effect on you. It can delay your soul from being pulled back into Transmigration, but when the time is up, you will still have to leave...” Bu Fang said, then frowned as if he was thinking about something.

Tian Cang nodded again. He knew this very well. It was not so easy to come back to life.

“So, in addition to the Senseless Lotus, we need another method.” Bu Fang touched his chin, stared at Tian Cang for a while, then went on, “It wouldn’t be easy for you... It will be painful.”

“Wu wu wu!” Tian Cang nodded solemnly.

Judging by the way he looked, he was willing to do anything to come back to life. Death was not what he had wanted, and he still had many entanglements in this world. Therefore, in order to be resurrected, he was willing to bear the pain, no matter how terrible it was.

In fact, the pain Bu Fang mentioned was nothing to Tian Cang. It was more like a merciful release when compared to the eternal darkness in the Transmigration.

Bu Fang looked seriously at the Nether King. He did not like to force others. Although he knew he was saving someone, he wanted Tian Cang to willingly accept this.

‘By the looks of it, Tian Cang really wants to come back to life, and he’s willing to suffer pain for it...’ Bu Fang nodded and said, “Then I’ll assume that you said yes...”

After that, he was lost in thought for a while again. Then, as Tian Cang watched with doubt, he took a step back and said, “Don’t talk. I’ll cook a bowl of noodles for you.”

‘A bowl of noodles?’ Tian Cang paused. ‘Is there any connection between saving me and eating noodles?’

However, Bu Fang did not say anything more, leaving Tian Cang’s doubts unexplained. With a thought, he produced the White Tiger Heaven Stove, which fell to the ground with a boom and kicked up dust. He then took out some white flour, put them in a large bowl, and poured in the Spring of Life. The flour seemed to glow when the energy-rich water was added.

Bu Fang was going to make noodles, but he wasn’t going to make ordinary noodles.

He took out a spirit beast egg, cracked it into the flour, and began to knead them together. His movements were not fast nor slow, as this was not a simple step. He needed to turn the energy in the flour into a silky smooth string with his divine will.

Pak, pak, pak...

Bu Fang began to punch the flour mixture. Soon, it turned into dough. Then, he threw his hands to each side, and the dough in the bowl began to spin slowly as if it had turned into a ball.

It was a pleasure to watch Bu Fang cook, which was a mixture of art and beauty. Tian Cang was stunned as he watched. For the first time, he found that cooking could be so artistic!

As the dough spun, it became rounder and seemed to flicker with a faint light, while Bu Fang's face grew serious. He took a deep breath. The next moment, the divine will Phantom Spirit sitting cross-legged in the center of his spirit sea opened its eyes, and his divine will began to surge.

Highly concentrated, the divine will drew an array in his palm. It was a complicated array. Each of the strokes was condensed of divine will, and there were a total of eighty-one strokes. In fact, every Gourmet Array was drawn with eighty-one strokes.

Profound secrets were hiding in the strokes, and he needed to draw every stroke with extreme care. The array was actually the Time Gourmet Array, which could control the flow of time, and the rate was determined by the details when it was being drawn.

Therefore, Bu Fang dared not to be careless when drawing it. A slight mistake would mean a disaster to Tian Cang, making this bowl of noodles his last dish in this world.

After a long time, the drawing of the Time Array was completed. It hovered over his palm, flashing brightly. There was a weakness in Bu Fang's Gourmet Arrays—they needed to attach to food. He had seen the previous host's Gourmet Arrays, and they didn't seem to have this restriction. However, it was because of that that the previous host didn't come out with things like Death Food Tools.

The array was spinning, exuding a mysterious aura. Bu Fang had made it to slow the flow of time. He turned it into a very small dot, then sent it into the dough, which stopped spinning for one second. The next moment, he stacked his middle finger over the index finger and pulled a noodle from the dough. The noodle was thin, but if one looked carefully, they could see the round Time Array set on its flat cut face.

Bu Fang took a step back, and his hand began to draw a circle in the air. As he kept shaking his hand and drawing, the noodle was being pulled out of the dough in a continuous string, stretching and gathering in the circle.

Tian Cang was astonished as he watched. He had never seen someone cook like this.

The dough soon disappeared. The noodle, on the other hand, was full of Time Arrays. Bu Fang had condensed an array with his divine will in the noodle at every specific distance, filling the string of

noodle with numerous arrays. It was an unusual noodle, one that stretched from end to end without break.

Inside the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, the Spring of Life was boiling with a piece of rhino meat, which was leaking its energy into the water. This was the broth for the noodles. Bu Fang pointed out a finger, and the noodle began to fall into the wok in a continuous string.

After that, he began to prepare the other ingredients.

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Outside the Black Temple...

The appearance of Nether Puppeteer Patriarch shocked everyone.

Er Ha's hair stood on end, and he had goosebumps all over his skin. The feeling of terror was unprecedented. Even Tyrant Patriarch had not given him such a horrible feeling. It proved how fearful this old man was.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch snapped his fingers. A burst of clicking sound rang out as another puppet emerged behind him. It was a female puppet with an attractive body. Her bosom was large, and her long, slim legs were eye-catching. However, her face was covered with a silver metal mask. The weapon in her hand was what made everyone suck in a cold breath. It was a huge hammer, fully carved with patterns that kept flashing. Clearly, it was not made with ordinary materials.

This female puppet was Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's Earth Nether Puppet.

"I have three puppets, the Heaven Nether Puppet, Earth Nether Puppet, and Human Nether puppet. However, only the Heaven Nether Puppet is my proudest work. You have taken my work without my consent, and it upsets me," Nether Puppeteer Patriarch said indifferently, his voice hoarse. With his hands clasped behind his back, he slowly stepped forward.

Er Ha's eyes were shot with blood. 'What is this old man talking about? He turned dad's body into a puppet, and now he's showing off in my face? Dammit!'

He grabbed the Nether King Halberd, roared, and stomped his foot. The ground cracked and shattered as he sped forward like a cannonball. The void seemed to collapse in front of him. Then, he swung the halberd and unleashed a terrible energy blast.

“You’re very noisy,” Nether Puppeteer Patriarch said, glancing at Er Ha.

The next moment, the female puppet at his side, the Earth Nether Puppet, moved. In the blink of an eye, she vanished from where she was, and when she reappeared, she was right in front of Er Ha. In the face of the powerful energy blast, the puppet did not dodge. Instead, she lifted the great hammer with one hand and smashed it.

With one blow, the energy blast shattered like glass and fell scattering to the ground. The hammer’s momentum didn’t decrease, and it continued smashing toward the Nether King Halberd.

Er Ha’s pupils constricted, and he held the halberd horizontally to block the hammer.

The next moment, the hammer hit the halberd and bent it, then struck Er Ha hard in the chest. The Nether King coughed blood as he was thrown back like a cannonball toward the Black Temple.

Ice Saint quickly floated up the air. Ice crystals emerged in her palm, and she pushed them against Er Ha’s back to stop him. However, a great force shattered the crystals in an instant and pushed her, causing her to take dozens of steps back before stopping. She almost smashed into the Black Temple. Ice Saint’s face was pale. ‘Why is that hammer so powerful?!’

Er Ha widened his eyes, opened his mouth, and coughed. A stream of dirty blood spurted out of his mouth, while the bent Nether King Halberd fell to the ground with a clang, sinking deep into the earth.

Nethery held Foxy in her arms and narrowed her eyes.

Meanwhile, the Earth Nether Puppet slowly descended and landed with her great hammer. Her mechanical eyes gleamed coldly as she walked one step after another toward the Black Temple.

Nethery parted her red lips slightly and sighed. She did what Bu Fang instructed her, which was to give Foxy a Fortune Flatbread. The little fox ate it happily. After that, terrible energy began to brew in her mouth once again.

Nethery raised her palm and gently slapped Foxy on the buttocks, causing the little fox's chubby butt to jiggle.

Boom!

A shocking explosion broke out as the energy that had been brewing in Foxy's mouth turned into a terrible, eight-meter energy cannonball and shot toward the Earth Nether Puppet. The powerful recoil pushed Nethery back, and she had to squeeze her long legs together to stabilize herself.

When Nether Puppeteer Patriarch saw that, his eyes lit up instantly. "What an interesting little fellow..."

The Earth Nether Puppet didn't dodge Foxy's cannonball. She just lifted her arm and held the hammer flat, pointing it at the terrible explosive energy that was approaching from the distance.

RUMBLE!

The huge cannonball, which was an enlarged version of the Explosive Meatball, collided with the great hammer.

However, the terrible explosion that everyone was expecting didn't happen. In everyone's shocked eyes, the huge cannonball was absorbed by the great hammer! It stunned all the people! They couldn't believe that the hammer was so heaven-defying!

After the great hammer absorbed the energy cannonball, the Earth Nether Puppet's eyes turned scarlet. It was as if her body was burning with energy. She lifted the hammer with both hands, then thrust it toward Nethery.

RUMBLE!

A shocking explosion broke out as a cannonball shot out of the hammer. It was eight meters in diameter and contained a terrible destructive force. The cannonball that Foxy had unleashed was returned to them, heading toward the Black Temple. If it hit the building, all their hard efforts would be destroyed!

Chapter 1353 You're Not Going to Resurrect Tian Cang!

A plume of hot steam rose from the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, soaring into the sky like a roaring dragon and bursting in the clouds. It filled the air with a rich, refreshing aroma of noodles. While the noodle was being cooked, Bu Fang began to prepare the other ingredients.

He took out some fresh spirit vegetables with tender leaves that glowed like jade, which he picked in the Heaven and Earth Farmland, and placed them on a chopping board. Then, he produced his Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, spun it between his fingers, and chopped the vegetables into slices. The crunching sounds of the knife cutting through the vegetables made Tian Cang, who was holding the lotus petal in his mouth, blink.

After that, he removed the noodle from the wok. Shining like jade, it was as thin as silk and waved like a dragon's whisker. He placed the steaming noodle in a bowl, then added a spoonful of broth he scooped out from the wok. As the broth filled the bowl, the noodle floated up and looked like a tangle of dragon whiskers.

The dish was not yet completed, though. Bu Fang sprinkled the chopped spirit vegetables into the wok, and after the boiling broth quickly softened them, he picked them out and placed them in the bowl. Then, he took out a spirit beast egg, cracked the shell, and made the egg float over a ball of white flame that burned in his other hand.

The egg sizzled over the flames. Its white turned solid in an instant, while its yolk jiggled in the middle. Bu Fang fixed his mental force on the yolk as an array emerged in front of him. It was not the Time Gourmet Array this time, but the Imprisoned Gourmet Array.

Yes, in addition to the Time Gourmet Array, the Imprisoned Gourmet Array was a must for the dish. Although the Time Gourmet Array could slow down time and thus delay Tian Cang's soul from being pulled back by the Power of the Laws, it could not isolate him from it. By adding the Imprisoned Gourmet Array, the dish could temporarily isolate his soul from the Power of the Laws.

The duration of the isolation was not long, but it was enough. Together with the Time Gourmet Array and the Senseless Lotus, Bu Fang reckoned that the dish could bring Tian Cang back to life. Of course, from then on, the Nether King could not live without this noodle.

The egg white was twitching in the flame. It required skills to fry an egg, especially one that served as a side dish for the noodle. The yolk could not be overcooked because it would affect the taste, so it was best to fry it until seventy-percent cooked. An egg fried in this way would have an orange yolk, which was semi-solid.

As a rich egg aroma filled the air, Bu Fang waved his hand. The Imprisoned Gourmet Array immediately fused with the fried egg, and then the egg fell into the bowl, covering half of it.

The bowl of noodles was finally ready. Meatless, it was a simple bowl of noodles with only a fried egg and some vegetables. The noodles seemed a lot, but in fact, there was only one long, unbroken noodle.

Bu Fang called this simple bowl of noodles the Dragon Whisker Noodle. Or, it could be called the Longevity Noodle as well.

Tian Cang was amazed as he watched from the side. Bu Fang's cooking was like a thrilling artistic performance, which completely intoxicated him and made him realize that cooking was also an extensive and profound art.

Bu Fang held the bowl of steaming noodles and glanced at Tian Cang. At last, he had finished cooking it. There were two Gourmet Arrays in it, and it had taken him a great effort to combine them perfectly. Although it looked simple, it was actually harder to cook than some complicated dishes.

‘Hopefully, this bowl of noodle can help Nether King Tian Cang...’

Even he wasn't sure how effective this bowl of noodle was. Everything was just guesswork. Whether it could isolate the Power of the Laws or not, he could only try now. Otherwise, he had done his best.

Bu Fang walked up to Tian Cang, who was sitting on the ground, and handed him the bowl. “Your bowl of noodles is ready. Eat it with the lotus petal in your mouth,” he said seriously.

Tian Cang froze. ‘As simple as what? Can a bowl of noodles really resurrect me? Isn't this a little too improper?’

“Scientifically speaking, the chances of success should be quite high...” Bu Fang added in a serious voice.

Bu Fang was so serious that Tian Cang didn't know how to refute it. ‘Well, since I can't argue with it, I might as well eat the noodles,’ he thought.

And so he did. He rolled up his tongue and swallowed the petal of the Senseless Lotus. Then, he took the bowl of noodles, which looked very simple with minimal ingredients. Sitting on the ground, Tian Cang held the bowl in one hand and the chopsticks in the other. After glancing at Bu Fang one more time, he put his mouth to the bowl and took a sip of broth.

As soon as the thick broth rushed into his mouth, Tian Cang's mouth, which could hardly taste anything at all, immediately came back to life. His lost sense of taste seemed to return at this moment, which made his eyes light up.

'This broth is really delicious! It not only acts on the tongue and taste buds but also makes my soul feel a burst of pleasure!'

Tian Cang narrowed his eyes. He reached out his chopsticks, picked up the fried egg, put it into his mouth, and took a gentle bite. When his teeth bit through the yolk, the orange-yellow liquid inside flowed out slowly like sticky maltose. The slow-flowing yolk gave him a strange enjoyment. He sucked it into his mouth with his tongue, and a mellow taste filled his mouth at once. The egg was thick, somewhat sticky, but it gave him a joy that he had never experienced before!

Bu Fang watched Tian Cang eat and felt a little hungry himself. Perhaps the bowl of noodles was too tempting. Although it was just a simple dish, the noodle was not an ordinary one.

Tian Cang picked up the vegetables and put them in his mouth. The boiling water had not turned them mushy. Instead, they were crispy and had a fresh taste. After eating them, he felt that even his spirit was cheering. It was a feeling that was hard to describe.

After tasting the fried egg and vegetables, it was now the star of this bowl of Dragon Whisker Noodle's turn. Tian Cang picked up the noodle with chopsticks and kept raising his hand to find the end of it, but he found that there seemed to be no end to it. He even put the bowl on the floor and stood up on tiptoe, but he still could not make it appear.

"Don't waste your energy, just suck the noodle into your mouth slowly," Bu Fang said.

Tian Cang grinned, then put part of the noodle in his mouth and began slurping. The thin noodle rushed into his mouth, twisting and turning like a long dragon whisker between his lips. As he slurped, the noodle in the bowl moved and stirred the broth, bringing it into his mouth as well.

His eyes grew bigger and bigger, and he felt as if he was about to reach the end of the noodle. Finally, with a jerk of his head, he pulled the last part of the noodle out of the bowl and slurped it down! He had finished the noodle at last!

Tian Cang had an urge to cry, but he couldn't do that now, so he took the bowl and drank all the remaining broth that was still steaming. He felt that this bowl of noodles was the best food he had ever eaten. He was completely overwhelmed by it!

When Tian Cang finished eating everything, Bu Fang's eyes focused, and he said, "Let's begin!" The next moment, his spirit sea began to boil. The divine will Phantom Spirit in it opened its eyes again, and he sat in front of Tian Cang.

"Don't talk and just feel the changes... There can be no mistakes next. What we're going to do is to deceive the Transmigration!" Bu Fang said seriously.

Tian Cang nodded solemnly, then opened his mouth and burped. Suddenly, a burst of golden light exploded out of his body. The effects of the Time Gourmet Array, Imprisoned Gourmet Array, and the Senseless Lotus petal were triggered.

Tian Cang felt as if his soul was fleeting. At this moment, the bright golden light turned into golden rings, fell over his head, and completely wrapped him up. It was as if he was now trapped in a cage!

Bu Fang closed his eyes, raised his hand, and put his palm on the side of the golden rings. He heard a loud boom, then he felt as if he had entered a mysterious space. He opened his eyes and found that the sky and the earth were spinning.

The sound of footfalls rang out behind him. He turned around and saw a burly figure in the distance, who was none other than Tian Cang. However, his body was not the puppet's body now.

Rumble!

Bu Fang and Tian Cang looked up at the sky at the same time. It seemed a little different, churning with a dull, lifeless light that looked like chaos.

Tian Cang stared at it with no joy or grief in his eyes. "This sky is the... Transmigration," he said with a soft sigh as if he were talking to Bu Fang.

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A strange light suddenly burst out of the Black Temple. Er Ha got up from the ground, and his eyes lit up. The light was different from the vortex of Lord Dog's breakthrough. There was no doubt that it was not caused by Lord Dog. Since it wasn't him, there was only one possibility—Bu Fang was resurrecting Tian Cang!

“They cannot be allowed to ruin dad's hope of resurrection!”

The Nether King Armor on Er Ha's chest had been dented where he'd been hit by the great hammer. The Earth Nether Puppet was really strong!

Boom!

A terrible energy ball flew toward them from a distance, rolling rapidly as if to destroy the sky and the earth. It was the enlarged Explosive Meatball fired by Foxy just now. It was their weapon, but at this moment, it was aiming for them. It was all because of that magical hammer!

With a cold face, Ice Saint floated up in the air and raised her hand. The next moment, a snowstorm began to spread from under her feet, rising into the sky. However, just when she was about to use this great power, her whole body was in pain as if she was being pierced by needles. She coughed up some blood, which turned the ice crystals red. As the owner of God Vanishing Mountain, Ice Saint was also punished by the Power of the Laws.

Buzz...

Despite the pain, she managed to build an ice wall to block the energy ball.

Boom!

The energy ball struck the ice wall hard, and a horrible explosion broke out instantly. For a moment, flames soared into the sky and illuminated the whole Earth Prison!

In the distance, Yellow Spring Great Sage pushed to his feet. Gravels clattered around him. When he saw the blazing sky, he produced the jade wine jar and took another sip of the wine, then put his index finger and thumb into his mouth and blew a whistle.

Roar!

A dragon roar could be heard, as if in response to his whistle. A moment later, the Blood Illuminating Dragon flew up from the distant sky and soon landed in front of him.

With the help of the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine, Yellow Spring Great Sage had made a full recovery from his injuries. He stepped on the dragon's back, patted it on the head, and pointed to the direction of the Black Temple. The dragon focused its eyes, flapped its wings, and sped toward the Black Temple.

...

A cracking sound filled the air as lines spread across the thick ice wall. The power of the energy ball was extremely terrible. It had blown a massive hole through the other side of the ice wall, but fortunately, it was blocked.

Ice Saint staggered back with blood dripping from her nose and mouth. Like Er Ha, she would not allow anyone to stop Tian Cang's resurrection!

Foxy curled up her chubby body in Nethery's arms with her mouth open, as if she was wondering why her attack had been returned to them.

"Is it... blocked?" Er Ha breathed a sigh of relief.

Suddenly, Nethery, sitting on the Netherworld Ship, narrowed her eyes.

On the other side of the ice wall, a vague figure emerged, raised a great hammer, and smashed it down.

Boom!

The already crumbling ice wall was powerless against the blow. It completely cracked and broke into ice crystals, scattering all over the ground and revealing the Earth Nether Puppet's graceful figure.

Clear footsteps rang out as Nether Puppeteer Patriarch came forward. With his cloudy eyes, he looked at the two strange places in the Black Temple. One of them was the vortex he was familiar with, and the other was a strange light that was flashing violently.

“What did you do to my Heaven Nether Puppet? You will be punished for tampering with such perfect work!” Nether Puppeteer Patriarch said in a hoarse voice. Then, he flicked his finger. A tiny metal bug shot out, turned into a beam of light, broke through the defenses of Er Ha, Ice Saint, and Nethery, and sped into the Black Temple.

As soon as the metal bug entered the Black Temple, it saw the Heaven Nether Puppet and Bu Fang sitting on the ground, and the golden rings emitting mysterious light.

Suddenly, a big palm came slapping down and knocked the bug to the ground, leaving a deep palm print on the floor.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed as it raised its hand and scratched its round head.

Outside, what the metal bug saw was clearly reflected in Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's eyes. His face turned extremely cold in an instant.

“The inheritor of that man? He wants to resurrect Tian Cang? No way!”

Rumble!

A dreadful aura and pressure exploded out of Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's body as he moved, shooting forward like a flash of light and leaving countless afterimages in the air. He wanted to enter the Black Temple, and he was confident that no one present could stop him!

He raised his withered palm, which was full of terrible energy. He was going to destroy everything with one palm!

Suddenly, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's pupils constricted.

A small, fair hand appeared and seized his withered palm. He could see a turquoise aura surging slowly over the hand!

Chapter 1354 The Curse... Broke Out Completely?

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch never thought that anyone in this world would dare to intercept him. Looking at the fair palm that grabbed his hand, which was as withered as the bark of an ancient tree, his eyes became sharp in an instant. It was a girl's hand, white as jade and with skin so smooth that it was as if it didn't have any pores. The whole palm seemed to glow with a sparking light. Just by looking at it, one could imagine that the owner must be a stunning beauty. However, there was a faint turquoise light lingering on the palm.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch stood where he was. He was only one step away from the Black Temple, but he was not in a hurry to enter.

'Resurrecting Tian Cang? This idea downright goes against all the heavenly laws!' The Way of Life and Death was governed by the supreme Powers of the Laws. It was very difficult for even those above the Great Saint Realm to resurrect a person, let alone a Great Saint. When a man died, his soul would be pulled by the Power of the Laws into a mysterious place. It was too difficult to bring back the soul, and a person would not resurrect without it. That was why he was not anxious at all that Tian Cang was being resurrected.

His eyes moved slightly, looking up the fair arm. First, he saw a black dress, then above that, a perfect collarbone and a slender, white neck. He glanced up further and saw a breathtakingly beautiful face.

'She is indeed very beautiful! Oh?' Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's pupils suddenly constricted because under this charming appearance, he felt a fearful, oppressive aura.

Nethery's pupils had turned green, and her hair, which had recovered after eating the Three-cup Chicken, had once again turned dark green. They waved gently behind her and, with her fair skin, made her look like a fairy.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch narrowed his eyes. A smile came over his old face, and his lips parted, revealing his brown teeth. "Little girl, are you going to stop me?"

Nethery didn't answer him, but her aura grew stronger and stronger.

“Do you know who I am?” said the Patriarch. His voice seemed to have magic, which could enchant those who heard it. Even then, a rustling sound rang out of his sleeve. The next moment, one metal bug after another crawled out of it, rushing madly toward Nethery’s arm.

Nethery remained cold and expressionless even as the bugs were about to touch her palm. Her long eyelashes fluttered, then her big eyes turned and fell upon the bugs. Suddenly, a dark green light emerged, and then all the metal bugs became stiff and fell to the ground from the Patriarch’s arm.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch winced at the sight. He found that his divine will engraved in these metal bugs had been erased in an instant! ‘Did this girl do this?’ He was slightly shocked, but he quickly regained his cool.

“Scram!” Nethery finally spoke, looking at the old man in front of her. However, she only said one word. She was, after all, a girl of few words.

Scram? Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s cheek twitched. No one had dared to speak to him like that for a long time.

“Little girl... You are digging your own grave. Do you want me to make you into a puppet?” he said coldly.

Boom!

A tremendous force erupted, lifting Nether Puppeteer Patriarch from the ground and throwing him away from the Black Temple before he could react. His figure arced through the air like a meteor, then smashed into the ground.

Nethery floated slowly into the air, her eyes cold and emotionless.

The attack of this level naturally did Nether Puppeteer Patriarch no harm at all. He rolled over, stood up, and gently swept the dust from his clothes. “What a hot-tempered girl... But I like it. A hot-tempered girl like you deserves to have her belly cut open, her entrails removed, and made into a beautiful puppet that others can admire like a work of art.”

He smiled faintly, then raised his hand and moved his fingers. In the sky, the Earth Nether Puppet holding the great hammer moved. Like a thunderbolt, she sped through the air and went toward Nethery.

Er Ha and Ice Saint turned pale. There was no way that Nethery could resist the attack of this fearsome Earth Nether Puppet. However, it was too late for them to help her because the puppet was already on her.

The puppet bent her attractive body, then sprung forward like a spring and landed beside Nethery, lifting her great hammer and bringing it down hard toward Nethery's head. If this blow struck, Nethery's head would certainly burst like a watermelon.

Er Ha and Ice Saint gasped at the same time. How could Nethery block the attack? Was she going to die like this? However, what happened next horrified them. They saw Nethery raise her hand...

Boom!

The hammer struck, but it was stopped by her hand! The blow that came with a terrifying force was blocked as if it was nothing!

"What?" Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's cloudy eyes burst into a bright light. The Earth Nether Puppet, on the other hand, tilted her head, her mechanical eyes flashing as if wondering why her invincible hammer was blocked.

Nethery glanced at the great hammer, then at the Earth Nether Puppet, her eyes cold and emotionless. Then, she raised her hand.

Boom!

A terrible force erupted from her palm, accompanied by a turquoise light.

The next moment, the Earth Nether Puppet was hit hard by the light, throwing her back and smashing her into the ground. She slid far away and plowed a deep trench across the earth until she reached Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's side and was stopped by his hand.

There was a deep green light surging on the hammer. Nether Puppeteer Patriarch stooped, stretched out his withered hand, and gently wiped his finger on the hammer. The light stained his finger and began corroding it instantly. The puppet's body, which was made of the best materials, was also being slowly corroded.

"The power of the curse..." Nether Puppeteer Patriarch took a deep breath, looked at Nethery, and grinned. "So you are the Netherworld Woman, the so-called Source of Curses?" he said.

Instead of fear, he showed great interest when he learned Nethery's identity. He squinted at her as she floated in midair, and he could vaguely see a dark green snake coiled around her.

"I can't believe you have so perfectly integrated the power of the curse with your body... I'm becoming more and more interested in your body now... It really is a perfect body!"

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch stuck out his tongue and licked his lips as if he had found a target. He knew the Source of Curses. It was the source of doom, and whenever it appeared, it would be subjected to endless pursuit. It was hard for people who owned it to grow up, let alone integrate it with the body so perfectly. Therefore, Nethery's body was as attractive as the deadliest poison to him.

He shook his arm. One metal bug after another immediately crawled out of his sleeve and onto the Earth Nether Puppet, covering her completely. Soon, the power of the curse was absorbed by them, and they became stiff and fell to the ground.

The puppet rolled over and jumped to her feet, picking up her great hammer. Her mechanical eyes flashed, and she was about to attack again.

"It's alright, child. Back off. This is my prey..." Nether Puppeteer Patriarch said.

He didn't expect such a pleasant surprise on this trip. Not only would he be able to sabotage Earth Prison Dog's breakthrough and prevent Tian Cang's resurrection, but he would also get a perfect puppet body. The smile on his face grew wider and wider.

The next moment, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch dashed forward again, leaving numerous afterimages behind him. In a twinkling, he appeared in front of Nethery, raised his hand, and thrust it toward her head. Waves of horrible pressure exploded out of him, while all the energy around them seemed to be drained by this hand. At this moment, it was as if the whole sky was falling over Nethery's head.

Er Ha and Ice Saint were terrified. Their bodies were completely suppressed by the aura and could not move at all, and their eyes widened as they watched Nether Puppeteer Patriarch throw his palm toward Nethery.

Nethery's hair was waving behind her. She raised her hand, too, and jerked it upward. The turquoise curse snake wound its way up her arm and collided with Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's palm.

Rumble!

Powerful blasts swept out in all directions. The pressure waves seemed to turn corporeal, suppressing everything. At the same time, Nethery was surrounded by a circle of dark green energy. Even then, a burst of laughter rang out as Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's palm slowly pushed Nethery back!

"Let it break out... You have more potential than you know..." Nether Puppeteer Patriarch grinned, revealing his yellow teeth.

Nethery's face was cold, and her eyelashes were quivering. Under the pressure of the Patriarch's palm, she kept moving backward, and it seemed that she would soon be pushed into the Black Temple.

"You can't stop me if you don't let it break out... The Black Temple behind you will be destroyed, and Tian Cang's resurrection will fail. Once that happens, both the man who wants to be resurrected and the man helping him will die... Are you willing to accept that?!" Nether Puppeteer Patriarch said coldly.

His words lingered in Nethery's ears, like magic sounds with bewitching power. The look in her eyes kept changing.

Ice Saint's face flickered. "This old lunatic... He wants the Netherworld Woman's curse to break out completely!"

Although Ice Saint didn't know why Nethery's curse could integrate so perfectly with her physical body, she knew very well that once the curse broke out completely, Nethery's mind would be replaced by the Source of Curses! At that time, it would be too late to do anything to save her!

Nethery's eyes were flickering violently, and even the turquoise energy ring around her seemed to be somewhat unstable. Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's bewitching voice still lingered in her ears, making her heart beat faster and faster.

Looking at her struggling face, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's smile grew wider. "That's right... That's it... Let it break out," he continued to persuade her, sticking out his tongue and licking his lips. Suddenly, a look of madness came over his face because he saw Nethery raise her bowed head.

"As you wish." Nethery's cold voice rang out, sounding as if there were two overlapping voices. At the same time, wisps of green smoke rose from under her skin, completely enveloping her.

Boom!

She pushed Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's palm away and slapped him on the chest.

With a cracking sound, the Patriarch's chest was sunken in. He was thrown backward, smashed into the ground, and kept rolling. After rolling thousands of meters, he turned over and burst out laughing.

"Hahaha... That's it. That's the perfect body of curses!" Nether Puppeteer Patriarch rose to his feet, and he laughed wildly as he looked at Nethery, who had a struggling look in her eyes as her consciousness left her.

If such a cursed body was made into a puppet, it would be more perfect than the Heaven Nether Puppet. At that time, he could even rely on this puppet to break through the higher realm!

Wisps of dark green smoke constantly rose from Nethery's body and turned into a cursed snake, which kept sticking out its forked tongue and exuding an aura that was full of terror, disaster, destruction, and death.

Ice Saint was stunned. She seemed to think of something, and her face was covered with fear.

Er Ha, on the other hand, watched in disbelief. 'Is Nethery girl going to turn to the evil side? What should we do? What can we do now?' At this moment, he was at a loss.

All the sounds in the world seemed to vanish, leaving only Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's wild laughter and the sound the cursed snake made when it stuck its forked tongue out.

Suddenly, a clear sound of footsteps rang out. A lean figure slowly walked out of the Black Temple and came behind Nethery, who was enveloped in green smoke. Then, he stretched out a fair palm and patted her on the shoulder.

The hissing cursed snake, with its tongue sticking out, immediately froze.

Chapter 1355 Half a Drop of Divine Power Is Enough To Beat You

Transmigration was a supreme law. It controlled life and death, Yin and Yang. Ordinary people could not reverse it or even touch it, otherwise they would suffer the cruelest punishment.

Of course, even Bu Fang could not revive a person from the Transmigration. It would be extremely difficult to resurrect an ordinary person who didn't have a cultivation base, not to mention Tian Cang, a top Perfected Great Saint.

The stronger a person's strength, the deeper his entanglements with the Transmigration were, and the difficulty of resurrecting him was multiplied. After all, when it comes to Transmigration, simple things become complicated.

So, all Bu Fang could do was to deceive the Transmigration.

In fact, everything was still working in accordance with the normal Laws of Transmigration, but he could exploit the loopholes in the laws so that Tian Cang's soul could stay in this world longer. That was why he used the Senseless Lotus coupled with the Time and Imprisoned Gourmet Arrays.

The combination of these two arrays could have the effect of deceiving the Transmigration. Although the effect was not lasting, as long as the arrays were reinforced regularly, the effect of the resurrection could be achieved.

Complicated as it might sound, it was simply a matter of forcibly trapping Tian Cang's soul in this world and preventing him from returning to the Transmigration. Even so, the challenge was how to deceive the Transmigration. After all, it took a lot of courage to do so, for the smallest mistake could lead to failure and even make him suffer from the backlash.

Looking at the mysterious clouds churning in the sky, Tian Cang sighed with emotions and said, "This sky is the Transmigration."

Bu Fang looked up. He knew that everything around him was a memory from the depths of Tian Cang's mind. If he wanted to deceive the Transmigration, he must start with these memories. He put his hands behind his back and slowly rose into the air. Tian Cang followed. The two of them rose into the sky together and soon broke through the clouds.

They were greeted by a boundless starry sky. In front of them was a silent sea of stars, flowing slowly with dazzling stars. In this sea of stars, however, was a huge vortex, which looked like a black hole that could devour everything.

"That is the real Transmigration," Tian Cang said gravely. As he said that, there seemed to be fear in his eyes.

'So this black hole is the Transmigration?' Looking at the black hole, Bu Fang was lost in thought.

The black hole was extremely dark, and light and objects would be devoured once they approached it. It was like the mouth of a real Taotie, very frightening.

Bu Fang just looked at it, and his mind was completely absorbed, but then he managed to recover himself after Tian Cang gently tapped him on the shoulder. Looking at the black hole, he was somewhat surprised.

"Isn't it terrible? Anyone who sees the Transmigration for the first time will feel terrified. However, being inside there is more fearful..." Tian Cang's voice was hoarse. "If I can, I really don't want to go back in there..."

Bu Fang nodded.

Suddenly, Tian Cang's body burst into a golden light.

"Here it comes..." said Bu Fang.

Tian Cang's eyes narrowed as he saw two golden arrays emerge and spin around him.

“One of them is Time, while the other is Imprisoned. They can help you deceive the Transmigration and prevent you from being pulled back...”

Bu Fang kicked the void with his toe and flew away, watching from a distance.

The two spinning arrays overlapped as if blending together, shining brightly like a hot sun in the starry sky and echoing the black hole in the distance. The next moment, a white lotus flower appeared beneath Tian Cang’s feet, its petals bloomed, and from them, motes of light rose and enveloped him. He looked very peaceful, and his aura seemed to disappear from this world.

The strange feeling made the corners of Bu Fang’s mouth twitch slightly. “Looks like it’s going to succeed. But we can’t celebrate too early. Next, you can only rely on yourself...” he murmured.

With a buzzing sound, Bu Fang felt that everything in front of him begin to blur. The next moment, his consciousness returned to his body. He opened his eyes and saw Tian Cang sitting in front of him.

At this moment, Tian Cang’s soul was in a fierce struggle. Whether he would resurrect or perish, it all depended on the result of the struggle and his luck. Bu Fang had done everything he could. After all, he was not a god. He was just a mortal and a chef. He only used the means of a chef to give Tian Cang a chance to come back to life. But Tian Cang would have to fight his own battle.

He took his finger away from Tian Cang’s forehead, stood up, swept the dust from his clothes, and gently breathed a sigh of relief.

In his spirit sea, the four Artifact Spirits were silent. They didn’t seem to understand the choice Bu Fang had made. After helping Tian Cang deceive the Transmigration, he would definitely be tangled in karma. Worst of all, it was the karma of Transmigration, which was too great for him to withstand.

They did not recommend him to do so. However, since he had made the decision, they could not refute him. They were Artifact Spirits, after all, and all they had to do was to assist the host to reach the peak, though he was still far from that goal...

At this moment, however, the four Artifact Spirits all had a strange feeling. They felt that Bu Fang seemed a little different from the previous hosts.

Bu Fang didn't disturb Tian Cang. He glanced at the closed bronze door in the distance, where Lord Dog was breaking through inside. The huge Nether energy vortex over it was spinning rapidly, terrible to look at. He knew that once Lord Dog broke through, his strength would definitely reach a very fearful level.

He went to the White Tiger Heaven Stove, put away the things on it, turned it into a belt, and fastened it around his waist. As for the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and the rest, they turned into smoke and rushed into his wrist.

Having done all that, Bu Fang turned his eyes to the entrance to the Black Temple. An invisible barrier enveloped it. The barrier was soundproof, so outside sounds could not enter the palace. Whitey's chubby figure was standing at the entrance, blocking any disturbance from the outside world.

Suddenly, Whitey turned its head. Its mechanical eyes flashed, then it strode to Bu Fang and held out its big palm, on which was a tiny thing that had been smashed.

"Hmm? Have you learned a new skill?" Bu Fang asked, looking at what looked like a fly that had been swatted.

Whitey tilted its head and pushed the palm forward again.

At this close distance, Bu Fang finally saw what it was. It was a metal bug still buzzing and flashing with arcs, made with great precision by perfectly combining numerous tiny parts together. He could also sense the fluctuation of a spiritual mark in it.

Apparently, the moment the bug was swatted, the spiritual mark in it ignited and burned off everything. Such a technique made it an excellent tool for spying.

Bu Fang flicked the tiny bug to the ground with his finger.

Whitey raised its hand and scratched its round head, seemingly confused.

Suddenly, Bu Fang frowned, and his heart palpitated. He glanced at Whitey, then started toward the entrance.

Buzz...

As the barrier wobbled, he walked out of the Black Temple.

...

Nethery's face was full of struggle at the moment. The cursed snake coiled around her body, sticking out its forked tongue and looking ferocious and evil. When Bu Fang put his hand on her shoulder, the snake immediately hissed. It was a silent hiss that attacked one's spirit and could daze the target.

Bu Fang's eyes, however, were clear. The hiss didn't affect him. Of all his abilities, his spirit sea should be the strongest. Although his divine will wasn't strong, his spirit sea was vast and very powerful. He was not afraid of the cursed snake's spirit attack at all.

He gently patted Nethery on the shoulder. The soft touch made him raise his brows.

Nethery turned to look at him, struggle evident on her face.

When Bu Fang saw the look on her face, he immediately knew what had happened. Without a doubt, the curse in her body had broken out. It was suppressed by a God of Cooking's dish and even completely fused with her, but it actually broke out at this moment. Worst of all, it was very serious this time, and the curse seemed to be about to occupy her body. That was more than Bu Fang could bear.

"It's alright, I'm here," Bu Fang said lightly.

His voice seemed to have a soothing effect, gradually calming Nethery's restless heart. However, the hiss of the cursed snake grew fiercer.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch laughed wildly in the distance. "There's nothing you can do... Her curse can't be contained anymore! It's about to break out completely! You can't stop it!"

Once Nethery's curse broke out completely, he would suppress and capture her with all his might. The puppet made of the cursed body was bound to be supreme, and it could even push him into that realm!

"Don't you ruin my process of creating art!"

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch stopped laughing and looked coldly at Bu Fang. He knew Bu Fang was the inheritor of that man Sword Demon Patriarch once mentioned, but so what? An inheritor who had not yet grown up was nothing compared to the cursed body.

The next moment, his fingers moved rapidly. Standing behind him, the Earth Nether Puppet's mechanical eyes began to flicker, and then she raised her great hammer and darted toward Bu Fang. Even as she drew closer, she swung the hammer at him.

Boom!

Sensing the Earth Nether Puppet's killing intent, Nethery's aura grew violent again.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched, and he quickly patted Nethery on the shoulder and said, "Calm down... Calm down... Everything is going to be alright. I'm here." Fortunately, after hearing his soothing words, Nethery's restless heart quieted down again.

Just as Bu Fang was about to use his trump card, he paused slightly and looked into the distance.

Suddenly, a plume of red flame poured from that direction and engulfed the Earth Nether Puppet in an instant. She fell from midair and crashed to the ground. However, the flame didn't stop. It continued to pour down, pressing her to the ground and burning her continuously. The scorching heat almost melted the ground.

The Blood Illuminating Dragon had arrived, and above it sat Yellow Spring Great Sage, who had fully recovered after drinking the supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine. His hair had grown back as well, but only about an inch long. From high up in the sky, he smiled at Bu Fang.

"I, Yellow Spring Great Sage, am back!"

As soon as his voice rang out, however, a sword sped toward him from the ground.

Under Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's control, Sword Demon Patriarch, now a puppet with his chin dropping, flew toward Yellow Spring Great Sage.

Yellow Spring Great Sage's eyes widened instantly. He didn't expect Nether Puppeteer Patriarch to be here. What happened during the time he disappeared? Also, this Sword Demon Patriarch seemed to be dead and had been made into a puppet by Nether Puppeteer Patriarch! Why had the world changed so much when he had just passed out for a while?

There was no time for him to figure that out, however, so he roared and fought Sword Demon Patriarch again.

On the other side, the Blood Illuminating Dragon continued to spout flames. Suddenly, its pupils constricted. The puppet, who was pressed to the ground by its fire, stood up. The great hammer hovered in front of her and had absorbed all its fire.

The Blood Illuminating Dragon stopped breathing fire. Gusts of hot air blew out of its nostrils, and it looked somewhat confused.

The Earth Nether Puppet stared at the Blood Illuminating Dragon. The next moment, her hammer lit up, and then a stream of dragon fire gushed out of it, knocking the dragon down from midair. Like teleportation, she grabbed the hammer and disappeared in a flash. When she reappeared, she was right in front of the Blood Illuminating Dragon. Then, she lifted the hammer and hit the dragon in the stomach.

“ROAR!”

The dragon howled miserably. Its huge body was pushed sideways and thrown to the ground, where it lay panting and wailing.

Boom!

The Earth Nether Puppet kicked the ground again, shattering it as she soared into the sky with her great hammer. No one could stop her this time. She thrust the hammer in Bu Fang's direction...

Bu Fang laid his palm on Nethery's shoulder with a cool face. At this moment, in his spirit sea, he ignored the shocked eyes of the four Artifact Spirits and once again crushed a drop of divine power. The liquid drop quickly evaporated and turned into a stream of golden light, half of which poured into Nethery's body while the other half went into his body.

Bu Fang looked indifferently at Nether Puppeteer Patriarch in the distance. "You shouldn't have forced Nethery to unleash her curse..." he said with an expressionless face, then breathed out a puff of air that glowed goldenly.

"Half a drop of divine power is enough to beat you..."

Chapter 1356 Cut Nether Puppeteer Patriarch in Half!

The divine power liquid drop was something that marveled even Artifact Spirits. Every one of them had told Bu Fang to use it wisely, and he naturally heard them. However, hearing their advice was one thing, but using it was another.

At the moment, his divine will did not hesitate to crush a divine power liquid drop. When it evaporated over the God of Cooking's Menu and poured into his body, he immediately felt the great power rising in him. The power made him narrow his eyes slightly.

Bu Fang had his reasons to use it. Nethery was forced by Nether Puppeteer Patriarch to fully unleash her curse. Her mind was about to be taken over by the cursed snake, and once that happened, she would disappear completely. He could not let that happen.

It was impossible for him to suppress the curse with a dish now. To do that, he must cook another Three-cup Divine Chicken. However, as a dish in the God of Cooking Menu, it was not easy to cook it. So the simplest and only way to suppress the curse was to use the divine power liquid drop.

Bu Fang guessed that the divine power liquid drop should be able to suppress the curse. It was because of the divine power in the Three-cup Divine Chicken that the dish had suppressed the curse, and he believed that the divine power liquid drop could do the same.

A stream of golden light drifted out of Bu Fang's palm and went into Nether's body, enveloping her completely. He kept half of the evaporated divine power liquid drop in him while sending the other half into her body.

Under the effect of the divine power, the hissing cursed snake began to melt. The turquoise light that surrounded Nethery also shrank like a fish that had seen a cat, and in a twinkling, it had shrunk into a small mass and disappeared into her body, hiding deep and not daring to move.

Bu Fang was not surprised by this.

Nethery's dark green hair turned black again. After the snake disappeared, the energy of the divine power liquid drop dissipated into the surroundings, seemingly unable to stay in her body for too long.

Bu Fang frowned. He could feel that the divine power liquid drop had not completely expelled the curse in Nethery. At best, it just suppressed it, as what the Three-cup Divine Chicken had done. The cursed snake still lurked in her body and became a hidden threat. But for now, Bu Fang had no better way. Perhaps the other dishes in the God of Cooking's Menu could do that, but he couldn't cook them now.

Of course, with the curse still in her, Nethery could use its power in a small amount, but once she got too emotional, the curse could get out of control. It seemed that Bu Fang had another small goal now: guide Nethery and turn her into a Buddha-like girl so that she could face the world with a calm mind.

From then on, Nethery could only have one dream, and that was world peace.

Bu Fang breathed a sigh of relief when he saw the cursed snake had disappeared. Meanwhile, Foxy jumped quickly from one side into Nethery's arms. This little fellow was very clever. As soon as Nethery's curse broke out, she slipped away. Now, with the curse gone, she was back.

Nethery's long eyelashes quivered. She looked at Bu Fang, then moved back a few steps with Foxy in her arms.

Bu Fang walked slowly forward. He was a little angry now as he looked at Nether Puppeteer Patriarch in the distance. The smile on the old man's withered face annoyed him greatly.

'It seems I must vent my anger before I can teach Nethery to be a Buddha-like girl, or I won't be able to lead by example,' he thought to himself.

However, before he could beat Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, he had one more problem to solve.

A great hammer fell from the sky with a strong wind, spreading invisible waves that shook the void. As it went down straight at Bu Fang's head, a sonic boom filled the air. It was a mighty blow, and it was going to kill Bu Fang.

The Earth Nether Puppet's strength was indeed fearsome. Among all Perfected Great Saints, she was considered one of the strongest. Bu Fang wondered how Nether Puppeteer Patriarch made her.

The wind ruffled Bu Fang's hair. After using the divine power liquid drop, he once again felt the unprecedented power. He stomped his foot and pushed himself into the air. The next moment, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok appeared in his hand. The divine power made the wok seem to come alive at this moment. A shadow appeared over it, which was a huge old turtle that seemed to carry the heavens and the earth over its back.

With the Black Turtle Constellation Wok in hand, Bu Fang flew toward the great hammer.

In the sky, the great hammer came crashing down, while Bu Fang swung the wok without holding back!

'A great hammer? You may have a great hammer, but I have my black wok!'

In everyone's eyes, Bu Fang smashed the Black Turtle Constellation Wok toward the great hammer, which was coming at him with monstrous power!

A terribly loud noise erupted. The sound waves swept out in all directions and kept shattering the void, while blasts rolled like waves and turned into a shocking tsunami!

Er Ha and the others all narrowed their eyes and unleashed their auras to resist the blasts.

Although the collision occurred in the sky, its power caused the ground to explode continuously. It felt like mines buried underground had been detonated one after another. For a moment, the whole area was blanketed with smoke and dust, and everyone's ears were buzzing with the rumbling sound.

Pak.

Suddenly, a muffled sound rang in everyone's ears. They all looked up at the sky in disbelief. There, a great hammer was broken and thrown flying away. Its head had blown apart, leaving only its handle, which flew tumbling back. Eventually, it smashed to the ground and bounced a few times.

The Earth Nether Puppet's voluptuous body hovered in midair. Her mechanical eyes were somewhat blank. She did not seem to understand why her hammer was destroyed. She had used it to destroy many things in the past, yet it could not destroy a wok? Although she was fearsome, she was not clever.

Bu Fang didn't give her any time to think. The next moment, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok with great energy enlarged in her mechanical eyes, then hit her head with a thud. In a twinkling, her whole head burst apart. Numerous metal parts exploded from it and scattered all over the ground.

A glittering heart full of energy fell out of it as well.

At this moment, a white figure came at full speed, grabbed the heart, and stuffed it into its abdomen, which had turned into a black hole.

The Earth Nether Puppet was smashed by a wok and fell to the ground from the sky like scrap metal, kicking up dust. In the distance, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch saw it all clearly. He was shocked. He didn't understand why Bu Fang, who was only a Nine-revolution Little Saint, could destroy his puppet with one blow. Before he made the Heaven Nether Puppet, this Earth Nether Puppet was his proudest work!

"How dare you destroy my Earth Nether Puppet! You and the girl will both pay with your flesh!" Nether Puppeteer Patriarch said coldly.

The next moment, with a thought, countless arrays emerged behind him, out of which came one Nether puppet after another. Soon, these puppets completely blotted out the sky, making the flesh of those who looked at them creep. The whole sky turned dark as the army of puppets moved and filled the air with mechanical sounds, which resounded through the skies.

Alone, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was comparable to an army of tens of thousands of soldiers! That was his formidable strength! No wonder he was regarded as the second most powerful person in Nether Prison. He deserved the reputation with just this army.

These Nether puppets were all Little Saints and Great Saints. Of course, because there were too many of them, he could not control them as precisely as he could with the Earth Nether Puppet, and

many of them were only slightly stronger than average Great Saints. However, anyone who was surrounded and attacked by tens of thousands of puppets would feel despair. After all, how could one fight against an army alone?

Bu Fang held the Black Turtle Constellation Wok in one hand and floated in midair, his body flashing with golden light. Looking at the army of puppets, he took a deep breath. A wisp of smoke drifted out of his hand. He put away the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, and what appeared in his hand next was a golden kitchen knife... The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife.

Everyone in the surroundings was silent. The countless puppets in the sky terrified them. It was a horrible sight. How could Bu Fang resist such an army? There were so many puppets, and Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, who was a Perfected Great Saint, was eyeing him from the side. How could he win?

Suddenly, everyone froze. They saw Bu Fang slowly raise a kitchen knife and point it at Nether Puppeteer Patriarch.

Looking at Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth. "You don't know what my best knife technique is, do you?"

In Bu Fang's eyes, the puppets all over the sky seemed to turn into turnips. Facing these big turnips, he liked nothing best than to cut them all in half with one stroke of his knife. It didn't matter how many puppets there were. His Meteor Cutting Technique had already reached the mastery level. For him, cutting turnips was simpler than drinking water.

"A chef? How ridiculous..."

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch spread his arms wide. Countless Nether energy threads immediately shot up from behind him, all connected to the Nether puppets in the sky. The next moment, his fingers began to move rapidly, and all the puppets moved and sped toward Bu Fang.

For a moment, the air rang to the clicking and clunking sounds of mechanical parts!

Bu Fang shook his hand and spun the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in his hand. Then, he said lightly, "Meteor Cutting Technique..."

As soon as his voice rang out, the whole world lit up. Enhanced by the divine power liquid drop, his knife energy was unrivaled in power. In the blink of an eye, countless knives poured forth and blotted out the sky, streaking across the air like shooting stars with long bright tails behind them.

When the blinding light faded, the whole world fell silent. In midair, all the puppets were frozen. The atmosphere became very bizarre at this moment.

Er Ha's eyes widened, while Ice Saint took a deep breath. Nethery was blinking with her fists clenched. On her shoulder, Foxy stood up on her hind legs and swung her front paws as if she was practicing a fist style.

Crack...

A faint clicking sound rang out as if to announce the beginning of a feat. Then, all the puppets in the sky made the same sound as white light appeared over their bodies. In the blink of an eye, all of them split in half and fell from the sky with a bang.

On the ground, Whitey turned into a beam of white light and ran back and forth at full speed, collecting the puppet's hearts. It needed these things. Of course, it was very picky. Basically, it didn't want the puppet hearts at the Little Saint level, but it took all those at the Great Saint level. With its mechanical eyes flashing, Whitey looked like a chicken thief at this moment.

With all the Nether puppets falling to the ground, the dark sky became clear in an instant.

Hovering in midair, Bu Fang held the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in one hand and looked indifferently at Nether Puppeteer Patriarch.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch stopped moving his fingers and let out a deep laugh.

"You deserve to be the inheritor of that man, and indeed, you have excellent skills... No matter how many puppets I have, they cannot resist your kitchen knife... In that case, I'll..."

Boom!

Before he had finished speaking, the ground burst, and his body turned into countless afterimages and appeared in front of Bu Fang in an instant. A cold smile appeared on his withered face!

“Let me see how much you have inherited from that man?!”

Buzz...

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's clothes were suddenly torn apart, and round muzzles began to emerge all over his body. In the blink of an eye, he was already fully covered with muzzles. Then, he opened his mouth. There was also a muzzle inside his mouth!

‘This crazy Nether Puppeteer Patriarch! Did he also turn his body into a puppet?!’

Scarlet energy was gathering in all the muzzles. The next moment, with a rumbling sound, thousands of energy beams poured forth and drowned Bu Fang!

“A slash... Cutting Immortal Style!”

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's pupils constricted instantly, and they quickly shrank as small as sesame seeds. What he saw just now was a knife light rushing out of the energy beams that even a Perfected Great Saint might not be able to resist!

The knife seemed to have fallen from the sky, and it was fast. In a flash, it cut all the scarlet energy beams in half, including Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's body!

Chapter 1357 The Real... Nether Puppeteer Patriarch

“A slash... Cutting Immortal Style.”

Bu Fang's voice seemed to come from the sky and echoed throughout Earth Prison in an instant. A colossal figure emerged behind him, looking like a fiend overlooking the whole world as it held a knife in its hand, as if it wanted to kill all immortals.

The next moment, a knife came from the sky, cutting straight down and splitting everything into pieces in a flash. Even the void in front of Bu Fang seemed to twist and distort by the cut.

The energy beams shot out by Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, as well as his body full of muzzles, were all cut into pieces at this moment. A line appeared on his waist, shining dazzlingly, then spread out and split his body in half!

All those who watched the fight in the distance were stunned. What did they just see? How could this happen? That was Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, the second strongest man in Nether Prison! Even a Nine-revolution Great Saint could not cut him in half, let alone Bu Fang, who was just a Nine-revolution Little Saint!

Even Nether King Tian Cang had failed to do that when he attacked Nether Prison years ago! And yet, what he had not achieved was accomplished so easily by Bu Fang!

Was Bu Fang too strong, or was Nether Puppeteer Patriarch too weak? The question hung in everyone's mind, leaving them in a daze.

High up in the sky, some Nether Prison experts were keeping an eye on the battle going on in Earth Prison with various methods. Fire Demon Patriarch, Nether Chef Patriarch, and other mighty experts were watching calmly.

They knew that the outcome of this battle would determine the fate of Earth Prison. Once Earth Prison lost the battle, the defeated Nether Prison army would make a comeback and turn it into their territory. On the other hand, if Nether Puppeteer Patriarch lost, they would need to rethink their plans to attack Earth Prison.

But even if they had considered the possibility that Nether Puppeteer Patriarch would lose, they had never thought that he would be cut in half! As the second strongest man in Nether Prison, he was second only to Di Ting Patriarch, who was now breaking through the supreme realm in seclusion!

And yet, that was what happened in front of their eyes. Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, a mighty expert of Nether Prison, was cut in half by a chef with a kitchen knife!

Er Ha, Ice Saint, and the others on the ground all gaped in shock. To them, what just happened was simply frightening and as incredible as a fable.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's eyes widened. As he looked at his waist, where the knife had cut him in half, a look of disbelief came over his face, and he seemed puzzled and a little confused.

“You... You have a power that doesn’t belong to you!” he growled resentfully, his hoarse voice ringing through the skies.

Bu Fang clutched the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife with an expressionless face, his Vermilion Robe flapping noisily in the wind. The divine power liquid drop was indeed not his power, but it was what he could control. To him, no matter what kind of power it was, as long as he could kill Nether Puppeteer Patriarch with it, it was a good power.

With his waist cut through, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch soon fell from the sky, smashed into the ground already full of holes, and created another huge pit. When the smoke and dust cleared, everyone could see his contorted body at the bottom of the pit and what appeared to be his blood flowing out of his body.

Bu Fang hovered in midair with a calm face. The divine power liquid drop was very powerful. If he had not used it, he would probably have been riddled by the scarlet energy beams, and the number of bloody holes on his body would likely be the same as the number of muzzles Nether Puppeteer Patriarch had.

It was a horrible way to die. Bu Fang didn’t want to die, so he had to cut Nether Puppeteer Patriarch with the kitchen knife.

He felt a sense of loss as the power of the divine power liquid drop began to slowly fade away. He was somewhat addicted to it. A pity that it was not endless, and it did not belong to him. Nevertheless, he quickly adjusted his mood and returned to his usual frame of mind.

On the ground, a flash of white light sped past, approaching the huge pit where Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s body was lying.

Bu Fang landed in front of the Black Temple. Looking at the white light, he felt a little confused. “Whitey?”

He could understand why Whitey wanted to collect puppet hearts just now. But what was it running to Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s body for? Even though the Patriarch was a Great Saint, his Cutting Immortal Style should have wiped out all the vitality in his body, so he should be dead now.

‘Is Whitey going to give him the last hit? He’s already dead, so there’s no need to do that... Wait...’ Bu Fang suddenly thought of something. ‘It looks so exciting... No! There’s another possibility!’

He thought of all the terrifying muzzles that covered Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's body and how they had rumbled when the scarlet energy beams poured out of them...

'Could it be that... the man I just killed is not Nether Puppeteer Patriarch?! The only thing that can attract Whitey is a puppet heart, so... What I just killed was actually a puppet?!'

Bu Fang was horrified at the thought. He sucked in a cold breath, then squinted toward the huge pit in the distance.

The smoke in the pit had dispersed. Whitey dashed down to the spot where Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's body was lying. A clunking sound soon rang out from the bottom of the pit. Suddenly, an explosion broke out over the body with a deafening rumble. Whitey's body flew backward out of the pit like a cannonball, but its mechanical eyes were flashing as it held an oval object that looked like a colorful gem in its hands.

Even as it rolled for hundreds of meters across the ground like a ball, it still tightly clutched the oval object.

Finally, after being thrown far away, Whitey sat up, leaned against a small mound of dirt pushed out by its body, raised its huge hand, and scratched its round head with a blank look.

Bu Fang glanced at Whitey, then turned his eyes to the huge pit in the distance.

At the bottom of the pit, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's blood flowed all over the ground and drew an array. When the last lines were joined, a powerful burst of energy exploded from it. The next moment, a bloody column of light rose from the center of the array, in which a hazy figure slowly emerged.

It was a lithe and graceful figure. Her features were not very beautiful, but she was young and lively. Her hair has the color of blood, and her body was clad in a fitted metal jacket, which wrapped her proud bosom. She had a perfect bottom, and her legs were slim. All in all, she was a very attractive young girl.

Who was she?

Everyone was stunned, including Bu Fang and those Nether Prison Great Saints who were watching the battle.

The girl who emerged from Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's body looked somewhat similar to the Earth Nether Puppet, but her figure was slightly less voluptuous than the puppet. However, she had a lively face, which showed that she was a real person, not a puppet.

The bloody column of light disappeared. The girl's blood-colored hair fluttered in the wind, and she blinked her charming, big eyes. Then, she slowly stuck out her little tongue and licked her red lips.

"It's been years... I have almost forgotten this body of mine," she said.

Unlike her appearance, she had a mature voice with an attractive accent.

"Little chef... You are indeed the inheritor of that man. You have been sabotaging what I'm trying to do," the girl said, looking at Bu Fang with a smile. "You have destroyed my Earth Nether Puppet and Human Nether Puppet. Do you know they are all my masterpieces?"

She seemed a little upset, pouting with a sad look on her face. She then continued, "And Heaven Nether Puppet... It has taken me great effort to make it, but you're still going to destroy it..."

The girl sighed. After a moment's silence, she rolled her eyes and fixed them on Bu Fang's face. A horrible killing intent suddenly exploded out of her, and her pretty face became hideous, terrifying to look at.

"Why are you so annoying?!"

With a loud rumble, terrible pressure burst out of her body and spread in all directions. At the same time, a small world emerged over her head, full of puppets.

In a flash, the girl sped across the air and appeared in front of Bu Fang, bending her fingers like a claw and thrusting them toward his chest as if to dig out his heart.

The sudden burst of her aura and her transformation from an attractive girl to a vicious woman was so shocking that everyone gasped.

She was so strong! Her aura was at least one or two times stronger than that of Nether Puppeteer Patriarch!

Bu Fang's pupils constricted. He moved slightly to one side to dodge, but her hand was too fast and managed to grab his chest.

Boom!

Suddenly, a loud bird cry rang out. The invincibility of the Vermilion Robe was triggered.

The atmosphere froze abruptly at this moment.

The girl's face was ferocious, and her eyes were full of madness. She looked at Bu Fang, somewhat stunned as if wondering why she had not been able to gouge out his heart.

"You broke my Earth Nether Puppet and destroyed my Human Nether Puppet! I want to see how black your heart is?" the young girl said, resuming her cloyingly sweet expression.

Bu Fang gently exhaled a puff of turbid air, fixed his eyes on the girl's face, and said, frowning, "Are you... Nether Puppeteer Patriarch?"

'What I've just cut in half is... the Human Nether Puppet?' he thought to himself.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch once said that he had three puppets he was most proud of: the Heaven Nether Puppet, Earth Nether Puppet, and Human Nether Puppet. Now, it seemed that the Human Nether Puppet was the puppet that had been used to hide him, or her!

The girl seemed a little shy when her identity was revealed by Bu Fang. A blush came to her cheeks, and her hand holding his chest was gently stroking him. Suddenly, she leaned over and whispered in his ear with a cold voice, "Yes... I am Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, and you can die now."

With a sneer, her terrible aura erupted again, as if to push Bu Fang to the ground. She then thrust her hand toward his chest once again.

This time, Bu Fang was not protected by the Vermilion Robe's invincibility.

Just then, in Bu Fang's spirit sea, a loud, melodious bird cry rang out, echoing through the skies.

"This little whore! Let me fight her, Little Host!" the Vermilion Bird said.

Bu Fang was slightly taken aback. He had not yet seen how the Vermilion Bird would fight after possessing him, and he didn't expect that she would volunteer this time. Therefore, he didn't refuse her.

Outside, the girl's face was full of madness as she stuck out her tongue, licked her lips, and threw her claw-like hand at Bu Fang's chest.

Suddenly, a hand rose and caught her hand. She paused, then looked up and saw Bu Fang's black hair turn red at a speed visible to the naked eye.

The next moment, a feminine look came over Bu Fang's face.

"Little whore... let this old lady fight you."

Chapter 1358 The Lightning Punishment, Tian Cang Resurrected!

It never occurred to anyone that Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was a girl. Everyone was shocked. After discovering this fact, they felt that the whole world was full of deception. The young, lively, lovely, and beautiful girl was Nether Puppeteer Patriarch?!

Whenever people thought of Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, what came to mind was that nasty old man whose cheeks were almost touching the ground. And yet, he had now changed into a lovely young girl. That was a huge contrast! How were they going to accept it?

All the Great Saints of Nether Prison were sucking in their breaths, and those Patriarchs, including Fire Demon Patriarch, looked puzzled. They had known Nether Puppeteer Patriarch for tens of thousands of years, and they never knew that he was a girl! The ruthless old man, who regarded life as nothing, was actually a faker, a puppet? They felt that their world view had been overturned! However, that was only the beginning.

The next moment, they heard Bu Fang say in a lilting voice, “Little whore, let this old lady fight you!”

This old lady? The self-address was worth pondering. Was Bu Fang hiding a secret that could not be exposed? The onlookers didn’t know whether they should cry or laugh.

Bu Fang had not changed into a girl, but the way he addressed himself had changed. Was transforming to the opposite sex contagious? He was not like that before this.

...

Not only Bu Fang’s hair had turned scarlet, but his Vermilion Robe became fiery scarlet as well, and a pair of flaming wings spread behind him with flaming feathers swirling around. His eyes softened and filled with a seductive look as he fixed his gaze at Nether Puppeteer Patriarch.

“Little whore? Are you talking to me?” Clad in a metal jacket, the young girl’s voluptuous figure appeared quite attractive. However, there was anger on her face, as if she was enraged at being called a whore.

“Who are you calling a whore?!” she growled, then pulled her palm back from Bu Fang’s chest, put both hands on her hips, and stuck out her chest. As if in protest, she even puffed out her ample bosom.

Red-haired Bu Fang was angry too, and he also put his hands on his hips. The flaming wings behind him flapped, giving off a fiery red light that made his face look somewhat enchanting. He followed the girl and puffed out his chest, but he had nothing to show off...

As the girl gave him a meaningful look, red-haired Bu Fang snorted.

“Little Host is too flat... I can’t suppress this little whore! This is so irritating!” the Vermilion Bird muttered in a low voice.

When Bu Fang heard that in his spirit sea, he was speechless. It would be terrible if he had an ample bosom, wouldn’t it?

The Divine Dragon looked on with relish. “Little Saint, this handsome dragon is not boasting, but you should let this handsome dragon out. Nicholas the Handsome Dragon can kill ten girls like this with one hand!” he said brazenly.

In the distance, the White Tiger crouched in a corner and snorted, making no effort to hide his contempt for the Divine Dragon. The Black Turtle, on the other hand, seemed to snort with his eyes half-closed.

Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth and continued to watch the battle outside.

Although Nether Puppeteer Patriarch had become a young girl, there was no doubt that she was not as young as her appearance suggested. She could be regarded as an old hag. After all, she had lived for tens of thousands of years. In terms of strength, she certainly had it, and in her true form, she was actually stronger than that Human Nether Puppet.

Could the Vermilion Bird defeat her? Bu Fang wasn’t sure. But since she offered to fight, she must be quite sure of it.

“Little Host, you needn’t worry. Old aunt Vermilion Bird—” At this, the Divine Dragon suddenly cleared his throat, then continued as if he never said those last few words, “Sister Vermilion Bird knows that the divine power liquid drop in you hasn’t completely disappeared. With it, she can exert enough strength to deal with that little whore.”

The divine power liquid drop? Bu Fang paused, then his eyes lit up. Perhaps the Artifact Spirit would be more familiar with the use of it than he was. He thought he could take a good look at how well these Artifact Spirits would use it.

Bu Fang took a deep breath, put his hands behind him, and watched calmly.

...

“Do you think you can defeat me by changing your character? If I guessed it correctly, the power you used to smash my Earth Nether Puppet and cut my Human Nether Puppet in half doesn’t belong to you. Since it doesn’t belong to you, it certainly cannot last long...” The girl paused, then went on, “In this case, what are you going to fight me with?”

As soon as she said that, the girl moved. She sped back and forth in the sky, leaving countless afterimages, which instantly surrounded red-haired Bu Fang in the middle. Her terrible power made heaven and earth rumble violently.

Suddenly, with a clunking sound, she struck out a palm at red-haired Bu Fang again. The void turned into a sunken vortex in front of her palm—the strike was so powerful that it distorted the world!

Red-haired Bu Fang gave a cold snort. He didn't dodge, but he raised a hand and thrust it at the girl's palm.

Boom!

Both of them were knocked flying backward at the same time.

The divine power liquid drop left in Bu Fang's body was enough for the Vermilion Bird to exert terrible strength.

The fight between the two women was terrible. Although this remark was somewhat derogatory, Bu Fang at this moment did have a feminine look. Even Er Ha was dumbfounded.

In the sky, the young girl and red-haired Bu Fang kept bumping violently into each other. They repeatedly threw their palms at each other, and the collision of their hands cracked the void.

The young girl was bursting with the mighty power of a Perfected Great Saint, and it was evident that she could suppress red-haired Bu Fang. Her palms, elbows, and legs had all turned into formidable weapons, and each of her attacks made red-haired Bu Fang suffer a little.

They moved back and forth in midair at such great speed that people could only see a silver light and a red light colliding continuously.

“Little whore!”

“Old whore!”

As they fought, they swore at each other, just like two shrews quarreling in the street. However, little whore and old whore were all that they used to swear.

Boom!

Their palms collided again, producing powerful blasts that swept out in all directions.

There was a small world full of puppets floating above the girl's head, from which streams of mysterious power poured down, making her attacks even more terrifying.

Red-haired Bu Fang, on the other hand, was glowing with a golden light that spread around his body. That was the power of the divine power liquid drop, and the Vermilion Bird had made full use of it. Although there was not much left, it could still put him on an equal level as the young girl.

The two of them fought fiercely, and the terrible fluctuations of their battle swept through the whole area.

Some time later, the girl stopped in midair with a cranky look. "Old whore, I've had enough playing with you. I'm going to end this now."

She sneered, and her eyes lit up. The next moment, a clanking sound rang out of her metal jacket, and six pairs of metal wings appeared on her back, flapping noisily. Then, a dark purple energy ball began to gather before her chest. Tiny bits of energy floated in it, and soon, it turned into an energy ball the size of a basketball. The void was cracking around it.

"I'll destroy you with one blow." The girl raised her head with a cold and proud look in her eyes. Then, she grabbed the dark purple energy ball, lifted it over her shoulder, and raised one of her legs up until the shin touched her forehead. The next moment, she flung it out.

Accompanied by a dreadful rumble, the dark purple energy ball shot toward red-haired Bu Fang. As it flew through the air, it left a dark line behind, which was the turbulence that leaked out of the cracked void.

"Blow! Blow everything up!"

The girl laughed happily, her twelve metal wings shaking and clanking.

Red-haired Bu Fang fixed his eyes at the dark purple energy ball, which seemed to turn into a roaring dark purple demon dragon with its mouth wide open.

Sizzle...

He began to muster all the divine power of the liquid drop in him. The flaming wings behind him spread, causing flaming feathers to swirl around him. Suddenly, the velvet rope that tied his hair broke, and his red hair waved in the wind.

Standing straight in midair, red-haired Bu Fang spread his arms to both sides, closed his legs tightly together, threw his head back, and let out a sonorous bird cry.

Rumble!

Flames emerged around him in an instant, sweeping out and turning into a flaming Vermilion Bird. Its scarlet flames seemed to light up the whole heaven and earth.

The demon dragon slithered forward, while the Vermilion Bird soared to meet it. They went straight to each other and were going to have an intense confrontation and collision in the sky!

In everyone's shocked eyes, two fearful attacks collided. No one had thought that the attacks of two girls—no, a girl and a chef—would reach such a terrifying level!

A wind kicked up. It started as a breeze, but soon, it turned into a gale.

BOOM!

An earth-shaking noise exploded out and filled every ear as the dark purple demon dragon and the scarlet Vermilion Bird bumped and tangled with each other, turning into a gargantuan ball, with one half of it dark purple and the other scarlet.

The two of them tangled in the sky, filling the air with a rumbling sound and shaking the void. The ground was breaking and cracking into rocks, then further shattered into powder and scattered all over the place.

At this moment, the world seemed to fall silent. Everyone watched with a blank face, and the only thing left in their eyes was the huge ball filled with destructive energy.

Rumble...

The explosion that everyone was expecting did not happen. As the dark purple energy and scarlet energy tangled, the huge energy ball grew smaller and smaller. Then, with a popping sound, it disappeared.

The energy attacks filled with destructive forces had vanished completely!

Red-haired Bu Fang landed on the ground. His hair waved in the wind as the red gradually faded and turned into black. At the same time, the feminine look on his face disappeared, and he was once again expressionless.

The Vermilion Bird had returned to Bu Fang's spirit sea, and she seemed to look a little weary.

Bu Fang didn't say anything as he knew she had done her best. Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was too strong. After all, he had reached the maximum level that the experts in this world could reach, a Perfected Great Saint level. The Vermilion Bird had done excellently with only the remaining power of the liquid drop.

What should he do now? Bu Fang frowned. Was he going to use the third divine power liquid drop? He was addicted to the divine power of the liquid drop, but that was the last drop, and it would be a pity if he were to use it now. Since that was the last drop, he was reluctant to use it. He had used the second drop to suppress Nethery's curse and avenge her, but this time...

He took a deep breath. Looking at the sky as it gradually cleared, his eyes turned extremely cold.

In the sky, the girl laughed cheerfully, squinting at Bu Fang. "I can feel that your power has disappeared... Without that power, I can kill you like an ant..." Then, a mad look came over her face again. "How dare you call me a little whore?! Only your death can quench the anger in me!"

The six pairs of metal wings on her back flapped. A breeze came blowing in Bu Fang's face, and in the blink of an eye, the young girl was already in front of him. Puffing out her ample bosom, she pointed a finger at Bu Fang's forehead. Dark purple energy could be seen surging on the fingertip.

At this moment, everyone's expression changed dramatically. Holding Foxy in her arms, Nethery's pupils constricted, and in them, a dark green light was flashing. Er Ha got up to his feet and looked on with towering rage, while Ice Saint breathed a long sigh. In the face of absolute power, they were despairing.

Suddenly, a rumbling sound rang out in the sky, deafening to the ears. When everyone looked up, they saw a thundercloud was gathering, and there were palaces looming in it. It was a lightning punishment.

Bu Fang froze, then he seemed to think of something. The corner of his mouth twitched.

The girl's movement halted as well. The next moment, she reflexively turned her eyes to the Black Temple.

There was a clear sound of footsteps, and soon, a burly figure emerged from the entrance. In the blink of an eye, the figure sped through the air and hovered before Bu Fang.

The girl was somewhat struck dumb, but when she saw the figure's face, she said excitedly, "My Heaven Nether—"

However, before she could finish her sentence, a huge fist struck her in the face.

Chapter 1359 Tian Cang Resurrected, Beating Nether Puppeteer Patriarch

Nether King Tian Cang thought it would take him a long time to deceive the Transmigration. To his surprise, however, the two arrays that surrounded him made the task extremely easy. He could even say that it was effortless.

In the Transmigration, he seemed to have turned invisible, and the tremendous force pulling at his soul was gone. He felt as if the chains that bound him had all broken, and his soul was free. It was as if he had really come back to life.

When he opened his eyes, his body was no longer the one he had in the past, but the perfect harmony between it and his soul made him realize that he had come back to life for real. The resurrection was not the real one by essence since he was in a puppet body, but that was more than enough.

...

Rumble...

In the sky, a pool of thunder seemed to emerge. Countless thunderbolts gathered rapidly, and among them loomed a cluster of palaces that looked somewhat mystical. They appeared like the residences of the real immortals, full of profound secrets.

It was a lightning punishment, which was attracted by the fact that Tian Cang had deceived the Transmigration. To him, however, it was more like a baptism of his rebirth.

After Tian Cang was resurrected, he released his divine will. Having broken free of the constraint the Transmigration chains had put on him, his soul had reached the same height when he was still alive. Perhaps his strength could not be improved again, but with the body meticulously crafted by Nether Puppeteer Patriarch and a formidable soul, he was not weaker than when he was at his prime.

Therefore, when he released his divine will, it rushed out of the Black Temple, and he immediately sensed everything happening outside, prompting him to make a move.

Instead of facing the lightning punishment, however, he went to help Bu Fang. The lightning punishment was nothing to him. He could transcend it easily with his body. However, he could not let anything bad happen to Bu Fang.

Bu Fang was his savior, the man who helped him deceive the Transmigration. He remembered what the little chef told him: the Longevity Noodle could help him deceive the Transmigration, but as time passed, the arrays in it would grow weaker, so he needed to eat the noodle regularly to reinforce them.

If Bu Fang died, no one would cook the noodle for him, and he would die as well. That price was not what Tian Cang could afford to pay. Anyone who had died before knew how amazing it was to be alive.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched as he looked at the burly figure standing in front of him. Then, he saw Tian Cang's fist hit the young girl in the face. Her face twisted in an instant, and her skin seemed to be torn by the twisting force as she was knocked flying backward like a cannonball and smashed hard into the ground.

Boom!

The ground broke and caved in under the powerful impact, and a terrible and oppressive aura spread and filled the air.

Everyone was dumbstruck, and when they saw the face of the figure who knocked the young girl away with a punch, they all gasped. They recognized that man in an instant.

"Nether King Tian Cang!"

"He's indeed the previous Nether King... Has he been resurrected?"

"I bet Nether Puppeteer Patriarch never thought Tian Cang would come back to life so quickly!"

The crowds burst into cheers and shouts, whether they were from Earth Prison or Nether Prison. They could not believe what they saw. Nether King Tian Cang, the peerless expert who had been dead for ten thousand years, had come back to life. Everyone sensed that a huge change was going to happen.

He had once attacked Nether Prison and struck fear in his enemies' hearts. Now, when Nether Prison was attacking Earth Prison, he had come back to life. What did that mean? It meant something major was about to happen. Tian Cang, resurrected, would definitely assemble an army and attack Nether Prison again, and this time, he would turn the whole Nether Prison over!

Er Ha's eyes were wide as eggs. As he stared at the familiar yet strange burly figure in the sky, his lips began to tremble. "Resurrected... Dad has finally come back to life..."

There was blood at the corner of Ice Saint's mouth, but her eyes were bright as she fixed them at Tian Cang. Although the man was different from what she remembered, his familiar aura and overbearing attitude still made her heart flutter.

Holding Foxy in her arms, Nethery narrowed her eyes happily. She knew Bu Fang could do it.

Rumble!

The lightning punishment thundercloud still churned violently in the sky.

Tian Cang glanced over his shoulder at Bu Fang, his eyes gleaming. “Thank you,” he said. Without Bu Fang, he was likely back to the Transmigration now, suffering for eternity in that gloomy and dark place, and not knowing if he could come back again. He was very grateful.

“You don’t have to thank me... I didn’t save you without a request,” Bu Fang said with his hands clasped behind his back and with an indifferent look on his face.

That gave Tian Cang a pause, and he narrowed his eyes. “What is your request? Tell me, and I will fulfill it.” He burst out laughing.

“We’ll talk after you have solved this trouble.” Bu Fang didn’t say much to him but pointed a finger at the young girl in the distance, who had just climbed out of the pit. Tian Cang’s punch was powerful, but it was not enough to kill Nether Puppeteer Patriarch.

Now that the previous Nether King was here, Bu Fang did not have to use his last divine power liquid drop, and he finally had the time to catch some breath. He had to admit that his cultivation base was quite weak. However, it did not matter. He was a chef after all, and instead of strength, his focus was on his cooking skills.

In front of the Black Temple, Er Ha and the others sat on the ground. Nethery held Foxy in her arms. Bu Fang walked up to them, sat down beside them, and breathed a sigh of relief. Then, he looked up at the sky together with the others. At this moment, Tian Cang was the star of the show.

...

The rubble rolled as a graceful figure rose from the ruin. The girl’s face was cold, her lips pressed tightly together. She looked up at the burly figure in the sky with rage burning in her eyes.

“How dare you hit me... How dare you hit my face!” she muttered.

Her face had not suffered any injury when she fought that old whore just now, but as soon as Nether King Tian Cang appeared, he struck his first punch in her face. How could she not be angry?

“Nether King Tian Cang... Do you know how hard I have worked to collect and put together every part of your body?!” Nether Puppeteer Patriarch said in a cold voice, the twelve metal wings on her back flapping slowly.

Tian Cang crossed his arms over his chest and walked toward her.

Rumble!

The palaces over the thundercloud emerged, and thunderbolts began to fall from them, smiting at Tian Cang. However, he was not affected at all. He did not even use any tricks to resist them. He just kept walking and letting the lightning punishment strike him. Without a doubt, he was fearless with his tough flesh.

When the onlookers saw his calm face while the thunderbolts rained down at him, they all sucked in their breaths.

“How dare you talk to me like that when you have made my body into this?” Tian Cang turned his eyes and rested his gaze at the young girl. He did not appear to be surprised. It was as if he already knew Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s real identity.

“Your body is mine! You are my Heaven Nether Puppet!” Nether Puppeteer Patriarch roared madly. Her eyes were wide, but her pupils had shrunk to the size of a bean. Even then, the metal wings behind her back flapped, and she shot up into the sky in a beam of light. As she drew nearer, she increased her speed, and in the blink of an eye, she was in front of Tian Cang, thrusting a palm at him. The void cracked and was shattered by the terrible destructive power in the palm.

She was fast, but Tian Cang was faster. As her palm approached, he lightly threw his fist at it. The palm and the fist collided and halted in midair. It seemed that they were equally strong.

“You have insulted my body, and yet you sounded as if you have done nothing wrong... Since when did my body belong to you?” Tian Cang said coldly. As the lightning punishment continued to strike him, he charged and locked the girl in a fierce fight.

The fight was almost like one-sided torture. Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was formidable, but she was quickly overwhelmed by Tian Cang's fearsome strength. The previous Nether King suppressed her in terms of fighting skills, strength, and speed.

Bam!

Another punch struck the girl in the face again, knocking her into the pit. She had just climbed out of it when a huge hand grabbed her head and pulled her out, her legs dangling in the air. Even in such a state, her eyes were still cold.

Tian Cang showed no mercy to Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, even though she was a woman with a young girl's appearance. He had brutally beaten her, and now, he grabbed her up and kept smashing her to the ground! The previous Nether King, who had come back to life and broken free of the chains, was almost invincible!

Unwilling to admit defeat, the young girl kept struggling fiercely, but she was repeatedly suppressed by Tian Cang's powerful blows. Soon, she began to cough blood.

Bam!

Tian Cang's fist once again struck her face and knocked her to the ground. Her blood spilled all over the place. A huge pit was blown up, while powerful auras spread in all directions like ripples.

The thunderbolts were still pouring from the sky, smiting Tian Cang until wisps of smoke rose from his body. He looked up at the palaces over the pool of thunder. Eyes gleaming, he raised a hand and pointed at them. A clanging sound rang out as a metal plate lifted on his arm, in which scarlet energy began to gather. The next moment, an energy beam shot through the clouds and scattered the thundercloud in an instant.

The pool of thunder had disappeared, and the palaces were gone. With just one energy beam, he had destroyed the lightning punishment. Tian Cang's domineering way of transcending the lightning punishment awed all the onlookers.

In the distance, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch struggled out of the pit. Her metal jacket was covered in cracks, her nose and mouth bled, and she no longer appeared youthful and lively. Instead, there was a venomous look in her eyes, which made her look like a resentful woman.

Sure enough, the girlish-looking Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's heart was full of resentment. She glared at Nether King Tian Cang, who stood proudly in the sky, then at Bu Fang, who sat in front of the Black Temple. The hatred in her eyes was so strong that it was about to pour out.

It had taken her a great effort and a long time to collect Tian Cang's body and make it into the Heaven Nether Puppet, but in the end, her proud work was seized from her. Worst of all, it had brought Tian Cang back to life. How could she accept it?

In the Black Temple, the vortex was spinning, and Earth Prison Dog's breakthrough was still going on. Nether Puppeteer Patriarch had not accomplished anything on her trip to Earth Prison. Instead, she had brought Tian Cang back to life.

Slowly, she rose to her feet. As rage boiled in her, she looked at Bu Fang, Tian Cang, and everyone else present. Then, her eyes gradually turned red, and her expression grew crazier and crazier. As the look on her face changed, her aura grew violent as well. Soon, her cracked metal jacket fell off her body.

"You forced me... I will kill all of you!" A cold, venomous voice rang out of Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's mouth, echoing throughout the place.

Chapter 1360 Fierce Whitey

"I will kill all of you!"

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's voice was as cold as a ten-thousand-year-old ice, filled with monstrous hatred and madness. Yes, madness, the kind of madness that made the hair of those who heard it stand on end. Without a doubt, she was forced into a tight corner now.

She had thought that the Earth Nether Puppet would be enough to deal with them. To her surprise, however, it was smashed by Bu Fang, and even her Human Nether Puppet, which she used to hide her identity, was cut in half by him.

At this moment, she recalled many things, including a terrifying existence who cast a shadow into her heart. Bu Fang was too much like that man in all his ways. They were equally heaven-defying and fearful. At the thought of that existence, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch could hardly restrain the crazy notion in her head—her impulse to kill Bu Fang at all cost. That man had made her as twisted as a resentful woman, but she could not deny his heaven-defying abilities. And that only further fueled her impulse to kill him at all costs.

A clattering sound rang out as the metal jacket fell off her. It was as if she was taking off her clothes to reveal her perfect body to the world. However, the truth was not always so beautiful. What was revealed as soon as the jacket was removed was a golden light so bright that it made all eyes narrow. When the onlookers finally adjusted their eyes to the dazzling light, they saw a huge hole in Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's body.

The whole middle part of her body was hollowed out, and glowing threads could be seen stretching from the wall of that hole to a source stone in the center, which appeared to be her biggest secret. The sight was terrifying to look at. The people who thought they would see a sexy body after the metal jacket was removed gasped in horror.

Even though she had changed into a woman, she was still the Nether Puppeteer Patriarch everyone knew.

Tian Cang frowned as he watched. When he saw the flashing source stone in her body, a grave look came into his eyes.

Holding a puppet heart in the distance, Whitey's mechanical eyes began to flash with an eager look as it stared at the source stone in Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's chest.

Bu Fang could see it clearly from the ground as well, and there was a look of doubt in his eyes. 'This Nether Puppeteer Patriarch is so cruel... She even crafted her body into a half-puppet...'

The source stone, which emitted golden light, was incomparably strange. It seemed to have the power to bewitch those who looked at it. With its appearance, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's aura began to climb rapidly. Her eyes turned scarlet, and amid a clanging noise, the twelve metal wings behind her twisted into twelve spears, which then bent and stuck their sharp tips into the ground, pushing her body up like spider's legs.

When the transformation was done, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch raised her head. Monstrous killing intent exploded out of her, and her eyes were full of venom.

"DIE!"

At this moment, her mind seemed to be completely drowned by her desire to kill. With a boom, the twelve spears that looked like spider legs jerked and moved, bringing her across the field as fast as lightning. In a flash, she was in front of Tian Cang. One of her spider legs lifted, thrusting at him.

The previous Nether King focused his eyes, raised a hand, and grabbed the spider leg. Bright sparks flew as the leg brushed his palm. The materials that made the leg were actually the same as those that made Tian Cang's body. They were equally tough and could not be crushed.

"Die! Die! Die! Die!" Nether Puppeteer Patriarch roared like a madwoman as she thrust the other legs at him. He blocked them with the other hand. However, those legs were too fast. A rumbling sound rang out as they stabbed him and sent sparks flying in all directions, pushing him back with a great force.

The energy supplied by the source stone in Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's chest had significantly boosted the spider legs' power. Tian Cang was struggling to block them.

The next moment, golden threads could be seen spreading out across Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's body, wriggling like tiny snakes under her skin.

"What is this trick?" Tian Cang sucked in a cold breath. He could sense through his divine will the terrible energy in the source stone, and it seemed to repress him, making it difficult for him to breathe. It was as if he was innately suppressed by it. This should not happen. Although the current Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was strong, she had not gone beyond the level of a Perfected Great Saint. There was no way that he could not beat her. However, the innate suppression annoyed him.

'Is it because of this body?' thought Tian Cang. He seemed to figure out something. 'Is it because my body is a puppet? Every puppet has a puppet heart... Could it be that the source stone in her chest is the source that provides energy to all puppets?'

The Nether Puppeteers were best at crafting puppets, and their puppets were all crafted with the secret techniques of their clan. Outsiders knew nothing about the techniques, but everyone was sure about one thing: every powerful puppet had a top-grade puppet heart.

'Could the golden source stone in her chest be the template and source of all the puppet hearts? Perhaps that is the reason why I feel suppressed...' Tian Cang frowned. He felt his body grow heavy, and the puppet heart in him seemed to beat slower.

Another spider leg came at him, and the void rumbled as it pierced through the air. Tian Cang raised both arms to block it. The next moment, the sharp tip stabbed them, producing countless sparks. He was forced to take a step back while a hole was left behind on his arm.

After that, the remaining eleven spider legs came at him as well, one after another, and soon, he was thrown flying back from where he had stood.

In Nether Prison, a look of excitement came over the face of every Great Saint watching the battle. When they saw Nether Puppeteer Patriarch press Tian Cang on the ground and beat him hard, they could not help cheering.

“Although Tian Cang has been resurrected, his flesh is crafted by Nether Puppeteer Patriarch after all... She must have ways to suppress him...”

“I have a feeling that this is our chance!”

“While Tian Cang is being suppressed, let’s attack Earth Prison again and kill all the Great Saints there...”

The mighty experts of Nether Prison, including Fire Demon Patriarch and Shadow Demon Patriarch, were all having the same opinion, which was surprisingly agreed by many people.

What stopped them was mainly the top experts of Earth Prison. As long as they killed these experts, they would be able to conquer Earth Prison.

...

Bam!

Tian Cang was knocked flying away once again. It felt somewhat difficult for him to move in front of Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, who had turned into a spider. The feeling of being suppressed annoyed him greatly. This was the first fight he had after he came back to life, and yet he was overwhelmed.

‘What exactly is that source stone?!’ Tian Cang roared in his mind.

Suddenly, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch opened her mouth. Golden light could be seen gathering inside. Then, with a rumble, it burst out of her mouth and hit Tian Cang, throwing him to the ground. The light spread, turned into a huge spider web, and trapped him there.

The web flickered brightly, and no matter how hard he struggled, he could not break it. The metal plate on his arm lifted, and a scarlet energy beam shot out from under it. However, the web was unscathed.

Rumble!

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, in her spider form, moved again. A clanging noise rang out as her twelve long legs strode across the land, bringing her toward Bu Fang as fast as a gust of wind. As she approached, she lifted one leg and thrust its sharp tip at him. The spear pierced through the air with a shrill whistle. Its power was extremely terrible, and it was going to pierce Bu Fang.

After Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's transformation, the only thought in her head was to kill Bu Fang, so killing him became her only goal right now.

A strong wind was howling, and a great sense of oppression came washing over. Er Ha and the others could hardly breathe under the pressure.

Bu Fang furrowed his brows, and the look on his face was somewhat grave. 'Is this Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's trump card?' he thought, 'It is indeed fearsome. Even Tian Cang is no match for her...' He could feel the sharp energy coming at him, and the pores all over his body seemed to close at the sharpness. He breathed a long sigh.

The spider leg approached at great speed. Just when everyone thought that Bu Fang could not escape this time and was about to be pierced by the sharp tip, a strange scene happened. The leg halted just one meter away from him and no longer moved forward.

"What's going on?" That took everyone aback. When they looked carefully, they saw that one of Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's legs was grabbed by a metallic lump, which was actually a chubby puppet.

Clutching the spider leg, Whitey mustered all its strength and pulled Nether Puppeteer Patriarch away from Bu Fang.

“DIE!”

Boom!

A few spider legs fell from the sky and struck Whitey like lightning, knocking it far away like a ball as cracks emerged across its body.

After getting rid of Whitey, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch turned her bloodshot eyes, filled with venom and madness, to Bu Fang again.

“DIE NOW!”

Rumble!

She moved again. The recoil force exploded out as her twelve spider legs frantically dug into the ground and gave her the speed of lightning.

Creak...

A sound of metal brushing against metal rang out. Whitey grabbed Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's leg again. This time, it climbed straight up the leg.

The 'ant' had infuriated the Patriarch. She kept stomping all twelve legs, leaving numerous deep holes in the ground, but Whitey still climbed up steadily and determinedly.

The scene shocked everyone. Even Bu Fang opened his mouth slightly, as if puzzled. Whitey was no doubt a weakling when compared to Nether Puppeteer Patriarch. Although its strength had reached the level of a Great Saint after Bu Fang became a Nine-revolution Little Saint, and it had devoured many puppet hearts, it was still like an ant in the face of the Patriarch, who was a Perfected Great Saint.

It was nearly knocked away several times. The spider legs twisted, pointed their sharp tips upward, and stabbed at it over and over again. Sparks flew as they hit its hard skin, trying to pierce and destroy it.

In the distance, Tian Cang, who was trapped by the spider web, struggled violently to rip the fetter. However, it would obviously take some time for him to tear it up and get out.

There were holes on its back, left behind by the spider legs, but Whitey paid them no mind. With its mechanical eyes flashing, it continued climbing with determination. No matter how hard Nether Puppeteer Patriarch shook the leg or attacked it, it kept on climbing.

Finally, Whitey climbed to a position near the Patriarch's body, which was only about one meter away from the source stone tangled in golden threads. Its big arms closed around the spider leg and held tight.

Everyone was stunned by the sudden change. At this point, Bu Fang realized that Whitey's target was the source stone in Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's chest. At the thought of that, the look on his face turned somewhat strange. 'Whitey has collected the puppet hearts of countless Nether Puppets, as well as the hearts of the Earth Nether Puppet and the Human Nether Puppet, and yet it's still not satisfied? I can't believe it's going to seize that source stone... When did Whitey become so fierce?'

Clang!

The spider legs as sharp as steel knives hacked Whitey again. Its body was already in tatters, like scrap metal, but it still held the leg tightly.

Suddenly, in everyone's shocked eyes, Whitey jumped, making Er Ha and Nethery cry out in surprise. Its mechanical eyes flashed as it kicked the spider leg and pushed itself forward like a spring, then reached out a huge hand to grab the golden source stone.

Rumble!

An invisible energy ripple spread as Whitey's palm grabbed the source stone, and then a ripping sound could be heard as it pulled it out together with some of the threads around it.

After that, it fell from the air and smashed hard to the ground, holding the source stone. The golden threads that tangled the gem was still connected to Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's body.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The twelve spider legs stabbed madly across the ground as they went toward Whitey.

Holding the source stone in its big hand, Whitey's mechanical eyes flickered as if it was laughing triumphantly. Then, the black hole in its belly emerged, and it shoved the source stone tangled in golden threads into the hole.