

## Gourmet 1361

### Chapter 1361 The End of Nether Puppeteer Patriarch

Everyone was impressed by Whitey's actions, and Bu Fang was surprised. It was a perfect example of punching above one's weight, which required courage, good judgment, and determination. It never occurred to anyone that Whitey could pluck the precious source stone from Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's chest. Of course, a part of its success was contributed by the fact that the Patriarch had gone crazy after unleashing her power, but no one could deny that it had done excellently. Even Bu Fang couldn't help giving it a thumbs up and praising it in his mind.

What was more exciting was that after taking away the source stone, Whitey laughed triumphantly and shoved the thing into its stomach. Obviously, it was showboating, but it was refreshing with no affectation at all. The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched slightly as he nodded approvingly.

A bestial hiss rang out suddenly as the twelve spider legs frantically smashed around, breaking the ground and leaving holes everywhere. Whenever a spear-like leg swept across the air, the void cracked. It was a horrible sight to behold.

After Whitey ate the source stone wrapped in golden threads, the light in its mechanical eyes was constantly changing. Then, it ran toward Bu Fang, dragging its body riddled by the spears.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch flew into a rage. With the golden source stone seized, her chest became empty. Golden threads could be seen dangling in it, and the wriggling golden lines on her face also disappeared. Boiling with killing intent, she chased madly after Whitey, wanting to take back the golden source stone.

The stone was her secret, and it was also the secret of all Nether Puppeteers. She could not allow it to be taken away from her.

In the distance, Tian Cang, who was trapped by the spider web, felt the power suppressing him break like a shackle. His eyes lit up, and then flames seemed to surge in them. With a ripping sound, he tore the spider web completely, which turned into pieces and scattered on the ground.

Rumble!

A terrible aura exploded out of him. He raised a palm, and a suction force burst from it.

Er Ha was slightly taken aback when he saw the bent Nether King Halberd rise from the ground and flew toward Tian Cang, which was then clutched by the previous Nether King.

“Little Ha, dad will borrow your Nether King Halberd,” Tian Cang said lightly, his voice ringing through the skies.

Er Ha’s eyes lit up when he heard that. He rose to his feet, flipped his hair, and slapped himself on the chest. “Use it at will, dad. I’ve taken good care of it, except I’ve accidentally bent it just now.”

“Bent?” Tian Cang twitched the corner of his mouth, his voice cold and proud. “It doesn’t matter. What is bent can be straightened again...”

After saying that, he clutched the halberd, put his strength into his hands, and gradually straightened the weapon. The halberd, which was straight again, regained its terrible power. With the weapon that had accompanied him when he attacked Nether Prison in hand, Tian Cang’s strength seemed to grow stronger now.

Looking at Nether Puppeteer Patriarch in the distance, Tian Cang narrowed his eyes. The next moment, he sped across the sky, came in front of her, and thrust the halberd. An oppressive whistle rang out, shaking the hearts of those who heard it.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch sensed the aura. One of her spider legs jerked up and went toward Tian Cang, poking a large hole in the void as it neared. With a rumble, the leg collided with the halberd. Now that the golden source stone was gone, the Patriarch’s aura seemed to weaken considerably, and the impact of the collision pushed her back.

“Is that all you’ve got?” Tian Cang said coldly. Holding the halberd, he effortlessly swept it out and smashed it at Nether Puppeteer Patriarch. Since his puppet body was no longer suppressed, the previous Nether King was fearless. He took his time, hitting the Patriarch one blow after another and forcing her to move back again and again.

In the distance, Whitey had returned to Bu Fang’s side. When the latter saw its miserable appearance, he sucked in a cold breath.

Its body was covered with holes, in which tiny electric arcs twisted and jumped. To ordinary people, each of the wounds was fatal, but they did not seem to bother Whitey.

Its mechanical eyes were flashing as if it was still immersed in the joy of having robbed the source stone.

Bu Fang did not know whether to cry or laugh. He noticed that Whitey seemed to become more and more human. In the past, it was cold and proud, and was called a clothes-stripping fanatic, but now... Well, it was hard to explain all in just a few words. It had just snatched a stone, and yet it looked as happy as a three-hundred-kilogram fatty.

At the same time, Bu Fang had some doubts. A normal puppet might no longer function after being stabbed a few times. It was the same even for the Earth Nether Puppet. That was because these puppets needed puppet hearts to work, and once their puppet hearts were destroyed, they could no longer be controlled.

Whitey didn't seem to fit the logic as there were at least a hundred holes all over its body. In other words, it had been stabbed at least a hundred times by Nether Puppeteer Patriarch. And yet, it was still alive and kicking.

Then came the question. What exactly was Whitey's puppet heart? How could it give Whitey such strong vitality?

Bu Fang patted Whitey's chubby belly.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flickered. Then, it stood still, and its eyes went dark. It was as if it had settled into the process of digesting the source stone.

Bu Fang knew that the source stone was definitely a good thing. Since it could make Nether Puppeteer Patriarch mad, not to mention that it could be the template of countless puppet hearts, it must have an extraordinary origin.

Moreover, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's puppets were so advanced in terms of technology that he reckoned it might be related to the source stone.

Bu Fang was very familiar with Whitey's current state. It should have entered an upgrading state. As for how long the state would last, he did not know. He thought it should take some time, so while waiting for it, he could watch Tian Cang torture Nether Puppeteer Patriarch.

When the previous Nether King was suppressed, Bu Fang had guessed that it must be related to Nether Puppeteer Patriarch. After all, Tian Cang's body, which was the Heaven Nether Puppet, was made by the Patriarch, and his puppet heart should be from the golden source stone as well. Therefore, it was normal for him to be suppressed.

However, Whitey, who was a god-like teammate, had performed amazingly in a situation that seemed hopeless. It had snatched the golden source stone, allowing Tian Cang to break free of the restriction and regain his fighting strength. On top of that, he became more and more violent. Perhaps it was because he had been suppressed for too long and felt a little humiliated. He was just trapped by a spider web, and yet he could not break free. If it hadn't been for Whitey's incredible performance, he really didn't know what would have happened.

If Bu Fang's head was blown apart by Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's spider leg, Tian Cang would have to bury his face in the wall of a toilet and weep. He had finally come back to life, and it would be miserable if he were to go back to the Transmigration again.

Therefore, Tian Cang was very angry now, and he even used the Nether King Halberd. He was a lot more violent than Er Ha in using the halberd. Every blow he dealt shattered the void. After all, the Nether King Halberd was the weapon he used to fight his foes, so he could use it as his own arm.

Although the golden source stone was gone and the suppression on Tian Cang had disappeared, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch had not grown weak. She was a little weaker in all aspects, yes, but she was still able to fend off Tian Cang's attacks.

Moreover, Tian Cang could sense that her mind, which had gone mad, seemed to recover a lot at this moment!

Rumble!

He swept out the halberd and unleashed a scarlet crescent, which struck the Patriarch and knocked her far away. As the halberd struck, a clanging sound rang out, and bright sparks flew. A spider leg broke instantly and fell to the ground with a clean cut. It was extremely heavy. Its weight caused the earth to sink and shift, while the leg itself sank deep into the ground.

The blood in Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's eyes finally faded away. After regaining her wits, the only feeling she had was shock, for she saw Nether King Tian Cang and an expressionless Bu Fang. They were not dead!

She had unleashed the fragment of the God's Heart. Why had she not killed them yet? She had thought that she would lose herself in the supreme power of the God's Heart fragment and eventually perish together with these guys, but now... she was awake.

She touched her chest. It was empty inside with only a few withered golden threads hanging there.

'Where is the God's Heart fragment?!' Nether Puppeteer Patriarch froze as if she had just seen a ghost. 'What happened when I lost myself?'

Suddenly, a rumbling sound rang out as Tian Cang threw a cold gaze at her, accompanied by a powerful blow of the Nether King Halberd.

Eight spider legs stacked together and turned into a shield. However, hit by the halberd, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch immediately flew backward, plowing a deep trench across the ground.

In the sky, Tian Cang looked down at Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, who was swept flying away by his halberd. He felt a little disappointed. After losing that golden source stone, she had become too weak.

"You disappoint me," Tian Cang said with mixed emotions.

The Heaven Nether Puppet's body made Tian Cang's strength extremely strong. He grabbed the Nether King Halberd with one hand, then flung it toward Nether Puppeteer Patriarch. In an instant, the halberd pierced through the air as flames burned ragingly at its tip.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was stunned. However, she managed to dodge the attack by moving her eleven spider legs rapidly.

The halberd smashed into the ground with a rumble and sliced a layer of earth off it. A destructive power spread in all directions, turning everything within ten thousand miles into ruins except the Black Temple. Even the major cities tens of thousands of miles away were shaking. This was the power of a Great Saint.

Tian Cang didn't pick up the halberd. Instead, he descended from the sky, landed in front of Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, and grabbed her by the neck. Then, he punched her in the face.

Bam!

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's eyes went wide, and she felt that her beautiful face was twisted once again. 'A lunatic... Tian Cang is a lunatic! How could he beat such a pretty girl like me in the face?!'

She almost roared. However, what happened next was more agonizing.

Tian Cang, expressionless, grabbed one of her spider legs and ripped it away from her. She howled, and her eyes instantly shot with blood. She was only a half-puppet, so she could still feel pain. The pain of having her spider leg ripped numbed her scalp. When all her legs were ripped away, she was already shaking all over.

The burly Tian Cang grabbed Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's head with a big hand, his eyes indifferent. He had no mercy for this fellow who had made his body into a puppet. Even though she was a woman, in his eyes, she was just an old hag. He had seen many beautiful girls, and she was nothing to him.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch never imagined that one day she would end up like this. Her Earth Nether Puppet and Human Nether Puppet were destroyed, and she became a captive.

The way Tian Cang looked at her, as if he was looking at an ant, humiliated her so much that she wanted to go wild again. Unfortunately, she no longer had the strength to do that.

Tian Cang's palm squeezed harder and harder. Nether Puppeteer Patriarch felt as if her head was about to crush. When that happened, she, the legendary Nether Puppeteer, would fall completely.

"I'm... not willing... to accept this..." Nether Puppeteer Patriarch said, coughing blood.

"From the moment you dared to make my body into a puppet... you are doomed to be punished by me," Tian Cang said coldly.

The next moment, he put more force into his palm. Nether Puppeteer Patriarch wailed as a line appeared on her head with a cracking sound. Blood trickled down her fair skin. She could only open one eye now, and the blood flowing down from the top of her head soaked her long eyelashes.

At the moment she was about to die, she took a deep breath, and with a weak and trembling voice, she said something as if all her hopes lay on it. “Di... Ting...”

## Chapter 1362 Di Ting!

“Di... Ting...” Nether Puppeteer Patriarch said in a breaking voice. Her head was gripped by Tian Cang as if it were about to be crushed at the next moment. As her voice rang out, Tian Cang’s eyes narrowed, and his expression changed slightly.

‘Di Ting? Nether Prison’s most powerful existence? Has the man who is said to have broken the shackles and is determined to unite the Netherworld into a great world come?’

The previous Nether King tensed up, and he released his divine will to scan the surroundings. Just hearing the name made him a little nervous. It was an incredible feeling. He was Nether King Tian Cang, who was not afraid of anything and even dared to attack Nether Prison. However, when he heard the name from Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, he sucked in a cold breath, and his heart skipped a beat as if he had heard something that should not be mentioned.

Bu Fang frowned in the distance. He also heard the Patriarch’s weak voice. “Di... Ting...” The name seemed to have a magical power that made those who heard it tense up. He thought that it was familiar, and this familiarity came from the memory of his previous life.

Di Ting was a mystical beast who served Kṣitigarbha Bodhisattva. It was said to have nine different images and possessed the abilities of many spirit beasts.

‘Is this Di Ting the legendary Di Ting in the memory of my previous life? Is he really a mystical beast who serves Kṣitigarbha Bodhisattva?’

For some reason, the idea came to Bu Fang’s mind. But then, he thought maybe they just had the same name. This was a different world, and the Earth Prison here was not the underworld he knew from his previous life. So obviously, this Di Ting was not what he knew. They were different.

There could be no such coincidence in this world.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s call of Di Ting was like her last struggle before her death. The name seemed to hold all her hopes.

The way things turned out was totally out of her expectation. She did not expect Bu Fang to have a way to revive Tian Cang. To achieve that, he must fight against the supreme Power of the Laws. Had this little chef been able to do that?

Although the resurrected Tian Cang was strong, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was not afraid of him. She had even become crazy and unleashed the power of the God's Heart fragment to kill all the people present. She would rather use the method of mutual destruction than disturb Di Ting because she was worried that it would affect his breakthrough.

What she did not expect, however, was that her God's Heart had been stolen by that accursed puppet!

She spent her whole life making puppets, but in the end, she was defeated by a puppet. Maybe that was her karma. What goes around comes around.

On the verge of death, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was filled with resentment and fear, so she called out the name, a name that should not be mentioned.

A rumbling sound rang out in the sky as one figure after another tore apart the void and walked out. Some of them were surrounded by blazing flames, some were hidden in shadows, and some were clad in black chef robes.

The Great Saints of the nine Nether Prison clans had all arrived. However, they were greeted by Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's dying scene and a name she called out, "Di... Ting..."

As soon as they heard the name, their faces became very uneasy, fear evident in their stunned features.

...

Meanwhile, in the Di Ting Clan's homeland...

It was a frightful world enveloped in a black vortex. The spinning vortex was rumbling, and there was black energy beating inside like the breathing of some terrible existence.

A vague figure could be seen sitting cross-legged in the center of the vortex.



“Di... Ting...” A faint voice drifted over, lingering around the vortex. It sounded like the wail of a ghost, which made the hair of those who heard it stand on end.

A Great Saint of the clan was sitting not far away. Suddenly, he opened his eyes. He thought he heard something. Soon, he heard it clearly. It was a long sigh, coming from the black vortex. His expression changed instantly, and he turned to look at it and saw that the vortex slowly stopped spinning. Then, he heard another sigh. His cheeks twitched, and he went down on his knees with an excited look on his face.

‘Pa-Patriarch?! Is Patriarch leaving the seclusion?’ he thought to himself.

Di Ting Patriarch was breaking through that supreme realm, which was the realm above the Perfected Great Saint realm. No one in Nether Prison had succeeded for tens of thousands of years. Had he succeeded? If so, it would be great news for the Di Ting Clan!

“Welcome back, Patriarch! All the worlds will once again be awed by Patriarch’s mightiness!” cried the Great Saint with great excitement, his body trembling. His voice rumbled and spread, making the whole homeland boil up.

After a brief pause, the vortex finally began to slowly shrink. It began to spin again as well, but its speed was much slower now. With a clear sound of footsteps, a figure emerged from inside.

The Great Saint knelt on the ground, his face becoming more and more respectful. He could already feel a supreme pressure from the vortex, which he had never felt before. Even Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, who was a Perfected Great Saint, could not compare to it.

Was that the legendary realm above the Great Saint? What kind of a realm was it?

Tap, tap, tap...

The Great Saint raised his head and stared at the vortex, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Patriarch after his breakthrough. As the footsteps grew louder and louder, the figure in the vortex gradually became clear.

However, when he saw the figure clearly, the Great Saint completely froze. His eyes were full of astonishment and disbelief!

‘Heavens! Is this our Patriarch?!’

The Great Saint felt that his world view collapsed at this moment. What slowly emerged from the vortex was not a peerless expert with a striking appearance, nor a terrible existence that gave off a majestic aura, but a... cute dog?

‘What the heck?’

A dog? The highly respected Patriarch of the Di Ting Clan, the supreme existence who awed the whole Earth Prison, was actually a... dog? A cute dog?

The Great Saint was dumbfounded. Staring at the little dog coming out of the vortex with small and nimble steps, he had a constipated look on his face.

How would he describe the dog? It had striped yellow and white fur, with yellow fur around its eyes. Its triangular ears were pointed upward, its nose was black, its body was slightly chubby, and its legs were short. All in all, it looked cute.

Although its legs were very short, its speed was fast. In just a flash, it had come up to the Great Saint.

The void around the dog was all distorted as if it were about to crumble, while a frightening aura shrouded its body.

The Great Saint had not recovered from the tremendous shock, so he was still on his knees, his mouth wide open and looking as if he had forgotten to breathe.

‘Our Patriarch is a dog?’

Di Ting’s eyes were lively, full of spiritual energy. It seemed that because he had just emerged from the terrible vortex of Nether energy, he had not had time to hide his appearance. Soon, a large amount of black Nether energy gathered toward him and wrapped him up completely. At the same

time, a terrible pressure immediately filled the air, making the Great Saint lie prone on the ground and dare not move.

“You didn’t see anything...” an indifferent voice rang out.

The Great Saint snapped out of his shock at once. “Yes, mighty Patriarch...” he said, swallowing.

...

A gust of wind blew past without stirring up any dust.

Tian Cang’s eyes narrowed as he clutched Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s head with one hand. After releasing his divine will and scanning the surroundings, the corners of his mouth curved slightly upward, revealing a sneer.

“Di Ting? Will he come and save you?” Tian Cang said lightly.

Di Ting was now at a critical moment of breakthrough. If he were to come to save Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, he must stop his breakthrough. Would he do that for her? It was unlikely...

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s long eyelashes fluttered, then she slowly closed her eyes. She seemed to have lost all hope and was quietly waiting for her death.

Tian Cang didn’t relent. At his level, compassion no longer existed. Besides, he would not be soft-hearted toward Nether Puppeteer Patriarch. He would kill her without mercy!

His metallic palm tightened slowly, and a terrible force was bursting out of it.

Crack...

There was a sharp cracking sound. In everyone’s eyes, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s head slowly cracked, and her pretty face was crushed and twisted. Her body jerked, and then she opened her mouth and coughed up blood.

In the sky, all the Great Saints of Nether Prison fell silent.

Nether King Tian Cang was resurrected, and Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was killed. These were two major events that could change the situations of two small worlds. Without Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, there was a good chance that Nether Prison would not be able to withstand Tian Cang's attack soon.

Unless... Di Ting Patriarch could hear Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's call, pause his breakthrough, and come out to help them.

Bu Fang and the others were calm as they watched Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's head being squeezed in Tian Cang's palm. There was no sympathy on Earth Prison's side, even though she was a woman, and a pretty one at that. They all knew very well that she was actually a crazy woman.

"Die," Tian Cang said coldly and took a deep breath.

This time, he no longer held back his strength. He didn't muster all of it just now because he was waiting. He wanted to see if Di Ting would show up or not. Now, it seemed that Di Ting had indeed chosen to give up Nether Puppeteer Patriarch. Perhaps in his opinion, achieving a breakthrough was more important than her. Of course, this would be the choice of most people.

Crack!

As Tian Cang clenched his palm harder, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's skull began to crack. Suddenly, his expression changed. The moment his strength burst out, a terrible supreme pressure fell upon him. He had not batted an eye when facing Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, and yet he was shocked now. He looked up at the boundless sky and took a deep breath.

The sky had changed. In the blink of an eye, it became very dark, as if from day to night. Then, the void tore apart and became a huge gap.

"Tian Cang, stop it." A godlike voice rang out. It was deafening, lingering in everyone's ears and making their bodies shake.

The next moment, a figure enveloped in black Nether energy emerged in the huge gap.

It was Di Ting! The strongest man in Nether Prison finally showed up!

The strongest man in Earth Prison and the strongest man in Nether Prison had finally met. This would be a battle that occurred only once in many ages! The real confrontation between the two worlds was likely to break out completely at this moment!

Tian Cang squinted at the figure in the gap.

The faces of Bu Fang, Er Ha, Ice Saint, and the others also became grave.

“Why should I listen to you? Who are you to tell me what to do?” Tian Cang said defiantly.

His hand was still on Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s head, and he was undaunted even in the face of Di Ting. He held out the other hand, and the Nether King Halberd immediately flew into his grip. Then, he raised it over his shoulder and flung it out. With a ripping sound, the halberd pierced through the air and turned into a black arrow, heading at Di Ting, who was wrapped in black Nether energy in midair.

“Why? Because I’m Di Ting. If you kill her, I will destroy Earth Prison...” Di Ting’s voice was loud and imperious.

The next moment, the Nether King Halberd was caught in a plume of black smoke. It twisted and cracked completely under a terrible force.

Chapter 1363 Nether King vs. Di Ting!

The Nether King Halberd was the weapon that accompanied Tian Cang in defeating countless enemies. Legend had it that it was made of a meteorite, which gave it its incomparable toughness and indestructible characteristic. However, this invincible weapon was defeated for the first time.

After being thrown out by Tian Cang, the halberd flew straight toward Di Ting, but before approaching its target, a terrible force stopped it.

A plume of black smoke, which was Nether energy, wrapped around the halberd, twisted it, and then a great force struck it hard. Fine lines instantly appeared across the halberd before it broke into countless pieces and fell from the sky, smashing into the ground and creating countless holes.

The onlookers sucked in their breaths. In the first exchange between the two mighty experts, there was no doubt that Tian Cang had lost. No one expected his attack to be blocked with a single stroke. It didn't even touch Di Ting's body. The outcome was beyond their imagination.

The Nether Prison experts were greatly encouraged, while all the Patriarchs were very excited. After being repressed for so long, they finally had a chance to turn the tables around.

"Isn't Tian Cang very arrogant? Isn't he very strong? Now, even his best weapon has been smashed by Di Ting! Let's see how he will continue doing whatever he wants!"

Di Ting Patriarch was truly the strongest man of Nether Prison. He just quietly pulled out a move, and it had already left everyone a little breathless. And his words, "If you kill her, I will destroy Earth Prison!" was really too domineering!

All the Nether Prison experts seemed to sense a different kind of feeling in those words. Di Ting Patriarch and Nether Puppeteer Patriarch had known each other the longest, and their long relationship had probably blossomed into something else.

Therefore, when they heard that, they all felt that he had come to avenge her, and he seemed to be saying, "If you dare kill my wife, I will destroy Earth Prison!"

"This is so exciting!"

All the Patriarchs were very excited.

Tian Cang's eyes remained cold. However, he was also slightly taken aback. He could not believe that his halberd had been broken before it came near Di Ting. The material used to make this weapon was very precious. It was a meteoric iron, and it had taken Earth Prison immeasurable manpower and resources to craft it.

"Di Ting is indeed the strongest man in Nether Prison!"

Years ago, when he attacked Nether Prison and overwhelmed everyone, Di Ting was nowhere to be seen. At that time, he thought the so-called strongest man was afraid. Now, when he saw Di Ting's power for the first time, he felt at once that he really deserved that reputation.

Bu Fang rose to his feet, raised his head, and looked at Di Ting in the sky. He was very curious about this mighty expert with a name he was familiar with.

Di Ting had a pleasant voice. It was warm, very much like Lord Dog's gentle voice. However, when he used this voice to make that threat, it did not feel awkward at all.

At this moment, heaven and earth seemed to have lost their color, and everything disappeared, leaving only the huge figure wrapped in black smoke hovering in the sky. His every move seemed to be able to affect the world.

Bu Fang squinted at the figure. He heard that Di Ting was also trying to break through that realm. Now that he had come to Earth Prison, had he succeeded?

'Lord Dog is also breaking through that realm. I wonder how his progress is?'

He turned to look behind him. In the Black Temple, the array was still in operation, and the huge vortex was constantly rotating. Bu Fang did not keep his eyes on them for too long, and he turned his attention back to the field.

This was a clash of the strongest experts of Earth Prison and Nether Prison. Known as the strongest man of Nether Prison, Di Ting was formidable enough to suppress countless small worlds. Tian Cang, on the other hand, was the strongest man of Earth Prison, the one who once attacked Nether Prison with an army and killed countless experts from the nine clans.

Both of them were full of legends. Now, as they finally met, a much-anticipated battle was set to break out between them.

Tian Cang looked at Di Ting. Suddenly, the corner of his mouth twitched, and then his palm clenched again without hesitation. More blood flowed down from the top of Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's head, and she gave a faint groan.

Rumble!

The color of heaven and earth changed again at this moment.

“Didn’t you hear what I said? I said... stop it.” Di Ting’s warm voice rang again, but this time, it was much colder.

Undaunted, Tian Cang gave a sneer. “I won’t stop. If you’re not happy, fight me!”

With that, his eyes lit up, and he stomped his foot on the ground. The whole ground shook with a terrible rumble as if it were about to collapse. Holding Nether Puppeteer Patriarch in one hand, Tian Cang shot into the sky like a cannonball.

Tian Cang’s cultivation base seemed stronger than before after owning the Heaven Nether Puppet’s body. As he flew higher and higher, his aura, which was strong enough to suppress the skies, was also climbing. All of a sudden, he flung Nether Puppeteer Patriarch out.

The void seemed to crack, and Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s body was almost torn apart by a great force.

The next moment, Tian Cang unleashed his divine will. The fragments of the Nether King Halberd that fell to the ground immediately rose into the sky, whistling and clanging as they gathered in midair to form a brand new halberd.

At this moment, a shrill whistle echoed out, and a sword shot into the sky. In the blink of an eye, Sword Demon Patriarch, who had become a puppet, appeared in midair and blocked Tian Cang’s halberd for Nether Puppeteer Patriarch. However, his body was blown apart instantly!

All the Nether Prison Patriarchs recognized Sword Demon Patriarch. When they found that he had been made into a puppet, they were slightly taken aback, and their expressions turned rather unsightly. After that, the way they looked at Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was no longer so friendly.

Buzz...

An invisible force spread and caught Nether Puppeteer Patriarch. Without doing it in person, Di Ting had stopped her from flying further and even neutralized the power that Tian Cang had left in her.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch drifted slowly and stopped in front of the black smoke. She looked very weak. Her head was almost crushed and covered with cracks. Her long eyelashes fluttered, then she opened her eyes and saw the black smoke in front of her.



“Di Ting... You... finally came...”

A hint of a smile came over Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s lips, and there seemed to be a wistful look in her eyes.

The black smoke swirling and shrouding around Di Ting made him look like he was full of mysteries, which inspired fear and respect in others. However, none of the respectful crowd noticed the strange expression on the face of a Great Saint standing beside Di Ting with his head bowed.

The threads in Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s chest had dried up. Suddenly, tentacles condensed of black energy reached out of the black smoke and touched her body as if it were caressing her.

“Where is your God’s Heart?”

A warm voice rang in Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s ears. Her eyelashes trembled, and then her eyes widened in disbelief.

“Didn’t you come here to save me?” The look on Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s face grew unsightly.

“Of course I came to save you... But we cannot afford to lose the God’s Heart as well.” Di Ting’s voice was still warm.

After hearing their conversation, the onlookers were puzzled. They found that the plot seemed somewhat different from what they had imagined.

“No! You came for the God’s Heart! You didn’t come to save me!” Nether Puppeteer Patriarch suddenly became agitated, and she roared with what little strength was left in her.

Tian Cang was about to attack, but after listening to that, he stopped.

The Nether Prison Patriarchs sucked in their breaths, while Bu Fang’s expression became slightly odd.

At this moment, Yellow Spring Great Sage landed beside Bu Fang and the others, holding a jade wine jar and taking a sip out of it. “Ever since the dawn of time, affection leaves nothing but regret, which lasts forever... What a good poem to perfectly match this scene,” he said, then burst out laughing, his eyes blurry.

This poem of his came out of the blue. Even Bu Fang didn’t expect Yellow Spring Great Sage, a vulgar guy who only knew how to play with grass, could recite a poem.

Er Ha was obviously also interested in Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s love affair. He looked on with great interest and analyzed to Bu Fang, “Young man, I think you’re in big trouble... It seems Di Ting came here not for that woman, but for the source stone Whitey took just now.”

“Whitey got that thing with its own strength. I’m not giving it back. Besides, how do you know Di Ting really didn’t come to save Nether Puppeteer Patriarch?” Bu Fang said with a straight face. “Please believe in the real sentiments of people. There are still real sentiments in the world.”

“Bah! What the f\*ck are you talking about? There are real sentiments in the world?” Er Ha gave Bu Fang a sideways glance. He felt that this young man’s understanding of love was completely different from his.

In the sky, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch roared and coughed up blood. She was in really bad shape. A stream of black energy poured into her body, helping her stabilize the injury.

“Where is the God’s Heart?” Di Ting’s warm voice asked again.

However, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch only sneered and did not answer.

Di Ting let out a sigh with a note of helplessness in his voice.

When the Nether Prison Patriarchs heard the sigh, their hair stood on end.

“Have a good rest. We cannot lose the God’s Heart. I will get it back,” Di Ting said.

The next moment, a plume of black smoke seemed to turn into a rope, wrapping Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s body and pulling her behind Di Ting. The Great Saint standing beside him hurried forward.

The atmosphere in the sky changed again. Di Ting fixed his eyes on Tian Cang.

“The God’s Heart? Do you think I have it or not?” Holding the Nether King Halberd, the corners of Tian Cang’s mouth curved slightly upward, revealing a sneer. He seemed to know what Di Ting wanted to ask him. As his voice spread, his aura began to soar rapidly and soon reached a very terrible level. At the same time, his metal body was also changing with his thoughts, becoming more burly.

Rumble!

He stomped his foot, shattering the void and filling the air with a deafening noise. The next moment, he raised the halberd and shot toward Di Ting like a meteor.

“Nether King Skyshatter Halberd, the First Halberd, Void Breaking!”

In the sky, terrible energy gathered into a huge halberd, sweeping toward Di Ting. In front of this huge halberd was Tian Cang, holding the actual halberd! As it approached, the void was shattered, and the air was filled with turbulence! The power of this attack was simply frightening!

Suddenly, a black dot shot out of the black smoke and flew toward the halberd. When they collided, Tian Cang’s long-planned attack collapsed in an instant!

Tian Cang’s eyes narrowed slightly. Although this move was destroyed, he was not in the least disturbed. He brandished his halberd and struck again.

“Nether King Skyshatter Halberd, the Second Halberd, Saint Slaughtering!”

Boom!

Another black dot flew out and blew his lethal strike apart again!

The battle in the sky astonished everyone. It didn’t seem to occur to anyone that the near-invincible Tian Cang would be overwhelmed.

However, the previous Nether King still did not give up, even though wisps of steam were already rising from his body.

“Nether King Skyshatter Halberd, the Third Halberd, God Slaying!” Tian Cang’s loud cry shook the skies.

The next moment, a huge halberd fell from the sky, striking toward Di Ting.

Looking at the attack, all the Nether Prison Patriarchs kept silent and did not dare to move. Its power was really dreadful! Tian Cang deserved to be called the strongest man of Earth Prison! His strength was not weaker than that of ten thousand years ago!

The power of the three halberds could simply destroy the world!

Er Ha’s eyes lit up as he watched his father use his famous killing skills. Bu Fang, too, was watching intently. This level of fighting was truly terrifying.

Di Ting stared at Tian Cang from the black smoke. After hearing the previous Nether King’s roar, he sneered in a warm voice.

“God slaying? You?”

The next moment, the black smoke slowly parted. A short, furry yellow-and-white paw reached out of it and lightly thrust toward Tian Cang’s strike.

“God slaying? You are too arrogant... I’m going to give you a good feel of a god right now!”

Chapter 1364 Di Ting... God?!

What came reaching out of the black Nether energy was a short paw. This was the first time Di Ting had shown a part of his body since he arrived. However, many people still did not see it clearly. Only Tian Cang, who was about to have a shocking collision with him, could see that.

‘This paw...’ Tian Cang’s face became very strange and puzzled at this moment. He found that the paw looked familiar. He seemed to have seen it somewhere. Soon, he sucked in a cold breath, and his eyes widened!

‘Isn’t this a... dog’s paw? Why would Di Ting stick out a dog’s paw?!’

Tian Cang felt a little confused. He never expected to see such a scene.

Rumble!

The sky was shaking as a halberd, which seemed to be going to hack and smash everything, fell through it. This was Tian Cang’s famous killing skill, the Nether King Three Halberds. It had a total of three moves, and the power of each was greater than the one before.

The rumbling sound rang incessantly.

All the Nether Prison Patriarchs held their breaths at the sight of this move. If Di Ting wasn’t here, they would have turned around and run away. The person who used this move was Tian Cang, Earth Prison’s strongest man who could defeat the whole Nether Prison alone! Their guts had been torn to pieces by this man ten thousand years ago!

“God slaying? How wild... In this world... who dares slay a god?! How can ordinary people blaspheme a god?!”

With a hint of sarcasm, Di Ting’s warm voice fluctuated for the first time. The tone made many people’s faces slightly change. They could hear the disdain in his voice, which sounded like the contempt of a divine being for a mortal.

In Di Ting’s eyes, the near-invincible Tian Cang was like a lowly ant. So he only reached out an ordinary dog paw. Apart from the black energy lingering around it like a black mist, it did not emit any energy fluctuations.

The next moment, the huge halberd fell from the sky and struck the paw, producing a thundering boom!

The close match that everyone expected did not happen, and the clash between Earth Prison’s strongest man and Nether Prison’s strongest man was not as spectacular as many had imagined. It was a one-sided fight!

As the explosion rang out, Tian Cang's third halberd crumbled. Under Di Ting's dog paw, it cracked like fragile porcelain.

Everyone gasped, and in their shocked eyes, Tian Cang, who was almost invincible, was knocked flying backward and smashed to the ground.

Boom!

The ground was blasted apart, creating a huge bottomless pit. Terrible energy rolled and boiled inside, and Tian Cang, who had crashed into it, was nowhere to be seen.

The sudden change left the watchers at a loss for words.

"Tian Cang was beaten so easily... Shouldn't they be evenly matched? Wait..."

Suddenly, they seemed to think of something, and their eyes widened.

"Has... Di Ting already taken that step? Such a crushing defeat will not happen if both of them are Perfected Great Saints. When Tian Cang fought Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, it took him several rounds to suppress her."

It was a bold suggestion that startled many people, but the more they thought about it, the more likely it seemed to them.

Meanwhile, on Earth Prison's side...

Er Ha's pupils constricted. When he saw his father defeated by Di Ting, he felt his breathing stop. In his mind, Tian Cang was the undefeated god of war, and yet he was completely defeated in front of his eyes. This was a little hard for him to accept.

Ice Saint sighed softly and said, "Has Di Ting really taken that step?" Her long eyelashes quivered, and the flawless skin on her beautiful face seemed bloodless.

"That step? You mean the realm above the Great Saint?" Er Ha asked, as if he had figured something out.

“Earth Prison Dog is also breaking through that level, but now it seems he may be a step behind Di Ting. And being one step late is no different from being ten thousand steps late...” Ice Saint let out a long sigh. She suddenly felt a little lonely. The familiar scene appeared again. As soon as an expert of that level appeared, it meant that this age may be coming to an end. The end of one age was the beginning of another. This time, how many powers would be punished by the Power of the Laws?

Bu Fang’s eyes narrowed slightly. How strong was Tian Cang after he was resurrected? He knew very well that unless he used a divine power liquid drop, he could not compete with the previous Nether King at all. This man was too strong, and he seemed to have stood at the peak of the world’s power. He was even stronger than Lord Dog. However, such a fearsome existence was knocked flying away by Di Ting with just one blow.

As sounds of rubble rolling down rang out, Tian Cang rose slowly from the bottomless pit. His eyes flickered with disbelief. On his body, waves of red light gathered rapidly. It was the lethal killing move left by Nether Puppeteer Patriarch in his body, the powerful energy beam! After he aimed at Di Ting in the sky, the energy beam shot out with a bang. This time, its terrible burning power seemed to scorch the air, while the void distorted as it passed.

At this moment, the whole world fell silent. The Nether Prison experts who had intended to cheer made no sound. It was as if their throats had been suddenly pinched, or they did not know what to say.

Tian Cang fixed his eyes at the sky. Suddenly, his pupils constricted again. As the straight energy beam approached Di Ting, it was rolled up by an invisible force, then reversed, struck him, and completely engulfed him.

Countless watchers gasped at this moment. They came from different worlds. Great Saints from Nether Prison, Earth Prison, Winged Man Valley, and even West Little Buddhism Realm all looked at the scene with solemn expressions.

This clash between the supreme experts of Nether Prison and Earth Prison would determine the future of the Netherworld, so they naturally needed to pay attention. Although Winged Man Valley and West Little Buddhism Realm had both surrendered to Nether Prison, it did not prevent them from paying attention to it, especially when one of the experts this time was Di Ting, the most mysterious existence of Nether Prison!

In the battlefield of the stars beyond the sky, a handsome, blond-haired man with twelve white and holy wings flapping behind him was looking thoughtfully at the battle down below. In the distance, a Buddha was sitting in the starry sky with a glowing disk behind his head. He, too, was watching the battle.

At this moment, countless people were watching this battle.

Tian Cang's reputation awed the whole Netherworld, but Di Ting had defeated him with only one move. This left many small worlds in despair. How were they going to fight against Nether Prison with Di Ting in the lead? Perhaps their best choice was to be conquered and ruled.

The fire was burning, melting the sand and gravel on the ground. Tian Cang emerged from the raging flames. He was unscathed by the energy beam, but wisps of steam were rising from his body, and the metal on him seemed to melt.

‘This power...’ There was shock in his eyes.

“Like I said before... you don’t know how horrible a god is! It’s difficult for you to understand what a god truly is...” Di Ting’s voice was still very warm. Suddenly, he moved. No one saw how he moved. It was like teleporting. A moment ago, he was there, but the next moment, he was already in front of Tian Cang.

In the black fog, a pair of eyes looked out, met the previous Nether King’s gaze in midair, and went right through his heart.

“The power of a god is unfathomable!” said Di Ting.

Tian Cang took a deep breath and said incredulously, “You’ve reached that level?”

Out of the black mist, however, came only Di Ting’s faint laugh. The next moment, the watchers saw a striped yellow-and-white dog paw emerge. This time, Di Ting did not hide it, so everyone could clearly see that it was a dog paw.

With a bam, the dog paw slapped Tian Cang on the body. The Heaven Nether Puppet’s extremely tough body collapsed at this moment and was pierced by the paw. At the same time, a stream of energy as black as ink poured into his body, causing it to explode in the sky and fall to the ground.



There was no terrible force this time, so Tian Cang's body simply hit the ground and created a small pit. Even so, he still lay motionless in the pit.

Tian Cang was beaten by a dog paw.

The whole world fell into silence. No one knew what to say.

Di Ting had defeated Tian Cang with only one move, and the previous Nether King did not even have the strength to fight back. It was clear that Di Ting's power had exceeded the limits of the Netherworld! Did he really become an existence beyond the realm of Great Saints?

"Tsk... You're overreaching yourself. Not one dares to think of slaying a god..." Di Ting said faintly, retracting his paw.

His voice echoed through the void, but no one dared to refute it.

The next moment, Di Ting's eyes turned and fell on Bu Fang in the distance.

Buzz...

An invisible wave spread and enveloped him in an instant.

Bu Fang froze. "This is... divine sense?! Divine perception, divine will, divine sense... According to the mental force cultivation technique awarded by the System, when mental force is cultivated to its peak, it ascends to divine sense. So this is it... I can't believe Di Ting actually did it..."

Bu Fang raised his eyes and looked at Di Ting, who was shrouded in a black fog. At this moment, his spirit sea broke out into an uproar.

"Little Host!" Divine Dragon twisted his body and said worriedly.

"This guy is dangerous..." Vermilion Bird was murmuring, too.

Then, Black Turtle opened his cloudy eyes and mumbled in a rumbling voice, “A Demigod...”

It was the first time Bu Fang had seen the Artifact Spirits so nervous. It showed how dangerous Di Ting was to him.

Suddenly, through the black mist came Di Ting’s warm voice. “Interesting... What a familiar feeling. Your aura makes me recall many things.”

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes and said nothing. Though there was no wind, his Vermilion robe fluttered, and a fiery scarlet light began to surge over him. At the same time, a pair of flaming wings spread out behind him and flapped slowly. His expression had never been more grave. Di Ting was the first person to give him such a dangerous feeling.

Nethery came to his side with Foxy in her arms. As she looked at Di Ting, a faint green gleam flickered in her large, beautiful eyes.

When Di Ting saw that green gleam, he paused. He felt as if he had seen a similar gleam somewhere. Then, he narrowed his eyes and said, “A Cursed Goddess... Hahaha! I didn’t expect you guys, who have been enemies since ancient times, to stay together!”

He gave Bu Fang a meaningful look, then went on, “Unfortunately, I’m not looking for you, but... that one!”

After saying that, he reached out a dog paw again.

The yellow-and-white dog paw startled Bu Fang and filled his heart with a strange feeling.

The paw fell, collapsing the void as it went toward Whitey, who was standing behind Bu Fang.

“Even if you have eaten my God’s Heart, you will have to spit it out!” said Di Ting.

As the paw approached, an aura came blowing in their faces, making Yellow Spring Great Sage, Er Ha, Ice Saint, Bu Fang, and the others feel compelled to kneel on the ground. It was an aura of a god. They felt as if they were facing a real god!

Whitey's mechanical eyes flickered as it raised its head. Even then, the ground beneath it was beginning to crack and collapse.

However, just as this paw fell, the invisible vortex spinning in the Black Temple suddenly stopped. Then, a gentle and magnetic sigh echoed through the void.

## Chapter 1365 The Battle of Demigods

Di Ting's strength was beyond everyone's imagination. With just one stroke, he had smashed Tian Cang's body, and the latter did not even have the power to resist. This kind of fearsome strength was unseen or unheard of, so many were shocked and horrified. They thought that Di Ting might have gone beyond the Great Saint Realm and become a God. God was a complicated and confusing term. Different from the True Immortal Realm, it was a supreme realm that was freed from the shackles and constraints of the Great Path, a realm beyond the realm of human beings.

Had Di Ting become a God? If it were true, there would be no one in the whole Netherworld who could resist him. The fact that Tian Cang couldn't block even one stroke from him showed that perhaps he had really become... a legend.

The God's Heart had an unspeakable use for Di Ting. He had left it to Nether Puppeteer Patriarch in the hope that she would protect it and use its power to cultivate. He never thought that anyone in the Netherworld could take it away from her. That was why he came to Earth Prison. He couldn't afford to lose it. He had to get it back.

He locked his divine sense on Whitey, ignoring Bu Fang and Nethery, even though both of them had extraordinary identities. The former was the inheritor of that man, while the latter was the only Cursed Goddess in every age, but they had not yet grown up. What really caught his attention was Whitey, the one who had stolen the God's Heart.

A dog paw rushed out of the black fog and instantly attracted everyone's attention. Its appearance seemed to darken heaven and earth. At the same time, the people present felt a huge pressure on them, which made them involuntarily lie prone on the ground.

Boom!

Powerful blasts followed, sweeping out in all directions and smashing Er Ha and the others.

Whitey looked up, its mechanical eyes flashing. The moment Di Ting's paw came at it, it stood up and spread the metal wings on its back. The wings looked sorry, however, full of holes and cracks. Obviously, after being crazily attacked by Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, Whitey had been badly damaged.

With a flap of the wings, Whitey flew up and shot into the sky like a shooting star, and in a split second, it was far away. It tried to dodge Di Ting's paw. Yet, the paw seemed to cover the whole world. No matter how far it flew, it could not escape its reach. This trick was somewhat similar to the West Little Buddhism Realm's Buddhist Kingdom in a Palm.

"You've swallowed my God's Heart, so you can't run away from me..." Di Ting's indifferent voice resounded through the sky.

All the onlookers were silent. They could only watch as Di Ting's dog paw fell.

Bu Fang raised his head. A light could be seen flickering in his eyes. His divine will had enveloped the golden liquid drop suspended over the God of Cooking's Menu. He thought he should be able to use it to block this attack. He couldn't just watch Whitey get smashed by Di Ting. The puppet had accompanied him for a long time, and they had grown stronger together. To him, Whitey was like a brother.

Just as Bu Fang was about to crush the liquid drop, the invisible vortex in the Black Temple suddenly stopped rotating. The next moment, a black object slowly reached out from it. It was a small black dog paw. In the blink of an eye, it emerged from the Black Temple and collided with Di Ting's paw.

They were both dog paws. Di Ting's paw was yellowish-white, but his claws were slightly shorter and appeared more petite. In contrast, the black paw was more majestic.

As the crowd watched with strange looks in their eyes, the two dog paws collided without fancy moves. It was the scariest collision they had ever seen.

With a loud explosion, Whitey was thrown away by powerful blasts. Its body bounced across the ground like a ball before smashing into a pit in the distance. Looking up in confusion, it scratched its head with a big hand.

"Hmm?"

In the sky, Di Ting, wrapped in black mists, was surprised. He had not been paying attention to Earth Prison Dog, who was breaking through in the Black Temple, so he did not expect the dog to attack at this moment.

Without hesitation, he released his divine sense and sent it into the Black Temple. He wanted to find out what was going on inside. He knew Earth Prison Dog was also breaking through that realm. As someone who was experienced in the matter, he knew very well that once the breakthrough was interrupted, it basically meant that it had failed. And if Earth Prison Dog wanted to regain the feeling of breakthrough, he would need to wait for the chance to come.

The Black Temple seemed to be enveloped in a mist. Di Ting's divine sense reached out to it, but it was immediately bounced back by some force.

"What?" His expression changed. Of course, no one could see that.

At this moment, a gentle voice came out of the building, "How dare you bully Lord Dog's people while Lord Dog is not around? Do you really think Lord Dog can be easily bullied?"

Ripples of powerful energy surged and spread out of the Black Temple, then they parted in the middle. A few moments later, a figure walked out of it with enchanting cat-like steps. It was a black dog with spotless and shining black hair.

His appearance instantly caught everyone's eye.

"Earth Prison Dog?!"

"He's out of his seclusion?"

The faces of the Nether Prison Great Saints all changed dramatically. It never occurred to them that Earth Prison Dog would leave the seclusion so soon. Wasn't he trying to break through that supreme realm just like Di Ting? And why were both of them out now?

They were not surprised by Di Ting leaving his seclusion. After all, he had been in a breakthrough state for almost hundreds of years. However, it was said that this Earth Prison Dog had just stepped into the breakthrough a few days ago...

“You want to stop me?” Di Ting’s eyes gleamed in the black fog.

The next moment, he moved. As he stepped forward with his short legs, he disappeared, and when he appeared again, he was already in front of Whitey.

Rumble!

Whitey felt it was being hit by a tremendous force, and it immediately rose to the sky. Even then, a white dog paw slowly thrust toward it, looking like it was going to punch through its chest and pull out the God’s Heart inside.

Lord Dog’s figure vanished at that moment. When he reappeared, he raised his black dog paw and smashed it at the white dog paw.

Boom!

Powerful blasts exploded from the center of collision and swept out in all directions, destroying everything along the way.

The black fog shrouding Di Ting finally dispersed and revealed his appearance. Lord Dog’s figure also became clearer at this moment. In midair, the paw of a striped yellow-and-white short-legged dog collided with Lord Dog’s paw, and terrible energy burst forth from them, causing the ground to break and collapse.

At last, everyone got a good look at Di Ting. For a moment, they all stared in disbelief. A dog? Di Ting was also a dog? Although his legs were relatively short, he was still a dog! Moreover, he looked so cute that it was hard for them to associate his ferocity with his appearance!

The clash between the two dogs caused everyone’s jaws to drop and left them speechless. Was this a battle between the strongest dog of Nether Prison and the strongest dog of Earth Prison?

Lord Dog opened his mouth and let out a bark. Di Ting’s fluffy hair fluttered in the wind as he also barked. Their voices seemed to turn into energy, which instantly impacted one another and produced a big explosion!

Buzz...

A white and a black figure flew backward at the same time, their auras crushing the void. At this moment, scattered turbulence filled the sky over the Black Temple.

Rumble!

Suddenly, a horrible pressure emanated from Di Ting, and he barked fiercer and fiercer. Then, his short little legs began to move in the air, bringing him up into the battlefield of the stars.

Lord Dog focused his eyes and stepped into the battlefield as well with his graceful cat-like steps.

The two dogs had entered the battlefield of the stars as if they had agreed to fight there.

The battle broke out instantly. Dog barks as loud as a dragon's roar filled the air, while dog paws as huge as mountains and two figures—one black and one white—constantly collided with each other and moved at high speed in the battlefield of the stars. Each of their collisions produced a deafening rumble and deadly energy ripples, which caused broken stars to crumble and meteorites to crack. A battle of this level was unseen or unheard of. Although it was only between two dogs, the blasts and terrible noises they had caused silenced everyone.

Bu Fang hovered in midair, looking at the battlefield of the stars. This was a very important battle, even more important than the one between Tian Cang and Nether Puppeteer Patriarch. He could see from their exchanges that they were at the same level, a level that was beyond Tian Cang's.

Meanwhile, the whole Netherworld was shocked. Many people thought that Di Ting had entered that supreme realm, and yet Earth Prison Dog was able to fight a close match with him. Had he also stepped into that supreme realm? Had what the human beings of the Netherworld could not accomplish in tens of thousands of years been achieved by these two dogs?

Many people's faces were strange as they watched the two dogs fight.

Tian Cang flew over and hovered beside Bu Fang. His chest was pierced by Di Ting's dog paw. However, the injury did not affect him. After all, his body was just a puppet, and Nether Puppeteer Patriarch made it out of a kind of magical material, so he was actually slowly recovering.

“Have they transcended the Great Saint Realm?” Bu Fang asked.

Of all the people present, Tian Cang was probably the only one who knew the current realm of Di Ting and Lord Dog, apart from the System and Artifact Spirits inside him.

“You can say they have, but you can also say they haven’t. The so-called transcendence is not that simple. But we can call them Transcended Great Saints now,” Tian Cang said.

He once touched the edge of that realm, but he chose to assemble an army to attack Nether Prison without even trying. Unfortunately, he died in that war, and he also lost the qualification to break through that realm. In any case, apart from the two dogs, he was indeed the one who knew that realm best.

“We can call them Transcended Great Saints, and the existences of that realm are generally called Demigods.” Tian Cang took a deep breath as his face became solemn.

Demigod meant being half a step away from becoming a God. Even the weakest God was a God. They were invincible beings and had different life sources from human beings.

“Demigod...” Bu Fang’s eyes narrowed slightly. He remembered that the Black Turtle, in shock, had called Di Ting a Demigod. It seemed that this was the realm above the Great Saint Realm.

“They dare not fight with all their might in Earth Prison because their Demigod power will destroy everything here,” Tian Cang added.

Boom!

In the battlefield of the stars, the battle between Lord Dog and Di Ting became more and more intense. Their paws kept colliding with each other while they moved back and forth at high speed. The power of their collisions shocked everyone because every blast and energy ejected from them was strong enough to tear up a Nine-revolution Great Saint!

“Are you really going to stop me?!” Di Ting’s eyes gradually turned red, and his aura became more and more violent. With a bark, he began to transform. His body swelled up, and the appearance of various beasts flashed over him. At the same time, a mysterious power turned into a river and swirled around him.



On the other hand, Lord Dog's chubby body had also grown as huge as a mountain. His eyes were red, and two extra heads now appeared on his neck! The three heads opened their mouths at the same time and let out three deafening barks!

This was an unprecedented clash of Demigods between the frenzied Di Ting and the three-headed Earth Prison Dog!

#### Chapter 1366 The Dust Has Settled

This was the first time Lord Dog showed his perfect form. All three of his heads appeared at the same time, and his whole body was surrounded by Earth Prison Flames that twisted the void. A terrible pressure filled the whole battlefield of the stars. Everyone was silent and did not dare to move or make a sound.

A startling change had also taken place in Di Ting. Though his legs were still very short, his body had grown huge, and he showed the appearance of various wild beasts, including a dragon, a tiger, and a leopard. These appearances made those who saw them suck in their breaths.

It was a climactic clash, a battle between Demigods.

Of course, many people did not know what the so-called Demigod was, but they could feel the terrible pressure from Di Ting and Lord Dog. Faced with such pressure, they could only retreat.

At this moment, heaven and earth seemed to become dark and silent, and the stars were dim. The fluctuation generated by the battle between the two dogs was constantly sweeping across the battlefield.

Experts from both Nether Prison and Earth Prison were all watching. This battle was very important because its outcome would determine who would dominate the Netherworld in the future.

Many people were uneasy at the sight of two dogs as big as mountains fighting. They were too strong, as if they were beyond the limits of this world.

All of a sudden, a black hole appeared in the sky. It looked mysterious, and as it rotated, it seemed it could suck away people's minds.

Someone cried out, raising his hand and pointing to the black hole. The hand he lifted, however, was immediately twisted, and the intense pain from the fractured bones contorted his face.

The sudden occurrence attracted the attention of many people.

Bu Fang frowned. Looking at the black hole, he felt it was very familiar. He thought he had seen it somewhere. Then, he recalled something, and he turned to look at Tian Cang. "Isn't that the Transmigration?"

"No... This is not the Transmigration. This black hole contains the Power of the Laws, which is drawn by the battle between Di Ting and Earth Prison Dog. The Laws are supreme and cannot be violated!" Tian Cang said with a serious face.

He revealed the mystery of the black hole. It didn't come to him but was drawn by the battle between Di Ting and Lord Dog. The strength of these two dogs had gone beyond the limits of this world, so they were detected by the Power of the Laws.

Lord Dog and Di Ting also discovered the black hole, and their hair stood on end instantly as if they felt a deadly crisis.

Boom!

After colliding one more time and stirring up a ripple of energy, they moved backward at the same time, then hovered in the starry sky, watching warily at the black hole. They felt that if they continued to fight, the Power of the Laws would punish them.

Di Ting glanced at the black hole, then at Lord Dog. His body was once again shrouded in the black fog. Even he was afraid of the Power of the Laws, so he did not intend to continue to fight Lord Dog.

He never thought Earth Prison Dog could reach this level so fast. It was quite beyond his expectation. With Lord Dog here, it became very difficult for him to retrieve the God's Heart. Although the battle between them was intense, they could not defeat each other. So, instead of wasting time, Di Ting simply left without hesitation and disappeared into the sky. As for the God's Heart, he could only find another way to retrieve it.

The battle between the two Demigods shocked everyone, and the whole Netherworld was boiling.

With the battle over, Lord Dog floated in midair, squinting into the distance. His huge mountain-like body slowly shrank and gradually turned into his usual chubby appearance.

Meanwhile, the black hole's rotation slowed down and gradually disappeared.

The battle was over, but the whole Netherworld was shocked. Many people were surprised that Earth Prison and Nether Prison were neck and neck. And, most shockingly, Earth Prison seemed to be gaining the upper hand.

This time, Earth Prison had gained a big advantage, while Nether Prison had lost a great deal in the battle. The mere loss of Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's Heaven Nether Puppet, Earth Nether Puppet, and Human Nether Puppet was enough to weaken Nether Prison, not to mention the death of Sword Demon Patriarch. Each of these puppets was equivalent to a Perfected Great Saint. For Nether Prison, that was an unbearable price to pay.

But fortunately, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was still alive. As long as she was not dead, it meant there was still a chance to make a comeback. It must be admitted, however, that Nether Prison had lost and suffered in this battle.

Earth Prison Dog, who had become a Demigod, and Nether King Tian Cang, who was resurrected, made Earth Prison rise again. The whole Netherworld was no longer dominated by Nether Prison alone.

Nether Prison had Di Ting, but Earth Prison had Earth Prison Dog. They were equally formidable and could not defeat each other.

As the black hole disappeared, the Nether Prison Great Saints turned and left one after another. The Great Saint of Winged Man Valley gave a cold snort. Holy light sprinkled from him, and the twelve wings behind him flapped slowly. Then, he ripped the void and walked into it. On the other side, the Buddha with a glowing disk behind his head put his hands together, smiled gently, and said, "Amitabha!" After that, he also left.

The battlefield of the stars fell into silence again.

The Nether Prison experts had retreated, while the Earth Prison experts, after a brief silence, exploded into a deafening cheer, their voices echoing throughout the battlefield.

Lord Dog, floating in midair, yawned lazily. His eyes were drooping slightly, and he looked drowsy.

Looking at him, Bu Fang couldn't help twitching the corner of his mouth, while Tian Cang's pupils constricted.

...

The battle was over, but its aftermath spread throughout the Netherworld. Soon, every small world learned about it.

In the Immortal Cooking Realm, the Immortal Tree was emitting warm light. A naked figure stood on top of it with a deep look in his eyes.

Realm Lord Di Tai was a lot calmer now, and his aura had become much stronger. After merging with the Immortal Tree, his cultivation base rose rapidly. However, it was also because of this that his cultivation base was fixed from then on and could never grow again. But he had no regrets. If he had not done so, the Immortal Cooking Realm might have collapsed under the attack of Nether Prison's army.

Nether Prison had always wanted to form a great world, but now it seemed that this plan was going to fail.

Even so, Realm Lord Di Tai was not relaxed at all. He looked at the boundless starry sky and let out a long sigh.

"If the Netherworld does not become a great world, it will eventually be sensed by other great worlds... At that time, it would also be a disaster."

...

The surroundings of the Black Temple had been completely reduced to ruins. This place was originally a plain, but the battle of Nine-revolution Great Saints changed the terrain and turned it into a vast canyon. This was the power of Nine-revolution Great Saints.

In the void, a huge golden skeleton looked at the people in front of the Black Temple with blood-colored ghostly fire beating in its eyes. There was an inaudible sound coming from its mouth as if it were saying something. Then, it turned around, tore the void, and left.

Many people gathered in front of the Black Temple, including Nether King Er Ha, Yellow Spring Great Sage, Ice Saint, Prison Overlord Ying Long, and the Blood Illuminating Dragon with its drooping head. Nethery was sitting on the Netherworld Ship with Foxy in her arms, while Bu Fang was leaning against the side of the ship with his hands clasped behind him.

Lord Dog was lying in front of the Black Temple, while Tian Cang stood at the side. The wound in his chest was slowly closing up. This was the amazing ability of the Heaven Nether Puppet. Unless he was completely wiped out, he would slowly recover.

In the battle to guard Lord Dog's breakthrough, Earth Prison won a major victory, and Nether Prison was defeated. Not only did the latter lose Sword Demon Patriarch, but they also lost Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's three strongest puppets.

Of course, Earth Prison had also paid a great price. Ice Saint was seriously injured again, and she now looked very weak. Er Ha's aura was faltering. Excessive use of his potential had brought him some serious side effects. At the moment, he had a spicy strip dangling between his lips, and he seemed fine.

As for Bu Fang, he had lost another divine power liquid drop. It was a significant loss.

However, to everyone's surprise, the biggest beneficiary of this battle was not Earth Prison, Nether Prison, Lord Dog, nor Di Ting, but Whitey, whom no one had paid much attention to!

Yes, it was Whitey, who had become a chicken thief, for he had robbed Nether Puppeteer Patriarch of the God's Heart.

Everyone was a little curious that the God's Heart could drive Di Ting crazy.

"The God's Heart is an energy source stone. It's from a more powerful great world, so it cannot be found here in the Netherworld. There's information about it in the records, but I don't know much about it," said Lord Dog, yawning.

In fact, he had suffered losses in this battle, but not much. He had intended to break through to that supreme realm at one go. With the array that could manipulate time, he might be able to break through the realm of God. Of course, there was a good chance that he would fail and end up a Demigod.

Although a Demigod and a God were only one word, there was a huge gap between them.

“After all, the Netherworld is only a small world, and it’s not easy to become a God here...” Lord Dog said with emotion.

Ice Saint glanced at Lord Dog, then at Tian Cang. “The God’s Heart is actually a product of the previous age,” she said. “It is what a supreme existence found after killing an intruder from a great world. The great world is very strong in the starry sky.”

As the Lord of the Forbidden Land, Ice Saint knew many secrets. Her words surprised everyone even more, and the way they looked at Whitey changed. One could see that their gazes were now filled with envy and curiosity.

“No wonder Di Ting has gone mad... The energy source stone from a great world is enough to drive him crazy...” said Lord Dog, sticking out his tongue.

The others nodded in agreement.

Bu Fang’s eyes flashed. He learned a lot from what Ice Saint said. However, he did not care too much. After all, he was only a chef, and there were things he didn’t need to know too much.

The crowd left. Lord Dog chose to stay in the Black Temple since he needed to stabilize his cultivation base. He knew Di Ting would do the same, or else he could easily fall back to the Great Saint Realm.

They did not disturb him, leaving him alone in the Black Temple. Since he only wanted to stabilize his cultivation base, he no longer needed Bu Fang and others to guard him. No one in all the Netherworld would be foolish enough to offend him now.

...

After the crowd left the Black Temple, they all returned to Yellow Spring City.

Ice Saint went back to her God Vanishing Mountain. She belonged to the forbidden land, and she could not leave it for too long.

The bustling city surprised Tian Cang, who had finally come back to life.

No one was happier than Ying Long when Tian Cang was resurrected. After all, he was once Tian Cang's right-hand man. The old man spent all day beside the Nether King and was as happy as a child.

The door of Yellow Spring Little Restaurant was closed. When Bu Fang and the others came to the restaurant, many vendors around it were surprised. Was the restaurant going to reopen? Immediately, people rushed to line up in front of the restaurant.

After opening the door, Bu Fang was the first to enter. Nethery followed him with Foxy in her arms. Tian Cang, Er Ha, Yellow Spring Great Sage, Ying Long, and the other Prison Overlords followed.

When Bu Fang sat in a chair to rest, Ying Long led the other Prison Overlords and knelt in front of Tian Cang. Their faces were very solemn.

Bu Fang and Nethery looked on curiously.

"Tian Cang, my lord, please take back the post of Nether King and lead Earth Prison to greatness again!" Ying Long said seriously.

Er Ha also lowered his head and looked at Tian Cang sincerely.

#### Chapter 1367 Tian Cang, the Waiter

Inside Yellow Spring Little Restaurant, Bu Fang and Nethery sat on chairs and watched curiously. Tian Cang stood in the middle of the restaurant with his hands clasped behind his back. His handsome face was full of doubts. In front of him knelt several people. Each of them had a prominent status in Earth Prison, but their attitude was one of awe before him.

On his knees, Ying Long put his palms together before his forehead and said respectfully, “Tian Cang, my lord, please resume the post of Nether King and lead Earth Prison to greatness again!”

Beside him knelt the other Prison Overlords, and they also put their palms before their foreheads. Jin Jiao, Yin Jiao, Luo Ji, You Ji, and Ying Long—all the five Prison Overlords of Earth Prison were here.

Er Ha bit his lip and looked expectantly at Tian Cang, his eyes gleaming. As he stared at his father’s handsome face and sensed his fearsome aura, an excited look came over his face.

If truth be told, he really hoped his father could resume the position because then he would be free, and that old man Ying Long could no longer urge him to cultivate and handle the affairs of Earth Prison every day. For him, those things were too annoying.

Er Ha’s dream was actually very simple. He just wanted to be able to eat spicy strips and bask in the sun in Bu Fang’s restaurant. This leisurely life was more suitable for him. He was not interested in becoming the Lord of Earth Prison. Therefore, he looked expectantly at Tian Cang and hoped that his father would agree to Ying Long’s request.

Tian Cang looked at the five Prison Overlords, then at Er Ha, who couldn’t wait to smile. The corners of his mouth twitched.

“Get up, Ying Long,” the previous Nether King said, his voice calm.

“No... I won’t get up unless my lord agrees.” Old as Ying Long was, he had a stubborn temper.

Tian Cang gave him a sideways glance. Having fought side by side for so many years, he knew the character of this old servant of his very well. He released his divine will.

Tian Cang’s divine will was very strong. As a Perfected Great Saint, he had already reached the peak of his divine will—just one step behind from transforming it to divine sense. However, it was not so simple to do that. In the whole Netherworld, only Di Ting and Earth Prison Dog had achieved that.

Once a cultivator possessed divine sense, it meant that he had become a Demigod. This was enough to show the importance of divine sense.



A Demigod was still in the Great Saint Realm. Although it was considered a minor transcendence, he was still confined to the prison that was a small world.

Neither Di Ting nor Earth Prison Dog triggered the terrible lightning punishment of the Laws when they broke through.

The stronger a person's strength, the more likely he was to trigger heaven and earth tribulation once he broke through. If they wanted to become a God, they actually needed to detach themselves from the small world because the lightning punishment of the Great Path was no longer enough for them to break through. They needed a lightning punishment from higher Laws. Such a lightning punishment would be very horrible as it would even turn the whole starry sky into a sea of thunder.

However, when Di Ting and Lord Dog broke through and became Demigods, it was all quiet. They had not attracted any lightning punishment. It showed that although their strength had reached that of a Demigod, they remained in the Great Saint Realm. They had not yet achieved real transcendence, so they had not been able to attract the lightning punishment.

Of course, these were all digressions.

Tian Cang's divine will drifted forward and lifted the five Prison Overlords to their feet. They looked at him, puzzled.

"Why do you insist that I resume the post of Nether King? Did Er Ha not perform well? Even if he did not, he is now the Nether King of Earth Prison, and I'm just a thing of the past," Tian Cang said, his voice brimming with energy.

The few Prison Overlords' faces flickered. There was no doubt that Tian Cang had rejected their proposal and refused to be the Nether King again. They did not expect this.

Ying Long's cloudy eyes widened as he looked at Tian Cang in disbelief. He seemed surprised by the previous Nether King's refusal.

Er Ha was struck dumb, too. It never occurred to him that his father would refuse the proposal. 'He... He is pushing his son into the fire pit! What about my good times, my spicy strips, and my leisurely life? Are they going to stay as dreams forever?' His heart suddenly jerked, and he felt a pang of sadness coming from within. It was not a good feeling.

“Young as he is, Er Ha is now the Lord of the Netherworld, and only he can represent the orthodoxy of the Nether King. I... I am already a dead man. This body is barely surviving in this world, and no one knows when I will be wiped out by the Transmigration... And, most importantly, I’ve promised Owner Bu,” Tian Cang said, taking a deep breath.

Owner Bu?

Er Ha and the few Prison Overlords turned their heads at the same time and looked at Bu Fang, who was eating a spirit fruit in a corner.

What did this have to do with Owner Bu? Did Tian Cang refuse to be the Nether King because of him?

“I promised to stay in the restaurant as a waiter. As the former Nether King, I can’t go back on my word... Besides, I need his Longevity Noodle to keep me alive. I work as a waiter in his restaurant, and he cooks the Longevity Noodle for me. This is a deal. Otherwise, why should he cook noodles for me?” Tian Cang said with a smile on his lips.

“Well... You can buy from me with Nether crystals. A bowl of Longevity Noodle is not expensive. It only costs one hundred thousand Nether crystals. If you don’t want to be a waiter, you can buy the noodles. I’m happy to accept that,” Bu Fang said, then nibbled on the fruit.

He was serious. In fact, he preferred that Tian Cang buy his noodles with Nether Crystals because all that income would go into his pocket.

Just as Bu Fang took another bite of the spirit fruit, the System’s voice suddenly rang out in his head. It told him that if Tian Cang used Nether crystals to buy Longevity Noodles, those crystals would also be included in the revenue, not his personal money.

He immediately rolled his eyes. ‘What a stingy System... It doesn’t even let me have my own money...’

“No, no, no... If I buy the noodles with Nether crystals, how can I show my sincerity?” Tian Cang rejected Bu Fang’s suggestion without even thinking about it.

Longevity Noodles was the food that could keep him alive, and he must earn it with sincerity. His life could not be measured by money. Therefore, he didn't give Er Ha, Ying Long, and the other Prison Overlords a chance to persuade him. He chose to be a waiter in Bu Fang's little restaurant.

Bu Fang did not refuse because it was agreed. He was pleased with the addition of a formidable Tian Cang to help out in the restaurant since Whitey had fallen into a deep sleep after devouring the God's Heart. No one knew how long it would take to wake up, so for the time being, someone like Tian Cang could help manage the order of the restaurant.

Why would Bu Fang turn down such a good helper? So he nodded silently. The main reason, of course, was that if Tian Cang bought the noodles, all the Nether crystals he made would be included in the revenue. In that case, it was better for the previous Nether King to be a waiter. Did Bu Fang look like a man short of a hundred thousand Nether crystals?

Ying Long and the other Prison Overlords tried to persuade Tian Cang, but they were still mercilessly rejected.

Er Ha sat on the ground with a sad face, hugging his father's legs. Even so, he couldn't change Tian Cang's decision. At that moment, he felt as if something was broken inside him, and his spicy strips seemed to be leaving him.

Since they couldn't convince Tian Cang, Ying Long and the others had no choice but to drag Er Ha out of the restaurant. They had to rush back to the Nether King Palace and let him handle many affairs. The battle between Di Ting and Lord Dog had shaken the world, and now the situation in Earth Prison was so unstable that Er Ha needed to be in charge.

The expression on Tian Cang's face did not change as he watched Er Ha being dragged out of the restaurant. Sure enough, this father was relentless when it came to pushing his son into a fire pit.

The restaurant soon quieted down. Bu Fang closed the door and chose not to open for business. That caused a lot of grumbling among the group of diners queuing outside. They waited a long time, thinking the restaurant would open, but it didn't. However, after Bu Fang told them that he would open the door for business the next day after a night's rest, they all left sulkily.

Only Tian Cang, Bu Fang, and Nethery were left in the restaurant.

Nethery held Foxy in her arms and blinked as she looked at Tian Cang and Bu Fang.

The previous Nether King came to Bu Fang and began to talk with him about the terms. They talked for a long time, and when they were done, Nethery had already returned to her room with the little fox.

After that, Tian Cang walked happily out of the restaurant, turned into a beam of light, and flew toward God Vanishing Mountain.

Bu Fang put his hands behind him and sighed softly as Tian Cang vanished into the sky.

“Old people nowadays...”

...

Bu Fang called Nethery down from upstairs and cooked a bowl of Dragon Blood Rice for her. Although the divine power liquid drop had stabilized her condition, he still needed to cook some dishes to suppress the curse’s power in her.

Inside the restaurant, Nethery sat at the table and ate happily. Foxy was also very excited because she had something to eat. As for Bu Fang, he sat in a chair, closed his eyes, and took a nap.

After a while, he entered the Heaven and Earth Farmland.

The farmland was full of spiritual energy. Bu Fang strolled through it. The grass was swaying and rustling. Not far away, the leaves of the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree were shining brightly. Beside it, the Senseless Lotus was in full bloom on the Immortal Tree, and its faint scent lingered in the whole farmland, lulling the mind of those who smelled it.

The Immortal Tree, the Senseless Lotus, and the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree... Three spiritual things adorned the farmland, making it look like a fairyland.

Bu Fang sat down under the tea tree, closed his eyes, and began to consolidate his gains from the battle. The light sprinkling from the tea tree calmed his mind. His divine will was surging as if it was slowly growing stronger.

In front of the wooden hut, a chair was rocking, the river was gurgling, and the grass rustled in the wind as spirit beasts moved through it. The farmland, once empty, seemed to have become a real world now, filling Bu Fang's heart with a sense of accomplishment.

Under the tea tree, Bu Fang's body burst into a golden light, which moved slowly as if it were wrapping around him. Then, with him as the center, one golden ripple after another spread around.

Over his head, the divine will Phantom Spirit slowly emerged. Its golden eyes were closed, and its mouth was chanting a divine tune. At this moment, Bu Fang's divine will, which had stopped in the first stage, was about to break through.

#### Chapter 1368 Begin to Transcend to a Great World

The divine will was divided into three stages, and the power of each stage was different.

Bu Fang's divine will was now in its first stage. It covered a range of thousands of miles and could detect every person's emotions, heartbeats, and other subtle things within that range.

But that was only the first stage.

In the second stage, the range of the divine will would reach tens of thousands of miles, and it would have the ability to attack and kill if, of course, the opponent's mental force was far weaker.

As for the third stage, it was like Tian Cang's divine will. Its range extended further to hundreds of thousands of miles around, and it could enhance one's pressure and stir up storms.

The divine will in each stage was different and had different effects. However, it was very difficult and slow to improve for ordinary people. After all, cultivating the divine will was actually cultivating the soul. Unless you had great talent, like Tian Cang, the cultivation of the divine will was usually extremely slow.

Beyond the divine will was the divine sense. Of course, the divine sense was also graded. There was a clear hierarchy of divine sense in the mental force cultivation technique given by the System, but Bu Fang still could not read it. In any case, he knew that the power of the divine sense far exceeded that of the divine will, and its range was millions of miles around.

The range was not the focus, however. The most important thing was that the power of the divine sense could move mountains, fill the sea, and summon winds and rains. It could even swap the sun with the moon. That was considered the real power of a God.

All the creatures in the farmland became quiet at this moment, and they looked up at the sky, where Bu Fang's divine will Phantom Spirit emerged.

In the Netherworld, only Great Saints could truly condense the divine will, and they must all be powerful Great Saints. Bu Fang's divine will was very strong, far beyond his current realm. Although he was only a Nine-revolution Little Saint, with his divine will, he could even fight Great Saints. That was where his confidence came from.

After using the two divine power liquid drops, his mental force had been significantly improved. After all, it was a very mysterious thing, and it also made Bu Fang feel a realm that he had never felt before. This early understanding of a higher realm was conducive to the improvement of his cultivation base.

The Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree was swaying gently. The tree itself was no weaker than the Immortal Tree, and it contained a mystery that could help improve a person's mental force. The leaves fell from it, swirled in the air, and then fell to the ground, producing ripples that spread in all directions, while those remaining on the tree made a faint rustling sound that shook the sky and the earth.

Even then, the divine will Phantom Spirit opened its eyes and chanted a divine tune, attracting the energy between heaven and earth to wheel around it.

The Immortal Tree was also swaying, its leaves rustling, while the Senseless Lotus growing on its crown was glowing faintly.

Bu Fang's divine will was growing stronger and stronger. Suddenly, he opened his eyes, and there was dazzling light in them. The cultivation of his divine will was not controlled by the System. It was the only thing he needed to cultivate himself. In the cultivation of his body, the System had greater control.

After closing his eyes and resting for a long time, Bu Fang breathed a long sigh of relief and stood up. The Phantom Spirit floated above his head, constantly emitting powerful fluctuations that tore the void apart.

He touched his chin. At this moment, the whirlpools in his spirit sea began to rotate at the same time. Then, he walked around the farmland, collecting all kinds of ingredients.

In front of the wooden hut, Niu Hansan, resting in a rocking chair, suddenly widened his eyes, and his face became somewhat puzzled.

“Owner Bu’s state... Isn’t he breaking through? Why did he start cooking when he’s in a breakthrough state? Can he be so capricious in breaking through?”

Niu Hansan did not know whether to laugh or cry. He sensed that Bu Fang was still breaking through, which had stirred up quite a commotion in the farmland, and yet, he began to collect ingredients.

“What is he going to cook...” The thought that Bu Fang must be collecting ingredients to cook something delicious tempted him. Niu Hansan could ignore Bu Fang’s breakthrough, but when Bu Fang wanted to cook something, he couldn’t sit idly by and watch. He wanted to taste it too, so he followed behind him.

Bu Fang kept walking in the garden. His eyes were gleaming, and his aura was too strong for Niu Hansan to get too close.

What was Bu Fang going to cook? Niu Hansan didn’t know. He saw him collect a lot of ingredients, put them together, and turned them into a rotating ball in his hand, which was filled with chaotic droplets.

“What’s that?” Niu Hansan froze. He had no idea what kind of food Bu Fang was going to cook.

Bu Fang picked several Vermilion Fruits from the orchard, which seemed to be burning. He held them in one hand and, with the other hand, took out the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and cut them into square pieces.

Then, he took out the Black Turtle Constellation Wok with fire burning under it and the Spring of Life in it, put the spirit gelatin he had collected into the water, and let them boil.

The spirit gelatin was not an ordinary thing. They were lipid droplets Bu Fang extracted from the sap of the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree. After they had been added and boiled, a strange essence began to surge in the water.

The fire he used was not an ordinary fire either, but one kindled by the broken branches of the Immortal Tree. When the fire was burning, the energy in it poured into the wok and penetrated the boiling concoction.

Bu Fang let the concoction boil. After a long time, he put out the fire and added the cut Vermilion Fruit into the wok. He then took three large blue-and-white porcelain bowls and filled them with the concoction.

After that, he released his divine will and drained the hot air around the bowls, causing the temperature around them to drop rapidly. As the temperature dropped, the concoction in the bowls began to congeal, and soon, it became a transparent dish.

Niu Hansan saw the whole process clearly, but he couldn't make out what food Bu Fang was preparing. Meanwhile, Jing Yuan and the other apprentice chefs had also come to the farmland. Looking at Bu Fang cooking in midair, they were also confused. However, Jing Yuan had the basics of cooking ice cream, so she could see the similarities between the making of ice cream and this. Of course, there were still some differences.

Bu Fang's face was expressionless. He grabbed the porcelain bowls, turned them upside down in midair, and then lifted them fiercely. What was revealed in everyone's eyes was a transparent dish with the cut Vermilion Fruits floating in it, which jiggled and looked as tender as a young girl's skin. It looked very springy as well. Bu Fang hit it with a burst of energy, causing it to jiggle.

This was a very attractive food, like a crystal catching people's eyes.

Bu Fang spun the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and used it to cut the three bowl-shaped transparent food into small pieces.

With all that done, his cooking was completed. It was a very unique dish, which baffled Niu Hansan and the others.

"What is Owner Bu making..."

"It must be some kind of ice cream. It looks so delicious..." Jing Yuan licked her lips and couldn't wait to try. She was always unable to restrain her inner desire for novelties such as ice cream.



Bu Fang landed under the tea tree, sat down cross-legged, and closed his eyes. Pieces of jelly were floating around him. Yes, these little pieces of transparent things were Vermilion-Fruit-flavored jelly, which he specially made to assist him in breaking through his divine will.

He had just thought about it. Compared with others, his advantage lay in his cooking skills. In that case, why didn't he use cooking to strengthen his cultivation base?

Among all the dishes, he chose to make jelly. Of course, this jelly was different from the jelly of his previous life. It did not have any preservatives and was a pure, natural, and wholesome food. Moreover, he chose a variety of precious ingredients to make it, including the sap of the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree, Vermilion Fruits, and the broken branches of the Immortal Tree. After mixing so many precious ingredients, the jelly was naturally extraordinary.

Bu Fang's eyes were closed while the divine will Phantom Spirit was suspended in midair. As time went by, his divine will became more and more powerful and solid. Suddenly, he opened his eyes, reached out his hand, took a piece of jelly between his thumb and forefinger, and stuffed it into his mouth.

The springy texture of the jelly brightened his eyes instantly, and its cool, refreshing taste made his mind clear. When he bit into it, a sweet flavor filled his mouth, waking his spirit. His divine will became solid in an instant, and his vague divine will Phantom Spirit seemed to turn corporeal. With the help of the jelly, cultivating his divine will became easier.

The Phantom Spirit opened its mouth and let out a roar. Its deafening voice soared into the sky, shaking the hearts of those who heard it. At this moment, Bu Fang let his divine will completely break free from the shackles and enter a new realm.

The range of his divine will kept expanding, growing from thousands of miles to tens of thousands of miles. At the same time, the pressure from his divine will spread in all directions, frightening everyone and shaking their minds. Such an improvement was shocking.

Niu Hansan took a deep breath. The way he looked at Bu Fang now became more awed. As for the apprentice chefs, they looked at him with more respect and admiration! Bu Fang's cultivation base had now reached a level they dared not imagine!

Bu Fang opened his eyes. The divine will Phantom Spirit had returned to his body, and his aura had become much more solid. He grabbed another jelly and put it in his mouth. The springy texture made his mind tremble slightly.

The energy in the jelly seemed to turn into threads and continuously nourish his body and spirit, keeping his mental force in a state of steady improvement.

...

Meanwhile, in the Di Ting Clan's homeland, the experts from the nine clans were all gathered together. They sat below the high seat, looking up respectfully at the figure shrouded in a black fog. That was Di Ting, the strongest expert in Nether Prison.

No one dared to make a sound, not even Nine-revolution Great Saints. As a Demigod, Di Ting's aura was so strong that it made their minds and bodies tremble.

"How are the preparations for elevating the Netherworld into a great world coming along?"

Di Ting's voice was gentle enough to ease the tension in many people. However, the Great Saints of the nine clans did not dare to be rude to him. "Before my lord woke up," said one of them, "we have conquered dozens of small worlds, including first-class small worlds such as the West Little Buddhism Realm and the Winged Man Valley. There is no one strong enough to resist the army of Nether Prison!"

"Get to the point..." Di Ting said lightly. He was too lazy to listen to them boast. He needed to know the exact situation.

The Great Saint cleared his throat, then continued, "Apart from Earth Prison, there is still an insignificant small world that we have not conquered, the Immortal Cooking Realm. Except these two, every other small world in the Netherworld has submitted to us."

"So it's just Earth Prison and Immortal Cooking Realm... My original plan is to unify all the small worlds before we began to elevate the Netherworld into a great world, condense the Great Path and attract the Power of the Laws... That may not work now," Di Ting muttered.

Earth Prison had Earth Prison Dog, while the Immortal Cooking Realm had the Immortal Tree. Others may not know the root of the Immortal Tree, but not Di Ting. He knew more about the Immortal Cooking Realm's secrets than anyone else. It seemed that he may have to choose to give up Earth Prison and the Immortal Cooking Realm.

Di Ting fell silent as if he were considering something. After a long pause, he let out a long breath.

“There’s not enough time... In that case, leave Earth Prison and Immortal Cooking Realm alone. Assemble the other small worlds and begin to transcend the Netherworld to a great world...”

Chapter 1369 Nine Years!

Transcend the Netherworld to a great world?!

Di Ting’s words startled everyone present. It was too crazy. None of them knew how to do it. In fact, everything they did was arranged by him.

As the strongest expert in Nether Prison, Di Ting arranged everything, and the idea of unifying the Netherworld and transcending it to a great world also came from him first. However, they remembered that he once said that Earth Prison and the Immortal Cooking Realm must be brought under Nether Prison before they could carry out this step. Could they succeed now without these two small worlds? Why was Di Ting in such a hurry? Why did they feel that things suddenly became so urgent?

The Great Saints and Patriarchs of Nether Prison were not fools. They could sense Di Ting’s urgency, and that somewhat confused them. However, he didn’t explain too much to them but told them to do as he ordered and get the news out.

It was not a simple thing to unify various small worlds and then transcend to a great world. It did not happen by just shouting, “A great world is founded!’ There was a lot of preparation to be done.

Each small world had its own Great Path, which formed its internal rules. First of all, the Great Path in every small world needed to be sorted out. The sorting was not integrating, and it would take a long time. After that, a dominant Great Path would be chosen to connect all the other Great Paths so that these scattered Great Paths had the same leader, and in turn, this leader would be the main body of the great world.

There was no question that Nether Prison would be the main body of the Great Netherworld. As for Earth Prison, it had been excluded.

Besides, they also needed to attract the mysterious Power of the Laws. Only with its recognition could the Netherworld become a great world.

Di Ting had more knowledge than many people. He knew that there were many great worlds in the starry sky and that they were vast in size. That man once said that this universe had three thousand great worlds, and only by jumping out could they last forever. He didn't understand at that time, but after the catastrophe, he understood what that man meant. As long as the Netherworld did not become a great world, people in it would always be frogs in a well, unaware of the vastness of the universe.

Di Ting's orders were passed on. The experts were puzzled, but out of their fanatical admiration for him, they accepted the orders and left.

For a moment, the whole Nether Prison was stirring. With it in the center, a storm soon swept through many small worlds. Of course, neither Earth Prison nor the Immortal Cooking Realm had been affected at all.

...

Bu Fang's breakthrough was completed. The breakthrough in his divine will could be said to have enhanced his cooking skills.

The Heaven and Earth Farmland could be considered as Bu Fang's paradise, and all his cultivations seemed to be based on it. This made it very similar to the small world that a Great Saint condensed. Though small and illusory, a Great Saint's small world was corporeal after all and could give birth to a Great Path. Bu Fang's farmland, on the other hand, was beyond the imagination of ordinary Great Saints. Its vastness was even comparable to that of a small world owned by a Nine-revolution Great Saint.

He returned to the restaurant and walked out of the kitchen. Nethery and Foxy had finished their meals, leaving only empty cups and bowls on the table. He cleared the table, went back to the kitchen, and put the dishes into the automatic dishwasher.

After that, he went back to his room and took a hot shower. As the hot water ran across his skin, he felt as if all his weariness had been washed away. It was a feeling that was hard to describe.

After taking a bath, he leaned against the window while waiting for his hair to dry, holding a glass and swirling the wine inside. He enjoyed the beautiful night view of the city over a glass of wine. When he had finished the wine, he lay down on the bed. Soon, the sound of regular breathing filled the room. He had sunk into a deep sleep.

At Bu Fang's level, sleep was no longer very important to him, and he could even stay awake for a very long time. But he still kept this habit. For him, all he cared about was enjoying the process of sleep. Having peace of mind was what made him like to do it.

The next day, Bu Fang opened the restaurant door as he had promised. The news that the Yellow Spring Little Restaurant was finally open for business after a few days delighted its longtime customers, while the experts of aristocratic families who stayed in the city lined up frantically, all wanting to be the first to taste Bu Fang's dishes.

Tian Cang had not come back yet. It was almost three days later when he hurried back and landed in front of the restaurant. He had made a deal with Bu Fang, and one of the conditions was that he would be away for three days. Now that the time was up, as a man who always honored his words, he left Ice Saint and returned to work as a waiter in the restaurant.

When many experts of aristocratic families saw him work as a waiter, they were all frightened as if they had seen a ghost. Since then, strange things often happened in the restaurant. For example, when Tian Cang brought a dish to a table, everyone on that table would stand up and bow respectfully to him. No matter how he tried to stop them, they still insisted on saluting him. They could not just accept his service for granted. After all, he was once the Nether King of Earth Prison and an invincible existence.

This had led to a bit of chaos in the restaurant. But Bu Fang knew it was normal, and after a while, everyone would get used to it. And this was indeed the case.

After the news that Tian Cang had become a waiter in Yellow Spring Little Restaurant spread, everyone went crazy. The experts all over Earth Prison came frantically toward Yellow Spring City, and because of this, the city had become more prosperous.

Yellow Spring Great Sage was back. He held the jade wine jar all day long, wandering in the restaurant happily, tasting food, and drinking wine. The leisurely lifestyle had replaced his hobby of holding grass, and it made him very happy.

Nether King Er Ha and the Prison Overlords also kept visiting the restaurant. Although Tian Cang refused to be the Nether King again, they were still full of respect for him.

Gradually, Yellow Spring City had developed into one of Earth Prison's three major cities. It was constantly expanding. Countless people migrated to previously barren areas within the city, and tall buildings were springing up.

Bu Fang enjoyed this kind of life very much. During the day, he practiced cooking, and at night, he left the restaurant to stroll around the city and taste various Earth Prison delicacies. Sometimes, he also thought about new dishes. Cooking was a profession that required a lot of imagination as well. Only with rich imagination could new dishes be created continuously.

Time always passed very quickly in this kind of simple life. Three years later, Lord Dog returned. As soon as he entered the restaurant, his first words were to ask for Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs. He finally stabilized his cultivation base and had even made great progress. Now, whenever his eyes twinkled, they seemed to be able to destroy the stars in the sky.

To the surprise of all Earth Prison experts, Nether Prison had not made any moves in these three years. They did not invade Earth Prison again and did not launch a war. Everything became very peaceful. That was actually a bit weird. Did a battle really make the two sides choose peace? If so, that would be great. The Earth Prison experts wished that was the case.

Another three years passed, and then another three...

It was the longest period of peace Bu Fang had had since he came to this strange world. He spent nine years in Yellow Spring Little Restaurant. Occasionally, he would close the door, leave the restaurant, and let Nethery bring them to various ancient cities with her Netherworld Ship to search for Earth Prison delicacies. Sometimes, they would venture into lofty mountains and dangerous places in search of rare games.

It was really nice to experience Earth Prison's culture. Along the way, Bu Fang also learned a lot of new things, and his cooking skills also made remarkable progress.

These nine years were the nine years for Earth Prison to recover its strength, and they were also the most important nine years for Bu Fang to consolidate his cooking skills and cultivate his sentiments.

Nether King Er Ha was forced to enter the Demon Passes again. He still had three levels to go through, and Tian Cang and Ying Long had been forcing him to do it. In the eighth year, he finally went through them, and his cultivation base had broken through to the Nine-revolution Great Saint level as well. Such progress was very fast, but it was not easy at all, and there was even the risk of death. In any case, since Er Ha had gone through them, Tian Cang felt happy for him.

The rest of the time, of course, was spent on consolidating his cultivation base.

After passing the Demon Passes, Er Ha had only one dream left, that was, to eat spicy strips for the rest of his life.

For Earth Prison, nine years was only a very short moment. After all, the life of a Great Saint was extremely long. However, nine years was not short either, at least for Bu Fang.

During the nine years, his restaurant had accumulated a considerable amount of revenue, which had reached a critical point of the System's target. Bu Fang felt that he was going to break through soon, even without cooking any special dishes or getting any additional Nether crystals. This kind of breakthrough was actually the most normal one.

...

The Netherworld Ship tore apart the void, floating in front of Yellow Spring City with all its tall buildings. Bu Fang and Nethery jumped out of the ship and returned to the city.

Foxy had grown up a lot and even got herself one more tail, and her strength had become much stronger with the nourishment of countless delicious food.

Flowery came to Earth Prison by herself from Immortal Chef Little Store. This Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python's strength had also grown significantly. Perhaps because of the food she ate, she had become more charming, and her cultivation base had also stepped into the Great Saint Realm.

Seven-colored Sky Devouring Pythons were, after all, ancient savage monsters. When they reached their adulthood, their strength was no less weaker than that of the previous Lord Dog. In other words, as soon as Flowery came of age, she would have the strength of a Perfected Great Saint.

Naturally, Bu Fang would not let go of a talent with such great potential. What's more, as Flowery grew up, she became more and more beautiful. She had become a sight to behold in Yellow Spring City, attracting the attention of countless people. Many men flocked to the restaurant just to see her.

However, this little girl was truly a descendant of the savage monster. She was extremely cold and proud, and she was even more indifferent than Bu Fang. And since she had learned to strip clothes from Whitey, she had taken on the task. Every day, she would cause some trouble and strip someone's clothes...

Nethery, Flowery, and Bu Fang walked slowly along the street, while Foxy was wagging her four tails merrily and hopping about beside them.

The streets at night were filled with the rich aroma of food from street stalls. All of them did not open until evening, a bit like the stall Bu Fang used to run in the Immortal Cooking Realm.

Even at night, Yellow Spring Little Restaurant's door was still open. Many noble ladies in the city were gathering in front of the restaurant, each with a feverish expression on her face. They dared not come in the daytime for fear of being labeled as troublemakers, stripped of their clothes, and thrown out of the restaurant. But in the evening, they went crazy.

They came for one reason only, and that was a waiter in the restaurant—Tian Cang. Known as a lady-killer, all these noble ladies were fascinated by him.

Tian Cang was helpless in this situation. He actually wanted to be a low-key waiter and live a quiet life. However, he was destined to be extraordinary with his handsome face. Even as an ordinary waiter, he still shone like a diamond in the dark.

The restaurant door closed with a thud, shutting out the screaming noble ladies. Bu Fang and the others, returning from a trip, were already accustomed to this.

Lord Dog lay fast asleep under the Path-Understanding Tree. Even though he had become a Demigod, he was as lazy as ever and had even grown fatter.

Bu Fang went into the kitchen and cooked a plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, Dragon Blood Rice, and other delicious dishes. After eating and drinking, everyone went back to their rooms and began to prepare for another day.

...

In the boundless starry sky, a ripple suddenly spread as a silver-white metal warship slowly flew over. The ship was huge and exquisitely made, divided into nine layers and with every part of it finely carved. Emitting a pale blue light, it was completely surrounded by an energy shield.

With a creak, a metal door slowly opened at the top of the warship. A figure walked out of the door with his hands behind his back and stood in front of the ship, looking straight at the huge landmass that was the Netherworld not far in front of him.



“So this is the newly born... great world? Nine years ago, when that man provided us the coordinates, he said this place is just a cluster of small worlds. I thought I had found a treasure, and yet when I arrived, it has become a great world recognized by the Laws of the Starry Sky... What a pity.”

## Chapter 1370 The Puppets in the Silver Warship

The morning sun sprinkled from the sky, covering the earth with a golden cloak. The white clouds passing slowly obscured the sun from time to time, casting shadows on the ground.

Yellow Spring City woke up before dawn.

After nine years of development, the formally desolate city had become the largest city in Earth Prison. It was lined with high-rise buildings, filled with roads that connected with one another, and crowded with people and vehicles.

The air rang to a creaking sound. That was the sound of the shop owners and workers opening their doors. Below those high-rise buildings were shops. The development of the city was driven by people, and when the population was larger, there would naturally be more shops. With many shops lined up on both sides of the streets, the city appeared to be bustling with activity.

If one followed the shops to the center of the city, they would see a crowded restaurant. It was not big, but it was located in the heart of the city. Many shops were built around it.

Although it was early morning, the front of the restaurant was already packed with people. They talked and laughed and seemed to know each other very well. If someone saw these people now, he would definitely be surprised because they were men and women with high status in Earth Prison, including Prison Overlords and heads of aristocratic families. Each of them was highly respected in any major cities, and yet they were lining up in front of a little restaurant early in the cold morning, wrapped in thick clothes.

With a creak, the door opened. The people who were talking and laughing brightened up and all looked excitedly into the restaurant. From behind the door came a handsome but slightly indifferent and cold face, and a burly figure filled with incredible strength. At the sight of the man, everyone bowed respectfully, no matter how prominent their status was. This had happened countless times, but these experts still did it.

“Good morning, my lord!” They greeted unanimously.

Tian Cang nodded at them with a gentle smile. “The restaurant is open now. Line up orderly and don’t jump the queue,” he said. Having been a waiter for so many years, he was already very familiar with the job.

One customer after another stepped orderly into the restaurant. With the venerable Tian Cang working as a waiter, these experts naturally dared not to be rude. After sitting down, they began to order the dishes they wanted to eat.

Tian Cang still had the gentle smile on his face. He wrote down everyone’s order in a small notebook, then went to the front of the kitchen and informed a lean figure inside what the customer had ordered.

The sound of flames burning rang out and lingered in everyone’s ears, refreshing their minds.

“Owner Bu has started to cook...”

Soon, the aroma of food spread from the kitchen.

After some time, Bu Fang came out of the kitchen with a six-tier food steamer in his hand. “God Doesn’t Care Buns are ready.” His faint voice echoed through the restaurant, and he was almost completely covered by the tall steamer.

He set the steamer on a table in front of the kitchen and removed its top cover. A plume of hot steam immediately gushed out of it and rose to the ceiling. Then, he took out the buns one by one with a pair of jade chopsticks and placed each of them on a palm-sized blue-and-white porcelain plate. Every time he picked out one, he handed it to Tian Cang, who then placed the bun in front of one customer.

The God Doesn’t Care Buns were the food that customers must order every morning when they came to Yellow Spring Little Restaurant. Placed in a blue-and-white porcelain plate, the steamed bun was as white as jade and emitted rolling steam. It had a rounded, semi-spherical shape with nine folds on it, and the gap between each fold was exactly the same. The middle of the folds appeared like a vortex, which looked quite lovely.

A bald customer stared at the bun with drool dripping from the corner of his mouth. He swallowed and picked it up, holding it in one hand. However, the bun was so hot that he soon had to toss it

back and forth between his hands from getting burned. When it cooled down a little bit, he brought it to his mouth and gave it a bite.

As his teeth sank into the bun, its soft, tender skin broke in an instant, proving that it did not have a thick skin. Tasty grease oozed out through the opening, trickling down his lips and chin and dripping on the table. The customer hurriedly sucked away all the remaining grease. A rich smell of meat filled his mouth in an instant. Then, he bit further into the bun and tasted the stuffing.

The stuffing was light brown and finely chopped. Soaked with grease, it looked very appetizing when accompanied by the milky white bun skin. The customer was intoxicated after the first bite. With his eyes narrowed, he savored the feeling of the stuffing moving on his tongue.

Every customer who had gotten a seat in the restaurant began to eat the bun as well. They could hardly wait to taste it. For a moment, the only smell that lingered in the air inside the restaurant was the aroma of the bun. It was an extremely tantalizing aroma.

After distributing all the buns in the six-tier steamer, Bu Fang wiped the water on his hands with a square of clean cloth, then brought the steamer back into the kitchen. God Doesn't Care Bun was a brand-new cuisine he created. They were infused with the Great Path, and the ingredients were all the best, which made them very delicious. The reason he gave it the name was to signify that even Gods would not care anything when eating the bun because it was too delicious.

The kitchen echoed with the clear and melodious sound produced when the spatula hit the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, as well as the sizzling noise of water being added to a hot wok. The pleasant music of the kitchen filled the customers' hearts with anticipation, and waiting for a good meal to appear is always agonizing.

Ting-a-ling!

The kitchen's curtain was finally lifted. Flowery walked out of it with dishes in her hands and set them on the tables. The popular Yellow Spring Little Restaurant began another day's hard work.

...

A silver warship suspended in the starry sky. Stars swirled behind it, forming what looked like a curtain of light. With hands clasped behind his back, the figure standing on the deck of the ship's topmost level stared at Nether Prison in front of him with deep eyes. Suddenly, he raised a hand and snapped his fingers.

The moment the snap disappeared, the warship behind him began to transform. Clanging sounds echoed out as large openings revealed on both sides of the ship, and a series of rumbling noises rang out of them. Then, one silver puppet after another flew out of these openings.

“The Continent of Nether Prison has just become a great world. I’ll pay it a visit. As for you all, investigate the Great Netherworld thoroughly and draw me a virtual map...” the figure said lightly.

The puppets’ mechanical eyes flashed. Then, rumbling noises rang out as they turned into beams of light and sped away. Perhaps they were moving too fast—there were plumes of white smoke gushing out from their buttocks. As they headed toward different small worlds, the air rang to a buzzing sound.

...

A silver puppet hovered outside the Wandering Soul Realm, its mechanical eyes flashing. The next moment, a metal plate lifted on its chest. Light beams shot out of it and seemed to turn into a huge light screen, which then began to scan the whole realm.

None of the experts in the Wandering Soul Realm sensed its presence. It was the same for the Vajra Realm.

The metal puppets’ movements were very consistent. Each of them hovered outside a small world and kept scanning the world with the light beams shooting out of its chest. As they scanned, some virtual images emerged in their eyes, which were actually the maps of the small worlds. Not only were these maps extremely accurate and lively, but they also clearly marked the population and the level of the experts in every world.

If someone saw this, he or she would be terrified, for this trick seemed to be more amazing than scanning with divine sense.

...

Meanwhile, in the Winged Man Valley...

Beautiful winged girls flapped their wings and gathered nectar among the flowers. Suddenly, everyone in the Winged Man Valley seemed to feel a strange will. They raised their heads and looked into the distance, where a white column of light rose into the sky.

In the light, twelve wings spread and white feathers swirled. The Lord of Winged Man Valley, who was also a Perfected Great Saint, looked into the sky with a grave face. His strength was far stronger than anyone in the valley, and he had sensed a strange fluctuation outside his world.

“How dare you wantonly scan my Winged Man Valley?!” shouted the Perfected Great Saint. His twelve wings flapped, bringing him up into the air and pushing him into the starry sky. His figure grew smaller and smaller as he soared higher and higher. Soon, he saw the metal puppet hovering in midair, and he was slightly startled by the fluctuation emanating from it as it continued to scan.

“How dare you!” As he bellowed, the Lord of Winged Man Valley threw out a punch. It was a holy punch, which represented justice, and it could destroy everything.

The metal puppet’s eyes flashed, and its light beams swept across the mighty expert’s body. “Ding, ding... A Perfected Great Saint with a weak bloodline of the Winged Man from the Great Holy World...” A mechanical voice rang out of its mouth.

Boom!

The holy punch struck the puppet the next moment, its power drowning out everything. When the blasts were cleared, however, the Lord of the Winged Man Valley’s eyes went wide in disbelief. The metal puppet was unscathed! He was a Perfected Great Saint, and yet his punch could not even damage a puppet? Was there such a fearsome puppet besides Tian Cang?

The metal puppet slightly tilted its head, then it raised a hand. A clanging sound rang out of the arm, and in the next instant, numerous cold muzzles were pointed at the Lord of the Winged Man Valley.

Rumble!

As a deafening noise filled the air, flames poured out of the muzzles, and the mechanical arm was shaken by the powerful recoil. In a twinkling, energy shells as tiny as glass beads shot toward the Perfected Great Saint.

“How dare you!” Enraged, the Lord of the Winged Man Valley produced his holy sword and swung it at the approaching energy shells.

However, he had just swung the sword when those energy shells hit him.

RUMBLE!

A terrible explosion broke out in an instant. Before he could unleash the power of a Perfect Great Saint, he was already severely injured by the explosion.

The puppet approached, threw out a metal net, and captured the Lord of the Winged Man Valley. A plume of white flame gushed out from its back, and the puppet turned, flying in the direction where the silver warship was docked in the starry sky.

The Winged Man Valley was not the only one invaded by these metal puppets. The Vajra Realm, the West Little Buddhism Realm, and all the other small worlds were facing the same things. And every expert who detected them and came out to fight was bombarded, seriously injured, and captured.

At this moment, the defenses of all the small worlds in the Great Netherworld were silently breached.

...

Inside the silver warship, the burly figure sat comfortably in a silver chair, holding a metal plate that showed the information scanned by those puppets.

“Tsk, ts, tsk... This is indeed a remote and mixed small world. I can see the bloodline of those birdmen from the Great Holy World, and also the inheritance of those bald monks from the Great West World...” The man touched his chin and grinned. “A pity that they’re all too weak...”

Looking at the images shown on the metal plate, he chuckled and said, “What a desolate region. They have only a few Perfected Great Saints, and every one of them is too weak. Eh? Hold on... Two small worlds are excluded from the Great Netherworld? Are you kidding me? How could they fail to conquer two small worlds so close to them? This newly formed great world is too... weak.”

The man narrowed his eyes as he read the information on the metal plate. On the plate, his puppet hovered in front of a huge landmass. According to the information, the people of this great world called this landmass... Earth Prison.