

Gourmet 1381

Chapter 1381 Three Flowers Sweet and Sour Fish

“System, I accept the test.”

After Bu Fang’s serious voice rang out, the System in his head did not say anything again. For a moment, the surroundings fell so silent that he could even hear the sound of a needle dropping onto the ground. Everything around him, including the noise of the city, disappeared.

That startled him a little. He narrowed his eyes, waiting for the System’s reply. Now that he had accepted the test, the System would not let him pass so easily.

Previously, he nearly failed to cook the Three-cup Divine Chicken, which was a dish from the God of Cooking’s Menu. If he had not used an innovative method to boost his mental force at the most critical moment, he might not have been able to finish cooking that dish.

If that were the case, he would no longer exist by now.

So he still felt nervous. He took a deep breath, and his mental force began to tense up.

Sure enough, as he began to tense up, the God of Cooking’s Menu suspended over his spirit sea immediately changed. It flipped, and the whole spirit sea rumbled.

The Phantom Spirit opened its eyes with waves of divine will spreading from it, while the Artifact Spirits watched in horror. They realized that their little host had once again encountered an ordeal. The cooking of every dish in the God of Cooking’s Menu was an ordeal, a test of a person’s body and mind. They could only hope that he survived this one.

“Little Host’s last test was chicken, wasn’t it? This time...” Divine Dragon said as he looked at the flipping golden menu.

“It should be fish this time... Fish can be cooked in many ways. I wonder what recipe the God of Cooking’s Menu provides this time. It must be very difficult as well,” Vermilion Bird said.

Then they all stopped talking, mostly because they did not know what to say.

Buzz...

The golden light of the God of Cooking's Menu enveloped Bu Fang's Phantom Spirit, making it glow dazzlingly like gold. In the kitchen, Bu Fang's body was glowing as well.

The next moment, the System's serious voice rang out. 'The host has accepted the test, and it will begin now. Searching for the dish in the God of Cooking's Menu...

'Fish will be the theme of the test.'

The System's serious voice disappeared, then Bu Fang's mind was flooded with information about the cooking method of a dish, which was recorded in detail.

He began to read it seriously.

"Three Flowers Sweet and Sour Fish..."

Bu Fang fell silent. He knew that Sweet and Sour Fish was a very tricky dish, so he felt the pressure. He carefully read the recipe, not daring to overlook any detail. If he failed to cook the dish, he would be wiped out. Of course, he did not want to be wiped out, so his only choice was to try his best to cook the dish.

It took him a long time to study the recipe, and throughout the whole process, he stood motionlessly in the kitchen.

Time flew by. Soon, the sun rose from the horizon and sprinkled its light on the earth, making Yellow Spring City, which was in a rare quiet moment, lively again. Countless people began their new day.

Although it was still early in the morning, many people had already lined up in front of Yellow Spring Little Restaurant. They were here to taste the steaming God Doesn't Care Buns. This time, however, they were bound to be disappointed.

They waited for a long time. When the sun was high in the sky, the restaurant door was still closed.

Even then, Tian Cang was back, and he was a little confused when he saw that the restaurant had not opened yet.

Inside the restaurant, Nethery sat in a chair with Foxy in her arms, while Flowery lay on a dining table. The atmosphere was somewhat sluggish, which was unusual. It made them all serious and not dare to do anything.

A strange aura kept coming from the kitchen. Even Lord Dog craned his head and looked on curiously.

What happened?

Lord Dog, Flowery, and Nethery were all very curious. They had a feeling that made their hearts palpitate, which was hard to describe.

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In the kitchen, Bu Fang finally opened his eyes, which flashed with a golden light.

He had finished studying the recipe, and he had repeatedly gone through every step to make sure that he could perfectly complete the dish.

Three Flowers Sweet and Sour Fish was a famous dish. In his previous life, he had heard about it many times, and he had cooked it before. However, the recipe in the God of Cooking's Menu was slightly different.

The ingredients had been prepared on the stove. Like the Three-cup Divine Chicken, they were all ordinary ingredients. None of them was a Demigod or Great Saint ingredient.

And the main ingredient was an ordinary fat grass carp.

“A grass carp...” Bu Fang looked at it with some nostalgia. He had not seen such a familiar fish for a long time.

It was an ordinary fish without any spiritual energy, but the dish Bu Fang cooked with it must contain spiritual energy. This was the unique character of the dishes in the God of Cooking’s Menu.

A fish, sugar, vinegar, and cornstarch... These were all the ingredients of this dish.

“It’s called Three Flowers Sweet and Sour Fish... Where do the flowers come from? How do I turn a fish into flowers?”

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. His hand moved, and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife fell into his grip.

Buzz...

The Artifact Spirit rushed into the kitchen knife, which seemed to turn lively at this moment. Obviously, even Artifact Spirits did not dare to be careless in this test.

In fact, this test was still too hard for Bu Fang.

This time, he did not spin the knife. He picked up the grass carp, which was still alive with its mouth opening and closing as if breathing, then began to remove its scales, internal organs, and gills. He performed every step calmly, his hands steady and heart beating normally.

Buzz...

As Bu Fang began to take the test, a special feeling seemed to spread. At this moment, the whole of Yellow Spring City fell silent. Everyone seemed to be able to feel the difference in the little restaurant. It was cold and serious, so much so that even Great Saints dared not to make any noise.

Tian Cang and Er Ha stood outside the door, looking at the restaurant with a serious look in their eyes.

At this moment, Realm Lord Di Tai tore through the void and came to Earth Prison. Hovering in midair, he glanced at Yellow Spring Little Restaurant from a distance and saw countless light beams burst out of it.

Bu Fang was concentrating on cooking in the kitchen. His whole mind was on this.

The most important step in cooking Sweet and Sour Fish was the preparation of the fish. The grass carp was placed on the chopping board. After cleaning it, Bu Fang washed it with water to remove all the bloodstain. Then, he began to prepare the fish.

He cut off the fish's head and filleted the fish, but he kept the skin and the tail. By turning the knife smoothly, he removed the whole bone in one clean movement. After that, he plucked all the remaining bones in the flesh.

The next step was the most important one. Bu Fang needed to make criss-cross patterns on the fish by scoring the surface diagonally. It was a knife technique. The fish cut in this way would curl up beautifully like a wheat flower when cooked.

It was a test of his knife technique.

Bu Fang held the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife firmly. He had already rehearsed this step countless times in his mind. He had only one set of ingredients, so once he failed in this step, it meant that his cooking failed.

It was not that the knife technique was difficult, but the requirement of the God of Cooking's Menu was too strict. Even the gap between the cuts was strictly regulated, and no margin of error was allowed, not even one millimeter. It meant Bu Fang had to highly concentrate his divine will. Otherwise, all his previous effort would be wasted.

Bu Fang placed the fish on the chopping board and wrapped it with his divine will. He needed to focus on the gap between cuts. Pressing the fish with one hand, he held the knife at a forty-five-degree angle and inserted the sharp edge into the flesh, making a clean cut. In total, he made eighteen cuts, and the gap between cuts was two-tenths of a millimeter. That was considered very precise.

Besides, the cuts must be perfectly diagonal and two-thirds the thickness of the fish, no more and no less. The most important thing was not to cut the fish all the way through. The thickness of the fish

varied from part to part, but no matter what the thickness was, Bu Fang had to make sure that every cut was two-thirds of the thickness.

When that was done, he turned the fish and scored it again. This time, the gap between cuts was also two-tenths of a millimeter. The gap was very tiny. Chefs must be very accurate in their grasp of distance. If one of the gaps was more than or less than that, the test would fail.

Therefore, Bu Fang's divine will was so focused that it almost condensed into a physical form. His spirit sea was also circulating at high speed, and his divine will lingered around him like a fog. His eyes were fixed at the knife and the fish, while tiny beads of sweat already dotted his forehead.

One cut... another cut... When he made every cut, the blade could not shake, so he had to hold the knife firmly. Besides, he had to be sure about the gap between cuts.

When he was done with one side of the fish, he repeated the same process on the other side. After he made the last cut, Bu Fang pulled the kitchen knife back with a jerk, took a few steps back, and breathed a long sigh of relief.

The corners of his mouth curved upward as he looked at the criss-cross pattern on the fish, with the gaps between cuts all identical. Just the knife technique alone had consumed a lot of his divine will.

Bu Fang soon became serious again. He washed the scored fish, patted it dry, and wrapped it in cornstarch. Then, he began to heat the oil, which was golden and of premium grade. As the temperature rose, it began to boil.

Holding the fish coated with cornstarch by the tail, he put it into the oil. A sizzling sound rang out in an instant, and the fish began to change. Because the gaps between the cuts were identical, when the fish was heated, it expanded and curled up. At the same time, the color of the flesh began to gradually turn golden.

The frying process was rather relaxed, but Bu Fang still had to send out his divine will to check the doneness of the fish in the oil. Overcooked or undercooked would affect the taste!

When, at last, the fish was done frying, he grabbed it by the tail and removed it from the wok. The sizzling sound of oil splashing rang incessantly. He took a white plate he had prepared in advance and placed the fish on it. The next moment, his divine will rushed out and began to condense into golden flowers, and he placed them around the plate.

Bu Fang focused his eyes. A large amount of his divine will was consumed, but the following step was the most important one... He was going to cook the sauce, which was the essence of the dish and the single thing that would affect the taste!

The so-called three flowers were the three flowers condensed with divine will. They were placed on the plate. If they bloomed when the sauce was poured over them, the dish was completed. However, if they did not bloom... It meant that the sauce was below standard, and he would fail!

The look in Bu Fang's eyes grew serious. He lit the fire and heated the wok. A violent plume of fire immediately rose into the sky!

Chapter 1382 One Step One Revolution, Bu Fang the Great Saint!

The cooking of the gravy was crucial because it was the main reason that determined the taste of the Sweet and Sour Fish.

Bu Fang added ketchup into the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. The blood-colored sauce looked particularly charming as if it were a blooming flower. He turned the heat up, holding the wok's handle in one hand and starting to stir-fry with the other hand. Soon, a strong fragrance rose and lingered near the tip of his nose.

Water was then poured in to dilute the sauce. After that, he sprinkled seasonings and spices to create a burst of rich flavor, which was refreshing to smell at.

He continued to toss the wok and stir-fry for some time before adding wet starch to thicken the gravy. This step was also very important. The gravy should not be too thick, or it would affect the aesthetic, nor should it be too thin, which would affect the taste.

He swirled the gravy with the ladle, then slowly scooped some up. The sauce dripped back into the wok like threads, which told him that the consistency was just right.

A sizzling sound rang incessantly, while wisps of steam rose from the wok.

Bu Fang tossed the wok, lifted it, and moved it beside the fried fish. Then, he scooped a spoonful of gravy and poured it over the fish. When the gravy covered the golden fish, it seemed to come back to life. The pieces of curled up flesh were all shaking. The next moment, a rich aroma burst out of the dish.

As Bu Fang poured the gravy, he fixed his eyes at the three flower buds on the plate. They were entirely condensed of his divine will, and if they did not bloom, it meant that his dish failed the test. As for the level of his success, it would depend on the System's review.

In fact, Bu Fang had used his divine will to the maximum in this Sweet and Sour Fish, and he had not made a mistake. The only thing that could make him fail would probably be the taste.

The translucent gravy flowed slowly over the fish, glittering and looking very beautiful. As it moved, it gradually touched the three divine will flower buds.

Buzz...

An invisible wave spread, and then the first bud quietly bloomed. Bits of essence drifted out of it, which seemed to strengthen Bu Fang's mental force.

When the gravy touched the second bud, it shivered. Then, it began to slowly open, its petals trembling as if a vast amount of life force was pouring into it.

Bu Fang took a deep breath. The dish was named Three Flowers Sweet and Sour Fish, so the fish and the flowers were equally important. And the third flower was the most crucial one.

Beads of sweat rolled off his forehead, caused by the overly huge consumption of his divine will. He watched carefully.

The fish seemed to have come back to life, turning into a spiritual being and swimming in the air, while strong energy boiled around it.

Buzz...

The third bud trembled violently. Bu Fang's pupils constricted because it did not bloom. He was thunderstruck. Had he failed? But that was impossible... He had precisely completed every step!

The gravy flowed and covered the third bud.

Bu Fang swallowed, fixing his eyes at it. At this moment, he felt cold all over as if a shadow was enveloping him.

As time went by, his divine will exploded to the maximum. In his spirit sea, all the Artifact Spirits were roaring and deploying their strongest means.

Just when his divine will was about to be depleted, the last bud began to slowly change color as if it was stained by the gravy, and its closed petals trembled. Then, it bloomed quietly and suddenly, its petals unfolding and spreading. Soon, the flower was in full bloom.

With that, all three divine will flowers had bloomed, their delicate petals swaying beautifully.

Bu Fang finally breathed out a long sigh of relief. He felt both his body and mind were exhausted. This was the most dangerous cooking he had ever done since he made his debut, and he thought he was going to fail. He had almost given up, but luckily, he persisted.

Failure meant death, complete annihilation. No one could afford this price, not even Bu Fang.

He took two steps back and leaned his back against the cupboard, panting. Only then did he have the time to wipe the sweat on his forehead with a sleeve.

The Sweet and Sour Fish lay quietly on the plate. The red gravy was flowing over and around it, looking as charming as a ruby.

This test of cooking a dish from the God of Cooking's Menu was too tough. Bu Fang almost failed. From the beginning, he was in a tense state of mind. The pressure to complete the dish was tremendous, and it also had a very strict requirement for divine will.

He exhaled softly.

All of a sudden, a rumbling sound rang out in the sky outside the restaurant.

That gave Bu Fang pause. 'This kind of feeling... It's a lightning punishment, and not an ordinary one,' he thought to himself as his eyes narrowed slightly.

He clasped his hands behind his back and walked out of the kitchen without bringing the dish with him.

In the restaurant, Nethery and Foxy looked at Bu Fang, puzzled.

It was early in the morning when he began to cook the dish, and when he was done, the sky had turned dark. Most of the people queuing outside the restaurant had left, but some curious ones were still waiting, hoping that the restaurant would open.

Suddenly, the restaurant door opened with a creak, waking the people in the line. They quickly rose to their feet and looked at Bu Fang in surprise.

“Owner Bu!”

“Good evening, Owner Bu!”

“Are you out for a walk, Owner Bu?”

These experts smiled and greeted Bu Fang. If it were other days, he would have nodded and greeted them as well, but all that was left in his eyes now was the lightning punishment.

It was not an ordinary lightning punishment, but a true Heavenly Palace Lightning Punishment.

Tian Cang, Er Ha, Nethery, and the others all looked at it. Lord Dog lay under the Path-understanding Tree and narrowed his eyes.

The lightning punishment was Bu Fang’s tribulation. No one could help him, not even Whitey, for it was not only for the dish but also for him.

The people in front of the restaurant stopped talking. They seemed to grasp the seriousness of the matter, and they watched as Bu Fang stepped up into the air with his Vermilion Robe turning fiery scarlet and a pair of flaming wings unfolding behind him.

Rumble!

A thunder palace emerged in the sky. It was a palace that stretched out over a sea of thunder between heaven and earth.

“What is this?!”

Many people were shocked. They had never seen anything so powerful before.

Ah Zi put her arms around her little dragon, dumbfounded. “This lightning punishment is... unusual! It is not the lightning punishment when a Little Saint transcends to a Great Saint! Its power is simply beyond imagination! In fact... it’s almost as terrifying as the lightning punishment when a Demigod becomes a God!”

Rumble!

A silver thunder dragon was wheeling in the thunder palace, which looked very lively. It had vivid scales with mysterious patterns flashing over them, and each of its claws was extremely sharp. It was like a real thunder dragon!

With a deafening rumble, the thunder dragon descended from the sky, bringing with it a violent aura.

Bu Fang raised his hand. The bandage came off the arm as he threw a punch at the thunder dragon. This collision represented the recognition of his strength and the beginning of his baptism!

The fist collided with the thunder dragon. Without any suspense, Bu Fang was instantly devoured by it. He was nowhere to be seen, and all that was left in the sky were exploding thunderbolts, which spread like monstrous waves one after another. The ground seemed to have been leveled off.

The watchers were stunned, their hearts racing and their bodies shivering.

All of a sudden, the thunderbolts broke and scattered. Amid thousands of lightning, Bu Fang stepped up into the sky with his hands clasped behind his back. His body was shrouded in electricity, and his black hair waved violently in the wind.

After the baptism of thunder, Bu Fang’s strength seemed to begin to climb, and as he stepped up into the sky, his aura changed tremendously. His cultivation base began to rise, from that of a Nine-

revolution Little Saint to a One-revolution Great Saint, then from One-revolution Great Saint to Two-revolution, Three-revolution, Four-revolution...

It was as if he was scaling the Stairway of Heaven. With every step he took, his cultivation base broke through another revolution. Without question, once he reached the top, Bu Fang's cultivation base would reach Nine-revolution Great Saint or even Perfected Great Saint!

In just the blink of an eye, he had broken through from a Nine-revolution Little Saint to a Nine-revolution Great Saint. Was there really such an incredible tribulation in the world?

Moreover, the lightning punishment had not gone away. Thunderbolts kept striking him, and when they disappeared, bits of energy fused into his body and kept strengthening his flesh.

His black hair lashed at the void like whips, his eyes shone like torches, and his aura was mighty. As he stepped up the air, Bu Fang's aura finally reached that of a Nine-revolution Great Saint.

He stepped onto the thunder palace. It was incorporeal and powerless. Otherwise, if this sea of thunder exploded, it was powerful enough to destroy the whole Yellow Spring City.

Bu Fang opened his eyes, and his dried-up divine will began to recover. At this moment, it was as if a stream of refreshing spring was pouring into his spirit sea. He heard a rumble, as if something had broken, then his divine will broke through another level!

As his aura spread, he felt that his body was filled with power, and many questions in his head that he could not understand in the past were solved at this moment.

The Great Path could no longer stop Bu Fang's pace. His robe flapped noisily as he looked straight at the sky, where the invisible Power of the Laws seemed to surge. He finally began to touch the Laws.

Boom!

Bu Fang descended from the sky and cracked the ground. At the same time, the lightning punishment in the sky scattered. He exhaled softly while an extremely oppressive aura exuded from him.

He had become a Perfected Great Saint. He finally stood at the top of this world!

Bu Fang casually waved a hand. A beam of light immediately shot out of the kitchen, accompanied by a strong aroma that permeated the air. Then, he raised a hand, and the Three Flowers Sweet and Sour Fish emerged and floated over his palm.

He had nearly failed to cook this dish and gotten himself killed. However, now that he had completed it, his heart was filled with mixed emotions.

The dish in the God of Cooking's Menu could only be tasted by one person, just like that Three-cup Chicken, which he had given to Nethery.

While holding the dish, Bu Fang glanced at Nethery, Foxy, Tian Cang, and the others. Nethery had eaten the Three-cup Chicken, so he skipped her. At last, his eyes fell on Lord Dog.

'Perhaps only Lord Dog could taste this dish... Because only he can withstand the energy contained in this Three Flowers Sweet and Sour Fish.'

Chapter 1383 Bu Fang's Expectation of Lord Dog

Bu Fang's cultivation base had improved way too fast, shocking everyone. With every step, he broke through a revolution, and after nine steps, he was nine revolutions stronger. In just the space of a few breaths, he had broken through to the Great Saint Realm from a Nine-revolution Little Saint. And he did not stop there. He went all the way up to become a Perfected Great Saint. This was not a temporary breakthrough after eating the Fortune Flatbread, but a real breakthrough! Everyone felt some differences in Bu Fang, who was bathing in lightning punishment. They could feel the mighty power emanating from him. It was a Great Saint power that was different from others.

Tian Cang, Yellow Spring Great Sage, and the others squinted at Bu Fang. They could feel that the vigorous energy in him was different from an ordinary Great Saint. The lightning punishment he was bathing in was too strong, and it had strengthened his flesh, giving him physical strength that was way mightier than those of the same level as him.

At that moment, his body seemed to turn into a bell. The blood and energy in him surged and crashed like waves, producing a rumbling sound that was deafening to the ear.

Bu Fang waved a hand, and a beam of light immediately shot out of the kitchen. It was a dish, flashing with colorful light and glowing like flames and roseate clouds as it hovered over his hand.

When people glanced at it more carefully, they found that it was actually a fish, which looked alive and seemed about to break free from the shackles of heaven and earth and jump into a fish pond. Had it not been for the steam rising from its body, people might have taken it for a live fish.

Chunks of flesh curled up and embedded its body like exquisite emerald gems, all identical in size and color. The fish head was separated from the body, and the mouth was opened with faint steam rising from it.

Some people were shocked, while others suddenly understood something. Looking at the dish, they realized that Owner Bu was transcending its lightning punishment just now.

It was an unusual dish. People could feel the incredible charm that emanated from it, which made them want to taste the fish. They were attracted just by looking at it.

“How fragrant! It smells so delicious!”

“I want to taste it! I’m willing to give up everything to taste it...”

“I just need a bite!”

Everyone went crazy, and some people’s mouths began to water. They had just looked at the Sweet and Sour Fish in Bu Fang’s hand, and they could hardly restrain the desire in their hearts. It was as if their minds had been controlled by the dish, which was a feeling impossible to describe with words.

Bu Fang was slightly taken aback by the situation. As he had broken through to a Perfected Great Saint, he could feel the strange energy contained in the dish. Even though he was a Great Saint now, he dared not touch and taste this energy so easily. Maybe only Lord Dog could taste it.

When he looked at the dish, the fish, which had been cooked, seemed to come back to life. He saw its eyes roll and stare at him. That made his hair stand on end, and he sucked in a cold breath. He rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand and glanced at it again, but this time, it was normal. He was certain that the fish had come back to life just now.

‘Had it become a... demon?’ Bu Fang thought to himself.

“Owner Bu... Let me try it! I have the money! I’m very rich!”

“I’m willing to exchange all my wealth for a piece of fish... Just one piece...”

“Owner Bu, you are the most handsome man in the world! I will give you sons!”

Down below, the experts of Yellow Spring City all went crazy. The fragrance of the Sweet and Sour Fish spread throughout the entire city and attracted everyone to the street, and the people were kneeling and shouting with excitement.

The shouting and yelling gave Bu Fang a headache and made him furrow his brows.

“This dish is... extraordinary!” said Lord Dog, who was lying at the door with his tongue stuck out.

With Foxy in her arms, Nethery gave Lord Dog a puzzled look. “What makes it extraordinary?” she asked. She did not find anything unusual about it. Instead, she was desperate for a bite of the fish. The dish was full of charm, just like the Three-cup Divine Chicken she had tasted.

“Bu Fang boy’s dish seems to have... its own consciousness!” Lord Dog said in his gentle and magnetic voice.

“It has consciousness? How’s that possible... How could a dish have it?” Nethery said incredulously as her pupils constricted. In her opinion, when a food ingredient was made into a dish, it was dead, and there was no way that it could still have consciousness.

“I can’t explain... In any case, none of you can eat this dish,” Lord Dog said. “Only I can eat it.”

“Why...” Nethery gave him another puzzled look.

“Because...” Lord Dog glanced at her, the fat on his face seemingly trembling. “You are all too weak...”

That rendered Nethery speechless. ‘Lord Dog, you have changed... You were never a poser...’

Buzz...

The lightning punishment lingering around Bu Fang scattered and disappeared. His face grew solemn, and he slowly stepped down from the sky. The gravel on the ground cracked as he landed on them. As he glanced at the almost crazy crowd—at the faces covered with desire, the bloodshot eyes, and the drool that dripped from the corners of their mouths—he furrowed his brows. He faced a group of people who had virtually gone insane.

“Owner Bu!”

Some could not bear it any longer, and they rushed toward Bu Fang like madmen. All that remained in their eyes was the dish in his hand.

Frowning, Bu Fang unleashed his mental force, which had recovered to its peak, turning it into a vigorous power and sending it out in all directions.

Buzz...

Those experts crazily rushing toward him immediately knelt on the ground and could no longer move. Their eyes shot with blood as they struggled to get up on their feet.

Bu Fang took a deep breath. He knew that all these strange behaviors must have something to do with the dish in his hand.

“You are just a dish, and yet you still want to stir up trouble?” he said lightly, glancing at the Sweet and Sour Fish in his hand.

Sure enough, he saw the fish’s eyes roll again. The corners of his mouth curved slightly into what looked like a sneer. He put one hand behind his back, then walked toward Yellow Spring Little Restaurant.

Even then, the group of people who were pressed on the ground by Bu Fang’s divine will finally got up to their feet, and they all crazily rushed toward the little restaurant again. However, they heard a crash, and then the restaurant door was closed in front of them with a thud.

The sound seemed to wake them up. They stopped running and glanced at each other with blank faces. A few moments later, they all sucked in their breaths. They were all Little Saints, and yet they were unknowingly enchanted by someone? At the thought of that, they felt their hair stand on end.

The restaurant was ablaze with lights. Bu Fang put one hand behind his back and held the dish with the other hand.

Lord Dog, Nethery, Tian Cang, Er Ha, and the others gathered around and fixed their eyes at him. Some of them were curious, some puzzled. They saw what happened outside. While they were shocked by those people's crazy behaviors, their hearts also seemed to be surging with desire.

Er Ha was holding a spicy strip between his lips, but it seemed to be tasteless at this moment. "This dish..." He tried to say something, but before he could finish speaking, he was interrupted by Bu Fang.

"You cannot eat this dish. In fact, no one except Lord Dog can eat it," Bu Fang said.

"Why?!" Er Ha was upset in an instant. 'Lord Dog is already so fat... He should stop eating! Why can't he have some compassion for us who are thin?!' he thought to himself.

"It's because of the energy in this dish, right?" Tian Cang asked, looking at Bu Fang. He was more sensible than his son.

Bu Fang nodded. The dish seemed ordinary, but as the second dish in the God of Cooking's Menu and a dish that almost got him killed, it was not ordinary at all. The surging energy in it was not something that an ordinary Great Saint could withstand. After all, it was a dish that had depleted his divine will.

Bu Fang's divine will was extraordinary. Before he made the breakthrough, it had already reached the second realm, which was a realm far beyond that of an ordinary Great Saint and not weaker than that of an average Nine-revolution Great Saint.

Despite that, it was still depleted. Had it not been for his special spirit sea, which could constantly nourish his divine will, he might have been completely drained.

Simply put, this dish was extraordinary.

“I’m not convinced!” Er Ha was not happy. A delicious meal was right in front of him, but he could not taste it and could only watch a dog eat it. Who could stand this? It was so cruel!

Bu Fang glanced at Er Ha. The corner of his mouth curved upward, and he said, “Well, eat it then. If you have the courage, I’ll let you eat it...”

Then, he brought the Sweet and Sour Fish in front of Er Ha. A rich aroma spread, while wisps of hot steam rose from the dish.

Er Ha paused, then he glanced at the Sweet and Sour Fish. He seemed a little unconvinced. The next moment, he picked up a pair of chopsticks and thrust them toward the fish.

However, as he approached, an unknown fear suddenly burst out in his heart, which made him feel very tiny. As the feeling washed over him, his hand began to shake, and then the chopsticks fell from his grip and dropped to the ground.

“I...” Er Ha opened his mouth and wanted to say something, but he found that he did not know what to say. In the end, he just sighed and sat in a corner with a gloomy face and the spicy strip dangling from his lips. He would not admit that he was terrified by a dish.

Tian Cang and the others smiled, but none of them said anything.

Bu Fang pushed the dish in front of Lord Dog.

Lord Dog wagged his tail, leaped up to the table, and walked around the Sweet and Sour Fish with his cat-like-steps.

“Then I’ll dig in...” he said to Bu Fang and the others, raising a cute paw and licking his lips.

Bu Fang nodded.

Without hesitation, Lord Dog buried his head into the plate and began to eat the fish.

“Aye, aye, aye...” When the gloomy Er Ha turned his head and saw the way Lord Dog ate, with his muzzle buried into the plate and his tail wagging happily, the Nether King felt somewhat disgusted. ‘How could he give such a delicious dish to a dog...’

Bu Fang’s eyes lit up. He could see that when Lord Dog opened and closed his jaws, the fish went into his mouth quickly.

The people in the restaurant licked their lips as they watched. They were really attracted by the fish.

The fish was crispy outside and juicy inside. The combination of sweet and sour gravy and the fragrant fish greatly satisfied Lord Dog. “It’s... It’s delicious! As delicious as... Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs!” he mumbled as he continued to eat, wagging his tail.

Buzz...

Soon, the crowd sensed the strange energy gushing out of the dish, which contained a hint of divinity.

Nethery’s eyes lit up. It was the same energy in the Three-cup Chicken she ate before, which had suppressed the curse in her and even made it fuse with her body, resulting in the rapid improvement of her cultivation base and elevating her to a Nine-revolution Great Saint.

The fish Lord Dog was eating and the Three-cup Chicken she ate before should be the same kind of dishes!

Nethery looked at Bu Fang from the side, and she could feel that he was hoping to see something. That gave her pause, but she quickly realized what he was hoping.

The fish was a dish from the God of Cooking’s Menu that Bu Fang cooked with all his might. It was extremely delicious, and its effect would be remarkable as well.

Bu Fang was hoping to see Lord Dog’s transformation after he ate the Sweet and Sour Fish. Would he make a breakthrough in his cultivation base? Would he become a God? Bu Fang was eager to find out.

Suddenly, everyone's eyes lit up. Lord Dog had finished the whole Sweet and Sour Fish. The three divine will flowers also quietly faded away after the fish was finished.

The next moment, everyone's pupils constricted as they fixed their eyes at Lord Dog. Just now, an extremely fearsome aura burst out of his body!

Chapter 1384 Di Ting... Transforms

A burst of cracking sound rang out from Di Ting's homeland in Nether Prison, like the sound of bones hitting on bones. As time went by, it grew louder and louder until it sounded as deafening as thunder.

The experts of the whole homeland were shocked and terrified.

Di Ting, shrouded in a black fog, looked indifferently at the place where the sound came from. There, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was writhing, and her body was healing. A terrible aura spread from her, pressing at the void and making it tremble.

It was not until a long time later that everything returned to calm.

Narrowing his eyes, Di Ting glanced at Nether Puppeteer Patriarch. Her hair was spreading behind her as she raised her head, showing her fair and slender neck. A black robe rolled down and wrapped her body, hiding her in darkness. Then, she slowly walked forward.

"Have you recovered?" Di Ting asked in his warm voice.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch nodded.

"Very good. I have a feeling that... that man is coming back soon."

When Nether Puppeteer Patriarch heard that, her pupils constricted, and her body tensed up. "If he returns, we will be in trouble..."

"Don't worry... Now that I'm the leader of the Great Netherworld, he wouldn't dare kill me. Because if he did, it's equivalent to destroying the whole Great Netherworld, and he will be punished by the experts of the Divine Dynasty," Di Ting said.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch nodded, then she stood quietly aside without moving.

Suddenly, Di Ting raised his head, narrowed his eyes, and rose to his feet. The next moment, the black fog that shrouded his body began to gradually fade away. Before long, a fair, barefooted little boy emerged, hovering in midair.

“You can transform already?” Nether Puppeteer Patriarch said shockingly, looking at the little boy.

“I can’t grasp the Power of the Law steadily before, but I’ve found something in Alpha’s warship that stabilized my Power of the Law. That’s why I can transform now.”

The little boy was cute. His eyes were large, his eyelashes long, his skin fair, and his lips red. All in all, he looked like a lovely doll. And he was clad in a jumpsuit made of dog hair, making him appear more chubby than he actually was.

“Although I can transform now, I still think that dog form is more suitable for me,” Di Ting said. “But I’m the leader of the Great Netherworld after all. It’s not so appropriate for me to show up in front of others in my dog form, so I’d better take my human form.”

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch did not know what to say. ‘Well, as long as you’re happy...’ she thought to herself.

“Oh?” Suddenly, Di Ting narrowed his eyes and turned to look in the direction of Earth Prison. He could sense a mighty burst of Power of the Law thrusting into the sky, which was so strong that it made him suck in a cold breath.

Di Ting glanced at Nether Puppeteer Patriarch. Without hesitation, he took a step forward, waved his chubby little hand, and ripped the void. Nether Puppeteer Patriarch paused, then she followed Di Ting as he stepped into the rift. In just the blink of an eye, both of them had disappeared.

...

Boom!

A plume of powerful air rose from the top of Yellow Spring Little Restaurant. It glowed blindingly and went straight into the sky, distorting the void.

Countless people burst into an uproar, while the experts who had forgotten themselves just now in front of the restaurant were shocked and kept moving back.

Buzz...

There seemed to be invisible energy waves swirling between heaven and earth as well, which was pressing down from above as if to crush the void.

The people in Yellow Spring City panicked. The air was filled with a mighty pressure, and it had made their hearts race and restless.

Ah Zi stood not far away from the restaurant with the little dragon in her arms, watching with a blank face.

As someone who came from the Great Goddess World, she knew a lot more than the people here, and although she was sold to the capital of Xiayi Divine Dynasty as a slave, she had seen many strange and amazing things there.

She was very familiar with the scene in front of her now. 'It's a breakthrough! A Demigod is breaking through to a God! I can't believe this is happening in that little restaurant!'

Was it that black dog? She remembered that he was the only expert who could break through to the God Realm in that restaurant.

'It's impossible for a Demigod to attract such a powerful Beam of Law when he breaks through to a God. By the looks of it, the beam is going straight into the depths of the starry sky to be recognized by the God who controls this Law! Without a doubt, the Law comprehended by the black dog is an unusual one!'

In the Divine Dynasty's capital, Ah Zi once witnessed the breakthrough of a top genius, who was also the strongest Demigod of that time. The noises he had created back then were not as loud as this!

Later, she had learned by asking others that the Law comprehended by that genius was one of the strongest Laws of the Universe, the Law of Destruction!

Anyone who comprehended the strongest Law was a supremely powerful being even in the Divine Dynasty!

For this dog, however, this was not a good thing.

The Chaotic Universe was vast with countless inhabitants. There were certainly many talented beings among them, and many were surely comprehending the strongest Laws.

As the strongest among the three thousand Laws, these Laws were naturally supreme, and because of that, it required a tremendous amount of resources to cultivate them.

If this dog was born in the Divine Dynasty, it would be something worth celebrating. A pity that he was born in a remote third-class great world. How could a mere third-class great world help a dog, who was comprehending the strongest Law, step into the God Realm when it did not have enough resources to support a Demigod to become a God?

Ah Zi sighed softly. She had seen many things, and she knew how things would play out. This powerful breakthrough would eventually fail.

Rumble!

The light beam thrust into the sky, broke through the shackle of the world, and rushed into the starry sky.

Suddenly, Ah Zi froze. In front of her, the void was torn apart, then two figures slowly stepped out of it. To her surprise, the leading figure was a little boy wearing a jumpsuit made of dog hair. He was a cute boy, and she was attracted to him at first glance.

Di Ting glanced indifferently at Ah Zi, his eyes devoid of emotion. Then, he clasped his hands behind his back and looked at the towering light beam.

“The Law of Time... He’s worthy to be Earth Prison Dog. I envy him...” Di Ting murmured under his breath.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch also stared at the light beam in silence.

As Ah Zi looked at the little boy, she was startled because the little dragon at her side began to tremble violently. It seemed to be terrified of the boy.

Was this little boy so fearsome?

She quickly put the little dragon in her arms and fled.

...

In the homeland of the Nether Chef Clan...

Riding a dragon, Ah Zhuang fell rapidly from the sky and smashed to the ground with a rumble. His burly body rolled a few times before he managed to stop it. Covered in dust and dirt, he raised his head and glanced warily around him.

As the chef hired by Alpha, Ah Zhuang never thought that something so horrible would happen on this trip. Alpha was an emissary of the Divine Dynasty. His status was noble, and yet he was killed by someone in this remote third-class great world.

Ah Zhuang considered himself unlucky to have boarded the warship.

“Where is this place?”

He glanced around. There was a faint scent in the air, which was the fragrance of food. As a chef, Ah Zhuang was very familiar with the smell. However, he felt a strange feeling in his heart.

Everything around him was desolate. There were stone stoves on all sides, which were blackened and covered in green moss, and in the middle of these stoves was a huge altar. He even saw broken bowls and bones of unknown beasts scattered over it.

“What place is this... It seems to be a deserted place of worship! But what’s the purpose of those outdoor kitchens?”

Ah Zhuang was puzzled. A place of worship in a remote third-class great world?

He had nothing to fear. Although his cultivation base was not very strong because he was obsessed with cooking, he was still a Perfected Great Saint. Therefore, he should have no trouble in keeping himself safe in this world.

Ah Zhuang poked the broken things on the altar with his finger, then raised his head and looked around. The corners of his mouth curved upward suddenly. The next moment, a fireball emerged in his hand, and he threw it out.

In the blink of an eye, the fireball squeezed under every stove and lit them up.

Boom!

One stove after another began to burn as if they had been infected, glowing with bright and dazzling light.

RUMBLE!

All of a sudden, flames poured out of these stoves and spread to the altar.

That startled Ah Zhuang, and he turned, intending to leave the place. Just then, however, a supreme pressure burst out from under the altar, while the flames spread and turned into an array, which flashed blindingly and seemed to connect to a distant place.

“This... This is...” Ah Zhuang’s jaw dropped in shock. “What is this?!”

Buzz...

Suddenly, a light shot out of the array and projected a monstrous figure in the sky. A terrible pressure spread instantly as if a horrible being was casting its gaze over from a distant place.

“My worshipers... For what have you summoned me today?!”

A frightful voice exploded out in Ah Zhuang's ear like thunder. As someone who came from the Divine Dynasty, he was knowledgeable. He sucked in a cold breath before exclaiming, "God? A God?!"

Rumble...

The monstrous figure rolled its eyes and looked at him.

"I am a God... I am your God. I am... the God of Chef's Challenge."

...

Inside Yellow Spring Little Restaurant, Lord Dog lay on the dining table as a mighty aura kept bursting out of him and rushing into the sky. The aura was extremely powerful, and the Power of the Law contained in it forced the crowd to move away from him.

Bu Fang's dish had actually completed the Law Lord Dog was comprehending! Was he going to become a God now?

The spicy strip in Er Ha's lips almost fell to the ground. 'This dog is going to... be stronger than all of us?!'

Air waves were surging. Lying on the table, Lord Dog's fat trembled, and as the air waves blew, they made a noisy flapping sound.

Er Ha could not help but want to laugh. But just as he opened his mouth, his father, Tian Cang, slapped him on the head.

"Be serious... and look carefully. It will help your breakthrough in the future!" Tian Cang said solemnly.

'The Law that Lord Dog comprehended is definitely unusual. Those profound characters wheeling around his body seem to come from ancient times... Could it be the strongest Law that Ah Zi mentioned before? It must be!'

Tian Cang recalled the shocked look on Alpha's face when he fought with Lord Dog. That told him that Lord Dog must have comprehended the strongest Law!

Bu Fang focused his eyes and watched carefully. All of a sudden, he sensed a fearsome aura outside the restaurant. He glanced at Tian Cang and the others, then clasped his hands behind his back and walked toward the door.

With Foxy in her arms, Nethery gave Bu Fang a puzzled look.

The door closed with a thud. Lord Dog continued to break through in the restaurant, while Tian Cang and the others observed the whole process. As for Bu Fang, he stepped out of the restaurant.

In the distance, two figures were emanating oppressive auras. The leading figure was a cute little boy.

Bu Fang arched his brows as he looked at the boy.

“Oh? Di Ting? Are you here to sabotage this breakthrough?”

Di Ting smiled, revealing a charming dimple on his cheek. Coupled with his little face, he looked harmless. He rested his eyes on Bu Fang and said gently, “The Great Netherworld doesn't need two Gods.”

Chapter 1385 Whack Nether Puppeteer Patriarch and Fight Di Ting!

The Great Netherworld did not need two Gods.

Those were Di Ting's words and his real thoughts.

It required a tremendous amount of resources to cultivate a God. The Netherworld had just become a great world and was filled with the Power of the Laws, but it couldn't provide enough resources to make two Demigods into Gods. If that was not possible, then only one of them could become a God.

In today's Netherworld, only Di Ting and Earth Prison Dog were most likely to become Gods. Self-preservation was the first law of nature. Di Ting, of course, wanted to become a God, for only then could he see the greater worlds out there. If the resources were used up by Earth Prison Dog, he would have to stay in the same realm for the rest of his life.

He could not let that happen.

Di Ting, clad in his jumpsuit made of dog hair, hovered in midair. Though he looked like a little boy now, with a warm smile and a dimple on his face, the words he said, which were filled with killing intent, sent chills down the backs of those who heard them.

The restaurant door was closed. Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and stood outside the restaurant, his hair fluttering as he looked indifferently at Di Ting. Their eyes met in midair. As he had just broken through, he was emanating an oppressive aura.

‘A Nine-revolution Great Saint...’

If truth be told, Di Ting was a little shocked. Bu Fang broke through too fast. A moment ago, he was just a Nine-revolution Little Saint, and the next moment, he had transcended the lightning punishment and stepped into the Great Saint Realm. This kind of cultivation speed reminded Di Ting about that man, who had awed the world and suppressed everything many, many years ago.

A man who had truly slain a God.

‘A pity...’ Di Ting thought to himself.

Although Bu Fang was a Great Saint now, the gap between him and a Demigod was still too large and impossible to overcome. He would be a fool to try to stop him.

The smile on Di Ting's face gradually disappeared, and so did his dimple. Suddenly, a figure stepped up in front of him. It was Nether Puppeteer Patriarch.

Bu Fang's eyes fell on her. ‘Whitey had taken her God's Heart away, and her body was already crumbling... And yet she has come back to life now? Did Di Ting find something good in Alpha's warship?’ He thought of the possibility, which was not difficult to deduce.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch looked at Bu Fang with resentment. If it hadn't been for the latter's puppet, she wouldn't have been as miserable as she was now. The warship's source stone in her was far inferior to the God's Heart, and using it to drive her flesh had completely stopped her growth. That filled her with resentment, one that could only be vented by killing Bu Fang.

She roared, then sped toward Bu Fang like a phantom. She would make him pay for what she had suffered! She would craft him into a puppet to vent her resentment!

Ah Zi was watching this from a distance with the little dragon in her arms. She felt a chill run down her back. 'Sure enough, there will always be wars and killings over resources to become Gods in third-class great worlds... These worlds have limited resources, and no one wants to give them up to others,' she thought.

'That woman should be a puppet, and in her must be the source stone taken from Alpha's warship. The stone can provide extremely powerful energy, which is enough to improve her cultivation base by another level. Together with that Demigod, this restaurant would probably be destroyed soon, and that black dog's dream of becoming a God would be completely shattered!'

Ah Zi sighed softly, and she took the little dragon and moved further away from the place. She did not want to be dragged into the blasts of the battle.

As Nether Puppeteer Patriarch approached, her body transformed. From her back, spear-like metal spider legs emerged, their tips glowing black and sharp. Then, with a slash, one of them thrust out as if to poke a hole in the air. The terrible spear hacked hard at Bu Fang's side.

Bam!

Bu Fang's figure disappeared in an instant. Air waves rose and surged, and a deep hole was poked in the ground in front of the restaurant!

"I'm going to kill you!"

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's long hair spread behind her, and her face was hideous. The next moment, eight spears came down together, blocking all of Bu Fang's possible retreat paths.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

A burst of metallic sound rang out as the eight spears hit a black wok. It was a huge wok, covered with ancient patterns. As the spears struck it, they only produced sparks and were unable to break it.

Bu Fang held one side of the black wok with a hand. The roar of a Taotie rang out of the arm while black and white energy swirled around it. Then, he raised the wok and flung it out. The Black Turtle Constellation Wok pushed the spears back as it went straight toward Nether Puppeteer Patriarch.

Bu Fang had completed the promotion test of the God of Cooking's Menu and the sales quota mission. That made him a Nine-revolution Great Saint now, and all his moves contained the might of a top Great Saint. To put it simply, he was not weaker than the Patriarch in terms of fighting capacity.

Besides, he was famous for fighting opponents of higher realms. When he was still a Nine-revolution Little Saint, he was able to fight Great Saints. Now that he had become a Nine-revolution Great Saint, how could he be a weakling?

He did not have any fancy moves or special tricks. All Bu Fang had was a black wok.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch focused her eyes. The next moment, eight spider spears stacked together in front of her to block the wok. Even then, she seemed to sense something incredible. She noticed there was black and white energy swirling in the wok.

'What is that?!' Nether Puppeteer Patriarch paused, but before she could think further, the black wok came crashing down with a boom. The ground shook as it whacked her and threw her to the ground.

In front of the restaurant, the ground rumbled and caved in, while buildings in Yellow Spring City began to collapse. It was a horrible scene.

"There's Yin and Yang in the wok. Can you withstand Yin and Yang?" Bu Fang asked lightly, looking at Nether Puppeteer Patriarch.

With a boom, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's eight spider spears exploded, and she was knocked flying backward with her body covered in cracks.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, reborn, was defeated by Bu Fang with just one blow! In the city, countless experts watching the battle in the dark sucked in their breaths. Was this still the same Owner Bu they knew? He had knocked the second strongest figure of Nether Prison away with one blow and almost crushed her! Even the previous Nether King, Tian Cang, had to take a lot of effort to defeat her!

Even Di Ting was shocked, and his pupils constricted.

Accompanied by a rumbling sound, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok flew back and hovered over Bu Fang's hand. The Yin and Yang energy swirled around his Taotie Arm and inside the wok.

Ah Zi was dumbstruck. It never occurred to her that the chef who could cook something so delicious was so fearsome as well. He seemed somewhat different from the chefs she remembered.

There were many chefs in the Divine Dynasty, but since they were obsessed with cooking, their fighting capacity was usually very weak. They rarely spent their time studying combat techniques. For example, Ah Zhuang's cultivation base was not bad, but if he were to fight Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, he would most likely be riddled in an instant.

But Bu Fang was not like them. With his wok and one blow, he had suppressed that woman and almost crushed her!

"So... strong!" Ah Zi muttered.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, nearly crushed by the wok, flew into a rage. She shrieked with monstrous killing intent in her eyes, her long hair waving behind her. She was not willing to accept the fact that the chef, who was like a speck of dust to her in the past, was strong enough to fight her now! She was Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, the second strongest figure of Nether Prison!

Suddenly, a chubby little hand rested on her shoulder. That gave her pause, and she looked over in confusion.

"That's enough... You are no match for him," Di Ting said gently. His voice was warm and pleasant to the ear.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch froze for a moment, then a reluctant look emerged in her eyes. “No! I can do it! Give me another chance!” she shouted. She wanted to perform in front of Di Ting... She did not want to disappoint him anymore.

Di Ting’s face grew soft, and his dimple appeared once again. Rubbing Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s head, he said lightly, “It’s alright. Leave everything to me.”

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch calmed down instantly.

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes slightly and looked at Di Ting. The Black Turtle Constellation Wok, which had shrunk to the size of a blue-and-white porcelain bowl, hovered over his hand.

Suddenly, Di Ting raised his head and targeted his aura at Bu Fang.

Boom!

Bu Fang felt as if his heart was grabbed by a large hand. It was as if a terrible existence was looking down at him from the sky!

Di Ting assumed a lofty attitude. As a Demigod, he paid no attention to any Great Saint. Although Demigods had not yet transcended the boundary of Great Saints, they were closer to become Gods than Great Saints. Besides, they had already begun to control the Power of the Laws.

A Demigod’s Laws were incomplete, but when they completely comprehended and mastered them, they would be able to break free of the shackles and push for the God Realm.

Di Ting clasped his hands behind him and slowly drifted toward Bu Fang. At the same time, a strong wind began to blow, kicking up sand and dust, while fearful pressure fell from the sky and pressed against Bu Fang, trying to make him kneel. A Demigod was a God, so he also possessed divine pressure that belonged to a God.

“Are you sure you really want to stop me?” Di Ting said. His voice sounded as if it had come from thousands of miles away. “Even if you are like that man, and even if you are that man’s inheritor, you are facing a... God. When a God wants to kill you, you cannot live.”

He was floating, slowly approaching Bu Fang. The ground shook and rumbled under him and began to crack.

There was a deep ditch under Bu Fang's feet, which separated Di Ting and the restaurant.

All the people in Yellow Spring City were silent and dared not do anything.

As a Demigod, Di Ting's pressure was simply terrifying! Compared with the last time, his grasp of Demigod's power had grown more skillful. Was Bu Fang really going to stop him? Could he stop him?

"You are just a Demigod and not yet a God. Don't flatter yourself," Bu Fang said with a straight face.

Buzz...

His Taiji spirit sea erupted in an instant, rocking with towering waves. The next moment, his divine will, which had reached the third realm, burst out of him, spreading golden ripples in all directions.

"Divine will?" Di Ting sneered. All of a sudden, black smoke began to gather behind him, while his divine sense materialized into a gigantic figure that looked down at Bu Fang.

Behind Bu Fang, his divine will Phantom Spirit appeared. Sitting cross-legged in midair, it opened its eyes and stared straight at the black figure.

The power of divine will and the power of divine sense collided in midair with a boom! It was a clash between black and gold!

Rumble!

A burst of pressure that could affect one's soul swept out in all directions, sending a shock of cold into everyone's body and making their legs tremble.

At this moment, Di Ting's eyes had turned black and cold like a real God. "How can divine will fight divine sense... This is the difference between realms. Break now!" Di Ting said coldly, his voice emotionless.

Rumble!

The next moment, his divine sense materialized into a huge white dog paw, blotting out the sky as it came down toward Bu Fang. He wanted to smash Bu Fang's divine will with one paw.

Chapter 1386 Would You Like to Try It?

A dog paw moved across the sky. Di Ting's paw was completely different from Lord Dog's. Materialized of his divine sense, it emanated a terrible aura and possessed mighty power. The average man could not even dare to resist it.

Bu Fang's divine will Phantom Spirit hovered behind him. Its eyes were opened, gleaming brightly. There seemed to be light beams shooting out of its eyeballs, projecting at the approaching dog paw. He was fighting divine sense with divine will. Was the difference between realms impossible to overcome, as many had claimed?

All Demigods had cultivated divine sense, which was the highest level of mental force. As for the levels beyond that, the System did not mention anything. Divine sense was divided into different tiers as well, but Bu Fang did not trouble himself to learn about it, for he had not reached that level yet.

Buzz...

Two streams of gas, one black and one white, emerged under the golden Phantom Spirit. They were two Taoties, and they wheeled in midair, baring their teeth and brandishing their claws, chasing at each other. From Taotie Souls, they had transformed into Yin and Yang energy. As they wheeled, streams of invisible energy poured into Bu Fang's Phantom Spirit, turning it more solid and making it glow brilliantly like a golden man.

The next moment, the Phantom Spirit raised both hands over its shoulders, with the palms facing the sky.

Rumble!

Di Ting's paw, which was also his divine sense, came down with a rumble that shook the soul of those who heard it. It was actually an offensive technique that could attack one's soul!

The wind was howling, blowing at Di Ting's dog fur jumpsuit as he hovered in midair. Suddenly, he focused his eyes and looked into the distance. He had thought that his paw was enough to shatter Bu Fang's divine will and kill this fellow. To his surprise, however, the little chef's divine will had blocked his divine sense.

"How's that possible..." Di Ting murmured under his breath as a look of disbelief emerged in his eyes.

In the distance, Bu Fang's Phantom Spirit raised both hands over its shoulders and stopped the paw. Although Bu Fang's divine will was on the verge of collapsing, he still managed to block the attack.

Divine will should have been crushed by divine sense. They had a huge gap between them, just like the difference between a God and a mortal! Why was Bu Fang able to overcome this?! Even that man could not have done this!

The shock in Di Ting's eyes gradually disappeared, replaced by a serious look, while the corners of his mouth curved slightly upward and revealed a lovely dimple.

"Interesting..." As his voice rang out, his divine sense gathered once again. The next moment, a white dog with short legs appeared behind him, barking at Bu Fang, while another paw emerged in the sky. A rumbling sound rang out, accompanied by an invisible force that cracked the void.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and remained where he was. His face had grown much solemn as well. The golden Phantom Spirit behind him glowed even brighter now, looking like the sun, and it raised its hands once again to block the paw the second time.

Under the Yin and Yang energy's steady nourishment, Bu Fang's divine will was stronger than many had imagined. But he could not go on like this. Although his divine will could stop Di Ting's divine sense, the consumption was too huge. He had to change the situation.

He glanced at Di Ting, then grabbed the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and flung it toward the little boy. The Yin and Yang energy swirled inside the wok, adding more weight to the already heavy wok. As it flew, the air screamed and collapsed, while the void split, causing turbulence to pour out.

Rumble!

Di Ting raised his chubby palm and threw it at the wok. The moment they collided, however, his face changed. It was then that he realized why Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was almost crushed. The weight of the wok was beyond his imagination. Although he was already a Demigod, he still felt it was heavy. As he looked at the pair of Yin-and-Yang fishes spinning in the wok, the look in his eyes grew more serious.

With a thud, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok was knocked flying back at Bu Fang. He leaped into the air and grabbed it, while the Phantom Spirit behind him faded away. Then, he stepped up toward the battlefield of the stars.

Yellow Spring City was no place for a battle. Once the two of them fought with all their might, the whole city would be destroyed in the blink of an eye. So he brought the battle to the battlefield of the stars.

A fire was burning in Bu Fang's heart now. He needed a battle to vent it out, one that he could fight with all his might. After breaking through to the Great Saint Realm in a flash, he felt as if something was clogging up his chest.

In the battlefield, stars were blinking and meteorites were flying, while turbulence could be seen everywhere. Bu Fang came up the starry sky, taking one step at a time. Down below, the clouds exploded as Di Ting floated up with his hands clasped behind his back. The clouds churned around him. The terrible power of divine sense surged and seemed to have sealed off the whole starry sky.

"You are bold... I can't believe you want to fight me..." Di Ting said.

Bu Fang was a Nine-revolution Great Saint, and he had even reached the Perfected level. The rate at which his cultivation base improved was simply heaven-defying. However, no matter how heaven-defying he was, he was just a Great Saint. How could a Great Saint fight a Demigod? Just the crushing pressure of the divine sense alone was enough to fill his heart with despair.

The two of them hovered in the starry sky, facing each other. Di Ting was not in a hurry. It was not that easy to become a God, and it would take Earth Prison Dog a long time to do that. He could easily ruin everything for Earth Prison Dog as soon as he was done with Bu Fang. Therefore, his priority now was the little chef in front of him.

“Are you trying to challenge a God?” Di Ting said with a smile.

Bu Fang looked at him and took a deep breath. The next moment, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok disappeared, replaced by the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife. A sonorous dragon roar rang through the skies as a five-claw golden dragon wheeled behind him.

He held the knife horizontally and pointed it at Di Ting. Divine will burst out of him, causing his aura to climb rapidly and break through the shackle. Then, his Phantom Spirit appeared, hovering over him with a kitchen knife in hand as well, which was also pointed at Di Ting.

“A slash... Cutting Immortal Style!”

Bu Fang’s voice exploded like thunder in the starry sky. Countless knives emerged, flew across the sky, and gathered to form one knife. Then, the knife slashed down, ripping the void and causing turbulence to spill.

Bu Fang’s strength was on full display at this moment. After so long, he finally stood at the peak of the Netherworld!

The knife was a combination of thousands of knives, which made it somewhat similar to Sword Demon Patriarch’s famous sword technique, Ten Thousand Swords.

Rumble!

The huge knife fell. It looked slow, but in fact, it was incredibly fast. In just a flash, it had approached its target.

A hint of a smile came over Di Ting’s face as he looked at the knife. It was wishful thinking when a Great Saint wanted to slay a God. Even though he was only a Demigod, he was not someone who Bu Fang could blaspheme!

“I’ll let you feel the real power of a God!”

Di Ting’s voice echoed through the starry sky like a loud bell. The next moment, the void around him began to crumble. A light beam came down and enveloped him, while an aura that seemed to come from the Chaos fell and spread in all directions.

Even then, the knife came. Di Ting, hovering in midair and shrouded in light, raised his chubby hand and flicked the knife with a finger. The knife trembled, then a crisp clanging sound rang out as it broke and shattered into pieces.

Shockingly, Di Ting's chubby palm was surrounded by mysterious runes. Each of them looked extremely profound, and they seemed capable of attracting the souls of those who looked at them.

"Gods are called Gods because we have grasped the Laws. In the face of the Power of the Laws, you are like a speck of dust." Di Ting raised his palm, over which the runes swirled. "I'm not as good as Earth Prison Dog. He has comprehended the strongest Law of the Universe, which is stronger than mine, but the Law I'm comprehending is not weak either. Among the three thousand Laws, my Law is... Light."

When he had finished saying that, he threw a palm at Bu Fang. It was an extremely heavy blow with the Power of the Laws surging around it.

"The Law of Light?" Bu Fang was slightly taken aback.

"Light illuminates the earth and shines over the world... Those who defy light will die!" Di Ting said, his eyes black.

Rumble!

The terrifying palm blotted out the sky as it came down toward Bu Fang. His mind trembled, and he wanted to move to the side to avoid the palm. However, he was shocked to find that everything in the starry sky had been locked. He wanted to dodge, but he could not do it. He had no choice but to resist the blow head-on.

Di Ting was a Demigod after all, and his Power of the Law was a power one level higher than that of the Great Path. Even Bu Fang was somewhat helpless when facing it.

As the palm of light fell, everything it touched crumbled and vanished as if they had melted into the light. Di Ting watched with an indifferent expression. "Die," he murmured. The moment his voice rang out, the palm enveloped Bu Fang.

BOOM!

A deafening explosion erupted as powerful blasts ravaged the battlefield of the stars. Even Earth Prison was shaking from the explosion as if it were about to be destroyed. It was a terrible feeling. Countless people looked up at the sky, trying hard to look through the clouds and witness the battle in the starry sky.

In the starry sky, there was a light ball that glowed dazzlingly like the sun. Di Ting hovered in front of it with his clothes flapping noisily.

“It’s over,” he said indifferently, looking at the light ball with the Power of the Law surging inside. No matter how heaven-defying Bu Fang was, with his Great Saint cultivation base, he could not escape from the light ball that was formed by the Power of the Law.

It was a gap between their levels that could not be overcome. The Power of the Laws was not just one bit stronger than that of the Great Path. Although his Law of Light was not the strongest Law of the Universe, it was not something that Bu Fang could resist. That was also the reason why Demigods were always stronger than Great Saints. Even when Bu Fang was that man’s inheritor, the outcome would be the same.

Di Ting exhaled softly, clasped his hands behind his back, and revealed his lovely dimple. Then, he turned and drifted slowly toward Earth Prison. The battle ended too quickly and made him feel somewhat bored. After reaching the Demigod Realm, he felt lonely, for he could hardly find an opponent who could match his strength.

‘Perhaps only Earth Prison Dog can give me a good fight...’ he thought to himself. ‘But soon, he will disappear too. The Great Netherworld only needs one God, and that will be me. I am the real God of the Great Netherworld!’

BOOM!

A loud noise suddenly rang out as the light ball exploded, and terrible blasts swept out from within.

Di Ting, who had already turned around to leave, froze in an instant. Slowly, he turned and looked over his shoulder, then saw the light ball was breaking and crumbling as a figure slowly emerged from inside.

Bu Fang's Vermilion Robe had turned fiery scarlet, and the flaming wings on his back had spread. Four arrays could be seen floating around him. He was holding a dried pot in one hand, in which broth was boiling, filling the air with a popping sound. The light ball was crumbling around him.

He looked at Di Ting with a straight face, and as the latter stared at him in surprise, he unleashed his divine will. Suddenly, the Yin and Yang energy took the four arrays and rushed into the Perishing Pot. The four Gourmet Arrays—Enhance, Explode, Imprison, and Time—completely fused! Then, the illusory form of the Heaven and Earth Farmland emerged over his head, while a terrible Will of the Great Path descended on him!

“The Will of the Great Path cannot fight the Law?” Bu Fang raised his eyes slightly and looked at Di Ting. The corners of his mouth curved slightly upward as he said, “Would you like to try it?”

As soon as he said that, he threw out the Perishing Pot with four Gourmet Arrays in it, which turned into a beam of light and sped toward Di Ting!

Chapter 1387 A Great Saint Beats a Demigod?

Flames roared and towered into the sky in the Nether Chef's homeland. Some Nether Chefs were cooking. The air rang to the noisy sound of tossing woks, the clanging of spatulas on woks, the chopping of vegetables, and the clanking of bowls and plates.

All of a sudden, a dark cloud drifted over from a distance. That gave the Nether Chefs pause. Many turned immediately to look in that direction, forgetting what they were doing at the moment.

“What is that?” a Nether Chef asked with a curious look on his face. But no one answered him because their eyes were all fixed at a burly figure, who was walking slowly toward them under the dark cloud.

Who was he?

Doubts were on everyone's mind.

Ah Zhuang walked slowly with his eyes narrowed. The corners of his mouth curved upward into a smile. When he saw so many chefs cooking, he felt that his blood boiled, and all that remained in his mind was the constant roar of a voice.

He waved a hand, and the kitchen knife on his waist immediately went into his grip, spinning in his palm. Then, he held it tightly, glanced at the crowd, and fixed his eyes at a Nether Chef in the distance.

“The Chef’s Challenge starts with you.”

...

A crumbling sound rang incessantly.

The Perishing Pot was surrounded by four arrays, which were the Gourmet Arrays.

Bu Fang’s divine will had reached the third level. Its strength had improved, which gave him better control over subtle power. Similarly, his strength had grown stronger after his cultivation base broke through the Great Saint Realm. Those had given him the courage to fuse the arrays.

In the past, the Perishing Pot contained only the Explode Gourmet Array. It was powerful, but it could only be used to fight opponents of the same level. A mere Perishing Pot was not enough to kill Di Ting, so Bu Fang decided to fuse it with three more Gourmet Arrays: Enhance, Imprison, and Time. With the addition of these three arrays, the Perishing Pot’s power skyrocketed.

At the same time, the Heaven and Earth Farmland’s Will of the Great Path seemed to have been expanded, and it was descending like a real world.

Four golden arrays wheeled around the Perishing Pot. Accompanied by hot steam and a delicious aroma, they sped toward Di Ting.

Hovering in midair, Di Ting watched as the light ball that had wrapped Bu Fang kept crumbling. A solemn look came into his eyes. ‘Even the Power of the Law can’t kill this fellow?’ Even though he didn’t take it seriously, a Great Saint should not be able to resist the attack with such mighty power!

He could tell that the power of the dried pot that was coming at him should be amazing from the way the void was twisting around it. However...

“The Power of the Laws is above the Will of the Great Path... Why do I need to try it?” Di Ting said lightly.

He reached out a chubby hand, which transformed into a hairy dog paw, then threw it at the Perishing Pot. The Power of the Law swirled around the paw, giving it a mighty force. Di Ting had lost patience with Bu Fang, and he wanted to kill him with one blow.

The void screamed under the paw as if it could not bear the power and was about to be ripped apart. Even then, the Perishing Pot, surrounded by four arrays, spun and came at great speed, turning into a beam of light and streaking across the starry sky like a shooting star. Di Ting focused his eyes as his paw collided with Bu Fang's Perishing Pot.

Boom!

An explosion erupted in an instant, while a terrible rumbling sound swept out across heaven and earth.

"Oh?" The moment Di Ting touched the Perishing Pot, his expression shifted to one of surprise. He fixed his eyes at Bu Fang until everything in front of him was drowned out by flames.

A huge energy lotus emerged in the void. It began as a bud, then bloomed, its petals unfolding one by one and accompanied by a deafening rumble. It seemed to connect to a world, in which an Immortal Tree and a tea tree were swaying, and the air was filled with rich spiritual energy. A terrible power exploded out of it.

Di Ting sucked in a cold breath. 'How could the Will of the Great Path be so terribly powerful? Does it belong to a first-class great world? That's impossible!' he thought to himself as countless mysterious patterns wheeled around his paw. The Law of Light was surging and resisting the dreadful Will of the Great Path.

'Even if it's the Will of the Great Path of a first-class great world, it could not suppress the Law! This is against nature!' Di Ting's pupils constricted. He suddenly felt a little panic as he saw that his Power of the Law was collapsing. He never thought that the Will of the Great Path comprehended by Bu Fang could suppress his Power of the Law! He was a God! How could a God be defeated by a mere mortal?!

"Impossible! It's all fake!" Di Ting growled, his face hideous. The next moment, his body burst into a blinding light. He had mustered all his Power of the Law. Unfortunately, he was only a Demigod, and his Law was... incomplete.

Rumble!

The energy swallowed him in an instant. At this moment, his face began to twist.

In the distance, Bu Fang was panting for breath. He had materialized four arrays with his divine will, fused them into the Perishing Pot, and threw them out. Such a feat was extremely strenuous even for him, but the result had been worth it. The combination of the four arrays had boosted the Will of the Great Path projected into the pot by the Heaven and Earth Farmland, which was the reason why it could fight against Di Ting's Power of the Law.

Bu Fang watched as the huge energy lotus bloomed in the starry sky. He was marveled by the art of explosion. As the lotus kept exploding, the air rang to a rumbling sound while terrible blasts surged and rocked in it. Suddenly, he focused his eyes. He saw a figure flying out of the lotus and rushed into the rolling clouds down below.

He followed.

In Yellow Spring City, the people's hearts were racing as they looked up at the rumbling sky. Without a doubt, the battle in the starry sky was intense. Suddenly, they focused their eyes and looked at one spot, and then they saw that the clouds exploded into a huge vortex, from which a fireball came falling through at great speed like a burning meteorite. All those who saw that sucked in their breaths.

"It's over... Sure enough, Owner Bu is no match for Di Ting!"

'Is he being thrown back to Earth Prison? Well, how could a mortal fight a God?'

"Is Owner Bu going to... die?"

Everyone in the city was jittery, and many were sad as they watched the fireball fall from the sky. They could guess the ending easily. Yes, Bu Fang had become a Nine-revolution Great Saint, but Di Ting was a... Demigod! The difference between a Great Saint and a Demigod was like the gap between heaven and earth. Even the mighty Tian Cang was beaten like a dead dog by Di Ting. Bu Fang was just a chef, and he was not good at fighting to begin with. How could he fight against the formidable Di Ting?

A shrill whistling sound came from the sky, drawing nearer at high speed.

Some people in the city began to run, fleeing for their lives, but there were also people who weren't afraid of death, and they bolted out of the city toward the place where the fireball would land. Even if they could die from the impact, they wanted to see Owner Bu's remains with their own eyes. They were his loyal customers!

The fireball whistled through the sky, falling rapidly and leaving a trail of black smoke behind it. Soon, it crashed into the ground outside the city. The moment it landed, a deafening boom rang out, and the whole Earth Prison seemed to shake. At the same time, terrible blasts swept out in all directions. All the experts in Yellow Spring City turned their energy into shields to block the impact, or else the whole city could be overturned. A hot wind blew across the land, kicking up sand and stone.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch burst out laughing. Her body was cracked by Bu Fang's wok, but she still could not help laughing. Di Ting had punished that chef. Just the thought of it had thrilled her. She ran out of the city as well.

Ah Zi held the little dragon in her arms. After thinking for a while, she followed the others to see Bu Fang's remains. 'It's a pity that such a good chef died like this,' she thought. 'He's a better chef than Ah Zhaung...'

The blasts of the explosion were gradually weakening, and plumes of black smoke rose from the ruin. A huge hole was blown in the ground outside Yellow Spring City. Many things around it had collapsed, and the city walls were cracked. Even the course of Yellow Spring River had changed.

It was easy to see how powerful the blow was. A Great Saint would have broken into pieces and died under the attack, unless his body was as formidable as Tyrant Patriarch. If that were the case, then he might be able to survive.

The top of the city wall was crowded with people. They all craned their heads and looked at the huge hole. It was a shocking sight to behold. Even the landscape had changed by it.

The crowd was silent. Some were sad, and some were sighing. At the thought that they could no longer taste Owner Bu's delicious food, they felt upset. No one thought that he could survive. After all, a Great Saint was definitely no match for a Demigod.

Boom!

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch jumped out of the city from the wall. Broken spider spears shout out from behind her back, rapidly clawing at the ground and bringing her toward the deep hole. Her face was full of excitement, while monstrous killing intent filled her eyes.

“Die... Die... I want you to die...”

Rumble!

Eight spider spears struck the ground simultaneously, breaking it as they pushed her up into the air. The sharp tips of the spears glinted coldly as they went down straight at the hole.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was surprised that her divine will did not sense the chef's aura. 'Is he dead? That would be good! But even if he is dead, I will still stab him a few more times to vent my resentment!'

The people on the wall erupted into an uproar. They did not expect her to be so vicious. There was an old saying that no one was more vicious than a she-devil, and that seemed to be correct.

Suddenly, the crowd froze, then everyone looked up at the sky and saw a vortex explode in the clouds, from which a figure slowly drifted down. They found the figure familiar. That gave them pause, and they all focused their eyes and looked again. This time, they saw it clearly, and they sucked in their breaths as if they had seen a ghost.

They glanced at the figure coming through the clouds, then at the huge hole in the ground. For a moment, their faces were filled with both confusion and horror. What happened?

Ah Zi covered her mouth in disbelief. As she looked at the figure slowly descending from the sky, a storm raged in her heart.

Bu Fang was not dead! He was walking down from the sky, unscathed! Who was the one lying in the pit then? Who fell from the sky like a meteorite?! Who could it be? If he was not Bu Fang, then... he could only be Di Ting!

A Demigod fought with a Great Saint, and in the end, the Demigod was smashed into the ground? Was this a joke?

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch leaped into the air with a hideous look on her face, and her spider spears jerked up and thrust toward the pit. All of a sudden, a furious roar erupted from the bottom of the pit.

“GET LOST!”

Rumble!

A stream of energy lashed Nether Puppeteer Patriarch, shattering her eight spider spears and throwing her back. She flew like a cannonball and smashed into the wall with a boom, sinking deep into the bricks and almost causing it to collapse.

The sound of gravel falling rang out of the pit, accompanied by a faint footstep. Then, Di Ting, in his little boy form, slowly stepped out of it. His cold eyes were fixed at Bu Fang, who was hovering in midair.

For a moment, the atmosphere was somewhat stagnant.

Di Ting looked very miserable. His body was blackened, his dog fur jumpsuit was torn, and his cute look had vanished. “Good! Very good!” He glanced at Bu Fang, then at the light beam thrusting into the sky from the little restaurant. He could sense that the beam had connected to the Chaotic Universe, and a supreme existence seemed to be looking down at it. It appeared that he could no longer sabotage Earth Prison Dog’s breakthrough. In that case...

Di Ting’s eyes flashed cruelly, and he raised a hand. The next moment, Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was pulled out of the wall by a powerful suction and brought in front of Di Ting. Half of his face was covered by her body, and the other half was staring at Bu Fang. Then, he raised a chubby palm, stabbed it into her chest, and pulled the source stone out.

Holding the stone in his palm, Di Ting put his strength into his fingers and crushed it. Bits of light rushed out of the source stone and poured into his body.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch’s body jerked violently, and she stared at Di Ting with a look of disbelief in her eyes. Life slowly left her, and before long, her body fell to the ground with a thud.

Di Ting’s aura was climbing rapidly. The next moment, he roared, and as if to respond to Lord Dog’s light beam, his body also burst into a light beam!

Chapter 1388 Becoming a God

Was Di Ting... crazy?!

All the people in Yellow Spring City froze as they looked at Di Ting and the light beam bursting out of him, their pupils constricting in shock.

Nether Puppeteer Patriarch was dead, killed by Di Ting. It was known to all that the two of them were very close in Nether Prison, but what happened had changed people's thoughts on their relationship. Most importantly, Di Ting was attempting to break through the God Realm as well!

The light beam soared and rushed into the starry sky as if to sense the Gods' guidance and to win the favor of the Power of the Law, just like the way Earth Prison Dog was breaking through. However, Di Ting's light beam was much weaker. If Lord Dog's light beam was the moon, his was just a firefly. They were simply not on the same level. Perhaps this was caused by the difference in their comprehension of the Laws.

Others did not get it, but as Bu Fang watched, he understood a lot. The Law Di Ting comprehended was Light. It was an amazing Law, but it was only an ordinary Law among the three thousand Laws of the Chaotic Universe. Lord Dog, on the other hand, had comprehended the strongest Law. What set them apart was the difference in the levels of their Laws.

Di Ting's eyes were full of madness. He did not want to fall behind because once he did, he would never get a second chance. That was why he went crazy and took the risk, even though the price he had to pay was great.

The warship's source stone in Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's body was just an ordinary one. He had thought of using the God's Heart to break through, but there was no time for that now, so he was forced to crush the source stone and absorb the surging power in it to break through the God Realm. As for the power he lacked, he could only slowly fill it after he became a God.

All this was caused by Bu Fang. If it weren't for that little chef, Di Ting would not have fallen into a situation where he was forced to make a breakthrough. Who would have thought that the Will of the Great Path could suppress his incomplete Law? Though incomplete, it was the Law, and it should be above the Will of the Great Path!

He roared. His light beam kept rushing into the clouds while powerful blasts spread in all directions. Standing at where he was, Di Ting's eyes flickered. A profound pattern emerged on his body, which was the Law of Light.

All the people on the wall were dumbstruck. Things didn't go as they had expected. They glanced at Di Ting, then at the little restaurant. Many were sucking in cold breaths. Di Ting was also breaking through the God Realm?!

Ah Zi was the most shocked. She came from the Great Goddess World, which was a first-class great world, and she had seen a lot. She naturally understood why Di Ting was so crazy. Yes, he was ruthless to take the source stone out of his companion's body and crush it to break through, but he was just fighting against time. He wanted to become a God before that black dog was recognized by the strongest Law. Only by doing so could he have a chance of success.

But... could he succeed?

A rumbling sound filled the air, and the whole sky was dimmed with dark clouds churning restlessly. At this moment, the whole Netherworld seemed to go through a tremendous change. All the living beings in the world felt oppressed and had an urge to kneel on the ground.

In the Immortal Cooking Realm, the Immortal Tree swayed as its branches twisted and tangled, forming a figure. Staring in the direction of Earth Prison, the figure sighed softly.

Meanwhile, in the homeland of the Nether Chef Clan...

A head fell from the neck of a Nether Chef and rolled across the ground. There seemed to be a blood-colored light swirling in Ah Zhuang's eyes as he turned and looked in the direction of Earth Prison. The corner of his mouth twitched. Then, he glanced at the Nether Chefs around him and said, "Let the Chef's Challenges... continue. The loser will die!"

...

Bu Fang could sense the oppressive aura spreading out from Di Ting's body. 'He wants to become a God,' he thought, furrowing his brow. A bright light flashed in his eyes. He could not let that happen, but he was a little weak now.

After fusing four arrays in the Perishing Pot just now, his divine will was almost depleted. Although he had rested for a while, and part of his divine will had been restored with the help of his Yin-Yang Spirit Sea, it would be very difficult for him to use that dreadful Perishing Pot again.

An idea came to him suddenly. He glanced at the onlookers, then said with a straight face, "Leave here... All of you."

That was his friendly reminder, and it gave the crowd pause. The next moment, everyone's face changed, then without hesitation, they all turned and ran toward Yellow Spring City. No one would be stupid enough to ignore Bu Fang's warning. In fact, someone could guess that he was going to sabotage Di Ting's breakthrough. Although they wanted to witness it, the risk was simply too great.

When everyone was gone, Bu Fang was the only man who remained on the wall. His hands were clasped behind his back, and his hair fluttered in the howling wind. He fixed his eyes at Di Ting, who was hovering in the light beam.

The next moment, he flipped his hand and produced a steaming clay pot, in which sword intent was boiling and terrible energy was surging. Then, he kicked the wall. The bricks under his foot exploded as he sped forward and flung out the Crazy Sword Pot.

The clay pot spun, surging with sword intent as it flew through the air. In just a flash, it had approached Di Ting.

Bu Fang wanted to sabotage Di Ting's breakthrough. He was not stupid. He could not watch and do nothing as Di Ting attempted to become a God. Besides, if Di Ting succeeded, he would be his first target.

Rumble!

Without any suspense, the Sword Pot hit Di Ting. He was in the middle of breaking through, but the surging sword intent devoured him in a flash. One sword after another rushed at him like dragons. The ground was breaking, and even the wall was crumbling. For a moment, a storm of swords filled the sky. It was a shocking sight to behold.

In Yellow Spring City, the people who had retreated far away were stunned by the mighty power. They had guessed it right—Bu Fang wanted to sabotage Di Ting's breakthrough!

However, everyone was soon disappointed. Even with the strongest trick Bu Fang could use now, the Crazy Sword Pot, he could not sabotage Di Ting's breakthrough.

Soon, the dust and smoke cleared, and the sword intent weakened. In the center of the explosion, the ground was filled with holes, and Di Ting still stood straight like a spear. The light beam was thrusting into the sky from his body, while mysterious patterns wheeled around him. The Power of the Law actually protected his body from being hurt.

"Oh?" Bu Fang's pupils constricted. Without a doubt, if he wanted to sabotage the breakthrough, he would have to do it with the Power of the Law. But he did not know any Law right now...

Rumble...

The aura in the sky grew more and more oppressive. It was as if a supreme being was gazing down. Suddenly, the clouds began to change. They turned into a huge vortex, then scattered and revealed the starry sky. The stars in the sky were flickering in everyone's eyes.

"This..." All the living beings in the entire Earth Prison were struck dumb. They looked up at the sky with their mouths open, and they felt they were nothing when compared with the vast expanse of the starry sky.

Buzz...

Suddenly, a beam of light sped through the boundless starry sky. It came from one of the stars, and it kept pouring down through Di Ting's light beam.

When Ah Zi saw that, a despairing look came over her face. "It's over... Di Ting is recognized by the God who mastered the Law of Light. He is about to become a God now..."

Lord Dog had begun breaking through first, but it was Di Ting's recognition that came first. After all, Lord Dog was comprehending the Law of Time, which was the strongest Law of the Universe. Few Gods had comprehended it to begin with, so naturally, it would take a longer time for him to be recognized.

Rumble!

The beam of light came down from a star. The next moment, all the other stars burst into bright light, which began to gather around Di Ting. His aura was growing stronger and stronger. Finally, a loud boom rang out. It was as if he had broken through a shackle that had been fixed on him, and his soul was sublimed at this moment!

Di Ting, bathed in light, opened his eyes, which burst into a blinding white light. He was enjoying the moment. The Power of the Law tangled him and kept seeping into his body, causing his aura to climb at an astonishing rate.

Rumble...

The whole Earth Prison began to shake, and the ground cracked into huge fissures under the tremendous pressure.

Di Ting threw his head back and laughed. His Law of Light was gradually being perfected. Countless profound runes swirled around him, then shrank and eventually turned into a dazzling light ball about the size of a thumb. It hovered in front of him before it slowly went into his forehead and disappeared. It was a complete God's Heart, which was required for a Demigod to become a real God. It was the embodiment of the Law of Light, the key to becoming a God, and the symbol of a God's status! When it existed, the God existed, and when it died, the God would die!

Buzz...

The light faded, and the towering light beam also disappeared. Di Ting opened his eyes. There seemed to be void breaking and collapsing in them. He raised a hand, and the corner of his mouth curved slightly upward. Finally, he rested his eyes on Bu Fang with a contemptuous look on his face.

"It seems I am faster in becoming a God," Di Ting said.

Bu Fang looked at him with a straight face and exhaled softly.

In Yellow Spring City, countless people watched in horror as Di Ting slowly floated up and hovered in midair. At this moment, he glowed like the sun.

"It's been tens of thousands of years... I've finally reached the realm I've always dreamed of," Di Ting said with mixed emotions. "In the past, I was narrow-minded. I thought Great Saint is the

peak... But then I found that I was wrong. It was not until the battle in the starry sky that I realized there are stronger Gods in this world..."

He turned and fixed his eyes at Bu Fang. Just his glance had brought Bu Fang tremendous pressure.

"Since then, I have sworn that I must become a God... So I've been planning and searching for resources... And now, my dream came true."

Di Ting chuckled. He raised his eyes and rested it on Yellow Spring Little Restaurant in the distance. There, another light beam was glowing, echoing with countless existences in the starry sky. As he stared at it, an envious look came over his face.

"Your Law is indeed the strongest Law... Unfortunately, you no longer have the chance to become a God."

After saying that, Di Ting moved, stepping toward the little restaurant. There was light floating behind him.

Frowning, Bu Fang produced the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and slashed it out with the Cutting Immortal Style. He wanted to stop Di Ting.

However, Di Ting did not dodge at all. He just let the knife cut him. A clanging sound rang out, and the knife broke and scattered. He glanced disdainfully at Bu Fang.

The gap between a mortal and a God was too huge.

"I am God... God says, let there be light."

As soon as his voice rang out, the whole world lit up, and a terrible pressure descended.

Everyone in Yellow Spring City was enveloped by the divine pressure and knelt on the ground, trembling.

Bu Fang also took a step back. A mountain-like pressure suddenly pressed at his body, and he almost dropped to his knees.

Suddenly, Yellow Spring Little Restaurant's door was pushed open with a creak. Accompanied by a clanging sound, a silvery-white puppet slowly walked out from it.

Chapter 1389 Lord Dog Comes Out of Seclusion

"I'm God, and God says, let there be light..."

Di Ting's mellow voice rang out. At this moment, he looked every inch a winner. He was upset by the fact that he had to use the warship's source stone to break through the God Realm, but when he felt the power of God, he was left with only excitement and satisfaction.

It turned out that... the power of God was so formidable. In the face of Gods, Nine-revolution Great Saints and Perfected Great Saints were mere specks of dust that could be wiped out with a wave of a hand.

He enjoyed this new power, and he regretted why he did not break through earlier so he could feel the power earlier. What a joy it was to have heaven and earth under his control!

Di Ting's body shone brightly. The light soared into the sky and seemed to envelop the whole Earth Prison. After comprehending the Law of Light, it was as though he had become the spokesperson of light.

He closed his eyes. A great change had taken place in his body. His flesh was many times stronger than when he was a Demigod, with every cell and every drop of blood in it seemingly condensed from the energy of light. It was no longer a fleshly body, but an energy body.

Now, he could be regarded as immortal and had truly transcended the mortal realm. His body was hard to destroy, and even if his arms or legs were broken, they could be reborn in an instant. This was the power of God!

The God's Heart floated in his spirit sea. It was the Source of God condensed by the Power of the Law. In fact, it was not appropriate to call it the God's Heart. That was the name Di Ting gave it. At the moment of becoming a God, he understood what this shining thing that gave him supreme power was.

It was called the Divine Core.

As the core floated in the spirit sea, liquid drops kept condensing around it. The power in his body was going through a tremendous change, and his blood and energy were being purified. When the purification was completed, they would turn into a milky white liquid drop and hover around the Divine Core to nourish it. This was his divine power. Soon, his body would be filled with divine power.

Di Ting narrowed his eyes as he felt the fearsome power in him. Suddenly, he opened his eyes and looked at Bu Fang, who was on the wall.

Bu Fang slowly straightened his body and looked indifferently at Di Ting.

“Are you not convinced?” The corner of Di Ting’s mouth twitched slightly as if he was sneering. When he saw all the people in Yellow Spring City kneel in front of him, he couldn’t help but chuckle. Then, he flicked his finger, and a spherical light ball immediately shot toward Bu Fang, shining brilliantly.

“The Bondage of Light,” Di Ting said softly.

Bu Fang’s pupils constricted. The next moment, he found that he was enveloped in a cylindrical column of light! He furrowed his brows, spun the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, and smashed it at the column of light. However, the knife only produced a clanging sound and could not break it.

“You cannot defy God’s Power,” Di Ting said. “Stay in there. I’ll come back and deal with you once I help Earth Prison Dog cut off his connection with the Law of the Universe.”

Di Ting, in his little boy form, chuckled and looked somewhat naughty. The next moment, he turned into a beam of light and sped toward the restaurant in the distance.

Bu Fang fixed his eyes at Di Ting. Suddenly, he froze. He saw a silver beam of light shot out of the restaurant, which turned into a burly figure and hovered in the sky. A clanging sound rang out as a pair of metal wings spread behind the figure.

Whitey stared at Di Ting, its mechanical eyes flashing.

“Hmm?!” The moment Di Ting saw Whitey, his eyes seemed to flash with fury! “I know you, puppet... How dare you show up after eating my God’s Heart?!” At the sight of Whitey, he immediately thought of the God’s Heart. Even though he had become a God now, he still could not control his anger.

Boom!

Di Ting flicked his finger and shot out another Bondage of Light. Anyone who became a God would comprehend divine abilities, and he had naturally comprehended his.

Whitey floated in the sky. After devouring the God’s Heart for so long, it had finally completed the digestion. Its white body had turned silvery-white, which made it look even more coquettish. Even then, the pair of metal wings on its back clanged, and they began to twist and tangle, gradually turning into a spear.

The spear was black and covered with patterns. It was carried by Whitey on its back, and it looked as if it was grown out of the Chaos. In the face of the Bondage of Light thrown out by Di Ting, Whitey raised its huge palm, grabbed the spear, and smashed it down hard at the light ball.

Rumble!

A loud explosion rang out. Whitey flew back instantly, tumbling in the air and causing the void to crack. Countless turbulences emerged and kept lashing at its body.

“Sure enough... After fusing with my God’s Heart, you have become much stronger!” Di Ting said, his eyes cold and flashing with killing intent.

Whitey turned and jumped to its feet. A clanging sound rang out from its back again, then one flag after another began to emerge. They unfolded and flapped noisily in the wind, giving Whitey a heroic air.

“Your fusion with the heart is more thorough than Nether Puppeteer... A pity that the God’s Heart is broken. If you fuse with a complete God’s Heart, you may really become a God... Unfortunately, you are nothing but a heap of scrap metal in my eyes now!” Di Ting said coldly.

He flicked his fingers again, and two more light beams shot out, flying toward Whitey in midair.

Bu Fang, standing on the wall, furrowed his brow. 'The God's Heart should be the source stone Whitey obtained from inside Nether Puppeteer Patriarch's body,' he thought. 'I can't believe it gave it such a tremendous breakthrough. In terms of fighting capacity alone, Whitey should have reached the level of a Demigod... A pity that Di Ting has become a God.'

Although God and Demigod were just one word apart, the difference between their strength was too great. Bu Fang could clearly sense that. 'I can't stay in here...' He took a deep breath. The next moment, his pupils changed, and then his black hair began to turn white at a rate visible to the naked eyes.

Suddenly, he straightened his body and slightly raised his chin. "A God? Haha... In Howling's eyes, that's no different from rubbish," White-haired Bu Fang said cockily.

That immediately struck all the people on the wall dumb. Ah Zi, who was kneeling on the ground, was stupefied. 'Gods are rubbish? Where did he find his confidence to say that?'

White-haired Bu Fang reached out a hand, closed and opened his fingers, and felt the power in his body. He nodded in satisfaction. The little host's power was getting stronger, and so was the power he could exert.

He looked up, fixed his sword pupils at Di Ting in the distance, and twitched his lips in disdain. With a thought, the White Tiger Heaven Stove appeared at his side, with its mouth open like a roaring tiger head. He grabbed it and smashed it at the Bondage of Light.

Rumble!

The first strike did not work, so he gave it a second strike. At the second strike, the Bondage of Light shattered, breaking into specks of light and drifting away. Bu Fang's white hair waved in the wind, making him look like an immortal. Of course, he could look better if he was not holding a stove in one hand.

With the stove in hand, White-haired Bu Fang raised his chin and grinned, revealing his canine teeth. Then, he flung out the stove! Weighing tens of thousands of kilograms, the stove sped toward Di Ting's back.

However, Di Ting's divine sense improved even more after becoming a God. He spun and flicked his finger. A ring of light immediately spread and turned into a thick light shield around him. The stove hit the shield but did not damage it even slightly.

"You still don't want to admit that you are weak?" Di Ting said coldly, looking at White-haired Bu Fang.

"In Howling's eyes, you are just rubbish..." White-haired Bu Fang said with his chin raised and a proud and disdainful look on his face.

As he said that, Whitey moved in the distance. Its mechanical eyes burst into bright light as a flag flew out from its back, sped across the sky, and fell behind Di Ting, stabbing into the void and causing the void to crack.

Di Ting rolled his eyes, fixed them on Whitey again, and casually waved a hand. "The Extermination of Light!" A huge spherical light ball sped out of his hand, smashed the place where Whitey was, and exploded. A patch of void immediately distorted and vanished, leaving only the violent turbulence.

Even then, Whitey roared like a dragon and thrust the spear toward the flag. In a flash, the distance of thousands of miles was shortened. The flag seemed to be a waypoint. Whitey bolted across the starry sky like a silver dragon, went past Di Ting's body, and picked up the flag with the spear.

Rumble!

The attack hit Di Ting's light shield but did not break it. However, he was impacted by an irresistible force, which threw him into the sky. The moment he was hit, he could not move at all. He was stunned!

The corner of white-haired Bu Fang's mouth twitched. "Well done, you metallic lump!" Then, he roared. His white hair fluttered wildly as an energy white tiger emerged behind him. The next moment, the white tiger rushed toward Di Ting, cracking the void as it drew nearer!

The people in Yellow Spring City were shocked. No one had thought that the owner of the Yellow Spring Little Restaurant was so fearsome! He was trying to slay a God in front of so many people!

A tiger roar shook the skies. Di Ting woke from the stun that was brought to him by the impact, and his pupils constricted.

“How presumptuous!” he growled, the Power of the Law swirling in his palm as he threw it at the white tiger. The next moment, a straight beam of light shot out of the palm and pierced the tiger in an instant, scattering it.

White-haired Bu Fang landed and staggered back a few steps. With each step, the wall crumbled.

Whitey’s mechanical eyes flashed again. It did not back off. A rumbling sound rang out as three flags fell in a row.

However, Di Ting would not fall for it this time. He was boiling with rage. As a God, he was hit by a puppet. That, to him, was an insult! The Power of the Law enveloped him, and another beam of light shot out of his palm, heading straight toward Whitey.

Boom!

Whitey blocked it with the spear and was knocked flying away in an instant! Its body flew out of Yellow Spring City like a cannonball and smashed into the ground, leaving many holes. It was unscathed, however, and it rolled over and rose into the sky again.

Meanwhile, Bu Fang’s white hair turned black, and he resumed his indifferent look again. As he stared at the exasperated Di Ting in the sky, the corner of his mouth curved upward.

“Those who insulted Gods will die!”

Di Ting’s eyes were filled with monstrous killing intent as he glared at Bu Fang, and seeing the hint of disdain on the latter’s lips drove him even crazier.

“Well... It’s too late,” Bu Fang said, looking playfully at Di Ting.

Upon hearing that, Di Ting’s pupils constricted. Then, he turned to look in the direction of Yellow Spring Little Restaurant.

There, a light beam was connected to the starry sky, while a white stream of light was coming down from the boundless universe. Just like Di Ting's breakthrough, a God who mastered the Law of Time in the Chaotic Universe had finally responded!

Boom!

The milky white stream of light fell from the sky, hitting Yellow Spring Little Restaurant in a flash. A terrible blaze of light exploded in an instant!

Di Ting sucked in a cold breath.

The restaurant door opened with a creak, and then a black dog walked out with enchanting cat-like steps. There seemed to be time flowing in his eyes as he looked at the arrogant Di Ting in the sky with amusement.

Chapter 1390 The Invincible Lord Dog

Lord Dog was out of seclusion. Because the breakthrough came so suddenly, he wasn't ready for it. After all, he did not expect that a dish could make him break through to the God Realm. 'Bu Fang boy's dish is getting more and more amazing...'

He stuck out his tongue, licked his lips, and savored the dish's aroma in his mouth. He could not help but narrow his eyes. After becoming a God, Lord Dog did not examine the sublimed power in him immediately. Instead, he savored the aftertaste of the dish.

Suddenly, a terrible rumble rang out in the sky. Di Ting and Earth Prison Dog both raised their heads at the same time and immediately saw a burst of dreadful pressure sweeping down.

Gradually, a golden ring emerged in the starry sky as if it were born from chaos. Countless thunderbolts were flashing in it, which came in all sorts of colors, including red, orange, yellow, green, blue, cyan, and purple. Whenever they flashed, the ring would spin. The void was crumbling under the ring's pressure! This was an extremely dreadful power!

The whole Earth Prison, or perhaps the whole Netherworld was shrouded in fear at this moment.

“What is this?!” Di Ting sucked in a cold breath as he looked incredulously at the ring in the sky, which was spinning and bursting with myriad streams of light. He felt a crushing weight press on his mind and a mighty power that made his heart race!

“A Godly Tribulation...” Ah Zi took a deep breath and said with a blank face. It was as if she was answering Di Ting’s question.

A Godly Tribulation was the lightning punishment for a God. If one wanted to become a God, they naturally had to be baptized by this lightning punishment. However, not every existence who broke through to the God Realm would face it. Anyone who transcended it would comprehend a divine power. Therefore, it was a tribulation only top geniuses would face.

Divine powers were different from divine abilities. When Di Ting became a God, what he had comprehended were divine abilities, so he did not attract a Godly Tribulation. As for Lord Dog, once he transcended the Godly Tribulation, he would comprehend his divine power. That was rare even among the Gods of the Divine Dynasty!

‘Is this black dog a... freakish genius?’ Ah Zi was confused.

Lord Dog twitched his nose, glanced indifferently at the golden ring in the sky, and sighed softly. Then, he seemed to notice the surprised look on Di Ting’s face. With slightly arched brows, he said lightly, “This is a Godly Tribulation, the lightning punishment for Gods... Why? It didn’t come to you?”

Di Ting was speechless. Was this the difference between them? He took a deep breath as a look of apprehension came into his eyes. Now that Earth Prison Dog had successfully broken through the God Realm, he had lost the chance to stop him, and the Power of the Laws in the Great Netherworld would all be controlled by this dog!

A bitter feeling filled Di Ting’s heart. There were only so many resources of Laws in this world, and if this dog took them all, he would have nothing. He clenched his teeth and gave Lord Dog a resentful look, then he turned to look at Bu Fang and Whitey. If it hadn’t been for these two fellows dragging him down, he’d have ruined Earth Prison Dog’s breakthrough, and the resources of Laws in the whole Great Netherworld would be his.

Di Ting took a deep breath. The only thing he could do now was to quickly take away as many resources as he could while Earth Prison Dog was transcending the tribulation. There would be nothing left for him if he were late! After all, the resources of the Great Netherworld were enough to feed only one God.

Di Ting floated up, and soon, his body burst into bright light. He wanted to leave! He wanted to go back and plunder all the resources! However... could he flee?

Lord Dog turned his eyes and rested them on Di Ting. When he saw that the latter was turning to run away, the corners of his mouth lifted slightly. "You want to run away after showboating?" His voice was still ringing in the air when he appeared at Di Ting's side.

"Ugh?!" Di Ting's pupils constricted, and his chubby boy face trembled violently! "How could you move so fast?! I thought you comprehended the Law of Time?!" He sucked in a cold breath. He never thought that Earth Prison Dog would appear beside him so fast.

"Are you stupid? I paused the time, walked with my cat-like steps in front of you, and even tidied up my glossy black dog fur... It's just that you didn't see it..." Lord Dog said, rolling his eyes.

Did he really pause the time? How was that possible? Could time be paused?!

Di Ting felt as though his heart was being grabbed by a big hand. It was freezing cold! The strongest Law of the Universe was indeed terrible!

Rumble...

In the sky, the golden ring of Law was spinning and thunderbolts were rolling. This kind of thunderbolts seemed to be affecting both flesh and soul, which were extremely frightening.

"You... You should be transcending the tribulation now... Otherwise... You can't stabilize your cultivation base!" Di Ting said with a gentle and polite smile on his embarrassed face.

However, Lord Dog just shook his head. He slowly raised his paw and floated in front of Di Ting. "I'm not in a hurry. Did you bully my men just now?"

"No, no... I was just passing by!" Di Ting almost burst into tears as he forced a smile.

However, as soon as he said that, the paw came down.

Boom!

The void exploded with a rumbling sound, while half of Di Ting's head was blown off. His body fell outside Yellow Spring City. The ground caved in once again, and the whole city was pushed higher as if it had turned into a lofty cliff wall!

Di Ting climbed out of the ruin, terrified. Earth Prison Dog's Power of the Law frightened him. Against the strongest Law of the Universe, his Law of Light was as fragile as a baby. Was the difference between Laws really so huge?

Half of his head was blown off. However, now that he was a God, he was incredibly resilient. A vast amount of energy gathered around him, and soon, his head was back to normal.

Lord Dog hovered in the sky, emanating formidable divine pressure as he looked at Di Ting. When he saw the latter recover, he opened his mouth and barked. As the voice rang out, everything around him seemed to pause! Even the flying rubble was floating in midair and stopped falling.

He walked down from the sky with his elegant cat-like steps, taking one step at a time and twisting his chubby buttocks. Soon, he was in front of Di Ting.

Buzz...

The time pause was over. Those rubbles fell to the ground and filled the air with a constant rumbling sound, while all the people on the wall exploded into an uproar!

"YOU!" Di Ting's eyes went wide in horror.

But Lord Dog did not give him the chance to speak. He threw out another paw and smashed Di Ting to the ground again.

RUMBLE!

The ground shook violently, and an abyss suddenly appeared in front of Yellow Spring City. As for Di Ting, he was pushed across the ground to the bottom of the abyss by Lord Dog...

After everyone was numbed by what they saw, Lord Dog slowly floated up from the abyss. His paw was holding the dimmed Di Ting. With a thud, Di Ting was thrown to the ground like a dead dog, kicking up a cloud of dust.

Only then did Lord Dog had the mood to face the golden Ring of Law in the sky. He could sense an extremely dreadful pressure in it.

“Stay here... I’ll come back to deal with you later,” Lord Dog said, patting Di Ting’s head with his paw.

Di Ting was no longer able to resist. How could he? Earth Prison Dog had comprehended the Law of Time, which made him unreasonably domineering! For the first time, Di Ting felt hopeless, even though he was a God now. He knew there would be a difference between them, but he did not expect it to be so tremendous...

Rumble!

Lord Dog rose into the sky, twisting his buttocks and walking with his cat-like steps as he rushed into the golden Ring of Law.

One thunderbolt after another fell from it—some were gold, some blue, and some red... All kinds of thunderbolts poured out of the ring as if to destroy everything! It was too horrible!

All the people in Yellow Spring City trembled and fell silent, not daring to move. On the other hand, Bu Fang was calm. He was drinking some Nine Revolution Great Path Tea and eating Oyster Pancake to recover.

The sky was filled with thunder, the clicking sound from the spinning of the golden ring, and Lord Dog’s barks. It was very noisy and mind-disturbing.

Whitey had resumed its chubby appearance, and the spear and the flags behind its back had all disappeared. Touching its bald head, it stood at Bu Fang’s side.

“Do you want an Oyster Pancake, Whitey?” Bu Fang asked, glancing at Whitey and twitching the corner of his mouth.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed, then it raised its huge palm and pushed it forward to reject the offer.

Bu Fang shrugged, took a large bite off the steaming Oyster Pancake, and swallowed it.

It did not take Lord Dog too long to transcend the tribulation. Soon, he descended from the sky with his elegant cat-like steps. Of course, it would be perfect if his appearance were elegant as well. A pity that after transcending the tribulation, he was charred by the thunderbolts. Even his dog fur was split. However, since his hair was black, it was hard to see that he was charred...

The Godly Tribulation was over. A milky white column of light fell from the golden Ring of Law and shrouded Lord Dog. He narrowed his eyes as if he was taking a bath. His limbs were outstretched as if he was flying, and his tail wagged happily.

On the ground, Di Ting was filled with envy, while all the people in Yellow Spring City watched with respect. Lord Dog was comprehending his divine power and also condensing his Divine Core. After transcending the Godly Tribulation, he had become a God at this moment!

Buzz...

The milky white column of light disappeared, but the golden Ring of Law continued to spin. It was as if a supreme being was saying something. A loud voice filled the air, but when it reached the people's ears, it became a rumbling sound.

Finally, everything faded away, and peace returned. Lord Dog was still the same Lord Dog, an extraordinary dog. However, if one looked carefully, they would see that profound runes of Law were constantly swirling in his eyes...

Di Ting looked up at the black dog. Suddenly, time paused, and the next moment, Lord Dog appeared at his side.

"Do you want to know what divine power I have comprehended?" Lord Dog looked at Di Ting and said in his magnetic voice.

"No... I don't want to know!" Di Ting shook his head in horror. A God who had comprehended a divine power was much stronger than he, who was just an ordinary God! He'd better not dig his own grave.

Lord Dog twitched his mouth. “I had thought of killing you with a paw, but... You are now the leader of the Great Netherworld. If you die, the Great Netherworld will become a leaderless great world, and the Divine Dynasty will send someone to take over and control it. So I’ve decided to spare your life. Even so... You cannot go unpunished. You have bullied my men, so you have to pay the price.”

After saying that, Lord Dog raised his paw, while the look in his eyes grew deep.

Buzz...

Countless runes of Law emerged and tangled, turning into a dog’s paw print in the shape of a plum blossom. The next moment, he thrust the paw, which went into Di Ting’s spirit sea and slapped the Divine Core inside.

Di Ting coughed out a mouthful of blood, and he felt the world around him had turned gray.

Lord Dog seemed pleased with his masterpiece.

“This is the Time Seal I left inside you... From today on, you are my God Slave. If you dare betray me, the seal will explode, and you will grow very old in one day... It will be very miserable.”