

Gourmet of Another World

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Chapter 1411 - The Advent of a Crisis

Chapter 1411 The Advent of a Crisis

The atmosphere in the warship was relaxed. With a dish, Bu Fang had boosted his companions' moods, and they, who were a little sad for leaving the Netherworld, were much cheerful now.

Only the fish's head and a bit of aromatic broth were left on the dining table—the flesh covered with distiller's grains was gone. The dishes cooked by Bu Fang now were certainly delicious, and they even contained special functions.

After eating the fish, the crowd could feel the boiling auras in them. If they calmed down and meditated now, they could even acquire significant improvements in their cultivation bases.

It was worth noting that among those present, the weakest ones were Nine-revolution Great Saints, and it would be very difficult for them to improve their cultivation bases. However, Bu Fang's dishes could help them, which was no less than a miracle.

After cleaning the table, Bu Fang sat quietly in the cabin, looking at the dream-like array outside. That was the cosmic transport array Mu Hongzi mentioned. Through it, they could reach the great world where the Xiayi Divine Dynasty was located. It could save them a significant amount of time. Without it, they had to fly to their destination with the warship, which would take a very long time. After all, the distance between great worlds was too far.

In the cabin, everyone was chatting enthusiastically about the Lees Fish. Their faces beamed with joy, and from time to time, they licked their lips to savor the taste.

The warship sped through the starry sky, leaving behind a plume of white smoke as it headed toward the array.

"Look! We're about to reach the array!" Er Ha cried out excitedly, pressing his face against the window. His eyes were bright as he stared curiously and admiringly at the dream-like array outside.

The array was huge, flashing beautifully with a silvery-white light in the starry sky like a star, attracting all eyes. As Er Ha watched, spellbound, a dark figure suddenly appeared

from a distance, approached in a flash, and slammed onto the window with a thud, scaring him. The spicy strip dangling in his lips nearly fell to the floor.

“What is this?!” Er Ha sucked in a cold breath, and his pupils constricted. Then, to his horror, he found that what slammed onto the window was actually a skeleton palm. The bones were full of cracks as if they had been chewed by some monster.

Bu Fang and the others turned to look at him, attracted by his cry, but a gust of wind suddenly blew the palm away.

“Is that a skeleton palm? It’s so scary that I almost dropped my spicy strip...” Er Ha said with lingering fear.

“The boundless starry sky is the battlefield of Great Saints and above. Isn’t it normal to have bones here? After all, Great Saints or Gods often fight and kill each other here,” Lord Dog said lazily. He despised Er Ha for making a mountain out of a molehill.

“But...” Er Ha hesitated. The palm didn’t look like one that had been rotted for a long time, for he saw that there were still strings of flesh and blood clinging to the bone. It felt a little strange, but since everyone around him thought that that was perfectly normal, he kept the doubt to himself.

The warship rumbled and sped forward, moving like a stream of light. A short while later, it landed at the center of the array.

The transport array was carved on a huge disk-shaped meteorite. The bright light of the array had concealed the meteorite, so when looking from a distance, it gave people an impression that the array was embedded in the starry sky.

The crowd walked out of the warship and stepped on the glowing array. It seemed a little old and shabby and was emanating an ancient aura.

Bu Fang put away the warship. They would need to use it later when traveling through the void.

“Didn’t that sissy say the array is guarded by someone, and we just need to contact that person to use it? But... Where is that man?” Er Ha looked puzzled and confused. He glanced around. The array was empty with no signs of life.

Bu Fang thought it was a little strange as well. Eventually, he fixed his eyes at the center of the array, where the ball-shaped object was beating like a heart. He thought it was somewhat out of place.

“Found it!”

Lord Dog's magnetic voice rang out in the distance. The crowd went up to him and saw the star chart drawn on the array, which showed the destination.

"Since no one is here, we can only activate this array ourselves to leave here," Lord Dog said. After that, his paw began to glow goldenly. It was his divine ability, the Golden Dog Paw.

The paw fell and lightly slapped the array. In an instant, a rumbling sound rang out while beams of light shot up into the sky from the array and formed a huge arched door in midair. It was full of mysterious power, and without a doubt, the entrance to the void traveling.

Bu Fang produced the warship and called everyone over. They boarded the ship with excitement, activated it, and rushed into the arched door.

They failed to notice something. Just as they went into the array, the surface of the ball-shaped object beating like a heart suddenly cracked. Slime trickled down from it like blood as a scarlet eyeball emerged over the object, rolling rapidly. Then, the whole thing broke apart, and a blood-red figure with one eye crawled out of it.

The figure rolled its eye and rested it on the warship, which was sailing into the arched door. Tentacles emerged from behind it. The next moment, it vanished, while the arched door also began to slowly disappear. At the last moment, before the door faded away, the blood-red figure squeezed through it...

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Even the most comfortable warship suffered when traveling through the void. The tearing and ripping force of such travels was very powerful, and no ordinary people could withstand it. But the quality of Mu Hongzi's warship was good, so it was not torn into pieces by the force.

Those things outside the window were disappearing rapidly, turning into streams of light. There was no question that they were traveling through the void now.

Bu Fang could feel that they were moving away from the Great Netherworld. The connection between them was getting weaker and weaker, almost completely cut off. He was really leaving this time!

He sat beside the window, sipping a cup of steaming Nine Revolution Great Path Tea and looking at the scene outside. He saw stars, meteorites, black holes... Many breathtaking scenes in the cosmos were moving back at great speed, and he admired them like a traveler.

Suddenly, Bu Fang heard a thud, then his pupils constricted, and his hair stood on end. He saw a black clump hit and clung onto the window, which was instantly cracked with countless lines.

“Hmm?” Bu Fang furrowed his brows.

The next moment, the black clump opened one eye, which was filled with violence and killing intent. A terrible, brutal aura instantly spread from it.

Everyone in the cabin tensed up instantly. Even Lord Dog, who was sleeping on the floor, jerked his head up as he sensed the terrible killing intent.

“What is this thing?!”

Er Ha was astonished as he stared at the eye. Then, as if that was not creepy enough, the eyeball began to move from side to side with slime oozing out of it, seemingly targeting all the people in the cabin.

Finally, the figure opened its mouth and let out a blood-curdling shriek.

Rumble!

The warship began to shake violently. That took Bu Fang and the others aback. They looked up and saw the walls of the ship already covered with cracks. The next moment, tentacles squeezed through these cracks and shot toward them.

A terrible aura filled the air, and it was not weaker than that of a God! What kind of creature was this? How did it come into the passage of void traveling? Bu Fang sucked in a cold breath and felt incredulous.

Finally, the whole warship broke apart, and the terrible tearing force of the void traveling instantly erupted. At this moment, the horrible figure hovering in the passage let out a sharp laugh, turned into a stream of light, and sped toward Bu Fang and his companions!

A deadly crisis had struck!

Chapter 1412 A Disgusting Unknown Monster

Inside the void traveling passage, terrible storms raged. Powerful air currents cut at the people like blades, filling their hearts with dread.

Lord Dog waved his paw. His divine sense spread and enveloped Nethery, Foxy, and Flowery, protecting them from the bombardment of the void storms.

But Nether King Er Ha wasn't so lucky. He could only create an energy shield around himself to prevent the storm from ripping him apart.

Bu Fang floated in midair. His Vermilion Robe gleamed reddish, fending off all the horrible energy storms around him. He looked rather relaxed, at least more relaxed than Er Ha, whose face was red and appeared to be struggling.

Whitey, on the other hand, did not even open up a shield. When the energy storms hit its body, they only produced a sharp clanging sound.

In the distance, a blood-colored figure hovered in midair. Tentacles stretched out from its back and swayed restlessly, lashing at the air from time to time and cracking the void.

Without question, this was a very horrible creature. The aura emanating from it was no weaker than that of a God, and even the storms had failed to cause it any harm.

The warship was blown apart by this creature! What exactly was it? A cosmic monster?

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. Mu Hongzi had told him about the dangers in the cosmos, and among them were cosmic monsters, which devoured everything they came across. They were literally the woodworm of the cosmos.

However, this thing was a little different from the cosmic monsters, who, according to Mu Hongzi, were mostly social creatures. They always moved in groups, destroying planets and killing all lives wherever they went.

The creature in front of him was alone...

'System... What exactly is this creature?' Bu Fang took a deep breath and asked the System in his head.

The System surely knew the answer.

But Bu Fang didn't hear anything from the System after asking the question. That somewhat surprised him. Could it be that even the System did not know what this creature was?

'The Host's level is too low to know the answer.' The System's serious voice rang out finally.

Bu Fang paused as if he didn't think that he would get this answer. His level was too low to know the origin of this creature? In any case, he had no doubt that this creature was not an ordinary cosmic monster!

The monster roared, and the whole passage seemed to tremble. The next moment, it sped forward in a stream of blood-colored light with all its swaying tentacles.

As it drew nearer, one of the tentacles thrust out like a spear at Bu Fang's head, trying to poke a hole through it. Strange patterns could be seen flashing on it, emanating a deadly aura.

"The Power of Laws?"

Bu Fang was taken aback. Without hesitation, he produced the silver Divine flame and flicked his fingers. The fire leaped out in an instant, shooting toward the tentacles.

A soft hissing sound echoed out as the flame and the tentacle met, and then the flame was extinguished. The tentacle was charred as well, giving off a strange meaty aroma.

The monster howled as if it was in pain. Suddenly, its body grew larger, pressing against the wall of the passage and almost cracking it. At the same time, drops of slim fell from its skin, corroding the passage.

It was indeed a disgusting and terrible monster.

Lord Dog protected Nethery and the others while looking indifferently at the huge monster. He did not move.

As for Bu Fang, he was fighting the monster. Although he was much weaker in physical strength, his Divine flame and the Power of Laws contained in it were extremely fearsome.

All of a sudden, a Rune of Law emerged over the monster's tentacle, and then it lashed toward Bu Fang. An explosion erupted at where he was in an instant, while a deafening rumble swept out in all directions. Bu Fang was thrown flying backward by the blast.

"This aura... It's that black ball-shaped object in the array!" Bu Fang took a deep breath. He couldn't believe that this thing could use the Power of the Laws!

He could sense that the Law did not belong to the monster but to someone else. At this moment, he thought of the bone Er Ha mentioned, which struck the warship and still had strings of flesh attached to it.

Had the God who was guarding the array been eaten by this monster? And it even merged with the God's Law? Was this monster really so formidable? Not only had it devoured a God, but it also comprehended the God's Law! If that was the case, who could stop it after it devoured more Gods?!

Fortunately, this monster was found in a remote cosmos. It would be a nightmare if it were in the heart of any Divine Dynasty!

Lord Dog could no longer sit idly by and watch. He threw out a paw and slapped it down toward the monster.

With a thump, the monster burst apart, its body exploding into lumps of sticky things and splattering everywhere, filling the air with a filthy smell. However, the lumps quickly gathered together and formed the monster again.

It could not be killed!

Lord Dog narrowed his eyes. Although his strength suppressed this monster, its incredible ability to recover gave him a headache.

“Bu Fang boy... We have to leave here as soon as possible. The passage may collapse if we linger here. If that happens, none of us will be able to leave!” Lord Dog said in a serious voice.

Bu Fang nodded solemnly. He did not want to fight the monster any longer.

But the monster did not want to let him go. It had targeted him and the others. In its eye, Bu Fang and his companions were the most delicious food! As long as it ate them, it would grow stronger!

With its tentacles lashing wildly at the void, the monster threw itself at Bu Fang once again. It was extremely fast, so much so that Bu Fang’s eyes could hardly keep up with its movements. If he had not been releasing his divine sense all the time, he might have been pierced by the monster in an instant!

He produced the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, which roared and burst into dazzling light. “A slash... Cutting Immortal Style!”

A huge knife tore through the sky as it sped toward the monster, trying to cut it in half. The blade went into the monster’s body, and yet it did not hurt it even for a bit.

Instead, the monster opened its mouth and spat out a blood-colored knife. It was actually imitating Bu Fang’s move! A terrifying atmosphere spread through the air.

Rumble...

The passage began to quiver as if it were about to collapse. Lord Dog threw out another paw, and the monster burst apart again.

“Bu Fang boy! Leave now!” Lord Dog bellowed. Then, he brought Nethery and the others and went into the void, disappearing from the sight as they followed the force of teleportation in the passage.

Er Ha, covered in blood, followed them, diving into the void as the mighty force of void traveling tore at his body.

Soon, only Bu Fang and Whitey were left in the passage, together with the monster who was crushed by Lord Dog and was slowly recovering.

When it was whole, the monster roared and rushed at Bu Fang again. It wanted to rip him into pieces. Terrible killing intent filled the air.

Bu Fang took a deep breath as he watched the monster approach. His divine sense surged, and immediately, the Divine flame turned invisible and spread out around him.

The monster hissed when the Divine flame touched it and began to slowly burn its body. However, even though the flame managed to burn it, the monster quickly recovered, and then it fixed its bloody eye at Bu Fang.

A rapid crackling sound could be heard as cracks emerged and spread around them. The passage was about to collapse. Bu Fang knew he could not fight this monster any longer.

He produced a Perishing Pot and burned it with the Divine flame. Then, he flicked his fingers. The pot turned into a beam of light and sped away.

The monster opened its mouth and devoured the Perishing Pot!

Rumble...

Even then, the passage began to crumble. Without hesitation, Bu Fang took Whitey and flew toward the other end of the passage.

With a boom, the passage broke into pieces, while Bu Fang and Whitey rushed into a teleport vortex. After they entered it, the explosion spread and consumed the vortex.

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Meanwhile, on the top floor of a lofty building in Nether Prison...

Mu Hongzi sat cross-legged, sipping a cup of wine. There was a deep look in his eyes as he looked up at the boundless starry sky. Suddenly, he took a deep breath. The light swirling in his eyes gradually faded away, and the images he was looking at disappeared.

"Is that disgusting thing back again?"

Chapter 1413 The Bandits Who Abduct Chefs

Bu Fang felt a terrible force tearing at his body, and all that remained before his eyes was a bright white light. He seemed to have sunk into an ocean, drifting aimlessly as the storm kept pounding at him.

The dreadful crisis brought by the blood-colored monster in the void traveling passage was gone, but the latter still weighed on Bu Fang like a nightmare. A creature that could imitate its opponent's fighting techniques and could not be killed was utterly disgusting.

Bu Fang had no idea how long he had been drifting, but suddenly, his body rushed out of the passage and began to fall rapidly like a cannonball. In the blink of an eye, he hit the ground and created a large pit. The impact was so strong that he thought all his bones were falling apart.

He slowly climbed out of the pit. Whitey stood beside him, its mechanical eyes flashing. Bu Fang envied its tough metal body, which suffered no damage at all from the fall. The bright light in the surroundings made him narrow his eyes, and it took him a few moments to get used to it.

Glancing around, Bu Fang found that he had landed in a wheat field. There was no doubt that these were all spirit wheat, for he could sense vast energy in them.

"These are excellent wheat, about the same quality as those in my Heaven and Earth Farmland..." He pulled out a stalk from the ground and studied it. Then, with a thought, he sent it into the farmland and gave it to Niu Hansan, who was known as the father of hybridization. He thought the latter could produce something even better from it.

Bu Fang did not know where he was. He swept the dust and dirt off his Vermilion Robe, then turned and walked toward the west, where his divine sense had found the auras of living beings. Whitey followed him.

Perhaps because there was a problem with the void traveling passage, Bu Fang and Lord Dog were separated. There was a good chance that they were thousands of miles apart. He wasn't too worried about Nethery and the others, though, because they were with Lord Dog. Of course, he still needed to think of a way to regroup with them.

He walked at a steady pace. Soon, Bu Fang saw a small village in the distance. He hastened his steps, and in a flash, he and Whitey had arrived in front of the village.

Many experts gathered at the gates, full of vigilance. When they sensed Bu Fang, they all raised their weapons and looked coldly at him.

Their attitude gave Bu Fang pause. Were the people outside the Netherworld all so cruel and violent? In any case, he wasn't worried or threatened at all, for the strongest experts among them were merely Nine-revolution Great Saints.

He didn't want to cause trouble as well. He just wanted to ask the way to the capital of the Xiayi Divine Dynasty. After that, he would leave immediately.

Bu Fang had just taken a few steps and had not even come to the gates when the pounding of hooves rang out behind him, rumbling like thunder. He turned and glanced over his shoulder doubtfully, and then he saw a group of fierce, grinning burly men on dragon-scaled horses galloping toward him, led by a man who carried a huge hammer on his shoulder.

The men on dragon-scaled horses and the villagers confronted each other with Bu Fang in the middle. For a moment, the atmosphere became somewhat awkward.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed as it touched its round head. Bu Fang glanced at the villagers, then at the fierce-looking men behind him. He could not help but twitch the corner of his mouth. It seemed to him that the people outside the Netherworld were really not friendly.

The cultivation bases of the men on dragon-scaled horses were clearly much stronger than that of the villagers. They were led by a Demigod, the man with the huge hammer, and he was staring disdainfully at the group of villagers who seemed ready to fight back.

As for Bu Fang, he was classified as one of the villagers because in the Demigod's divine sense, his cultivation base was too weak. Perhaps it was because his aura was not stable at the moment. The energy in him had been completely drained by the void storms when he traveled through the void. He was empty inside, so it was normal for the burly man to sense that he was weak.

Suddenly, a young man bolted out from among the villagers and pulled Bu Fang back into the village. That confused Bu Fang, and he did not know what was going on.

"Those guys are the bandits from Misty Mountain! They want to abduct the remaining few chefs in our village!" said the young man.

"Abduct chefs?" Bu Fang's face grew stranger. Why did bandits today seek neither wealth nor girls? Instead, they were abducting chefs? Were chefs so popular outside the Netherworld? He wondered if he had returned to the Immortal Cooking Realm?

"You don't know, do you? The Divine Dynasty has established the Divine Chef Temple and is recruiting chefs. Any powers who send talented chefs to the temple will be richly rewarded! And the rewards are source stones!" the young man quickly explained when he saw Bu Fang's confused face. When he had finished, the way he looked at Bu Fang became more and more strange. How could anyone not know the news? The whole Xiayi Divine Dynasty was shaken when the announcement was made by the court!

Since then, the nearby great worlds were constantly sending outstanding chefs to the Divine Chef Temple. Bandits smelled the profits in it, too, and they began to visit one village after another, abducting talented chefs and sending them to the temple.

They did not need the chef from every village to be accepted by the Divine Chef Temple. As long as one was accepted, the rewards would be enough to recover their costs because the rewards were source stones! With just one source stone, a One-revolution Great Saint could cultivate himself to a Nine-revolution Great Saint!

"Well... It is springtime for chefs," Bu Fang said expressionlessly, twitching the corner of his mouth.

"You are a passerby, aren't you? There are often passersby in front of our village, but you are really unlucky... You've come at the wrong time when the bandits are here to raid us," the young man said with a sigh. "All the chefs in our village had been abducted... But this group of bandits is still forcing us to give them a chef. Where are we going to find a chef for them? And they said they will slaughter the whole village if we can't give them a chef... We have no choice but to fight them back."

Bu Fang was somewhat speechless. It seemed to him that these bandits were asking for the impossible. Cooking was about talent, and not everyone could become a chef.

Just when the young man was talking with Bu Fang, the bandits moved. The villagers trembled with fear, while the Great Saints among them growled furiously, trying to guard their village. Unfortunately, they were facing a Demigod, and none of the experts in the village was his match.

Soon, all the Great Saints were thrown back, coughing blood. As the bandits laughed wildly, the villagers all turned pale. Suddenly, the young man who talked to Bu Fang picked up a hoe from the ground and rushed out of the villager to join the fight.

Bu Fang was surprised. The world outside the Netherworld seemed a little different from what he had imagined. He thought it would be filled with Demigods and Gods, as someone had claimed. 'Why are they fighting with such primitive tools?'

It was a one-sided battle. The bandits effortlessly suppressed all the villagers. Afterward, they jumped off their horses, clasped their hands behind their backs, and stepped leisurely into the village with the attitude of a victor, glancing coldly and disdainfully at the people.

"Bring me the chefs you are hiding... then I will spare your lives. If you don't, I will kill you all. The villages slaughtered by my brothers of the Misty Mountain are more than the salt you have eaten!" said the Demigod bandit, sneering.

"My lord, there are really no chefs in our village. All the chefs have either gone to the capital or been abducted by other bandits!" said an old man in a bitter and grievous voice.

The villagers would surrender if what the bandits wanted was money or other worldly possessions. But they had demanded chefs and would slaughter the whole villager if that was not fulfilled. That was like asking for the impossible.

Should they call up all the women in the village? But the village women's half-baked cooking skills did not make them chefs.

"Tsk, tsk... Why are you so stubborn, old man? If I find out that you still have chefs, I'll kill every man, woman, child, chicken, and dog in your village!" the Demigod said coldly. His divine pressure spread out in an instant, sending shivers through all the people present.

The face of the old man, who was also the village head, turned red with grief and indignation. He knocked the butt of his staff on the ground and said, "Go and find them yourself! If you can find a chef, I'll let you... let you..."

The village head still wanted to say something, but the Demigod, too lazy to talk, raised a hand and pulled him over, clutching him by the neck.

"The chefs in the village, are you coming out or not? If you don't want to come out... We will begin to slaughter the villagers, starting from this old fool. Don't blame us for being merciless. As long as you show yourself, everyone in your village will live," the bandit said in a cold voice.

No one walked out of the village.

A strange look came over Bu Fang's face as he looked at the young man, who had pulled him into the village and was trembling in the distance. 'He's not a chef, is he?'

The youth, who looked like he was struggling, was held back by a young woman, whose face had a pleading look.

"I've told you... There are no chefs in our village!" said the old man with great difficulty, his face red.

The bandit just smiled indifferently, then turned and fixed his eyes at the young man, who was held back by the woman. As a Demigod, he was not stupid. He already sensed the young man's unusual behavior. The corners of his lips curved upward into a faint smile.

Suddenly, his smile froze. A strong fragrance permeated the air, but it was not coming from the young man. The Demigod turned again, but this time he rested his eyes on Bu Fang.

At this moment, Bu Fang was holding an Oyster Pancake. He took a bite from it, and steam and a delicious aroma immediately rose from it.

He sensed the Demigod's gaze, so he waved the Oyster Pancake and said, "Hmm... You carry on first, let me eat an Oyster Pancake to recover myself,"

Everyone around him was struck dumb.

"Eat an Oyster Pancake to recover himself? Where did that pancake come from? This guy is a chef?"

No one had thought that this young man who just came into the village was a chef!

"How dare he, a chef, wander about in these troubled times?!"

Chapter 1414 Invincible in the Demigod Realm

"How dare he, a chef, wander about in these troubled times?!"

This was what was on every villager's mind at the moment. Everyone had a befuddled look on their face, villagers and bandits alike. It never occurred to them that this chef would appear so calmly in front of the bandits.

Although bandits needed chefs, they would not treat the abducted chefs with respect, nor would they provide them with good food and accommodations. It was because no one knew if the chefs delivered to the Divine Chef Temple would be accepted. In fact, most of the chefs turned into corpses and died in a foreign land.

The Divine Chef Temple treated the accepted chefs nicely and would even provide source stones to them. However, it never paid too much attention to those it had eliminated. The eliminated chefs were losers, and no one would care what befell them.

All the people present narrowed their eyes and sniffed, and the strong aroma went into their nostrils like tiny snakes, arousing their taste buds.

"It smells really delicious!"

The young man, who pulled Bu Fang into the village, was shocked. As he sniffed the Oyster Pancake's aroma in the air, his mouth began to water. "This... This is so... fragrant! I wish I could taste it!"

He was indeed a chef, but not an amazing one. He just loved to cook, and he had devoted himself to learning the art, which brought him to his current level and made him into a famous chef in the village. The dishes he cooked were delicious, and his wife married him because of that.

But in all his years of cooking, he had never smelled anything so delicious. It was an aroma that went deep into his soul.

Bu Fang chewed the Oyster Pancake with steady, somewhat rhythmic movements.

The bandits were all wiping their drool with the backs of their hands. They simply could not resist such an enticing aroma.

“Chief, this guy is surely a chef! Look at the thing he’s eating! It smells so good!” said one of the bandits. Had it not been for his fear of his chief, he might have rushed over, snatched the Oyster Pancake from Bu Fang, and ate it himself.

After shoving the last piece of the Oyster Pancake into his mouth, Bu Fang exhaled softly. The pancake could recover his strength, and the feeling of energy constantly being produced in him put a relaxed look on his face. It was a pleasant feeling.

He poured himself a cup of steaming Nine Revolution Great Path Tea, then took out another Oyster Pancake and ate it together with the tea.

The Demigod bandit could not bear it anymore. A terrible aura erupted from him as his body flickered, and in a flash, he appeared in front of Bu Fang, looking down at him.

“Boy... Are you a chef?” the Demigod asked with a hideous grin. His eyes were fixed at the Oyster Pancake, then he swallowed and reached out a hand to grab it. “Come, let me have a taste. I’ll consider you a chef if it tastes good...”

Without another word, the Demigod tried to snatch the pancake from Bu Fang. All the other bandits around him were envious.

The young man turned pale in an instant, realizing he had brought trouble to Bu Fang. If he knew this would happen, he would not have pulled Bu Fang into the village, and the latter would not have been dragged into this storm.

But soon, the crowd froze. To their surprise, the Demigod’s hand, which was surrounded by waves of terrible pressure, grabbed nothing. He had failed to snatch the Oyster Pancake from Bu Fang.

Bu Fang turned his body a little bit, twitched the corner of his mouth indifferently, and stuffed the pancake into his mouth. As he bit through the pancake, hot juice oozed out of it, giving off a rich aroma.

“How dare you dodge?! I’m the number two of Misty Mountain! No one dares to disobey me!” The Demigod flew into a rage, and his eyes seemed to be bursting with terrible fluctuations. He then raised a hand and threw out the palm to slap Bu Fang in the face.

Recently, he had beaten at least eight hundred to one thousand chefs. He did not know that chefs were actually so proud until he came into contact with them. But no matter how proud they were, they could only tremble under his crushing force. So when he saw Bu Fang fight back, he habitually threw out a slap without thinking twice.

The people around them watched with sympathy. They were certain that this young man was going to suffer because he had offended a Demigod. Some villagers even covered their eyes as they did not want to see the tragic scene.

Pak!

A crisp sound rang out as the palm and the face came into contact. The next moment, as the crowd watched, a figure flew backward and fell to the ground.

However, to everyone’s surprise, it was not Bu Fang who was thrown away, but the Demigod bandit, the number two of the Misty Mountain!

“Heavens... What happened?!”

Many people were struck dumb, not knowing what happened just now. They wondered who blocked the blow for Bu Fang and even returned a slap to the bandit.

The eyes of the other bandits, however, were already filled with disbelief. They saw clearly that it was not someone else who threw their number two away with a slap, but Bu Fang, who was eating a pancake and sipping tea!

He had thrown a Demigod away with a slap? Was this chef’s cultivation base really so strong? Or was he just lucky?

After shoving the last piece of the Oyster Pancake into his mouth, Bu Fang clapped his hands with satisfaction. The true energy in him had finally recovered, and so did his divine sense. Under the nourishment of the pancake, his recovery was hastened.

Only then did he have the mood to glance at those bandits. ‘So they are here to abduct chefs?’ He was very curious about it. ‘What is that Divine Chef Temple, and why does it need so many chefs?’

“How dare you hit me... I didn’t realize you are a stronger chef than the others!” said the Demigod in a cold voice. Although he was thrown away, he wasn’t too afraid. Bu Fang was but a chef, and even if he was a Demigod, it made no matter. How could a chef fight better than he, a bandit living just inches from death?

The next moment, the bandit pulled out his great hammer, raised it over his shoulder, and brought it down hard toward Bu Fang's head with a force so strong that the air screamed and seemed to break into pieces!

"Even though you're a chef, it doesn't give you the right to act so wantonly! I'm going to beat the hell out of you and then drag you back to the Misty Mountain!" growled the Demigod.

His divine sense poured forth in an instant as he brought the hammer down at Bu Fang. Runes of Law emerged over the hammer, while the Power of Law surged around it. At the same time, a burst of pressure suppressed all the experts present, making it hard for them to breathe.

"Oh? The Law of Force?"

As Bu Fang studied the Power of the Law lingering around the hammer, the corners of his lips curved upward, and an interested look came over his face. He stopped Whitey, who was about to strike, and raised his Taotie Arm. The bandages uncoiled, and the Yin and Yang energy swirled around the arm. Then, he threw a palm toward the hammer.

"Trying to take my hammer with bare hands? Where did you find that confidence? Look at your skinny arms and legs!" The Demigod sneered.

The other bandits all glanced mockingly at Bu Fang. Their number two had comprehended the Law of Force, and he could level a mountain with his hammer. The chef, on the other hand, was so skinny, and yet he was trying to block the blow with bare hands? His arm would most likely break!

Even the villagers were sucking in their breaths. They were all astonished by Bu Fang's boldness.

Under everyone's watchful eyes, the hammer and Bu Fang's palm collided and produced an explosive rumbling sound. However, the scene imagined by everyone did not appear. The hammer was... stopped.

Bu Fang grabbed the hammer with one hand and gave the Demigod a sideways glance, his face expressionless. Then, he put some force into his fingers, which immediately sank into the weapon. A crackling sound rang out as tiny lines appeared and spread across the hammerhead, and in the next moment, it broke, shattered into pieces, and fell to the ground!

That stunned the Demigod, while the bandits around him and the villagers felt incredulous. Did this skinny chef also comprehend the Law of Force? If not, how could he destroy the hammer with pure physical force?!

How strong was Bu Fang? He was basically invincible in the Demigod Realm, and he could even defeat those geniuses in the Divine Dynasty.

He possessed the Divine flame which had devoured two Laws, and he was comprehending the Law of Transmigration. On top of that, his divine sense was boosted by the God of Cooking's Menu and his Yin-Yang spirit sea. All of these made him stronger than any experts of the same level as him. He was so strong that he could even fight with Gods!

The Demigod's pupils constricted when his hammer burst apart. He took a step back, produced a communication jade talisman, and crushed it. The next moment, he cried out, "Retreat!"

Upon hearing that, the bandits turned and ran crazily out of the village. Bu Fang's strength was stronger than they had expected. They thought he might be the son of some senior official in the court or the top disciple of some major sect, who had come out to gain experience!

In the face of such an existence packed with high-end equipment, the Demigod wisely chose to retreat. His lackeys ran even faster than him. After all, as bandits, if they did not know the ways to protect their lives, they would have been dead a long time ago. It was the standard rule of bandits to run in the face of a stronger opponent.

Bu Fang opened and closed his palm. The Law of Force was, after all, a Law, so its counterforce had sent a stab of pain through his hand.

"Whitey, stop them... Strip them naked and tie them up. I have questions to ask them," Bu Fang said lightly, rubbing his fingers.

Whitey's mechanical eyes began to flash. With a clanging sound, three flags spread from behind its back while a spear swept out.

The villagers were stunned. The sudden change in the situation had caught them by surprise.

"Wait!" cried the old village head as his face changed dramatically.

He knew that the chief of these bandits was a God who had comprehended the Law. If Bu Fang captured them, he would be in deep trouble!

Chapter 1415 – The Arrival of a God

The bandits ran as fast as they could with horror on their faces. They could not believe Bu Fang was so strong. It was then that they realized that chefs, who they thought only

knew how to brandish kitchen knives and ladles, could possess such formidable fighting strength.

Even their number two, a Demigod who had begun to comprehend the Law, was defeated by this chef. That shocked the bandits and sent them fleeing in panic.

The Demigod was not stupid. After a brief exchange with Bu Fang, he knew at once that this chef's strength was not what he could defend against. In both physical strength and Laws, this guy was much stronger than him.

The moment his hammer was crushed, the number two of the Misty Mountain realized that Bu Fang was also a Demigod. That filled his heart with fear and greed.

If he could capture and bring a Demigod chef to the Divine Chef Temple, he might be able to get a source gem, which was a concentrated source stone and could help Demigods comprehend Laws and become Gods.

It was a very precious treasure, and it was there in the reward list announced by the Divine Chef Temple! Therefore, the Demigod's heart was filled with excitement and greed.

Bu Fang was but a Demigod. Their chief, on the other hand, was a God. Once he arrived, Bu Fang would not be able to escape! However, their priority now was to run for their lives.

The Demigod bandit's strength was very strong, and he ran fast. Like an arrow, he sped out of the village and almost disappeared in the blink of an eye. The other bandits also dispersed in an uproar.

The village head looked worried. The villagers, on the other hand, looked relieved. They had been bullied by these bandits for too long. Now, when they saw the bullies were fleeing in disarray, they felt as if all their pent-up anger had been vented.

Bu Fang was calm. He was toying with the silver Divine flame in his hand. Suddenly, the look in his eyes changed, and his divine sense spread, bringing with it a tremendous burst of pressure and targeting the number two of the Misty Mountain, who was fleeing wildly.

The Demigod bandit kicked the ground and smashed a hole in it as he pushed himself further into the distance. All of a sudden, his face changed dramatically because a silver flame emerged in front of him, hovering quietly in midair. As the flame burned, it bathed him with a scorching heat, which seemed to sear his divine sense.

Without hesitation, he turned and ran in another direction. He wanted to flee the place. However, since he was targeted by Bu Fang's divine sense, all his attempts were

rendered useless. The silver flame transformed into a dragon and wheeled around him, trapping him in place like a chain.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed, and the flags behind it fluttered. The next moment, they flew out and stabbed into the ground in the distance. Then, the spear swept out with a clanging sound, shooting through the air like a roaring silver dragon.

Soon after, one figure after another flew up from the ground, all thrown into the air by the spear. Their faces were full of horror, for they found that they could not use their strength at all! It was as if they had been shackled at this moment!

What kind of monster was that metal lump?

The next moment, the sound of clothes being ripped apart rang out, and the bandits shrieked miserably as they fell to the ground. Every one of them had their clothes torn to pieces and their naked bodies exposed in the blink of an eye. Mortified, they curled up into a ball with horror on their faces.

"How could he bully us like this? How could he strip our clothes?!"

At this moment, the Demigod bandit was brought back as well. He slumped to the ground with a thump, and his forehead was already covered with beads of cold sweat.

He could not understand why the difference between him and the chef was so huge, even though both of them were Demigods. When facing the chef, he had a feeling as though he was as weak as an ant. He was defeated even before he could fight back, and he knew that if the chef wanted to kill him, it would be as easy as flipping a palm!

How could there be such a fearsome Demigod in the world?

Although he was a captive now, the Demigod bandit's eyes grew much sharper. He had sent a message to his chief. He was glad that the chef did not kill him because once his chief arrived, he would be able to see the chef's death!

Their chief was a God who had comprehended a complete Law! A God was noble even in the Divine Dynasty and could become an official in the court! No matter how strong this chef was, he was just a Demigod! When a Demigod faced a real God, the ending could be easily predicted!

Bu Fang flicked his fingers, and a silver flaming dragon immediately darted forward and bound up the naked bandits.

Leaning on his staff, the old village head came up to him with a worried look.

“You better leave now, young man! These bandits come from the Misty Mountain, and their chief is a God! If you stay here, you will certainly be punished by that God!” said the village head with a bitter look. He never thought things would end up like this.

But Bu Fang shook his head and told the village head not to worry. After that, he took out another Oyster Pancake and ate it. The delicious flavor filled his mouth and made him feel extremely comfortable as energy kept being produced in him, rapidly recovering his strength.

He was about to face a God, so he must remain in his best form.

While waiting, Bu Fang ate the Oyster Pancake and asked the village head, “Village head, how far is it from here to the capital of Xiayi Divine Dynasty?”

The village head leaned on his staff and sat down. He sniffed the pancake’s aroma, swallowed, then said, “We are at the edge of the great world where Xiayi Divine Dynasty is located. This place is very far from the capital...

“But I know that the chefs in our village all went to the nearest major city first before they took the Divine Chef Temple’s warships to the capital.

“Of course... the bandits of the Misty Mountain have their warships too, and they have ways to travel to the capital,” added the old man.

Bu Fang fell silent. He had to go to the capital of Xiayi Divine Dynasty, but taking the Divine Chef Temple’s warship seemed a little troublesome and was not as simple as the second option. To him, taking the bandits’ warship to the capital was much easier.

At the thought of that, the corners of Bu Fang’s lips curved upward, and a playful look came over his face. He turned and glanced meaningfully at the Demigod bandit, who was stripped naked and bound up at the center of the village.

The number two of the Misty Mountain felt a shiver run down his back. He raised his head, and his eyes met with Bu Fang’s. His pupils constricted in an instant.

‘Why is this chef capturing us instead of killing us? What does he want? Why is he looking at me like that? Is he attracted by my handsomeness?!’

The Demigod was worried, but he soon calmed down because he knew his chief was about to arrive! As long as his chef was here, this chef would become their captive!

Sure enough, it did not take long for the sky over the village to change color. A dark cloud rumbled over from a distance, bringing with it a terrible pressure that pressed on everyone and made breathing difficult. It was divine pressure, which was purer and more terrifying than that of a Demigod!

The next moment, the pounding of hooves could be heard as a team of dragon-scaled horses galloped down from a distant mountain as fast as lightning, and before long, they were outside the village, emanating terrible auras. Men jumped off the horses.

Rumble!

In the sky, a figure approached the village, taking one step at a time. He was clad in a wild-looking robe, and the Power of Law swirled around him. Hovering over the village, he glanced sharply at the villagers.

This was the chief of the Misty Mountain, a legendary bandit and the only God of the Misty Mountain.

The bandits captured by Bu Fang became excited in an instant, and their eyes were full of hope. Their number two, the Demigod bandit, was so excited that all his muscles twitched. Looking fiercely at Bu Fang, he thought to himself, 'This arrogant chef is finished!'

As soon as the bandit chief arrived, he saw the bandits bound up at the center of the village. His face turned cold immediately.

"How dare you, a tiny village, do this to my men? You're courting death!" he said in a cruel voice and waved his hand.

At the gesture, the experts surrounding the village immediately raised their bows, pulled the strings, and released arrows toward the panicked villagers. If these arrows hit their targets, the whole village would be flooded with blood!

The old village head was shaking, and his face was full of panic. The villagers were trembling as well. Was their village going to be slaughtered by these bandits, just like the other villages?

Bu Fang stood up. His face had become cold and grave. The arrows raining down from all directions were tearing at his mental force.

'They want to slaughter all the villagers? What a bunch of bullies,' he thought to himself.

At this moment, the corporeal form of his divine sense, which sat cross-legged in his spirit sea, flicked open its eyes. Then, his divine sense poured out of him and spread like ripples. The arrows stopped in midair immediately, and then broke and shattered into pieces by the divine sense.

The chief fixed his eyes at Bu Fang. 'It looks like this guy is the reason why the village dares to fight back... It turns out that they have found themselves a Demigod. A pity that a Demigod is nothing in front of me!'

Rumble!

His aura exploded out like a volcano as he walked down from the sky, taking one step at a time. Like a mountain, his divine pressure pressed on Bu Fang's body, trying to push him to his knees.

As a God, if he could not even suppress a Demigod, he would be worthless.

"How dare a mere Demigod offend my Misty Mountain and capture my men? Die now!"

The chief's eyes burst into light, and Runes of Law wheeled around him as a terrible force smashed down toward Bu Fang!

Chapter 1416: A Crushing Defeat

The Runes of Law swept out, while a burst of mighty divine pressure fell and filled the air, suppressing all the people. The chief of the Misty Mountain, hovering in midair with his eyes shining dazzlingly, threw down a palm at Bu Fang, intending to kill this fellow who had offended his Misty Mountain.

The might of a God was naturally extraordinary. For a moment, the whole ground seemed about to collapse, and the power was so terrible that the people could hardly breathe. The old village head was already trembling all over and almost went down on his knees, but Bu Fang just stood at where he was with a calm face.

The great world where Xiayi Divine Dynasty was located was much more prosperous than the Great Netherworld, and its overall strength was stronger, but Gods were not so common here either.

To become a God, one would have to comprehend a Law. However, the Laws were extremely profound and could not be comprehended by ordinary people. As a result, Demigods and Gods were still lofty and rare existences here.

For example, although Misty Mountain was considered the most formidable power in this region, only its chief was a God. Among its several number twos, the strongest were just Demigods.

A God could become an official in the court of Xiayi Divine Dynasty. Of course, if this God was an ordinary one, the given post would not be too important. However, if one could become an official of the Divine Dynasty, that was considered a skyrocketing rise.

In fact, if the chief of the Misty Mountain had not committed a crime, he would not have chosen to be a bandit.

The old village head shivered. The power of the God made it impossible for him to think about fighting back. It was too strong. The power of a God was simply too terrible! He felt as though the sky was about to collapse and crush him.

“DIE NOW!”

The chief’s eyes burst into a thousand lights as he threw down the palm at Bu Fang’s head.

Holding a spear, Whitey’s mechanical eyes flashed brilliantly, but Bu Fang raised a hand and stopped it from doing anything.

“Whitey, handle the others... Leave this God to me. I want to know how strong I am with my current fighting strength,” Bu Fang said.

Upon hearing that, Whitey’s mechanical eyes flickered, and then it disappeared as if it had teleported away. When it reappeared, it was already in the distance, charging toward a Demigod. Soon, it was fighting fiercely with many bandits.

“You’re bold!” Instead of flying into a rage, the chief laughed. He could not believe what he had just heard. This Demigod wanted to fight him, a God, alone? How could this fellow underestimate the might of a God?!

Bu Fang exhaled softly, and his Vermilion Robe fluttered. As the villagers watched in mute amazement, he rose into the sky and came in front of the chief in a flash. Although he was facing a God, he showed no fear at all.

A terrible force of Law came blowing at his face. He felt a little cold, and then he saw snowflakes emerging and swirling in the sky.

“The Law of Snow!” The chief’s eyes flickered as he threw out a palm, and an ice dragon immediately appeared in the sky. Shrouded in snowflakes, it swooped down on Bu Fang. He was going to crush Bu Fang with the power of a complete Law!

Bu Fang hovered in midair, his Vermilion Robe flapping noisily. With a thought, a silver flame emerged in his hand, burning quietly and unaffected by the raging snowstorm. Facing the huge ice dragon, he exhaled softly as if blowing at the flame.

The silver flame immediately began to sway, emanating the force of complete Laws. Then, with a rumble, it became violent and transformed into a silver Roc, which spread its wings and approached the ice dragon in a flash.

Burned by the silver Roc, the ice dragon melted bit by bit and gradually disappeared.

“What kind of fire is this?!” The chief’s face changed as he sucked in a cold breath. As a God, he never thought his Law of Snow would melt in the flame. Even if that was the Law of Fire, it could not melt his Law of Snow so easily!

He bolted backward, feeling a sense of crisis.

“So you finally know how to dodge?” The corners of Bu Fang’s lips twitched slightly. The next moment, the bandages around his arm came off, revealing the Taotie Arm. He raised another hand and wiped it across the arm, covering it with flames.

Bu Fang had no good impression of bandits. He had spared the number two’s life just to attract these other chiefs of the Misty Mountain. Besides, he needed their warship to travel to the capital.

Although he believed in Lord Dog’s strength, he was still somewhat worried. After all, the Divine Dynasty and the Netherworld were two different worlds. He needed to regroup with them as soon as possible.

Stepping on the void, Bu Fang’s divine sense exploded out. Monstrous waves rose in his spirit sea as he sped through the air and drew himself closer to the God in an instant.

“You’re courting death!”

The chief never expected that Bu Fang would be so bold. Although that bizarre fire scared him a little, it did nothing more than that. He was a God. How could he be afraid of a Demigod?

He reached out a hand and touched his waist, producing a spear in an instant. The red tassels attached to it fluttered as he thrust it with all his might toward Bu Fang’s head. A snowstorm raged and followed.

Clang!

Bu Fang lifted the Taotie Arm and threw a punch at the spear. A deafening clanging sound echoed out as they collided, and then a terrible burst of force erupted, causing the chief’s face to change.

The mighty force and the scorching heat that burst out of Bu Fang’s fist put an ugly look on the chief’s face. He found that his Power of Law seemed unable to do anything to this chef! Although he had only comprehended a Law, he was a God after all!

“Dammit! I am a God!” Boiling with rage, the chief kept thrusting the spear, poking black holes in the void.

The corners of Bu Fang's lips curved upward, and his fighting spirit was high. Stepping on the void, he charged once again. He never dodged nor ducked even when he was facing a God.

The Law of Transmigration appeared over the Taotie Arm. Even though it was incomplete, the moment its aura spread, it suppressed the chief's Law. A look of horror came over the God's face instantly.

"The supreme Law of the Universe?!" he cried out in terror as if he had just seen a ghost. 'This young man is a genius who has comprehended the supreme Law of the Universe? No wonder he can fight a God even though he's just a Demigod! All experts who are comprehending this kind of Laws cannot be judged with the ordinary standard!'

At this moment, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared and spun in Bu Fang's hand, shining with bright golden light.

"A slash... Cutting Immortal Style," Bu Fang said indifferently.

A burly figure immediately showed up behind him, while a huge knife slashed down from the sky, cutting through the void as it descended.

The chief raised his spear, thrust it out, and rotated the Law of Snow to the extreme. A loud rumble rang out as the knife and the spear collided, and then he was knocked down from the sky like a cannonball and smashed into the ground, creating a huge crater.

The people in the whole village were stunned, while the bandits were stricken.

A Demigod had just... knocked a God down from the sky?!

Bu Fang flicked his fingers. The silver Divine flame darted out in an instant, sped through the air, and fell onto the chief's body in the blink of an eye. A miserable cry resounded through the skies as the flame enveloped the God.

The bandits felt cold all over, and they stared at Bu Fang as if he were a demon. Their chief, a formidable existence and a God, was killed! Yes, when the fire finished burning, he had turned into a pile of ashes!

On the ground, Whitey rushed into the group of bandits like a fiend god, killing everyone fiercely. None of them had been able to stop it. Its flags fell, and its spear thrust out like a roaring dragon, causing the bandits' bodies to explode. Blood and gore spilled and splattered everywhere, while the fleeing souls were all absorbed by Whitey.

At this moment, Whitey was suppressing the bandits like a fiend god. Although it had never comprehended any Law, its fighting strength was no weaker than that of a Demigod. In fact, it was even stronger than some ordinary Gods!

When Bu Fang was strong, so did Whitey!

The villagers stood transfixed with shock as they watched the man and the puppet kill all the notorious bandits of the Misty Mountain. They felt that everything before them was unreal.

The Divine flame flew back into Bu Fang's hand. After devouring another Law, the pressure emanating from it was stronger. But that was the only change. Perhaps it was because the chief's Law was too weak.

Bu Fang naturally had no sympathy for the bandits of the Misty Mountain. They deserved to die. After slaughtering countless villages, they were finally being punished.

As the number two of the Misty Mountain stared blankly at his dead chief and the other bandits, who were either dead or severely wounded, his body began to shiver violently.

The next moment, Whitey turned to look at him.

A spear grew larger and larger in his eyes, and in a flash, it pierced his head!

The villagers were stunned. They could not believe that the bandits of the Misty Mountain, who they hated to the bones, were wiped out just like that.

The battle was over with a crushing defeat.

Chapter 1417: A Beast Appreciating Feast

After dealing with the bandits, Bu Fang bade farewell to the villagers and went to the Misty Mountain with a surviving bandit. He needed to borrow their warship.

Misty Mountain was located in the northwest of the village. It was a lofty mountain shrouded in mists and clouds all year round, and starting from halfway up the mountain, a snowstorm raged perpetually. Perhaps it was affected by the chief bandit's Law of Snow.

There were still many bandits guarding their base, including one of their Demigod leaders, but Bu Fang conveniently killed these hateful criminals. By wiping out this gang of bandits, he was considered to have done a good deed.

The warship was not hard to find. After finding it, Bu Fang boarded it and set off for the Divine Dynasty's capital.

Only two stories high, the warship was not large and looked like a toy when compared with the one given to him by Mu Hongzi. It was much inferior in terms of functionality

and comfort as well. But Bu Fang could not ask for more in this critical time. It was already very lucky to get a warship.

He activated the transport array, and the warship immediately dived into the void and began to travel at high speed.

Xiayi Divine Dynasty was located in the Great Tianyuan World, which, similar to the Dragon Valley, was a first-class great world. Its capital was situated at the heart of this great world.

The place where Bu Fang landed previously was at the edge of the Great Tianyuan World, which was hundreds of thousands of miles away from the capital. It would take him a very long time if he were to fly there himself.

However, it was different from a warship, which was a tool people used to travel long distances. If the teleport nodes were properly set, it could perform high-efficient travel. Even though the bandits' warship was not a good one, it was at least a warship.

After several days of bumpy ride, Bu Fang finally felt the warship stop bumping. He heard a humming sound, then saw a flash in front of his eyes. Slowly, he left his cabin, and he could feel the cabin stop shaking as well. After waiting for a few moments, he pushed the door and walked out of the warship.

He was greeted by the glare of the day and vast spiritual energy of heaven and earth, which was so potent that it almost choked him. Evidently, the spiritual energy here was much richer than that in the village.

"Hahaha... Chief Mo! How many chefs have you brought this time? My master has been waiting for you!"

As soon as Bu Fang stepped out of the warship, he sensed someone approaching him from a distance, laughing heartily. He ignored the man and glanced around.

He found himself in the middle of a square. It was huge and boundless, fully drawn with arrays. All kinds of warships could be seen flying over it, some were good and some were bad. Bu Fang even saw one that was larger than the warship Mu Hongzi used to come to the Netherworld.

It seemed to him that the square was the docking station for warships bound for the capital, as he found countless warships hovering around him.

After studying the place, Bu Fang turned around and looked at the guy, who was smiling at him. It was a casually dressed man with a mustache and a slightly obscene face. At this moment, he was looking suspiciously at Bu Fang.

"Who are you? Where is Chief Mo?" The man scowled at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang just gave the man a sideways glance with a straight face. Just then, Whitey walked out of the warship and stood at his side. He waved a hand and put the warship into the System's storage space.

"Where is the exit?" Bu Fang asked the man.

"Answer me first! Where is Chief Mo? Why did he send you here?" There seemed to be a surge of anger in the man's eyes.

"Chief Mo? That bandit chief?" said Bu Fang, arching his brow. "He's dead."

"Dead?! What about the goods he promised my master? We've paid him the source stones!" The man yelled, displeased. "You unreasonable bandits! You better don't offend my master! He will send an army to wipe out your Misty Mountain!" He jumped up and down, pointing at Bu Fang's nose and shouting angrily.

That made Bu Fang furrow his brows. Suddenly, Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed, and then the sound of clothes being ripped apart rang out. The next moment, the man's clothes burst apart, and he was thrown flying away and fell into the distance.

Some people in the square were attracted by the scene, and they guffawed at the sight.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and nodded at Whitey. "Let's go." With that, he walked away.

"How dare you! Men, arrest those two fellows for me! How could you strip me of my clothes?! I will strip your skin off!" growled the man as he covered his manhood with both hands.

Bu Fang soon found himself surrounded by a group of casually dressed experts. He frowned and thought to himself, 'That obscene-looking man should be related to the bandit chief. I've arrived in the bandit's warship, so that's why he mistook me for a bandit. I didn't want to cause trouble, but that doesn't mean I'm afraid of trouble.'

He glanced indifferently at the experts who had surrounded him. Most of them were Great Saints, and he even saw a few Nine-revolutions Great Saints.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed, and it was ready to strike. But before it could move, Bu Fang's divine sense already spread and enveloped everyone around him. In the blink of an eye, the casually dressed experts were all pressed to the ground and rendered motionless.

"Whitey, strip them of their clothes and throw them away," Bu Fang said lightly, his voice devoid of emotions.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed again, and without hesitation, it bolted out like a phantom. The next moment, the sound of clothes being ripped apart resounded through the square, and figures were thrown up into the air, fully naked.

The man watched with horror as one naked man after another fell from the sky and crashed onto him, pinning him down to the bottom! He flew into a rage in an instant!

"Dammit! How could you break your promise with His Highness! You are dead!"

The man kept growling, but Bu Fang and Whitey could no longer hear that.

The square had many exits. After leaving from one of them, Bu Fang boarded a chariot pulled by a dragon horse with Whitey. The driver was a middle-aged man with a One-revolution Great Saint cultivation base.

Bu Fang asked him about the capital and also learned some latest news of the Divine Dynasty. The capital of Xiayi Divine Dynasty was incredibly huge. Although it was a city, it was as large as a small world. In fact, it was even larger than the whole Netherworld!

Of course, apart from learning more about the Divine Dynasty, Bu Fang also asked the driver about Lord Dog. However, the driver only laughed.

"The capital is open to all worlds, and there are countless dogs among the living creatures who come here. So if you wish to find a dog in the capital, it's a task not easier than scaling heaven!"

What he meant was to find a dog in the capital, it was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Bu Fang felt somewhat helpless. There was a great suppressing force in the capital, which seemed to come from the sky. It filled the whole city, preventing him from spreading his divine sense too far. He could only reach as far as ten miles.

It was simply impossible to find Lord Dog when his divine sense could spread only ten miles. That was why he felt helpless. It seemed that he had to be patient for now.

After that, Bu Fang asked about the Divine Chef Temple. It happened that the driver knew quite a lot about it, so he explained passionately.

"The Divine Chef Temple has only appeared in recent years. It is said to be established by a God King in the capital. He had acquired the inheritance of an ancient Heavengod, which is related to Culinary Arts. The God King could not break the inheritance, so he recruited many chefs and established the Divine Chef Temple to break it..."

As the driver talked, the chariot sped along the main street. Tall buildings could be seen moving backward rapidly on either side.

“But the inheritance is certainly unusual. The Divine Chef Temple has been established for years, and countless chefs had gone to try to break it with confidence, and yet none of them could do it. They couldn’t even pass the first test of the inheritance. Instead, many chefs had died while trying to solve it!”

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. The inheritance of an ancient Heavengod? And it was related to Culinary Arts? He knew Heavengods. They were existences beyond Gods who had fused with the supreme Laws of the Universe.

Many existences had comprehended the supreme Laws of the Universe, but only a few of them had truly fused with the Laws, and those who did were all Heavengods. They were supreme existences with formidable strength!

If a new Heavengod was to be born, an old Heavengod must fall. That was why the inheritance of an ancient Heavengod would drive people crazy.

Bu Fang wondered if this ancient Heavengod was a chef, since the inheritance was related to Culinary Arts?

“Yu... Yu...” The driver flicked his whip and stopped the dragon horse. Then, he pointed at a tall building in the distance and said with a smile, “That is the Divine Chef Temple. Do you want to visit it? Oh, I have another piece of news. I wonder if you will be interested?”

“The young master of King Pingyang is going to host a ‘Beast Appreciating Feast’. It is said that the spirit beast he wants to let people appreciate is an ancient Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python. I heard someone say that after the python transformed, she is a beautiful girl with fair skin!”

The driver narrowed his eyes and smiled lewdly. However, as soon as he finished talking, he sensed an extremely terrible aura explode out from the young man in front of him. Then, he saw the latter’s eyes burn like fire, striking fear into his heart!

Chapter 1418: I Am Just a Demigod

A terrible aura enveloped the driver as if the sky was about to collapse, making him shiver all over and dare not move.

Bu Fang stared coldly at him and asked, “What did you say?”

The driver turned pale with fright. He did not expect such a strong reaction from his passenger, and he did not expect the strength of this easygoing young man to be so

terrible. He thought the aura was much stronger than that of a Nine-revolution Great Saint.

“I... That... The young master of King Pingyang is going to host a ‘Beast Appreciating Feast’ and has invited various famous experts...” the driver said in a trembling voice.

“A Beast Appreciating Feast? They’re going to appreciate a Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python, an ancient spirit beast?” Bu Fang finished the words for him.

The driver nodded hastily. He got the news from a passenger yesterday, who was a steward in the King’s palace. He had thought of selling it for some money, but that appeared to be wishful thinking. He would be lucky if he could keep his life now.

“Young master... I... I don’t want your money, just let me go... I’ve made a mistake. I shouldn’t talk so much...” He began to weep, fearing that Bu Fang might kill him in a fury. This was actually very common in the Divine Dynasty’s capital, and drivers were considered the lowest occupation in the city.

Bu Fang glanced at the driver and waved a hand, signaling him to leave. Then, he took out a source stone fragment and gave it to the driver. It was provided by Mu Hongzi, who told him that the currency in the Divine Dynasty was neither Nether crystals nor Immortal crystals, but source stones, which was also the universal currency of the universe.

‘A Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python... Could she be Flowery?’ Bu Fang narrowed his eyes.

Flowery had taken the form of a young girl now, which matched what the driver had said—that after the python transformed, she proved to be a fair pretty girl.

The driver shed tears of gratitude after he took the source stone from Bu Fang, then he gave the dragon horse’s back a lick of his whip and sped away. He did not want to stay with Bu Fang for even an extra moment. Who knew if this young man would suddenly go back on his word?

“Whether she is Flowery or not, I’ll have to go to that King Pingyang’s palace and have a look... If she is indeed Flowery...”

Bu Fang’s eyes shone brightly. If the python proved to be Flowery, he would not stand by and do nothing. She should be with Lord Dog and Nethery. If something happened to her, then it meant...something happened to Lord Dog as well. That was not what Bu Fang wanted to see.

Standing where he was, Bu Fang became lost in thought. After pondering for a long time, he finally raised his head and murmured, “The driver said the feast will be held in

King Pingyang's palace there days later... Who is this guy? Whatever king you are, if you really captured Flowery..."

Bu Fang furrowed his brows, his eyes flickering. He had just arrived in the Divine Dynasty's capital, and since he was totally unfamiliar with the place and the people, it made it difficult for him to act. Besides, he needed to open a restaurant in this city.

Fortunately, he still had three days. He decided that he would visit King Pingyang's palace three days later. Now, however, he was quite interested in the inheritance of the so-called ancient Heavengod. He raised his head and looked at the tall building in the distance.

"The Divine Chef Temple..."

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and led Whitey toward the building with a straight face.

The capital of the Divine Dynasty was grand and prosperous. All kinds of tall buildings towered into the clouds, and the Divine Chef Temple was one of them. It was constructed of a strange material, and a mighty aura lingered around it.

As Bu Fang approached it, the crowd grew thicker and noisier. He found most of them were chefs. Some looked high-spirited, while others were chained and being driven into the building like a herd of sheep. It was obvious that those chained chefs were abducted from different remote places.

According to the driver, chef trade nowadays was very profitable in the Divine Dynasty. A chef was worth one source stone, and if he was chosen by the Divine Chef Temple, he would be worth five times more.

The extravagant profits had lured countless people into the trade, who employed all kinds of means to get chefs, including but not limited to cheating and abducting. In fact, many officials of the Divine Dynasty had joined the trade as well, since the expert behind the Divine Chef Temple would accept any chefs.

Bu Fang walked slowly with his hands behind his back. Before long, he was in front of the Divine Chef Temple. The building was very tall. When he looked up, he could see that it contained at least dozens of stories.

The main door was opened, and people were coming and going. Bu Fang stepped through it. As soon as he was inside, a cacophony of loud noises greeted him. It was as though he had walked into a slave market.

That made Bu Fang frown slightly and feel somewhat uncomfortable. He did not like even a bit that chefs were being traded like slaves.

The lobby was divided into two parts. On one side was the noisy trading platform, which looked no different than a slave market. Some people were happily counting source stones, while others were negotiating prices with sales personnel.

The other side was quieter and more high-class, where a platform was set up to welcome those chefs who came voluntarily. Bu Fang walked toward that platform.

The front desk was made of a smooth stone, and behind it sat a beautiful blond girl in a uniform. When she saw Bu Fang, a warm smile came over her face.

“How can I help you?” she asked mechanically.

Bu Fang was expressionless. Although the girl was very pretty, she could not move him. “I heard the Divine Chef Temple is recruiting chefs?” he asked.

“The chefs trading platform is on the other side of the lobby. If you are here to sell chefs, you can proceed there. Our friendly sales personnel will talk to you,” the blond girl said with a smile.

Bu Fang shook his head. “Chefs should not be traded. You are insulting the profession.”

The girl froze. She did not expect Bu Fang to say that. Her eyes lit up in an instant, and she nodded in agreement and said, “I feel the same way.” She then went on and asked with a warm smile, “Are you a chef? Are you here to sign up for the examination of the Divine Chef Temple?”

“If you’re an independent chef, you will be treated much better than those who are sold to us after passing the examination. You will enjoy the professional services and noble status provided by the Divine Chef Temple.”

For some reason, the blond girl felt a unique charm in Bu Fang. It was the charm of confidence, which came from his confidence in his cooking skills. She had sensed it in those top chefs she had served in the past. And now, this young man was giving her the same feeling, which was unbelievable.

“Yes, please sign me up.” Bu Fang nodded. He was very interested in the culinary inheritance of the ancient Heavengod.

A Heavengod chef was most likely the top-level chef and should not be too far behind the God of Cooking. Perhaps, he or she was the God of Cooking.

The blond girl’s eyes lit up, and then she produced a crystal. Bu Fang needed to fill all his basic details in it with his divine sense. However, when he saw the field that asked him for his cooking grade, he paused.

“Oh? What are the cooking grades here?” he asked, frowning.

That surprised the girl. ‘How could he not know the cooking grades?’

“Aren’t you from Xiayi Divine Dynasty?”

Bu Fang shook his head. “I came from a newly established great world. The cooking grades there are different from here.”

‘He’s from a newly established great world?’ The girl’s warm face turned cold in an instant. She finally knew where the confidence in Bu Fang came from. It originated from the fact that he had not suffered any blows yet.

“There are three cooking grades in the Divine Chef Temple: Spirit Divine Chef, Earth Divine Chef, and Heaven Divine Chef. You can estimate your grade and tell me about it.

“A Spirit Divine Chef must have the cultivation base of a Demigod and be able to skillfully cook any dishes with the Power of Law.

“The cultivation base of an Earth Divine Chef must reach the level of a low-grade God, and he must be able to fuse the Power of Law with his dishes.

“The cultivation base of a Heaven Divine Chef must reach the level of a mid-level God, and he must be able to at least fuse all the Laws he had comprehended with his dishes.”

Although her enthusiasm for Bu Fang had diminished considerably, she still gave him a conscientious explanation. However, she did not have any high hopes in him. After all, Bu Fang came from a newly established great world, which meant a third-class great world. To put it simply, Bu Fang was a bumpkin.

She did not need to be too warm to a bumpkin. How could she expect a bumpkin to be a Divine Chef? She had worked here for many years and seen hundreds of Divine Chefs, and most of them were Spirit Divine Chefs.

There were hundreds of millions of people in the whole Xiayi Divine Dynasty, but there were only hundreds of Divine Chefs. That alone showed how rare Divine Chefs were.

After hearing the blond girl’s explanation, Bu Fang became lost in thought, and a long time passed before he raised his head.

“According to what you said, I should be a Spirit Divine Chef,” Bu Fang finally said.

The girl froze, while some of the officers on duty around them also turned to look at Bu Fang.

A Spirit Divine Chef? Did this guy think too much of himself?

To be a Spirit Divine Chef, one must be a Demigod in the first place. In addition, he had to study in the Demigod realm for countless years and must have a thorough understanding of cooking before he could become a Divine Chef.

The Divine Chefs the blond girl had met were usually old men. She had never seen one as young as Bu Fang. Her red lips parted, and she was about to say something when Bu Fang touched his chin, frowned, shook his head, and said, "No... I don't think I'm a Spirit Divine Chef."

The girl breathed a sigh of relief when she heard that. 'That's more like it. How could there be such a young Divine Chef? By the looks of it, this guy is only about thirty years old. A thirty-year-old Divine Chef? Whether he is really a Demigod is still a question...'

However, just when she picked up a cup of water and took a sip to calm herself, Bu Fang looked up and said vexedly, "According to what you said, I might be an Earth Divine Chef... but my cultivation base is slightly weaker. I'm just a Demigod..."

When he had finished speaking, the blond girl's eyes went wide, and water spurted out of her mouth.

Chapter 1419: An Earth Divine Chef

As soon as those words left Bu Fang's mouth, the water the beautiful blond girl just drank spurted out, forming a mist and spraying into the faces of those beside her. Instead of apologizing, however, she widened her eyes and stared at Bu Fang. Her red lips were slightly parted, which looked rather seductive with all the tiny water drops.

"What did you say?" she asked doubtfully. She was not sure if she heard it correctly. This young man said he was just a Demigod? Just?! Could this word be used like this?

"To become an Earth Divine Chef, you must be a God. Otherwise, how could you fuse the Power of Law into dishes? You said you are an Earth Divine Chef, but you are only a Demigod... This doesn't make sense at all!" she analyzed seriously.

Bu Fang put away the troubled look on his face and twitched the corner of his mouth. With a thought, a burst of powerful divine sense poured out of him. Although his divine sense was suppressed in the capital, its pressure was not weakened at all.

The moment the girl sensed that, her pupils constricted. 'This pressure is mighty and overwhelming, not weaker than that of a God! Is this really the divine sense of this bumpkin from a newly established great world?! Unbelievable! How could a Demigod possess such a terrible divine sense?!'

As someone who worked at the front desk of the Divine Chef Temple, she had seen many things and met many people. Although she did not have a strong cultivation base, she had a pair of keen eyes. The cultivation base Bu Fang revealed was enough to shock her.

‘Even some of the most talented sons of the Divine Dynasty’s aristocratic families are most likely weaker than him. Perhaps only the sons of the various kings, as well as the peerless princes in the palace, could suppress him... A thirty-year-old Demigod with such a fearsome divine sense is really... rare!’

After thinking through the matter, the blond girl made up her mind in an instant. A smile reappeared on her face, then she walked out of the front desk and carefully recorded Bu Fang’s details in the crystal.

“Please come with me, mister. You’ve passed the Divine Chef Temple’s registration examination. I’ll take you to the distinguished guest tower now. It is where we receive all the Divine Chefs,” she said in a much respectful manner.

Bu Fang did not mind the change in her attitude.

The blond girl was wearing a dress that looked a bit like a cheongsam in his previous life, which perfectly showed her curvy figure. As she led the way, her slender waist twisted seductively, and the muscles on the back of her legs trembled slightly with every step. It was a tempting sight.

Bu Fang, of course, was not attracted by that. With hands clasped behind his back, he followed the girl at a steady pace.

As soon as they left the lobby, the noise could no longer be heard. A few moments later, they passed a corridor and stepped into an even emptier area. A few tall buildings, which were built within the Divine Chef Temple, were presented in front of Bu Fang.

“These are our distinguished guest towers. You are now qualified to stay here, mister,” the girl turned to Bu Fang and said with a smile. She was confident in her charm.

“We have three distinguished guest towers. Each tower is fifty stories high, and each story is occupied by two Divine Chefs. Also, every room is fully equipped with living facilities. Of course, if you have any other needs, you can also call me, mister.”

Smiling gently, the girl took out a white jade and handed it to Bu Fang.

Bu Fang took it and nodded with a straight face.

“This is your identity token. You must use it to check in your room... Once you check in, you will be the Divine Chef Temple’s distinguished guest and can enjoy special benefits. You will receive an allowance of one hundred source stones per month and can use all

kinds of equipment and facilities. I can take you to learn more about other specific matters,” she said, winking at Bu Fang.

“Oh, there’s no need for that.” Bu Fang shook his head. Then, as her face slowly stiffened, he stepped into the tower.

The blond girl bit her red lip and looked a little sad as he walked away. She stomped her foot, then turned around and took her leave.

Bu Fang could feel the terrible auras coming out of the towers just by looking at them from a distance. These auras were unusual, and they suppressed his divine sense. He reckoned that the residents here were all real Divine Chefs, just as the girl said. They were a group of chefs who had studied the arts of cooking to the extreme.

He glanced at the identity token the girl gave him, then turned and started toward the third tower. His room was on the forty-eighty story, facing south.

Bu Fang walked into the tower, stepped into a transport array, and came to the forty-eighth story in a flash. As soon as he opened the door with the identity token, a strong smell wafted out of the room. He sniffed, and a surprised look came over his face in an instant.

“I’ve told you... Do not disturb me unless it’s an emergency! Also... Why didn’t you knock at the door before coming in?! Is this the quality of the people working for the Divine Chef Temple?! Are you all f*cking idiots?!”

Before Bu Fang could say anything, however, a roar of rage came out of the room, loud as thunder. At the same time, a burst of divine sense rushed out and targeted him. If he were an ordinary Great Saint, his mind would be crushed by the divine sense’s pressure, and he would turn into a fool in the blink of an eye.

He furrowed his brows, and his eyes showed an angry look. He thought it was too much to use such brutal means, especially when there was no resentment between them. So, he unleashed his divine sense as well, which turned into a sharp knife and shot at the approaching divine sense.

How strong was Bu Fang’s divine sense? Supported by his Yin-Yang spirit sea, it was extremely powerful. In fact, it was not weaker than that of an ordinary God.

Two divine senses collided. It was a soundless clash. The next moment, a grunt could be heard, accompanied by the noises of items falling to the ground.

“Dammit! Dammit!”

A figure walked out from the back of the room. It was an old man with a big white beard and a cruel look in his eyes. When he saw Bu Fang and found that he was just a young man, his eyes immediately burned with rage.

“Boy, so you are the one who disturbed me and caused my last step of cooking to fail?! Are you courting death?”

The old man’s eyes filled with monstrous killing intent as he stared at Bu Fang. He did not think that a young man could pose him a threat. He had seen through Bu Fang’s cultivation base at a glance. He was a God, and a Demigod was like an ant to him.

When the other Divine Chefs in this tower met him, they were all very respectful, and that was because of his cultivation base. He could not believe that this young man had dared to fight back!

Suddenly, the old man disappeared, and when he reappeared, he was standing in front of Bu Fang. His palm was raised, looking like an eagle’s claw as he slapped it down toward Bu Fang’s face!

“Do you know what a sin it is to ruin my cooking?! I will talk to the Divine Chef Temple’s higher echelon!” the old man yelled fiercely. He proved to be a bad-tempered man.

At this moment, the transport array lit up and flickered. Then, the blond girl, who was supposed to have left, came back with a panicked look on her face. She suddenly recalled that Bu Fang’s room had been occupied by that eccentric and cranky Earth Divine Chef!

She had forgotten that just now, and when she thought of that, she immediately came back. She was worried that Bu Fang might offend that Earth Divine Chef, who was an existence who killed others at will!

However, just as she stepped out of the transport array, she immediately saw the Divine Chef throw a slap at Bu Fang’s face! Her face turned pale as a sheet in an instant!

Sure enough, that cranky Earth Divine Chef lost his temper! What should she do? Although that young man was a genius, he was only a Demigod. The Earth Divine Chef, on the other hand, was a God!

“My... My lord, please stop! This young mister is also a Divine Chef qualified to stay in the distinguished guest tower...” The blond girl had no choice but to summon up her courage. She just hoped that the Earth Divine Chef would cool down a little after hearing what she said...

Unfortunately, the old man did not slow down. Instead, he turned abruptly and glared fiercely at her. The gaze frightened the blond girl and made her almost slump to the ground. It was a pair of murderous eyes.

“A Divine Chef? This boy? So what if he is a Divine Chef? He disturbed my cooking, so he deserved to be killed!” growled the old man as his palm fell toward Bu Fang. Even the void was showing signs of cracking.

The girl’s heart filled with despair. Sure enough, these Divine Chefs were all eccentric people! The room belonged to Bu Fang, but it was occupied by this Divine Chef and turned it into his kitchen. Instead of apologizing, however, he blamed Bu Fang for ruining his cooking!

It was a slap from a God, and if it hit, Bu Fang’s head would burst apart!

The girl covered her eyes and dared not to look...

Bu Fang glanced indifferently at the old man’s savage face and the slap that was approaching his head. He exhaled softly and said, “Respect is reciprocal. People like you don’t deserve my respect.”

As soon as he said that, he raised a hand and caught the old man’s palm! The atmosphere froze in an instant!

Chapter 1420: A Mid-grade God

‘He... caught it?!’

The blond girl covered her mouth with both hands. Her face was pale, and her heart raced as she watched in disbelief. In her eyes, Bu Fang raised a hand and caught the palm thrown at him by the Earth Divine Chef.

The atmosphere froze in an instant. It was as though a storm was brewing, and the girl could feel something bad was about to happen.

“How dare you offend me?! You are just a Demigod and a Spirit Divine Chef! Fine, fine, fine... I’ll now teach you a lesson on behalf of the Divine Chef Temple!” The Earth Divine Chef sneered with a towering rage.

Hastily, the girl said, “My lord! It is all due to my negligence! I’ll coordinate with this young mister now!”

Her voice was still ringing in the air when the old man glared at her furiously and growled, “Who do you think you are? I said I’m going to teach this boy a lesson, so shut your mouth!”

That frightened the girl. Her strength left her legs immediately, and she slumped to the ground.

Bu Fang's face grew cold. He could feel a great force exploded out from the old man's palm as the latter tried to struggle free of his grip.

"You are only a Demigod, and I can kill you with a slap!" The old man's eyes burst into a red blaze. The next moment, a vibrating force erupted out of his palm as he tried to repel Bu Fang's Taotie Arm.

To his surprise, however, his move did not force Bu Fang's hand back. Instead, he was suppressed further and could hardly move at all.

"You're courting death!" Killing intent flickered in the old man's eyes. Then, Runes of Law emerged and swirled around him, in which the power of two Laws could be sensed.

A burst of scorching heat forced Bu Fang to loosen his palm.

The old man immediately jumped backward, keeping a distance between them. He raised a hand, and a mass of dark red flame appeared in his palm, burning ragingly as if to incinerate everything.

"Do you know the difference between a Demigod and a God? A God's complete Law is enough to crush all Demigods!" The Earth Divine Chef sneered as he threw his palm toward Bu Fang again.

The Law of Fire swept out and transformed into a huge flaming palm. At this moment, the whole room began to break and crumble. The palm rumbled as it flew toward Bu Fang, burning everything along the way with a terribly destructive force.

Bu Fang stood where he was with his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes narrowing slightly. 'Oh, a Law of Fire? A pity that my Divine flame had devoured a Law of Fire. Otherwise... this Law seems amazing,' he thought to himself.

He opened his mouth, and a tiny silver flame quietly flew out of it, spinning over his palm like a glittering lotus flower. As it spun, the petals gradually bloomed. The moment the Divine flame appeared, it attracted all the light in the room.

Even then, the old man's flaming palm fell as it tried to kill Bu Fang with one swift stroke. The divine pressure of a God swept out as if to tear the void apart.

The battle had already attracted the attention of the many Divine Chefs in the distinguished guest tower. They wondered why would someone fight here when this building was the residence of all Divine Chefs. When they turned to look at the room where the battle was taking place, their faces turned strange.

“That’s Master Cheng’s room...”

“Who dared offend that crazy Cheng?”

“This is horrible... Crazy Cheng never shows us any respect as he thought he’s the greatest chef here. So someone finally summoned up the courage to fight him?”

...

All the Divine Chefs floated up into the air and watched the battle from a distance, each wearing a meaningful smile.

Two loud thumps rang out as two figures rose from the center of the explosion. Bu Fang’s Vermilion Robe fluttered in the wind, and his face was calm. On the other hand, the God, who was called Master Cheng, was shrouded in the Law of Fire.

Many people were confused when they saw Bu Fang because he was a total stranger. The blond girl had also rushed out of the exploding room with a frightened look. How could she not be frightened when she was just a Great Saint? There was no way she would withstand the wrath of a God.

She glanced in awe at the sky, then hurriedly informed the higher echelon of the Divine Chef Temple with a jade talisman. She was no longer qualified to intervene in the fight of this level, so she could only get her superior to solve this situation.

What amazed her was that Bu Fang was able to fight a God without showing signs of losing. ‘This young man is just a Demigod...’

The battle in the sky quickly became white-hot. The old man kept attacking with the Law of Fire, but all his blows were easily fended off by Bu Fang’s Divine flame. No matter how he attacked, his power of a God could not break through Bu Fang’s Divine flame. That made the old man feel extremely anxious.

Whitey stood atop the tower. Flames raged around it while the flags behind it fluttered in the wind. Suddenly, its mechanical eyes flashed, then it bent its knees and kicked the ground. The tower’s ceiling collapsed in an instant as it jumped into the sky like a cannonball, shooting toward the old man.

“A puppet? Scram!” The old man did not have the mood to waste his time with a puppet now. He growled and threw out a palm. His divine pressure and the Law of Fire swept out at the same time to smash Whitey into the ground.

Even then, Whitey’s flags descended from the sky and stabbed into the ground behind the old man, then its spear sped forward, roaring through the air like a giant silver dragon.

The old man's pupils constricted as his body was knocked backward and thrown up into the sky. The next moment, the beam of silver light faded, revealing Whitey, which promptly threw its huge palm forward and slapped the old man.

With a ripping sound, the old man's clothes were torn apart. Strips of cloth flew everywhere as Whitey landed beside Bu Fang with a thump, holding the spear with a mighty aura rippling around its body.

Bu Fang's face was strange.

In the distance, the old man looked livid and slightly frightened, and he was covering his manhood with both hands. Soon, the Law of Fire rolled over and wrapped his naked body. He could not believe this puppet was so nasty! How could it tear his clothes apart?!

Suddenly, the old man's heart skipped a beat. He saw Bu Fang appear in front of him. With a Taotie roar, a fist was growing larger and larger in his eyes.

The fist smashed him in the eye with a thud. The old man shrieked and covered his face. He felt as though his body was being ripped apart as he fell from the sky. The Power of Law emanated from him as he crashed into the ground and created a deep hole.

Master Cheng, who was a God, was thrown to the ground with a punch by a young man? Everyone who witnessed this was utterly shocked.

They had seen a Demigod defeat a God before, but that was a feat only those talented sons of the aristocratic families in the capital—the genius sons of the kings, or the princes in the palaces—could have accomplished.

It was hard to believe that this young man could do it as well. He did not even use the Power of Law. Could he be... the son of some powerful aristocratic family in the capital or the son of some king?

The blond girl was already struck dumb. She did not expect Bu Fang to be so fearsome. He had defeated a God!

With a humming sound, a flash of gold appeared in Bu Fang's hand, and then the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife fell into his grip. With a dispassionate face, he held the knife firmly and glanced indifferently at the old man down below. Waves of terrible energy rapidly gathered over the blade as he raised it. He was about to kill the old man with Cutting Immortal Style.

However, just when Bu Fang was about to do that, the whole void around him froze, and an extremely formidable divine sense enveloped him in a flash. His face changed slightly. 'A mid-grade God?'

The void slowly broke apart, and a beautiful woman clad in a red gauzy dress stepped gracefully out of it. Her feet were bare, and she had a peach blossom mark on her brow. Her skin was fair, her lips were red, and her eyes were watery. In short, she was a pretty and charming woman.

"Please stop, mister. It is Divine Chef Temple's fault this time. I hope mister can calm down," the woman said as she smiled gently at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang frowned. He could sense the terrible pressure emanating from her, and her divine sense frightened him a little. Evidently, she was a mid-grade God, and he was no match for her with his current cultivation base.

To become a mid-grade God, one must comprehend five Laws at the very least. When a God comprehended a Law, their strength would double, so a mid-grade God could easily suppress a low-grade God.

Bu Fang could fight a low-grade God, but he was still too weak to face a mid-grade God.

The woman flicked her fingers, and a jade talisman immediately flew in front of Bu Fang.

"This is the new room we've prepared for you, mister. It can definitely satisfy your needs... Also, there are one thousand source stones and one source gem in the talisman. These are Divine Chef Temple's compensations for you.

"You Divine Chefs are recruited by us, and we will naturally provide you with the best services and lifestyle. However... We expect returns from our investment. I hope you all can work harder when breaking the seal of the inheritance," the beautiful woman said in a soft voice.

Meanwhile, some other experts of the Divine Chef Temple had come to calm the old man down below, and they brought him away from the scene.

Before he left, however, the old man shot a hard look at Bu Fang. The fact that he, an Earth Divine Chef, was beaten by a boy filled his heart with resentment. He vowed to himself that he would repay this one day!

Bu Fang was not affected by the gaze, of course. However, since the woman had asked him to calm down, he was too lazy to push things too far. In any case, he had beaten the old man and vented his anger. He had taken all the advantages, and if he did not let the matter rest, he would be asking for trouble. After all, he needed to show some respect to the Divine Chef Temple.

"Mister, you have done excellently at such a young age. Defeating a low-grade God with just the cultivation base of a Demigod... Such talent would put you on the same level as

those geniuses in the capital! I really admire you... It is Divine Chef Temple's honor to have you here," the woman said as she stared at Bu Fang with a strange look in her eyes.

She was shocked by Bu Fang's fighting strength and cultivation base.

"However... Mister, now that you have joined the Divine Chef Temple, you have to follow our rules. After all, the Divine Chef Temple is not a place where one could act wantonly."

She looked at Bu Fang with the same gentle smile on her face, but a terrible divine sense pressure burst out of her and went sweeping toward Bu Fang.

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Chapter 1421: The Seal of the Ancient Heavengod's Inheritance

The suppression from the divine sense of a mid-grade God brought Bu Fang some pressure. Of course, he was not afraid. He had many tricks up his sleeve, and if he used them all, he believed he could fight her. However, he did not think that was necessary.

In fact, the beautiful woman bore him no ill intention. She just wanted to show off the Divine Chef Temple's power in front of all the Divine Chefs. Otherwise, the temple would not be able to rein in so many people. So he gave her what she wanted by nodding his head and saying nothing.

Afterward, with his hands clasped behind his back, he descended and landed on the ground. The woman followed.

"Mister, I am Luo Sanniang, the steward of the Divine Chef Temple's distinguished guest towers. You can look for me should you have any questions. Also, if you wish to have a look at the seal of the inheritance, you can contact me at any time.

"The seal is always open for you all."

The woman put away the solemn look on her face and smiled at Bu Fang.

“The seal of the inheritance?” Bu Fang paused for a moment, then his eyes narrowed and lit up. “Can we go now?”

Surprised, Luo Sanniang parted her red lips and answered, “Of course. So mister wishes to go now? Well, I will take you there now.”

Bu Fang was quite interested in the so-called seal of the inheritance, so he accepted her offer and let her lead the way.

“Here comes another guy who thinks too highly of himself...”

“How could a Spirit Divine Chef solve the seal? He’s wasting his time.”

“That seal is too terrible, profound, and complicated... I bet it could only be solved by a Heaven Divine Chef.”

All the Divine Chefs present shook their heads when they heard that Bu Fang was going to try to break the seal. No one thought he could do it. They had seen the seal, but none of them could break it, not even the Earth Divine Chefs among them.

However, as Bu Fang had just displayed unusual talents, many people were interested in him. So when he said he wanted to solve the seal, the crowd followed to watch.

...

The location of the seal was in another building very far from the distinguished guest towers. After leaving the tower and walked straight for some time, they came to a round building with brick walls. Luo Sanniang pushed open the heavy doors and walked into it, twisting her slender waist as she led the way ahead.

Beyond the doors was a downslope passage. They followed it and went deep under the ground, heading toward a dot of bright light in the distance. It was a long time when they finally came out of the passage and stepped on flat land.

Far ahead, a huge black wok hovered in midair, its surface densely covered with arrays that sealed it.

“That is the seal of the inheritance. Apart from the inheritance, the black wok was a treasure as well... According to my master, once the black wok is freed, its power is comparable to that of a Chaotic Divine Artifact,” Luo Sanniang said with a look of amazement in her eyes.

Whenever she saw the black wok, she would be awed by its terrible aura. The other Divine Chefs came out of the passage and gathered around them.

There were already many Divine Chefs sitting cross-legged around the black wok, all focusing on solving the arrays. Some of them leaned against it and fixed their eyes at the arrays' patterns, some pulled at their hair and murmured to themselves, while others were practicing cooking, trying to find clues through cooking.

"After studying it for so long, the effort we've put in isn't wasted. We know at least that the inheritance has five levels of seals... We have even broken the first level, but..."

Luo Sanniang stared at the black wok with a hint of disappointment in her eyes.

"But no one has been able to complete the question of the first seal."

"Question?" Bu Fang paused, then he glanced inquiringly at her.

"You can step closer and look at the seal yourself. Remember, do not use force, otherwise... Don't blame me for not warning you when you die," Luo Sanniang said.

"Do not use force?" Bu Fang nodded. He was very curious about the black wok. Besides, when he glanced at it, he could sense a familiar aura.

He kicked the ground, sped forward like a stream of light, and landed in front of the huge black wok. The sound he made when landing seemed to anger many pondering Divine Chefs. They gave him sideways glances, cursed under their breaths, and went back to their thoughts.

With his hands clasped behind his back, he slowly stepped forward and soon came in front of the black wok. Then, he rested a palm on it.

A vast aura immediately poured out of the black wok. At that moment, Bu Fang seemed to see a boundless but chaotic world emerging in front of his eyes, and everything inside was being born and destroyed constantly! He was awed by the scene.

"This... This is..." Bu Fang sucked in a cold breath. A familiar feeling set his spirit sea to churn, and the God of Cooking's Menu shone goldenly. The black wok contained the same aura as the God of Cooking's Menu! It was the aura of the God of Cooking!

His eyes lit up instantly, and his divine sense poured out as if it was boiling. Just then, he sensed the seal's aura. The arrays that sealed the wok were actually... Gourmet Arrays. Although they were much more complicated than the ones he knew, Bu Fang was very excited. He realized that this black wok must be related to the God of Cooking!

He took a deep breath and slowly exhaled.

In the distance, when Luo Sanniang saw Bu Fang's excited look, she pursed her red lips. "No chef can resist the charm of this black wok. Its secrets are like a magic box to

all chefs... Now, let us see if this young Divine Chef can bring any surprise to the Divine Chef Temple.”

She leaned her back against a railing and stretched her body, her large bosom shaking with her movement. Suddenly, she froze, and her eyes focused as she turned to look in disbelief into the distance.

Standing in front of the black wok, Bu Fang made his first move. He sent his divine sense into the array, and after the span of five breaths, he broke it. Yes, it was much more complicated than the Gourmet Arrays he knew, but they were similar in many ways, so it was not too difficult for him to break it.

“Five... breaths?”

Luo Sanniang froze, and all the Divine Chefs standing behind her were petrified as well.

“It took him only the span of five breaths to break the first seal? Did this guy know in advance how to do it?”

The Divine Chefs exchanged glances and felt it hard to believe. It had taken many, many Divine Chefs years of study to break the first array. If Bu Fang did not know in advance how to crack it...Was he really so terribly talented?!

The years of effort so many Divine Chefs had put in was outdone by a guy in just the span of five breaths? That was a huge slap in their faces! They seemed to hear something breaking in their hearts...

The things in front of Bu Fang disappeared, and he saw rows of glowing gold characters.

‘Congratulations on breaking the first array. Each array is accompanied by a task. You need to complete it to open the second array...’

At this moment, a mighty voice rang in Bu Fang’s head. It was talking to his divine sense. His eyes lit up, and he began to listen to the task. Pieces of information rushed into his mind.

Before long, he took a step back, and his eyes became clear again. A stream of light flowed out of the flashing array and fell onto Bu Fang.

“Oh? Another guy is taking up the challenge!”

“That’s really bold! The challenge is not simple, and once he fails, his divine sense will suffer tremendous damage!”

“Young people nowadays are really aggressive.”

The nearby Divine Chefs all sneered when they saw the golden light that shrouded Bu Fang. Some smiled derisively, while some felt sorry for him. Luo Sanniang fixed her eyes at him, while those behind her watched intently with their breathing growing shorter.

Bu Fang had cracked the array in the span of five breaths. Could he complete the task?

“He must master the knife technique in half an hour and complete the task of cutting ingredients... Once he fails, his memory of the knife technique will be wiped off completely, and he will have to start all over again.” Luo Sanniang murmured under her breath, her eyes gleaming.

For many years, the task had stopped many Divine Chefs like an abyss that stretched across the ground. Even Earth Divine Chefs could not complete it. Could this young man work miracles?

Amid the light that enveloped him, Bu Fang opened his eyes. Golden characters were appearing and disappearing constantly in his pupils.

“The Kitchen Knife of Affliction...” Bu Fang muttered as the brand-new knife technique rushed into his head. Soon, he seemed to be very familiar with it.

The next moment, three food ingredients appeared in front of him. The first one was a big, fat white radish, the second one was a perfectly rounded and extremely tender white tofu, and the third one was... a tiny rice grain.

These three ingredients were the keys to this task. Luo Sanniang and the Divine Chefs held their breaths and grabbed the railing tightly.

“It has begun...”

Chapter 1422: A New Record! An Outstanding Chef!

It had begun!

The young man had activated the first seal’s task, which had beaten countless Divine Chefs, including Earth Divine Chefs. Among the many Divine Chefs here, none could solve it. Could he do it this time?

In fact, no one thought he could. He was just a Demigod. In other words, he was a Spirit Divine Chef. Of all the Divine Chefs present, most of them were on the same level as him, and they could not even properly process the first food ingredient.

The Kitchen Knife of Affliction was a very powerful knife technique, but it was too difficult to control.

Gradually, the golden characters in Bu Fang's eyes faded away. He finally had a clear understanding of the task. It was actually quite similar to the tasks provided by the System. Of course, it was much tougher.

With a thought, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife fell into his grip. A deafening dragon roar rang out of it, causing everyone's pupils to constrict.

"This kitchen knife is... out of the ordinary!"

"I can't identify the level of this kitchen knife!"

"What? A Spirit Divine Chef like him can control a kitchen knife of this level?!"

The people around Bu Fang were all Divine Chefs with keen eyes, and they knew kitchen knives very well. As soon as the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife made its appearance, its sharpness and aura instantly made them suck in their breaths. They reckoned that its level was not weaker than the kitchen knives owned by the few Earth Divine Chefs!

"The first food ingredient is white radish. I have to make nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cuts on its surface with the Kitchen Knife of Affliction. Every gap between the cuts must be identical, and so are the depths. On top of that, I can't damage the inside of the radish..."

Bu Fang took a deep breath. The task sounded simple, but it was actually extremely difficult. Not only was he needed to make cuts with identical gaps and depths, but he also needed to carve out a complete pattern. This was a very strict test for his knife technique!

It would be almost impossible for an average Divine Chef to complete it in one go. Perhaps only those who had immersed themselves in knife techniques for years could have done it. Besides, he was only given a limited amount of time. He must complete it within half an hour. This certainly made the task more difficult!

Bu Fang focused his eyes and calmed himself down. With one hand holding the kitchen knife and the other pressing on the jade-like radish, he was ready to start processing it.

The Kitchen Knife of Affliction was a very powerful name. He carefully went through the knife technique once again.

In fact, after every Divine Chef comprehended the technique, they all fell into a frenzy of shock. It was simply a Heavengod-like technique, and it was so supreme that it drove

people crazy and made them desire it. It was a knife technique that could give a Divine Chef fearsome fighting strength.

Bu Fang was expressionless. Whenever he entered the state of cooking, he would become very cold and indifferent. He flicked his fingers, and the radish floated up and hovered in midair. Holding the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife firmly, he began to move.

What he used was the Kitchen Knife of Affliction. He made a slash, and for a moment, he seemed to have created countless slashes. Numerous shadows filled the eyes of those who were looking at him.

As the kitchen knife touched the food ingredient, fine cuts began to emerge on its surface. The task did not specify what pattern he should carve on the radish, but the pattern would surely affect the knife technique.

Everyone held their breath and stared fixedly at the array. There was a number over it, which showed the number of cuts Bu Fang had made. It was jumping rapidly!

“One, ten, fifteen, thirty...”

The increment of the number was irregular, but it was extremely fast. Any number added to the counter represented an effective cut, and as long as it reached nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, Bu Fang would complete the first step of the task.

Slash! Slash! Slash!

Bu Fang was very calm. Whenever he made a slash, a thousand shadows appeared, followed by countless knives. Tiny pieces of radish flew in all directions, attracting the eyes of all.

“He’s... so fast!”

“This is amazing! I can’t believe his control of the knife technique has reached such a skillful level in such a short time!”

“By the looks of it, the first step of the task is not going to stop him!”

The nearby Divine Chefs were all shocked. It was the first time they saw someone handle the knife technique so skillfully. On top of that, as Bu Fang made the cuts, waves of pressure emerged around him. The pressure was different from the divine pressure of a God—it was the result of the stacking of the knife technique. The more cuts he made, the stronger the pressure.

The number kept jumping and had gone over one thousand! At this moment, only five breaths had passed!

Luo Sanniang watched intently, and blue veins could be seen popping up on the back of her fair hand as she squeezed the railing tightly. It was clear that she was very anxious.

“Two thousand!” one of the Divine Chefs cried out.

At this moment, all eyes were on Bu Fang. Every Divine Chef would be very serious when they face this task because once they failed, they would suffer damage to their divine senses, and it would take at least half a year to recover. Moreover, if they were wounded too many times, their divine senses would be permanently damaged. Therefore, no one dared to take up the challenge without proper preparation.

“Five thousand! He’s getting faster and faster, and his slashes are getting steadier and steadier!”

“So strong! He’s so fast!”

“If my memory serves me well, the record of the first food ingredient is set by an Earth Divine Chef, isn’t it? I think it was Master Cheng. But it had taken him thirty breaths to do that!”

...

The Divine Chefs were astonished. In their eyes, Bu Fang’s speed was getting faster and faster. They felt that a new record was about to be born.

Bu Fang’s divine sense had become highly focused, and all that was left in his eyes was the flying kitchen knife. The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife kept humming and flashing goldenly, while thousands of knives emerged and gathered around him.

He was frowning, though. ‘It’s not fast enough!’ he thought. ‘This Kitchen Knife of Affliction can be even faster... It seems that I’m still not very familiar with it...’

Bu Fang was right. If he had mastered it, he could have made nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cuts and compacted the pressure to the maximum level with just one slash. The knife technique was as powerful as a divine power!

It was worth noting that only Gods who comprehended the supreme Laws of the Universe could possess divine powers. For example, Lord Dog had learned the Time Stopping, which was a terrible ability that could slow down time.

Bu Fang was holding his breath. He did not dare to even exhale, for he feared that it would mess up his movements and ruin all the effort he had put in.

A humming sound could be heard as the shadow of a dragon appeared behind him. It was the vision caused by the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife when it was used to its

maximum. The dragon wheeled in midair, looking like a True Dragon descending from heaven.

“Eight thousand!” someone shouted, and the air rang to the sound of people sucking in their breaths.

Luo Sanniang’s pupils constricted. ‘Is he going to make it?’ she thought as a surprised look came over her face.

All the people fixed their eyes at the counter and watched as the number kept jumping. Finally, it went over nine thousand!

Nine thousand one hundred.

Nine thousand two hundred.

Nine thousand three hundred!

The crowd could see heat rise from Bu Fang’s body in shimmering waves. It was as though he was about to evaporate. Even then, the pressure shrouding him was so dense that it almost took a physical form, and it was so mighty that Luo Sanniang, who was a mid-grade God, felt her heart tremble.

Suddenly, everyone froze and stopped talking because the number over the array had reached nine thousand nine hundred and ninety.

Bu Fang’s movements never stopped. He made another slash, which was accompanied by countless shadows. Then, his eyes lit up, and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife spun in his hand before he held it firmly again!

Rumble!

At this moment, the pressure he had been holding down for a long time finally exploded. It swept out in all directions, causing the nearby Divine Chefs to step back uncontrollably. The Spirit Divine Chefs knelt on the ground, while the knees of Earth Divine Chefs bent slightly as the overwhelming pressure suppressed them and rendered them motionless.

Crack!

The railing was finally broken by Luo Sanniang. Her eyes had gone wide as plates, filled with disbelief.

‘Twenty breaths! It took him only twenty breaths to complete the first food ingredient! It’s ten breaths less than the record set by Master Cheng! What a monster! A monster in cooking! He’s a Spirit Divine Chef with a great future!’

At this moment, she realized Bu Fang's worth and prestige!

"Mister..." Luo Sanniang cried out. However, no sooner had her voice left her mouth than her pupils constricted once again!

The crowd exploded into an uproar as well because they saw Bu Fang shake his hand, and then the tender tofu immediately drifted over and fell onto his palm!

Before they could see what pattern he had carved out on the radish with nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cuts, he had already proceeded to the second food ingredient!

Why didn't he stop for a while and rest? They knew that after he completed the first step, he could pause to recover his divine sense. However, Bu Fang did not choose to rest. Instead, he went on to process the second food ingredient!

Was this little chef losing his mind?!

Chapter 1423: Broken, It Is Broken!

Bu Fang chose to proceed with the second test without taking a rest.

The people around him did not approve that. Knife techniques were a solid test of a chef's skills, and they could cause a strain on the chef's mental and physical strength. In turn, it could easily cause physical and mental fatigue.

A difficult cutting task was a tremendous load for the mind and body, so they could not understand why Bu Fang did not rest. There was a small break after each test was over, and as long as he took advantage of it to recover his mental force, he would be able to complete the second test better.

The fact that Bu Fang could break the record set by Master Cheng was out of everyone's expectation. Even Luo Sanniang was surprised by that. She had thought that Bu Fang was extraordinary. Although he was just a Demigod, he was able to defeat Master Cheng, who was a God and an Earth Divine Chef.

That was why she brought him here, to see if he could work miracles and break the seal. And sure enough, Bu Fang had brought her a surprise.

'Interesting... This is really very interesting...' Luo Sanniang's red lips pursed a little. She rested her eyes on Bu Fang, and when she saw the tofu in his palm, her eyes shone

brighter and brighter. She wondered if this young man could bring her an even bigger surprise?

The uproar quickly died away. Bu Fang had broken Master Cheng's record by completing the first test in twenty breaths, but the crowd's tumult did not last for too long. After all, he was about to start taking the second test. It would be their fault if their noises caused Bu Fang to fail, and the Divine Chef Temple would not forgive them.

Some people left with excitement to spread the news, while some Divine Chefs who were on good terms with Master Cheng quickly went to tell him that his record had been broken.

...

Master Cheng sat on a chair in his residence in another distinguished guest tower. His room was filled with a rich aroma of divine tea.

The divine tea was a kind of Path-Understanding Tea growing in the Great Buddha Pagoda World, which could enhance one's divine sense and strengthen one's soul. Master Cheng did not usually drink it because it was too precious.

However, his cooking was interrupted by a young man, who even beat him afterward. It was a great humiliation, and he could not stand it. The fury had prevented him from calming down, so he took out the divine tea and brewed himself a cup to soothe his restlessness.

He narrowed his eyes, brought the cup up to his nose, and sniffed it. Wisps of steam rose from the hot tea. He took a deep breath with satisfaction as a hint of a smile appeared on the corners of his lips. His heart was as still as water as if he had entered the Zen state mentioned by those Buddhists.

"My heart is as tranquil as the summer sea..." Master Cheng murmured, twisting his beard with his fingers. Then, he opened his mouth to take a sip of the tea.

However, just when his lips touched the cup, a loud cry came through the door.

"Master Cheng... Broken! It's broken!"

The voice was hoarse and full of shock, and it made Master Cheng frown with dissatisfaction.

"Broken? What is broken? Can't you calm down a little? You have to learn how to make your heart as calm as water!" Master Cheng growled as he looked at his friend, who pushed open the door and ran into the room.

The Divine Chef's face became a little embarrassed, but then he was impressed by Master Cheng's composure. 'His record had been broken by someone, and yet he can still be so calm... It just proves that his state of mind's cultivation is way beyond mine... Well, I'd better not offend him.'

Master Cheng's good friend sat down, breathed a sigh of relief, and then he said, "Your record has been broken! It's unbelievable... I never thought someone could actually complete the first test in less than thirty breaths, which is the record you had set!"

That gave Master Cheng pause. With some tea in his mouth, he looked at his friend with astonishment in his eyes as if he was asking, "What did you say?"

"Your record is broken! Surprised?!" asked the friend.

Puke!

Master Cheng could not hold it anymore. The tea in his mouth spurted out and sprayed onto his friend's face, who was struck dumb in an instant.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?! Who could break my record!"

'My heart is as tranquil as the summer sea? Tranquil my ass! How could I calm down when my record is broken?!' Master Cheng roared in his mind as he flew into a rage. He could not believe that his record had been broken! 'Who broke my record?!'

Before his friend could react, he already bolted out of the room and ran toward the building where the inheritance was located.

"I thought he asked me to learn how to make my heart as calm as water?" His friend was dumbfounded.

...

The second test was to cut a piece of tofu with the Kitchen Knife of Affliction. Unlike the first test, it was much harder.

Bu Fang had to make nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cuts on a piece of tofu, which was extremely fragile and glittering like jade. That was ten thousand more cuts than the first test. Besides, he could not damage the tofu. It must still be in one whole piece when he was done!

He had frowned when he first sensed the test. It was really too difficult. Nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cuts were no joke! Moreover, he would be making cuts on a piece of tofu. A careless mistake would easily break it in half!

It required extremely strict and precise control of strength, mental force, and the knife technique!

Bu Fang took a deep breath, and his eyes grew sharper. His divine sense was as taut as a string, and it might break if he put further force into it.

Many people knew what the second test was, so no one thought he could complete it. In fact, so far, no one has done it. Master Cheng had broken the first test, but he had failed the second one.

After all, there were three tests to complete in half an hour, so while completing the second test, one had to reserve time for the third one. The difficulty was just too great. Even a Heaven Divine Chef might fail, not to mention an Earth Divine Chef.

"It has begun! His knife... is moving!" Someone with keen eyes saw Bu Fang move and immediately cried out excitedly.

As the voice spread, all eyes fixed at Bu Fang. Luo Sanniang glanced around and put a fair finger over her red lips, signaling the crowd to quiet down. At that gesture, all Divine Chefs fell silent and watched with gleaming eyes.

The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife spun in a beautiful pattern, but Bu Fang's palm was as steady as a boulder, not moving at all. All of a sudden, he held the knife firmly, turned it sideways, and his divine sense poured out like a fierce torrent.

In a flash, he rehearsed the Kitchen Knife of Affliction countless times in his mind. Then, his eyes flickered brilliantly, and he thrust out the kitchen knife. Thousands of knives emerged and followed it.

A fine line split across the tender tofu as the knife touched it, but before it could grow longer, Bu Fang gently shook his hand, and the blade lifted marginally and fell next to the line. The gap between the first cut and the second one was less than a millimeter.

The nearby Divine Chefs all sucked in their breaths when they saw that.

"Unbelievable! This is such a precise control!"

"Where did this monstrous young man come from?! His control of the knife is so amazing!"

"Incredible! That slash just now... I bet he must have made hundreds of slashes at the same time!"

...

The nearby Divine Chefs all whispered to one another. As for Luo Sanniang, she stuck out her tongue and licked her lips as the amazement in her eyes grew stronger. She felt hopeful. She thought maybe this young man could really break the record and complete the second test!

A counter appeared over the array once again, showing the cuts Bu Fang had made. The number was jumping rapidly, increasing by hundreds every time.

Five hundred, one thousand two hundred, one thousand eight hundred... Although the increment was irregular, it was extremely fast!

In everyone's eyes, the tofu in Bu Fang's hand was shaking slightly while the kitchen knife moved up and down over it, glowing like the sun.

Suddenly, Bu Fang's kitchen knife stopped, and his brows furrowed.

That shocked everyone. 'What happened? Why did he stop?' Those were the questions in everyone's mind.

If he continued at this pace, Bu Fang was very likely to complete the second test. He even had a chance to take up the third test and completely break the first seal of the inheritance!

The crowd's emotions were already roused, and yet Bu Fang stopped at this critical moment! The time would not stop even when he paused, and every second was extremely precious in this task!

Luo Sanniang clenched her palms into fists, and her eyes went so wide that her eyeballs seemed to pop out. "Don't stop..." she let out a low growl.

Boom!

Suddenly, a loud explosion rang out in the distance, then a figure bolted over.

"Who broke my record?! Who the hell is it?!" roared an old voice filled with rage.

The crowd froze at that, then everyone turned and stared angrily at the owner of the voice. They finally realized why Bu Fang did not continue. If he were still cutting the tofu, the thunderous roar would have shocked him and caused him to make mistakes. That was the reason he stopped!

Luo Sanniang figured that out, too. While she was praising Bu Fang's cautiousness in her head, she was infuriated with the troublemaker. "I don't care who you are... Get the hell out of here!"

She turned and rested her eyes on Master Cheng, who was rushing over with an angry look. The next moment, she twisted her slender waist, disappeared, and came in front of the old man in a flash.

Master Cheng wanted to roar again, but Luo Sanniang had already grabbed him by the neck, forcing him to swallow his words. He looked confusedly at the beautiful woman, not knowing what just happened...

With the old man's neck tightly held in her grip, Luo Sanniang turned and strode out of the building, while Bu Fang resumed his cutting...

Chapter 1424: A Fluke?

Bu Fang continued to cut the piece of tofu. However, since his rhythm was interrupted, he had to spend a little time to prepare his mood again before he waved his knife.

The counter, which had stopped, began to change, jumping rapidly. Five thousand, five thousand five hundred, six thousand... At this point, the increment sat firmly at five hundred cuts.

As time went by and as Bu Fang's familiarity with the knife technique grew, the cuts he made with each slash slowly increased—from five hundred cuts per slash to six hundred, then to one thousand. It was incredibly fast!

The crowd's breathing quickened as Bu Fang's cuts per slash increased. Some rehearsed the slashes with their divine senses by following his movements, trying to imitate his knife technique. However, as they rehearsed, they felt their divine senses were torn apart, and they grunted as blood trickled down from their nose and mouth.

That terrified them, and they dared not to go on rehearsing but just looked at Bu Fang, aghast. They could not understand why his divine sense could withstand this level of rehearsing when it was impossible for them, even though they were all Demigods.

They then realized that geniuses could not be judged by common sense. Through simple comparison, they could guess how strong Bu Fang's divine sense was. At the very least, it was not weaker than some of the top Demigods in the Divine Dynasty. He might be slightly weaker than the princes, but he would be on par with the sons of the kings.

Luo Sanniang had returned, twisting her slender waist as she walked and bringing with her a gust of sweet scent. She lightly rubbed her delicate hands with an indifferent face, then leaned against the railing and stared at Bu Fang and the counter showing the

number of cuts over the array. She knew nothing about the knife technique, but she knew that with every increment of the counter, it meant Bu Fang was one step closer to success.

“Ten thousand already!” someone said incredulously in a low voice.

“How long did it take him?!” Luo Sanniang turned to a Divine Chef beside her and asked hastily.

The Divine Chef had been counting the time. When he saw it was Luo Sanniang who asked him, he quickly said, “About a quarter of an hour! I think he might complete the second test!”

Luo Sanniang’s eyes lit up. Biting her red lip, she stared at Bu Fang with excitement.

Bu Fang did not stop waving his kitchen knife, which flashed brilliantly. The tofu was shivering, but not even a bit of it flew out. His movements were steady, not too far nor too slow.

“Look! Eleven thousand already!”

“Thirteen thousand!”

“Fifteen thousand!”

...

As the Divine Chefs looked at the changing numbers, their eyes gleamed with shock. At this point, the cuts Bu Fang made with every slash were fixed at about two thousand. That was the limit his divine sense could withstand.

The Kitchen Knife of Affliction was amazing, but it would be very difficult for Bu Fang to reach its peak, with which he could make nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cuts in a slash, unless he broke through to the God Realm and his divine sense made another breakthrough.

Master Cheng had returned, but this time he dared not to shout again. His face was dark as he stared at Bu Fang, the young man who had broken his record. What made it more difficult for him to accept was that this was the same young man who had beaten him up!

‘It’s him!’

Anger surged within him, and the jealousy in his eyes grew as he watched the increasing number on the array. He knew that once this young man completed the

second test, he would replace him as the key cultivating subject of the Divine Chef Temple.

Once that happened, the Divine Chef Temple would provide the young man a significant amount of resources, and all those things belonging to him would be taken away. He could not let that happen!

Master Cheng's eyes flickered, but he was not in a hurry to strike. He could complete the second test as well, so he waited patiently. Bu Fang was still some distance from success. 'He might fail, and when he does, I'll stand forward and solve the second test. Perhaps I'll get more resources from the Divine Chef Temple!' he thought, fixing his eyes at Bu Fang.

Luo Sanniang glanced at Master Cheng as if she was guessing the old man's thoughts. She did not have a good impression of Master Cheng. This old man took advantage of his seniority and had wasted countless resources in the Divine Chef Temple. He had even used up many source gems.

'It will be great if Bu Fang could replace this old man as the distinguished guest of the Divine Chef Temple. At least it's more comfortable to face a cute young man than an old fool!' she thought. Now, she only hoped that Bu Fang would not let her down.

"Eighteen thousand!" said a Divine Chef in a low, shocked voice.

Nineteen thousand!

Nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety!

Only nine cuts left!

The crowd held its breath and stared fixedly at Bu Fang. No one dared to move. Even Master Cheng narrowed his eyes and dared not breathe too loudly.

The last slash fell gently. The counter over the array finally completed its last jump. With a humming sound, it stopped at nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine.

"Suc... succeed?!"

"Heavens! He's done it!"

"The second test... is solved?!"

The Divine Chefs all looked in a daze at the lean figure standing in front of the black wok. The array flashed as Bu Fang paused the task. With that, the crowd erupted into an uproar, their excited voices instantly flooding the whole place. Luo Sanniang's great bosom heaved as she giggled.

Bu Fang turned around and breathed a long sigh of relief, but his brows were tightly furrowed. The exhaustion of his divine sense was a little overwhelming. The Kitchen Knife of Affliction was comparable to a divine power, and with his mental force, he could probably use it once. It was indeed the legendary knife technique left behind by an ancient Heavengod.

He produced a teapot, which contained steaming tea. A refreshing aroma filled the air in an instant as he took a sip of the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea to recover his mental force.

With the improvement of Bu Fang's cultivation base, the level of everything inside the Heaven and Earth Farmland had increased as well. The grade of the tea was now comparable to that of a divine-grade food ingredient. As it entered his stomach, his divine sense rapidly recovered like dried land absorbing the long-awaited rain.

Luo Sanniang came next to Bu Fang. She was holding a spirit fruit, and she handed it to him. "Mister, this is a Spirit Rejuvenating Fruit, a supreme-grade spirit herb that helps recover divine sense. Please eat it quickly," she said with a smile, looking at Bu Fang with excitement.

A Spirit Rejuvenating Fruit? Bu Fang took the fruit, glanced at her, and took a bite of the greenish fruit. Its juice oozed out as his teeth sank into its skin and flesh, which tasted sweet and fresh. As he chewed, the vast essence in the flesh rushed into his body and combined with the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea, causing his mental force to rotate at great speed. In just a flash, his mental force had fully recovered.

"This fruit is... excellent!" Bu Fang looked at the fruit in wonder. After finishing it, he kept the seed and quietly sent it into the farmland so Niu Hansan could grow it into a tree. He just had to plant a seed today, and he would have an endless supply of Spirit Rejuvenating Fruits in the future.

"The Divine Chef Temple is lucky to have you, mister. This second test had hindered us for about five years, but as soon as you arrived, you solved it," Luo Sanniang said, winking. "It's a pity that although you have completed the second test, you have spent too much time. Mister has only one hundred breaths left, and I think it's impossible to complete the third test in one hundred breaths."

She then secretly gave Master Cheng a hateful look, who was approaching from a distance. Had it not been for this old fool's interruption, which caused Bu Fang to pause for about ten breaths, he would have a longer time to complete the third test. Perhaps the ten breaths were the key to complete the task!

Master Cheng walked over with a dark face, his eyes fixed on Bu Fang. "I didn't expect that a boy like you would have such a deep understanding of knife techniques! I've underestimated you... It is indeed not easy for a mere Spirit Divine Chef to come this far!" he said coldly.

“But that’s all you can do... In fact, I’ve long come out with the way to solve the second test...”

Before Master Cheng could finish, however, he was cut off by Bu Fang. “Stop talking... You’re disturbing me. I need to think of a way to solve the third test.”

Master Cheng was almost choked by his own words. His eyes went wide as a flush crept up his neck.

“You...”

He was furious. With his bad temper, he could not bear to be humiliated like this.

“That’s enough, Master Cheng. If you wish to watch, stay, but if you try to disturb this young mister, I’ll have no choice but to ask you to leave...” Luo Sanniang said coldly. She had no good impression of this bad-tempered old fool at all.

“Steward Luo, do you really think this boy can complete the third test? Why do you still put your hope in him when he merely completed the second test by a fluke? I can complete the second test too!” Master Cheng glared in anger. As someone who comprehended the Law of Fire, his temper was as hot as fire.

Luo Sanniang’s face froze. Her disgust for this old fool grew stronger, but at the same time, she knew what he said was true. Of the three tests in the first seal, with each more difficult than the last one, the third one was almost impossible to complete. It was wishful thinking for Bu Fang to complete the third test in one hundred breaths.

She sighed and thought she had better not offend Master Cheng too much. After all, the Divine Chef Temple’s higher echelon still attached great importance to him. They thought he was the key person who could break the inheritance seals.

“A fluke?”

Bu Fang glanced at Master Cheng as if he was looking at an idiot. His gaze gave both the Earth Divine Chef and Luo Sanniang pause.

“A real chef never has ‘fluke’ in his dictionary. We only wave our knives when we are confident... Don’t you understand such a simple truth? It is a shame for that word to come out of a chef’s mouth,” Bu Fang said indifferently.

The next moment, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared again, glinting goldenly as it spun in Bu Fang’s hand. Holding it firmly, he walked toward the array, his Vermilion Robe fluttering in the wind.

“Steward Luo, I’m going to solve the third test now. Please send those troublemakers away. He will soon realize that the fluke he mentioned is so... laughable.”

Chapter 1425: Feel Free To Ask Anything

The Divine Chefs turned and rested their eyes on Bu Fang as he walked toward the array, spinning his kitchen knife. They were astounded.

“Is he going to take on the third test?”

“But he just took a brief rest. Why is he in such a hurry? Is he sure he can complete it? Or he just wants to give it a try?”

Luo Sanniang and Master Cheng were staring at him as well.

There was an excited look in Luo Sanniang’s eyes. She could hear an unusual meaning in Bu Fang’s words. ‘Does he mean that he’s very confident of himself and sure that he can solve the third test?’

Master Cheng, however, was contemptuous of that. “You did complete the second test by a fluke. Why can’t I say it? How could you be so arrogant when you are just a Spirit Divine Chef? I can’t wait to see the look on your face after you failed! Hmph!”

After that, he flicked his sleeve and walked upstairs. Luo Sanniang followed. Both of them stood behind the railing and watched from across a distance.

No one dared to disturb Bu Fang. He was the only person who tried to solve the third test so far. Before this, no one had done it, and for a long time to come, he might be the only record bearer.

The food ingredient of the third test was a round grain of rice. It was very plump and glittering like jade, but it was very tiny. The third test was harder than the second test!

“Wow! What’s that?!” exclaimed a Divine Chef.

Attracted by his voice, the people around him turned and followed his eyes. The next moment, the sound of gasps rang out here and there, while everyone was shocked and looked at the two finished products in the distance with horror.

Those were Bu Fang’s work, the white radish and the tofu he had cut. With nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cuts, the radish was carved into a dog. It looked very lifelike. Its tail seemed to wag, and one of its paws was raised as if to tear the sky apart. It did not seem to be carved out with so many cuts.

The crowd could sense the pressure coming from it and even a strange essence of Law it contained. They all rested their eyes on Bu Fang and felt incredulous. If it was not too surprising for them that Bu Fang had completed the tests and broken the record, then the objects he had carved astonished them.

While focusing on the knife technique, he was able to perfectly carve a radish into a work of art. It was a feat that impressed many Divine Chefs. But what really stunned them was the tofu, which he had made nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cuts. Bu Fang had carved it into a peerless beauty, whose lifelike hair waved gracefully when it was placed in the water.

“This... Did he imagine the object he wanted to carve when he was making all those cuts? This level of divine sense is simply... monster-like!”

Luo Sanniang was already struck dumb by the two works of art, especially the beautiful girl. The carved tofu was not broken when it was placed in the water, and its hair, all of which were carved out of the tofu, waved gently. It was like a masterpiece from heaven! She never knew that a chef's knife technique could be so incredible!

However, just as everyone's attention was focused on the carvings, someone else exclaimed. Luo Sanniang and Master Cheng both turned around, and what they saw froze their faces in an instant. They were struck dumb, while the nearby Divine Chefs all kept exclaiming.

The people who saw Bu Fang's movements were stunned by his sequence of actions. In just a few breaths, he had completed the third test. Yes, he had completed the third test!

Looking at the array, which was rumbling and crumbling, Luo Sanniang did not know whether to cry or laugh. What happened just now? Was the third test really so easy?

On the other hand, Master Cheng's face was dark, and he was very regretful. Bu Fang had completed the third test in just a few breaths. What did that mean? It meant the third test was very simple. Perhaps the first two tests were too difficult, so the third one was very easy. However, as he worried that he could not complete it, he did not take up the second test.

As a result, Bu Fang had completed it before him. Had he known that the third test was so easy, he would have chosen to solve the second test earlier!

“Dammit!” Master Cheng was extremely regretful, but it was no use crying over spilled milk.

Easy? Was it really easy? Was the third test really so easy to solve when the first two were so difficult? Perhaps only Bu Fang knew the answer.

The third test required him to carve on the rice grain with the Kitchen Knife of Affliction, and he must make nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cuts. Also, the strength he used in each slash, as well as the gap between cuts, must be identical.

If he were to do all that on a radish, that would be acceptable. But the ingredient was a rice grain... On top of that, he had to use a huge kitchen knife to carve on it. This instantly elevated the difficulty many times.

It might seem that Bu Fang had completed the test in a few breaths, but during this short time, his mental force was extremely stressed, and his divine sense seemed to burn. To others, it was just a few breaths, but he felt as though he had spent several years to complete it. The moment he finished the carving, his divine sense was almost completely drained.

Easy? No, it was not easy at all. Only Bu Fang knew the difficulty. It required an extremely precise control to carve on a rice grain. After all, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife was too large compared to a rice grain.

Bu Fang held the round rice grain between his thumb and forefinger and slowly brought it to his face. As he looked at the carving, the corners of his lips curved upward slightly.

Under the bright light, the rice appeared somewhat translucent, and if one looked carefully, they would see a tiny painting carved around its surface. It looked simple, but it was a beautiful landscape.

Bu Fang loosened his grip. The rice grain immediately flew away and hovered beside the array. At this moment, the inheritance's first layer of seal began to slowly collapse. When the array was finally gone, the second array was revealed, emanating strange power that made Bu Fang take a step back.

The Divine Chefs around him all sucked in their breaths, while Luo Sanniang was so excited that she felt it hard to breathe. Hastily, she produced a jade talisman and sent her divine sense into it. The inheritance's first seal was broken, and she naturally had to inform the Divine Chef Temple's higher echelon. She knew that they would be very happy when they got the news. They had been looking forward to this moment for too long.

Bu Fang took a step back and studied the second array. A few moments later, he shook his head. He had decided not to touch it for the time being because he sensed a crisis in it. Clearly, it was much more difficult to solve than the first array.

As the first array crumbled, bits of bright light drifted out of it and rushed into Bu Fang's body.

"The Kitchen Knife of Affliction!"

The eyes of all the Divine Chefs around him lit up at the same time. Although they could not remember the exact ways of using it, they knew that it was a profound knife technique desired by every Divine Chef. After all, it was a legacy left behind by an ancient Heavengod, who was the supreme existence in this Chaotic Universe. Naturally, such a legacy was very attractive.

A look of greed came over every face, and every Divine Chef looked at Bu Fang as if he was a piece of delicious meat. He was just a Demigod. With so many Gods present, they could beat him within an inch of his life, then force him to give them the knife technique!

Suddenly, Luo Sanniang jumped over the railing and landed beside Bu Fang, glancing around with a pair of sharp eyes as her fearsome divine sense spread. The power of seven different Laws lingered around her, and she gave everyone a warning look with her cold eyes.

“Mister is now the Divine Chef Temple’s important distinguished guest. If you dare to harm him, it will be equivalent to challenging the Divine Chef Temple. You should know the consequence of that!” Luo Sanniang said coldly. Her charm was all gone at this moment, replaced by a murderous look.

The Divine Chefs returned to their senses in an instant. She was right. Although Bu Fang was just a Demigod, after solving the first seal, he had now become the Divine Chef Temple’s distinguished guest. His status was far greater than them, so they could not afford to offend him. Since the person or power behind the Divine Chef Temple could acquire the Heavengod’s inheritance, they must be extremely powerful. Everyone, including Master Cheng, killed off their thoughts of beating Bu Fang.

Luo Sanniang’s attitude toward Bu Fang was respectful, and that made her look totally different from before. There was even a hit of reverence in her eyes.

“Mister, please come with me. I’ve prepared a top guest room for you. Also, feel free to ask anything from me. The Divine Chef Temple will surely fulfill all of mister’s requests... Any requests!”

Her attitude slightly surprised Bu Fang. He gave her a deep look and thought of an idea. ‘If the Divine Chef Temple can help me, it will save me a lot of trouble...’

In the distance, Master Cheng was already burning with jealousy. All these special treatments were supposed to be his. He could imagine that from today on, the Divine Chef Temple, who had once granted him whatever he requested, would probably ignore him completely.

All this was because of this young man! At the thought, Master Cheng’s anger boiled over. He flicked his sleeve, then turned and left the place angrily.

Many Divine Chefs had left as well—they were going to spread the news. After all, many powers in the capital were watching the Divine Chef Temple's every move. How could the inheritance of an ancient Heavengod not attract the attention of others? Perhaps the whole capital would shake when the news was spread.

"You will fulfill any request?" Bu Fang's eyes lit up as he stared at Luo Sanniang.

Luo Sanniang paused, and her face became a little embarrassed. 'Why is this young man looking at me like that? Could it be...' For a moment, she did not know how to answer.

Bu Fang stuck out his tongue and licked his lips, his eyes gleaming. As Luo Sanniang's heart beat faster and faster, he said, "I need you... I need you to find me a store in the capital. Also, I need the invitation to the Beast Appreciating Feast, which will be held by the young master of King Pingyang three days from now."

When she heard Bu Fang's requests, Luo Sanniang's heart seemed to stop, and she could not help but roll her eyes at him.

Chapter 1426: A Luxury Store!

Luo Sanniang rolled her eyes at Bu Fang. 'I was so excited...'

It came as a surprise to her that this young man was unlike other Divine Chefs. Those were all old goats, and they always stared at her whenever she walked past them. She had told him to ask her of anything, and yet he only made two strange requests.

'Why does he need a store in the capital? Is he going to open a restaurant? He's just a Spirit Divine Chef, and if he opens a restaurant, his business won't be good. After all, the few top restaurants in the city are all operated by Earth Divine Chefs...'

Bu Fang had broken the inheritance's first seal, but that was only one seal. He was, after all, only a Spirit Divine Chef. Perhaps he was famous among Divine Chefs, but to the people in the capital, they always chose restaurants based on the level of the Divine Chefs.

In any case, this request was a piece of cake for the Divine Chef Temple. In fact, Luo Sanniang could already find a store with an excellent location in the capital from among her own properties.

Bu Fang's second request was an invitation to the Beast Appreciating Feast, which would be hosted by the young master of King Pingyang. She had heard about it before.

The young master was famous in the city. Although he was just a Demigod, as the son of a king, his talents were amazing, and he was strong enough to fight a God.

Since this young master was going to host a feast, she naturally paid a little attention to it. She heard someone say that he was going to show his guests an ancient spirit beast called the Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python.

‘Is this young man interested in strange beasts?’ Luo Sanniang looked at Bu Fang suspiciously. Of course, she was not too concerned by these requests. They were nothing when compared to the request she thought he would ask her.

It had been a long time since she met such a reasonable Divine Chef, so Luo Sanniang’s eyes grew gentler as she stared at Bu Fang. She found that he was so much pleasing to the eyes when compared to that old fool. If it were that old fool who broke the first seal, he would have demanded an exorbitant price now!

Luo Sanniang led Bu Fang out of the building that housed the inheritance and returned to the distinguished guest towers. She had prepared him a brand-new residence, one that fitted his status. The room was luxuriously furnished with various divine materials, making its price beyond the imagination of ordinary people.

Bu Fang stepped into the room. Solving the third test had exhausted his divine sense, so he did not talk much with Luo Sanniang. He did not even let her enter his room but closed the door straightaway.

The cold-shoulder treatment made Luo Sanniang roll her eyes. “What an interesting green boy...” She murmured with a smile, then turned and walked away, twisting her slender waist. She needed to inform what had happened to the higher echelon, who could not wait to learn more about the solving of the first seal.

Inside the room, Bu Fang sat cross-legged on the luxurious soft bed, his face expressionless. His spirit sank into his body and came to his spirit sea, hovering in midair. Below him, the whirlpools spun slowly, restoring his divine sense. He looked up and saw the true-form of the divine sense sitting over the God of Cooking’s Menu, with streams of golden energy swirling around it.

The four Artifact Spirits smiled and greeted him. He nodded, then fixed his eyes on a golden kitchen knife hovering over the God of Cooking’s Menu. Covered in mysterious patterns, it represented the knife technique Bu Fang had just comprehended, the Kitchen Knife of Affliction.

It was floating around his divine sense, absorbing its newly born power. Bu Fang could feel that the power of his divine sense was strengthened as the knife kept absorbing it. Besides, the golden kitchen knife contained extremely terrible power, which frightened even him.

He calmed himself down and began to continue comprehending the Kitchen Knife of Affliction.

...

Three days passed quickly. The news that someone had broken the first seal of the ancient Heavengod's inheritance in the Divine Chef Temple had spread across the whole capital. Even God Kings were helpless in the face of the seal, and yet someone had actually broken it. However, the people in the capital were only slightly surprised when they heard it.

After all, only the first seal was broken, and no one knew how long it would take to break all the seals. It might be ten years, a hundred years, or even ten thousand years. Therefore, the news only caused a tiny wave in the vast city.

There was a sharp knock on the door to Bu Fang's luxurious room. He opened it. Standing outside was Luo Sanniang, who was clad in a bright red evening gown. She wore a gentle look on her beautiful face, and her red lips pursed slightly, looking very seductive.

"I haven't seen you for three days, mister. Have you taken enough rest?" Luo Sanniang said as she stepped into the room. It was neat and tidy inside. Clearly, Bu Fang had not carried out any other activities during these three days. She was quite surprised by that, if truth be told. 'This young man is so prudent...'

"Are all my requests ready?" Bu Fang looked expectantly at Luo Sanniang.

"You look so desperate... A watched pot never boils. If you want to rise in the capital, you must be calm. This is the first rule of survival this sister teaches you." Luo Sanniang winked at him.

With that seductive gaze alone, other men would have pushed her to the bed. But a pity that she was flirting with Bu Fang.

"This sister has found the store you want. I'll take you there later. As for the invitation... It is not easy to get, to be honest. The people in the capital are very curious about the Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python," she said, resting her hands on her hips. Then, she waved her hand, produced two shining invitation cards, and handed one to Bu Fang.

Bu Fang ignored the change in the way she addressed herself. His eyes lit up as soon as he took the invitation. The card featured a dazzling image of a roaring serpent, which was quite eye-catching.

‘Whether the Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python is Flowery or not will be clear tonight. It had better not be her, otherwise...’ Bu Fang breathed a long sigh, and his eyes grew sharper.

Luo Sanniang felt a little strange when she saw the look in his eyes, but she did not think too much. It never occurred to her that a mere Demigod would dare to cause trouble in a king’s residence.

In the Xiayi Divine Dynasty, the power of kings was slightly weaker than that of the court, but their residences were always guarded by Perfected Gods. Even the court would not dare to offend a king easily. Besides, every king was a God King, a mighty existence revered by the people and the pillar of the Divine Dynasty.

“Let’s go. It’s uncomfortable to be confined in the room. This sister will bring you to your store now,” Luo Sanniang said, smiling, then turned and walked out of the door.

Bu Fang collected himself, put away the invitation card, and followed her with his hands clasped behind his back. The store was also very important. The System’s temporary task required him to open a restaurant in the Divine Dynasty’s capital.

He closed the door, took the room key, and followed after Luo Sanniang.

As they walked along the main street between the distinguished guest towers, many Divine Chefs pointed at Bu Fang and whispered to each other. They were respectful to him. Although he was just a Spirit Divine Chef, no one dared to underestimate him. After all, he had broken the seal that many Earth Divine Chefs had failed to solve, and that told them about his ability.

Of course, he received a cold gaze as well, which came from Master Cheng. The old man was leaning on the railing of a high-storied room, glaring at Bu Fang. His hatred for this young man, who had beaten him and even took away all the resources that were supposed to be his, went deep into his bones. If he had a chance, he would surely kill Bu Fang by fair or foul means.

Of course, he could not let the Divine Chef Temple know that, or that would be the end of his life. The temple was very powerful.

Behind him, a Divine Chef friend with an invitation card in hand smiled and said, “Cheng, that boy is going to the Beast Appreciating Feat tonight. You can find a chance and...” The friend did not finish his words. Instead, he raised a hand and made a slicing gesture across his neck.

“But that woman Luo Sanniang is with him. You will need to be careful... You cannot withstand the wrath of the Divine Chef Temple.”

"I know... I've paid a lot of money to one of her suitors... Hehe... That woman has many suitors, and they all are willing to help us."

Master Cheng grinned with jealousy flickering in his eyes. Looking at Luo Sanniang's twisting waist, he took a deep breath. "A pity that this woman works for the Divine Chef Temple. Otherwise, I would have..."

...

Bu Fang followed after Luo Sanniang. They left the distinguished guest towers and came to the main lobby. The blond girl who received Bu Fang saw them at a glance, and a look of surprise filled her eyes in an instant.

Luo Sanniang smiled and nodded at her, then led Bu Fang out of the Divine Chef Temple and came to a small warship docked outside the main door. It was about the same size as Nethery's Netherworld Ship. She jumped and landed on it, then reached out a hand to pull Bu Fang up.

Bu Fang looked at her as if she was an idiot. He was a Demigod. Why would he need a woman to pull him up the ship? How laughable. He kicked the ground, leaped gracefully into the air, and landed on the deck.

Luo Sanniang gave Bu Fang a sulky look. 'What a silly young man,' she thought as she pressed her fair hand on the ship. A humming sound could be heard, and then it swelled into a rumble. The next moment, the ship turned into a stream of light and sped into the distance.

Luo Sanniang invited Bu Fang into the cabin. It was actually much more luxurious than Bu Fang's room. He gave her a surprised look, for he never expected that she was so rich.

'The people of the Divine Chef Temple are so... rich.'

He had learned from the chariot driver that small warships were the primary means of transport in the capital. A warship was not cheap. The chief bandit of the Misty Mountain had spent all his fortune to purchase one, and yet it was a shabby one. If Luo Sanniang's warship was a luxury car, then the bandit's warship was a tiny electric scooter.

After a long time, the warship stopped. Luo Sanniang signaled that they had arrived at their destination, then took Bu Fang out of the cabin.

As soon as they stepped out of the warship, Bu Fang's pupils constricted slightly. He looked up. All around him were tall buildings thrusting into the sky like spears. The whole sky was blotted out by them. Between the buildings, countless warships flew back and forth, flashing dazzlingly.

With a gentle smile on her face, Luo Sanniang pointed a finger at the topmost floor of a skyscraper and said, "That's the store this sister has found you. The rental is ten thousand source stones per month. Are you satisfied?"

Chapter 1427: The Beast Appreciating Feast Begins!

'Ten thousand source stones per month...' Bu Fang looked at the top story of the grand building in the distance, his face expressionless. 'So that's the store she found for me?'

"Are you happy with it? This is the best location for a restaurant except for those run by the few Earth Divine Chefs," Luo Sanniang said with a triumphant look on her beautiful face. "Do you see that building? That's my property... so don't worry, I'll waive your rental. Think of it as a reward for breaking the first seal."

Compared with Bu Fang's achievement, the rental of ten thousand source stones a month was nothing. Of course, the amount was also too little to bother her.

"Your property...?" The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched. He knew Luo Sanniang was rich, but he didn't expect she was this rich.

"What do you expect? Well, this building and a dozen houses in residential areas are all the properties I have," she said in a regretful voice.

Bu Fang did not feel like talking to her anymore.

Luo Sanniang led Bu Fang toward the skyscraper and walked into its ground floor. It had a variety of shops and was bustling with activities inside, with people coming and going. She took him to an array and stepped on it. The array flashed, and in the blink of an eye, they were already at the top floor, which was also the store she had prepared for Bu Fang.

Its built-up area was not large, but it was more than enough to open a restaurant. Located on the top story of the building, the store's walls were made of transparent crystals, so one could see through the walls at the scenery outside. Half of the capital was within view, riddled with all kinds of strange buildings.

Bu Fang finally understood why the rental was so expensive, and he thought it was reasonable. He was very satisfied with the location. A restaurant on the topmost floor of a skyscraper should attract many customers. If he were to find a store himself, he would not be able to find one that was so excellently located.

‘Attention, Host. The location of the new restaurant is targeted. The renovation will now begin, and the whole process will take two days,’ the System’s serious voice rang in Bu Fang’s head.

At this moment, a strange energy fluctuation spread from his body. Luo Sanniang, standing beside him, glanced suspiciously at him, as she seemed to sense an unusual power from him.

“Alright. Let’s go...” Bu Fang said to Luo Sanniang.

“That’s it? Don’t we need to discuss the renovation?” When she prepared the store, she had thought of many renovating plans. However, Bu Fang did not even touch the topic. That was out of her expectation.

“I’ll handle the renovation myself. There’s no need to trouble Steward Luo,” Bu Fang said, nodding.

Since Bu Fang had his own plan, Luo Sanniang thought that was better, for she could save her time. “Well, if that’s the case, let’s go to King Pingyang’s mansion now. The Beast Appreciating Feast is about to begin.” She was very interested in the feast.

When Bu Fang heard that, his eyes lit up instantly, and he nodded with a serious face.

Luo Sanniang was slightly taken aback by the change in his aura, and she found that his attitude was a bit strange. ‘Is he going to cause trouble in King Pingyang’s mansion?’ she thought to herself.

They boarded the warship again, which then rumbled and sped through the capital at great speed.

King Pingyang’s mansion was located in another district of the capital. The place had no high-rise buildings but low, luxurious mansions with independent gardens, red brick walls, and golden roof tiles.

Luo Sanniang’s warship flew at high speed, and soon, it came to a halt. Not that they had arrived, but they were stopped by someone. She and Bu Fang came out of the ship. In front of them was a group of armored guards with mighty auras, and their leader was a God. Bu Fang’s eyes stung just by looking at him.

“Please show me your invitation if you wish to enter the mansion,” said the leader in a serious voice. He did not slack off in his duty even when he was facing Luo Sanniang’s seductive appearance.

Luo Sanniang knew these guards were just doing their job, so she did not mind their attitude at all. She produced the invitation cards and handed them to him. The guard

looked at the cards, glanced at her and Bu Fang, then his tensed face broke into a smile.

“Welcome, Steward Luo of the Divine Chef Temple. Our young master is expecting you inside. Please come in,” the guard said, stepping to the side and making a welcoming gesture.

Luo Sanniang nodded, put her arm around Bu Fang's, and led him toward the mansion.

The atmosphere changed when they stepped into the mansion. Bu Fang could feel a strange energy in the air. It came from an array, he knew, and it was so powerful that it made his heart race a little faster.

“King Pingyang's mansion is not an ordinary place. It is where the kinsmen of the emperor live, and King Pingyang himself is a God King of the generation who holds sway of the Divine Dynasty...” Luo Sanniang leaned over and whispered in Bu Fang's ear.

Bu Fang frowned and nodded.

“You were not qualified to enter here, but for the sake that you have broken the first seal, the higher echelon of the Divine Chef Temple agreed to let me bring you here. After all, I've promised to fulfill all your requests... But you must promise me that you won't cause trouble in King Pingyang's mansion. Otherwise, even I can't protect you.” Luo Sanniang was very serious.

Bu Fang did not say anything, and his attitude made Luo Sanniang feel a little nervous. ‘Don't tell me this young man is really going to cause trouble?’

In the distance, a man glanced with a dark face at Luo Sanniang, who was holding Bu Fang's arm.

“Lord Zhao, I didn't lie to you, did I? Look how close Steward Luo is with that boy and where she places her arm? This is so indecent,” Master Cheng said, smiling and holding a cup of wine. He glanced at the handsome man standing beside him as great joy filled his heart. ‘Let's see how you are going to escape death this time, boy!’

This Lord Zhao was the heir of the Zhao Family, which was an aristocratic family of the Divine Dynasty. As an heir, he possessed formidable innate talents, and he was the key cultivating target of the family. On top of that, he was comprehending one of the supreme Laws of the Universe. He could easily kill a Spirit Divine Chef with a pinch of his fingers.

Lord Zhao gave Master Cheng a sideways glance and snorted coldly. Then, holding his wine cup, he stepped out from the shade in the garden and walked toward Luo Sanniang and Bu Fang.

“Luo Luo...” he called softly with a gentle smile on his face.

Luo Sanniang turned her head doubtfully, and her expression changed slightly when she saw Lord Zhao. She did not expect him to be here as well. However, when she saw Master Cheng, who was standing behind him, she realized that this old fool was the culprit.

“What a coincidence. Are you interested in that Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python too?” Lord Zhao said gently. He tried his best to behave like a gentleman in front of Luo Sanniang.

Bu Fang glanced at him with a straight face.

“Seven-colored Sky Devouring Pythons are ancient spirit beasts, but from what I heard, the one young master caught this time has not fully evolved yet. It’s only a five-colored python... At most, it’s as strong as a Demigod.

“It would be great if it’s a top-grade Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python...

“Luo Luo, if you like it, I can buy this python from young master and give it to you. You know how I feel about you.”

Lord Zhao looked at Luo Sanniang with such tenderness that it made Bu Fang’s skin creep.

“Zhao Wuhen, don’t waste your time. You’d better work harder to comprehend the supreme Law of the Universe and become a God, lest the head of the Zhao Family complains about your laziness.” Luo Sanniang rolled her eyes. Her attitude toward this Lord Zhao was not warm at all.

Although he had been lectured, Zhao Wuhen still kept a gentle smile on his face. He turned to Bu Fang, and his eyes grew slightly sharper. “Well, who is this brother?” he asked, narrowing his eyes. A burst of fearsome pressure spread from him. He was just a Demigod, but since he was comprehending the supreme Law of the Universe, the pressure was very powerful.

“He is a distinguished guest of the Divine Chef Temple, and he has nothing to do with you,” Luo Sanniang said hastily before Bu Fang could speak. After that, she took the latter’s hand and walked away.

Zhao Wuhen’s face grew dark in an instant. He could tell that Luo Sanniang was protecting Bu Fang. That filled him with jealousy, and he felt as though his chest was about to explode.

“Master Cheng... I agree with your request. No matter who this boy is, since he dares to get his hands on Luo Luo, he must die,” Zhao Wuhen said lightly. As his voice faded, the cup in his hand cracked.

A smile brushed Master Cheng’s lips, and he finished the wine in his cup in one gulp. ‘You’re dead now, boy! I’m going to make you cough out everything you’ve taken away from me! How dare a mere Demigod fight with me?!’

...

The world gradually turned to dusk, and soon, it was dark. Stars flickered in the sky as melodious music filled the air. Noble guests arrived in succession, greeting and chatting with each other, while a terrible aura lingered in the garden.

Suddenly, a beam of light fell, and the crowd parted to make a path. Before long, a figure could be seen slowly walking over from the mansion. He wore a brocade robe and a golden crown. His face was kind, but his eyes were extremely sharp, making him look like a savage monster lurking in a corner.

Everyone greeted the man respectfully. Even Luo Sanniang bowed slightly when he walked past.

“He’s the young master of King Pingyang. As one of the few geniuses in the capital, he’s comprehending the supreme Law of the Universe, the Law of Destruction. He’s only a Demigod, but because he’s also comprehending the Law of Sword, his fighting strength is not weaker than that of an average low-grade God,” Luo Sanniang whispered in Bu Fang’s ear.

In fact, she still had no idea what Law was Bu Fang comprehending. She was a little bit curious about that. She looked at his face and found that he was very calm after listening to her introduction.

The young master walked slowly to the middle of the crowd and gave a speech. When he had finished, the people around him cheered and applauded. Then, he took a step back and clapped his hands.

“The Beast Appreciating Feast will begin now... Let us enjoy delicious food while appreciating the divine beast. I hope you all have a good time!”

The crowd cheered again while Bu Fang focused his eyes. It was about to begin. ‘Is this Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python Flowery?’ He took a deep breath.

As the young master’s clap died, a rumbling sound rang out from the mansion. A ten-foot-tall dark iron cage was brought out, carried by four Demigods on their shoulders. It was very heavy, for the ground shook with every step they took.

Inside the cage was a huge five-colored python, slamming at the iron bars and filling the air with a rumbling sound. All the people present exclaimed when they saw it.

Luo Sanniang also watched with relish. Suddenly, she felt Bu Fang's aura change.

Chapter 1428: Ah, You Are So Strong!

Shocked, the crowd erupted into an uproar.

Seven-colored Sky Devouring Pythons were a kind of mystical beast like Divine Dragons, and they were extremely rare nowadays. It was the first time many of the people present had ever seen such a spirit beast. The main reason was that their survival rate was too low when compared to other mythical beasts, such as Divine Dragons and Phoenixes.

It was also why the young master of King Pingyang held the Beast Appreciating Feasts when he caught one.

Bang, bang, bang!

The cage was ten meters high. Each of its iron bars was cold and black, emanating a sealing force that made one's heart tremble. The python was trapped inside, slamming at the bars. But no matter how hard it tried, it could not break the confinement. Instead, its body was covered with scratches from all the attempts.

It hissed, its voice filled with monstrous fury, and there were tears in its eyes. Apparently, being treated as a pet made this huge python feel extremely sad, angry, and ashamed.

"I've never seen a beast so beautiful! It truly is worthy to be an ancient mystical beast!"

"Yes, very pretty indeed, especially those scales. The scales of a mythical beast are precious. How I wish I could have some of them."

"A dress made with those scales will certainly be very gorgeous!"

The people were chuckling, their voices unpleasant to the ear.

The young master smiled faintly. "This Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python is captured by some hunters in the wilderness. Don't be deceived by its Demigod cultivation base. The few hunters are all low-grade Gods, and yet they were nearly killed by it."

He clasped his hands behind his back as if he was admiring his most beautiful private possession.

“I had thought of training it. Unfortunately, an ancient mystical beast like this is wild, and it will require a lot of effort to train. I’m about to break through to the God Realm, so I don’t have time to do that. That’s why I held this Beast Appreciating Feast in advance,” said the young master.

The people around him burst into envious exclamations.

“Has young master’s comprehension of the Law of Destruction reached perfection?”

“That’s a piece of news worth celebrating! Young master is going to break through the God Realm! As someone who comprehended the supreme Law of the Universe, young master will certainly become a God King in the future, just like King Pingyang!”

“Congratulations, young master!”

The crowd hurriedly uttered words of compliments, and every face looked envious. It was a major event when a Demigod comprehending the supreme Law of the Universe broke through to the God Realm!

“Let’s put these aside for now. Today’s star is my Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python, so enjoy it... Also, the feast meticulously prepared by the Earth Divine Chef of King Pingyang’s mansion is about ready. I hope you all have a good time!”

The young master laughed. Apparently, the crowd’s compliments made him very happy. It was not hard to tell that he was very proud of himself since he was able to host an extravagant event like this.

Bang!

The Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python slammed at the iron bars again, causing the whole cage to shake, and then it opened its mouth and hissed.

The people around it laughed. The young master walked up, placed a hand on one of the bars, and said, “You just have to be a quiet and beautiful python.” He smiled faintly. The next moment, his eyes lit up. A burst of divine pressure erupted from him, and Runes of Law emerged and wheeled around his figure.

The Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python gave a whine in an instant as its body fell and smashed onto the floor inside the cage. It was as if an invisible chain had bound it.

Luo Sanniang furrowed her brows slightly. She was a little uncomfortable with the young master’s action. Suddenly, she heard a clicking sound. Narrowing her eyes, she turned her head and saw Bu Fang clench his palms into fists and was staring coldly at the

young master in the distance. The look in his eyes made her heart skip a beat. 'This young man isn't really going to make a scene, is he?'

"I need to leave here for a while," Bu Fang glanced at her and said with a straight face. After that, he turned and walked away. Luo Sanniang opened her mouth and wanted to say something, but she could not get the words out.

The Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python, lying inside the dark iron cage, was weeping. Suddenly, its eyes moved, glanced in a certain direction, froze, and gleamed brightly.

The young master frowned. His divine sense was enveloping the cage at all times, so the change in the python's emotion naturally could not escape him. He followed its eyes, but he only found a seductive woman there.

"Luo Sanniang?" He paused, then smiled gently and nodded at her.

Luo Sanniang smiled back at him and bowed. Deep inside her, however, she was utterly shocked. She knew the python was not looking at her but Bu Fang, who had just left. 'Does this python know... him?'

Suddenly, she sucked in a cold breath. She finally realized why Bu Fang asked her for an invitation to the Beast Appreciating Feast. It turned out that he knew this python! That also meant that he was likely to strike. After all, they were friends, and he naturally would not stand idly by.

For a moment, Luo Sanniang was somewhat bewildered. 'Dammit! Something big is about to happen!'

...

Bu Fang turned around and left the crowd. Frowning, he tried to think of a way to save the Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python, who was also Flowery. Yes, the moment he saw the python, he knew it was her. He would never get her aura wrong. Flowery was his friend, and Bu Fang could not bear to see his friend suffer.

If Luo Sanniang had not told him about the dangers of King Pingyang's mansion, he might have acted on the spot. According to her, King Pingyang was a God King, and the mansion was guarded by several Perfected Gods. It was a force that Bu Fang could not shake today. So if he wished to rescue Flowery, he had to think of a plan. He would certainly save her, but the problem was how to do that.

He was walking in the garden, frowning, when suddenly a dangerous aura approached him. Bu Fang's pupils constricted. His Vermilion Robe fluttered, and his body moved sideways for hundreds of meters in a flash. The next moment, the place where he had stood gradually twisted and then burst apart like a bubble.

“Oh? I can’t believe you managed to dodge it...” A surprised voice rang out as Zhao Wuhen slowly walked out from a dark corner with the Power of Law swirling around his palm. It was a fearsome Law. Although it was not as strong as the supreme Law, its power was extremely terrible.

“It’s the Law of Devour that I am comprehending. Although it’s not as strong as the supreme Laws of the Universe, it’s considered the strongest Law under them!” Zhao Wuhen said with a faint smile as if he wanted to let Bu Fang die knowing the reason.

“To be honest, I don’t want to kill you, but your presence threatens my standing in Luo Luo’s eyes,” he said, toying the Power of Law in his hand.

Bu Fang looked at Zhao Wuhen and was lost in thought. The next moment, the corners of his mouth curved upward slightly.

“Don’t you know what is your standing in her eyes?” Bu Fang said indifferently.

As his voice rang out, it instantly ignited Zhao Wuhen’s anger, causing him to explode like a powder keg. “Pipe down! Did I let you talk?!” he growled and waved his hand.

In the blink of an eye, the place where Bu Fang stood began to twist again, but he had already jumped to somewhere else.

“With your black temper, it would be a miracle if Steward Luo falls for you... It’s fine to have confidence, but you should have a clear understanding of yourself.” Bu Fang shook his head, and the corners of his mouth twitched slightly. The expression and his attitude of a winner further provoked Zhao Wuhen.

“Are you trying to buy yourself some time so Luo Luo can come and save you? Stop dreaming... She will not come,” Zhao Wuhen suddenly calmed down and said with a smile.

Amid the crowd, Luo Sanniang’s hand was grabbed by a beautiful lady, and they were talking and laughing. Master Cheng was staring at her from a distance with an amused smile. He turned around and looked into the distance, where an array had concealed the ripples of the battle, so the guards were not alerted.

In fact, Zhao Wuhen and the young master of King Pingyang were on good terms. So even if he was discovered, nothing would happen to him. He was just trying to kill a Demigod from an ordinary great world, which was not a big deal at all. The young master would not blame him for such a tiny thing.

The ground kept twisting, while the void burst apart like bubbles. The power of the Law of Devour was quite terrible. Zhao Wuhen fixed his eyes at Bu Fang like a cat who was toying with a mouse. He had sealed the void, so there was no way Bu Fang could escape.

Zhao Wuhen was the heir of an aristocratic family. Except for those talented Demigods, who were comprehending the supreme Laws like the princes and the young master, he was not afraid of any other Demigods.

Although everyone said that he was not attending to his proper duties, and the head of the Zhao Family also hated him for his lack of effort, he thought he was good enough with his talents. Besides, why should he waste his time cultivating when he was supported by the Zhao Family?

Rumble!

The power of the Law of Devour gathered in front of him and turned into a spear. With its tip pointing at Bu Fang, it sped forward in a flash.

Bu Fang focused his eyes and shook his hand. The Divine flame emerged and stopped the twisting spear. It looked as if he had used up all his strength to block the attack.

When Zhao Wuhen saw that, he sneered. "How could Luo Luo possibly fall for a loser like you? I have not even used one-tenth of my strength, and yet you can no longer stop my attack?"

He could not believe that Master Cheng asked him to deal with this kind of loser. It simply soiled his hands.

"Explode!"

At his voice, the twisting spear, which was fighting with the Divine flame, burst apart in an instant, producing a deafening rumble. A terrible explosion devoured the array. For a moment, flames churned and filled the air. A huge mushroom cloud rose into the sky, and fearsome blasts swept out in all directions.

Zhao Wuhen was struck dumb. What happened? When did his twisting spear become so powerful? How could he not know that he had become so strong?

As the explosion spread, the array he had prepared was ripped apart by the flames.

"Ah! You are so strong!" A miserable shout rang out as the flames spread.

The fluctuation of the explosion instantly attracted everyone's attention, while the flames shone as bright as diamonds in the night, drawing many eyes.

Accompanied by a miserable shout, Bu Fang shot backward like a cannonball.

Zhao Wuhen froze. "What is going on?! I haven't made a serious move yet!"

An oppressive rumble rang out, and the fluctuation of the explosion instantly attracted the crowd's attention. Everyone turned and looked over.

Luo Sanniang's face changed. "Zhao Wuhen! How dare you!" She roared, kicked the ground, and shot into the sky. At this moment, the pressure of a mid-grade God exploded out of her body.

"Luo Luo... I..." Zhao Wuhen did not know what to say.

Meanwhile, Bu Fang, flying backward and shrouded in flames, smashed onto the dark iron cage like a cannonball. A cracking sound rang out as the cage, which the Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python had failed to break, broke apart! The python, who lay listlessly on the ground, immediately leaped up and hissed!

The young master's eyes narrowed, while the experts around him sucked in their breaths and exclaimed. Zhao Wuhen's face was blank. He did not know what was going on.

Suddenly, a column of flame thrust into the sky and enveloped the cage in a flash.

The young master's pressure exploded out. "How dare you! The python is trying to escape!"

Chapter 1429: I'm Being Set Up!

Boom!

The dark iron cage burst apart, and broken pieces of iron shot out in all directions. The young master's thunderous cry shocked the crowd.

The next moment, a clattering sound could be heard coming from the distance. Guards were pouring over, stepping over the air as their mighty auras blotted out the sky. The whole void seemed to crumble under the weight of the pressure exuding from them. These were the elites of King Pingyang's mansion. As soon as the explosion broke out, they came at full speed.

The young master's eyes shone like torches, and his terrible aura erupted, twisting the void. The Law of Destruction surged around him, making him look as frightening as an ancient Fiendgod. Standing in midair, his robe fluttered noisily in the wind.

He fixed his eyes on the cage, which was enveloped in flames, then raised a hand and threw out a palm, sealing it as well as the void around it so that the Seven-colored Sky

Devouring Python could not escape. The python was his pet, and he could not allow it to run away.

Zhao Wuhen was confused. He could not believe that his attack had broken the cage. Since it was used by the young master to hold the python captive, the cage must be very strong. Even an average God might not be able to break it, not to mention him.

‘Wait?’ Zhao Wuhen was no fool. He quickly realized what caused this. ‘Dammit! This boy is setting me up!’ His expression changed, and he was so angry that his whole body shivered. ‘He’s borrowing my lord’s hands to kill me! Once the python escapes, I, as the root cause of this, will surely become my lord’s primary target!’

At the thought of that, Zhao Wuhen exploded with rage. He flew into the sky. His aura climbed rapidly, and an energy whirlpool emerged over his head with the Law of Devour spinning inside. “How dare you set me up! Die now!” he growled as monstrous killing intent surged in his eyes. The next moment, he threw out the whirlpool, which sped straight toward Bu Fang.

“How dare you, Zhao Wuhen!” Luo Sanniang shouted angrily, waved her hand, and slapped the whirlpool. The Power of Law burst out from her palm, causing the whirlpool to keep crumbling. Soon, it disappeared completely.

“Luo Luo... Listen to me!” Zhao Wuhen’s face grew dark. He could not let himself bear the blame. If the blame was fixed on him, he would have offended the young master, and that was not a good thing. “It was him, that boy! He tricked me!” he said hastily.

Luo Sanniang sneered. She did not believe him at all. “Zhao Wuhen, although you are good at nothing, I thought you are a responsible man. Now, it seems that... you are rotten to the core. How could you pass the buck!?” she said, her face full of disappointment.

Down below, the people widened their eyes and watched with relish. Everyone knew that Zhao Wuhen was courting Luo Sanniang. Apart from being the steward of the Divine Chef Temple, Luo Sanniang was the beloved daughter of the Luo Family, which was one of the reasons why she had a noble status. The onlookers could hardly bear their laughter when they saw Zhao Wuhen’s constipated face.

“I...” Zhao Wuhen had already cursed Bu Fang a thousand times in his head. It was a trap. He had not even attacked with his true power. He had just casually thrown out a spear, which could achieve nothing if truth be told!

Standing in midair, the young master threw down a palm, scattering all the flames. The crowd burst into an uproar while he flew into a rage. A terrible aura spread and filled the air in an instant.

“What’s going on?! Where’s the python?!” the young master bellowed.

The cage, which had turned into a ruin, was empty. Apart from Bu Fang, sitting on the ground with blood trickling down from the corners of his mouth, there was no one else around it. The Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python was gone.

The scene made the young master furious. He had spent several source gems to get the python. What mattered to him, however, was not the money, but the precious python itself, who was a mythical beast even rarer than Divine Dragons and Phoenixes. The rare mythical beast had disappeared right under his nose. How did that happen? He remembered that he had sealed the void!

He turned and rested his eyes on Bu Fang. 'He's the only person who is likely to have contact with the python. Its disappearance must have something to do with him!' he thought to himself. But then, he could not convince himself that someone would dare to steal the python right under his nose.

The young master descended from the sky, taking one step at a time. An oppressive aura spread and filled the air as he approached Bu Fang, his eyes sharp.

Luo Sanniang's face changed. She was confronting Zhao Wuhen, but she spun, leaped into the air, turned into a stream of light, and landed beside Bu Fang. "Please calm down, my lord! Bu Fang couldn't have stolen the Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python! With so many eyes on him, there's no way he could do that!" she said hurriedly.

"Zhao Wuhen is the culprit! It was his attack that damaged the cage and caused the python to escape!"

Luo Sanniang's status was unusual. Just her title of the Divine Chef Temple's steward alone was enough to make the young master consider twice before acting, not to mention that she was the beloved daughter of the Luo Family. However, the young master was still furious at the python's disappearance.

In the distance, Zhao Wuhen almost coughed out a mouthful of blood. 'Luo Luo... How could you do that to me? You can't push all the blame to me!' At this moment, the young master gave him a cold look, which sent a shock of cold through him. "My lord... I..." he said hastily.

"Shut up! I'll deal with you later!" the young master said coldly. "Listen up, Guards of Pingyang! Search the whole city and bring me back the Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python. Kill anyone who provides it refuge!"

Terrible killing intent burst out of the young master's mouth. The guards in midair bowed, their armor clattering and their auras towering into the sky. The crowd sucked in their breaths, amazed by the young master's fearsome manner. "He's truly the heir of King Pingyang!"

The Beast Appreciating Feast was ruined, so the young master naturally boiled with rage. He would not spare the culprit. After all, he had thrown the feast to show off, and now that it was ruined, it was like a slap in his face. He had to try his best to make himself look good again.

Zhao Wuhen did not dare to make a sound. He shrank to the side and stared with a venomous look on his face at Bu Fang, who was sitting beside the damaged cage. 'It must be him! He must be the one who set the python free!'

In the distance, Master Cheng crushed the jade pot in his hand, his face livid. "This Zhao Wuhen is good for nothing! He can't even kill this boy!"

...

In the face of the young master's mighty aura, Luo Sanniang felt the pressure. 'He's truly a genius comprehending the supreme Law of the Universe. It's hard to imagine the strength of those princes who are comprehending two supreme Laws... Perhaps at the Demigod Realm, they're already strong enough to crush a mid-grade God like me!'

"My lord, Bu Fang is only an ordinary Demigod. How could he destroy the dark iron cage?" Luo Sanniang said hurriedly.

The young master clasped his hands behind his back and released his divine pressure. "Luo Sanniang, I respect you as the steward of the Divine Chef Temple. My advice to you is to stay out of this. Whether he is the one who destroyed the cage or not, he must be the last person who came in touch with the python. He cannot leave here!" he said in a cold voice.

Luo Sanniang's face changed when she heard that. "You cannot keep him here!"

"Oh? Are you denying me? Am I no longer qualified to prevent an ordinary Demigod from leaving my mansion?" The young master's eyes grew colder and colder.

Although Luo Sanniang feared the young master's power, Bu Fang was too important to her. "My lord, I can't agree with your request. Yes, he's just an ordinary Demigod, but..." She paused, took a deep breath, then went on, "But he has just broken the first seal of the inheritance for the Divine Chef Temple! He is very important to us!"

Everyone was shocked upon hearing that. This common-looking Demigod was actually the Divine Chef who solved the first seal?! Even the young master had a look of surprise in his eyes. He glanced at Bu Fang, whose face was expressionless, and thought to himself, 'Never judge a book by its cover... In this case, I really can't make him stay.'

The young master knew very well the price the Divine Chef Temple had paid for the inheritance. For the temple's sake, he could not keep Bu Fang, but he was reluctant to let him go just like that.

A moment later, a guard ripped through the void, came to his side, bowed, and said, "My lord, we have not found any traces of the python within a thousand miles around... We suspect that it's still here!"

The young master nodded. He focused his eyes and rested them on Bu Fang again, while increasing his divine sense to try to make him confess.

But Bu Fang was extremely calm, his face expressionless.

'Is it really not him?' thought the young master. 'An ordinary Demigod is no match for the Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python. He couldn't have stolen it...'

"Hand over all your storage accessories," he said coldly.

Bu Fang frowned, then reluctantly took out a few rings and threw them on the ground.

The young master's powerful divine sense poured over and crushed the rings in a flash. The contents in them emerged immediately, including food ingredients, some Immortal crystals, Nether crystals, source stones, and source gems. They were all ordinary cultivation resources.

The crowd sneered at the sight of these things. In their eyes, Bu Fang was a poor fellow. The value of his possessions was not enough for them to enjoy a meal in a high-class restaurant, so how could someone like this have stolen the python?

The young master's face softened. He looked at Bu Fang, smiled, and said, "I'm sorry. I've lost my cool. When this is over, I'll compensate your losses."

The fact that Bu Fang could help the Divine Chef Temple solve the seal proved that he was very valuable. He was even more precious than Zhao Wuhen. Therefore, the young master thought that he had better not offended this Divine Chef.

He turned his eyes and rested them on Zhao Wuhen, and his face grew indifferent. "You've ruined my Beast Appreciating Feast, Zhao Wuhen. It seems you've become bolder! Guards, put Zhao Wuhen in custody! Also, continue searching the whole city for my python! Bring it back to me, dead or alive!"

The guards answered. A few of them landed beside Zhao Wuhen and put him in chains, causing his expression to change dramatically.

"I'm innocent, my lord! I was being set up! That guy is the culprit! He has deceived all of you! He's not an ordinary Demigod!" Zhao Wuhen was furious. He could not take the

blame. How could he break the array and damage the cage when he did not use much of his power in the attack?

The young master furrowed his brows, but he waved his hand and said, "Take him away! What a good-for-nothing fellow!"

Zhao Wuhen burst into tears. He was really being f*cking set up!

All of a sudden, an old voice rang out, "Please wait a moment, my lord! I can prove that Lord Zhao is not lying! This young man is indeed not an ordinary Demigod!"

Down below, Master Cheng slowly walked forward with a triumphant look in his eyes. He snorted and glanced coldly at Bu Fang. Then, with a shake of his hand, a fireball emerged over his palm. There was an image in it, which showed how Bu Fang had beaten him at the distinguished guest tower.

At the sight of the image, Luo Sanniang's face changed, Bu Fang arched his brow, while the young master narrowed his eyes.

For a moment, the atmosphere became very bizarre.

Chapter 1430: You Are Not Qualified

An ordinary Demigod? Everyone's face became very strange. From what they saw in the image presented by Master Cheng's fire, it was hard to imagine that Bu Fang was just an ordinary Demigod.

In the image, he had suppressed Master Cheng, who was a God. He did not even use the Power of Law. It was more than enough to prove that he was very talented and most likely not weaker than the heirs of those aristocratic families.

When Zhao Wuhen saw that, his eyes went wide in an instant, and he burst into wild laughter. "I said I was being set up! This guy's been pretending! He's deceiving everyone! He is the one who set the python free!" he growled, breaking free of the guards. He finally escaped the blame, and he felt at ease.

Master Cheng had a triumphant look on his face. Although he was beaten like a dog in the image, he did not feel any shame. Instead, his heart was filled with joy, knowing that the image could plunge Bu Fang into a hopeless situation.

Luo Sanniang's face had already turned a little unsightly. It never occurred to her that Master Cheng would expose this at the last moment. 'Does he not want the fig leaf?

How could someone be so shameless? He showed the image of him being beaten, and yet he still appears so proud? I've never seen someone so stupid! A man with such a narrow mind would never accomplish anything big!

She was somewhat helpless. Everything was about to be over, and the young master would let Bu Fang go for the sake of the Divine Chef Temple. In the end, however, they were dragged back into trouble by Master Cheng, who came from the same place as them. It was not exaggerating to say that this fellow was a stupid teammate.

The young master's face was indifferent. The smile on his face had disappeared, and he was now squinting coldly at Luo Sanniang and Bu Fang. "It is not nice at all for you to do that to me, Luo Sanniang. Do you really think that I'm someone you can easily deceive?" The warmth in his voice was gone.

"My lord, please listen to me!" The expression on Luo Sanniang's beautiful face changed slightly. She wanted to say something, but the young master did not give her the chance. The guards had already closed in from all directions and surrounded her and Bu Fang.

Beside the damaged cage, Bu Fang slowly rose to his feet. His expression remained unchanged as he wiped away the bloodstain on his lips. Those were fake blood he had created with his energy. He appeared very calm, showing no signs of panic at the unfavorable situation. He glanced at the young master, then at the experts who were whispering to each other around them. Finally, he rested his eyes on Master Cheng.

"Steward Luo should now feel very sorry for stopping me and not letting me punch you to death," Bu Fang said. His voice did not have the despairing tone like those who were plunged into a hopeless situation.

Master Cheng sneered. "It is a capital crime to deceive the heir of King Pingyang! How could I let a cheater like you get away unpunished?" he said, twisting his bear with his fingers.

In the distance, Zhao Wuhen laughed wildly, his eyes filled with killing intent. "A fraud like you deserves to die! How could you push all the blame to me!" His aura began to surge—he was going to kill Bu Fang.

The young master did not stop him this time.

Bu Fang gave Zhao Wuhen an indifferent look and twitched the corner of his mouth in disdain.

The situation was not what Luo Sanniang wished to see. Bu Fang was too important—his value was worth ten times more than that of Master Cheng. The Divine Chef Temple would not let its only hope die here.

“Luo Sanniang, you don’t have to intercede for him again. Unless the top brass of the Divine Chef Temple comes here in person, no one can save this boy,” said the young master. Then, he signaled the guards to attack.

Biting her red lip, Luo Sanniang flew over and floated beside Bu Fang, trying to help him defend against those guards.

The crowd burst into an uproar. “She’s fighting against the young master for a chef? How bold!”

‘Bu Fang, I’ll hold these guards. Run back to the Divine Chef Temple now. You will be safe there. This young master is powerful, but he won’t dare act wantonly in the Divine Chef Temple. Don’t worry about me. They lack the courage to hurt me,’ Luo Sanniang told Bu Fang through a voice transmission. However, she did not get her reply. That made her a little worried.

Suddenly, Bu Fang reached out a hand and patted her on the shoulder. That gave her pause. She turned around and saw his confident face.

“No hurry,” Bu Fang said to her. Then, he turned to the young master and asked lightly, “You want to take me into custody. May I know why?”

The young master frowned, and a burst of pressure spread from him. “You’ve deceived me and set the Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python free.”

“What evidence does my lord have?” Bu Fang asked again in the same indifferent voice.

The sight of that calm look deepened the young master’s frown. He did not like that at all. It was as though this chef was confident in everything he said and did.

“Why do I need evidence to detain you?” said the young master coldly.

“Oh.” Bu Fang twitched his lips. His attitude further angered the young master.

“My lord, let me teach this boy a lesson for you!” Zhao Wuhen could bear it no longer. He sped over, released his Law of Devour, and threw a palm at Bu Fang’s head. He wanted to kill this chef with one blow. The fury in him was boiling at this moment.

Luo Sanniang shouted and wanted to stop him, but she was blocked by a burly figure. The young master moved like a phantom and suddenly appeared in front of her. Cocking his head slightly and clasping his hands behind his back, he gave her a sideways glance.

“Just stay here and watch.”

Rumble!

The void seemed to crumble under the pressure. Zhao Wuhen was very fast, and his Law of Devour rotated at its maximum speed, causing the void to crack.

“DIE!”

He was really angry this time, and his attack was unlike the previous one. He was confident that the blow would kill Bu Fang.

There were cries of alarm from the people around them. Although Zhao Wuhen was just a Demigod, he was, after all, the heir of an aristocratic family. Moreover, he was comprehending the top Law under the supreme Laws of the Universe, the Law of Devour. That gave him the strength to fight even a God. Yes, he was good for nothing, but he was still very talented and fearsome.

As he approached Bu Fang, the crowd thought that the latter was likely to be killed by this blow. An ordinary Demigod would be instantly killed by Zhao Wuhen. Bu Fang might not be an ordinary Demigod, but he was no match for the heir of an aristocratic family.

Master Cheng’s eyes widened with excitement.

Bu Fang floated up in the air, his Vermilion Robe fluttering noisily in the wind. The next moment, he raised a hand. The Yin and Yang energy swirled around the arm as he threw out a punch.

“GET LOST!”

Accompanied by a thunderous cry, Bu Fang’s punch struck Zhao Wuhen’s palm and smashed the Law of Devour shrouding it. In the blink of an eye, the Law cracked like glass and shattered. A loud boom rang out, and powerful blasts swept out in all directions.

Zhao Wuhen’s eyes went wide as he sensed a mighty force erupt from Bu Fang’s body. ‘Why is his physical strength so strong? Is he comprehending a Law that strengthens his flesh?!’ The next moment, he coughed out a mouthful of blood as the terrible force of the Taotie Arm poured into him and almost ripped him apart.

An oppressive rumble echoed out and filled the air. In everyone’s shocked eyes, Zhao Wuhen was smashed by the punch and thrown to the ground from the sky. The powerful impact cracked the ground and blew a large hole in it.

Those who witnessed this sucked in their breaths and could not believe what they saw. A punch? Bu Fang had defeated the heir of an aristocratic family with just one punch?

Although Zhao Wuhen was a weaker heir among the others, he was, after all, the heir of an aristocratic family!

Even the young master was slightly taken aback. He did not expect this outcome at all. “Interesting...” A faint smile brushed his lips. It was as though he had found something more interesting than the Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python.

“Dammit!” Blood trickled down from the corners of Zhao Wuhen’s mouth, and his eyes gleamed fiercely. He was the heir of an aristocratic family, and yet he was thrown to the ground with a punch by a lowly Demigod? He could not allow himself to swallow this humiliation without paying it back!

“I’m going to break every bone in you!” He had never been so angry. No one had shamed him like this before, not to mention in front of so many people, including the young master and Luo Sanniang. He must avenge himself!

His Law of Devour soared and wheeled rapidly around him. At the same time, his appearance began to change—the Power of Law gathered and transformed him into a savage beast. When the transformation was completed, he opened his mouth and roared.

“The Law of Devour is a top Law...”

“I wonder what Law this chef is comprehending? He relied on his formidable flesh and made Lord Zhao suffer a little. Now that Lord Zhao chooses not to fight him with flesh, I reckon this little chef is going to lose.”

“At the realm of Gods, the Power of Laws is the fundamental of everything...”

The people were talking to each other. Although the Law of Devour was not as strong as the supreme Laws of the Universe, it could still crush ordinary Laws. None of them had seen the little chef’s Law, and they thought that it must be too weak, so he never used it to fight Zhao Wuhen.

The Law of Devour had transformed Zhao Wuhen into a roaring Taotie, who was going to devour everything in the world. Suddenly, the beast leaped out and charged toward Bu Fang. For a moment, a burst of terrible pressure filled the air within a hundred miles around.

“Die!” Zhao Wuhen growled.

In the sky, Bu Fang’s body swayed like a small boat amid the storm as the Law of Devour washed over him. He was very calm, however. Hovering in midair, he slowly raised a hand. A wisp of silver flame quietly emerged in his palm.

“You are not qualified to let me use my Law...” Bu Fang said lightly. Then, he flicked his fingers and shot out the silver flame.

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Chapter 1431: Why Should I Run?

A silver flame?

All eyes rested on the flame thrown out by Bu Fang. It was a wisp of silver flame, shining brilliantly. The moment it appeared, its scorching heat caused the temperature of the whole place to rise significantly. With a flick of his finger, it turned into a stream of light and sped away, and in just a flash, it was in front of Zhao Wuhen, who had transformed into a huge Taotie.

A lot of people present were somewhat struck dumb.

“Did you hear what he said? Lord Zhao is not qualified to let him use his Law!”

“Why is he so arrogant? How is he going to fight Lord Zhao’s Power of Law if he doesn’t use his own Law?”

“He’s too arrogant! He will soon see how foolish he has been!”

Many of the watchers were sneering. Even the young master would not be so bold as to not use his Power of Law when facing Zhao Wuhen. Bu Fang was just a chef from a third-class world, and yet he was so daring. He might want to show off, the crowd thought, but he should learn that not every place was suitable for that.

The flame collided with Zhao Wuhen’s Law of Devour. A rumbling sound filled the air as energy waves spread like ripples, kicking up sand and dust as they swept out in all directions. Under the crushing force of the Law, the silver flame managed to stop the corrosion from the Power of the Law. That surprised the watchers.

“That flame is... unusual.” The young master squinted at the silver flame. It danced and seemed to emanate a unique essence. Suddenly, he gave a soft cry of surprise as he sensed something strange.

He was comprehending the Law of Destruction. The supreme Law of the Universe certainly had its uniqueness, which made his perception much stronger than that of an average Demigod. Under his perception, the Power of Laws hidden in the flame burst forth.

“A flame containing the Power of Laws?! How could there be such a strange flame in the world?”

With a thump, Zhao Wuhen fell hard to the ground, but this time, it was less awkward. Hovering in midair, Bu Fang moved his fingers. The silver flame began to slowly transform. In Zhao Wuhen’s eyes, it grew fainter at a speed visible to the naked eyes before vanishing completely.

“It’s gone?!”

The watchers all cried out in surprise. Could a flame do that? It had indeed disappeared! The heat was gone, and so was the color. It was as if it had hidden its trace from the world of senses. This was a flame unlike any other!

The corners of Bu Fang’s mouth twitched slightly. After devouring three Laws, the Divine flame’s power was extremely fearsome, and its temperature was so high that it could burn even Gods. His fingers moved, and his divine sense spread like threads.

All of a sudden, Zhao Wuhen howled miserably. The temperature around him shot up in a flash and made him feel as if he was standing in a sea of fire, which was about to burn him to death. His skin began to flush, and even the Power of Law around him seemed to melt in the scorching heat of the flame.

A flame that could turn invisible? Everyone felt chills run down their backs. They could not believe what they had just seen.

The young master smiled as he watched with interest. ‘No wonder he could solve the seal of that inheritance the Divine Chef Temple found. It looks like this young man does have some tricks up his sleeve. Without using the Power of Law, he is already suppressing Zhao Wuhen. I wonder what Law he is comprehending?’

A rumbling sound filled the air as Bu Fang fell like a meteorite and landed hard on the ground, causing it to tremble. Zhao Wuhen, whose body was all red from the heat, was growling in front of him. Suddenly, he reached out his Taotie Arm, grabbed Zhao Wuhen by the neck, and pushed him down hard on the ground.

Boom!

The ground burst into a huge crater instantly, filled with smoke and dust. The Law of Devour that surrounded Zhao Wuhen faded away as he lay at the bottom of the crater like a dead dog. With just one blow, he was defeated.

He refused to give up, however, and he struggled to his feet under Bu Fang's suppressive pressure. However, he had just stood up when Bu Fang grabbed his head and threw him back to the ground again. In the end, he chose to stop struggling.

The heir of an aristocratic family was defeated by a little-known Demigod. What did that mean? It meant that this young man also possessed mighty talents comparable to those famous heirs and princes in the capital. An expert like this would have a bright future.

Luo Sanniang did not seem to expect Bu Fang could do that either. He had defeated Zhao Wuhen without even using the Power of Law. Meanwhile, Master Cheng was utterly dumbstruck. It was as if something was stuck in his throat, which made him feel extremely uncomfortable.

'This Zhao Wuhen is really... good for nothing!'

The fact that Bu Fang had defeated Zhao Wuhen surprised everyone including the young master. However, instead of flying into a rage, the young master smiled and clapped his hands. "Not bad, not bad at all... Since you could solve the seal of the Divine Chef Temple's inheritance, you are indeed not an ordinary Demigod, and you have proved yourself to be a formidable expert by defeating Zhao Wuhen."

He was smiling when he said that, but his eyes grew sharper and sharper.

"In that case, I'll give you a chance. If you can run away from three of my guards, I'll forget about what happened, whether you are the one who let the Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python go or not."

Luo Sanniang's expression changed dramatically when she heard that. 'Run away from three of his guards? How is that possible?'

Those guards were all elites, and their strength had reached the level of a low-grade God. However, they were not ordinary low-grade Gods. Each of them had comprehended at least three Laws, which gave them extremely fearsome strength. It was obvious the young master had no intention of letting Bu Fang run away when he said that.

"My lord, Bu Fang is the Divine Chef Temple's distinguished guest..." Luo Sanniang tried to intercede for Bu Fang again, but she was mercilessly cut off by the young master.

"I've already given him a chance. Let's see if he can take it!" After that, he flicked his sleeve and ignored Luo Sanniang.

Rumble!

Terrible auras exploded out, and the void seemed to distort under them. The next moment, three guards clad in dark iron armor approached, stepping over the air.

They were the elites of King Pingyang's mansion. Their status was extremely noble because they were not ordinary Gods—they were soldiers under King Pingyang and had once attacked the other Divine Dynasties for the Xiayi Divine Dynasty.

They were the elites among elites, seasoned veterans. When the three of them joined forces, they could intercept even a mid-grade God. There was no way that a mere Demigod could run away from them. And if they were to fight head-on, even the young master would suffer losses.

With spears in hands, the three guards fixed their sharp eyes at Bu Fang and roared. Then, their Power of Laws exploded out, while a burst of mighty divine pressure swept out and poured toward Bu Fang.

Bu Fang loosened his grip. Zhao Wuhen's body immediately fell to the ground with a thud. His expression remained unchanged when he heard the young master's words. 'If I can run away from three of his guards, he will forget about what happened? I just need to run away?'

A shrill whistle rang out, and the void cracked as the three guards sped over with towering killing intent. They were elite soldiers, so as soon as they struck, heaps of corpses and a sea of blood emerged around them. That was the scene of a battlefield. A glance at it would drive an ordinary person mad. Even the divine sense of a mid-grade God might not be strong enough to withstand it.

It was clear that the young master had no intention of letting Bu Fang survive when he asked the guards to attack.

The guards thrust their spears at Bu Fang. Once they pierced him, the Power of Law contained in them would completely rip him apart and tear him into pieces.

Luo Sanniang tried to move a few times, but she was held in place by the young master's divine pressure. That made her despair. She suddenly regretted taking Bu Fang to this Beast Appreciating Feast.

The spears moved closer and closer to their target. At the bottom of the crater in the ground, Bu Fang looked up at the approaching three guards, then at their spears that were gleaming coldly.

The watchers thought Bu Fang was scared out of his wits. These elite guards were not on the same level as Zhao Wuhen. It appeared that the young master had given Bu Fang a chance, but in fact, he had already sentenced Bu Fang to death.

The aura emanating from the heaps of corpses and the sea of blood was extremely frightening.

“Run away?” Bu Fang said suddenly.

Everyone, including the young master, paused.

Bu Fang raised his hand, in which a golden kitchen knife appeared and let out a dragon roar. “Why should I run?” The corners of his lips curved upward. The next moment, the Vermilion Robe burst into light, a pair of fiery red wings spread behind his back, and his eyes shone dazzlingly.

‘Three guards who are Gods... Well, they are the perfect opponents for me to try the Kitchen Knife of Affliction. That Zhao Wuhen is too weak. I didn’t even have a chance to take out my knife. These guards... They will serve for now.’

Bu Fang exhaled softly. As he faced the approaching spears, the terrible Power of Law almost drowned him.

Suddenly, the face of the leading guard fell. He sensed the change in Bu Fang’s aura, and for a moment, he seemed to grow taller in their eyes, turning into a giant who stood tens of thousands of meters tall. The golden kitchen knife in his hand dazzled their eyes. Then, it slashed down.

As everyone watched intently, the guards’ spears collided with Bu Fang’s knife. The result, however, was out of everyone’s expectation.

Chapter 1432: Divine Power! Divine Power!

In the Xiayi Divine Dynasty, the status of chefs was not low. This might be due to the emergence of the Divine Chef Temple. However, even without it, chefs were still respected by many.

Chefs could process ingredients and cook them into delicious dishes, giving food special power that enables people who eat them achieve breakthroughs and comprehension. A profession like this was well respected everywhere.

But chefs were never fearsome fighters, and this was an accepted fact. How could a person acquire formidable strength when he spent so much time and effort on cooking? A man’s energy was limited, after all.

Therefore, among the younger generation of the Xiayi Divine Dynasty, none of the geniuses was a chef. Now, however, the young man who exhibited extraordinary fighting strength in front of everyone was actually a chef.

The young master's pupils constricted as he stared at Bu Fang in disbelief. Not only him, but all the people were stunned, terrified by the scene playing out before their eyes. Like the most horrible scene in the world, it filled their hearts with disbelief.

Each of King Pingyang's soldiers was very strong, and the combined strength of three soldiers was enough to fight a mid-grade God. However, what was happening in front of them had completely turned their world upside down.

Instead of running away from the three Gods, Bu Fang chose to attack them. Was he planning to go head-to-head with King Pingyang's three guards? The young master had given him a chance, but it was for him to run away, not to fight back. No one could predict his fate after fighting them head-on, but it was very likely that he would be torn apart by the guards and killed in an instant.

The Power of Laws was surging as if to form a terrible storm that could not be stopped. Many people were moving back. The people present were not weak, and they were all people with noble status in the Divine Dynasty. However, in the face of this clash of Gods, they could not help but retreat. Had they not, they might be inflicted by the lethal energy blasts.

Luo Sanniang's face was pale. 'Instead of running away, he chose to fight them head-on? Is there something wrong with this young man's mind? The young master had given him a chance! Why didn't he take advantage of it?'

Meanwhile, Master Cheng's face was already twisted with madness. He never thought that Bu Fang would make this decision! 'He's courting death! Yes, yes! He's dead!'

The three guards were expressionless. Their duty was to carry out the young master's order. Since the young master had asked them to take down this chef, they would do as they were bid.

Their Laws rumbled as their spears ripped the void, causing the void to tremble and crumble. Their might shocked all the watchers. Although they were just guards, they were no ordinary guards. At the very least, they were much stronger than that Master Cheng. Every God was hard to deal with, and this was an accepted fact.

Suddenly, the guards' pupils constricted slightly, and their hearts trembled. They felt resistance, which prevented their spears from going further. In their eyes, the insignificant chef's strength skyrocketed, reaching a level that they had to look up to. When facing him, they felt as tiny as ants. It was as though this chef was the real God instead of them.

The next moment, the chef made a straight cut with his golden kitchen knife. The void cracked under the sharp edge of the blade, which came with terrible energy that filled the air with a loud rumbling sound. There was no Power of Law. The three guards could not sense any Power of Law on the kitchen knife. However, they felt an indescribable sense of crisis rise from the bottom of their hearts, making their bodies and minds shiver.

One of the guards sucked in a cold breath and cried out, "This is... a divine power!"

In everyone's eyes, Bu Fang's kitchen knife collided with the three spears. The collision of the pure knife energy and the Power of Laws produced a deafening rumble. The Law of Strength, the Law of Tear, the Law of Light, and many other Laws mixed and exploded in a flash.

The void was torn and ripped apart by the explosion, and dreadful turbulence leaked out of it. To everyone's disbelief, the flashing Power of Laws was backing away from the knife energy!

An explosive boom echoed out, and the three guards moved several steps back in midair, filling the air with a loud thud with every step.

"Ugh?! What happened?!" Everyone was shocked and confused, their pupils constricted.

The young master took a deep breath while his clasped hands squeezed tighter and tighter. 'Father's guards are... forced back! Even I can't do this!'

"It's a divine power!" A flush crept up the neck of one of the guards as his eyes widened in disbelief, staring at Bu Fang as if he was a ghost. "How could a Demigod use a divine power?!"

What was a divine power? Only a God who had comprehended the supreme Law of the Universe could use a divine power. It could not be used by an average God, even when this God had comprehended the top Law. And those who had comprehended the ordinary Laws could never touch it unless they had become God Kings.

It appeared that Bu Fang had only slashed out one knife energy, but in a flash, the knife energy turned into nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine knives, cut their Laws into pieces, and forced them to keep moving backward.

Obviously, this chef had mastered a divine power, and it was not an ordinary one!

One of the guards wobbled, then opened his mouth, clutched his chest with a hand, and spewed out a mouthful of blood stained with gold. Hit by the divine power, the energy in him boiled violently and impacted his body, almost causing it to disintegrate.

'This is too horrible! What kind of existence did the young master offend?!'

"What?! King Pingyang's guard... coughed blood!"

"Are they defeated?!"

"Impossible! A Demigod could never defeat three of King Pingyang's guards, unless this Demigod is a genius like the young master!"

The watchers kept exclaiming. They were shocked by Bu Fang's amazing fighting strength. Also, they all heard the words shouted by the guard. A divine power? What divine power? How could a Demigod use a divine power? A look of horror came over everyone's face. No one doubted the guard. After all, only a divine power could crush the Laws.

"A divine power... How could a mere Demigod comprehend a divine power? Even a prince can't do that!" The young master was no longer calm. He clenched his fists tightly, and his face was full of shock.

Luo Sanniang's eyes lit up. "I see!" she said in a soft voice, her red lips parted slightly.

Her voice instantly attracted the attention of all. The people present turned and looked at her. Even the young master was fixing his eyes on her.

"I know what Bu Fang's divine power is! It's from the seal of the ancient Heavengod's inheritance!" Luo Sanniang clenched her fists, her beautiful and charming face covered with a happy smile.

"There's a test in the first seal of the ancient Heavengod's inheritance, and those who completed the test can comprehend a knife technique called the Kitchen Knife of Affliction. It's an amazing knife technique. The Divine Chef Temple had once sent a Perfected God to examine it. The knife technique can turn into a divine power!"

Luo Sanniang was just as shocked inside. She was telling the truth, but the God also said that it would be extremely difficult to turn the knife technique into a divine power. 'Bu Fang is really...talented! The Divine Chef Temple must protect him at all cost!'

Hovering in midair, Bu Fang held the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, his face calm. The Kitchen Knife of Affliction was very strong. Although this was the first time he used it in a fight, he felt his blood boil. When he thrust the knife, the little golden knife in his spirit sea trembled and released a monstrous knife essence, which turned into a divine power. He felt as if he could poke a hole in the sky with the knife.

After coughing blood, the three guards' auras surged, and they clutched their spears tightly again. Their fighting spirit was soaring. As someone who had followed King

Pingyang to war, they refused to allow themselves to be defeated by a mere Demigod, not even when this Demigod could use a divine power.

“You are not a God yet, so you cannot fully utilize the divine power! Whatever happens, you cannot run away from us!” one of the guards roared. Their auras towered into the sky like dragons, surrounded by the Power of Law. The next moment, they sped forward, unleashing their divine abilities. It was the divine ability taught by King Pingyang, which was the absolute killing technique in battlefields.

With the three of them using it at the same time, it was as though ten thousand beasts were galloping across the void, stomping across everything. It was the most primitive killing intent, the pressure from the battlefield.

Columns of murderous aura thrust into the sky across the whole mansion, echoing to the killing intent unleashed by the three guards. They made the three guards’ auras even stronger!

The hearts of all the experts present raced. Even the young master felt a pang of oppression. These were his father’s soldiers, the soldiers who fought for the God King Pingyang! His eyes shone brilliantly, and his heart was filled with awe.

The crowd, including Luo Sanniang, fell silent at this moment.

Bu Fang felt the pressure, and his movements seemed to slow down. In that pressure was an indomitable fearlessness, with a disregard for life and death. There was certain respect in his heart for these soldiers. They used their lives to defend the dynasty, so he felt he had to fight with all his might, too, and perhaps that was the only way to show his true respect for them.

Bu Fang focused his eyes, and his spirit sea began to rumble. The next moment, the true-form of his divine sense, who was sitting cross-legged over the God of Cooking’s Menu, opened its eyes. A humming sound rang out as his powerful divine sense swept out like a storm.

The emergence of his divine sense immediately made it difficult for everyone to breathe. Then, he waved his kitchen knife, which let out a deafening roar.

“The Kitchen Knife of Affliction!”

Bu Fang’s calm voice echoed out, and the little golden knife in his spirit sea kept trembling. The next moment, all the light in the world seemed to fade away, and all that was left was a lean figure, who casually thrust out a kitchen knife.

The sky was filled with knives, and if one were to count them one by one, there were a total of nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine knives. Soon, all the knives

converged and turned into one knife, which collided with the terrible attack unleashed by the three guards.

An explosion erupted instantly, and the air rang to a deafening rumble. A divine ability was inherently weaker than a divine power, but this time, they were equal.

Bu Fang took a few steps back in midair, and his hands holding the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife was trembling.

On the ground, the light from the knife faded away, revealing the three guards. They were gasping for breath with blood running from their noses and mouths. Finally, they dropped to their knees. They were defeated in the end!

Everyone sucked in a cold breath.

The young master's pupils constricted, and as he looked at Bu Fang's expressionless face, a sudden excitement surged in him. 'A divine power is truly amazing!'

A sonorous sword cry rang out. The young master stepped forward as the Law of Destruction surged over his head.

"You are just a Demigod, and yet you have already possessed a divine power... You truly are a man valued by the Divine Chef Temple!" said the young master. "I will not make things too difficult for you today. Fight me! I will let you go no matter what is the outcome of our fight!"

"You have defeated the guards of King Pingyang's mansion without even using your Law. This upsets me more than anything!"

A silver sword was held in the young master's hand. It gave a loud cry, which tore the void. The young master's hair stood up, straight as spears, and each seemed to poke a hole in the void. With the sword in hand, he walked toward Bu Fang, taking one step at a time. His eyes were full of fighting spirit.

Chapter 1433: The Debut of the Law of Transmigration!

"Wouldn't it be a shame if I couldn't force you to reveal your Law?"

The young master held his silver sword and stood in midair. His face was full of excitement, and his fighting spirit was soaring. Bu Fang's strength had completely aroused his fighting spirit.

Among the younger generation of the divine dynasty, the heirs of the aristocratic families were no match for him, and the heirs of the other Kings were mostly cultivating in seclusion to break through to the God Realm. As for the princes, he was no match for them. Therefore, if he wished to have a good fight, he could not find an opponent. And that really bothered him.

But now, he finally met Bu Fang, a chef who was only a Demigod but could use a divine power. His heart was filled with joy as if he had seen the prey he had been searching for. The fact that this chef could resist the full-force attack from three of his father's guards was enough to prove his fearsome strength, and that had won his respect.

That was why the young master was so excited. However, what excited him further was that even though Bu Fang had defeated the three guards, he had not displayed the Law he was comprehending!

'If I can't force him to use his Law and let him go, then it would be a shame to me this time...'

Luo Sanniang's expression changed suddenly. She did not expect that the young master would want to fight Bu Fang himself. In the divine dynasty, all those under one hundred years old were considered the younger generation, and the young master was a top genius among them. Besides, he was an existence who was comprehending the supreme Law of the Universe.

'Bu Fang is most likely no match for an expert like this. Fortunately, this young master is a reasonable man...' Luo Sanniang thought to herself. 'He would not kill Bu Fang. Perhaps he just wants to fight with him. After all, it is hard for a genius of the younger generation to find an opponent of the same realm who can match his strength.'

Luo Sanniang was also curious about the Law Bu Fang was comprehending. 'Judging by his strength, the Law he is comprehending should not be a weak one... It should be a top Law at the very least! If that is the case, his status in the Divine Chef Temple will rise to another level!'

The watchers were bewildered. Many of them did not know whether to cry or laugh, but their hearts were filled with joy. Although the Beast Appreciating Feast had turned into a battle, they thought their attendances were not fruitless, for they could witness the young master fight.

Moreover, they had seen how Bu Fang, a talented Demigod, defeated three Gods with a divine power! It was a feast for their eyes, and it excited them.

Wearing a brocade robe and a golden crown, the young master's aura towered into the sky. He walked across the air while holding a silver sword, and with every step he took, his aura climbed and grew stronger. When he came in front of Bu Fang, his aura had

already reached a very frightening level. Even Luo Sanniang was frightened by his pressure.

Bu Fang clutched at the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and stared indifferently at the young master. The look in his eyes was calm. He shook his hand and exhaled softly. Suddenly, a burst of terrible divine sense spread from him.

The corners of the young master's mouth curved upward slightly. His divine sense poured out as well and collided with Bu Fang's. A soundless fight erupted in an instant. The clash of divine senses was actually full of dangers.

The young master's divine sense was very strong. After all, he was the heir of God King Pingyang, and he had been working hard to catch up with his father's footsteps. That was why he worked hard to be the strongest of the younger generation.

This time, however, he met Bu Fang. Their divine senses were actually equally strong!

"Interesting... This is really interesting!" The young master burst out laughing. Then, he focused his eyes. The Law of Destruction swept out as he thrust his sword and made a straight cut toward Bu Fang.

"I hope you don't disappoint me!" the young master roared, and his sword gleamed. It was a simple sword move, one that he used to probe Bu Fang.

Bu Fang did not use the Kitchen Knife of Affliction. After all, it was a divine power, and it put a great strain on him. Basically, using it twice was already his limit. His body could not withstand further pressure from the divine power.

He chose another strategy to face this sword move. He put away the kitchen knife, then flipped his hand and produced the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. Holding the black wok tightly, he threw it out to meet the young master's attack.

The sword and the wok collided with a thud, and the sword energy rippled out across the air.

The young master's pupils constricted. He could not believe that his attack did not break Bu Fang's black wok. He was comprehending the Law of Destruction, and the Law of Sword was his second Law, which was a top Law just below the supreme Laws of the Universe.

His sword was surrounded by both Laws, and yet it could not break a wok. He realized that Bu Fang's wok was definitely not an ordinary weapon, and its grade was most likely not weaker than his Silverdragon Sword.

That only made things more interesting!

They fought fiercely in the sky. Actually, the young master was the one who kept attacking. Bu Fang was just defending, blocking all the sword moves with the wok. The Black Turtle Constellation Wok was extremely tough, so he was not worried that it would be destroyed by the young master's sword.

That made the scene appear somewhat bizarre, and the expressions on the faces of those present were odd. The battle looked a little strange to them.

As the attacks continued, the young master found that as well, and he could not help flying into a rage. The Law of Destruction surged around him, and a burst of terrible pressure spread from him. The next moment, his silver sword shot into the sky, transformed into a five-clawed silver dragon, and darted toward Bu Fang. It was an attack containing the Power of Law, and the Law was the supreme Law of the Universe.

Bu Fang took a deep breath. He could feel a terrible pressure. The supreme Law of the Universe was indeed formidable. He had no idea if the Black Turtle Constellation Wok could stop the attack or not. Without hesitation, he held the wok with both hands and brought it in front of him.

The five-clawed silver dragon swooped down and smashed onto the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. A loud rumble rang out while the roar of the silver dragon echoed through the skies.

Bu Fang immediately felt the terrible sword intent of destruction come pouring over. His Vermilion Robe fluttered in the wind, and there seemed a fiery red vermilion bird soaring and singing behind him.

With a boom, he was knocked down from the sky, and when his feet touched the ground, they sank deep into it. At the same time, swords came raining down and poked countless holes around him. The attack was so powerful that it could kill even a low-grade God.

Everyone sucked in a cold breath.

"The young master is serious this time..."

"He truly is a genius! Look how horribly strong his sword move is!"

"He's comprehending the supreme Law of the Universe after all!"

The people exclaimed, shocked at what they were seeing. The Law of Destruction matched well with the art of swords, and when they were combined, they almost made the young master invincible among the experts in the same realm as he.

Even Bu Fang, who had exhibited extraordinary talent just now, was suppressed by him. Perhaps this was what made the young master so strong.

The young master hovered in midair, holding the sword. Sword energy turned into nine silver dragons and kept wheeling around him. From time to time, dragon roars rang out as if they were singing.

“The Nine Revolution Sword Song. This is my sword.” The young master’s eyes gleamed as he stared at Bu Fang.

On the ground, the rolling smoke and dust scattered and revealed Bu Fang. He waved the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and felt the tremendous force coming up from his palm. It did not feel good to be suppressed by his opponent, and it was not his style to fight a battle.

He exhaled, rose to his feet, and put away the wok. Even then, his eyes gradually grew sharper.

The scene made everyone’s heart race. Was Bu Fang going to be serious now?

“My lord... It seems that you really want to see my Law,” Bu Fang said lightly.

His voice was flat, but the curiosity of those who heard it was immediately aroused, and they all stared at him with gleaming eyes.

“Yes... Show it to me!” A faint smile brushed the young master’s lips. The nine silver dragons wheeled around him, emitting bright light and protecting him from any possible attack.

In the distance, Zhao Wuhen crawled out from the ruin, coughing blood. He looked very miserable, and his face was covered with dust. When he finally got up to his feet, he glanced frighteningly at Bu Fang, who was confronting the young master.

His mind was trembling with fear. Bu Fang was too... horrible! That punch would probably become his nightmare forever! Suddenly, Zhao Wuhen froze. His eyes went wide as he looked into the distance in horror.

There, an even more terrible pressure slowly spread out from Bu Fang’s body, while Runes of Law began to materialize over his head. He was finally about to show everyone his Law!

The moment the Runes of Law appeared, everyone present was struck dumb. The next moment, the sound of gasps rang out continuously!

The young master’s face trembled, and a look of horror came into his eyes.

“The Law of Transmigration?!”

Chapter 1434: Suppress With One Punch!

Bu Fang did not hide his strength. In fact, there was no need to hide. Previously, he was just too lazy to use it. However, he felt a little pressure when facing the young master, who was fighting with all his might. The pressure made him feel that if he did not use the Law, he might be defeated. So he unleashed his Law of Transmigration. This was the first time he used the Law to fight.

Runes of Law wheeled over Bu Fang's head. They kept gathering, and soon, they began to emit streams of light that shone dazzlingly like a rainbow.

A Demigod could comprehend Laws, but they were not complete. Everyone knew this. The Laws comprehend by a Demigod were the foundation after he became a God. If the foundation was not set properly in the Demigod Realm, it would limit the future achievement of the God.

Therefore, the Demigod Realm was very crucial. This was also why the prince, the young master, and the heirs of the aristocratic families were the idols of many people in the divine dynasty. It was not because of their strength but their potential.

Zhao Wuhen widened his eyes. He had never been so frightened, and he had never lost heart when Bu Fang threw him to the ground. He had even told himself that when this was over, he would return home and cultivate harder, so he would come back stronger to defeat Bu Fang. He was confident that he could do that, for he was the heir of an aristocratic family who had an exceptional foundation, not to mention he was comprehending the Law of Devour, a top Law.

But that was until he saw Bu Fang's Law. He had thought that the chef was comprehending an ordinary Law, or he would have used it already. But when he finally saw it... his mind was completely blank. The familiar ripple and the suppressive pressure of someone from a higher hierarchy caused his heart to skip a beat.

He had only felt that from the young master. Without a doubt, the chef was comprehending a supreme Law of the Universe like the young master. Zhao Wuhen felt as if an invisible arrow had pierced his chest, and it filled his heart with sorrow.

'He had defeated me, and now even his Law is stronger than mine... Didn't Master Cheng say this guy is only a bumpkin from an ordinary great world? Which part of him looks like a bumpkin?! I reckon even the young master is no match for him!'

The experts present were all people with status in the divine dynasty. As soon as Bu Fang revealed his Law, they recognized what it was. It was the most mysterious supreme Law of the Universe, the Law of Transmigration.

The moment the Law appeared, it turned into a whirlpool over his head, shining blindingly like the sun and shocking everyone. Even the young master, who was standing in midair with the Silverdragon Sword in hand, was struck dumb.

He had guessed that Bu Fang might be comprehending a top Law, but it never occurred to him that he was actually comprehending the supreme Law of the Universe. There were only few existences in the whole divine dynasty who were comprehending the supreme Laws: three heirs of the kings, the prince, and that genius from the top-ranked Luo Family.

Only five Demigods were comprehending the supreme Laws of the Universe. And that was because they grew up in the divine dynasty, had cleansed their bodies with countless precious materials, were guided by God Kings, and had cultivated very hard.

Now, however, a chef who came out of nowhere had revealed that he, too, was comprehending the supreme Law. The young master suddenly panicked at this moment.

Luo Sanniang was struck dumb with astonishment. She covered her red lips with a hand, not knowing how to express the emotions in her. 'Bu Fang is comprehending the Law of...Transmigration? The most mysterious and rare Law of the five supreme Laws of the Universe?!

The sound of people sucking in their breaths could be heard from everywhere.

Master Cheng's pupils had shrunk to the size of a sesame seed, and his face was twitching. 'The supreme Law of the Universe? Is this a joke? A bumpkin chef from an ordinary great world is actually comprehending the supreme Law of the Universe, which even the prince of the divine dynasty had to work very hard to comprehend?!

Bu Fang did not know that he had frightened so many people by revealing his Law of Transmigration. At this moment, he was immersed in the Law. The Runes of Law spread and swirled around him. His flesh was growing stronger, and the Taotie Arm was constantly absorbing the Runes.

He opened his eyes and looked up at the young master. "You said you want to see my Law... Now you've seen it," Bu Fang said, the corner of his mouth twitched slightly.

After using the Power of the Law, Bu Fang felt that his fighting strength was elevated to a brand-new level. 'No wonder everyone says that Laws are the foundation of Gods,' he thought to himself. He stomped his foot and leaped into the sky. At the same time, the Runes of Law crawled along his Taotie Arm, giving it a magical look.

The young master finally recovered from his shock, and his eyes gleamed with excitement. "Mister! I never thought that mister is also comprehending the supreme Law

of the Universe! Friendship grows from conflicts... I'll not put mister in an awkward position, but I hope mister can fight me with all your might!"

He clutched the Silverdragon Sword tightly, his fighting spirit soaring. The Law of Destruction surged over his head, while nine silver dragons chased at each other around him. "The Nine Dragons Sword Song!" roared the young master. [1]¹

It was hard to meet a genius who could match his strength, so the young master's heart was filled with joy. What he needed was a good fight.

He waved the Silverdragon Sword, and the nine silver dragons roared. At this moment, he showed his power to the extreme, revealing the might of a divine dynasty's genius completely. The whole of King Pingyang's mansion seemed to tremble.

The experts present moved back in horror and watched as the two existences fought in the sky. It was a rare battle to witness. After all, there were only so many geniuses comprehending the supreme Laws of the Universe in the divine dynasty, and most of them were cultivating in seclusion. They needed to comprehend more Laws to break through to higher realms.

It was said that the prince, who was also the heir of the divine dynasty's God Emperor, was comprehending two supreme Laws of the Universe, and that he could suppress high-grade Gods even though he was just a Demigod. It was worth noting that a high-grade God had comprehended at least eighteen Laws.

The moment the Law of Transmigration appeared, the color of the sky changed, and the young master's Law of Destruction echoed to it from a distance. All the experts in the whole capital sensed their auras. The few geniuses cultivating in seclusion opened their eyes and turned toward the direction where King Pingyang's mansion was located.

The strange aura of the supreme Law attracted them. However, none of them moved. After watching for a brief moment, they went back to their cultivation. They were comprehending the supreme Laws, and only they knew the urgency in their hearts. Their time was too precious to be wasted on others.

...

Bu Fang strode up to the sky. His aura rose with every step, and soon, it was no weaker than when he used the divine power. Even then, the nine silver dragons fell toward him with the aura of the Law of Destruction.

The young master's eyes shone like torches as he fixed them on Bu Fang. The next moment, he thrust his sword, which seemed to pierce through the void.

Bu Fang raised his Taotie Arm, which was surrounded by the Yin and Yang energy and the Runes of Law. Looking at the nine dragons, he threw out a punch without hesitation.

Two Taoties, one Yin and one Yang, rushed out of the arm immediately, caught the nine dragons, and began to bite and tear them apart.

The noise produced by the collision of the Law of Transmigration and the Law of Destruction shook the world. It was as if two nuclear bombs had smashed into each other. The whole divine dynasty seemed to tremble with the explosion.

The people present gasped as they watched the battle with relish. Master Cheng, however, had turned extremely pale. He knew that he had failed to get Bu Fang killed this time. Moreover, he might have dragged himself into a dire situation.

Zhao Wuhen, on the other hand, stood transfixed with shock. 'So this is his true strength! He could have killed me with just a wave of a hand! There's no way I can stand up against him... Is the supreme Law of the Universe really so terrifying? No wonder the young master scolded me and said I am good for nothing... My foundation is weaker than them, and yet I still don't work hard...'

At this moment, Zhao Wuhen felt a pang of regret. He hated himself for not working hard in the past. He finally realized why the other heirs of the aristocratic families cultivated so hard. They just wanted to catch up with the footsteps of these top geniuses!

In the sky, the light that shot out of the sword broke and scattered with a boom. Then, a glittering fist flew across the air, turned into a disc made of Yin and Yang energy, and collided with the Silverdragon Sword, producing a shrill noise as it spun.

The next moment, as everyone watched in horror, the Silverdragon Sword slipped out of the young master's hand, flew in a streak of silver light across the air, and stabbed hard into the ground, trembling violently.

Boom!

A figure flew backward in the sky, coughing blood. The young master, clad in his brocade robe, fell to the ground and kept stepping back. His aura weakened with every step, and in the end, his whole body was shivering.

In the sky, the light faded away, while the whirlpool that was the Law of Transmigration spun rapidly. Bu Fang slowly walked forward, his Vermilion robe fluttering in the wind.

The power of the basic Yin and Yang Transmigration Punch, which he threw out by combining the Taotie Arm and the Law of Transmigration, was surprisingly strong! He had suppressed the young master with just one punch!

Chapter 1435: If I Kill Him...

A lean figure stood in the sky with his hands clasped behind his back. His striped red-and-white robe fluttered gracefully, giving him a demeanor of a transcendent being.

All the people were shocked. No one had thought that the Beast Appreciating Feast would turn into a stage for this young man, who had defeated three Pingyang Guards with one knife and then suppressed the talented young master with one punch.

Such achievement was enough to make him famous in the capital, and his talent was enough to make him the target of all the aristocratic families. Even the imperial family might recruit him. The future of a genius comprehending the supreme Law of the Universe was simply limitless.

On the ground, the young master bowed his head and appeared somewhat disheartened. He was defeated, suppressed by a punch...

The people were silent, clueless of what to say. This was not the outcome they had expected. The talented young master was defeated by a chef with just one punch. Even his sword was knocked flying away. Why was this chef so fearsome?

Luo Sanniang did not know what to say either. Bu Fang's formidable fighting strength was beyond her expectation.

In the distance, Zhao Wuhen's face was expressionless—he was in a state of numbness and shock. He gave Bu Fang a deep look. He could not find it in him to be jealous of this guy. 'Perhaps this is the reason Luo Luo chose him...' He got up from the ground awkwardly and walked out of the mansion, dispirited.

Bu Fang descended from the sky. The Law of Transmigration had disappeared, and the overwhelming pressure shrouding him also faded away. If he used the Law of Transmigration, Bu Fang's current fighting strength should be approaching that of a mid-grade God, or to be exact, an ordinary mid-grade God. But even that was enough to show his formidable strength.

The young master did not spend too much time nursing his defeat. After all, he was a genius, and that gave him very strong psychological endurance. He might find it hard to accept defeat for a while, but after careful reflection, he let it go.

'Father is right. I was too reckless... Maybe this is the difference between me and other geniuses.'

He smiled bitterly, and his eyes were filled with a hint of helplessness as he glanced at Bu Fang. Today's defeat was not necessarily bad for him. After this, he would need to

cultivate harder. He had been wanting to find the limit of his fighting strength, but little did he know that he was already overtaken by others.

The young master pulled his Silverdragon Sword from the ground, then turned to Bu Fang and said with a smile, "Thank you for pulling your punch, mister. The Law of Transmigration deserves its name."

His face had returned to normal, and he wiped away the bloodstain on the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand.

Bu Fang gave him a surprised look. He did not think that this young master was a man with a great heart. He nodded and said, "My lord was just careless."

The young master burst out laughing and glanced approvingly at Bu Fang. "A defeat is a defeat. But I won't be defeated by you again next time!" he said, chuckling. "By the way, mister, you have to be cautious. My strength is nothing among the geniuses comprehending the supreme Laws of the Universe. When these geniuses come out of their seclusion, they will surely find you to learn more about your Law of Transmigration.

"After all, the Law of Transmigration is the most mysterious supreme Law of the Universe!"

Bu Fang nodded. He found that this young master was not an arrogant man. Perhaps that was why the divine dynasty was so strong, since the top experts of its younger generation were all in pursuit of greater cultivation bases instead of scheming against each other. This would only make the divine dynasty stronger.

"I'm not going to pursue the escape of the Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python... It is just a worldly possession, and I keep it just because I find it strange," said the young master. "After today's defeat, I finally realized that instead of wasting my time and effort on those things, I should devote myself to my cultivation base. When I become a God King, I will catch a Golden-winged Roc and make it my mount!"

He laughed. Those words were arrogant, but he was qualified to say that.

Bu Fang twitched the corners of his mouth and nodded. He agreed with the young master. However, using a Golden-winged Roc as a mount was very wasteful. He thought it was best to barbecue it. The taste would surely be so delicious that even a God King would drool.

The young master clapped his hands suddenly. The music rose from all directions, while servants came out with steaming dishes in their hands. Although the python was gone, the feast would continue. Otherwise, the food would be wasted. In fact, many people were not here for the python but for the delicious food.

Master Cheng left despondently. Zhao Wuhen, on the other hand, had returned to the Zhao Family and began to cultivate in seclusion.

The feast continued. The young master took Bu Fang's hand and kept talking, rubbing his palm gently from time to time. It made the latter's flesh creep and turned all the delicious food tasteless. The dishes were actually cooked by the Earth Divine Chef hired by the young master, and they all smelled and looked delicious.

The young master had a good opinion of Bu Fang. He felt as if he had found a confidant, and he kept talking to him. He even showed his intention to recruit Bu Fang. Of course, he was rejected.

Luo Sanniang was very anxious. When she heard that Bu Fang had refused, she breathed a sigh of relief. Bu Fang's talent was too amazing. Whether it was his talent in cultivating or cooking, he deserved to be recruited by the Divine Chef Temple. If he were taken away by the young master, she would probably hide in the toilet and cry.

When the feast was over, Luo Sanniang dragged Bu Fang out of King Pingyang's mansion. The young master sent them off at the main entrance. Soon, all the guests had left, leaving only the messy mansion. But the servants began to work immediately, and it only took them some time to tidy up the place.

Suddenly, there was a sound of cracking in the sky. The void was torn apart, and then a five-clawed silver dragon came slithering out of it, dragging a chariot. A mighty figure could be seen standing in the chariot, which rumbled and crumbled the void with its tremendous weight.

The young master raised his head. He was slightly shocked when he saw the figure, and he hurriedly bowed. "Father!" he called out respectfully. At the same time, the servants around him went down to their knees and bowed their heads.

The chariot landed in the mansion. The silver dragon shrank, turned into a little silver snake, and coiled around the man's burly body. A terrible aura shrouded the man, which seemed to crack the void around him.

"Hmm? Are you having another feast? Why can't you focus on cultivating? How are you going to become someone great when you indulge in dissipation?"

The burly man glanced coldly at the young master, causing the latter's heart to tremble. In the past, he would have argued, for he was a proud genius comprehending the supreme Law of the Universe. But not today. His attitude had changed a lot after he was defeated by Bu Fang.

"You're right, Father. I shouldn't have done this. Father, I have a request..." said the young master with a respectful look on his face.

King Pingyang was slightly taken aback. 'Why is this boy's attitude a bit strange today? Is he running into some trouble again?'

"Oh? Tell me about it..."

"I wish to learn the Ten Thousand Dragons Sword Song! I hope Father can teach me!" The young master looked up with determination in his eyes, which made King Pingyang arch his eyebrows.

'It seems that this boy is provoked by something or someone...'

...

It was quiet inside the luxury warship.

Luo Sanniang's long eyelashes fluttered slightly as she stared at Bu Fang with her seductive big eyes. It was as if she wanted to see through him. It never occurred to her that Bu Fang, who looked like a bumpkin, possessed such a fearsome cultivation base. She never even thought that he could defeat the young master with one punch.

His divine power, the supreme Law, cooking... All these made him seem he was shrouded in a vague veil. The more she wanted to explore, the more incredulous she felt.

The awkward atmosphere made Bu Fang a little uncomfortable. He cleared his throat with a straight face, breaking the silence in the warship. "Thank you for helping me, Steward Luo..." he said.

Luo Sanniang should have guessed that the disappearance of the Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python was related to him. Even so, she still sided with him, even if that would make her offend the young master. Bu Fang thought he should thank her for that.

"I know you went to King Pingyang's residence because of that python..." Luo Sanniang stretched her back lazily. "But I didn't expect you to be so bold! Still... you are qualified to act like that. The news of the young master's defeat will be heard throughout the capital tomorrow, together with the news that you are comprehending the supreme Law of the Universe."

Her face suddenly became a little serious. "You should know that it's the taller trees in the woods that get their tops blown off. You are only a Demigod from an ordinary great world. Even though you are comprehending the supreme Law of the Universe, you are still nothing in the divine dynasty's capital. Although the crown prince was the next emperor, the other princes are fighting for power too. A talented expert with great potential like you will surely become their target..."

“So you’re not in a very good position. However, you don’t have to worry as you are now under the Divine Chef Temple...”

Bu Fang nodded. He understood what she said, but he did not care. What concerned him now was how to find Lord Dog and the others. In fact, it was not a bad thing to become famous as it would be easier for Lord Dog to find him.

“Let’s return to the Divine Chef Temple first. There are some scores we need to settle!” Luo Sanniang suddenly pursed her red lips and sneered.

Bu Fang paused, then twitched his lips in disdain. “You’re right. It’s time to settle scores... Would the Divine Chef Temple blame me if I kill him?” he said with a straight face.

“No, no, no... I don’t know anything.” Luo Sanniang squinted at Bu Fang like a lazy cat.

Chapter 1436: The Whereabouts of Lord Dog

They returned to the distinguished guest tower of the Divine Chef Temple. Bu Fang did not look for Master Cheng immediately. Even though the old man conspired to kill him, he was not too concerned. In his opinion, all schemes were useless in the face of absolute power.

Of course, another reason was that he could not wait to see Flowery.

He went back to his luxury room. After bidding farewell to Bu Fang, Luo Sanniang left with a dark face. Most likely, she was going to settle the scores with Master Cheng.

Bu Fang closed the door. With a thought, he went into the Heaven and Earth Farmland. When he was at King Pingyang’s residence, he had sent Flowery into the farmland. That was why the young master could not find her.

He knew that when he did this, it would cause violent fluctuations of the Will of the Great Path, which was very obvious, so he used the explosion to cover it up. Although his plan was nearly exposed by Master Cheng, it all went well in the end.

A gentle breeze was blowing in the farmland. The air was filled with a rich aroma of fruits. It was the time of harvest in the farmland.

Bu Fang landed on the soft green grass, welcomed by the scent of grass, fruits, and earth. He clasped his hands behind his back and took a deep breath.

Flowery had already turned into a young girl with a curvy figure. She was sitting on Niu Hansan's wooden chair in front of the wooden hut, gnawing at a spirit fruit. Niu Hansan was sitting beside her, smiling and holding a basket full of spirit fruits. When he saw Bu Fang, he put down the basket and strode over to welcome him.

"Aye, Owner Bu, what brought you here?" Niu Hansan was all smiling. He had kept the farmland in good order, and he wished Bu Fang would come every day.

Bu Fang nodded and talked to him for a while, then came beside Flowery impatiently and glanced at her with sharp eyes.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

Flowery shoved a fruit as large as her fist into her mouth. With a satisfied look on her face, she looked at Bu Fang, grinned, and shook her head. "I'm fine..."

"How did you get caught?" Bu Fang asked what he wanted to know most.

Flowery shoved another fruit into her mouth. "We met another cosmic monster in the turbulence...and then we were scattered. When I rushed out of the tunnel, I was surrounded and beaten by many people!" she said innocently. In fact, she did not know what had happened.

"Another cosmic monster? Scattered? Did you mean... Lord Dog and Nethery were also separated?" Bu Fang frowned. He felt that things were getting a little serious. He had thought that after finding Flowery, he would learn the whereabouts of Lord Dog.

'What is that cosmic monster...' Bu Fang took a deep breath. He thought there was only one monster, but it seemed there were two...

"I think so... With Lord Dog's strength, he should be safe. As for Sister Nethery, I'm not sure..." Flowery said. Her mood became somewhat depressed.

It was really a bad start. They had barely left the Netherworld when they were confronted with such difficulties. All this was because of that cosmic monster. Bu Fang furrowed his brows as his eyes grew sharper. 'Surely that monster is not dead. Even my Perishing Pot cannot kill that thing...'

"Alright... You have a good rest. You can choose to stay here or go out with me." Bu Fang looked at Flowery and let her choose. After all, she had been caught by the young master, and her Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python aura could not be concealed. Once she went out, she might expose her whereabouts. However, Bu Fang was not too worried. He was strong enough to protect her now.

"I want to go out! I don't want to stay here!" Flowery said hastily.

Niu Hansan burst into tears. 'Can't all these spirit fruits make you stay here?'

Bu Fang respected Flowery's decision, but to avoid unnecessary trouble, he asked her to maintain her human form most of the time when she was outside.

Of course, Flowery would not object to that. She nodded hurriedly.

Afterward, Bu Fang spent some time recuperating in the farmland. He sat cross-legged under the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree, refreshing his spirit by closing his eyes. His divine sense gradually grew more solid under the special essence of the tea tree.

The Immortal Tree swayed beside him, its leaves rustling softly. Perched on its crown, the Senseless Lotus gleamed faintly.

Bu Fang had just gone through a battle, and he needed to stabilize his cultivation base. Under the nourishment of the Immortal Tree and the tea tree, his comprehension of the Law became deeper and deeper.

After a long time, he opened his eyes and left the farmland. He did not bring Flowery with him. He planned to make her the waitress in the restaurant, and he would only bring her out when the restaurant opened.

Back to the luxury room, Bu Fang stretched his back and rose to his feet. He took a bath, then went straight to sleep.

The next day, he left the room. As he walked between the distinguished guest towers, many people recognized him. Everyone looked respectfully at him, no matter if they were Gods or Demigods, Spirit Divine Chefs or Earth Divine Chefs.

The result of his battle yesterday had already spread throughout the whole Divine Dynasty. Most of the people in the capital now knew that he was comprehending the Law of Transmigration, the supreme Law of the Universe, and that he had defeated the young master of King Pingyang. Some even greeted him passionately when they saw him. All in all, the situation left Bu Fang slightly uncomfortable.

He did not go to the Divine Chef Temple. Instead, he left the distinguished guest towers and planned to have a look around the capital.

Luo Sanniang did not come to him today, but he did not mind. After all, she was the steward of the Divine Chef Temple, and she must have many things to handle.

When he was outside, he called a chariot pulled by a dragon horse and boarded it. As the driver cracked his whip, the chariot moved slowly. It was slow, much slower than Luo Sanniang's warship. It made Bu Fang miss the luxury ride. However, there was an advantage of riding in a chariot. He could admire the scenery in the capital from a close distance.

The driver did not dare to breathe too loudly. Bu Fang was an existence that came out of the Divine Chef Temple's distinguished guest tower, a man he could not afford to offend. So he just focused on driving the chariot.

Bu Fang was more than happy to enjoy the quietness.

Before too long, the chariot came to Luo Sanniang's property, the commercial skyscraper. Bu Fang stepped out of it and paid the driver some source stones. In the Divine Dynasty, source stones were the only and universal currency. After his restaurant opened, he would accept source stones as the only currency as well.

Source stones were an important cultivating resource. In the Divine Dynasty, all aristocratic families owned many properties so that they could earn source stones and have a steady supply of cultivating resources.

Bu Fang stepped into the skyscraper. It was bustling with activities inside, with all kinds of businesses in every story. Among them were various restaurants selling different delicacies.

Since he was free at the moment, Bu Fang visited these restaurants one by one. He was loaded with source stones now. The Divine Chef Temple was very generous, and it was never stingy about giving its Divine Chefs source stones.

The standard of the chefs in these restaurants was not low. Most of them were actually Earth Divine Chefs. In fact, no one would dare to open a restaurant in such a busy commercial district without the standard of an Earth Divine Chef.

Bu Fang visited various restaurants and tasted their delicacies. Each Earth Divine Chef had developed a unique style of cooking, and the dishes cooked by them were at the peak of perfection. He could not find any problem with the taste.

At the level of an Earth Divine Chef, cooking was more than what the eye could see. Instead, the focus should be on the food ingredients, as well as the emotions contained in the dishes. The higher the cooking skill, the more important the emotion contained in the dishes was because it could decide the quality of the dish.

Bu Fang picked up a braised pork ball coated in brown sauce with his chopsticks, shoved it into his mouth, and took a bite out of it. The sauce spilled out of it as the meat filled his mouth. The meat was obviously not an ordinary one, and it mixed well with the other ingredients. If he had to find a flaw, that would probably be the knife technique. In his opinion, it was slightly weaker.

The table in front of him was full of food. As a good chef, he must learn from everyone and not be too proud of himself. There were good things he could learn even in the dishes cooked by an ordinary chef.

At this moment, Luo Sanniang walked toward him from a distance, wearing a pair of long red boots. It was not difficult for her to find out where Bu Fang was. When she was told that he was in her commercial skyscraper, she came to him immediately.

When she saw that he was enjoying all the delicious food, she did not know whether to cry or laugh. "Why are you still in the mood for a big meal here... That old man Cheng had run away," Luo Sanniang said as she sat across the table.

Bu Fang put another pork ball into his mouth and chewed. "Hmm? He ran away?" That gave him pause.

"That old man has friends. He managed to bribe his way out of the Divine Chef Temple's jail and fled in the middle of the night. In any case... there's no place for him in the capital now. Of course, you have to be careful. He's a narrow-minded man, so he might come to you for revenge. After all... you took everything that belonged to him."

Luo Sanniang took a deep breath, picked up a pork ball with chopsticks, and shoved it into her mouth.

"I've taken those things with my own strength. If he thinks he's stronger than me, he's welcome to come to me for revenge," Bu Fang said lightly. After that, he put down his chopsticks.

Luo Sanniang smiled. He was right. In the Divine Chef Temple, one had to fight for resources and status with his own strength.

Suddenly, she froze, for she sensed Bu Fang's serious gaze. It made her heart beat faster and faster. 'Why is he looking at me like that? Is he...'

"Steward Luo, I've something to trouble you," Bu Fang said solemnly after thinking for a moment.

"What is it?" Luo Sanniang was a little disappointed.

"I need you to help me find someone..." Bu Fang told her about Lord Dog and Nethery. She had proven to be a trustworthy person.

"No problem. You can count on me in this matter," Luo Sanniang said confidently, slapping her chest with a hand. "By the way, when is your restaurant opening? Are you sure you don't want me to help you find a professional renovation team?" She squinted doubtfully at Bu Fang.

"It will open tomorrow," said Bu Fang.

Tomorrow?

Luo Sanniang paused, and the doubt in her eyes grew stronger. She wondered if the restaurant could really open tomorrow since she never saw Bu Fang working on the renovation. The store was in an excellent location, and if Bu Fang were to waste it, she would feel pain.

Suddenly, she seemed to recall something. Cupping her chin with one hand and staring at Bu Fang, she said, "There's one more thing. What you did yesterday has spread, and many people came to me, asking me to introduce you to them... Some of them are princes, heirs of aristocratic families, and a few charming bitches of the aristocratic families... Do you want to meet them?"

Bu Fang swallowed the last bit of pork in his mouth, wiped his lips with a clean white handkerchief, then gave Luo Sanniang an expressionless glance.

"No. Reject them all for me."

Chapter 1437: The Change of the Inheritance's Seal

"Reject them all?"

That gave Luo Sanniang pause. She did not seem to expect Bu Fang to reject so readily.

"Are you sure? Those charming bitches of the aristocratic families are all famous beauties in the divine dynasty, and they are the dream girls of many geniuses..." she said with a smile, cupping her smooth chin with a hand.

Bu Fang gave her a sideways glance. 'Is she referring to herself?' he thought. He rejected all the same. "The restaurant will open tomorrow. They can come to enjoy the food... But no discount," he said. After that, he rose to his feet and left the restaurant.

Luo Sanniang followed. She did not mind if there was no discount for her. Although Bu Fang was just a Spirit Divine Chef, as a Divine Chef who could solve the inheritance's seal, his restaurant would not be too bad.

Bu Fang did not go to his restaurant. Instead, he boarded Luo Sanniang's warship and returned to the Divine Chef Temple.

He had eaten and drank what he wanted, so he was quite satisfied. The dishes of those Earth Divine Chefs were delicious in their own ways. But he was confident in his own dishes. He believed that he could carve out a niche in the food and beverage sector dominated by all the Earth Divine Chefs.

After they arrived in the Divine Chef Temple, Luo Sanniang brought Bu Fang to the building where the inheritance was located.

The inheritance had more than one seal. Bu Fang had solved one, but there were many more after that. This was the reason why the Divine Chef Temple valued him so much. After all, they were the seals of an ancient Heavengod's inheritance, which were not so easy to solve.

"This is the second seal. It appeared after the first one was broken..." Luo Sanniang said lazily, pointing at the seal in the distance as she leaned her curvy figure against a railing. With her long eyelashes fluttering, she turned to Bu Fang, smiled, and said, "Mister Bu, do you want to give it a try?"

'Try to break the second seal?' Bu Fang frowned and gave the seal a serious look.

"I'll let the others try it first..." Without waiting for Bu Fang's answer, Luo Sanniang shouted at a Spirit Divine Chef in the distance.

The Divine Chef did not hesitate and walked straight up to the seal. After the first seal was broken, those tests were gone. So for the past few days, these chefs had nothing to do. Now that the second seal had appeared, they were all eager to give it a try.

The Spirit Divine Chef stood in front of the seal. Soon, he released the divine sense in his mind. All Spirit Divine Chefs were Demigods, but there were also Gods among them. The Divine Chef chosen by Luo Sanniang was a God who had comprehended the Law.

His divine sense poured forth and collided with the seal's power. A rumbling sound filled the air as he closed his eyes. Then, a unique essence seemed to be released from the seal, spreading across the void in an instant.

A large group of Divine Chefs had gathered around to watch. Everyone was very curious about the unknown second seal.

Suddenly, a counter appeared over the seal, just like the first seal, and the number began to jump, starting from one. Then, after a few breaths, it began to increase rapidly. When it reached one hundred...

The Divine Chef flicked opened his eyes—it had become bloodshot. His body began to tremble violently, and blood spurted from his seven orifices.

The scene made everyone panic. Even Bu Fang was frowning.

The calm look in Luo Sanniang's eyes was gone. In a flash, she disappeared from where she stood, and when she reappeared, she was already in front of the seal. There, she raised a hand and rested it on the chef's shoulder.

She sucked in a cold breath in an instant. A wave of pressure that seemed to fall from the skies came smashing down on her, causing her face to turn pale. The next moment, she pulled her hand back from the chef as if she was pricked by a needle, then jumped back a few steps, leaning her back against the wall.

The Divine Chef's body jerked, stiffened, then fell to the ground with a thud, kicking up a cloud of dust.

What happened? Did a God die just like that? The nearby Divine Chefs all felt their flesh creep. Obviously, they had never met with this situation before, and it made them panic a little. It appeared that trying to solve the seal would get one killed!

Bu Fang jumped over the railing, walked up to the Divine Chef, and sent out his divine sense. The God lay on his back on the ground. His eyes were wide open and filled with a confused look. It was clear that he did not know what killed him.

"His divine sense was completely exhausted... and his spirit sea collapsed," Bu Fang said, withdrawing his divine sense and sucking in a cold breath.

It was a sad way to die. A God was not so easy to kill, and yet a mere seal of an inheritance had taken the life of one.

Luo Sanniang stood up. She did not expect this to happen. "Is he dead?" She had regained her composure, but her face was still a little unsightly.

Her original intention was to let the Divine Chef try to solve the seal before Bu Fang. Now it seemed that the seal was very dangerous. In that case, she could not let him take any chances. He was far too important to die like that.

"Owner Bu, you stay away from this seal for now. I'll report this to the higher echelon... This is the first time this has happened," Luo Sanniang said, sighing.

The rest of the Divine Chefs were somewhat scared. A God had died from trying to solve the seal. Would they dare solve the seal now after witnessing that? No... Most of them were weaker than a God. Since even a God was killed, what qualification did they have to touch the seal?

Luo Sanniang was at a loss now. After warning Bu Fang, she turned around and could not wait to leave. A God-level Divine Chef had died, and it was by no means a small incident. Although the Divine Chef Temple had recruited many Divine Chefs, only a handful of them were at this level.

The Earth Divine Chefs and Spirit Divine Chefs all stopped studying the seal, for they were afraid of death.

Luo Sanniang turned and left. However, before she reached the door, she heard cries of surprise behind her. The sudden uproar made her body tremble. She turned her head sharply and saw Bu Fang standing in front of the seal.

“What?!” Luo Sanniang’s pupils constricted, while the reactions of the Divine Chefs around her were similar.

“Is he out of his mind?”

“He knows that the seal had killed a Divine Chef, and yet he still wants to solve it. He’s not taking his own life seriously!”

Although the crowd was exclaiming, Bu Fang could no longer hear them. His spirit had sunk into the inheritance’s seal.

The second seal was different from the first. It was very heavy. When Bu Fang’s spirit went inside, he heard an old voice ringing in his head.

“The Wok Tossing Style of Affliction...”

Rumble!

A heavy black wok immediately appeared in front of Bu Fang. Hovering in midair, it seemed to crush the void. He frowned. As he studied it with his divine sense, he found that the wok was like a bottomless black hole, and it kept sucking at his divine sense.

After a long time, he managed to sense the tests he needed to complete to break the seal. In fact, they were similar to the tests in the first seal. There were also three tests, and the first one required him to toss the wok for nine hundred and ninety-nine times within half an hour.

Wok tossing?

Bu Fang took a deep breath. With a thought, his spirit immediately went into a mysterious space. A black wok emerged in front of him, containing sand that looked like diamond dust. He reached out a hand and grabbed the wok. It was extremely heavy, and he could not lift it with one hand. He had to clutch it with both hands to barely raise it.

He sent out his divine sense and wound it around the wok. As it kept being drained, he felt the black wok become lighter. However, doing so would consume a tremendous amount of his divine sense. No wonder the Divine Chef died with his divine sense completely exhausted. Most likely, he had used all his divine sense on tossing the wok.

Bu Fang reckoned that this Wok Tossing Style of Affliction was not much weaker than the Kitchen Knife of Affliction, and he guessed that he would comprehend a divine power after completing the tests. At the thought of that, his eyes lit up.

Without hesitation, he surrounded the black wok with his divine sense, then put all his strength into his Taotie Arm. The Yin and Yang Taotie souls in it seemed to roar furiously while the muscles all bulged.

Grabbing the black wok with both hands, Bu Fang began to toss it in the most orthodox way. He pushed it away from him and pulled it back toward him, causing it to slam against the stove and producing a clanging sound. The diamond dust in the wok jumped into the air like a wave, then fell back into the wok in the next moment.

A rumbling sound echoed out like thunder. After tossing the wok once, Bu Fang exhaled softly. He felt a little bit of his divine sense was sucked away. That made him narrow his eyes slightly.

With every toss, a little bit of his divine sense would be sucked away. Based on this calculation, a tremendous amount of his divine sense would be drained after tossing the wok for nine hundred and ninety-nine times.

The divine sense of an average person would not be enough to complete the test. He finally understood why the God's divine sense was completely exhausted.

Outside, everyone watched in horror as Bu Fang stood unmoving. In front of him, a counter had appeared over the seal. All eyes were fixed on the number as if it was a countdown timer of his doom. The God had died when the number reached one hundred. What would be Bu Fang's number?

Luo Sanniang was having difficulty breathing as she stared at Bu Fang. His rash action made her a little flustered. But no matter how panicked she was, she had to face reality. She could only hope that Bu Fang would survive. She did not know what the danger in the seal of the ancient Heavengod's inheritance was.

The number began to jump. Ten, twenty, thirty...

Soon, it reached one hundred, which was the number when the Divine Chef, who was also a God, died! All the people present held their breaths and watched intently.

All of a sudden, just as the number reached one hundred, Bu Fang's movements and expression changed!

Chapter 1438: The Restaurant Opens

Wok tossing was an essential skill for a chef, and every chef was very familiar with it. As a basic cooking skill, it was the first thing they learned. However, in the days that followed, they paid less attention to it. Very few people spent their time relearning the technique.

Bu Fang was very surprised to see a wok tossing technique in this seal. But he would not ignore it. The inheritance had transmitted the technique into his head, and he just needed to use it accordingly.

Diamond-like sand and stone flew up from the wok, sparkling in the air. As the number of tosses increased, the pressure on his divine sense grew stronger and stronger. It was as if a millstone was grinding at his divine sense.

Luo Sanniang fixed her eyes on Bu Fang. She could sense the change in his aura, which made her shake with fright. She was worried that he would die suddenly like the divine chef before him. That would be a great loss to the Divine Chef Temple!

One hundred was a very sensitive number, but the counter did not stop at that for too long. Soon, it was replaced by a new number. The watchers breathed sighs of relief when they saw the number change.

Bu Fang did not die at one hundred, as what had happened to the previous divine chef. However, many people were still worried. He had survived that number, yes, but he might die at another number.

They did not know what he and the divine chef had gone through. Perhaps it was similar to the tests of the first seal, which required them to make a certain number of cuts. But this was just their speculation. They could only know the answer after Bu Fang finished the test.

The counter kept changing. Soon, the number reached two hundred, and it did not stop there but continued to increase.

Three hundred, four hundred, five hundred...

The continuous change in the number made everyone's nerves stretch taut like a string, which seemed to break at any time.

"Eight hundred! And it shows no sign of stopping!"

"The divine chef before him died at one hundred..."

“He’s truly worthy to be the man who broke the first seal!”

The divine chefs present gradually broke free from their fear and became calmer. They began to exclaim, shocked by Bu Fang’s strength.

“Nine hundred and ninety...”

Everyone saw that his face had turned bloodless!

“Nine hundred and ninety-nine!”

When the counter jumped to nine hundred and ninety-nine, everyone’s eyes focused. Then, a strange energy wave spread through the place.

Bu Fang, standing like a statue, finally moved. His body swayed, and then his pale face turned red in a flash as the drained divine sense rapidly returned to his spirit sea after he had completed the first test.

To his surprise, the strength of his divine sense seemed to have improved to another level. He paused and examined the much stronger divine sense. Before this, its range was only ten miles, and this was already the standard of most of the mid-grade Gods in the capital.

After the divine sense was returned to him, its range expanded to one hundred miles. A divine sense of this level had already gone way out of the Demigod Realm.

He withdrew the divine sense, and the pressure that pressed on the hearts of those present gradually faded away. Everyone’s eyes were full of enthusiasm as they stared at him. He was not dead, and he had passed the second seal’s test!

Luo Sanniang appeared in front of Bu Fang in a flash, and she studied him with a look of worry and excitement. She was worried that something might happen to him, but still, she was excited that he managed to survive the test.

“How is it? Do you feel any discomfort?” she asked hastily.

The other divine chefs also gathered around and surrounded Bu Fang. They were very curious about what he had gone through.

Bu Fang looked very calm. The Wok Tossing Style of Affliction was still in his head, but he could not use it in the real world. Clearly, before he completed all the tests, he could not get the complete technique. He exhaled softly, glanced at the people around him, and told them everything he knew.

Everyone went crazy when he mentioned the Wok Tossing Style of Affliction. It was a divine power! To comprehend a divine power, the only way was to become a God King or to comprehend the supreme Law of the Universe.

There was a shortcut now, however. They could comprehend it from the inheritance's seal. It was a rare opportunity for everyone present! Even Luo Sanniang was tempted, but she knew very well that she was not a chef, so she could not comprehend the divine power.

"A friendly reminder to all of you... This test is very dangerous. Ordinary people better don't try it... Otherwise, you will end up like the previous divine chef," Bu Fang said seriously. He thought that he should emphasize this.

Luo Sanniang's face grew solemn. Since even Bu Fang said that it was dangerous, then it must be really dangerous. However, she did nothing to stop them. After learning from Bu Fang that they could comprehend a divine power from the seal, they became too excited to heed her advice. A divine power was too tempting for them.

Bu Fang said nothing more. He clasped his hands behind his back and left.

There were three tests in the second seal. The first test was to toss the wok for nine hundred and ninety-nine times, the second test was nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine times, and the last one was ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine times!

Each test was different, and the difficulty increased exponentially from the last one. Bu Fang could pass the first test, but he had no confidence in passing the second test. That was why he left instead of choosing to continue.

He did not have to finish all three tests at one go. As long as he finished one test, he could continue the next one at any time. However, he could not fail because once he did, his divine sense would be destroyed, or he would be killed!

Bu Fang returned to his luxury room. He needed to rest. Luo Sanniang left as well, but she went to look for the higher echelon of the Divine Chef Temple. She had to report such an important incident to them.

...

Early the next day, Bu Fang slowly opened his eyes. He had been sitting cross-legged for the whole night, and his slightly swollen divine sense finally recovered. He breathed out a puff of turbid air. His divine sense had suddenly grown stronger, and he naturally needed to get used to it. So he spent one whole night to stabilize it.

He rose to his feet and stretched his back. At this moment, the System's serious voice rang in his head.

‘Attention, Host. The renovation of the restaurant has been completed...’

“Oh? The renovation has been completed?” This did not surprise Bu Fang, though. “I wonder what style the System has decorated the restaurant? According to its nature, it should not be a luxury style. Most likely, it’s very simple and unadorned.”

He pushed the door open, stepped out of the room, and walked along the wide street between the distinguished guest towers with an indifferent face.

The Divine Chef Temple was very quiet. That made Bu Fang feel a little strange, but he realized what had happened in an instant. He reckoned that most of the divine chefs had gone to try to break the seal. The temptation of a divine power was too great that he could not stop them. Therefore, he could only wish them good luck.

After some time, Bu Fang boarded a dragon-horse chariot. The driver cracked his whip, and the chariot sped away. Before long, he had arrived at Luo Sanniang’s property, the skyscraper. He had said that the restaurant would open today.

He went into the building, took the transport array, and came to the top floor. The restaurant door was locked. With hands clasped behind his back, Bu Fang walked up to it.

A rumbling sound rang out as the metal doors, which were carved with mysterious patterns, slowly moved to either side. Bu Fang’s eyes lit up, and he walked into the restaurant.

He was greeted by a brand-new renovation style, which was unlike any of his previous restaurants. This restaurant was very luxurious. It had full-height windows, the floor was paved with golden bricks, and here and there were beautiful floor lamps and small table lamps that glowed with warm light.

There were not many seats either. Bu Fang saw only four tables. He walked inside the restaurant, admiring the brand-new style. Nothing in the kitchen had changed much, though. Whitey was already standing at the kitchen entrance, waiting for him.

On the whole, Bu Fang was satisfied with the renovation. It was rare that the System was generous enough to renovate a restaurant in such a luxurious style.

The restaurant also had a small balcony, as it was located on the top floor of the building. A few chairs were placed there. Bu Fang pulled over one, sat on it, and felt the gentle breeze blowing across his face. A look of contentment came over his face.

A long time later, Bu Fang breathed a sigh of relief. It was time for the restaurant to open. He still remembered the System’s temporary task, which was to open a branch in the capital of the Xiayi Divine Dynasty. He also remembered the reward—a Fruit of Law!

At the thought of the fruit, Bu Fang's eyes lit up. Previously, he had eaten a Fruit of Law, and it brought him to the Sea of Laws where he comprehended the Law of Transmigration. If he ate another Fruit of Law, would it let him smoothly break through to the God Realm?

Ting-a-ling!

Suddenly, there was a noise outside the restaurant. The doors opened by themselves, and then Luo Sanniang stepped through it with several other people.

"Mister Bu, we've come to support you. Today is the opening of your new restaurant. How can it be so quiet?" Luo Sanniang said with a smile on her face.

The people beside her were shrouded in powerful auras, and their eyes gleamed brightly. It was clear that they were all people with unusual status.

Luo Sanniang came beside Bu Fang as he sat comfortably in the chair. Suddenly, a serious look came over her face, and she said, "Mister Bu, the people you asked me to find... I've gotten some news about them..."

Bu Fang was standing up when he heard that. He froze, then he abruptly turned to Luo Sanniang.

It seemed that Luo Sanniang did not know how to tell him the news. She looked somewhat struggling.

"The news is not so good... Does Mister Bu still want to know?"

Chapter 1439: Bring Me a Spicy Strip and I Will Elope With You!

"The news is not so good... Does Mister Bu still want to know?" Luo Sanniang stared at Bu Fang and said seriously.

Bu Fang could feel that she was not joking, so his eyes became sharp immediately. 'If the news is not so good, it only means bad news... Could it be that something happened to Lord Dog and the others?' he thought to himself. Fixing his eyes on Luo Sanniang, he signaled her to continue.

When Luo Sanniang saw the look on his face, she knew that he wanted to know the news. She sighed softly, furrowed her beautiful brows, and said, "Mister Bu, you asked me to look for a dog and two people, right?"

Bu Fang nodded with a solemn face.

"The whereabouts of the dog is unknown. We can't find anything about it. But... we found the two people..."

It was obvious that the bad news was about those two people.

"They... They have some conflicts with the Mo Family," Luo Sanniang stared at Bu Fang.

"There are three top families in the Divine Dynasty... the Luo Family, the Mo Family, and the Zhao Family. The last one is where Zhao Wuhen comes from. Although this guy is good for nothing, his family is very powerful. The Luo Family... is my family, and we do have some status here. As for the Mo Family... It's the most ferocious family of the three," she explained.

Bu Fang nodded, wondering what this had to do with Nethery and the others.

"I've told you that many heirs of the aristocratic families are geniuses, but... The fact is, apart from heirs, these families also have many stupid and crazy people. They're not as talented as the heirs, but they're also pursuing ultimate power. Your friends were taken away by a madman like this from the Mo Family..."

Luo Sanniang sighed. She was well aware that the people who were taken away by that crazy guy of the Mo Family usually come to a bad end, so she felt sorry for Bu Fang's friends.

Bu Fang's face grew cold. "Where is the Mo Family?" he asked in an indifferent voice. He did not want to say too much. He had to save Nethery and Er Ha.

Lord Dog's whereabouts were unknown, so Bu Fang put him aside temporarily. Now that he had learned where Nethery and Er Ha were, how could he not do anything? Besides, Nethery's identity was very special, and Mu Hongzi had already warned him about that. He just never thought that he would be separated from them as soon as they arrived in the Divine Dynasty.

"Do you really want to intervene? Your friends... I've nothing to say about that man, but the girl is a Cursed Goddess, and the Power of Curse in her had broken out completely. Now that she's taken by the Mo Family, I'm afraid that she's in danger," Luo Sanniang said, frowning.

"Tell me where the Mo Family is..." Bu Fang insisted, his face expressionless.

Luo Sanniang could hear the determination in his voice. She opened her mouth but did not know what to say. Bu Fang might not know the terror of the Mo Family, but even her

family did not wish to fight them. The people of the Mo Family were too crazy. What made them so terrifying was not their talent, but their will to become stronger.

“Is that girl so important that you’re willing to offend the Mo Family for her?” She relaxed her eyebrows and looked at him.

Bu Fang’s eyes flickered like the stars in the night sky. He glanced at her, took a deep breath, and said seriously, “Because they’re my friends...”

Luo Sanniang shuddered, and she could only nod. “Alright, I understand now.” The next moment, she rubbed her forehead with a hand and said, “You’re a real pain in the neck... You’ve just caused trouble in King Pingyang’s residence, and now you’re going to do it again in the Mo Family... You’ll get yourself killed in the Divine Dynasty sooner or later for being so insolent,” she said helplessly.

The experts behind her were her friends. With her status, she could easily call upon a group of friends to support Bu Fang’s restaurant. However, Bu Fang was going to the Mo Family now, so she could not let them stay here. She apologized to them and sent them away.

Bu Fang closed the doors and boarded Luo Sanniang’s luxury warship. On the first day of its opening, the restaurant, which was set up in the capital of the Divine Dynasty, closed the doors without doing any business.

The atmosphere in the warship was somewhat heavy. Luo Sanniang did not say anything but just focused on driving. The vehicle sped across the sky over the city, tearing through the air.

Some time later, the warship rumbled and shook slightly, then it stopped and landed on the ground. They were on a huge square where warships belonging to the aristocratic families docked. In the capital, a warship was a means of transportation and also a symbol of status. The heir of every aristocratic family would have his own luxury warship.

Bu Fang stepped out of the warship and followed after Luo Sanniang. They left the square, walked for a while, and came to a mansion. Its front door was splendidly decorated.

“The Mo Family.” Bu Fang’s eyes narrowed slightly as he stared at the plaque hanging above the door. “So my friends are in here?” he asked, taking a deep breath.

Luo Sanniang nodded. “There’s a banquet at the Mo Family today, which is held because of your friend... Every time the Mo Family did something crazy, they would have a grand banquet to create a sense of ritual. Many people in the capital hated that, but since it’s held by the Mo Family, they would still attend to show their respect.

“Also, I have another not-so-good news for you...”

Luo Sanniang looked at Bu Fang and continued, “The fifth prince of the Divine Dynasty is also in the Mo Family, and he has taken a liking to that girl. After the Mo Family devoured her Curse Power, he will bring her back to the palace...”

“What do you mean?” Bu Fang frowned, and his face grew darker.

“The fifth prince is a notorious lecher in the capital. What I mean is... Your friend’s fate is not going to be good. Of course, if you wish to save her, you will have to fight both the Mo Family and the fifth prince,” Luo Sanniang said with a bitter smile.

She thought that Bu Fang was out of his mind. Saving someone in this situation was basically a death sentence. She did not know where he found his confidence. It was true that he had defeated the young master, but the latter was just a Demigod.

Although Bu Fang was a talented, almost freakish Demigod, a mid-grade God could have easily killed him, not to mention that the Mo Family was guarded by many high-grade Gods. The moment he stepped through this front door, he was dead. That was why Luo Sanniang could not understand why he must do this.

Bu Fang understood her. She was, after all, from the Luo Family, and she could not get herself involved too much in this. So he did not ask her to accompany him.

“After I get them out, I need you to take us away with your warship... Can the Divine Chef Temple protect me?” Bu Fang asked seriously.

Luo Sanniang nodded. Bu Fang would be absolutely safe in the Divine Chef Temple. That was the only thing she could do for him.

“Good. Wait for me,” Bu Fang said. After that, he clasped his hands behind his back, turned around, and stepped through the front door of the Mo Family.

Luo Sanniang sighed as she watched him leave. She suddenly regretted it. By telling him the news, she might have killed him. Perhaps she should have kept the secret from the start. This gift for the opening of his restaurant was really inauspicious. However, things had already happened, and she could not change anything.

...

Clad in his striped red-and-white Vermilion Robe, Bu Fang walked slowly into the Mo Family. His face was calm, his pace steady. He knew that Er Ha and Nethery were in danger, but since the Mo Family was holding a banquet to create a sense of ritual, they should not deprive Nethery of her Curse Power so soon.

If she lost the Curse Power, Nethery would certainly become extremely weak, and she might even die. Bu Fang could not let that happen.

There were many people in the residence. Some of them were nobles, while others were heirs of the aristocratic families. They toasted, talked, and laughed as the rich aroma of wine and food filled the air.

Bu Fang was not conspicuous among these people. After all, he was clad in a chef's robe, so many guests thought he was just a chef in the Mo Family. Of course, some of them were experts who went to King Pingyang's residence, so they would find him familiar. However, none could recognize him at a glance.

Bu Fang kept his head low. He was here to save his friends, and it would be difficult for him to do it if he attracted too much attention. Besides, he did not intend to use force from the start. Luo Sanniang had said that the Mo Family was guarded by high-grade Gods. Although he could fight a mid-grade God, he would be crushed by a high-grade God.

He walked among the crowd. Soon, he came to the backyard. It was so much quieter here, a better place for him to carry out his rescue mission. Most importantly, he needed to find out Nethery and Er Ha's exact location.

Bu Fang dared not to use his divine sense, fearing that it would attract the others' attention. Frowning, he became lost in thought. All of a sudden, his ears twitched. With his current strength, his hearing and eyesight had improved significantly, so it was very easy for him to listen or see something.

Not far away from him, several maids were discussing something in seemingly shy voices. Bu Fang listened carefully and found that they were talking about a man, a man who was very handsome...

'Handsome?' Bu Fang arched his brows slightly as a strange expression came over his face. 'A handsome man?'

Silently, he followed after a maid, who was gorgeously dressed. She came to a small building in the Mo Family, where a group of maids had already gathered in front of the door.

These maids had melon seeds in their hands, and they were peering through the door, giggling and pushing at each other from time to time.

"My lady, I heard that the Mo Family is holding a banquet today. Do they serve spicy strips? Can you bring one to me?"

"What? You don't know what a spicy strip is? Well, it's a thin, long delicacy you put into your mouth and suck..."

“Ouch! My lady, bring me a spicy strip, and I will elope with you! I mean it! I swear on my honor! I never lie!”

...

Bu Fang’s ears twitched again. What he heard gave him pause because he found the voice somewhat familiar. He arched his eyebrow.

‘Er Ha? With such a crazy craving for spicy strips, there’s probably no one but him. The once noble Nether King is now reduced to sweet-talking and hoodwinking a group of ignorant maids? What about his moral integrity?’

Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth. He was thinking about how to find Er Ha, but before he did anything, he had already found this fellow. He suddenly hesitated whether to save this guy or not....

Chapter 1440: Nethery’s Danger

Er Ha seemed to be having a good time. Looking at the group of maids, Bu Fang could not help but sigh. Then, he slowly walked out from behind them.

That startled the maids, and they all turned to look at him in horror. “Who are you?!” asked one of them. They were tasked to guard Er Ha, so when they saw Bu Fang, they raised their vigilance immediately. Although they were maids, they were guards in essence.

Er Ha’s voice came to an abrupt stop, and Bu Fang saw him then. He was tied to a bed, unable to move, and even his aura was sealed. Sensing the familiar aura, he suddenly became excited.

“Bu Fang young man? Is that you? I know it’s you because you have the smell of spicy strips! Don’t be shy. Come here and let me have a look at you!”

Er Ha kept yelling, causing the maids to raise their vigilance further. ‘Is this his accomplice?’ they thought. Suddenly, their pupils constricted because they felt a terrible force pressing on them like a great mountain, making it difficult to move. At the same time, an oppressive aura made their souls shiver.

“Who are you?!” bellowed one of the maids, who was a Demigod and also the leader of the others.

Tap, tap, tap.

A clear sound of footsteps rang out as a lean figure slowly emerged at the door, his hands clasped behind his back. The maids all turned their eyes and fixed on the figure. The Demigod maid's pupils constricted, and she unleashed her divine sense, trying to break free of Bu Fang's restriction.

"Don't fight back," Bu Fang said lightly. His divine sense moved slightly and poured forth like a spinning wheel that could crush everything.

With a rumble, the Demigod maid fell to the ground and could not even lift a finger. Bu Fang's divine sense was far greater than that of a Demigod. The same thing happened to all the maids in the room. None of them could move.

Bu Fang walked over and came in front of the bed, looking indifferently at Er Ha, who was tied to the bed. With a thought, the invisible Divine flame emerged, and the ropes carved with runes immediately broke apart.

Er Ha hurriedly struggled free and sat up from the bed. He flexed his body, then looked seriously at Bu Fang and said, "You've come at the right time, Bu Fang young man! We've got to save Nethery!"

"Where is she?" Bu Fang narrowed his eyes.

No sooner had he said that than Er Ha bolted out of the room. Bu Fang followed. When he walked out of the room, his divine sense suddenly shook like a bell. A humming sound echoed out. The maids felt as if their heads were hit by a tremendous force, and they all passed out in an instant.

Er Ha walked through the mansion at a very fast speed. Moments later, he led Bu Fang to the front of a room. "This is it!" he said, pointing at the room. "This is where Nethery is being held!"

Bu Fang frowned. The room was only guarded by a Demigod, which proved to be easy to deal with. He walked over, knocked the guard unconscious like what he did when he saved Er Ha, then barged into the room.

However, there was no one inside the room. Er Ha's face fell when he saw that. "Impossible... Nethery was here! I saw it with my own eyes!" He furrowed his brows. "Could it be that the people of the Mo Family had already taken her elsewhere?" he murmured.

It was very likely. Nethery was a Cursed Goddess, and she had a cursed body. Since the Mo Family wanted to deprive her of her curse power, they would naturally attach great importance to her. They must have taken her elsewhere.

"Let's go to the banquet," Bu Fang said indifferently.

Since Nethery was not here, then he could only find her at the banquet.

...

The banquet was located at the Mo Family's guest house. This was where the family used to hold most of the banquets. Situated beside a man-made lake, the guest house was surrounded by excellent scenery.

The Mo Family's residence occupied a vast land. After all, it was one of the three top aristocratic families in the Divine Dynasty's capital. Its wealth and power were unimaginable by ordinary people.

Mo Hen, the second young master of the Mo Family, was not the heir, and his talent in cultivation was nowhere near as good. But as the one in charge of the family's business empire, his status was about on the same level as the heir.

Recently, he was very excited because he had caught a Cursed Goddess. The power in a Cursed Goddess was very mysterious. Curse... was a strange power. Some said that the Law of Curse was a top Law, but others claimed that it could be considered as the supreme Law of the Universe.

As long as he stripped the curse power in that Cursed Goddess and merged it into his body, he would have a high chance to comprehend the Law of Curse. By that time, his status in the Mo Family would be loftier than the heir!

Therefore, Mo Hen held this banquet. He wanted to let the nobles in the capital know that he would soon become a noble existence whose status is beyond that of the Mo Family's heir! Once this news spread, he would certainly become the next person in charge of the family!

Mo Hen was a very handsome man. With a wine glass in hand, he was drinking toasts with his guests. His social circle did not consist of heirs of the aristocratic families, but second-rank sons of those families.

Of course, he knew the princes as well. Although none of these princes was the crown prince, they were still quite powerful. After all, the power of the imperial family trumped that of everyone else. This time, he had invited the fifth prince.

The prince had taken a fancy of that girl, but Mo Hen did not mind. All he wanted was her power. How could he offend the fifth prince for a girl when there were so many beautiful girls out there? In his heart, however, he despised the lustful fifth prince.

Among all the princes of the imperial family, the fifth prince was the most ignorant and incompetent. His imperial siblings were all cultivating hard so that they could fight the crown prince, and he was the only one who indulged in women.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

A bell was rung at the top floor of the guest house. Mo Hen's face grew serious. He went up to the top floor, stood there, and overlooked the rippling lake. He was a little excited, for what he had been looking forward to for a long time was finally beginning to happen.

Mo Hen's talent in cultivation was just ordinary, but it was because of his business talent that he was able to have his current position in the family. However, this kind of business talent could not get him too far, and it could not further elevate his position.

Therefore, he planned to open a new path for himself. Over the years, while running the family business, he had been studying a method of transferring the power of those talented people into his body. After spending countless source stones and manpower, the research was finally completed.

His talent was about to be changed, and his position would certainly soar. He would soon become the most powerful man in the Mo Family!

Mo Hen's eyes were full of excitement, while the guests around him all turned to look at the lake.

Suddenly, the man-made lake began to ripple. Then, with a rumble, it cracked from the middle as if someone had cut it with a knife. The water poured down like waterfalls from the opening, filling the air with a thunderous noise.

All the guests looked at the scene in horror. It was scary but beautiful at the same time.

Rumble!

A huge array emerged from under the lake. It was carved there at Mo Hen's order when the lake was being made. He had found the array in an ancient book, which was a means stripped from a kind of savage monster and could be used to absorb other people's power and talent.

Although the contents of the ancient book were mostly unreadable, the array was still very clear. No matter what, Mo Hen had to give it a try.

Very soon, the water in the lake began to spin, forming an array. The spectacular scene attracted the attention of countless people. All of a sudden, a cage slowly rose from the opening in the middle of the lake. Everyone paused and turned abruptly to look at it.

A girl wearing a black dress was locked up in the cage. Her hair was long, and her eyes looked cold, which made her look like a proud and indifferent fairy from beyond the skies. No one could find any flaw in her beautiful face.

The fifth prince was stunned as he watched. The wine glass in his hand slipped from his grip and fell to the floor, spilling all the wine inside. "Beautiful... She's too beautiful!"

All the guests were amazed, too. They thought that few girls in the capital could compare with her beauty.

The cage was made of ancient dark iron, which was extremely tough. Although the beautiful girl's aura was strong, she was only a Demigod, and the cage had sealed the power in her, turning her powerless like an ordinary girl.

Mo Hen bolted out of the guest house, rushed up to the top floor, grabbed the railing, and fixed his eyes on Nethery at the center of the lake. There was a ferocious and eager smile on his face!

Er Ha and Bu Fang stood on a small trail beside the lake, looking at Nethery trapped in the cage at the center of the lake. Their eyes were flickering. Suddenly, they heard a rumbling sound, and then their pupils constricted at the same time.

...

The array began to rotate. Mo Hen took a step forward and landed hard in front of the cage like a meteorite, causing the water to splash. He stared at Nethery as a cold smile brushed his lips.

"It has begun! Everything you own will be mine!" Mo Hen laughed excitedly.

As the array rotated, two beams of black light shot out of it. Nethery was immediately enveloped by the black energy. A tearing pain shot through her, and her face turned extremely pale in an instant.

Gourmet of Another World #Chapter 1441 - Defeat Eight Gods With One Move - Read Gourmet of Another World Chapter 1441 - Defeat Eight Gods With One Move

Chapter 1441: Defeat Eight Gods With One Move

"Cursed Goddess!"

There seemed to be a fire burning in Mo Hen's eyes, and his mind was trembling with excitement. As long as the array was activated, he would soon be able to transfer the curse power into his body and comprehend the Law of Curse!

According to the ancient books and records, there had been many Cursed Goddesses in the past. However, the fate of every one of them was miserable. Some were used as cultivation vessels, while others were devoured by the curse. It was as if anyone who was tainted with the curse would come to a bad end.

This was all because these Cursed Goddesses could not control the curse power. But he was different. Once Mo Hen comprehended the Law of Curse, his power would grow. It was not exaggerating to say that he would become a top genius, and he might even be able to fight with the crown prince.

This was the reason why he had been holding back his cultivation base and did not want to break through to the God Realm. He knew many secrets, and he knew that the Demigod Realm was an important period to lay the foundation.

Mo Hen was ambitious, and now he had finally found the thing that would allow him to realize his ambition: the Cursed Goddess! He stared greedily at the beautiful girl in the cage. She was very pretty, but her power was even more tempting.

Being deprived of power was painful. Nethery frowned. Her face was pale, but she clenched her jaws stubbornly and did not even grunt. The black energy, filled with corrosive power, began to seep into her body to corrode and plunder the power in her. It felt like her bones were being crushed, one inch at a time. The average person would have fainted from the pain.

Mo Hen, on the other hand, felt completely opposite. As the person who received the power, he felt very comfortable. It was as if he was in a brothel, and many girls were massaging his body with their soft hands at the same time. It was an exotic and mesmerizing feeling.

Rumble!

Waves of air swept out in all directions, causing the void to rumble. Mo Hen could sense the mysterious curse power in the Cursed Goddess's body. His face was somewhat ferocious as he roared, "Come! Come! Give me all your curse power!"

On the top floor of the guest house, the guests watched the scene while holding their breaths. If Mo Hen really completed this, his position in the Mo Family would be reevaluated, and his status might be even higher than the heir.

Many people's eyes were flickering, their minds filled with thoughts. No one felt that Mo Hen would fail. As long as nobody disturbed him, his plan of depriving the Cursed Goddess of her power and fusing it with him would certainly succeed.

After all, this was the Mo Family's residence, the territory of the Mo Family. Who would dare to cause trouble here? Even if the heirs of the Luo Family and the Zhao Family

were here, they would not dare to disturb him because they would be taken down immediately.

Suddenly, some people in the guest house focused their eyes and let out cries of alarm. They raised their hands, pointing at the lake in the distance. Many people looked over in the direction where they were pointing at.

There, a figure was walking over the water. The current of the man-made lake was so swift at the moment that the ordinary man could not control his movement, let alone walk through it. That was why the wave-walker immediately became the focus of the audience.

How could someone appear on the man-made lake of the Mo Family? Who was this intruder? The people present were slightly struck dumb.

“Why do I find that figure familiar?!”

“Is that guy out of his mind? Is he trying to sabotage Mo Hen’s plan?”

“Crazy! This is the residence of the Mo Family! He’ll be courting death if he dares to ruin Mo Hen’s plan!”

Many people on the top floor of the guest house were talking to each other. They could see the figure clearly now. It was a slim youth with sharp eyes and a head of black hair that fluttered in the dense water vapor.

The next moment, he took a step forward and leaped into the air. The water exploded and splashed under him. Taking one step at a time, he walked toward the cage with a determined look on his face.

Mo Hen was immersed in the joy of absorbing the power when he suddenly sensed a strange aura. He opened his eyes, glanced around, and saw the young man walking toward him from a distance. He flew into a rage in an instant. How could someone trespass the Mo Family’s man-made lake?!

He growled and crushed a jade talisman immediately. There was no room for error in this ceremony. Fortunately, he was prepared. As soon as the talisman was crushed, a clanking sound rang out in the Mo Family’s residence. Every aristocratic family had its own guards, who were seasoned veterans!

Rumble!

The lakewater exploded and shot into the sky as a whistling sound filled the air. Then, several figures descended and stopped in front of the young man, preventing him from getting closer to Mo Hen and Nethery.

For a moment, the atmosphere became somewhat bizarre. Many experts widened their eyes and watched.

Bu Fang's face was cold and expressionless. The moment he arrived and saw Nethery locked up inside the cage, he flew into a rage. Later, when she began to frown, his face grew extremely cold. So he walked over the water. He wanted to break the cage with force, and no one could stop him!

He took a step, and his body immediately rushed forward like a dragon. However, he was intercepted by someone. It was the Mo Family's guards who stopped him. There were eight guards, and all of them were Gods. Although they were only Gods who comprehended ordinary Laws, they were strong enough to fill a mid-grade God's heart with dread.

Mo Hen floated in a column of black energy. His eyes were bright and cold as they gazed at Bu Fang. "No matter who he is, I want him dead!" he said, jerking a finger at Bu Fang.

At his voice, those guards moved. Eight low-grade Gods struck out at the same time. Their mighty power caused the color of the sky to change slightly, while a terrible rumble filled the air like thunder.

As divine power spread across the sky, eight spears pierced through the air and shot toward Bu Fang. A whistling sound rang out like a sudden thunderclap. Eight guards, their faces cold, attacked with their lethal moves at the same time!

The scene made the people present gasp in horror. Many felt their flesh creep. These well-trained guards proved to be much stronger than ordinary Gods. They thought the young man, who was trying to sabotage the ceremony, was dead. How could he fight against such forces?

From the aura emanating from him, they realized that he was only a Demigod. How could a mere Demigod fight against eight well-trained Gods of an aristocratic family? Soon, this Demigod would die with his blood spilled all over the place.

The eight spears flew just inches above the lake, causing the water to splash. Bu Fang watched indifferently. They seemed to have sealed off all his retreat routes and were going to kill him on the spot.

Mo Hen was sneering. "I don't know who you are, but since you want to sabotage my ceremony... you must die!" He looked extremely ferocious as he laughed excitedly.

Inside the cage, Nethery, whose face was frowning and was as pale as a sheet, saw Bu Fang, and that gave her pause. She never thought that she would see him here. 'Is this an illusion? No... No, this is not an illusion!' Her black eyes focused in an instant.

Meanwhile, the turquoise power of curse began to emerge from her body, slowly drifting toward Mo Hen and fusing into his body. The excruciating pain took the last bit of red from her face.

The excitement and anticipation in Mo Hen's eyes grew stronger and stronger.

Bu Fang naturally saw that, and he was boiling with rage. He stomped his foot. With him in the center, a humming sound spread out in all directions. The boiling and noisy lakewater quieted down immediately, no longer rippling, while everything around him fell silent. What was left was the sound the spears made as they pierced through the air.

The terrible power of the divine sense was unleashed from Bu Fang's body, which impacted the eight guards and dazed them momentarily. The next moment, a clang echoed out as the eight spears crashed together. In the blink of an eye, they were all caught by Bu Fang, four in each of his hands. He then shook his hands, and the spears flew back instantly. The water was rolled up by them, turning into soaring dragons.

Bu Fang stomped his foot again and shot into the sky. He had to be quick and not waste time. He produced the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, which let out a frightful dragon roar into the sky.

"The Kitchen Knife of Affliction."

His aura kept rising steadily, and for a moment, he seemed to have grown to ten thousand feet high. Then, the kitchen knife slashed down, and a golden knife energy shot out of it.

The eight Gods shuddered. Not daring to underestimate the blow, they unleashed their divine power to stop it. However, the knife knocked them all flying backward. They coughed blood, and their bodies were covered with cuts. The kitchen knife had sent them kneeling in the lake with their heads bowed.

Suddenly, a loud boom rang out. The water exploded as the eight spears turned into dragons, descended from the sky, pierced their bodies, and pinned them to the bottom of the lake.

Bu Fang had defeated eight Gods with just one move!

Er Ha was stunned as he looked at the fearsome Bu Fang from the lakeside. Trembling, he sucked in a cold breath. "It's only been a short time since I've seen Bu Fang young man... How did his fighting strength become so terrifying? He's just a Demigod, and yet he defeated eight Gods with one move... Is he really so freakishly talented?"

The experts on the top floor of the guest house were horrified as well.

"A freakish Demigod?!"

“This is a genius comparable to the heirs of the aristocratic families!”

“He defeated eight Gods with one move, but he’s only a Demigod... I bet no other heir of the aristocratic family can do better than him!”

The experts widened their eyes in disbelief, and the faces of the experts from various powerful families were flickering. The fifth prince was toying with the jade beads in his hand, while an old man, whose eyes were closed, stood beside him.

“I know who he is. He’s that chef who defeated King Pingyang’s young master! He can use a knife technique that has a divine power, and he’s a genius who is comprehending the Law of Transmigration, the supreme Law of the Universe!” Someone finally recognized Bu Fang. That person gasped and cried out shockingly.

Many people could not understand why the chef came to the Mo Family to cause trouble. He was lucky to have escaped death in King Pingyang’s residence because he was backed by the Divine Chef Temple. This time, however, he was alone. Without the support of the Divine Chef Temple, how was he going to stop the Mo Family from killing him?!

Bu Fang leaped into the air and rushed toward the cage.

Mo Hen stared furiously at him. “How dare you! Even if you are a freakish Demigod, you are dead for killing someone in my residence!” he growled, his face ferocious. He was trying to suppress Bu Fang with the Mo Family’s power.

“The Mo Family?”

Bu Fang glanced at Mo Hen with a straight face and twitched the corner of his mouth slightly. He raised a hand, and a black wok emerged over his palm. The Black Turtle Constellation Wok spun, then he grabbed it and flung it down hard at Mo Hen’s head.

Chapter 1442: Rescuing Nethery

Bu Fang clutched the black wok and flung it down. It moved fast across the air, bringing with it a terrible whistle.

Mo Hen wanted to dodge, but he was too slow. The wok hit him in the face. He was immediately knocked flying out of the energy column, fell rapidly from the sky, and crashed hard into the lake.

Holding the black wok, Bu Fang turned to look at the dark iron cage where Nethery was trapped, his face cold and expressionless. Then, he raised a hand and grabbed the iron bars. He wanted to crush the cage. To his surprise, however, he could not break it. It was different from the one that had trapped Flowery in King Pingyang's residence.

"Dammit... How dare you ruin my plan!"

The sound of water splashing echoed out from the lake as a figure with wide eyes, filled with anger and madness, rose from it. His face was grotesquely twisted, and blood was trickling down his cheek, but they made him look even more ferocious.

"The Cursed Goddess is mine! Her power is mine!" Mo Hen growled furiously. His aura kept climbing as he shot up into the sky, charging toward Bu Fang. He looked like a child who was trying to take back his toy that had been seized by someone else.

Bu Fang glanced indifferently at Mo Hen. "Scram," he said, and with that, his divine sense crashed down.

In an instant, Mo Hen was impacted by it and thrown down from the sky. He could not even fight back. It was as if he was facing a boulder that weighed ten thousand kilograms.

All the guests sighed deeply. In the face of a top genius comprehending the Law of Transmigration, Mo Hen was too weak. He was, after all, well known in the Divine Dynasty for his business acumen, not for his strength.

Water splashed as he crawled up from the lake, laughing wildly like a madman. At this moment, he realized that in terms of fighting strength, he was indeed nowhere near as good as Bu Fang. There was a great deal of difference in talent between them. A genius comprehending the supreme Law of the Universe was a lofty existence who he could never be compared with.

"Even so... No matter how freakishly talented you are, you can never break this cage! Even if you break it... you can never leave the Mo Family's residence!" Mo Hen laughed with a voice filled with madness and killing intent.

A clanging sound filled the air as the guards of the Mo Family approached. Soon, almost all the guards in the residence, hundreds of them, surrounded the man-made lake. With so many Demigods and Gods gathered together, their auras tangled and turned into a huge web that covered the whole sky.

Bu Fang did not look at them. He did not even pay them any mind. All his attention was focused on the cage.

The array had stopped working, so the pain Nethery was enduring had lessened significantly. She stared at him with big eyes. Bu Fang nodded at her and said, "Move back a little."

Nethery immediately took one step back, leaning her back against the dark iron bars. Bu Fang focused his eyes. The Yin and Yang energy emerged around his arms, then he grabbed the cage. Putting all his strength into his hands, he began pulling the bars to either side.

"You cannot break the cage! That's no ordinary dark iron! It's a cage made with the essence of dark iron! You cannot open it without my key!" Mo Hen growled wildly.

He was laughing and mocking Bu Fang for overreaching himself. To prevent the Cursed Goddess from escaping and to stop anyone from taking her away, he had made this cage with the essence of dark iron at a great cost. And sure enough, someone was here to take her from him.

Mo Hen was looking forward to seeing Bu Fang fail when he heard a creaking sound, and it made his flesh creep. His pupils constricted in an instant. At this moment, the cage, which was made of the essence of dark iron, let out an ear-piercing creak as the bars were being slowly bent by Bu Fang! An opening was soon created between them!

'How could he possess such a great force?!' Mo Hen was shocked. The next moment, his anger surged up, and he shouted at the top of his lungs, "Stop him now!" For the first time, he felt so irascible.

The guards rose to the sky. Among them were Demigods and Gods, and they all unleashed their formidable strength as they approached Bu Fang, trying to stop him from destroying the cage.

Bu Fang's Taotie Arm continued to exert force. The Yin and Yang energy swirled rapidly around it, darting back and forth like a series of shadows. A rumbling sound could be heard as cracks appeared and spread across the iron bars. Even then, the guards' attacks rained down on him.

Boom!

In a flash, his figure was devoured by countless attacks. A bright light filled the sky.

All the people in the guest house were stunned, and some even gasped. Did the genius, who was as talented as the young master, die just like that?

Mo Hen's eyes were filled with madness. He was about to succeed, but he was interrupted by a genius who came out of nowhere. He hated these arrogant geniuses the most, for they always looked down on others just because they possessed talents that others did not have. Therefore, the death of a genius made him extremely excited.

But was Bu Fang really dead?

The guards hovered in midair, all staring at the cage. Suddenly, they saw the light tear apart, and then Bu Fang stepped out of it, unscathed. Nethery followed quietly after him with her long hair waving behind her.

“Let’s go. I’ll get you out of here.” Bu Fang said, glancing at the guards around them. He exhaled softly and waved his hand. At that, the cage flew whistling toward the ground and crashed into the lake, sending up a wall of splashes.

Mo Hen glared at them with eyes full of venom and hatred. “Get them! All of you!” he bellowed like a madman. He would not allow his chance to escape like this!

One expert after another flew across the sky toward Bu Fang. He was, after all, alone. Even though he was a talented Demigod, he would soon be running out of strength in the face of a group of Gods and Demigods.

Terrible divine power swept out and filled the sky. The guests were excited as they watched. The scene was too thrilling—a Demigod was fighting against hundreds of guards! It was like an epic battle in a story. Even the crown prince and those young masters had never done anything so insane!

Could Bu Fang really do that? Even though he was a Demigod comprehending the supreme Law of the Universe, he would still die before he grew up completely.

Facing the army of guards, Bu Fang breathed out a long sigh. Then, he turned, looked at Nethery, and asked, “Do you want to follow me or go into the Heaven and Earth Farmland?”

Nethery narrowed her eyes and said, “I want to follow you.”

Bu Fang nodded, turned back to face the guards, and produced the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife. At the same time, his aura began to climb.

“In that case, I’ll cut a bloody path through these guards and get you out of here.”

A humming sound rang out as a silver flame emerged, floating in front of Bu Fang. The next moment, it split into a thousand tiny flames and wheeled around him like a flaming dragon. Then, he thrust out the kitchen knife, which, together with the silver flames, distorted the void.

He used the Meteor Cutting Technique this time. Thousands of knives came falling from the sky like meteorites, all accompanied by flames with dreadful power.

The guards unleashed their energy to block the attack. However, when the Demigods among them were hit, their bodies were afire in an instant, and soon, they were burned

down to ashes. As for the Gods, although they could resist the knives, they were all knocked back.

With just one move, the first wave of the guards was defeated. The people sucked in their breaths and felt cold all over as they watched the Demigod guards burst into flames in the sky like fireworks.

In just a flash, the number of guards was reduced sharply. Now, only around twenty God-level guards hovered in midair, blocking Bu Fang.

Mo Hen was shaking. The scene took him by surprise. He knew that he had to pay a great price to deal with a talented Demigod, but he never expected it to be so great.

Bu Fang glanced around. Over his head, the Law of Transmigration emerged. His aura skyrocketed in an instant. The moment the Law made its appearance, his fighting strength soared by leaps and bounds. Then, the Runes of Law gathered, turned into a huge whirlpool, and rushed out with a rumble.

The God-level guards attacking Bu Fang immediately retreated. Under the power of the Law of Transmigration, they were all being suppressed!

Bu Fang's Taotie Arm glowed brilliantly, and he threw a fist at these guards. A loud boom echoed out. Several Gods were torn to pieces by the punch and died tragically on the spot. The others fled hastily. The young master could not block Bu Fang's Yin and Yang Transmigration Punch, let alone these low-grade Gods.

Steam rose from Bu Fang's body after he had forced back the guards. He took Nethery and walked in the air, taking one step at a time. Soon, they landed on the ground beside the lake.

He was alone, and with a punch, he had suppressed all the guards of the Mo Family. This was the might of a freakishly talented Demigod! All the people in the guest house were sighting with emotions.

The fifth prince was toying with some jade beads as a faint smile brushed his lips. "Although this talented Demigod is fearsome, he's just a Demigod... He has too many limitations. Does he really think that the residence of the Mo Family, one of the three strongest families in the Divine Dynasty's capital, is a place where he can come and go at will?"

The old man sitting beside him slowly opened his eyes.

Mo Hen was crazy, but he had not lost his mind yet. He took a deep breath. The moment Bu Fang killed those guards, he knew that this guy could no longer leave the Mo Family's residence. When someone killed many people here, the experts guarding the family would appear.

What an aristocratic family cherished the most was its face. If the Mo Family let Bu Fang come and go as if this was his backyard, it would lose its face.

Sure enough, just when Bu Fang landed on the lakeside with Nethery, a burst of terrible aura exploded out from the depths of the residence. Then, several figures sped across the void in a flash and appeared in the sky. They were three old men, and behind them was a handsome young man.

An aura fell and sealed up the void around Bu Fang. The mid-grade Gods of the Mo Family finally struck out!

Chapter 1443: A Hopeless Situation?

Even the weakest mid-grade God had comprehended six Laws, so it was very difficult for a talented Demigod to fight a mid-grade God.

After destroying the cage and killing so many guards, Bu Fang finally attracted the attention of the Mo Family's mid-grade Gods. Three of them had descended. Their terrible divine pressure spread, joined into a great curtain, and fell onto him.

It was a very uncomfortable feeling. Even though Bu Fang's divine sense was strong, it was hard for him to break the suppression from the divine sense of three mid-grade Gods.

Er Ha sucked in a cold breath. This was the first time he felt such great terror. It was only when he came to the Divine Dynasty that he realized how weak the Netherworld was. In the face of these horrible existences, the Netherworld was as weak as a speck of dust. Of course, that did not include Mu Hongzi, who he could not see through.

With a thought, Bu Fang sent Nethery and Er Ha into the Heaven and Earth Farmland. If these mid-grade Gods did not appear, he might still have the confidence to bring them out. Now that they were here, he could not guarantee his friends' safety while fighting such formidable foes. So he sent them into the farmland without asking their opinion.

The experts in the guest house were smiling. The death of a talented Demigod was definitely something that excited them, and they were actually happy to see that happen. They had all been suppressed by those talented Demigods, and now that they could witness the fall of one of them, they naturally felt very happy.

"You're dead! How dare you trespass the Mo Family and even murder so many people! No one can save you now!" Mo Hen growled madly as he stared at Bu Fang. He looked bedraggled. The failure of the plan was a great blow to him. This meant that his plan to

change his talent had come to nothing. Even a normally calm person would become irritable at this moment.

The three old men in the sky glanced at Mo Hen and sighed. They knew what his ambition was. He just wanted to change his talent and become someone comparable to an heir.

The young man beside them gave Mo Hen a sideways glance. When he saw the latter's crazed look, he twitched his lips disdainfully and said in a cold voice, "A good-for-nothing! Old misters, you don't have to do anything for now. Let me handle this guy."

The three old men looked at each other and nodded. "Be careful, my lord."

"Don't worry. I want to see how strong the genius who had defeated King Pingyang's son is. Of course, I also want to know how strong the legendary Law of Transmigration is!"

The young man roared. His aura began to climb as the Power of Law emerged over his head. Then, with an arrogant look, he stepped forward and faced Bu Fang across a distance.

"I am Mo Cang, the heir of the Mo Family." As the wind blew against his face, he raised a hand, pointed a finger at Bu Fang, and said with a cold smile, "If you surrender yourself to me, I will spare your life!"

He was a little excited. If he could make a talented Demigod surrender to him, his status and reputation in the capital would certainly soar. He might even surpass those geniuses like King Pingyang's son.

Surrender? Bu Fang's face was indifferent. He glanced at Mo Cang as if he were an idiot, wondering where this guy got his confidence.

Suddenly, Mo Cang's Power of Law surged. Bu Fang felt his body become as heavy as a mountain in an instant, as though a great mountain was pressing down on him. At the same time, the ground under his feet crumbled and caved in.

Mo Cang sneered. "The Law I am comprehending is the Law of Gravity. How are you going to resist gravity that is tenfold or even one-thousandfold stronger?" He walked in the air toward Bu Fang, waving a hand. With every wave, Bu Fang felt the pressure on him grow stronger.

The experts in the guest house sucked in their breaths. "Look, that's Mo Cang! He's the heir of the Mo Family, and his strength is comparable to that of King Pingyang's son! He is comprehending the Law of Gravity, and he can attack his enemy with a gravity that is one-thousandfold stronger!"

Mo Hen was very jealous. 'He's valued by the family only because of his talent! Without that talent, he's nothing!' he thought to himself. He felt it was unfair. He had worked so hard and earned the family countless resources, but these resources eventually went to Mo Cang.

He was confident that if he was as talented as Mo Cang, he would make a name for himself, and he would even dare to fight King Pingyang's son!

The three mid-grade Gods were very satisfied with Mo Cang's attack, and they smiled at each other.

"The young master is getting better at using the Law of Gravity..."

"True. I think he's about to break through to the God Realm. Once he succeeds, he will have a great chance to become a Perfected God in the future!"

"If the Mo Family can have one more Perfected God, it will certainly become the leader of all the aristocratic families in the divine dynasty!"

The three old men were very excited.

Bu Fang's hair fluttered, and his eyes were as sharp as blades. 'The Law of Gravity?' With an expressionless face, he looked up at Mo Cang, who was laughing confidently in the sky. He twitched the corner of his mouth. Even with a thousand times the weight of gravity on his back, Bu Fang remained calm.

He exhaled softly. The next moment, the Law of Transmigration swirled over his head while Runes of Law emerged and surrounded him. The terrible force of gravity was immediately gone. This was the overwhelming advantage of the supreme Law of the Universe over the other Laws.

Bu Fang clenched his fist, and then he disappeared from where he stood as if he had been teleported away. When he reappeared, he was already in front of Mo Cang.

The speed startled Mo Cang. "How could you..."

The scene took everyone by surprise. They never expected that the one-thousandfold gravity would be ineffective against Bu Fang.

"The Law of Gravity? What rubbish..." Bu Fang said. After that, he threw out his fist and struck Mo Cang in the belly.

Mo Cang's eyes went wide in an instant, his mind completely blank. The punch made his whole body cramp, and he could not even lift a finger. The next moment, he fell from the sky and smashed to the ground with a thump.

Bu Fang was somewhat speechless. 'Is he the heir of an aristocratic family? Why is he so weak? Did this fellow come here to be a joke?'

The crowd was petrified, while the cheeks of the three old men twitched violently. Looking at Mo Cang, who was rolling and struggling like a worm on the ground, they retracted the comments they had made in their hearts.

"How dare you act so wildly in the Mo Family?! Surrender now!" cried one of the mid-grade Gods with a cold look in his eyes. Then, he raised a palm. With divine power swirling around it, the palm grew into a huge palm that blotted out the sun and slapped down toward Bu Fang.

Even though Bu Fang was a genius comprehending the supreme Law of the Universe, they were confident that they could suppress him. After all, they were not ordinary mid-grade Gods. Each of them had comprehended nine Laws.

Airwaves burst forth and almost crushed everything. Although the heir had made a fool of himself, that did not affect their air of authority.

Bu Fang's face grew serious. Facing the mid-grade God's palm, he let out a long cry. His aura erupted and towered into the sky as he threw out a Yin and Yang Transmigration Punch and crushed the palm. Even in the face of a mid-grade God, he showed no sign of weakness.

The old man flew into a rage, and he dragged Bu Fang into a fierce fight. For a moment, divine power poured out in all directions, while the air was filled with a rumbling sound.

Bu Fang's face was indifferent, and he kept throwing out Yin and Yang Transmigration Punches. Many people could not believe that he was able to fight a mid-grade God. He was just a Demigod, and yet he was not weaker than a mid-grade God! Was this the might of a top genius?

The experts who witnessed this battle all sucked in their breaths. Mo Hen was very jealous, too, and his heart was filled with horror.

At this moment, the fifth prince focused his eyes slightly, leaned forward, and said surprisingly, "This chef... is quite strong."

The old man beside the prince opened his eyes and said, "The Law of Transmigration is the most mysterious supreme Law of the Universe. It's extremely powerful, so it's no surprise that he can fight a mid-grade God."

"Hey... Master, if I can get the help of another talented Demigod, will I have a chance to fight against the crown prince?" asked the fifth prince, his eyes flickering.

The old man glanced at the fifth prince and shook his head. "Your Highness doesn't know the terror of the crown prince. He's a monster among men, an existence destined to become a God King! He even has a chance to break through to the legendary Heavengod Realm..."

"How could a mere Demigod comprehending the Law of Transmigration fight against the crown prince? The crown prince can kill him with one move," the old man said in disdain.

The fifth prince did not comment on that. He just fixed his eyes on Bu Fang with a smile on his face. "If this chef survives, I will offer him an opportunity to serve me..." He chuckled, toying with the jade beads in his hand.

...

Rumble!

The void shook. Bu Fang took a step backward, but the mid-grade God opposite him moved several steps back. The old man was shocked, and there was anger in his eyes.

The next moment, the other two mid-grade Gods joined the battle. All three of them surrounded Bu Fang in a flash and unleashed their divine power, which gathered together and turned into a huge palm.

Bu Fang threw out a punch. The Law of Transmigration spread, but he could not destroy the palm. He was knocked from the sky by the three old men and smashed hard into the ground.

"Kneel!" one of the old men bellowed. His voice rang out like thunder, shocking those who heard it.

The terrible pressure and crushing force made Bu Fang feel sore all over. His face was expressionless as he glanced at the three mid-grade Gods. He was about to let White Tiger take over his body. With his current strength, White Tiger would definitely turn this place into a river of blood!

Suddenly, a formidable aura burst out and towered into the sky outside the Mo Family's residence, then a graceful figure appeared and descended from the sky.

The three mid-grade Gods looked up, their eyes narrowing slightly. A rumbling sound rang out the next moment. They retreated immediately and withdrew their suppression on Bu Fang.

"Luo Sanniang?!"

“The she-devil of the Luo Family! How dare you meddle in the Mo Family’s business?!” one of the old men cried out angrily, his aura spreading and filling the air.

Bu Fang gave Luo Sanniang a puzzled look. He did not expect her to appear and save him.

“I know you are no match for the group of old men in the Mo Family, so I came to help you. Are you touched? If yes, treat me to a good meal after we leave this place...” Luo Sanniang smiled at Bu Fang. Her beautiful face looked especially attractive at this moment.

Chapter 1444: You’re Killing Yourself!

Luo Sanniang’s appearance surprised Bu Fang, the people of the Mo Family, and everyone else. Some could understand why she was here, though.

These people knew who Bu Fang was. He was a chef highly valued by the Divine Chef Temple because he had broken the first seal of the ancient inheritance. Although Luo Sanniang was from the Luo Family, she was also the Divine Chef Temple’s steward, so naturally, she would pay attention to Bu Fang.

It was perfectly normal for her to appear and help Bu Fang. However, could she save him? The Mo Family, after all, was a top family in the divine dynasty’s capital. It was a monster in terms of both strength and power, an existence too fearsome to be opposed by ordinary people. On the other hand, Bu Fang was only a Demigod, and Luo Sanniang was just a mid-grade God.

“My lords, for the sake of the Divine Chef Temple, let Bu Fang go... He is a chef highly valued by us. If something happened to him in the Mo Family, it will be hard for you to explain to the Divine Chef Temple. I’m sure that the Mo Family does not want to put our relationship on the line, does it?” Luo Sanniang said, smiling.

She wanted to have a relaxed and happy talk with the Mo Family. She thought that maybe the family would give the Divine Chef Temple face. However, no sooner had she said that than she was responded with the cold snorts of the three old men.

“The she-devil of the Luo Family, do you really think the Mo Family is a pushover?” one of the old men said with a sneer, his eyes cold. “This boy committed murder in our residence, and now you want to bring him away by threatening us not to put our relationship with the Divine Chef Temple on the line... Who do you think the Mo Family is?”

Luo Sanniang paused.

“You want to leave? Go ahead. Let that chef hand us the girl he had taken away!” Mo Hen said in a hoarse voice. His eyes were gleaming as they fixed on Bu Fang. As long as he absorbed the Cursed Goddess’s talent, he would be stronger than this damn guy and even kill him!

Luo Sanniang fell silent. She knew Bu Fang’s purpose here was to save the girl. By asking him to hand over the girl, Mo Hen was clearly forcing him to do something he would not do. She glanced over her shoulder at Bu Fang, only to see him shake his head with an expressionless face.

Bu Fang would never give them Nethery.

“Hmph! You’re about to die, but you still want to protect a girl. How laughable! Someone like you is not qualified to be a genius!”

The mid-grade Gods of the Mo Family sneered. They were somewhat speechless at Bu Fang’s decision. A genius who acted so foolishly would not achieve much in the future, they knew.

When Mo Hen saw Bu Fang’s response, his whole body began to shake. “In that case, you can go to hell!” he growled, almost like a madman. “I can get that girl after killing you! I will inflict upon the girl a thousand times the same you gave me!”

His words made everyone present frown, and Luo Sanniang felt a twinge of disgust when she heard that. Mo Hen was called a business genius, but business was inherently a little bit dirty. In fact, the people in the whole capital knew that his actions were questionable. However, when he revealed that so openly, people still felt disgusted.

“Then I will kill you first,” Bu Fang said coldly as killing intent surged in his eyes.

“How presumptuous!” snapped one of the mid-grade Gods. “You want to kill someone when you’re already in trouble?! It seems we have to destroy your cultivation base and throw you into the dungeon, so you’ll know what living hell is!”

As an exceptional Demigod, Bu Fang’s talent was surely out of the ordinary. It would be good if they could extract it from him and fuse it into a junior of the family. At the thought of this, the three old men looked at him with gleaming eyes.

The Mo Family’s means to seize other people of their talents was no secret in the Divine Dynasty’s capital. It was an immoral method, but the Mo Family had a strong backer. So even though the people in the capital hated that, no one could do anything.

It was all because the imperial concubine of the Xiayi Divine Dynasty's Divine Emperor was from the Mo Family. Otherwise, the Mo Family would have been destroyed by all the aristocratic families for their brutal means.

Bu Fang did not know what these men were planning, but he felt their malice. He raised his head and glanced at the three mid-grade Gods as killing intent exploded out of his eyes. "You three old dogs!" he said, anger surging in his heart.

Suddenly, a thunderous noise rang out, and a terrible fluctuation seemed to rip the sky. An old man flew over and slapped a hand at Bu Fang. The attack contained mighty divine power, causing the void to shake.

"The Mo Family is really... lawless!" Luo Sanniang felt helpless. The Divine Chef Temple was an existence feared by all in the capital, but unfortunately, she met the Mo Family today. With the imperial concubine as its backer, the family did not fear the Divine Chef Temple.

If there was one power in the whole Divine Dynasty who was not afraid of the Divine Chef Temple, that would be the imperial family. Although the Mo Family was not the imperial family, one of its daughters was the imperial concubine, and that made it a relative of the imperial family. That was what gave the Mo Family the courage to do as they please.

Since they could not come to an agreement, Luo Sanniang had no choice but to resort to force. In fact, she had been wanting to beat the people of the Mo Family for quite some time. She picked herself an old man and rushed toward him.

Although she was not an exceptional Demigod, she was gifted, and her fighting strength was not weaker than this old man. In fact, she had comprehended nine Laws, and she had not reached the perfected state yet.

The Power of Law and divine power surged in the sky, attracting lightning and thunder. The void in the Xiayi Divine Dynasty was much stabler than that in the Netherworld, and it could not be easily ripped apart. Therefore, even though two Gods were fighting each other, the fluctuation of their battle did not spread too far.

"Let's fight!" Luo Sanniang's fighting spirit was high. Her blood was boiling, and her eyes gleamed. She had no fear, for she had already found help.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, was even fiercer. He was fighting the other two old men, and he showed no sign of losing. The Law of Transmigration shrouded him, making his strength stronger and stronger.

"Surrender now! Although you are an exceptional genius, you are just a Demigod!" one of the old men sneered. The two mid-grade Gods' divine power was endless. Bu Fang

was only a Demigod, so he was fighting with his divine sense. The more he fought, the quicker he became weak.

The divine sense of the two old men wove together into a large net, which fell and pressed against Bu Fang, forcing him to the ground. The mighty force that came with it seemed to crush him to pieces.

The watchers in the distance all fell silent. Bu Fang's strength had shocked everyone. Although in theory, an exceptional Demigod could fight a mid-grade God, that rarely happened. And this battle had stunned the crowd because Bu Fang's opponents were not ordinary mid-grade Gods!

Mo Hen was laughing, his eyes full of excitement. 'They will destroy his cultivation base, throw him into the dungeon, and then seize his talent and fuse it into my body!' He was thrilled at the thought of that.

Mo Cang, on the other hand, struggled to his feet. He was the exceptional Demigod of the Mo Family, but he was thrown to the ground with a punch by Bu Fang. It was a shame, and it would become a mental demon on his path of cultivation. He had to get rid of this mental demon.

He looked up, and with his eyes full of cold killing intent, he said, "Dammit! I want you dead! Only when you die can the humiliation in my heart be washed away!"

He unleashed his Law of Gravity. The world around him seemed to become extremely heavy. Even the ground was caving in. As the force weighed down on him, he suddenly retracted the Law. His body immediately shot forward like a spring. This technique of compressing the force and releasing it abruptly would give him maximum speed.

With a rumbling sound, the ground cracked and burst apart. At this moment, Mo Cang compressed the Law of Gravity into a tiny ball in his hand. As long as this ball exploded in Bu Fang's body, he would be killed instantly, even if he was a genius with extremely tough flesh.

The uses of Laws were mysterious, not to mention his Law of Gravity, which could be found everywhere. In Mo Cang's opinion, the Law of Gravity was not weaker than any of the supreme Laws of the Universe.

Like a cannonball, Mo Cang approached in a flash and appeared in front of Bu Fang, who was pinned down on the ground by the divine sense of the two old men.

"Die!" Mo Cang's eyes burst with monstrous killing intent and shot with blood. "The supreme Law of the Universe? F*ck you all!" he growled. Then, the energy ball, which was the compressed Law of Gravity, shot toward Bu Fang's face.

Bu Fang sensed the approaching crisis. He breathed out a long sigh, and then his face became extremely cold. "Howling, I'll let you take over... Kill at will. The people of the Mo Family deserve to be killed..." he murmured.

A proud chuckle rang in his spirit sea.

Mo Cang's deadly strike approached. Just when it was about to hit Bu Fang's face, the two old men, who were suppressing Bu Fang, felt their hearts skip a beat.

At this moment, Bu Fang's black hair turned silvery-white, and when he looked up, they saw that his pupils had turned into two tiny sharp swords.

"The Law of Gravity? What rubbish are you? How dare you offend Howling?"

A deafening rumble echoed out as Bu Fang's aura changed dramatically. The next moment, the two old men felt that their divine sense seemed to be torn apart by a roaring white tiger. Their faces turned pale in an instant, and they flew backward.

White-haired Bu Fang slowly rose to his feet. In the face of Mo Cang's Law of Gravity, he only reached out a hand.

With a crackling sound, the Law of Gravity was crushed while a hole was pierced through Mo Cang's chest. White-haired Bu Fang grinned evilly as he rested his sharp eyes on Mo Cang, who was trembling all over in the distance.

"The host asked me to kill all of you. It seems that you have screwed yourself up!"

Chapter 1445: Kill a Mid-grade God!

The whole place was quiet. The watchers were stunned, and they all stared at Bu Fang in disbelief.

Bright red blood trickled down and fell to the ground.

The people present did not know what to say. They were all shocked by the scene in front of them. Everyone in the guest house was gasping and shivering.

"Crazy... This is crazy..."

"This chef is seeking death. Does he think he can do whatever he wants with the Divine Chef Temple on his back?"

“He’s a nut! Even the Divine Chef Temple can’t protect him now.”

They all shook their heads and looked at Bu Fang with his silvery-white hair. If he only saved the girl, perhaps the Mo Family would let him live for the Divine Chef Temple’s sake. But once he killed Mo Cang, the heir of the family, then the enmity between them would be irreconcilable.

Even Luo Sanniang did not expect Bu Fang to push things so far. Killing the heir with one move was indeed very crazy, but for some reason, it made her blood boil with excitement.

Mo Cang widened his eyes in disbelief. His body was lifted. There was a sharp pain in his chest, where blood was flowing out and dripping onto the ground, and his heart had been crushed. However, he was a Demigod, after all, so his ability to recover was considered strong. The Mo Family had ways to save his life, but first, he must flee from this madman in front of him.

He was an exceptional Demigod, but in the face of Bu Fang, he was as weak as a child. In just a flash, he was defeated, and that was a great blow to him. Of course, no matter how great the blow, it was not as important as to survive, and all he wanted now was to live.

“Let go of me!” Mo Cang said, coughing blood. His eyes suddenly became sharp, and he tried to struggle free.

White-haired Bu Fang just glanced indifferently at him.

Rumble!

A burst of fearsome divine sense poured forth and impacted Mo Cang. For a moment, he felt as if his divine sense was about to crumble. Blood spurted from his nose and mouth as he flew backward and fell to the ground like a dead dog, barely breathing.

After throwing Mo Cang away, white-haired Bu Fang turned and fixed his eyes on Mo Hen, who was shivering all over in the distance. This was the man the host asked him to kill.

“Ah, a guy who brings about his own destruction...” White-haired Bu Fang shook his head. The next moment, an oppressive rumble exploded out around him, and his figure disappeared as if he had been teleported away. When he reappeared, he was already in front of Mo Hen.

“You...” Mo Hen’s pupils constricted. It seemed to him that the guy in front of him was a different person, one who was fiercer and more brutal. “You can’t kill me!” he growled.

“You’re the one who seeks death, and now you don’t want to die?” white-haired Bu Fang said indifferently. His silvery-white hair waved in the wind, and his sharp eyes seemed to pierce Mo Hen’s mind.

Meanwhile, the mid-grade Gods, who were stunned by Bu Fang’s sudden move, finally recovered their wits. Roaring furiously, they sped across the sky and approached Bu Fang in a flash.

“You filthy animal! How dare you hurt someone again? This is no place for you to go wild!” snapped one of the mid-grade Gods, his voice cold. The Power of Law burst out of him and pressed down on white-haired Bu Fang.

Mo Hen was already petrified with fear.

White-haired Bu Fang moved his eyes slightly, and the corners of his lips curved upward. Then, he slapped the ground with a hand. With a bang, his body suddenly spun once and disappeared. When he appeared again, he was behind the mid-grade God.

A terrible chill instantly enveloped the old man, causing him to shiver all over. “Dammit!” he cursed. He could not believe that his move missed the target.

White-haired Bu Fang stood behind the mid-grade God, their body almost touching, and said with a cold smile, “In my eyes, you are all... rubbish!”

The mid-grade God’s pupils constricted. Suddenly, his head was grabbed by white-haired Bu Fang and smashed hard on the ground. A rumble could be heard as the earth exploded into a huge pit full of rolling rubble.

Roar!

Then, a white tiger descended from the sky and crashed onto the mid-grade God’s body. The next moment, white-haired Bu Fang rose to the sky, while the mid-grade God howled miserably.

It all happened right in front of Mo Hen. At this moment, he was more afraid than ever. He had never thought that a Demigod could be so terrible. They were both Demigods, but why was the difference between them so huge?

“You filthy animal!” The mid-grade God looked bedraggled. Covered in blood, he was boiling with rage. He never thought that he would be beaten so badly by a Demigod.

Hovering in midair, white-haired Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth. The next moment, he raised a hand and crooked his fingers like a tiger claw. In the palm, a silvery-white flame was burning. “The Host finally activated the Divine flame... This thing is a killer.” He stared at the flame with an intoxicated look on his face.

Then, he flicked his fingers. The silver flame shot down like a meteor, rushed in front of the mid-grade God in an instant, and pierced his body. The old man never thought that his body would be pierced.

“The Divine flame is so powerful that it can destroy everything. It has only fused with three Laws now. If it contains three thousand Laws, a tiny wisp of the fire will turn a mid-grade God like you to ashes,” white-haired Bu Fang said disdainfully.

Of the three mid-grade Gods, one was held up by Luo Sanniang, and the other two joined hands to kill Bu Fang. However, one of them was seriously wounded by him. The last one finally pulled himself together and unleashed a lethal attack.

But the fighting style of Bu Fang, now possessed by White Tiger, was completely different. White Tiger was in charge of killing, so he was bursting with violent killing intent. And at this moment, his strength, speed, and fighting skills had improved exponentially. In the blink of an eye, he vanished from where he stood.

Before the mid-grade God could respond, he was hit hundreds of times. After that, his neck was caught by white-haired Bu Fang, and then he was lifted and thrown to the ground. A terrible explosion erupted in a flash as the old man’s body was blown apart by the burning Divine flame in Bu Fang’s palm.

A miserable shriek resounded through the air, while everyone was utterly stunned. The battle lasted only for a few moments, but two mid-grade Gods were already defeated and severely wounded.

The divine sense of mid-grade Gods was very powerful, so even when their bodies were destroyed, their souls could still escape. But... how could they escape in the face of white-haired Bu Fang?

With his eyes narrowed slightly, white-haired Bu Fang smiled disdainfully and flicked his fingers. The silver flame in his hand immediately turned into a savage tiger, swooped down toward the mid-grade God’s soul, and began tearing and snapping it.

A blood-curdling howl filled the air. Soon, the God’s soul was devoured by Bu Fang’s Divine flame, which fused with six of his Laws. Although it missed some of the Laws, it still benefited significantly.

The crowd exploded into an uproar when the mid-grade God finally died.

“He’s dead?! He’s dead!”

“A mid-grade God of the Mo Family is dead!”

“Heavens! How did that happen?!”

Everyone felt their hearts skipped a beat. A mid-grade God could be considered the backbone of an aristocratic family, so it was a great loss when one died, especially one like this old man, who was an expert among mid-grade Gods.

“He’s a heaven-defying Demigod! Even King Pingyang’s son couldn’t do this!”

Mo Hen was trembling all over as he stared at Bu Fang in horror. ‘A mid-grade God is... dead?! Killed by this demon-like man?! Is he really a f*cking chef? Is there such a fearsome chef? Aren’t all those chefs in the Divine Chef Temple weak, and they know only how to use kitchen knives?’

Without hesitation, Mo Hen turned to flee. He ran madly, trying to escape white-haired Bu Fang’s killing.

White-haired Bu Fang withdrew the Divine flame and focused his eyes. A faint sneer brushed his lips. He stomped his foot, and the ground burst apart in an instant. Like a tiger descending the mountain, he bolted through the air and approached Mo Hen.

Mo Hen shivered violently. At this moment, he really regretted it. The heir of his family was seriously injured, and of the three mid-grade Gods, one was crippled while the other was killed. Was this the strength of a top Demigod? And yet, he was foolish enough to try to devour the talent of such a fearsome existence?

He ran as fast as he could as tears trickled down his cheeks. In the face of death, he was really afraid.

Luo Sanniang was fighting with the last mid-grade God, but she was shocked. ‘Crazy! This is too crazy! I can’t believe he killed a mid-grade God!’ She realized that she had underestimated Bu Fang. ‘He can kill even a mid-grade God... He might be the strongest Demigod except for the crown prince!’

The ground exploded continuously as Mo Hen ran crazily toward the guest house. However, his speed was no match for white-haired Bu Fang. In just a flash, the latter had caught up.

White-haired Bu Fang did not speak. The Divine flame hovered over his palm, and the Power of Law was surging in it. Although it had devoured many Laws, the power in the flame was chaotic, and it contained only fragments of Laws. Suddenly, the flame turned into a tiger claw.

As Mo Hen ran crazily, the flaming tiger claw fell toward him with power enough to kill a mid-grade God. If it struck him, he would undoubtedly be dead.

The eyes of the mid-grade God held up by Luo Sanniang burst with anger. Meanwhile, none of the people in the guest house moved. They just watched as Bu Fang hunted down Mo Hen.

Sitting on a chair, the fifth prince toyed with the jade beads in his hand and watched as Mo Hen fled in panic. An amused smile brushed his lips. "Master, save Mo Hen. This guy is my mother's nephew, after all... If I save him, my mother will owe me a favor," he said with a faint smile.

The old man beside the fifth prince flicked open his eyes, which gleamed brilliantly. "There's no need... This is the Mo Family, and its experts will save him," he said.

Sure enough, no sooner had he said that than a bolt of lightning darted across the sky, followed by a deafening thunderclap.

"You filthy animal! How dare you kill a mid-grade God of the Mo Family? This is an unpardonable crime, and you will be killed!" A voice rang out as if from the heavens above.

The next moment, the clouds broke apart, and a finger descended from the sky, pointing toward Bu Fang. He jerked his head up, his silvery-white hair fluttering in the wind. As he fixed his sharp eyes at the finger, the flaming tiger claw turned and collided with the finger.

The moment they crashed into each other, the tiger claw crumbled and faded away, while the entire man-made lake exploded. A terrible divine sense enveloped the whole place, its pressure weighing down like a great mountain.

White-haired Bu Fang stood still. The lakewater fell back like a heavy downpour and drenched his face, making him look more evil.

"A high-grade God?!"

Chapter 1446: There Is Nothing I, Howling, Dare Not Do!

The man-made lake exploded. The water turned into a heavy downpour, falling from the sky.

Bu Fang stood in the middle of the lake and let the water rain down on him. A terrible pressure filled the air, shocking everyone. It was as if a boulder was pressing on everyone's heart, making it hard to breathe.

The high-grade God of the Mo Family?

The fifth prince's eyes lit up, and he leaned back on his chair. High-grade Gods were the top power of a family, and only those with high-grade Gods could be called aristocratic families. The three top aristocratic families of the Divine Dynasty even had Perfected Gods.

Although only the high-grade God of the Mo Family appeared, it was already very horrible. A Demigod could never fight a high-grade God at all. Even the crown prince could not do that.

“It’s Mo Feng, who had just become a high-grade God five years ago... Although he’s new in the realm, he’s more than enough to deal with this boy,” the old man told the fifth prince.

There were detailed records of the top fighting force of every aristocratic family in the imperial family. To rule the whole Divine Dynasty, the imperial family had to have absolute control over everything.

“Interesting... Now that a high-grade God has struck out, this chef should be dead soon,” said the fifth prince. There was a note of regret in his words.

He thought quite highly of Bu Fang. A man who was so fearsome at the Demigod Realm would be stronger than King Pingyang’s son if he managed to grow up. ‘If I can subdue this chef, he may become my strong arm to fight with the crown prince!’

At the thought of the crown prince, the fifth prince shivered. Only those who had faced the crown prince understood his horror.

Although the fifth prince was not regarded the best among all the princes, he had an enterprising heart. He was resourceful, and if he could recruit enough geniuses with his charm, he might be able to threaten the crown prince.

Everyone’s attention was focused on the man-make lake.

Mo Hen sat on the ground with his back leaning against the wall of the guest house. There was a relieved look on his face. Soon, he began to laugh wildly. “I’m not dead! I’m not dead!” His eyes were full of excitement.

“Do you really think that no one in the Mo Family can defeat you? How dare you kill the God of my family... You will pay for that with your life! You want to kill me? Try it again in your next life!”

Mo Hen was very arrogant. He had survived, and now that the high-grade God of his family had arrived, he knew he did not need to die, so he was back to his usual self again. His hatred for Bu Fang exploded out completely at this moment. On top of that, his desire for Bu Fang’s talent was at its peak, even surpassing his desire for Nethery.

In the distance, Luo Sanniang’s expression changed dramatically. ‘Have we finally brought out the high-grade God of the Mo Family? This is not going to end well...’ She sighed in her mind, clenching her fists. She had already crushed a jade talisman, but the reinforcement was not here yet. She wondered if they could reach in time.

With his silvery-white hair spread out behind him, Bu Fang reached out a hand and felt the falling water. His eyes focused slightly. The Divine flame in his palm burned and vaporized the water drops, causing steam to rise and conceal his figure.

The high-grade God of the Mo Family did not show himself, but his terrible pressure filled the air. He was very proud, and he wanted to kill Bu Fang from across a distance to awe all the people present.

It was quiet all around. Apart from Mo Hen, who was laughing wildly, everyone fell silent.

Bu Fang was very strong. Few could achieve what he had done in the Demigod Realm. Unfortunately, he was alone, and it was impossible for him to fight against an aristocratic family himself. An aristocratic family was so powerful that no man could fight it alone.

Suddenly, he raised his head slightly, his eyes gleaming. "You seem very happy," he said, looking at Mo Hen laughing wildly in the distance. The guy looked very different from just now, when he was running in panic.

"Oh yes, I'm very happy! Why? Do you dare to kill me now?" Mo Hen glanced coldly at Bu Fang. Now that he had someone behind him, he was puffed up with pride again. "In the face of a high-grade God, do you think you have the ability to kill me?!" He spread his arms with a mocking look on his face.

White-haired Bu Fang shook his head. 'No wonder the Host wants me to kill him. Anyone would want to kill him for the way he behaved...'

"In that case... I'll kill you first! A high-grade God? So what? When I, Howling, want to kill someone, nobody can stop me, not even a high-grade God!" he said with a grin, revealing his canine teeth.

When he had finished, he bent forward slightly, pressed both hands on the ground, and crooked his fingers like tiger claws. The next moment, he slapped the ground. A boom rang out as a savage tiger suddenly emerged behind him. The water in the lake exploded as he leaped forward like a beam of white light, running across the air at great speed.

"He attacked under the pressure of a high-grade God?!"

"This guy is really... crazy!"

"A lunatic with strength is truly terrible!"

Everyone was shocked.

The water kept exploding. Bu Fang ran faster and faster, like a tiger racing across the lake.

“How dare you!” A furious cry echoed out like thunder, shaking the sky. Then, another energy finger descended. “The people of the Mo Family are not who you can touch!” The high-grade God flew into a rage.

Suddenly, the white tiger stopped and turned in another direction. The finger fell. The man-made lake exploded with a rumble, and the terrain changed in an instant. Amid the explosion, the white tiger leaped forward.

“You want to kill me? Keep dreaming!” Mo Hen was still laughing. With the protection from a high-grade God, he did not think Bu Fang could kill him.

The air was filled with a rumbling sound as one finger after another fell. The divine sense of a high-grade God was very strong. It sprinkled down like rain as if to restrict Bu Fang’s movement. However, he was not affected at all, and he was still darting across the lake like a bolt of lightning. The distance between him and Mo Hen was reducing at a rate visible to the naked eye.

No one thought he could kill someone under the pressure of a high-grade God. Exceptional Demigods could kill people of higher realms because their Laws were strong. However, their own strength was too weak. Although the Laws could boost it, the increment was still limited.

Boom!

Another finger hit the lake. The blasts generated by the terrible explosion swept out in all directions, while a wild wind rose, whistling.

“Die! Die!” Mo Hen’s eyes widened, filled with hatred.

Bang, bang, bang!

One energy finger after another fell, turning the whole man-made lake into ruins. Bu Fang was finally struck by one of them. Columns of water shot up into the sky, while monstrous waves surged and obscured everything.

All of a sudden, everything fell silent, and the energy fingers stopped falling.

“Is he dead?” someone asked.

No one could sense white-haired Bu Fang’s aura, and they all thought he was killed by the high-grade God. The fifth prince’s curiosity was aroused. As for the old man sitting beside him, he squinted and felt something strange, so he sent out his divine sense.

Roar!

In his divine sense, a white tiger suddenly roared. That startled him and caused his small eyes to widen in an instant.

Meanwhile, the void in front of Mo Hen blew apart. A slender arm stretched out of it, caught him by the neck, and smashed him hard into the guest house's wall. With a rumble, the wall broke and crumbled into a large hole, and the whole building was shaking.

"You are too presumptuous!" The high-grade God did not expect this to happen. He could not believe that under his violent attack, Bu Fang was still alive.

Mo Hen's eyes widened in disbelief. "You... How dare you?!" He was shaking all over. He could not understand why Bu Fang dared to kill him under the pressure of a high-grade God.

White-haired Bu Fang narrowed his eyes slightly, smiled, and said, "There is nothing I, Howling, dare not do!" As soon as he said that, he clenched his palm.

Mo Hen's body was crushed to pieces in an instant. His soul jumped out of his flesh and rose into the sky. White-haired Bu Fang casually pointed out a finger, and the Divine flame shot out and devoured it. Accompanied by a miserable howl, the soul burned in the flame, and before long, it was completely consumed by the fire and disappeared.

The moment Bu Fang killed Mo Hen, the high-grade God exploded with rage. With a boom, a golden figure descended from the sky and smashed into the ground like a meteor. The air was filled with a dreadful pressure that made it hard for all the people to breathe, and the whole guest house crumbled down.

The old man narrowed his eyes and waved his hand. An invisible burst of Power of Law enveloped the fifth prince immediately and took him hundreds of miles away from the guest house. As he watched the battle, the fifth prince's heart trembled. "So this is the power of a high-grade God..." he murmured.

"Mo Feng had just stepped into the realm of high-grade Gods, so he's still not good at controlling his power. At the most, a high-grade God can comprehend eighty-one Laws, and he only comprehended thirty-six... That made him an ordinary high-grade God," the old man said indifferently.

The fifth prince's heart was filled with awe. The old man beside him was his master, whose strength was too strong for him to understand. But judging from his tone, he should be stronger than Mo Feng.

The expert, glowing with golden light, looked like a golden statue. He was a high-grade God, yet one of his juniors was killed by someone right under his nose. This, to him, was an insult, and only by killing the guy who did this could the shame be washed away.

“DIE NOW!”

At this moment, a golden Wheel of Law emerged over his head, which contained the thirty-six Laws he had comprehended. The power of these Laws gathered and turned into a palm. Then, led by his strongest Law, the Law of Golden Spear, it smashed down toward Bu Fang.

For a moment, an army seemed to appear. The soldiers were armed with golden spears and rode on steel-clad horses, while the air was filled with monstrous killing intent.

Impacted by the blast, Luo Sanniang coughed out a mouthful of blood, flew backward, and fell hard to the ground in the distance. With fear and horror on her beautiful face, she stared at the center of the explosion.

“A high-grade God is really so... fearsome?! This kind of attack... Bu Fang might be dead soon!”

Chapter 1447: Come, Beat Me!

“Is he dead?”

“He must be dead, right?”

“If he survives this... that would be crazy!”

The whole residence of the Mo Family seemed to have turned into ruins, and the guest house had collapsed completely. It was a huge loss for the family, but it could afford that. Compared to the death of Mo Hen and a mid-grade God, the loss was nothing.

Mo Feng was boiling with monstrous killing intent, and there was a terrible aura surging in his eyes. As a high-grade God, he had failed to protect a junior of his family, causing the latter to be killed by someone. So he must kill the Demigod.

It was true that the guy was a talented Demigod and that he was highly valued by the Divine Chef Temple, but so what? Even the Divine Chef Temple had to provide a reasonable answer if they offended the Mo Family. Everyone knew that the Mo Family was backed by the imperial concubine.

The golden wheel of Law hovered over him with the power of thirty-six Laws floating inside. Gods cultivated Laws. There were three thousand Laws, and the more Laws one comprehended, the stronger their strength.

Since there were so many Laws, a God had to choose one as his primary Law, which would decide his offensive means. The rest of the Laws would only improve the God's fighting strength. At most, a high-grade God could comprehend eighty-one Laws. For those who had achieved this, their primary Laws were mostly top Laws.

Just like the heirs of aristocratic families, these Gods were all exceptional Demigods, and they were the only group of Gods who had the chance to break through to the realm of Perfected Gods.

Mo Feng floated in midair with his hands clasped behind his back, surrounded by terrible pressure that caused the void to crack. The air was thick with mist. Under his attack, the water in the whole lake had vaporized.

Everyone was staring at the center of the explosion, wondering what had happened to Bu Fang. They all thought that he could be proud of himself for achieving such an outstanding performance.

Luo Sanniang was a little sad. She thought Bu Fang was dead, and that filled her heart with sorrow. His death would be a great loss for the Divine Chef Temple because no one else would be able to solve the seals of the ancient Heavengod's inheritance.

However, there was nothing she could do. Her talent in cultivation was excellent, but her foundation was too weak, and she had not comprehended any supreme or top Laws. So, as a mid-grade God, she could hold up against a mid-grade God of the Mo Family, but she could not save Bu Fang from a high-grade God.

Blood trickled down from the corners of her mouth, and she was so sad that she could hardly breathe.

Just then, a series of whistling sounds rang out, and one figure after another flew over from a distance. Mo Feng turned and rested his eyes on the approaching experts, led by a middle-aged man emanating an extremely terrible aura.

"Why are you so slow?" Luo Sanniang stared blankly at these men. Her voice sounded a little angry.

"Luo Luo, stop messing around..." the middle-aged man said lightly, looking at her.

"So you were late on purpose?" Luo Sanniang's pupils constricted as she seemed to realize something.

"We're Luos, and there's no need for us to go to war with the Mos over an outsider," said the middle-aged man.

Luo Sanniang bit her lip with a disappointed look in her eyes. "I'm tired, Second Uncle." She sighed.

"Let's go home, Sis." A man clad in a green robe stepped out from behind the middle-aged man. His eyes seemed to fill with energy as he gave a deep look at the place where steam was rising. 'A freakishly talented Demigod... He's really fearsome,' he thought. 'How I wish I could fight with him. A pity that he's dead now...'

He was Luo Hui, the heir of the Mo Family and the only man among all the other heirs of the aristocratic families comprehending the supreme Laws of the Universe. He was eager to fight with experts of the same level as him, but because of his status, he was not allowed to do that.

If truth be told, he envied Bu Fang. Although they were both the top experts of their generation, Bu Fang was free to do anything, and he was not.

"I'm not going home. I'm going to the Divine Chef Temple..." Luo Sanniang said coldly, turned, and was about to leave. Now that the people of the Luo Family were here, the Mo Family would not force her to stay. After all, the Luos had already compromised by not helping Bu Fang.

Mo Feng looked indifferently at the Luos, who were leaving, and did nothing to stop them. Just like the Luo Family, the Mo Family did not wish to start a war. After all, the Luo Family was also one of the three top aristocratic families, and once they fought each other, the whole capital of the Divine Dynasty would shake.

Luo Sanniang turned to leave, looking somewhat lonely and sad. Luo Hui sighed. Suddenly, he frowned, then glanced suspiciously at the white mist in the man-made lake. Even the middle-aged man, who was about to leave, furrowed his brows and gave a soft cry of surprise.

Luo Sanniang shuddered and spun around.

Mo Feng took a deep breath. "Impossible!" he exclaimed. Then, he waved a hand. A gust of wind immediately scattered the white mist, revealing the center of the dried-up lake.

There, a figure could be seen lying on his back under a bright green energy... turtle shield, snoring rhythmically. That stunned everyone, then the crowd exploded into an uproar.

"A turtle shell? Snoring?"

“What the heck?”

“This guy is still alive? Is he a cockroach that cannot be killed? That was a blow from a high-grade God who had comprehended thirty-six Laws...”

Even Mo Feng found it hard to believe. He could not sense Bu Fang’s aura just now, and he had thought that he was dead. It never occurred to him that... this fellow was actually sleeping under a turtle shell!

“Ahhh!”

A yawn rang out. The figure lying under the turtle shell sat up, his dark green hair waving in the wind. That put a strange look on every face.

“His hair color changed again? Just now, when his hair was silvery white, his temperament was evil and violent. But now, with that dark-green hair... He gave off an air of... laziness. How can a person’s temperament change so significantly in such a short time?”

Green-haired Bu Fang stood up, swaying and staggering, then he seemed to lose his balance and fell back to the ground.

“Ahhh!”

He yawned again. As if they had been influenced, the people present all opened their mouths and yawned. He rose to his feet again, and this time, he managed to stand straight.

Mo Feng turned livid, and he felt a burning pain in his face. He could not believe that the Demigod, who had killed two people of the Mo Family, was still alive and unscathed. ‘How is he not hurt? Why did my attack not kill him?’

With rage burning in his heart, he vanished from where he stood, appeared in front of the dark-green turtle shell, and threw a punch at it. The shield rippled like water, but the punch, which was thrown out by a high-grade God, did not break it.

Mo Feng was petrified, and so did everyone else.

Even then, Luo Sanniang’s eyes lit up. She did not expect that Bu Fang was not dead. “Second Uncle, can you save him now?” She looked hopefully at the middle-aged man.

However, the man only shook his head. His response immediately chilled Luo Sanniang’s heart.

“Second Uncle...”

“Luo Luo, you should always put your family first. Outsiders will always be outsiders...”
The middle-aged man gave her a meaningful look. The gaze made her heart jump.

Mo Feng pulled back his fist, squinting at the turtle shell in front of him. He sensed a strange force from it, which was somewhat similar to the Power of Law. ‘Isn’t this chef comprehending the Law of Transmigration? Is the defense of this Law so strong? No... This is not the Law of Transmigration.’

“Ahhh... Come, beat me!” said Bu Fang with a drowsy look.

His arrogant attitude made all the people twitch the corners of their mouths. They had never seen anyone who needed to be taught a lesson so much.

“You didn’t eat? Why are you so weak like a girl?” green-haired Bu Fang said.

Mo Feng focused his eyes, and terrible killing intent exploded out of him in an instant. “You’re courting death!” He stomped his foot. The golden Wheel of Law emerged once again with the power of thirty-six Laws floating inside, and a burst of pressure tore the sky, surging like a pool of lightning.

The next moment, the Power of Law gathered over his fist, and then he threw it down hard onto the shield. “Go to hell!” he bellowed as the blow containing thirty-six Laws smashed down. Dreadful blasts swept out in all directions, accompanied by shafts of blinding golden light and a deafening rumble.

The middle-aged man, who Luo Sanniang called Second Uncle, casually waved a hand. A shield appeared in front of him and stopped the blasts that came pouring over. Under the protection of the old man, the fifth price was unhurt as well. The others were not so lucky, as the blasts knocked them all flying away.

The attack was so powerful that even a high-grade God would need to spend some effort to block it. All those who witnessed this sucked in their breaths, thinking that the chef finally got the lesson he deserved. Their eyes were wide as they stared at the center of the lake, eager to know what happened.

The next moment, everyone’s pupils constricted. They found that the dark-green turtle shell had turned as black as ink, and it was not broken!

“How did that happen? The blow is so mighty, but the turtle shell did not even crack?! How could a Demigod be so strong?!”

Mo Feng suddenly had a bad feeling. A moment later, the upper part of the turtle shell split apart. A figure slowly floated up through it, sat on the turtle shell, yawned, and looked at him.

“Have you had enough?” asked green-haired Bu Fang.

“Enough? I want you dead!” Mo Feng’s eyes were cold. He took a step forward, dashed through the void, appeared in front of Bu Fang, and threw down a palm.

The void cracked, and a strong wind blew at Bu Fang’s hair, but the latter just glanced lazily at the palm. “Young people these days are really cranky,” he said lightly. The next moment, he sank back into the turtle shell.

Mo Feng’s palm struck the turtle shell. He heard a click, then saw a crack appear on the surface. A delighted expression came over his face immediately. “No matter how hard your turtle shell is, it will crack under my attack!”

All of a sudden, his cheeks began to tremble violently. He felt as if his palm had hit something hot. The next moment, an extremely powerful attack rushed out of the turtle shell.

“What the f*ck?!”

Rumble!

The turtle shell exploded. Terrible fluctuation poured out in an instant. It was as if the energy that had been suppressed for a long time was released suddenly, and it generated an explosion that could destroy heaven and earth.

Impacted by the explosion, Mo Feng was thrown flying backward like a cannonball and smashed into the ground in the distance, covered in dust and mud. The power was mighty, but it could not hurt a high-grade God.

Amid the explosion, Bu Fang’s dark-green hair turned back to black.

‘Little Host, a high-grade God is, after all, a high-grade God. The rebound power of the turtle shell frightened him, but we can’t kill him. It’s time to flee.’ Black Turtle’s old voice rang in Bu Fang’s head.

Expressionless, he looked at Mo Feng, who was standing up in the flames and boiling with rage. “A high-grade God?” The corners of his mouth curved upward slightly. “It’s not enough to just frighten him...”

Bu Fang kicked the ground and flew into the sky. Then, he raised a hand, and his indifferent voice rang through the void.

“Wok, come.” The Black Turtle Constellation Wok appeared immediately.

“Knife, come.” The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife fell into his hand.

“Stove, come...” His belt soared into the sky and burst into bright light.

Bu Fang's eyes were gleaming. With a thought, his divine sense poured out, while one food ingredient after another emerged in front of him, all emanating terrible fluctuations.

All eyes were fixed on him. No one could believe that at this crucial time, he was going to...cook a dish?

"What the f*ck?!"

Chapter 1448: Run After... Showboating!

'Wok, knife, stove... Young man, you're making a big deal out of this!' Black Turtle was speechless, then he sank back into the spirit sea. 'Since Little Host still wants to mess things up, so be it...' He had thought of asking Bu Fang to run away after showboating, but Bu Fang chose to stir things further, and he naturally agreed.

"A wok, a knife, a stove... Is he going to... cook?"

"I can't believe he chose to cook at such a serious moment!"

"Could cooking increase his fighting strength and give him the power to defeat a high-grade God? It can't, right? I've never heard of a chef that can gain heaven-defying fighting strength by cooking during a battle..."

Everyone looked at Bu Fang hovering in midair in a stupefied manner.

"Acting all mysterious! You're nothing but a chef, and I'll definitely twist your head off your shoulders!" Mo Feng said coldly. His face was dark as he got up from the ground and patted the dust off him.

It never occurred to him that he would be thrown into such a sorry state by a Demigod. It was simply an insult to a high-grade God's honor. And now, the chef was about to cook right in front of him. This was totally disrespectful to him.

Mo Feng roared, and his aura began to climb, distorting heaven and earth like a burning flame.

In the distance, the fifth prince shook his head regretfully. "I had thought this Bu Fang was a clever man, but he chose not to flee... If he seized the opportunity and ran back to the Divine Chef Temple, he would be safe now. Mo Feng dares not to cause trouble there. Now, with all his trump cards used up, he actually wants to cook here..."

"Does he want to keep the dignity of a chef, knowing that he is about to die? A stupid man like this doesn't deserve to be my follower..." the fifth prince said indifferently. He

was the chosen one, the fifth prince of the Xiayi Divine Dynasty, and his followers must be clever men.

...

All eyes were on Bu Fang's cooking. The corners of his mouth curved upward slightly as he glanced at the food ingredients floating in the sky, which were emanating powerful auras. With the improvement of his cultivation base, the levels of the ingredients in the Heaven and Earth Farmland had increased a lot as well.

With a flip of his hand, he produced a steaming Fortune Flatbread. He brought it up to his face, took a bite off it, and swallowed. His divine sense grew more solid in an instant.

"Let's see if you win the lottery." The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched.

With a thought, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife began to spin. Using the Kitchen Knife of Affliction, it took him only one breath to process all the ingredients. Then, he flicked his fingers. The Divine flame rushed out, burning ragingly and turning the Black Turtle Constellation Wok red hot in an instant. He began to toss the wok, imitating the Wok Tossing Style of Affliction. A strong aroma immediately burst out and filled the sky.

Sizzle...

Chunks of cabbage and spirit beast meat jumped up the air and fell back into the wok, over and over, mixing with the oil and sauce. The fragrance rose and spread, arousing the taste buds of all those who smelled it.

"Is the dish cooked by a Spirit Divine Chef capable of giving off this kind of delicious aroma?!"

Down below, Luo Sanniang's eyes went wide. As someone who dealt with chefs every day, she was very sensitive to the aroma of dishes. She knew that even the dish cooked by an Earth Divine Chef would not smell as good as this.

Bu Fang continued to toss the wok. With every toss, the aroma grew stronger. Although he was only imitating the Wok Tossing Style of Affliction and not using the real one, it could still enhance the dish. With a thought, a dried pot appeared. He flicked his fingers. The Divine flame containing the rich Power of Law jumped into the pot and began to burn. After that, he added the dish into the pot, together with its thick broth.

Rumble...

Everyone sucked in a cold breath as the void over the dish distorted and a terrible fluctuation exploded out of the pot.

“What is this?!”

The crowd was dumbfounded and horrified. Besides the tempting aroma, they could not understand why the dish was emanating such a violent energy fluctuation.

When Bu Fang had finished cooking, he produced another Fortune Flatbread and shoved it into the dried pot. He admired his dish with satisfaction. It smelled delicious, and he was tempted to give it a taste. However, this Perishing Pot was not for eating.

With a thought, the Law of Transmigration emerged over his head, then a Wheel of Law made its appearance. The mighty pressure of the Law spread immediately.

All the people present were frozen, while Luo Hui, standing beside Luo Sanniang, widened his eyes in disbelief.

“Impossible! His Law of Transmigration... How could it be a Perfected Law? If his Law is perfected... Why hasn't he become a God?! This doesn't make sense at all!” Luo Hui shook his head and could not believe what he saw. Of course, he did not know the truth and reason behind that.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, arched his brow in surprise. “Looks like I'm in luck...” He twitched the corner of his mouth. With a thought, he sent the Perfected Law of Transmigration into the Perishing Pot. In the blink of an eye, the pot burst into blinding silver light and emanated a strange fluctuation that filled one's heart with terror.

He was very satisfied with it, but the crowd thought differently.

“So this is his final trump card?”

“Is he trying to be funny?”

“He plans to kill a high-grade God with a dried pot? Is he an idiot?”

The people present were somewhat speechless, and they did not know whether to cry or laugh. No matter how strong a chef was, there was a limit to his strength. If dishes possessed terrible destructive power, then chefs would have become extremely fearsome existences.

Luo Sanniang also did not know what to say.

“Sure enough, not saving him was the right choice. This guy is out of his mind...” The corner of the middle-aged man twitched.

However, Luo Hui had a different kind of feeling. ‘A Perfected Law of Transmigration? All supreme Laws of the Universe are not ordinary... And this Bu Fang's trick is certainly not an ordinary one!’

Bu Fang exhaled softly. In his hand, he was carrying a mass of silver light, which was blindingly bright.

“Are you done?” Mo Feng looked at Bu Fang mockingly with a disdainful sneer. “Do you think cooking will save you?”

The next moment, his aura reached its highest level. The power of thirty-six Laws rumbled in the air, while the golden Wheel of Law rotated rapidly as if to crush everything. He stepped up into the air and hovered in the sky. The whole world was rumbling. At this moment, Mo Feng seemed to have transformed into a giant!

Bu Fang’s black hair fluttered in the wind as he stared indifferently at Mo Feng. He had no idea if the enhanced Perishing Pot in his hand could hurt a high-grade God, but he was looking forward to the surprise it would bring him.

Fused with the Perfected Law of Transmigration, the Will of the Great Path, and the Divine flame, this enhanced Perishing Pot was Bu Fang’s current strongest offensive technique. Of course, that was when he had not crushed a divine power liquid drop. But he felt no need to use it now. After all, he had only one drop of divine power left, and he would only use it in a truly hopeless situation.

“Have you finished cooking?” Mo Feng looked coldly at Bu Fang. “Then you can die now...” He opened his mouth and let out a long roar, and his body burst into golden light. At this moment, he had exerted all the power of a high-grade God.

RUMBLE!

He flung out the rotating golden Wheel of Law. As it flew across the sky, it crushed and broke the void. It was as if a mighty army was galloping in the sky, shaking the world with the thunderous beating of their hooves, the clanging of their golden spears, and the clattering of their armor!

It was an extremely horrible attack, and as soon as it appeared, the whole capital of the Divine Dynasty was shaken. Everyone in the city turned to look in the direction of the Mo Family’s residence in disbelief.

In King Pingyang’s residence, the young master, who was sitting cross-legged and meditating, flicked open his eyes and frowned at the void. At the same time, the experts in the residences of various aristocratic families and kings all opened their eyes as well.

It had been a long time since a high-grade God fought someone with his full power in the capital of the Divine Dynasty.

A deafening roar burst out, shaking heaven and earth. All the experts under the realm of high-grade Gods were stunned and could no longer move. It was utterly terrible. It was hard to imagine how Bu Fang felt, as he was facing the full power of the attack.

Luo Sanniang's face paled. She looked anxiously at the middle-aged man by her side and said, "Second Uncle..." She was pleading for help.

However, the middle-aged man still shook his head. He was determined not to meddle.

Bu Fang's expression remained unchanged as he stared indifferently at Mo Feng, who was approaching him one step at a time and had sealed up the void around him. He could tell that the guy was determined to kill him this time, even if that would cause the whole capital to shake.

"In that case..." Bu Fang glanced at the silver Perishing Pot in his hand. "They seem to despise you... Well, you better don't let me down," he murmured under his breath.

The next moment, he looked up at Mo Feng. Their gazes met in midair. Then, he casually waved his hand, and the silver Perishing Pot slowly flew toward Mo Fang like a star.

"A dried pot? How laughable!" Mo Feng laughed wildly.

He was boiling with rage inside, if truth be told. One of the mid-grade Gods and Mo Hen were killed, and the heir of the Mo Family was crippled. This chef in front of him had thrown their honor to the ground and trampled it. If this were found out by the mighty experts of the family when they returned, he would be scolded and punished. Therefore, he had to kill this chef here and now and take his head to quench the Mo Family's anger.

"A dried pot! Haha!" Sneering, Mo Feng raised a hand and slapped it toward the Perishing Pot.

The moment his hand touched the silver dried pot, however, his expression changed, and his cheeks began to shiver violently. Then, he was trembling all over. "This..." he opened his mouth and wanted to say something, but...

RUMBLE!

A silver flame exploded, and a tremendous amount of energy devoured him in an instant. Dreadful blasts swept out in all directions as a gigantic mushroom cloud rose into the sky. It was as if the whole residence of the Mo Family had been wiped out at this moment.

"Heavens!"

"What happened?! This explosion, this power..."

"Dammit! Run! Run for your life!"

All the guests crazily flew away in all directions, fleeing in panic. The fifth prince also widened his eyes in horror. The power of the explosion made both his body and mind shiver.

“Let’s go!” The old man’s expression changed dramatically. He took the fifth prince with energy, then sped into the distance, disappearing from where they stood in a flash.

The power of the explosion was comparable to the full-power attack of a high-grade God who had comprehended fifty Laws. It was simply insane!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The residence of the Mo Family exploded, and everything was crumbling.

Luo Sanniang’s second uncle hurriedly released his energy to wrap her and Luo Hui up. All of a sudden, a figure appeared in front of her.

“Let’s go?” Bu Fang glanced at Luo Sanniang and asked lightly.

Luo Sanniang was still in shock, but when she heard the question, her eyes narrowed in delight. She glanced over her shoulder at the expanding destructive explosion, then nodded without hesitation.

‘If we don’t leave now, when?! I can’t believe a dish could have such fearsome power! Is this Bu Fang’s trump card?!’ she thought to herself.

Bu Fang nodded with a straight face and gave Luo Hui and the middle-aged man a sideways glance. Then, a pair of flaming wings spread behind his back, and he flew out of the Mo Family, taking Luo Sanniang with him.

When they were outside, Luo Sanniang whistled. Soon, a luxurious warship came and stopped in front of them. They jumped into the ship, which then sped away, turned into a beam of light, and disappeared into the sky.

Luo Hui was dumbfounded, then his cheeks trembled. “Dammit! Let go of my sister!”

The middle-aged man was stunned as well. “What just happened?!”

Inside the warship, Bu Fang closed his eyes to rest. Luo Sanniang, on the other hand, was so excited that her body and mind were shivering.

“Run after showboating... This is so thrilling!”

Chapter 1449: The Seasoned Driver, Bu Fang

The air was filled with the rumble of the terrible explosion. It was as if an enhanced nuclear warhead had fallen, causing the whole residence of the Mo Family to be turned into ruins in an instant. Countless houses were destroyed by the dreadful blasts as the mushroom cloud rose into the sky, filled with terrifying explosive energy, rumbling and spreading.

The Mo Family was shocked, and so did the other aristocratic families. In fact, the whole divine dynasty was shaken. At this moment, a mushroom cloud rose into the sky, attracting the attention and eyes of all like the moon in the night.

An explosion of this magnitude was not allowed in the divine dynasty's capital. The main reason was that the quake it caused was too powerful that it would be devastating for the entire city. So, when the explosion appeared, everyone looked up at it in horror, while the experts guarding the capital all shot up into the sky and released energy to stabilize the swaying skyscrapers in the city.

The fluctuation was comparable to a full-power attack unleashed by a high-grade God who had comprehended fifty Laws. It was extremely terrible. The destructive power of high-grade Gods was alarming, so it was expressly forbidden for them to fight in the capital. No one had expected this to happen!

Rumble...

The explosive energy slowly dissipated. Luo Sanniang's second uncle was petrified. He could not believe that the Demigod had this kind of trick. 'Is he still a Demigod?!' he thought to himself.

Luo Hui, the exceptional Demigod of the Luo Family, suffered a mental blow at this moment. He never thought that Bu Fang's strength had actually reached this level. They were both Demigods, but he knew that he would be crushed to a pulp by Bu Fang in a flash. His confidence was shattered.

In the end, the explosion was stopped. After all, this was the Mo Family's residence, and it was located in the capital. Accompanied by a few shrill whistles, several high-grade Gods joined hands and contained the terrible explosive energy.

The explosion had disappeared, but the residence was in ruins. The Mos had all fled, looking with blank faces from across a great distance at their home, which had been turned into heaps of rubble.

Mo Cang's face was pale. He was not dead, but he was dying. Helped by the members of the family, he fixed his eyes on the residence as his heart kept twitching. He had thought to fight Bu Fang, but, in hindsight, he found that he was very stupid.

'He truly is the exceptional Demigod who had defeated King Pingyang's son,' Mo Cang thought. 'If he used this trick when fighting me, I would have been dead now!' He took a deep breath and felt a sharp pain in his chest, and his heart was filled with lingering fear. 'I'm so lucky to have survived! I never know that apart from the crown prince, there is actually another Demigod who is so fearsome!'

A boom rang out from the ruins that were the Mo Family's residence as a figure crawled out of it. A burst of oppressive aura exploded out of him, shaking heaven and earth. Mo Feng's appearance was very miserable. His face was mangled, and his chest was a gaping hole. He looked as if he were going to die at any moment. If it weren't for the mighty aura swirling around him, many people would have thought that he was going to die.

But that was normal. Mo Feng was, after all, a high-grade God. Although he had just stepped into the realm, his life level had increased when he became a high-grade God, so he would not die so easily.

As his wound was slowly healing, Mo Feng took a deep breath and said, "This damnable guy... I'll not spare you, even if you are hiding in the Divine Chef Temple! You have killed the people from the Mo Family and destroyed our residence... You will pay with your life!" He roared, and a terrible sound wave seemed to rip the surrounding void.

In the sky, several high-grade Gods wrapped in bright light watched with meaningful looks in their eyes. They never thought that Mo Feng would be thrown into such a miserable state by a Demigod. That was somewhat pathetic.

Boom!

Mo Feng took a step forward and rose into the sky. His eyes shone like torches as he looked into the distance. "Trying to run away?! I'll kill you even if you run to the end of the world!"

With a thought in his mind, the void split apart, and a golden warship floated out of it. A character 'Mo' was drawn on its surface. It was a warship of the Mo Family. Mo Feng stepped into the ship. The array inside it began to rotate at high speed, and a beam of light burst out from its tail. In the blink of an eye, the warship ripped through the air and sped into the distance, heading toward another warship.

"He still wants to chase?"

The experts of the Luo Family froze slightly.

Luo Hui's face fell, and he cried out, "Second Uncle, my sister is in that warship!"

The middle-aged man focused his eyes. "She should be fine. As long as they enter the Divine Chef Temple's territory, Mo Feng can't touch them... Although the Mo Family is unbridled, it is still weaker than the Divine Chef Temple."

In the distant sky, the fifth prince looked at the Mo Family's residence with fear, which had been completely destroyed and turned into a huge, deep pit. The visual impact was tremendous.

"Master... Are all chefs nowadays so... heaven-defying? It's hard to believe that a dish could produce such incredible power. Even a high-grade God was seriously wounded by it!" The fifth prince swallowed. Bu Fang's trick had refreshed his world view.

"I've never seen a chef with this kind of trick either... This is the first time I saw a dish being used as a weapon." The old man's cheeks were shivering, and he did not know what to say.

"Haha! Master, this is the man I am looking for! If this kind of trick can be used by me, I might be able to fight the crown prince!" The fifth prince's eyes lit up.

The power of a dried pot was already so overwhelming. If hundreds or even thousands of them exploded at the same time, the power would certainly destroy heaven and earth!

The more he thought about that, the harder the fifth prince could contain the excitement in him. At this moment, his desire of having Bu Fang as one of his men was at its peak. He believed that with his status and charm, Bu Fang would certainly submit to him. He was so excited that he wanted to roar.

"Your Highness, Mo Feng had flown into a rage with shame, and we don't know if that chef could survive his wrath..." The old man could not help but point that out when he saw the fifth prince became so excited.

However, the fifth prince just waved his hand and asked the old man to bring him to them.

...

Bu Fang sat cross-legged in the luxury warship, rubbing his brow. The enhanced Perishing Pot had consumed a huge amount of his energy, and he felt the power of his divine sense had reduced significantly. But his spirit sea was huge and amazingly strong, and it only took him a few moments to fully recover.

Luo Sanniang stared at him with amazement in her eyes. It was as if she was a curious child, her beautiful face full of thirst for knowledge.

Bu Fang opened his eyes and glanced indifferently at her.

“What did you throw out just now? Was it a dish? How could its power be so great?” Luo Sanniang asked impatiently.

Bu Fang exhaled softly. He knew that she would ask him about that. “It’s called the Perishing Pot, and it tastes delicious. Do you want to try one?”

His words frightened Luo Sanniang, and she shook her head hastily. “Try one? Are you kidding me? It almost killed a high-grade God! If I touch it, the explosion might obliterate me in the blink of an eye...”

The corner of Bu Fang’s mouth twitched. “The dish had the Will of the Great Path, my Law of Transmigration, and many other things. It’s the strongest offensive technique I can use at the moment,” Bu Fang said. He spoke the truth.

Luo Sanniang nodded repeatedly. The chef in front of her was full of surprises. The first time she saw him was in the Divine Chef Temple when he was fighting Master Cheng. At that time, she never thought that this chef actually possessed such a fearsome trick.

“Although its power is not bad, it’s not strong enough to kill that Mo Feng. What a pity,” Bu Fang said regretfully.

That frightened Luo Sanniang. “You want to kill a high-grade God? Be content with what you have achieved. High-grade Gods are called higher life forms. Their fleshly bodies are almost immortal, and they have a long lifespan. If they are not sick or struck by disasters, they can live up to one hundred thousand years... They cannot be killed easily.”

She did not know whether to cry or laugh, and she thought that Bu Fang’s ambition was overblown. How could he think of killing a high-grade God when he was only a Demigod?

Suddenly, Bu Fang furrowed his brows. Luo Sanniang’s expression changed as well. She waved a hand, and a light screen immediately emerged in front of them, showing the scene outside the warship. On the screen, they saw a golden warship approaching them at high speed.

“That’s...” Bu Fang paused for a moment.

“It’s a warship of the Mo Family!”

Luo Sanniang’s face turned pale. She realized that Mo Feng had caught up with them. She never expected him to come so fast. “We can’t make it... My warship is a commercial warship focused on comfort, so it’s no match for the speed of Mo Feng’s combat warship...”

She was in despair. As she sensed the distance between the two warships grew shorter and shorter, her heart sank deeper and deeper. She knew very well that they would be fine if they could rush within the Divine Chef Temple's territory. However, based on the situation, there was no way they could reach there.

"What should we do?" Luo Sanniang was at a loss.

Bu Fang frowned, looking at Luo Sanniang. Suddenly, an idea came to him. "Let me handle it," he said.

That gave Luo Sanniang pause. "Let you handle what?"

"Let me control the warship..." Bu Fang rubbed his hands with an eager look on his face.

Luo Sanniang stared at him, speechless. Was it a question of who controlled now? The difference between warships could not be made up by maneuvers.

"Have you controlled a warship before? Do you know how big the gap between our warship and Mo Feng's is?" She sighed.

"I did." The corners of Bu Fang's mouth curved upward. The last warship he had controlled was the one he borrowed from the bandits of the Misty Mountain.

Mo Feng's warship approached at high speed, and the distance between them was shortened rapidly.

Luo Sanniang gave the driver seat to Bu Fang, and he sat on it happily. A luxurious warship was indeed different. The seat was so comfortable that Bu Fang felt a little sleepy as soon as he sat down. He reached out a hand and pressed it on the ship's control array.

With a humming sound, the array lit up. Bu Fang's divine sense surged as his eyes burst into brilliant golden light. 'The gap between warships? It's the same as the gap between arrays.' The corner of his mouth curved upward, then he began to draw an array with his divine sense.

Soon, the Explode Gourmet Array was drawn inside the ship's control array. The next moment, the array began flashing blindingly in Luo Sanniang's eyes.

"Sit tight," Bu Fang reminded her without looking back. As soon as he said that, he turned into a seasoned driver.

With a rumble, the warship's tail exploded. Powerful blasts burst out of it, pushing the warship forward, while a white cap formed around the ship's nose. In a flash, the warship's speed increased several times.

Mo Feng stood at his warship's prow. A murderous look flashed in his eyes as he watched the distance grew shorter and shorter. A mere shabby warship could never run away from the Mo Family's warship. If high-grade Gods had not been forbidden to fly at will in the capital, he would have caught up with Bu Fang.

"It's getting closer! Soon, I will be able to twitch that boy's head off his shoulders!"

All of a sudden, Mo Feng's pupils constricted. He saw a gush of air burst out from the tail of Luo Sanniang's toy car, like a fart that had been held up for a long time was suddenly released. Then, the warship darted forward and flew faster and faster, leaving a dumbstruck Mo Feng staring at its stern.

Chapter 1450: Where Is The Trust Between People?

"Ahhhh!"

Luo Sanniang screamed. The force was so strong that it made her back push hard against the chair. She sucked in a cold breath. Even her skin was tensed up.

This... Was this still her warship? That was impossible! This kind of explosive power and speed... How could it be her warship that was focused on comfort? Could a different style of maneuvers really bring such a tremendous change?

Sitting in the driver seat, the corners of Bu Fang's mouth lifted slightly as he looked at the flashing scene on the light screen in front of him. The divine dynasty's capital was full of tall buildings that thrust into the sky. The warship flew between them at high speed, arcing across the air as it sped into the distance.

Bu Fang had drawn an Explode Gourmet Array in the vehicle's control array, giving it explosive power. However, the power did not last for too long. So after flying for a while, Mo Feng's warship was catching up with them again.

Mo Feng stood at the bow of his warship with a fierce look in his eyes. "Giving dying kicks, are you?" A sneer brushed his lips as his blood boiled.

He did not dare to wantonly attack someone in the capital, but he knew very well that after using that murderous trick, Bu Fang must have exhausted all his strength and could no longer fight. So, as long as he caught up with him, he would be able to easily twist the boy's head off without attracting the law enforcers' attention.

The distance between them was rapidly shrinking. The Mo Family's warship was used to attack other great worlds in war. In terms of performance and speed, it was far

greater than the comfortable warship used by Luo Sanniang. So Mo Feng was not in a hurry. He felt like he was playing a game of cat and mouse.

As he drew nearer, he raised a hand and was about to bring Luo Sanniang's warship down with one blow. However, the luxurious vehicle suddenly rumbled, and then another gust of air burst out from its tail again, like another fart. With another white cap appearing around its nose, the ship bolted forward. In a flash, the distance between them had widened again.

Once again, the same dumbstruck expression appeared on Mo Feng's face. However, he had no choice but to calm himself down and continue to wait for the next chance. Finally, when he was closing up again... He heard another blast, and the warship in front of him dashed away from him and widened the gap one more time.

Mo Feng's patience had finally run out, and he flew into a rage. "What is this? Is he trying to make fun of me? He thinks this is funny? He did it again and again! Does he really think I'm a man with no temper?!"

He glanced at the warship, which was flying further away from him. He roared and stomped his foot on his ship. The next moment, his figure soared into the air, turned into a stream of light, and sped forward, raising a hand and reaching for Luo Sanniang's warship. If a high-grade God mustered all his power, he could actually fly faster than a warship at its full speed.

Inside the luxury warship, Luo Sanniang's face was pale, and she was covering her red lips with a hand. She never thought that she would feel sick while flying. Every acceleration of the warship was so thrilling that it made her heart skip a beat and her flesh creep, while the great force that pushed her to her seat and the high-speed turnings caused her to clamp her legs and scream.

"Mo Feng... Mo Feng has left his warship and is flying toward us!" she said with wide eyes.

Through the projection array, Bu Fang also saw the ferocious-looking Mo Feng, but his face remained calm.

...

The warships speeding across the air had caused chaos to the traffic in the capital. Many drivers of other warships shouted and cursed as they sped past them like streams of light. They were too fast. Then, an expert left his warship and began to chase the one in front. Everyone knew that only a high-grade God could chase a warship.

Down below, all experts looked up in disbelief. The fast and furious chasing made them clench their fists in excitement, their eyes widening.

“What? A high-grade God is chasing a warship?”

“Heavens! This is the first time I’ve ever seen such a chase!”

“Why would a proud high-grade God chase a warship? This will be the greatest show of the year!”

...

Mo Feng’s face was livid. Being watched like a circus monkey sent him into a rage. He could not wait to catch up with the warship in front of him now. No, he must catch up with it, no matter how many times it accelerated!

Soon, he was just behind it, and his hand was almost touching the warship’s gunwale. Down below, many people were following and watching, and they all exclaimed when they saw that. A high-grade God was indeed fast!

Luo Sanniang’s face was as white as a sheet. “He’s going to catch up!” She covered her red lips with both hands, and her heart raced.

No doubt that Mo Feng, with such towering rage, would kill both of them once he caught up. Although Bu Fang had the Perishing Pot, she reckoned that such a trump card could only be used once.

“Don’t panic. Calm down...” Bu Fang’s voice suddenly rang out. “Sit tight!”

Luo Sanniang paused and glanced at him. At this moment, Bu Fang looked as confident as a seasoned driver and made her feel incredibly safe.

With a thought in his mind, another Gourmet Array emerged: the Enhance Gourmet Array. After drawing it, Bu Fang focused his eyes and controlled both arrays at the same time.

Rumble!

A bright blue flame burst out from the warship’s tail. The whole ship creaked as if it was about to break apart. It was struggling under the high speed. Even then, the sudden acceleration pushed Luo Sanniang to her chair. She clamped her thighs again, and a melodious scream rang out of her mouth.

The scene in the projection was flying backward rapidly.

Mo Feng’s pupils constricted as the flame licked his face. The next moment, he found that the warship had flown further away from him. “Dammit!” He was furious.

The onlookers down below were all exclaiming.

“This warship is so... heaven-defying!”

“I can’t believe it accelerated again in the nick of time and ditched the high-grade God!”

“What an interesting warship!”

Some ship racing lovers were so excited that they kept whistling and screaming. They never thought that a warship focused on comfort could outfly a high-grade God.

“We... We... We... have arrived in... in... the Divine Chef Temple...” Luo Sanniang was extremely pale, and she felt her stomach turn. She couldn’t take it anymore.

On the other hand, Bu Fang was calm. Suddenly, he arched his brow—he found that the warship’s array had... broken down. “What happened?” He was slightly taken aback.

Luo Sanniang’s face turned dark in an instant. “Look what you did to my warship!”

A plume of black smoke rose from the warship’s tail, then the vehicle began to fall toward the ground. Soon, it landed with a crash and rolled a few times with broken pieces flying out in all directions.

The crowd fell silent. “It... crashed?”

Mo Feng arrived with a scorching aura that seemed to burn the void. At the same time, a burst of powerful pressure spread, making the hearts of all present tremble. A high-grade God was indeed terrifying. His nostrils flared like a dragon as he stared coldly at Bu Fang and Luo Sanniang, who walked out from the destroyed warship.

After crawling out of the warship with a pale face, Luo Sanniang went to the side, knelt, and began to vomit. This was the first time she experienced warship racing. It was exciting, but her little heart could not withstand it.

With a calm face, Bu Fang looked up indifferently at Mo Feng. The Divine Chef Temple was not far away. However, Mo Feng showed no fear at all. He was hovering in midair with the Wheel of Law rotating and rumbling over his head.

“Die!” Mo Feng stared coldly at Bu Fang, his eyes surging with killing intent.

Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth. “Is the dried pot delicious?”

“You filthy chef... I’m going to cut you into a thousand pieces!” Mo Feng said in a cold voice. The explosion from the dried pot had mangled his body, which, to him, was a humiliation.

Boom!

He descended from the sky like the sun and landed hard on the ground, then sped toward Bu Fang at top speed.

“DIE NOW!”

Everyone was silent at this moment. They could not believe that a high-grade God was attacking someone in the divine dynasty’s capital.

Luo Sanniang felt much better after throwing up. When she saw Mo Feng approach, she hastily said, “Mo Feng! This is the Divine Chef Temple’s territory! How dare you cause trouble here!”

She sounded very confident. Soon, however, her expression changed. Mo Feng paid her no mind at all and was determined to kill Bu Fang.

“The Divine Chef Temple? How laughable! The Mo Family is never afraid of the Divine Chef Temple!”

Killing intent burst from Mo Feng’s eyes as he threw out a palm. The ground began to crack, and rubble flew. It was a mighty move.

Bu Fang stood where he was as the wind blew at his hair. His pupils constricted.

Mo Feng’s speed was picking up, and he was getting closer and closer.

Luo Sanniang was worried. She glanced over her shoulder at the Divine Chef Temple. ‘Why aren’t the experts in the temple here yet? Is the Divine Chef Temple really afraid of the Mo Family? This cannot be! Or is it because we haven’t stepped into its territory? But we’re just a few steps away. Surely those experts are flexible in handling things, aren’t they?’

Luo Sanniang’s face was extremely unsightly. She stood very close to Bu Fang, and she could feel the sense of death enveloping her body. It looked like she was going to die with him. Mo Feng, in his wrath, would not care who she was.

Bu Fang remained where he was, looking indifferently at Mo Feng, who was approaching like a fiend. He sighed helplessly.

In his spirit sea, a divine power liquid drop hovered and spun over the golden God of Cooking’s Menu. Suddenly, the true-form of his divine sense opened its eyes, reached out a hand, and crushed the last liquid drop.

Bu Fang did not feel any regret. As long as the restaurant in the divine dynasty’s capital opened for business, the System’s rewards for the temporary task would arrive. So he had decided to use the last divine power liquid drop.

The liquid drop disintegrated, turned into a golden stream of light, and flowed rapidly into Bu Fang's body. In just a flash, it brought his mental force as well as his body back to their peaks. At the same time, his aura began to soar.

Bu Fang opened his eyes, which shone like two golden suns. In the face of Mo Feng's lethal strike, he produced the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, slowly raised it, and then slashed it out. "Divine power, the Kitchen Knife of Affliction," he said lightly.

Rumble!

The next moment, countless knives appeared and devoured Mo Feng in an instant.

Luo Sanniang, standing beside Bu Fang, was dumbfounded.

'Didn't you just say that the dried pot is your strongest trick, your strongest trump card? What is this knife technique? Where is the trust between people?!'