

Gourmet 1631

Chapter 1631: The White Tiger's Terms to Yield

The ground trembled, and the mountains swayed. At this moment, the whole world was watching the battle.

Xiao Ai's hands were trembling, causing the video to shake constantly. The scene that looked like a super special effect took everyone's breath away.

Brahma had led all the Gods of India to attack Bu Fang, intending to crush him with absolute strength. Under the horde of strange Gods, Bu Fang's tiny figure attracted all eyes. Many people felt sad for him, for he had to fight so many Gods alone.

The world seemed to have turned into a cage that was about to bury a peerless genius. Was Bu Fang a peerless genius? He sure was. What he had done had shocked all the people of Hua, and those who were close to him, such as Chief Luo and Xiao Ai, knew very well how terrifying and astounding his deeds were.

He was a heaven-defying existence. However, he was finally going to be suppressed by heaven. The supreme Great God of India, Brahma, was attacking him with an army of Gods. It was a hopeless situation.

"What should we do?" Despairing, Chief Luo looked at the man beside him, who was sent by the agency's headquarters.

The man only shook his head helplessly. Things had long gone beyond the scope of state-to-state conflict. It was now a war between Gods and Immortals. They were superhumans, but they were still mortals. They could not participate in this war—they were not qualified to participate.

One God after another charged toward Bu Fang, their eyes gleaming brilliantly. In just a flash, terrifying power enveloped him, creating layers of barriers. At the same time, the Gods pressed down fearlessly and surrounded him completely.

The Vedas was still being recited. Texts that emanated strange power suppressed the void and Bu Fang, while golden light poured down like waterfalls, causing the ground to crack into large rifts.

The people down below were all fleeing frantically. There was a saying that when Immortals fought, mortals suffered, and it was being perfectly demonstrated at this moment.

Brahma was counting the prayer beads with his thumb and reciting. A look of hatred came over his face, which made him look ferocious and cruel like the supreme God who judges life and death.

“This man is guilty! He had committed thirty-six crimes, and I now sentence him to death! Kill him!”

A rumbling sound rang out before Brahma could finish talking, and then he felt an invisible wave spread. Suddenly, the Gods who had surrounded Bu Fang were knocked flying away by a mighty force, and even as they tumbled across the sky, their bodies began to shatter.

“Hmm?” Brahma’s eyes narrowed while his mount, the peacock, cried out as if it was a little angry.

A rumbling sound could be heard as the Gods’ bodies were crushed by a mighty force. Bu Fang walked over the air, his Vermilion Robe flapping noisily in the wind as his eyes looked into the distance, gleaming. He took a step, and many Gods were blown apart.

With just one move, he had shattered all the Gods in the sky! He was like a warrior who fought up the stream, crushing everything that stopped him with one punch!

Bu Fang came before White Tiger, reached out a hand, and grabbed the chain. It was cold. As soon as he touched it, a chill that went bone-deep crawled up his arm and spread through him. It was like a chain of hell.

“Tell me... How can I make you yield?” Bu Fang asked directly without beating around the bush.

The arrogant White Tiger cocked his head, snorted, and looked at Bu Fang. He did not say anything but just held his head high.

Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth and gave White Tiger a light flick on the forehead. A loud rumble rang out, and a bump appeared on White Tiger’s head.

“Don’t go too far...” Bu Fang said lightly.

White Tiger grunted, turned his head around, and saw Brahma and that enormous peacock behind him...Then, he thought of his black and blue face. At last, he raised his chin and pointed it at the peacock.

“I want to eat peacock meat! That fellow had brutally beaten me while I was weak and trampled my pride. Beat that guy for me and cook me peacock meat... and I will yield and return to you!” White Tiger said. After that, he lifted his chin and snorted proudly.

His words stunned everyone.

“Dammit... It turns out that this little boy is so wild!”

“This is a little guy with character... He’s right. We should always beat those who bullied us!”

“And if we are no match for the bullies, we will look for help... This is how we do things!”

The Internet users exploded into an uproar. White Tiger’s remark made them laugh. From his words, they did not hear his fear of the Gods, and it had relieved some of their fear.

Since even a boy was not afraid, why should they be afraid? Not to mention that they were watching the battle on computer screens. Could those Gods come out of the screens and beat them?

However, they only took the remark as a child’s joke. Although it was shocking and exciting to witness Bu Fang shatter all the Gods in the sky with one punch, they were only cannon fodder sent out by Brahma. White Tiger had asked Bu Fang to beat Brahma and cook the peacock, which was simply an unreasonable request.

However, as all the Internet users watched speechlessly, Bu Fang nodded and said, “It’s a deal.”

“How dare you!” Brahma growled as all four of his faces turned ferocious, and the golden light that shrouded him also faded away. He now looked like a horrible Buddha who had come out of hell, emanating a menacing aura.

“I’m the Great God! You will be punished now, the evil man of Hua!”

Brahma became even more terrifying when he got angry. As a God who was just one step away from becoming an Immortal Emperor, his fury had caused a storm. Dark clouds began to gather, looking so oppressive that it took everyone’s breath away.

“You have to beat that guy and let me eat peacock meat. Otherwise, I’ll rather die than yield! I’m a man with a sense of shame!” White Tiger said proudly. His pride made him hold firm to his core value, and nothing in the world could shake it!

Bu Fang smiled and crushed the chains. “Stay here and watch...” he said.

Did White Tiger have a sense of shame? Although he was arrogant, he knew how far to go and when to stop, or he would not have asked Vermilion Bird for help. Obviously, he understood that he could not escape the fate of returning. However, before he returned, he wanted to act arrogantly once more.

Bu Fang shook his hand and produced the White Tiger Heaven Stove, which gleamed dazzlingly. White Tiger immediately fixed his gaze on the stove, his eyes flickering with a complicated look. Bu Fang gave him a sideways glance.

He knew the fellow was proud, so he would use the stove to wallop Brahma!

“Let’s go!” Bu Fang said. Then, he took a step and rose into the sky, heading straight toward the four-faced Brahma with the stove in hand and his Vermilion Robe flapping noisily.

The stove in his hand was a Divine Artifact, and the Vermilion Robe he wore was also a Divine Artifact. At this moment, Bu Fang was fighting Brahma with the Divine Artifacts that had gathered half of the Earth’s spiritual energy!

Countless people were watching this scene, including those from various powers. After all, all Gods and Immortals were fighting for the Divine Artifacts, and yet they did not know their power. They thought they might be able to witness it today!

Brahma focused his eyes. Each of his four faces had a different angry look. He was still reciting the Vedas, but his tone had changed, becoming fiercer and fiercer.

One character after another fell to the ground with crashes. Brahma was raging with fury, but Shiva, who stood on his shoulder, looked terrified. She thought the Immortal of Hua was going to defy heaven.

As all eyes watched, Brahma's lips moved faster and faster. The spiritual energy of heaven and earth was almost beginning to boil, and thunder rumbled in the sky, filling the world with deafening noises. He looked extremely powerful now.

Bu Fang raised the White Tiger Heaven Stove and viciously smashed it down. The stove whistled as it went toward Brahma's head. It was extremely fast, so much so that the void was shattered by it! He was the owner of the God of Cooking Sets, so it was only natural that he could use them perfectly.

Rumbling filled the air as all the means Brahma used to block the stove were crushed and destroyed. His expression changed. He stretched out a hand, intending to knock the stove away with a slap, but...

Kaboom!

With an explosion and a flash of light, Brahma's arm was broken by the stove!

Bu Fang hovered in midair. When the stove flew back to him, he grabbed it, lifted it over his shoulder, and smashed it down once again.

"Watch carefully... I'll now fulfill your first wish..." Bu Fang's faint voice rang out. Everyone knew that he was talking to White Tiger.

In the distance, White Tiger hovered in midair, his white hair waving in the wind. His eyes were bright!

"You are too unbridled!" Brahma flew into a rage. He opened his mouths, and beams of golden light shot out of them. These light beams were extremely sharp, and they seemed to cut through heaven and earth as they went straight at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang just gave each light beam a smash with the stove and shattered them in the blink of an eye. Then, he thrust the stove toward Brahma's head.

All the people were covering their mouths with disbelief and sucking in their breaths. They were shocked by Bu Fang's aggressive fighting style!

Brahma's head was enormous, but after Bu Fang struck it with the stove, one of the faces cracked with countless fine lines. For a moment, he seemed to be on the verge of falling off the peacock.

The big bird cried. Its feathers stood up and turned into a rain of feathers, sweeping toward Bu Fang. Each of them looked like the sharpest weapon in the world that could cut through anything.

A feather came at his face. Bu Fang cocked his head slightly to one side and dodged it, but the tip of a strand of hair was cut. He had not started to deal with the peacock yet, and the bird was already so impatient.

He descended and hovered before the peacock, staring at it. The next moment, a bird cry rang out as the Vermilion Bird's shadow emerged behind him.

The peacock screamed, and the Vermilion Bird squawked. The two birds confronted each other in midair, fighting with their auras. However, the Vermilion Bird was stronger, and in the end...

The peacock spurted out a mouthful of blood and fell to the ground listlessly. It had lost the battle of auras, and the defeat had knocked it down.

In the eyes of the crowd, however, Bu Fang and the peacock glared at each other, and eventually, he defeated the big bird with just his gaze!

"Senior is truly fearsome... Even the peacock is afraid of him!"

"Of course! Senior is a food ingredient hunter... Strictly speaking, the peacock is also an ingredient. Have you ever heard of any ingredient that defeated the chef with just its gaze?"

"Why do I have a feeling that all the Gods and Immortals in the world have turned into ingredient suppliers?"

The Internet users were laughing. They felt a surge of relief as they watched Bu Fang unleash his might. It was as pleasant as drinking a mouthful of iced cola on a hot day.

Brahma straightened his body, opened his mouth, and spat out a sword, which shot straight toward Bu Fang.

Holding the peacock's head with one hand, Bu Fang raised the White Tiger Heaven Stove to counter the sword. The next moment, the sword was shattered by the stove. He then sent out his divine sense, using it to control the sword fragments, which spun and slashed down.

The peacock's eyes turned red, and it screamed. Soon, the sky was filled with feathers, which were plucked by Bu Fang. It struggled, but to no avail. Bu Fang's movements terrified it and made it shiver. It seemed to be able to predict its sad end...

Could it be that it was about to be cooked by this guy in front of all the Gods and Immortals? It was the Great God Brahma's mount! How could this guy eat it?!

Soon, even its tail feathers were pulled out by Bu Fang. The peacock howled miserably, trembling all over.

Brahma flew into a rage. His sword was shattered by the stove, and then the spinning sword fragments cut through the peacock's body and made it bleed. It was as though he had helped Bu Fang drain the peacock's blood. He felt his face sting as if someone had slapped him!

'This guy really dares to cook the peacock into a dish in front of me?!'

Chapter 1632: The Peacock Roasted with Divine Fire!

Feathers swirled, and the air was filled with a miserable scream. The scene was so beautiful that people could not bear to look straight at it.

The corners of many people's mouths were twitching. They could hardly believe their eyes. The peacock was a God's mount who possessed mighty divine power. It would be blasphemous to even speak ill of it, not to mention to eat it.

However, the scene before the eyes of all the people around the world was so comical and appalling. The peacock was stripped of its feathers by Bu Fang, who took his time to remove them one by one. In the end, it was fully naked like a featherless chicken, looking sad and forlorn.

When the last feather was removed, Bu Fang's eyes lit up. "What a surprise. This peacock doesn't look fat, but it has quite a lot of meat." He smacked his lips.

His remark left more people speechless.

"This is almost comparable to Garuda's wings..." he added, pinching at the peacock's wing.

Inside the System's storage space, Garuda seemed stunned by Bu Fang's words.

Brahma flew into a rage. The peacock was his mount, and it represented his status and dignity. He would never allow Bu Fang to eat his mount. So, he used a great move.

His four faces began to separate, turning into four Brahmas. They were all real, and each represented an emotion: happy, angry, sad, and joyous. Like mountains, they surrounded Bu Fang!

With a rumble, a rotating lotus flower emerged above every Brahma. They turned upside down, their petals gradually spread, and then energy beams shot out of them, joining into a thick light beam that went down toward the ground.

It seemed to contain terrible power enough to destroy the world. This was Brahma's ultimate move, and he could even fight an Immortal Emperor with it.

"The Death Ray of Mahesvara!"

Boom!

The beam produced a horrifying explosion. A blast that was stronger than anything created by the explosion of a nuclear warhead spread, kicking up clouds of dust and smoke. At this moment, the live stream became blurred.

"This is terrifying! I can feel the dreadful destructive force even through the screen!"

“I seem to feel the ground shake under my feet!”

“Dammit! Senior didn’t get blown up, did he?”

The people were stunned, awed by the God’s means that were stronger than a nuclear warhead. They never thought that a God could be so frightening.

Among the armies of Hua, many people were thrown off their feet. Some struggled to get up as sand and stones fell from their hair, gasping and looking terrified. The troops were on guard, while Chief Luo’s face turned ugly.

‘I can’t believe the God of India is so fearsome! It’s not a good thing for the world... I wonder if Hua has Gods of the same level?’ Chief Luo thought to himself. So far, Bu Fang was the only Immortal who possessed such strength he had met.

Xiao Ai wiped the lens and adjusted the focus of her camera, pointing it at the battlefield where plumes of smoke were rising. At last, the image was clear once again.

Like four giants, four Brahmas glared coldly at Bu Fang, tearing the void with their gazes. The four lotus flowers spun over their heads. Suddenly, a stove flew up from below and smashed one of the Brahmas on the face, cracking it and covering it with fine lines.

Down below, a large, deep pit had appeared on the ground. There was an undamaged spot at the center of this pit, where Bu Fang stood, holding the featherless and bloodless peacock. It was a God, full of spirituality, and yet it now looked like a naked chicken.

After cleaning the peacock with the Spring of Life, Bu Fang shook his hand and produced various ingredients and seasonings, which floated around the bird. There were green flowers, dried brown leaves, fibrous purple roots, and many things full of spiritual energy.

People were stunned as they watched, for those ingredients, which were surrounded by spiritual energy and seemed to glow, were extremely rare on Earth.

Bu Fang began to process the peacock. He removed all its internal organs, then shoved the ingredients and seasonings into its belly. After that, he gave the hole a swipe, and it disappeared as if it was never there.

His technique amazed many people. Among those who watched the live stream were top world-class chefs, and their eyes got big as they watched him cook. His confidence in processing the ingredients and his smooth, skillful movements put them to shame.

Bu Fang placed the peacock's long neck in an S-shaped pose, then poked many tiny holes all over its body. He then picked up the bottles around it and coated the bird with various sauces and seasonings. Then, he slapped it repeatedly to make sure all the sauce had penetrated the flesh.

When he was done, he coated the peacock with a layer of honey, turning it golden.

Holding the half-eaten wing, Nethery glanced at the peacock in Bu Fang's hand. A look of hesitation came over her face. 'Should I continue eating the wing, or should I wait for the peacock? That peacock looks more tantalizing...' She could not wait to taste the peacock meat.

One of Brahma's bodies was beaten, but he continued to attack. However, the stove flew up again and hit his second clone on the body. Even an ordinary Immortal King could not hurt his flesh, and yet it was cracked by the stove!

The stove struck twice more, causing Brahma's four bodies to be covered with cracks. He no longer looked like the proud Great God of India now. He was not a fool. At this moment, he realized that the Immortal of Hua before him was far stronger than him.

Looking at the peacock that was now coated with honey, Brahma was boiling with anger. Mighty power exploded out of him once more, but it was just a sham that he used to flee the scene. Many people gasped in disbelief, and even Bu Fang fell for his trick.

Bu Fang twitched his lips in disdain as he watched Brahma flee. Between the peacock that he was about to cook and the God, he chose the former without hesitation. For him, food was always more important than a God who was scared out of his wits.

With Brahma's escape, the faith of all in India crumbled. The people of Hua, on the other hand, were cheering, for it meant the victory of Hua's Immortals, and the country's status on Earth would be greatly elevated.

The White Tiger Heaven Stove flew back to Bu Fang. A silver divine flame jumped out of his hand and fell into the stove, causing it to glow. He placed the honeyed peacock at the center of the stove and let the flame roast it. Gradually, the flesh began to get cooked.

People were exchanging glances, while Xiao Ai and Chief Luo did not know whether to laugh or cry.

“This is the Senior we know... Those Gods of India are really down on their luck to have met Senior,” Xiao Ai said, smiling. “The Gods of India seemed to have all become Senior’s dishes, starting from that Garuda, then the divine elephant, the white cow, and now the peacock... But I have to admit that a divine beast tasted... amazing!”

Bu Fang won. Brahma had fled with Shiva, who had turned into a woman. They had lost their courage to fight, but they did not think that Bu Fang’s strength was stronger than theirs, as they did not sense the aura of an Immortal Emperor in him.

In fact, they credited his fearsome prowess to the chef’s robe and the stove. Both Divine Artifacts had absorbed half of Earth’s spiritual energy, so it was perfectly normal for him to be so formidable.

The Gods had run away, and the live stream of a battle now changed to a cooking show... It left many people speechless, but the people of Hua had already gotten used to it, and they all moved their faces closer to the screens in excitement.

People from other countries were confused.

“What about the battle between Gods? How come the live stream turned into a cooking show?”

“Isn’t that Brahma a Great God of India? Why did he flee just like that? Does he have no sense of shame?”

...

White Tiger grunted. Looking at the peacock meat, his eyes gleamed. He broke the chains and hovered at Bu Fang’s side, fixing his eyes on the bird.

The meat was golden, and colorful light seemed to swirl under it. As the flame continued to roast it, the peacock seemed to come back to life. Soon, a tantalizing aroma began to spread from the meat, permeating the whole area.

When Nethery smelled the aroma, she felt the wing in her hand become tasteless. Before she had finished it, she had already craved the peacock meat.

Meanwhile, Xiao Ai closed her eyes and took a deep breath, savoring the fragrance that filled the air. She had tasted Bu Fang's dish, and she would never forget that delicious taste.

Bu Fang sat cross-legged down and hovered before the stove, sensing the peacock that was floating in the silver flame.

With its flesh cooked, the peacock seemed to grow larger, and perhaps because of that, its skin turned smooth and all its pores were gone. A cloud of thick white smoke churned around the cooked bird.

“Good heavens! What is that? Is that a dish?”

“I feel hungry just by looking at it! How is this possible? I just ate three bowls of rice!”

“It looks like my mom's roasted chicken, but they're clearly not on the same level! Ah, how I wish I could taste it now!”

The Internet users broke out in an uproar. The grilled roc wings earlier had already stunned them, and they were now left speechless by the roasted peacock. Was the recovery of Earth's spiritual energy to enhance the development of the chef industry and make the food culture more flourishing?

The flesh of Gods, Immortals, and divine beasts... Just the thought of them was enough to excite many people!

Suddenly, dark clouds began to gather in the sky. Horrible purple lightning flashed in them, and the air was filled with the dreadful rumble of thunder.

Chief Luo, Xiao Ai, and others were stunned. “That is... Lightning punishment? Is it here because of the dish?!”

Many people gasped, their pupils constricting. “He’s just making a dish, yet heaven is going to punish him with lightning?! Senior is indeed... awesome! I’ve never seen anyone struck by lightning because of cooking!”

Sitting before the stove, Bu Fang narrowed his eyes and looked up at the sky. He saw purple thunderbolts slithering in the dark clouds. It was an extremely terrifying lightning punishment, and it made his divine sense tremble slightly. When compared with the previous lightning punishment, this one was so much stronger!

For a moment, the world fell silent.

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There was a flash of lightning, and a hawk suddenly emerged out of nowhere with a veiled beauty at its side.

“Purple Heavenly Thunder?! Who is transcending the Immortal Emperor’s Thunder Tribulation?” The Emyrean Fairy’s pupils constricted.

The roc spread its wings, its eyes flickering. Looking into the distance, it seemed a little hesitant.

The Emyrean Fairy gave it a puzzled look. “What’s the matter? What are you afraid of?”

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An auspicious cloud flew across the sky. A young man stood on it, holding a three-pronged halberd, while a black dog squatted at his side. The third eye on his forehead darted from side to side as if it was looking through the illusion.

“Hmm? A thunder cloud... Oh?! Those are Purple Heavenly Thunder?!” Yang Jian’s pupils constricted.

At this moment, the Howling Celestial Dog whined. That gave its master pause. ‘What is doggy afraid of?’

...

Bu Fang glanced at the thunder clouds, took a deep breath, and shook his hand. The silver divine flame grew brighter and enveloped the peacock meat in an instant. The next moment, with a flick of his finger, the flame slowly rotated, turned into a lotus flower, and silently bloomed.

As the petals opened, the peacock meat in the middle was revealed. All the people were in a trance. They seemed to see a lively golden peacock spreading its tail before them.

“Chicken roasted with divine flames... No, peacock roasted with divine flames is done,” Bu Fang said, hovering in midair and cupping the rotating lotus flower of divine flames.

Chapter 1633: A Fish in the Northern Oblivion Named Kun

“Peacock roasted with divine flames?!”

All the people were dumbfounded. After a moment of silence, they broke out into an uproar. They could not believe that Bu Fang really cooked the peacock, and he even did it the way teriyaki chicken was cooked!

The peacock, lying in the silver lotus flower, attracted everyone’s attention. It seemed to have come back to life and was emitting bright golden light. With a bird cry, its golden tail spread, dazzling the eyes and looking very beautiful.

“It’s so beautiful...”

“Is this really a dish?”

“I can feel the peacock’s warm breath...”

While the people were moaning and exclaiming, White Tiger's eyes flickered, his upthrust white hair unmoving as the wind blew at them. Nethery and the others were already intoxicated by the aroma.

Was the dish done? Yes, Bu Fang said so...

He lifted his hand and put his fingers together. Energy burst out of his fingertips, turning into an invisible knife, and he used it to cut the peacock's belly open.

A clattering sound could be heard as glaze-like liquid flowed out of the peacock, accompanied by many transparent pearls. These were no ordinary pearls, but beads formed by mixing the peacock's spiritual energy and all the ingredients Bu Fang had shoved into its belly. They were soft, delicious, and intoxicating.

The peacock's flesh was very thick, much thicker than that of chicken and duck. As it was cut open, the juicy meat was revealed, emitting a rich aroma and wisps of hot steam. One could even see the flesh shiver. A look at it was enough to whet one's appetite.

Bu Fang glanced at White Tiger. The next moment, he grabbed one of the peacock's legs and gave it a twist. The springy skin stretched and tore as the leg was being pulled away, while glinting grease spilled and a strong fragrance filled the air.

An uproar exploded out in an instant. It was a beautiful sight that attracted all eyes.

As the leg was separated from the body, a delicious aroma permeated the air and filled the hearts of those who smelled it with desire. They felt as though the tasty peacock leg was floating right before their eyes, inviting them to give it a bite.

Bu Fang handed the leg to White Tiger, who took it without hesitation and sniffed it with a greedy look.

"This is the price you have to pay for beating me! Now you are nothing but a meal to me!" White Tiger said with hatred. Then, he raised his chin, shoved the leg into his mouth, and gave it a bite. Grease spat as a large chunk of peacock meat was pulled into his mouth.

“Hmm?!” White Tiger’s eyes grew big, and his upthrust hair softened, drooping from his head. “It’s delicious!” He narrowed his eyes and chewed, savoring the intoxicating flavor of the peacock meat as it kept changing in his mouth.

He felt as though he was flying. His wings were spread as he glided across the blue sky, and everything in the world was flashing by under him. It was a feeling that he could not describe. He felt as if he had transformed into a peacock and was flying proudly in the sky with his head held high.

White Tiger’s boyish heart had been melted by the delicious meat!

A faint smile brushed Bu Fang’s lips as he watched. The properties of those ingredients had been incorporated into the peacock meat, and because of that, the tough meat had turned as tender as the flesh of a newborn chick.

He tore off another peacock leg. After fighting all the Gods of India, he was already a little hungry, so he planned to reward himself. Just as he was about to shove the leg into his mouth, however, he felt a pair of eyes stare at it...

At some point, Nethery had come over and hovered at his side, staring at him and the peacock leg with a sad, hesitant look in her eyes.

Bu Fang paused. He glanced at her, then at the peacock leg. After a moment of hesitation, he opened his mouth, bit into the leg, and tore off a chunk of flesh. Hot juice spilled as the tender meat was swallowed by him. A savory smell exploded out in his mouth, together with powerful spiritual energy.

When Nethery saw Bu Fang take the bite, her red lips parted slightly, and she felt her heart ache a little. Between food and her, Bu Fang had chosen the former without hesitation. That made her angry, and the sad look in her eyes deepened.

“You haven’t finished the grilled wing,” Bu Fang said, looking at Nethery.

She showed him a cold, sad face. “I want to eat peacock meat!” she said.

Foxy was jumping and squeaking on Nethery's shoulder, protesting. She wanted to eat the meat as well. As for Shrimpy, it was spitting bubbles on the other shoulder. With its Buddha-nature, it was contented to have something to eat.

Bu Fang grinned. The next moment, he thrust out the energy knife, cut off the peacock wing, and gave it to Nethery. With a shake of his hand, he removed the tail and threw it to Foxy...

As countless cultivators and people around the world watched, the three of them began to enjoy the peacock meat in the sky.

White Tiger's heart was about to melt. He felt that he was no longer a tiger but a peacock who came from the north, and he yearned for freedom.

Nethery was nibbling at the wing, and her dissatisfaction with Bu Fang had gone. As for Foxy, she was holding the peacock tail with a confused look on her face. Shrimpy was spitting bubbles, keeping its Buddha-nature.

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Xiao Ai, Chief Luo, and the others did not know whether to laugh or cry. As they had expected, any battle that was fought by Bu Fang would eventually turn into a cooking show.

"Senior's strength is indeed unfathomable, but his cooking skills are... equally awesome!"

"Yeah! Those are all rare divine beasts, and yet they were turned into food by Senior!"

"Senior Bu has become the spiritual leader of all the gluttons, a bright star rising from the horizon!"

The aroma filled the air, intoxicating those who smelled it.

Suddenly, a cry that sounded like a hawk rang out, resonating through the skies. It was a powerful voice that could only be let out by a free soul.

That gave Bu Fang pause, took Nethery and Foxy aback, and startled Xiao Ai, Chief Luo, and the others. They all looked up. There, at the horizon, they saw a shadow moving fast. In just the blink

of an eye, it had approached them, moving like a lightning bolt. It was so fast that before its wings had flapped once, it was already closing in on them.

“What’s that?!”

“It’s so fast!”

“Eh... It looks like a bird! There’s actually a bird who dares to appear before Senior Bu?”

All the people were struck dumb. They did not know that there was a bird who could fly so fast in the world. In just a flash, it had closed in from the distant horizon. It was almost like teleporting!

Bu Fang was surprised too. Narrowing his eyes, he glanced at the bird.

With a whizzing sound and a flash of light, the Empyrean Kun1 approached.

‘Oh?’ Bu Fang paused as he found that the bird’s sharp claws were grabbing toward the peacock in his hand. ‘This bird also wants to eat peacock meat?’ He was somewhat speechless. ‘Hmm... A Kun Bird...’ He managed to recognize the bird with one glance.

The Kun Bird was very famous. In legends and myths, it was a terrible divine beast with fearsome strength, and it could soar ninety thousand miles into the sky with just one swing of its wings.

Like a beam of light, the Kun Bird shot over, intending to snatch the peacock meat from Bu Fang’s hand. Its plan was simple: snatch the meat and flee as far as it could. Its instincts told it that the human being was very strong, and it trusted that.

It did not have to fight him, though. It would leave the fighting to the Empyrean Fairy. All it had to do was... snatch the meat and fly away. The aromatic meat made it difficult for it to suppress its appetite. It thought the meat smelled as delicious as dragon meat...

The Kun Bird was too fast. It zoomed past Bu Fang, and the peacock head was in its mouth, which was still connected to the neck and half of the body. Then, it threw its head back, flung the peacock into the air, and swallowed it in one gulp.

As it had expected, no one could keep up with its speed. So, it would be safe as long as it did not fight the human being head-on.

“How does it taste?” An indifferent voice rang out suddenly, startling the Kun Bird. It turned its head and immediately saw a man, who knelt on one knee on its back and grabbed a handful of feathers near its neck. His face was expressionless as his striped red-and-white robe flapped noisily in the wind.

The Kun Bird shuddered with fear. ‘When did this human come on my back? How could he keep up with my speed?!’ At this moment, it was a little panicked, like a kid who was caught stealing sweets.

Without hesitation, it turned, flapped its wings, and soared into the sky, heading toward the dark clouds with flashing purple lightning bolts. With a whiz, it sped into the rumbling thunder tribulation!

The people down below were all struck dumb by its incredible speed.

“That’s the Kun Bird in legends!”

“There is a fish in the Northern Oblivion named Kun...”

“Heavens... I can’t believe the Kun Bird actually exists! Its speed is even faster than rockets!”

The people were stunned as they watched the Kun Bird rush into the clouds and vanish in an instant.

Suddenly, a graceful figure came into sight, walking step by step across the sky as flowers fell from above. She was a very beautiful lady.

Soon, she came up to Nethery, who was eating the peacock leg. Hovering midair, she looked up at the Kun Bird and Bu Fang, who had gone into the clouds, then fixed her eyes on Nethery.

“Although you are an evil girl, you are a special one... If you are not that evil man’s partner, I don’t mind taking you in as my disciple, but... Well, you can still submit to me and be my maid. You will

acquire unmatched virtue to wash away your sin,” said the Empyrean Fairy as she looked indifferently at Nethery.

Nethery tore off a piece of meat from the leg. Her red lips were stained with grease as she kept chewing, ignoring the strange woman before her.

Her nonchalant attitude made the Empyrean Fairy narrow her eyes. Even an Immortal Emperor would not dare to ignore her, and yet this evil girl was giving her the cold shoulder.

She had decided to capture Nethery with force. As an expert who was just one step away from becoming an Immortal Emperor, she could clearly sense the strange energy in Nethery, and she was eager to acquire it. She had an intuition that the energy could help her step into the realm of Immortal Emperor!

Rumble!

The purple thunder rumbled in the sky. With a miserable howl, the Kun Bird plunged toward the ground. A figure stood on its back, and the bird felt as if it was carrying Mount Kunlun, which was so heavy that it could not flap its wings to fly higher.

The Empyrean Fairy narrowed her eyes and glanced at them.

Soon, the Kun Bird stopped falling. Standing on its back, Bu Fang stared at the Empyrean Fairy and said faintly, “What did you say just now? Who do you want to take in as a maid?”

Chapter 1634: Howling the White Tiger Returns!

Bu Fang’s voice echoed faintly through the air. Suddenly, the thunder in the sky rumbled. At last, the purple thunder could not hold back anymore and began to fall.

A purple dragon plunged from the vault of heaven. At this moment, the air began to boil as if it was on the verge of exploding. The lightning’s power was disquieting, and it made everyone feel as if the end of the world was here.

The Empyrean Fairy’s pupils constricted. The lightning bolt had frightened even her. However, she did not care too much about it. After all, she was not the target of the thunder tribulation.

The lightning bolt went straight toward Bu Fang. Looking at him with an indifferent face, she said, “It amazed me how you can be so unbridled when you can hardly fend for yourself...”

She was dead set on taking the evil girl as her maid. Drawing a circle with her toe in midair, the Empyrean Fairy sped away, retreating to the distance.

Bu Fang watched as the lady backed away. He did not chase her. Instead, he stood on the Kun Bird’s back, looking up at the purple dragon, which was coming down at him with doomsday’s power.

It was the dish’s thunder tribulation. However, Bu Fang furrowed his brows as he stared at it. To him, the tribulation seemed a little... strange. It was too strong. When compared with the grilled roc wing’s tribulation, it was overly powerful.

Was that mysterious existence on Earth warning him again? Every time he cooked something, there was a warning. This time, however, the warning was extremely powerful. Could this be an ultimatum?

Bu Fang remembered the System telling him that Earth was dangerous for him. He started to have a feeling that those Gods and Immortals, who returned from other universes because of the recovery of spiritual energy, might not be the main threat. The danger mentioned by the System was likely to come from Earth.

He took a deep breath, raised his Taotie Arm, and threw a punch toward the sky.

In the distance, the Empyrean Fairy sneered. As an existence in ancient mythology, she had very strong control over thunder, and as an expert who was just one step away from becoming an Immortal Emperor, she could see the horrible power contained in the lightning bolt.

“This evil man actually intends to resist with his physical body? That’s an Immortal Emperor’s thunder tribulation! At the very least, he should resist it with some magic artifact, shouldn’t he? He would be smitten into nothing by the lightning bolt!”

While the Empyrean Fairy was watching, somewhere in the distance, True Lord Erlang narrowed his eyes. His third-eye seemed to look through the void, and he sucked in a cold breath as it rested on the man standing on the Kun Bird’s back.

“This man is... very strong! No wonder the Four Heavenly Kings were defeated,” he muttered. The next moment, he shook his hand. The three-pronged halberd in his hand spun, shining with bright light. Suddenly, he clutched the shaft, and his eyes turned sharp.

“Howling Celestial Dog, let’s go!”

At his voice, the black dog beside him grew large in an instant, transforming into a huge, fierce dog. Barking, the dog turned into a beam of black light and shot toward Bu Fang.

“The evil man will be weak after transcending the tribulation, and that is when I will strike, capture him alive, and bring him back to the Sect Leader...” True Lord Erlang said.

The dog bared its teeth, growling.

...

Kaboom!

The lightning fell, causing thousands of smaller thunderbolts to rain down as well. In just a flash, the purple thunder dragon had surrounded Bu Fang as if to devour him. When the scene was uploaded to the Internet, all the viewers were stunned.

“Is Senior Bu transcending tribulation now?!”

“It’s scary! Is that lightning?”

“A purple thunderbolt... Senior Bu is indeed an Immortal!”

While the people were exclaiming, Xiao Ai’s hands shook with fear, and a worried look came over Chief Luo’s face. Chief Luo knew that Immortals had to transcend tribulation from time to time, but there was always a risk during the process.

‘If Senior failed to transcend it and was killed by the thunder tribulation, it would be a great loss to Hua. We would lose an existence who could deter other Gods and Immortals...’

Meanwhile, White Tiger had finished his peacock leg, and he was staring at Bu Fang, who was trapped by the thunder dragon. His eyes flickered with a strange, white light.

Rumble...

The sky seemed to have caved in. The storm caused by the falling of the purple lightning bolt was even more dreadful than when a nuclear bomb fell to the ground. All the people were forced to retreat and watched from across a great distance.

A shrill cry lingered between heaven and earth. That was the Kun Bird's cry. With Bu Fang standing on its back, it was now withstanding the impact of the thunder as well, which left it a little confused.

The people were worried. They thought Bu Fang might not be able to survive the thunder, judging by its power. Was the peerless Senior Bu, who had wiped out so many Gods and Immortals, about to be killed by the lightning bolt? Did he attract the punishment because of his arrogant attitude?

The Empyrean Fairy watched, sneering. "This is Purple Heavenly Thunder. He will be severely wounded when the tribulation is over, if not dead... By that time, he will be a fish on the chopping board. An individual with two Divine Artifacts surely has attracted heaven's wrath..."

She took a deep breath. Suddenly, her pupils constricted as she found that the falling purple thunder dragon was being ripped apart! Yes, it was being torn from the middle by some mighty force, accompanied by a tearing sound!

The Kun Bird looked wretched and miserable, its aura weak. Its feathers were charred by the lightning, but it still flapped its wings to keep from falling. On its back, however, the man of great radiance was unscathed, and before his raised arm, the thunderbolt shattered.

Bu Fang's eyes gleamed goldenly as he looked up, peered through the lightning and the thunder clouds, and saw a vague figure. His eyes narrowed. 'Is this the man who warned me repeatedly?' He took a deep breath.

Soon, however, the lightning and the clouds dissipated, and the sky was calm and clear once more. The figure seemed to have sensed that Bu Fang was looking at him, so he cut off their connection and shrank back like a thousand-year-old turtle.

‘Whoever you are... I will find you one day.’ Bu Fang had decided that when he had woken all the Artifact Spirits, he would meet that mysterious existence in person. Did that man have a problem with him? If not, why did he send down lightning punishment whenever Bu Fang cooked?

Bu Fang had once again shocked the world with his overwhelming strength. With his palm, he almost wiped out all the Gods of India and scared off Brahma. And with his fist, he shattered the thunder tribulation! In many people’s eyes, he was a true Immortal!

Just then, a beam of light suddenly shot out from under the ground. It stunned everyone, including the Empyrean Fairy and True Lord Erlang in the distance. No one had expected that a God was hiding beneath the ground!

The light beam struck Bu Fang with a rumble. He did not dodge, or rather, he did not mind it hitting him. But the Kun Bird under him was knocked away by the impact. It coughed out some blood and shrieked. It was suffering from an undeserved disaster.

Bu Fang glanced at the big bird and furrowed his brows. Suddenly, the Kun Bird’s figure flickered and came back under him, carrying him once more. Although its aura was weak now, it still behaved friendly toward Bu Fang.

‘Hmm... What a sensible Kun Bird.’ Bu Fang was in a bit of a dilemma. The bird was so friendly and clever that he was a little reluctant to kill it. He stroked its head, then, with a shake of his hand, he produced an oyster pancake and gave it to the bird.

As soon as the Kun Bird swallowed the pancake, its eyes lit up. Glowing energy radiated from its body, and in just the blink of an eye, it had recovered its mighty appearance as if it was given a shot. It let out a sonorous cry and flapped its wings, climbing higher into the sky.

“Alright, let’s find out which sneaky bastard attacked us just now...” Bu Fang said.

Standing on the Kun Bird’s back, his eyes were cold. He glanced at his body. There was strange, dark energy spreading all over him, corroding his flesh. It was an evil force, which was trying to soil the Vermilion Robe and his body. It showed how despicable the attacker was.

In the distance, White Tiger roared, his voice shaking the skies. In front of everyone’s stunned gazes, white light radiated from his body, so bright and dazzling that it made him look like the glowing sun in the sky! Then, with a humming sound, he grew larger abruptly and transformed into a huge white tiger!

The moment the white tiger appeared, he slapped out his paw. The ground crumbled and burst apart, and a grunt rang out. Suddenly, a golden figure broke through the earth and came to the surface, intending to flee.

However, White Tiger opened his mouth and roared, his voice causing the mountains to crumble and the ground to split. "I am Howling, and I am invincible!"

Rumbling filled the air as a tiger paw fell from the sky. The golden figure turned around suddenly and uttered some gibberish. Then, he waved his hand. A glowing ball immediately appeared in front of him, and he pushed it out with both hands.

A loud boom rang out as the ball and the tiger paw collided. Taking the opportunity, the golden figure sped away, fleeing in panic. But then White Tiger roared again, filling the air with his deafening voice.

Everyone was shocked by the huge tiger in the sky, while Bu Fang, standing on the Kun Bird's back, curled up the corners of his mouth as he looked at him.

The next moment, White Tiger turned into a white stream of light and shot toward Bu Fang. In just a flash, he burrowed into Bu Fang's forehead.

Inside Bu Fang's spirit sea, monstrous waves began to rise. Suddenly, a white tiger appeared under the God of Cooking's Menu, walked in the air, and sat down across from Vermilion Bird.

With White Tiger's return, Bu Fang's spirit sea boiled instantly. The power of his divine sense skyrocketed at an astonishing rate, and its true-form was almost taking a physical form.

At last, Howling the White Tiger had returned!

Outside, Bu Fang opened his eyes. The Kun Bird under him immediately felt a force as heavy as a mountain fall on its back, which pushed it straight down toward the ground. It flapped its wings, but no matter how hard it tried, it just could not climb back up into the sky.

Although Bu Fang was tiny compared to the Kun Bird, he was now as heavy as the world! At the same time, his aura began to transform. Rings of energy spread from him, sweeping out in all directions.

Down below, all the people were retreating as fast as they could, their faces filled with shock and horror. The Empyrean Fairy's eyes widened in disbelief, while the pupil of True Lord Erlang's third-eye constricted and the three-pronged halberd in his hand trembled with fear. Even the Howling Celestial Dog had shrunk back to a puppy, shivering in its master's arms.

True Lord Erlang was shocked. He felt his head reel, then he opened his mouth and muttered in a hoarse voice, "Immortal Emperor..."

A rumbling sound could be heard as the Kun Bird flapped its wings one last time. It stabilized itself at last, but it was just one inch away from crashing into the ground. It was so scared that cold sweat broke out all over its body. It thought it was about to become the first Kun Bird in history who fell to death...

Bu Fang's aura was wild and aggressive. He turned his head and looked into the distance, where the God who had attacked him had fled. "Trying to run away from me?" He raised his chin. The next moment, his divine sense poured out of him. For a moment, the whole world seemed to be enveloped by it.

The Empyrean Fairy felt her flesh creep as fear filled her heart.

A miserable shriek rang out in the distance as the golden God, who looked as if he was wrapped in the sun, kept flying backward in Bu Fang's direction. He was forcefully pulled back by Bu Fang's divine sense.

Down below, Xiao Ai and Chief Luo were dumbfounded. Chief Luo fixed his eyes on the God, and this time, he saw who the God was. He sucked in a cold breath instantly.

"That is... Sakura Island's Amaterasu Oomikami!"

It turned out that it was the God of Sakura Island who attacked Bu Fang! Why did a God of Sakura Island dare to show up again?!

Chapter 1635: You Have a Nice Dog

“Amaterasu Oomikami? That is a top God of Sakura Island!” No one expected a God of this level to sneak up on Bu Fang. “This fellow is too shameless!” Many people who saw this were cursing.

The golden figure shining like the bright sun was forcefully pulled back by Bu Fang’s divine sense. The God of Sakura Island, Amaterasu, was horrified at this moment because she found that she could not break free of the shackle of divine sense.

‘An Immortal Emperor! He’s an Immortal Emperor of Hua!’ Amaterasu began to despair. She never thought that the man would suddenly become an Immortal Emperor. ‘How could this be?!’

The Empyrean Fairy, like everyone else, was appalled. Suddenly, something even scarier happened.

As everyone watched with wide eyes, Bu Fang looked at the God he had pulled back, twitched the corner of his mouth, then lifted his hand and lightly slapped it out. Immediately, the shining Amaterasu broke into pieces, scattering and disappearing in the sky. A top Immortal King, who was not weaker than Brahma, was killed just like that.

All the people were stunned, while the group of Internet users aflame with indignation did not know what to say.

The Empyrean Fairy sucked in a cold breath. Suddenly, she felt a terrifying aura envelop her. ‘An Immortal Emperor! I can’t believe this guy has become an Immortal Emperor! How is this even possible?’

Her mind trembled... and she suddenly felt how ridiculous her remark had been. Staring at Bu Fang, her eyes were filled with despair. ‘That Queen Mother of the West actually sent me to my death!’

After killing the sneaky Amaterasu with a casual slap, Bu Fang turned his eyes and rested them on the Empyrean Fairy. It was time to settle some debts. With the Kun Bird carrying him, he came before the lady in a flash.

A small cup appeared in the Empyrean Fairy’s hand, which contained the Empyrean Thunder. She thought of resisting, but Bu Fang just stared indifferently at her. In the end, she quietly put away the cup, dejected. She was no match for an Immortal Emperor.

“I... I yield,” the Empyrean Fairy said in a gloomy voice.

Bu Fang glanced indifferently at her. This time, however, he did not kill her. With a flick of his finger, a silver divine flame darted out, seeped into the Empyrean Fairy’s forehead, and turned into a silver marking.

“Well... From today on, you are a maid,” Bu Fang said mildly.

The Empyrean Fairy looked horrified as she held her forehead with both hands and stared at Bu Fang in disbelief. “You...”

“Didn’t you say you want to take Nethery as your maid? In that case... From today on, you will be her maid,” Bu Fang said. “Don’t worry. As long as you bear no ill intention, you will be safe. Besides... as Nethery’s maid, you lose nothing.”

At his moment, Nethery had finished her peacock wing and was licking her red lips, savoring the flavor. When she heard Bu Fang, she put on a straight face and glanced indifferently at the Empyrean Fairy.

The Fairy bowed her head, her face dark. She seemed to have accepted her fate. In fact, she did not think that being a maid was a bad thing. After all, she had met an Immortal Emperor, and she was lucky to have escaped death.

Chief Luo and the others stared in mute amazement. They never thought it would end like this. Senior Bu had suppressed all his foes with great strength and even took a fairy as his maid!

“An Immortal Emperor? Senior Bu is actually an Immortal Emperor?” Those who knew what it meant were terrified.

Bu Fang had subdued the Empyrean Fairy, and the Kun Bird also turned into a little bird that looked like a sparrow, perching on his shoulder. He glanced at the bird, realizing that the little guy would not leave him now. But he did not mind.

Foxy had just finished her peacock tail, and she was looking curiously at the Kun Bird. However, as a divine beast who lived on the World Tree in the wilderness of Kunlun, the big bird was proud. Except for Bu Fang, who had captured it with his delicious food, it would not take notice of any other spirit beasts, not even a vixen.

Suddenly, Bu Fang raised his brows, turned around, and looked into the distance. His eyes seemed to see through the illusion.

There, True Lord Erlang emerged with an embarrassed look. He put away his three-pronged halberd, and with the Howling Celestial Dog in his arms, he flew over to face Bu Fang.

He was not too terrified, though. After all, he was Yang Jian, a top Divine General of the Celestial Court and an existence who was one step away from becoming an Immortal Emperor. Even if he were to face a real Immortal Emperor, he could fend for himself.

“Your Excellency’s immortal power is truly unparalleled...” True Lord Erlang said smilingly.

“Hmm... You have a nice dog,” Bu Fang said as he glanced at the Howling Celestial Dog in Yang Jian’s arms.

Yang Jian’s face stiffened. He suddenly recalled that the evil man before him would eat anything, and he immediately felt worried for his dog. “Your Excellency must be joking. I was just passing by...”

“You really have a nice dog,” Bu Fang stared at the dog and said again.

The Howling Celestial Dog began to shiver in Yang Jian’s arms. “Haha! I can see Your Excellency still has things to do. I’ll take my leave now.” Yang Jian’s face grew dark, and the corner of his mouth twitched.

“You really... have a nice dog...” Bu Fang repeated, but this time a faint smile brushed his lips.

Yang Jian was somewhat speechless. ‘Can’t you f*cking say something else?!’ he thought to himself. “Your Excellency, please don’t push others too far.” He was beginning to get angry. He could not let anyone bully his dog.

When he saw Yang Jian fuming, Bu Fang lifted a hand. Immediately, the Howling Celestial Dog was pulled out from its master’s arms, clawing and kicking. The next moment, it fell into Bu Fang’s arms with a despairing look.

Yang Jian flew into a rage. He was about to pull out his halberd when he saw Bu Fang's movement, making him pause...

Bu Fang held the dog in his arms and gently stroked its head. The dog no longer looked so frightened. Instead, it narrowed its eyes and enjoyed the touch.

"Well... Your dog reminds me of my black dog... Once upon a time, Blacky is as handsome as this," Bu Fang said as he thought of the old days.

Yang Jian paused for a moment, then he chuckled. 'It turns out that... he's also a man who loves dogs.'

Bu Fang produced an oyster pancake and gave it to the dog, who took it with its mouth and ate it happily. "A pity that my black dog has... grown too fat now and is no longer cute," he said, sighing.

Nethery was speechless. 'Bu Fang, do you think it's a good idea to talk like that behind Lord Dog?'

The Empyrean Fairy watched sulkily from behind Bu Fang. She knew Yang Jian, and she also knew that he must be here for the same purpose as her, that was, to capture the evil man. 'But he is lucky to have a dog...' she thought to herself.

"Alright... For the sake of the dog, you may go now," Bu Fang said. He naturally knew Yang Jian's purpose of coming here, but he did not mind.

Yang Jian paused, then he nodded solemnly at Bu Fang. 'This evil man doesn't seem to be as abominable as the Sect Leader had said...'

"Thank you, Your Excellency. I, Yang Jian, will remember this kindness, and I will repay it when the time comes."

Bu Fang nodded, put the dog down, and signaled them that they could leave now.

"Howling, let's go." Yang Jian turned around and was about to leave when he suddenly froze. He found that the dog, who was supposed to follow him, was missing...

“Hmm? Howling?” He was a little confused, but when he glanced over his shoulder, his face darkened instantly. He saw his dog squat beside Bu Fang’s feet, sticking out its tongue and looking up at the evil man.

“Howling! It’s time to go!” Yang Jian shouted, his face dark.

Howling the Celestial Dog turned its head, glanced at its master, wagged its tail a few times, then turned back to stare at Bu Fang with its big, round eyes.

Yang Jian suddenly felt an urge to kill this dog and cook a hotpot with its meat! ‘What kind of dog have I been keeping? He just gave you an oyster pancake, and you have decided to follow him?!’

Bu Fang did not expect this either. The Empyrean Fairy, standing beside Nethery, could not help but giggle. In the distance, Xiao Ai, Chief Luo, and the others did not know what to say, while the Internet users burst out laughing at the sight of the scene.

“I pity True Lord Erlang for one second. The centuries of friendship between him and the dog had been shaken by a pancake...”

“If I were the Howling Celestial Dog, I would choose Senior Bu also...”

“Kudos to the Howling Celestial Dog! As Senior said, this is a nice dog!”

...

Yang Jian, of course, had no idea what the Internet users were talking about. Otherwise, he might have pulled out a knife and killed the dog on the spot. Dark-faced, he grabbed the dog by the neck, stepped on an auspicious cloud, and sped away.

‘Dammit... What a disgrace!’

Bu Fang could not help but twitch the corner of his mouth as he watched Yang Jian leave. This True Lord Erlang did not come with a strong killing intent. He was just here to carry out a task, and because his dog looked a little similar to Blacky, Bu Fang decided to let him go. It would not affect anything.

The Empyrean Fairy felt a little sulky... Why didn't she have a black dog? Why did she bring a bird with her?!

After Yang Jian left, Bu Fang landed in front of Chief Luo with everyone else. The battle was finally over, and he had also succeeded in awakening the White Tiger. All that remained now were the Black Turtle and Nicholas the Handsome Dragon. Narrowing his eyes, he left the place with Chief Luo and the others and returned to the base in Jiangdong.

The Empyrean Fairy followed resentfully at Nethery's side. She did not dare to escape, for the power emanating from the silver flame on her brow was too terrifying.

On the way back, Bu Fang asked her many questions, and she answered them all truthfully. She dared not refuse to answer. After all, the divine flame was like a blade suspended over her head.

"The Immortal Mountain of Kunlun, the Immortal Island of Penglai..."

Bu Fang was organizing the information supplied by the Empyrean Fairy. According to her, both the powers had Immortal Emperors. However, due to the Ancestral Planet's influence, they could not make a move. He also learned from her that they had just returned from the Primitive Universe.

As Bu Fang learned more, he realized that the world was much larger than he had imagined. The universe he was in before was called the Chaotic Universe, and he knew there was a Soul Demon Universe, a universe where Curse Goddesses like Nethery came from, and the Primitive Universe.

As for the universe where Earth was in, the Empyrean Fairy did not know much about it. She just called Earth the Ancestral Planet.

Bu Fang did not dwell deeper into this. There were many secrets on Earth, and he was not in a hurry. He could slowly uncover them.

...

In the conference room, the Fairy sat nervously in a corner. The young man before her, who had retracted all his aura, filled her with dread. She knew that he was definitely not from the Primitive

Universe. Because if he did, she would have known him—she knew all the Immortal Emperors in the Primitive Universe.

The young man in front of her seemed to be shrouded in mysteries, and his power was not what she was familiar with. At this moment, with his aura concealed, she could not find out his actual strength at all. It was as though he was just an ordinary man.

‘This is too... cunning! How could an Immortal Emperor appear like an ordinary man? He could deceive even other Immortal Emperors!’

While the Fairy was lost in thought, Chief Luo pushed open the door and walked into the room with a terrified look.

“Senior Bu...” he hesitated.

“What’s the matter?” Bu Fang, slouching back in a chair, asked suspiciously.

“The Western Church has sent you an invitation to appraise the Divine Artifact... Do you want to have a look?” Chief Luo took a deep breath. Then, with a flip of his hand, he produced an envelope with a cross of two swords on it.

When Bu Fang’s eyes rested on it, the cross burst into light, which stabbed toward him like a sharp sword!

Chapter 1636: A Vicious Invitation From the Western Church

There was a trap hiding in the invitation!

Chief Luo never thought that the invitation from the Western Church would contain such a hideous trick!

“Senior! Be careful!”

Chief Luo's expression changed in an instant. The Western Church's reserve was unfathomable. In today's Earth where spiritual energy had returned, it was a boss-level power, so no one should underestimate its tricks.

"It's fine." Bu Fang was calm, though, as he looked at the glowing cross. He did not sense killing intent in it. In other words, the cross was not intended to kill him.

The people of the Western Church were no fools. The footage of Bu Fang killing all the Gods of India had gone viral on the Internet, and surely they had watched it. Unless an Immortal Emperor was here in person, a mere invitation could not hurt Bu Fang.

And so it was. When the beam of light shot out of the cross and approached Bu Fang, he shattered it with a flick of his finger. With a popping sound, it exploded into a small firework, and the tiny dots of light gradually turned into a vague figure.

It was an old man in a red robe. He had a white beard, and he was looking at Bu Fang with a kind, ruddy face. "Greetings, Mister Bu Fang. I'm Cardinal Hagens from the Western Church," said the old man as he bowed slightly. He looked respectful, and he seemed to be talking from somewhere far away.

Bu Fang paused. He felt great respect from the old man. An angry fist does not hit a smiling face, so he just looked indifferently at him.

"Of the four Holy Artifacts that govern Earth's spiritual energy, Your Excellency holds two. The Western Church, on the other hand, has acquired the other two after going through unimaginable hardships..."

"Your Excellency is a Chosen One. Therefore, with sincere respect, this humble one invites Your Excellency to attend the banquet held by His Holiness the Pope for the Holy Artifacts at the Western Court. We heard that Mister Bu Fang loves food, and we will prepare the choicest cuisines in the world. This represents our highest tribute to Mister Bu, and we hope Your Excellency could honor us by attending the banquet."

After saying that, the old man bowed deeply.

The expressions of the people behind Bu Fang, including Chief Luo, changed drastically. With Bu Fang here, the Jiangdong branch had become the central location of the State Supernatural Agency,

and most of the agency's S-class superhumans were working here. The Cardinal's words shocked them.

"How could it be... When did the Western Church acquire the second Divine Artifact?!"

"Isn't the second Divine Artifact held by the Gods of Egypt?"

"I heard there was a battle between Egypt and the Western Church... But the result was unknown. It seems that the Western Church had won."

The superhumans were talking to each other, shocked.

"I will be there," Bu Fang said indifferently.

Upon hearing that, the old man beamed. "This humble one will be looking forward to seeing Your Excellency. His Holiness the Pope and his servants will welcome Mister Bu with the grandest ceremony." After that, the light faded, and the invitation fell into Bu Fang's hand, no longer glowing.

"Senior, are you really going to attend the banquet? The Western Church's reserve is unfathomable, and its people are dangerous. They are more treacherous than the Indian Gods..." Chief Luo's face was unsightly.

"It's fine... I'm planning on going there anyway. I have to take back the two cooking utensils," Bu Fang said in a relaxed manner. He did not think this was a serious matter.

His nonchalant attitude left Chief Luo somewhat speechless.

Suddenly, a commotion broke out outside of the base, and then a man ran into the conference room in a panic.

"Chief..."

Chief Luo walked up to the man, who hurriedly told him what happened.

“Senior, the Western Church’s escorts are here. They are waiting for you.”

Chief Luo’s face turned very ugly. The Western Church was too hospitable. After acquiring two Divine Artifacts, it was now targeting the last two, which were possessed by Bu Fang. The so-called banquet was definitely a trap.

“Oh? They’re quick...” Bu Fang’s expression remained unchanged. With his hands clasped behind him, he walked out of the base with a group of people.

Outside, a coach stopped on an empty field, surrounded by a group of men and women with golden hair and blue eyes. They smiled when they saw Bu Fang. Clad in holy white robes, the men were handsome and the women beautiful, and they had circlets made of fresh grass set upon their heads.

The coach was luxurious, shining brilliantly as if it was made of pure gold. Strange images were drawn all over its surface, which told different stories. The horse that pulled the vehicle was a white unicorn. Although it did not have wings, it was emanating holy spiritual energy.

As Bu Fang walked up to them, their faces grew warmer and kinder.

“Greetings, Mister Bu.” A tall, handsome man with blond hair stepped forward with a smile. He was followed by two beautiful women.

“Let me introduce myself. I am the commander of the Third Legion of the Holy Cross Army under the Western Church. I have been sent by Cardinal Hagens to escort you to the Western Church,” the man said gently. Then, he took a step to the side. The women behind him and all the others stepped to the side as well, revealing a path that led to the coach.

“Hmm?”

Bu Fang glanced at them. The man was different from the Cardinal. Although he was there to escort him, his tone was aggressive and almost provocative, mixed with a hint of doubt.

“A coach?” Bu Fang looked at the man.

The man paused, then he said, “This is a Sacred Coach, which Cardinal Hagens has specially requested from God to escort Your Excellency.”

Bu Fang did not say anything. He glanced at the coach, then walked toward it with Foxy and the Kun Bird perched on his shoulders. As for Shrimpy, it was spitting bubbles on his head.

As he approached, the calm, peaceful-looking unicorn neighed nervously and kicked the ground, trying to move away from him. It felt a wave of fear that came from the depths of its soul. The driver with the leash in hand struggled to hold it steady.

Bu Fang came beside it, lifted a hand, and gave its head a gentle pat. The unicorn calmed down immediately. Then, two women opened the door for him. Bu Fang stepped into the coach.

Nethery followed. However, as she was about to step into the coach, the man stopped her.

“Cardinal Hagens only invites Mister Bu Fang alone, and he is the only person allowed to board the coach,” the man said.

“Let her come with me. Your Cardinal will not refuse me.” Bu Fang’s faint voice drifted out of the coach.

The man froze. He opened his mouth and was about to say something when Nethery gave him a cold glance. He felt a chill run down his back in an instant, and all his hair stood on end. A golden marking suddenly emerged on his forehead, and then a silver broadsword appeared in his hand.

“Get out of the way,” Nethery said coldly as she lifted her hand and flicked her finger.

The man raised his sword to block the finger. The next moment, he heard a thud, then felt a great force come at him, which bent the broadsword in his hand. He took a few steps back, and with every step, he crushed the ground.

“You...”

Nethery gave him an indifferent look, then stepped into the coach.

The man was fuming, but he was also shocked by Nethery's strength. She had almost knocked him flying away with just a flick of her finger! Part of the reason was that he had not received God's power, and his flesh was that of a mortal, but as a Chosen One, his strength was not weak either.

"Senior Bu, wait for me! I want to go too!" Xiao Ai ran over excitedly with her camera in hand and wanted to board the coach as well.

The man's face grew dark. 'Do these people think anyone can ride in this coach?' He lifted his hand, trying to stop Xiao Ai.

Suddenly, Bu Fang's faint cough rang out from inside the coach.

The man's pupils constricted as he felt a terrifying force press down on him, forcing him to fall on his knees. The ground under him burst apart under the mighty force, and he went cold all over, not daring to breathe too loudly.

'This is horrible... Is this the aura of an Immortal Emperor?! I can't even move now!'

Xiao Ai stepped into the coach happily. The man could only watch as he was powerless to stop her. At this moment, the Empyrean Fairy walked barefoot toward the coach with her hands clasped behind her. She had never ridden in a coach belonging to the Western Church before.

The man did not know what to say already. "You..." Habits made him try to stop the fairy, but she was too strong for him to stop. She only glanced at him, and the man almost coughed blood under her horrible pressure.

The Empyrean Fairy also boarded the coach. With a dark face, the man got up to his feet. His subordinates were all staring at him.

"Let's escort our distinguished guests back to the Western Church..." His voice was gloomy, his eyes cold.

At his order, the women all rose into the sky, sprinkling flowers and playing music. The unicorn neighed, kicked the ground, and soared into the air. The coach's wheels spun as the beast pulled it, leaving a colorful trail behind as the procession sped across the sky. The man followed.

Down below, the expressions of Chief Luo and the others were complicated. They were awed by Bu Fang's courage. No one knew what would happen in his trip to the Western Church. Compared with the Gods of India, the Western Church was harder to deal with. Besides, it had existences who were as strong as the Immortal Emperors of Hua...

...

In a temple on the Immortal Mountain of Kunlun, a woman who wore her hair in a bun and shrouded in a mist was holding an invitation. "The Western Church... Interesting."

...

At Penglai, the Daoist with a ring of light behind his head had finished his lecture. A golden invitation floated before him.

"The restriction of heaven and earth on us is getting weaker. The time has come for us to strike. The evil man possesses two Divine Artifacts, and the Western Church holds two as well. With that, the four Divine Artifacts that govern the Ancestral Planet's spiritual energy have all been found. It's time for me to claim them."

A faint smile brushed the Daoist's lips. He lifted a hand, and the four swords behind him immediately began to spin, tearing at the surrounding void with their sharp sword energy. Bright rays flickered under him and supported him as he flew into the distance.

The moment he left the island, invisible chains fell from the sky and thunder dragons emerged around him, roaring and slithering wildly.

On the island, countless Immortals looked up and gasped.

The Daoist held his fingers together. The four swords behind him glowed and flew into the sky, shattering the chains and destroying the thunder dragons. In just a flash, peace returned.

Chuckling, the Daoist sped over the vast expanse of sea, heading straight toward the west. Behind him, all the Immortals on the island looked excited.

“The Ancestral Planet’s power that had restricted the Sect Leader is finally gone! The Sect Leader can finally subdue that evil man in person! The four Divine Artifacts will become one!”

Within moments, all the Immortals rose into the sky. Some stepped on auspicious clouds, some rode Immortal Cranes, and some flew on savage monsters’ backs. By all kinds of strange means, these Immortals flew over the sea, heading toward the Western Church as well.

Chapter 1637: A Threat

The inside of the coach was crowded. However, while flying in the sky, it did not jump as much as those vehicles on the road, so the passengers did not feel uncomfortable.

The atmosphere inside the coach was a little awkward. Xiao Ai was holding her professional video camera and carrying a backpack. She looked nervous. From time to time, she would glance at Bu Fang from the corners of her eyes, and when she did that, her heart pounded in her chest.

‘I can’t believe I got the chance to look at Senior from such a close distance... This is so exciting!’

Xiao Ai’s young girl heart was beginning to stir. However, when she glanced at Nethery, who sat at Bu Fang’s side, and saw the latter’s black eyes that seemed to swirl like two black holes, she felt cold all over.

Then, when she turned to the noble and almost lofty Empyrean Fairy, who was slouching back in her seat and stretching her long legs, she felt a sense of inferiority.

‘Alright... I might be thinking too much.’

Bu Fang’s face remained calm, even though the atmosphere was a little awkward due to the tight space in the coach. He did not get used to it at first, but he just closed his eyes and began to meditate about cooking. As he cooked one dish after another in his mind, he forgot about the uncomfortable atmosphere.

The unicorn galloped hard, pulling the coach across the sky at great speed, while the blond men surrounded the vehicle like a group of transcended beings.

Xiao Ai pulled open the coach window, poked her head out of it to catch her breath. She felt a little excited. ‘This coach is taking us to the Western Church...’

After Earth’s spiritual energy returned, the Western Church had been a global superpower. It was served by countless superhumans, and it was said that its Chosen Ones could receive God’s power and acquire mighty strength.

Before this, Hua had only a few Earth Immortals, so it was no match for the Western Church. Xiao Ai was full of curiosity about this superpower.

After flying for some time, they finally arrived at their destination. Under them was a magnificent city. There was a grand castle in the center of the city. Temples with crosses as sharp and pointy as blades on their roofs filled the castle, gleaming goldenly and emanating a holy aura.

Accompanied by music and falling petals, the coach landed. Then, its door was pushed open. The man’s face was unsightly as he watched the four people emerge through the door.

“Mister Bu, we’ve arrived at the Holy City. Ahead of us is the Western Church,” he said respectfully. The Immortal Emperor’s might that Bu Fang had shown still filled him with fear.

Xiao Ai kept taking pictures everywhere with her camera. She was awed by the glorious temples around them. The man did not stop her, and he had no objection to her uploading the photos to the Internet. ‘It is time for the people to witness the Western Church’s true power,’ he thought.

As they came before the towering castle walls, they heard a loud crash, then the huge metal doors began to slowly swing open.

“Welcome, Mister Bu,” said the man respectfully.

Bu Fang nodded, clasped his hands behind him, and walked through the gaping hole. He wanted to see what the Western Church was up to. The old man said they had prepared a banquet with the choicest cuisines. If the food could not satisfy him, he would be very unhappy.

As soon as they stepped into the castle, they felt sharp, hostile energy in the air. A constant clatter of metal on metal could be heard as well, as teams of soldiers clad in silver armor and full helms patrolled in orderly formations.

Nethery, Xiao Ai, and the Empyrean Fairy followed behind Bu Fang. Xiao Ai was filming, and when she saw those soldiers, she felt a chill rise from her soles to her back.

All of a sudden, Bu Fang stopped and raised his brows. He felt that the White Tiger Belt and the Vermilion Robe were shaking—it was a signal that they had sensed the other two God of Cooking Sets. The old man was not lying. The Western Church had truly acquired them.

‘Well, this will save me a lot of trouble,’ Bu Fang thought to himself. ‘Judging by the way things are done in the Western Church, they certainly had captured the Golden Dragon and the Black Turtle as well... It seems I can collect all the God of Cooking Sets on this trip.’

Bu Fang took a deep breath and continued walking. Just then, a group of people approached from down the street. The leader was an old man in a red robe carrying a thick book. He was Hagens, who Bu Fang had seen previously.

The Cardinal walked up to Bu Fang with a warm smile. He was followed by men in white robes with serious faces. Bu Fang sensed a strange aura in these people.

“We met at last, Mister Bu.” Hagens laughed, spreading his arms as if to embrace Bu Fang. Naturally, his hug was rejected. He did not mind, though, and kept on talking.

Bu Fang replied to him mildly. While doing so, he sent out his divine sense to cover the entire castle—he was sensing the aura of the other two God of Cooking Sets. To his surprise, however, he could not sense them. He knew they were nearby, but he just could not sense them.

‘Have they used some strange method to conceal the God of Cooking Sets’ aura?’ He glanced at Hagens, who was laughing like an honest man. The Cardinal’s expression did not change, even though he had clearly sensed Bu Fang’s fearsome divine sense.

“The banquet is ready. Please follow me,” Hagens said.

Soon, they were led into a resplendent temple. The dome ceiling was covered with paintings, which told the legends and myths about the Western Church. It was a huge temple. As Bu Fang glanced around, he found its interior larger than a square.

A round table was placed in the center of the temple, surrounded by cushioned chairs with high backs. World-class chefs in neat chef's robes were coming and going, preparing steaming cuisines. It seemed that the Western Church did prepare some delicious food.

"Please have a seat," Hagens told Bu Fang.

Everyone found a chair and sat down.

"His Holiness the Pope is unwell, so this humble one will serve Your Excellency instead..." Hagens smiled, his eyes narrowing. The old man's smile was contagious.

Bu Fang glanced indifferently at the Cardinal. He did not say anything but began tasting the food. "Hmm... This dish is good."

"It is cooked with the meat of an Egyptian crocodile god," Hagens said. "Try this. This is the breast of an ice bear, a Siberian god."

As he introduced the dishes to Bu Fang, Xiao Ai's face turned pale. 'All the dishes are cooked with gods' meat... The Western Church is so savage! Are they hunting down gods everywhere?'

She looked at the kindly old man, who introduced the dishes as if they were chicken, duck, and fish, then turned to Bu Fang and saw him nodding and eating with relish.

The banquet began in a very peaceful atmosphere. After a few dishes, Hagens picked up a bottle of fine red wine, poured some into two glasses, handed one to Bu Fang, and clinked his glass with the latter's.

"Mister Bu, we have actually invited a few other guests to the banquet." Hagens chuckled. Then, he turned to look at the door.

A clattering sound could be heard as armored soldiers marched out from the back of the temple and stood at either side of the table. After that, the door was opened. The candlelight in the temple swayed and flickered as a gust of wind blew through the opening.

The ground began to shake. Soon, a figure walked into the temple. It was a strange being. Naked from the waist up and carrying an axe dripping with blood, it had the body of a man but the head of a gray dog. Its eyes were shot with blood, and an aura of death was swirling around it.

As soon as the being stepped through the door, the entire temple began to shake. The thick book in Hagens' hand glowed at the same time, but the old man still smiled kindly.

Bu Fang was still tasting the dishes without turning a hair, but Xiao Ai's expression changed drastically.

"The Egyptian God of Death... Anubis?!" Xiao Ai was, after all, a member of the State Supernatural Agency, and after following Chief Luo for some time, she knew many powerful Gods and Immortals.

Loud noises still came through the door, but Bu Fang remained calm. Next, a huge werewolf walked slowly into the temple. His hair was blood red, and he was surrounded by a terrible aura. His arrival caused the temperature in the temple to drop by a few degrees.

Hagens' book glowed even brighter now. These Gods were the other guests he mentioned, but they were not all. He chuckled.

The next moment, a group of Cardinals in red robes walked out from the back of the temple. Their aura joined and suppressed the terrifying aura in the air. Each of them had a book in hand as well, and they all glanced meaningfully at Bu Fang.

Outside the temple, a powerful aura approached, and then countless black bats suddenly gathered in the sky and turned into an evil-looking man. He was clad in a black suit, and his hair was neatly combed. As soon as this man appeared, the books in the Cardinals' hands began to tremble.

A few moments later, a noble blond man clad in a long robe arrived, holding a scepter covered in flashing electric arcs.

As more and more Gods appeared, Xiao Ai became more and more uneasy. 'Sure enough... This banquet is a trap set up for Senior! These Gods are here to do Senior harm!'

The might of these Gods made her tremble with fear. She could sense that some of them were stronger than the Gods of India, and a few of them were even as strong as Immortal Emperors!

“S-Senior...” Xiao Ai’s lips were trembling. She turned to look at Bu Fang, but she saw that he was still eating calmly. Nethery, on the other hand, looked at the food with disgust—she obviously did not like them. The Empyrean Fairy was eating with relish, though, and she seemed to have accepted the fact that she was now a maid.

Looking at Bu Fang, Hagens smiled. “Mister Bu, these honorable guests have been waiting for your arrival.”

‘Honorable? What makes them honorable?’ Xiao Ai grumbled in her head. ‘Each of these beings is not on good terms with the Western Church... How did this old man find them honorable?’

A terrible aura kept spreading as more and more Gods arrived. Bu Fang even saw a familiar face among them, the Indian God who he had beaten and fled in panic, Brahma. These Gods soon crowded around him and trapped him in the middle.

Xiao Ai’s heart pounded. ‘Perhaps only the Western Church could assemble all the Gods on Earth in one place!’ she thought to herself.

“So... Are you done with your act?” Bu Fang put the fork in his hand down and looked up at Hagens.

The old man’s smile faded away. He looked indifferently at Bu Fang as if he was a supreme God. “Mister Bu, the purpose of the banquet is for us to appraise the two Holy Artifacts. Could Mister Bu show them to us? Do not worry, Mister Bu, I swear by God that the Western Church will take good care of the Holy Artifacts,” he said.

After that, he rose to his feet, took a step back, and lightly clapped his hands. “Deploy the array.”

As soon as his voice rang out, the books held by the red-robed Cardinals flew into the air. Then, the Gods narrowed their eyes and unleashed their divine sense, which joined into a giant net and fell toward Bu Fang.

Suddenly, a six-pointed star emerged under Bu Fang’s feet. A bright column of light thrust out of it and enveloped him.

“Mister Bu, we all can’t wait to witness the Holy Artifacts... Please do not disappoint us,” said Hagens.

The threat in his words was obvious. He was confident that Bu Fang would do as he said. After all, the array was given by God after the Pope had prayed to Him, and it was so powerful that even an Immortal Emperor would be suppressed. Bu Fang would have to do as he said or die under God’s holy light.

The Western Church had finally revealed its sinister face.

Chapter 1638: The Sect Leader Tongtian Who Protects His Own People

The Gods in the temple watched with half-smiles. They could sense the Holy Artifacts’ aura emanating from Bu Fang. They had come back from the other universes to acquire these artifacts, for only through these artifacts could they obtain stronger power. There was an ultimate secret on the Ancestral Planet, and they had returned to uncover it.

“Hand them over to us... and you will live,” said the blond man with the scepter. He was Zeus, a being as formidable as an Immortal Emperor. He had lost to the Western Church in the struggle for the Holy Artifacts, but he did not reject the invitation to deal with this Immortal from the East, who possessed two Holy Artifacts.

According to their research, the Holy Artifacts themselves could not bring them any significant improvement in terms of strength. However, as something that had gathered all the spiritual energy of the Ancestral Planet, they were definitely something extraordinary.

They thought perhaps they had to gather all four Holy Artifacts to find out their secret. Therefore, these Gods had come to uncover the secret.

Hagens was smiling kindly. The pages of the book in his hand were flipping, and golden characters kept flying out of them, joining in midair into long strings of mysterious scripture. Meanwhile, the light emanating from the six-pointed star had enveloped Bu Fang, tangling his body like invisible chains.

Xiao Ai was horrified. She glanced over her shoulder and saw that a glinting cross had been erected behind her, and she was nailed on it, unable to move. She turned to look at Bu Fang, Nethery, and the Empyrean Fairy, and found that they had already crushed their crosses. She started to regret her decision of coming with them, for she was too weak to even fend for herself...

Bu Fang rose to his feet and glanced at Hagens. The smile on the old man's face annoyed him. But he did not mind. He just wondered if the old man could still smile like this later. Just as he was about to make a move, however, he heard a rumbling sound approaching from the distant sky.

That gave him pause. With his divine sense, he detected an extremely terrifying aura, which was so strong that it made him take a deep breath. 'This aura is strong... In fact, it is almost identical to that of a Heavengod!'

The moment Bu Fang sensed the aura, Hagens noticed it as well, and his pupils constricted. "Ah... Our distinguished guest from Hua is here... Are you really not going to hand us the two Holy Artifacts? With so many Gods here, do you still think you have a chance to escape? I admire your confidence, but it is because of this confidence that you will plunge into a situation that is beyond redemption..." Hagens said.

He turned toward the entrance. Outside, a mass of flickering light descended from the sky. Then, a graceful figure emerged from it, emitting colorful light that dazzled all eyes.

A beautiful phoenix was flapping its wings beside the figure. It was a real phoenix, which was totally different from the colorful peacock Bu Fang had met in the past. It possessed a lofty might and aura.

"The Queen Mother of the West..." The pupils of the Empyrean Fairy, who was also trapped in the six-pointed star, constricted, and she muttered. She was no stranger to this woman.

The Kun Bird on Bu Fang's shoulder also bowed its head slightly as if it was afraid of the woman.

"The Queen Mother of the West?" Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. This was so far the strongest Immortal he had met. Her aura was almost as strong as a Heavengod, but she was not a Heavengod. She was just an Immortal Emperor. However, this was not the aura he detected earlier, the one that made him take a deep breath.

He raised his head and looked into the distance. A beam of light was approaching from that direction, tearing through the air at great speed. A few moments later, it had arrived, hovering in midair.

Four swords wheeled in the sky, and beneath them, a Daoist sat cross-legged on an auspicious cloud with a colorful ring of light behind his head. The moment he appeared, all the spiritual energy in the area seemed to boil.

Cardinal Hagens's pupils constricted with fear. At this moment, a rumbling sound echoed out from the depths of the castle. It was as though a supreme being had woken up. Sure enough, an old man clad in a golden robe emerged in midair a short while later, emanating a terrifying aura to fight with the Daoist's aura.

"Greetings, Your Holiness!" Hagens bowed respectfully, for God spoke through the Pope on Earth.

The Daoist glanced indifferently at the Pope, ignored him, then turned to look at Bu Fang. "So... You are that evil man who killed my Immortals?" he said in a deafening voice.

Bu Fang raised his brows and glanced at the Daoist. He seemed to have guessed the Daoist's identity. 'He should be the almighty expert mentioned by Yang Jian, who returned from the Primitive Universe and is restricted by the power of the Ancestral Planet...'

'Sect Leader... Tongtian!' the Empyrean Fairy muttered and took a deep breath. 'How did the Western Church manage to invite Sect Leader Tongtian here? This doesn't make sense! With his lofty status, they should not be able to get him here!'

A look of suspicion came into the fairy's eyes. 'I can understand why the Queen Mother of the West is here. This woman can do anything for power, and she will even torture mortals for the so-called rules and honor.'

'But Sect Leader Tongtian is... the leader of a sect. He is not so easy to be invited. Is he attracted by the so-called Holy Artifacts as well? Are they really so important?'

'Sect Leader Tongtian?' Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. He was beginning to find the situation a little tricky to handle. He thought that he had been overconfident. After facing no obstacles on Earth, he had forgotten some mighty existences. This Sect Leader Tongtian was definitely someone who could pose him a threat.

Sect Leader Tongtian looked at Bu Fang and said nothing. Then, he glanced around and immediately understood what was happening. "It's been a long time, Queen Mother of the West," he said, nodding at the woman.

The Queen Mother nodded back. She would not make the Daoist her enemy. Of all the beings that had returned to the Ancestral Planet, Sect Leader Tongtian was the strongest!

“Greetings, Your Excellency. I’m Cardinal Hagens of the Western Church, God’s spokesperson on Earth.

“Thank you for coming at our invitation to appraise the four Holy Artifacts. However, two of them are still possessed by this evil man. I hope Your Excellency will join us in killing him, so we can gather all four Holy Artifacts and experience the miracle brought to us by the Ancestral Planet...”

Hagens looked at Sect Leader Tongtian with a fiery gaze. He had never underestimated Hua’s Immortals, which could be seen from how he had carefully set up a trap for Bu Fang. Hua was a strange country, and the appearance of Sect Leader Tongtian had proven that.

“Join you in killing the evil man?” Tongtian muttered.

Down below, Bu Fang furrowed his brows and glanced around. His face grew serious.

The Empyrean Fairy had a wry smile on her face. She was Bu Fang’s maid now, and once he was killed, she would be free. However, she did not feel happy at all.

As someone with a fiery temper, the fact that a Hua Immortal joined these foreign Gods in bullying Bu Fang angered her. This was also the reason why she did not like the Queen Mother, even though she was no match for her.

In the sky, Sect Leader Tongtian put his hands beside him, his eyes cold. The Pope in his golden robe did not say a word. Down below, Anubis, Zeus, Cain, and all the other strange Gods were looking at the Daoist, seemingly expressing their friendliness to him.

Inside Bu Fang, divine power began to slowly flow—he was ready to make a move. He was just waiting for Sect Leader Tongtian to nod...

“Yes, the evil man is hateful, but... Who are you? What makes you think that you are qualified to attack a Hua Immortal? This is an internal affair of Hua Immortals, and it has nothing to do with

you all,” Tongtian said indifferently. His voice was calm as if he was just talking about something insignificant, but his words stunned everyone.

Hagens had prepared to welcome the almighty expert, but now the smile on his face froze. The other strange Gods were dumbstruck as well.

The Queen Mother of the West, riding on the phoenix, twitched the corner of her mouth. ‘He truly is Sect Leader Tongtian... Does he want to protect this evil man too?’

Bu Fang, still trapped by the six-pointed star, looked surprisingly at the Daoist in the sky. ‘Hmm... This guy has quite a unique character.’

The Empyrean Fairy’s eyes lit up. ‘The Sect Leader’s protective character has not changed! He had been famous for that during the Battle of the Gods in ancient times, though few Gods had survived under his protection...’ She felt a surge of relief. She had long been annoyed by these foreign Gods.

“Don’t you think that your words are a little too harsh? The Western Church sincerely invited Your Excellency here. There is no need for Your Excellency to say that. The evil man is captured by us. Since Your Excellency doesn’t wish to join us, you may leave now,” Hagens said coldly.

The Cardinals in red robes behind him all rose into the air at the same time, their eyes glowing goldenly as they stared at Sect Leader Tongtian. The Pope in his golden robe also lifted his scepter, the gemstone on which bloomed into a blinding light.

“Although the evil man is hateful, he is a Hua Immortal. Now that I’m here, I will not let any of you foreign Gods bully a Hua Immortal,” Tongtian said in the same indifferent voice. Then, he flicked his finger.

At the gesture, a blue sword behind him shot forward, whizzing through the air. It was the Immortal Exterminating Sword.

The Pope focused his eyes, lifted his scepter, and brought it down hard with all his might. A ripple spread through the void as it collided with the sword.

The Queen Mother of the West hesitated for a while, and in the end, she chose to watch. ‘I can’t believe Tongtian would fight so many strange Gods for that evil man. The Western Church is not... weak,’ she thought to herself.

“I will capture the evil man myself. The four Divine Artifacts belong to Hua as well, so hand them over to me now,” said the Sect Leader.

The Gods on the ground flew into a rage when they heard that. “What an ignorant Daoist! You are courting death!”

With a roar, Anubis reached a hand over his shoulder and grabbed the bloody axe. In just the blink of an eye, his body grew to ten thousand feet tall, then he held the axe with both hands and brought it down toward Tongtian. Blood poured out of the weapon as countless souls wailed around it, turning into a sea of death.

Meanwhile, Zeus thumped the butt of his staff on the ground. A thunderbolt emerged in his hand, and he threw it at the Daoist in the sky. The temple’s domed ceiling burst apart as all the other Gods made their moves at the same time.

Tongtian did not move, but the four swords behind him wheeled and turned into a circle, from which countless tiny swords came falling out and forced all the Gods to retreat. Some weaker Gods were slashed to pieces by them.

A faint smile brushed Bu Fang’s lips as he watched Tongtian fight those Gods. He could not believe that he was protected by his foe...

In the distance, Hagens’ face turned extremely cold. He turned, stared at Bu Fang, and said, “Capture this evil man and lock him up... We will take the Holy Artifacts from him after dealing with this Daoist!” The array of the six-pointed star was given to them by God, and to him, Bu Fang was already captured by it.

“Who do you want to capture and lock up?” Bu Fang looked indifferently at Hagens with his hands clasped behind him.

That gave the Cardinal pause.

“Sect Leader Tongtian is right. This is an internal affair between Hua Immortals, and it has nothing to do with you strange Gods,” Bu Fang said. After that, his eyes burst into a golden light as he activated the God of Cooking’s Eye, while his aura began to skyrocket. Impacted by his aura, the white light that had trapped him began to crack.

A rumbling sound echoed out as a silver lotus of flame emerged and swirled around Bu Fang. Slowly, it descended and spread across the six-pointed star, then shattered it and turned it into tiny dots of light.

With his hands clasped behind him, Bu Fang walked calmly out of the destroyed array.

Chapter 1639: A Twelve-Winged Seraph

The Western Church had always ruled the supernatural world of the west. It was not just because it was powerful, but also because of its diverse means.

It had many forces, including the Holy Cross Army, the Chosen Ones, Paladins, and Inquisitors. Because of their long history, each of these forces had developed its own strange means. Without their help, the Western Church would never be able to defeat so many competitors and acquire the two Holy Artifacts.

Now, it even coveted the last two Holy Artifacts, which were possessed by Bu Fang. So Hagens invited him over and set up an extremely powerful restrictive array. Bestowed by God, the array could seal anything in the world. That was why the Cardinal was so confident.

Hagens did not dare to underestimate Immortals of Hua, but he had absolute confidence in the means of his God. However, at this moment, his belief began to waver as he watched Bu Fang walk out of the array...

The complicated pattern on the six-pointed star cracked and shattered like glass, falling into pieces. Bu Fang stepped out of it at a steady pace, followed by Nethery and the Empyrean Fairy. Foxy and Shrimpy sat on his shoulders, while the Kun Bird perched on top of his head.

Behind them, Xiao Ai was gasping for breath, her eyes filled with fear. She could feel the restrictive force on her had disappeared—the strange power that seemed to nail her on a cross was gone. Just now, she thought her soul was about to be wiped out by it.

After catching her breath, she quickly pulled out her camera. She was very excited because she knew that Senior was about to reveal his true strength.

...

This was a clash between Eastern and Western Gods. However, there was only one Eastern God, who was Sect Leader Tongtian, as Bu Fang had not joined them.

Tongtian was very calm. He was sitting cross-legged in midair. The four swords kept wheeling over him, and tiny swords flew out of them, suppressing all the Gods around him. Many of the Gods present were as strong as Immortal Emperors, but they had failed to defeat him, even when they had joined forces.

Somewhere not so far away, the Queen Mother of the West watched with mixed emotions. ‘He truly is Sect Leader Tongtian!’

The Egyptian God of Death, Anubis, raised his soul-crushing axe and brought it down toward Tongtian with all his might as if he was hacking a mountain. But the Sect Leader only waved a finger, and countless swords immediately surrounded him and kept cutting him, causing his blood to spill all over the place.

“How dare lesser Gods like you bully the Immortal of Hua and covet our Ancestral Planet’s Divine Artifacts?” Tongtian curled his lips in disdain.

Zeus was waving his scepter, attracting countless lightning bolts of different colors, including blue, purple, silver, and gold. Regardless of their colors, these lightning bolts all came with power enough to destroy the world.

Under normal circumstances, the temple—or even the entire castle—should have turned into ruins, but nothing was destroyed when the blasts of the battle fell on them. There was a force protecting the Western Church, which seemed to have originated from a mysterious array.

Cain, the first vampire, possessed great power and had always been an evil spirit wanted by the Western Church. This time, however, he had joined the side who was attacking Sect Leader Tongtian and worked hand in hand with the Pope. Black energy surrounded him, and a column of blood-red light thrust out of his body as countless bats flew out of his sleeves, emanating a strong, black aura of death.

The Sect Leader glanced coldly at him.

The Pope was clad in a golden robe and held a golden scepter. Holy light kept spreading out from him, illuminating the world. Suddenly, a rumbling sound rang out and the ground cracked, then shafts of golden light thrust out of the lines, mixed with the black energy, and shot toward Tongtian.

Meanwhile, the Queen Mother moved further back and hid herself in the void. In her opinion, Tongtian was a fool to help that evil man. Their purpose here was to kill the evil man and seize the Divine Artifacts. Those strange Gods wanted to help, and yet the Sect Leader chose to fight them instead...

The attacks from the four Immortal-Emperor-level experts—the Pope, Zeus, Anubis, and Cain—managed to suppress Tongtian.

Sitting cross-legged in midair, the Sect Leader put his fingers together. He was a mighty existence, and he would not allow these lesser Gods to push him around. The next moment, with a thought in his mind, the four swords wheeling in the sky whistled and glowed blindingly. Then, thousands of swords fell from them and enveloped the four supreme existences.

A wary look came over the Queen Mother's face. 'This is... the Immortal Slaughtering Array! The number one killing array in the world!' She was filled with dread instantly.

The array was Tongtian's ultimate move, powerful enough to slaughter Gods and Immortals. Even Saints would not be able to resist it. And this time, he had used it without hesitation. The sword array engulfed the four Immortal-Emperor-level existences in a flash.

Meanwhile, Bu Fang walked slowly out of the six-pointed star.

Hagens's pupils constricted. Clutching the book in his hand, he retreated. Behind him, the red-robed Cardinals stepped forward, raised the books in their hands, and pointed them at Bu Fang.

"Where are the other two Divine Artifacts?" Bu Fang asked as he stared indifferently at Hagens. His face was expressionless, while his Vermilion Robe flapped noisily in the wind, making him look like a transcendent being.

Hagens sneered. "How dare an evil man like you covet the Western Church's Holy Artifacts? You are courting death!" As he said that, he flipped a page on his book. Streams of texts immediately flew out of it and went at Bu Fang, trying to suppress him. At the same time, those red-robed Cardinals behind him began to chant.

The streams of texts quickly surrounded Bu Fang and wound around his body, his arms, and even his fingers. It was a purifying force—it was going to purify his soul. Nethery and the Empyrean Fairy were caught by them as well.

The fairy was shrouded by immortal energy, and since she was just one step away from becoming an Immortal Emperor, she did not fear the restriction. However, Nethery's strength was being suppressed now...

A rumbling sound echoed out as the texts fell on her. Suddenly, the ghostly green light on her grew brighter and stronger, and soon it seemed to have taken physical form. It was a confrontational force!

"The devil! This girl is the devil!" Hagens screamed as his eyes widened and fixed on Nethery.

Nethery glanced at the Cardinal. She felt that the curse power in her was stirring. Then, her eyes suddenly turned ghostly green. The texts that wound around her crumbled as a huge cursed snake emerged, slithering around her.

The faces of Hagens and the other Cardinals changed drastically, and they all felt an unprecedented sense of crisis. Nethery's cursed aura had deeply disturbed them.

As for Bu Fang, he just took a step forward, and the texts that wound around him like chains broke and vanished completely.

Hagens was horrified. He felt things were a little out of his control. "Where are you, the Chosen Ones?!" he bellowed. Then, he clutched the cross on his neck. Holy light burst out of the cross in an instant, turning into an energy shield that enveloped him.

While bellowing, Hagens kept retreating. He had a feeling that death was closing in on him as he watched Bu Fang approach. Cardinals like him were just mortals who borrowed God's power, so their flesh was extremely fragile.

Expressionless, Bu Fang took a step forward and appeared in front of Hagens. Looking at the shield, he lifted a fist and punched it.

A loud noise rang out. Hagens felt a shudder go through him, then he saw the cross in his hand crack and crumble...

“Where are the Chosen Ones?! Where are they?!” he screamed in horror. With the shield broken, he retreated hurriedly and fell to the ground.

“Tell me where the other two Divine Artifacts are...” Bu Fang said coldly, looking down at the Cardinal.

Hagens just shook his head. Suddenly, his face flickered. Behind him, two figures emerged, each thrusting a slim sword at Bu Fang. “Kill him for me! It’s time for you Chosen Ones to offer your strength to God!” As he said that, he rose to his feet and retreated further at top speed.

Meanwhile, the two figures’ swords struck Bu Fang. To their surprise, a loud clanging sound of metal on metal rang out as their swords collided with his flesh, accompanied by bright sparks.

The attackers were a man and a woman, both clad in plain linen clothes and looked like ordinary people. However, as Bu Fang looked at them, their aura skyrocketed.

“Die now, blasphemers!” they cried out at the same time. As they said that, a vast amount of energy began to boil in them, while white wings spread behind them. Soon, each of them had three pairs of wings unfolded. They were the Chosen Ones, the Six-Winged Angels!

As holy light sprinkled down from the sky, they sped toward Bu Fang at great speed. The Chosen Ones were the Western Church’s main force. Those angels who came from beside God had made the Western Church into a supreme existence.

All of a sudden, the pupils of the two Six-Winged Angels constricted and they halted in place, struggling hard to breathe. In just the blink of an eye, Bu Fang had approached them, grabbed them by the necks, and threw them to the ground.

The ground exploded with a rumble, while white feathers filled the air.

“Two bird people?” Bu Fang said indifferently. Then, he raised his hands and slapped both angels on the heads. With a thump, the two angels dissolved into thousands of white light dots, slowly fading away.

In the distance, Hagens was terrified. ‘Why can’t God’s array control him? How did he obliterate the two Six-Winged Angels so easily? Is this the might of an Immortal Emperor of Hua?!’

Bu Fang stared coldly at the Cardinal. Meanwhile, Nethery appeared behind him. Hissing, the ghostly green cursed snake on her darted toward Hagens. Bu Fang made no move but just watched. Nethery, with her strength recovered, was not someone who Hagens could deal with.

Even the Empyrean Fairy was shocked by Nethery’s strength. She had thought the girl was only strong in terms of flesh, but it turned out that her strength was so fearsome and she even had a scary snake! The curse power that filled the ghostly green snake frightened the fairy, and she had a feeling that if she were touched by it, she would die instantly.

As the cursed snake approached Hagens, the sky over the Western Church split apart, and with a clanging sound, a sword ablaze with golden flames fell from the opening and stabbed into the ground before him. The powerful impact knocked him flying back, but he was overjoyed because the sword had nailed the large snake on the ground.

A whistling sound filled the air as shafts of golden light thrust out of the clouds in the sky. Then, an armored, handsome angel with six pairs of wings flew out of them. Emanating holy light, the Twelve-Winged Seraph glanced around with an indifferent face and said, “Those who try to kill God’s messengers have committed sin punishable by death...”

After that, he shook his hand. The sword that stabbed into the ground immediately rose into the air and pointed at Bu Fang.

Chapter 1640: The Rout of the Western Church

In the records of the Western Church, Twelve-Winged Seraphs were the strongest beings under God, and they represented God to maintain the justice of the world. As the heads of all angels, each of the four Twelve-Winged Seraphs possessed mighty power.

Hagens’ eyes ablaze as soon as he saw the Twelve-Winged Seraph in the sky. “Lord Michael!” He bowed deeply, pressing the book in his hand on his forehead with a feverish and respectful look on his face.

In the clouds, Michael, the angel with his twelve wings unfolded, was glowing with brilliant golden light. He was a God, the protector to God above him.

The banquet, or rather the trap was more than Hagens alone could conjure. Even God feared the Immortals of Hua, and the major part of the plan to capture Bu Fang and seize the two Holy Artifacts was given to Hagens by him.

The other two Holy Artifacts had already fallen to God's hand. As long as they acquired the Holy Artifacts possessed by this Bu Fang, they would have all four Holy Artifacts of the Ancestral Planet, and then all secrets would be uncovered.

Michael was very handsome, almost otherworldly, and his whole body was glowing, which made him look like a transcendent being.

Down below, the burning sword was pointing at Bu Fang. It was the angel's weapon called the Sword of Justice. Bestowed to him by God, it was a powerful sword that could destroy all illusions in the world.

Looking coldly at Bu Fang, Michael lifted his finger and said, "Go." At his voice, the sword sped toward Bu Fang, whizzing and cutting the air into pieces. The angel was confident that he could suppress this Hua Immortal. After all, he was a Seraph, the strongest and the sharpest weapon of God, and his strength was comparable to that of a Hua Immortal Emperor.

The sword approached, whizzing, ablaze with golden flames emanating a holy aura. It made Nethery furrow her brows in disgust. The Empyrean Fairy's face was cold and grim as she produced a small cup with thunderbolts slithering inside. The sword made her feel threatened.

"A Twelve-Winged Seraph?" Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. Looking at the white wings behind the angel, he could not help but wonder how they would taste if roasted. But then he quickly threw the idea out of his head. He was not interested in angel wings and had no appetite for them. If he wanted to eat wings, he could always go to Garuda.

With a shake of his hand, the Qilin Transmigration Ladle appeared in his palm and began to spin. The God of Cooking Set's Artifact Spirit, the Qilin, was not asleep, so Bu Fang could use it anytime. Fixing his eyes on the approaching sword, he took a deep breath, then lifted the ladle and swung it out as if he was hitting a baseball with a bat.

Without any fancy move, the ladle collided with the sword, producing a deafening boom.

In the sky, the perfect smile on Michael's face froze. He was shocked to find that the ladle had broken his sword! After the collision, the supreme sword that could cut down all sins in the world cracked into two halves!

"This..." He took a deep breath. Suddenly, his pupils constricted as he saw Bu Fang walk step by step toward Hagens. The Cardinal was God's spokesperson on Earth, and he could not be killed by Bu Fang. Otherwise, it would be a slap in God's face!

So, Michael shook his wings, turned into a beam of white light, and appeared in front of Bu Fang in an instant to stop him. "Stop it!" he cried out in a cold voice.

However, he was answered by a fist, which was surrounded by the energy of Yin and Yang that looked like the purest energy in the world. He snorted and raised his hands before him. The vambraces on his forearms could block the punch for him.

A loud thud rang out, and Michael found that he was wrong. In just the blink of an eye, his vambraces burst apart, and he felt a terrible force wash over him. His wings folded as he was knocked flying back and thrown to the ground, shattering the floor.

Bu Fang glanced indifferently at Michael. As an existence who had killed Soul Thirteen, a Heavengod, his punch was not what the Twelve-Winged Seraph could block. The angel was only as strong as a God Emperor.

A clear sound of footsteps echoed in the broken temple. Soon, Bu Fang came before Hagens. He grabbed the Cardinal by the neck and slowly lifted him off the ground.

"You know what? I hate it when people plot against me. Do you know what happened to those who did that to me?" Bu Fang looked expressionlessly at the old man.

Hagens' face turned red. He struggled and tried to wrench Bu Fang's fingers away from his neck, but he failed.

Earth's restriction on Bu Fang was getting weaker. He even felt that his strength had fully recovered, especially after the two Artifact Spirits had returned. He thought that his current strength was not weaker than when he was in the Chaotic Universe, and if he succeeded in subduing the last two Artifact Spirits, he would be even stronger.

Besides, he had a feeling that there was a surprise waiting for him once all four Artifact Spirits returned to him. His current strength was not as strong as a Heavengod, but he could fend for himself if he were to fight a Heavengod now. Therefore, Hagens could never struggle free of his grip.

In the distance, Michael got on his feet. Flames burned ragingly around him, turning into a fire sword. He grabbed it with both hands and slashed it down toward Bu Fang with all his might. “You are a man full of sin! Die now!”

As the sword slashed down, the whole castle seemed to split in half and the ground kept crumbling. However, just as it was about to strike Bu Fang, he clutched the ladle and thrust it out once again. With a rumble, the small ladle collided with the huge fire sword. Sparks flew in all directions, and flames engulfed Bu Fang in a flash.

Michael straightened his back, his wings flapping slowly behind him. Suddenly, his pupils constricted.

A miserable shriek rang out. Bu Fang stood where he was, unscathed, while Hagens was ablaze, struggling on the ground and howling painfully. Before too long, he was burnt to coke and lost all signs of life.

That darkened the Seraph’s face. ‘Doesn’t this make me the one who killed Hagens? Dammit!’ He flew into a rage. Suddenly, he was enveloped by flames that could burn all sins and filth in the world, turning into a burning man. His wings flapped, and he sped across the air, closing in on Bu Fang in a flash.

The Empyrean Fairy’s face flickered, and she hurriedly threw out the small cup in her hand. Lightning bolts shot out of it and struck the Twelve-Winged Angel, but they could not hurt him at all.

As Michael approached, the temperature around them skyrocketed. The hem of the Vermilion Rope fluttered as Bu Fang threw out a punch. The energy of Yin and Yang swirled around the Taotie Arm, and his fist collided with Michael’s.

A deafening rumble rang out, while flames spread and soared into the sky.

In the distance, the experts of the Western Church and the lesser Gods were all paying close attention to the battle. Among them, Brahma was shivering with fear. ‘That fellow is... too fearsome! An Immortal Emperor! I can’t believe he’s actually an Immortal Emperor!’

At the center of the collision, flames turned into a tornado and rose into the sky before fading away completely, revealing the broken ground. The ground was covered with cracked stones, and Michael lay with a blank face among them. His wings, all twelve of them, had been ripped away from his back by Bu Fang, and blood was gushing out from those wounds.

In the distance, as swords flashed across the sky, four figures plunged to the ground and let out miserable howls. Zeus’s scepter had broken, and one of his arms was missing. He was a little terrified. They were both Immortal Emperors, but why was Sect Leader Tongtian so strong?

Cain had a hole in his chest. Although it was healing, sword energy swirled around the wound, slowing down the process. The Pope was covered with bloody cuts from top to bottom and looked wretched, while half of Anubis’s face was sliced away.

They all looked up at the Daoist who sat cross-legged in midair with fear. The Daoist did not move, and with just a sword array, he had had them at their wit’s end. No matter how they tried, they just could not break the array.

Tongtian curled his lips in disdain. Then, with a thought in his mind, the sword array began to rotate again. This was the top slaughtering array in the Primitive Universe, and these foreign Gods knew nothing about its mighty power. It would take a while for even a Saint to break it, not to mention these Gods, who were merely as strong as Immortal Emperors.

With a faint smile and a sharp look in his eyes, he put his index and middle fingers together. “Lesser Gods like you are not qualified to bully the Immortals of Hua!”

The air was filled with a whizzing sound as swords slashed down from the sky. For a moment, the world fell silent and grew dim. Then, with a rumble, the Immortal Slaying Sword, the Immortal Exterminating Sword, the Immortal Slaughtering Sword, and the Immortal Entrapping Sword descended from above!

Zeus’s pupils constricted, and he swung his scepter. However, a sword came slashing down at him. Terrible sword energy exploded, and suddenly, his body was nailed on the ground by the sword. His painful howl echoed through the skies.

Another sword sped across a great distance. Anubis was already frightened. Holding his axe, he was pierced in the waist by the sword and nailed on the ground.

Cain dared not to stay any longer after witnessing their sad ends. With a crazy look on his face, he turned to flee. However, a green sword flew past him. The Immortal Exterminating Sword had wiped out his hope of escaping. Although he had transformed into a cloud of bats, the sword forced him back to his human form and pinned him on the ground.

The Pope was coughing, and with each cough, he spat out golden blood. Suddenly, he drew a small cross dagger from his waist and thrust it at the Immortal Slaughtering Sword. With a crisp ting, half of his body was blown apart. However, the sword was knocked flying away as well. Taking the opportunity, the Pope flew into the sky to flee.

The Sect Leader was surprised. The Immortal Slaughtering Array was very powerful, so he did not expect the Pope to be able to escape it. "There's something strange about that little dagger..."

The Pope had turned into a stream of light and soared into the sky, and he was about to flee when he suddenly froze in midair. A fist had hit him in the face, and then a mighty force knocked him back to the ground.

It was Bu Fang who punched the Pope, and he was holding Michael's twelve wings in one hand.

Tongtian raised his head. Looking at Bu Fang, who stood in midair and sent the Pope back to the ground with a punch, he chuckled. "This evil man is quite... interesting." The next moment, he pointed out a finger. At the gesture, the Immortal Slaughtering Sword pierced the Pope and nailed him on the ground.

At this moment, the four Immortal-Emperor-level Gods were all suppressed by the Sect Leader. With just an array, he had suppressed them.

The people of the Western Church were horrified. They had always been successful in whatever they did, but this time... Cardinal Hagens was dead, the Pope was captured, and Michael the angel had all his wings torn off by someone. This, to the Western Church, was a nightmare!

Bu Fang stood in midair and nodded at Tongtian. He did like the Sect Leader's overprotective character. After that, he slowly turned around and looked at the sky.

“Hmm... Why hasn’t the so-called God of the Western Church shown up, now that the situation had become like this?” Bu Fang said mildly, frowning. He still could not sense the aura of the God of Cooking Sets. Since he could not sense them, he would make them reveal their aura by themselves.

Suddenly, his spirit sea began to boil, and his eyes also burst into a golden light. “The God of Cooking’s Eye!” He cried out, then looked up at the sky.

Behind him, a Vermilion Bird who seemed to rise from a chaotic sea of fire gave a sonorous cry. A white tiger walked out of the starry sky, shaking the skies with his howl. Then, a Qilin shrouded in auspicious clouds emerged in midair.

In the blink of an eye, three huge monsters appeared behind Bu Fang, shocking everyone. Even Tongtian, strong as he was, had his pupils constricted slightly.

“This... This is...” the Sect Leader muttered.

A rumbling sound filled the air as the sky collapsed, and a dragon cry and a turtle roar could be heard coming from the distance.

Bu Fang looked up at the sky, where a huge whirlpool emerged, twisting and sucking in all the spiritual energy in the world.

Then, a being shrouded in white light poked out from the twisting whirlpool. It was extremely huge and was looking down at the people like some supreme being. The white figure had the Black Turtle Constellation Work hovering over its head, and it was holding the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in one hand.

A terrible aura turned into streams and kept falling from the sky, causing the void to shake violently.

The Queen Mother of the West sucked in a cold breath, while the Sect Leader’s eyes grew sharp.

“A Saint of the Great Path?!”

Bu Fang also narrowed his eyes slightly and cried out, “A Heavengod?!”