

## Gourmet of Another World #Chapter 1701 - The City of Void - Read Gourmet of Another World Chapter 1701 - The City of Void

### *Chapter 1701: The City of Void*

The emergence of the Temple of Heavengod Space shocked everyone. However, it was a fact that Heavengod Space had not returned yet.

Even Lord Dog was puzzled.

By rights, only the return of the Heavengod would cause the broken Temple of Heavengod to appear, just like how Er Ha's awakening had triggered the return of the Temple of Heavengod Life.

Bu Fang was not bothered by that. Instead, he was slightly surprised by its emergence, for he could now enter it and learn more about the way to travel to Void City.

The one hundred years had made Bu Fang much more composed. However, he still remembered clearly the scene when Nethery was taken away. He had promised her that he would go to Void City to look for her, and now it was almost time for that promise to be fulfilled.

The ruined temple appeared on the land of the Chaos Space with an ancient and broken aura, standing naturally as if it was there since the beginning of time.

Bu Fang and Lord Dog stood before it. They exchanged a glance. Then, without hesitation, they stepped into the temple together.

The inside of the Temple of Heavengod Space was empty. The air was filled with the Law of Space, and the Law of Space had stacked the void so many times that it turned it as boundless as an ocean.

However, Bu Fang had mastered the Law of Space. Although Lord Dog was not strong in the Law of Space, he knew a little bit about it. With a thought, they shortened the distance, walking through broken pillars and collapsed walls.

The Temple of Heavengod Space stored the most complete and detailed information about the universes. This was what Lord Dog had told Bu Fang. They should be able to find the ways to travel to Void City here. Lord Dog also told him that a long time ago, Heavengod Space was in charge of banishing ancient Heavengods.

The library was not hard to find. A dust-covered stone door was pushed open, and behind it was the library. A creak echoed in the quiet temple, and dust fell off. The man and the dog stepped through the door.

They were greeted by a boundless starry sky filled with countless bright stars. The library was actually a star chart. Lord Dog walked in it with his elegant cat-like steps. He came before a star, caught it with a paw, and gave it a yank, pulling out a book.

It was a thick book with an old cover that almost fell to pieces. After briefly flipping it, he tossed it aside. The book floated up into the air and turned back to a star.

Lord Dog kept walking and searching. "If my memory serves me well, the book about Void City is among these countless stars..." he said. "Let's take our time to find it."

Bu Fang nodded. He was not in a hurry, though—he had his own way. As the only Heavengod who mastered the five supreme Laws of the Universe, his ability was considered the combination of the five Heavengods' abilities.

His mental force spread. Before his eyes, all the veils disappeared, and dots of light spun rapidly. Every star seemed to be alive now, and their breaths seemed to contain the essence of the Laws.

Bu Fang lifted his hand. Light began to swirl in his palm. The next moment, he discovered a dim star, one that was the dimmest and the least conspicuous among all the other bright stars.

He reached out and grabbed the star. Soon, he pulled out a thick book, which was formed by the swirling Law of Space.

"You found it?" Lord Dog leaned over, fixing his eyes on the thick book in Bu Fang's hand.

Bu Fang nodded, sat cross-legged down, and opened the torn book with great care. Suddenly, the scene in front of his eyes changed. He saw a huge city floating in the starry sky. It was built atop a floating meteorite, with the power of the curse wound around it like countless chains.

Outside the city, the ground was covered with bones. There were skeletons of huge dragons, winged men, Heavengods, and all kinds of beings from various universes and worlds. Each of the skeletons emitted mighty energy. Without a doubt, they were people with lofty status when they were alive.

Looking at it from afar, the city seemed to be constructed atop bones and skeletons. It filled the hearts of those who glanced at it with dread.

“So this is Void City...” Lord Dog exhaled deeply as if he was trying to breathe out the shock in his heart.

Bu Fang nodded. According to that noblewoman, Void City was very strong, and its Queen was even stronger than a Chaotic Saint. He was not sure if he could save Nethery from her clutch.

Most importantly, the Queen of Curses hated chefs. This had virtually added a ton of difficulty to what he was going to do.

Bu Fang continued flipping the book. The pages were the introduction of Void City. Heavengod Space had traveled to many universes and recorded countless starry paths, so he must have been to the land of exile too.

In fact, Heavengod Space was a traveler. He made a note of the places he had traveled and written an introduction and evaluation for every place.

After reading for a while, Bu Fang found the starry path that led to Void City in the book. It required him to construct an array. After all, the city was in another universe, so if he wished to go there, he would need an array. The noblewoman who took Nethery away also descended through an array.

Although the array was profound and complex, Bu Fang managed to memorize it with just one glance. Its complexity was nothing compared with the Gourmet Arrays, so he would have no problem constructing one.

He closed the book and exhaled. The book turned into a stream of light and returned to its original position.

“Have you really decided to go to Void City?” Lord Dog looked at Bu Fang and asked in a serious voice.

The danger of Void City was self-evident, and Heavengod Space’s book had stated that as well. For chefs, it was an even deadlier place. Chefs were almost extinct in that city!

“The world is huge. It is always good to travel more,” Bu Fang said with the corners of his mouth lifted slightly.

They left the Temple of Heavengod Space. Lord Dog did not persuade again. He knew what kind of a place Void City was, but he also felt Bu Fang’s determination. He knew it was useless for him to persuade.

“Since you’ve decided to go, I’ll let you bring those ancient Heavengods, God Kings, and God Emperors who had done many evil deeds under Heavengod Transmigration there as well. They’re supposed to be banished...”

After thinking for a while, Lord Dog pushed the task to Bu Fang.

Bu Fang gave him a sideways glance. 'This fat dog has changed... He knows how to order me now.' However, he did not reject it. He also needed an excuse to go to Void City.

When he returned to the restaurant, Bu Fang called up Whitey, Foxy, and Shrimpy. He was going to Void City, and he would bring them with him.

Foxy had the Soul Demon meatballs now, so her strength was not weak at all. As for Shrimpy, he purely took it as a mascot now.

The news that Bu Fang was ready to leave soon spread through the Chaos Space. Er Ha came with his golden spicy strip. After briefly expressing his reluctance to part from him, he asked for some spicy strips.

Bu Fang did not deny his request and gave him all the spicy strips he had. Er Ha wanted to go with him, but he rejected the idea. After all, Er Ha was Heavengod Life, and he needed to manage the Chaos Space.

After telling his regular customers about his situation and saying goodbye to them, Bu Fang began to construct the array.

The power of the Law of Space swirled, and soon he made the array that would bring him to Void City. With the diagram drawn by Heavengod Space, constructing this array was very easy for Bu Fang, especially at his level.

The clank of cold chains filled the air as Lord Dog arrived with the group of people sentenced to exile. Their eyes were dull, lifeless. As soon as they learned that they would be banished to Void City, they had lost all their hopes. As the veterans in the Chaos Space, they naturally knew the terror of that place. It was a place of no return.

They had thought that they would not be banished, for Heavengod Space had not returned yet. But little did they know that the stinking chef could bring them to Void City as well. For a moment, these ancient Heavengods, God Kings, and God Emperors all stared venomously at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang ignored them. He took the chains and threw them to Whitey. He put Whitey in charge of these people, while he continued to seriously draw the array.

In today's Chaos Space, no one except Bu Fang dared to say his comprehension of the Law of Space was the best. As he worked, the transport array gradually took shape in the Temple of Heavengod Space.

Bu Fang took out many gemstones, which could provide a tremendous amount of energy enough for him to complete a cosmic jump.

Many people in the Chaos Space were watching. They felt a bit upset about Bu Fang's departure. After all, his cuisines were too delicious. However, they were also excited by the opening of a path leading to Void City, for that meant the once glorious Chaotic Universe was about to return!

An innumerable amount of energy accumulated and soon turned into a beam of light, shooting straight into the sky. The array began to rotate, emitting a brilliant light. A rumbling sound echoed out as the light beam rushed into the chaos, twisting it and turning it into a deep, dark entrance filled with terrible destructive force.

Bu Fang knew that the entrance would lead him to Void City. He patted Whitey's belly, then glanced at Lord Dog, Er Ha, and the others, and nodded.

All the people looked serious as they watched Bu Fang leave. The next moment, he took a step forward. The Law of Space spread under his feet, and he soared into the sky, turned into a silver stream of light, and plunged into the twisting void in a flash.

Whitey yanked its huge palm. The group of exiles staggered as they were pulled toward the entrance. Many people howled and wailed, refusing to go. However, their voices were soon swallowed by the twisting opening.

The light beam scattered with a buzz, and the Chaos Space became quiet again. The people were in a trance. Looking at the void, no one said a word.

Lord Dog sighed. 'Now that Bu Fang is away, I won't be able to eat Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs for a long time...' he thought to himself.

Er Ha felt somewhat lost as well, and he thought he must be frugal with the spicy strips.

"Let's hope Bu Fang boy will be able to rescue Nethery safely..." Lord Dog said.

"It won't be easy... You know the temper of those people in Void City. They are always hostile toward the Chaotic Universe..." Er Ha pulled out a spicy strip and held it between his lips.

They did not say it, but they were worried about Bu Fang.

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The transport speed of the array was very fast. Traveling between universes was an uncomfortable experience. Even with Bu Fang's fleshly body, he still felt the squeeze of powerful spatial forces. He did not know how long the uncomfortable feeling lasted, but he was suddenly freed from it.

The clanks of chains echoed out. Behind Bu Fang, Whitey's metal wings spread as it clutched the chains that bound the group of exiles, whose faces were filled with horror and eyes fixed on Bu Fang.

Bu Fang raised his hand and sensed the universe where Void City was located. His mental force spread, covering a great distance in just a flash.

He froze. This was a broken and dead universe. The stars in the starry sky were mostly ruined, lifeless. Between stars, he saw many flying ancient ships, and each of them seemed to be guarded by a Saint of the Great Path.

And at the center of the region covered by Bu Fang's mental force, a huge, magnificent city floated in the starry sky. It awed and was plundering the energy of the entire universe. Outside the city, the ground was covered with bones. This was Void City!

Bu Fang's mental force sensed the city from across a great distance. Suddenly, terrifying mental pressure exploded out of the city, which made Bu Fang's expression change slightly!

"How dare you spy on Void City... You are courting death!"

An extremely powerful mental force poured over, following the track of Bu Fang's mental force and approaching him with killing intent! Whenever this mental force passed, all the ancient ships burst apart!

### *Chapter 1702: Curse*

The mental force seemed to turn into a corporeal energy wave as it shot over from a distance. Wherever it passed, stars shattered and ancient ships blew apart. Many remnants of the stars were destroyed as well, turning into nothing.

The terrifying power was mind-blowing; it was no weaker than that of a Chaotic Saint, and its spiritual level seemed to be higher!

Bu Fang's expression changed. He felt a sense of crisis from this mental force. A rumbling rang out in his spirit sea as the Artifact Spirits roared and formed the Four Quadrants Array in a flash.

The next moment, the horrible mental force approached, turned into a palm, and slapped at Bu Fang. The starry sky grew dark and seemed to be left with only this palm.

Bam!

Bu Fang's mental force formed a defense and blocked the palm like a shield. As the palm fell, the whole starry sky began to tremble. His face turned pale. It was a long time before the fluctuation of the mental force dissipated.

"What a domineering Void City!"

Bu Fang ate an oyster pancake. The warm energy restored his mental force, making him feel as if he was basking in the sun. Soon, the minor spiritual injury he had suffered was healed.

However, he now had a clear understanding of this Void City. It was domineering, unreasonable. It was the master of this universe, and it would kill anyone at the slightest disagreement!

The mental force that erupted from the city just now should be the work of a Chaotic Saint. Bu Fang also did not expect his mental force to be discovered and destroyed before it could enter the interior of the city.

If it were not him here but another Saint of the Great Path, he might have been exterminated long ago. When an individual's mental force collapsed, it was equivalent to a slow death, even for a Saint of the Great Path.

The attacker was not the noblewoman, but neither was it the Queen of Curses. If it was the latter, Bu Fang could not have the chance to fend off the blow. According to that noblewoman, the Queen should be an existence beyond the level of a Chaotic Saint.

Bu Fang glanced over his shoulder. Behind him, the banished ancient Heavengods, God Kings, and God Emperors knelt shivering in the starry sky. The brief exchange just now had terrified them.

Void City had a notorious reputation—its terror had already established an impression in their hearts. It was a place dominated by ruthless slaughtering, and even ancient Heavengods would die there!

"Please spare us! We beg you!" pleaded an ancient Heavengod.

However, Bu Fang only gave him a cold glance. After watching the Transmigration for one hundred years, he had learned many things. These people carried on their hands a sin that even death could not wash away.

Those people did not speak again, but each wore a despairing face.

Bu Fang turned around and looked at Void City again. With a thought, he enveloped all the people with the Law of Space. A flash of silver burst out, then disappeared.



A long time later, a plume of rolling black energy came, crushing countless stars along its way. When the black smoke dispersed, a huge black dragon emerged in the void.

It had an extremely savage look, similar to that of the divine dragon in myths, but its body was bursting with terrifying power. This was a black dragon who had reached the level of a Saint of the Great Path.

The black dragon's mouth was open. A link of black chains stretched out of it, with its end held in a hand. There was a figure standing on the black dragon's back. It was a woman with an ugly devil mask. She had a very hot body, and her aura was extremely fearsome. However, the twisting mask was ugly enough to fill one with nightmares.

"What a slippery fellow..." Her voice was hoarse, sounding as if two stones were rubbing at each other. She stretched out her long and fair hand and grabbed the air.

"Hmm? The Law of Space of the Chaotic Universe? Have the people of the Chaotic Universe established another portal to Void City? But... That fellow is courting death by spying on us. Count yourself lucky this time..."

The face beneath the mask seemed to be sneering. After that, the woman clutched the dragon's horn with her hand and gave it a yank. The black dragon roared, turned its body, and plunged into the void, turning into a plume of black smoke and flying toward the city.

Somewhere far, far away from the city, Bu Fang descended with the group of people. Tortured by the oppressive atmosphere, some people tried to flee, but Whitey threw each of them back with a slap. The puppet was strong enough to fight against a Saint of the Great Path, so these God Kings and God Emperors were no match for it.

"Whitey, untie them. They're exiles, and this is where they belong," Bu Fang said.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed, then it nodded. With a buzzing sound, a flag rose into the sky from its back, fell back down in a flash, and hacked the chains.

The exiles looked ecstatic. Crazy, they sped away in all directions. They wanted to escape from this place.

Bu Fang's face was indifferent as he watched them leave. 'Escape? The entirety of this universe is under the control of Void City. These people could not escape...'

He shook his head. Just now, when he sent out his mental force, he sensed countless ancient ships around the city. Bursting with a towering aura of blood and savageness and surrounded in monstrous power of sin, these ships were there to capture exiles like them.



Sure enough, the moment these people fled, Bu Fang noticed the ancient ships that floated quietly in the starry sky began to move. They flew across the empty space, chasing after those escaping exiles. He narrowed his eyes and put his hands behind his back. He could clearly see bony white claws fall from those ships to catch them.

One of the ancient Heavengods unleashed his divine power to resist. He exchanged a blow with the bony palm, then crushed all the palms in the ancient ship. However, his actions seemed to anger the expert on the ship.

A roar echoed out, and a plume of black smoke rose into the sky. One ancient ship after another flew over and surrounded the ancient Heavengod in a flash. Then, links of black chains shot out of them and pierced him, riddling him with holes...

Like greedy demons, the ancient ships kept pulling these exiles into them. The experts who were dragged into the ships were all turned into skeletons, and eventually turned into one of them on the ships.

"So this is... the power of curses." Bu Fang was shocked. He could sense the power flowing in those ancient ships. It was those curses that made the ships keep chasing the exiles.

Suddenly, the ancient ships all turned and aimed at Bu Fang. He narrowed his eyes. Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed, and the flags behind its back clanked as it pulled out a metal spear.

Rumble!

The ancient ships shot forward at great speed. Whitey's mechanical eyes shone as it flung the spear toward them. In the twinkling of an eye, numerous ships exploded and countless skeletons shattered into pieces.

"Let's go." Bu Fang could not help but frown as he watched ships after ships swarm toward him. There were too many of them, so it was impossible to destroy them all.

Whitey landed at his side, while Shrimpy and Foxy, standing on his shoulders, hugged his head. The corners of his mouth lifted slightly as silver light burst out from under his feet. The Law of Space erupted, and they vanished in a flash.

The ancient ships lost their target, and the skeletal experts in them began to wander aimlessly in the starry sky.

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The Law of Space flashed. Bu Fang landed in front of the enormous Void City and raised his head.

He felt a cramp in his stomach. It was nothing when he looked at the city from across a great distance in the starry sky, but now that he was standing before it, he finally realized how humongous it was.

Just one of its doors was almost across the entire universe. It stretched as far as his eyes could see, and standing before it, he was as tiny as a speck of dust.

“So... huge,” Bu Fang muttered with emotion. Although he had seen a lot of things, he was still shocked by it.

Heavengod Space’s account had a description of Void City, but the difference between seeing it in person and reading it in a book was still huge.

The city had no guards. Bu Fang flew straight into it with Whitey. Behind the door was a bridge shrouded in the aura of curses with its end disappearing into the distance. It looked like the vertebra of an evil being.

A black river rumbled beneath the bridge, rushing under the city like a waterfall. A hazy mist rose from it to envelop the surroundings, filling the air with an atmosphere of grief and pathos. Black cursed snakes could be seen swimming in the black water.

Bu Fang knew that he could not fly over the river. If he did that, he might be pulled by those cursed snakes into the water and be devoured in an instant. The curses and corrosive power in the black water terrified even him.

The bridge was very long. Even with his speed, it took him a few days of running before reaching the end. At last, he set foot on the land of the city.

Void City was a city floating in the universe. It was the largest city in all the universes. In fact, it was larger than a star, wider than the Xiayi Divine Dynasty!

Cold, dark steel buildings rose straight into the clouds. Fortunately, there was no more of that terrifying curse power when he reached the land. Bu Fang glanced over his shoulder and saw many cursed snakes jump out of the black river, fixing their eyes on him. He stepped into the city.

The city was extremely vast. The place where Bu Fang was at was just a small corner. There were many buildings, including low houses and towers. He glanced around.

The people in the city were filled with an aura of death, and their eyes were lifeless as they looked at him. Although Bu Fang was a stranger to the city, he saw no emotion in those eyes. They did not seem to be bothered by his arrival.

He ignored them. In the following days, he walked in the city. It was a simple city, but it was filled with the aura of death at all times. Bu Fang saw murders everywhere he went.

The strength of any person in this city had reached the realm of Gods, showing that its overall strength was no weaker than that of the Chaos Space.

After a few days, Bu Fang learned that he was just in a small corner of Void City. The humongous city was divided into four districts: A, B, C, and D. He was now in District D.

District D was the poorest and most chaotic place in the city. It was filled with murders and death, and countless people fought over resources for their survival.

The residents of District D were mostly the exiles of different universes. They had escaped the ancient ships in the starry sky and sneaked into the outermost area of the city, lingering out their feeble existence. These people were surrounded by curse power and suffered from it day and night.

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes and activated the God of Cooking's Eye. He saw wisps of curse energy emanating from these skinny people, drifting through the air and gathering in the black river of curses that ringed the city.

Void City was a place filled with evils and sins! At the thought that Nethery was living in such a place, Bu Fang's heart grew heavy. He did not need to think to know that this was a city filled with competition, and failure in the competition would mean death.

'Perhaps... I need to hurry and find Nethery,' Bu Fang thought to himself.

Suddenly, the sky over District D grew dark. Bu Fang narrowed his eyes, lifted his hand, and found that a cursed snake was slithering across his arm, spitting its tongue at him.

### *Chapter 1703: Poison*

The wriggling cursed snake kept crawling up Bu Fang's arm. He narrowed his eyes.

Many people in the surroundings were staring at him, as if they were looking at his arm. When they saw the wriggling cursed snake, they all breathed out a sigh of relief.

Bu Fang raised his eyebrows slightly. He could read the unspoken words from their faces: "This man is cursed as well... Now everyone is cursed... Good..."

He did not know where the curse had come from. Silently, it had crawled up his arm. It was worth noting that Bu Fang was a Heavengod now. Although he was not as strong as a Chaotic Saint, his mental force could sense the slightest noise and movement, let alone a cursed snake.

The divine power in Bu Fang began to surge. Controlled by him, it poured out to envelop the curse on his arm. He planned to force the curse power out of him.

However, under the perception of his mental force, the divine power was corroded and dissolved as soon as it approached the curse. 'What is going on?' Bu Fang was shocked. Apparently, this curse power was much stronger than that in Nethery.

"It's useless... Hit by the curse of Void City, your energy will be slowly devoured... Unless you can obtain the food given out by the city."

Suddenly, a hoarse voice rang out. Bu Fang paused and turned his head. It seemed that because he was also struck by the curse, the attitude of those around him had softened considerably. Perhaps they thought Bu Fang had also become one of them.

"This is the supreme curse of Void City. The curse in District D is the strongest. The further you go into the city, the weaker the curse power becomes..."

The speaker was a middle-aged man, all skin and bones. However, the bones in him were glowing brilliantly. He was looking at Bu Fang with a pair of rather blank eyes.

"The food given out by Void City?" Bu Fang did not understand. "There's no chef in this city, right? Where did the food come from?" he asked.

"Who told you there are no chefs in Void City?" The man gave Bu Fang a suspicious look. Then, he moved, walking slowly toward the city. Every step he took was laborious, as if he would collapse at any time with fatigue.

"Void City is the land of exile for all the universes. The Queen of Curses doesn't even care about the lives that have been banished here... She built the city, and only those who resisted the curses could survive.

"According to the Queen, this is the self-redemption of those who have been exiled. The curse power will keep devouring your divine power, and eventually, it will drain all your divine power..." The man looked at Bu Fang with pity in his eyes.

Bu Fang froze. He could not believe that he was pitied by others.

The man did not say too much to Bu Fang. Soon, he joined the stream of people and disappeared, as if he was numbly doing what he was supposed to do.

Bu Fang glanced at the curse power on his arm. It was indeed growing and corroding his divine power. It took him a lot of his divine power to resist and negate every corrosion. "This is interesting..." The corners of Bu Fang's lips lifted slightly.

Foxy pulled at his hair, then raised a little paw and pointed at her short arm. Bu Fang glanced at it and saw a black mark emerge on it as well. Shrimpy twisted its buttock and exposed its tiny tail. There was a black curse on it, too.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed, and it scratched its head. Perhaps it was the only one among them who was not hit by the curse. After all, Whitey was not a living being.

Bu Fang pressed on with Foxy and Shrimpy, stepping on the ground in District D. This was a dark and evil city. The surroundings were piled with corpses. People died at every moment because of curses, so dead bodies were a common sight in the city.

They came to a place where there was no one else. Bu Fang shook his hand. Immediately, an oyster pancake emerged. He gave it to Foxy and Shrimpy. Then, he ate one himself.

As soon as the oyster pancake entered his stomach, a stream of warm energy rose from his belly, roasting his insides like an oven. Bu Fang looked at the cursed snake on his wrist. It seemed to be in pain and was wriggling, but soon, it returned to normal.

It proved that the oyster pancake was useful. It could suppress the curse, but... the effect was not significant. Bu Fang nodded. He had at least some estimation of the strength of the curse power.

However, he was not in a hurry to get rid of it. Once he expelled the curse, he might appear out of place in this city, and it would only increase the difficulty of him finding Nethery.

After calming Shrimpy and Foxy, Bu Fang left the quiet corner.

Suddenly, a deep rumble rang through District D, sounding like the sound of a heavy horn. It excited those who walked numbly. Like waves, they rushed frantically toward the center of the district.

"What's going on?" Bu Fang paused. He could sense the changes in the emotion of the people around him. It was as if the horn had roused the desire in them.

One figure after another ran past him at great speed. Those who were banished to Void City were not ordinary people. At least, their strength and cultivation base were extremely fearsome. There were even Saints of the Great Path among them.

Bu Fang followed the crowd and came to the center area of District D. People with blank faces queued up in lines as if waiting for something. Each of them took out a shabby bowl and was holding it as if holding the whole world.

Bu Fang squinted at them from across a distance. Foxy jumped, rolled, and stood atop his head, putting a paw over her eye and looking at the crowd as well.

“That’s...” Bu Fang paused when he saw the scene.

At the center of the district, the city gates flung open, and one figure fully clad in black armor after another walked quickly out of it. People with blank faces clustered around the gates, looking hopeful.

The clatter of wheels moving across the hard ground filled the air. Then, a huge, heavy wooden cart was pushed through the gates. Hot steam rose from the cart, and a strange scent wafted out of it.

Bu Fang was very sensitive to scent, and he smelled it in just a flash. “Weird... It doesn’t smell good, but it doesn’t stink either...” he said.

The wooden cart was swaying. On top of it were many black pots, which were as huge as pools and contained a kind of sticky black liquid. There were also bits of white things floating and flashing in it.

‘Could this be the food mentioned by the guy?’ Bu Fang thought to himself.

An uproar broke out suddenly. It was as if the food had turned those people crazy—they kept shouting and knocking the bowls in their hands. It was a terrible and shocking scene.

There were many wooden carts, distributed along the city walls of District D. Bu Fang thought for a while, then took out a blue-and-white porcelain bowl and joined the queue.

“One by one... Don’t rush,” said a hoarse voice. Some stooped old men were stirring the food in the black pots.

Bu Fang’s line moved forward steadily. One by one, those who got their food held their bowls like madmen, ducked to the side, reached their hands into the bowls, grabbed the food, and shoved it into their mouths.

The sticky black food was emitting a bizarre scent. Bu Fang squinted at those people. The delighted look on their faces made his heart grow heavier. Foxy hugged his head tightly as if she was telling him that she did not want to eat that thing.

At last, it was Bu Fang’s turn. He put one hand behind his back, held the bowl with the other, and came up to the wooden cart.

“Oh?” The one-eyed old man who was in charge of ladling the food turned his head and stared at Bu Fang. “A newcomer?” he said, revealing a mouth of yellow teeth.

Bu Fang glanced at him and said nothing.

The old man laughed in a hoarse voice that could make the hair of those who heard it stand on end. "Enjoy the food. You will fall in love with the taste..."

A wooden ladle fell, and the sticky black food was flung into Bu Fang's bowl, flowing slowly. "Since you're a newcomer, I'll give you more... Don't let your stomach go empty..." The old man grinned, fixing his shining eyes on Bu Fang.

"What is this?" Bu Fang asked, frowning. Clearly, this was not some cuisine.

"This is a delicacy in Void City... A delicacy bestowed by Her Majesty the Queen to her servants!" said the old man.

"No talking."

Suddenly, a cold aura spread. Bu Fang focused his eyes. A black spear fell abruptly, its sharp tip pointing at the old man's neck as if it was going to poke a large hole through his throat.

"Please forgive me, my lord..." The old man dropped to his knees hastily and bowed at the man clad in black armor.

Bu Fang furrowed his brows. The armored figure glanced at him and put a tremendous amount of pressure on him. "Take your food and leave now," the guard said. After that, he turned and continued patrolling.

Bu Fang exhaled. Holding the food, he left the wooden cart. The distribution of food continued. There were simply too many exiles in District D. He brought his food and walked to a corner.

Not far away, a few men, holding bowls and kneeling on the ground, were eating their food crazily. When they had finished their food, they kept licking their bowls as if they were going to break the bowls with their tongues.

As if they had discovered Bu Fang, these men looked up at him with a greedy look in their eyes. Suddenly, they roared, then jumped to their feet and rushed toward him.

"Food! Give me your food!" They drooled as if they had gone insane.

However, before they could close in on Bu Fang, they were stripped naked by Whitey and then flung away.

Bu Fang ignored them and carefully studied the food in his bowl. It was flowing slowly, emitting hot steam. Black like ink, it was speckled with dots of white light.



He reached out a finger, dipped the tip into the sticky black liquid, and pulled it out. He rubbed the liquid between his fingers. It felt hot and coarse like sand. It made him feel somewhat strange.

With his cooking skills, he actually failed to recognize what it was. He did not want to eat such a thing, but... He glanced around, exhaled deeply, and chose to take a small sip.

The black liquid flowed into Bu Fang's mouth. In a flash, he felt as if a warmth had coated the inside of his mouth. Then, his throat moved as he swallowed. He heard a rumbling sound, as if something had exploded in him.

Bu Fang's pupils constricted. He found that the bowl of... food actually tasted quite delicious. It was a bit like caviar, but the texture was more delicate. He thought it would taste awful, but it actually tasted good. Moreover, he felt the curse power in him was greatly suppressed after eating it.

That gave him pause. He lifted his hand and looked at the wrist. The cursed snake had shrunk as if it had fallen into a deep sleep. However, he also noticed wisps of black energy rushing into the snake, making it grow stronger while sleeping.

Bu Fang's heart skipped a beat. Without hesitation, he poured the rest of the food in the bowl onto the ground. Those crazy men immediately crawled over and licked the food into their mouths.

Bu Fang's expression was somewhat ugly. This food was simply a chronic poison. After eating it, the cursed snake would become stronger and stronger, and eventually, it would kill the men.

Rumble!

Suddenly, a terrible fluctuation of energy erupted. Bu Fang threw his head back.

A black divine dragon was flying in the sky with a figure standing on its back. It was a woman. She glanced indifferently at District D and showed a look of disgust and disdain. Then, riding the black dragon, she flew past District D and headed toward the deeper districts.

'It's the woman who attacked me earlier...' Bu Fang exhaled. 'A Chaotic Saint.' Glancing at the messy situation around him, he thought he had to come out with a way to leave District D.

The woman did not discover Bu Fang. Or rather, she paid no attention to him.

For the people who had entered District D, death was the only way out. However, Bu Fang naturally did not want to stay here. There was definitely something fishy about the food—it would strengthen the curse power. For these people, eating the food was tantamount to a slow death.

Bu Fang took out an oyster pancake and shoved it into his mouth. As soon as it entered his stomach, the cursed snake on his wrist screamed, shrinking further like snow in summer. Then, he left the place with Foxy and Shrimpy.

The distribution of food did not last for too long. Soon, those wooden carts rumbled back to District C, and the people who had finished their food turned away from the wall with blank faces.

A huge wall separated District D and District C. The only way to leave District D and enter District C was to cross it.

Bu Fang walked along the wall. Towering into the clouds and stretching as far as the eye could see, the wall put a tremendous amount of pressure on him. He kept walking with his hands behind his back. He wanted to find an entrance to District C.

However, he was quickly disappointed. It was as if the wall was not built with stones. It was extremely solid without any gaps.

Suddenly, a gust of wind hit him in the face, then a group of guards in black armor landed around him. “Why are you sneaking around the wall?” demanded one of the guards, pointing the sharp tip of a spear at him. A terrible chill spread.

Bu Fang furrowed his brows. It seemed that his action of walking along the wall had attracted the attention of these guards. From the voice, he could not decide if the guard was a man or a woman.

The guards did not waste their breath with Bu Fang. They directly attacked him. With a terrifying aura, one spear after another was thrust at him.

Frowning, Bu Fang unleashed his mental force and enveloped the surroundings in an instant. Facing the approaching spears, he raised his hand and flicked his finger, knocking them back.

These guards were not weak. Each of them had the strength of a novice Saint of the Great Path. Void City was indeed fearsome for using experts of such a level as guards.

However, with Bu Fang’s current strength, dealing with these guards was as easy as flipping his hand. Together with Whitey, they defeated all the guards in just a few moments.

With the Law of Destruction and explosive power surging around him, Bu Fang approached a guard and asked indifferently, "I have a question for you... Do you know where your Cursed Goddesses are?"

"How dare you covet our Cursed Goddesses?! You're courting death!" the guard said coldly.

"Fine. Next question. How do I get into District C?" Bu Fang asked after thinking for a while.

The guard still refused to say anything. "There's no way you can go there... Now that you're in Void City, you will slowly rot and die... This is your destiny!" the guard said in a cold voice with a hint of madness.

Bu Fang frowned. He knew there must be ways to get into District C, but the guard refused to tell him. 'Wait a minute...' He narrowed his eyes. 'Perhaps my only chance is to wait for them to distribute food again... The city gates will open to let the wooden carts through, and that will be my chance...'

The Law of Time spread, turned into chains, and tied up the guards. Bu Fang threw the guards to the ground and was about to leave. Suddenly, he paused, then looked into the distance. There, a stooped old man was waiting for him.

"Lad... Are you trying to get into District C?" said the old man, squinting at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang knew the old man. He was the same old man who distributed food just now. "You didn't return to District C?" he asked suspiciously.

"I'm waiting for you..." the old man said with a fervent look in his eyes.

"Waiting for me?" Bu Fang did not understand. The old man gave him a weird feeling.

"I know you're trying to get into District C, and I... know the only way to do that!" The old man grinned, revealing a mouth of yellow teeth. "I need you to promise me one thing, and then I will tell you the way..."

Bu Fang looked at the old man as if he was considering the feasibility of the proposal. Suddenly, he raised a hand. The Law of Space swirled and enveloped the old man. The next moment, they vanished together. When they reappeared, they were already at another location in District D.

A few moments after they were gone, a group of guards arrived at where they were and sealed up the entire area.

“Those guards serve the Queen of Curses... Fortunately, you didn’t kill them, or you would definitely be hunted down by the Queen! If you kill a guard, you will be contaminated by a curse that you can never get rid of...” said the old man.

He rolled up his sleeve, revealing a skinny arm. “Just like this...” The old man’s arm was covered with slash marks, each of which severed one of his tendons. “I sense a familiar aura from you...” the old man said with some nostalgia.

“A familiar aura?” Bu Fang paused. What aura did he have that would be familiar to this old man?

“There’s only one way to get into District C... and that’s to brave the Death Pass! As long as you get through the Death Pass, you will be able to enter District C. Once you’re there, you will be able to complete many things... You’re a stranger to this place, so you need a qualified guide, such as me.” The old man volunteered.

Bu Fang did not turn down the old man but just stared indifferently at him. “Why should I believe you? Give me one reason why I should believe you...” he said, putting his hands behind his back.

The old man took a deep breath. After a moment of silence, he said, “I... I was once a chef!”

...

The Death Pass. As the name implied, it was a pass of certain death. In Void City, there was a Death Pass between every district. The only way for lesser people to get more freedom and higher status was to brave the Death Pass. However, for countless years, no one had succeeded.

Armored guards patrolled a vast square in District C. However, when compared to District D, they looked much relaxed. They even removed their helmets and revealed their faces, and they proved to be beautiful women with long hair.

With a roar, a fearsome black dragon descended. Its terrifying aura attracted the attention of many people in the square. Compared to the world of silence and death in District D, District C seemed more like a lively city. Here, the residents included those who were cursed as well as common people and the nobles.

The Countess Residence was a building towering into the clouds like a sharp blade. It was the ruler of District C. Of course, it was still a subject of the Queen of Curses.

After the woman jumped off the back of the black dragon, the huge beast immediately transformed into a figure clad in a black robe and followed behind her. As she walked into the Countess Residence, a group of nobles came up to greet her.

“Welcome back, Countess Xia Qiu!”

The nobles bowed, but the woman just nodded indifferently and said nothing. A few maids came to her with goblets, which contained bubbling liquid. She took one, downed the drink in one gulp, and pursed her red lips. A flush crept up her face, and she burped.

Suddenly, a blond guard bolted over. Looking at Countess Xia Qiu, she said with a face full of disbelief, “My Lord, we’ve detected that... that... someone is trying to break through the Death Pass!”

What the guard said startled the nobles present.

“What? Someone in District D is brave enough to try the Death Pass?”

“This is rare... It’s been years since we have had a good show!”

“Those in District D are all lowly, disgusting exiles, the cannon fodder the Queen keeps... How could they be so insolent as to try to break through the Death Pass?!”

The nobles were talking with each other.

Countess Xia Qiu gave the goblet to a maid, raised her brows, and said, “Death Pass... Interesting. Come, let’s go and have a look.” After that, she took the lead and left the residence.

The black-robed man, who was the black dragon, followed behind her. When those nobles saw him, they all stepped back with fear.

The Death Pass in District D that led to District C was a long, dark passage.

The group of nobles escorted Countess Xia Qiu to a huge round fighting pit ringed by descending tiers of benches. There they sat down, chatting merrily with each other.

The countess took the center seat, then raised her hand. A wisp of black light burst out of it, then a buzzing sound echoed out. Immediately, an image emerged in the center of the pit.

What appeared in the image was a group of strange people. There was a lean young man clad in a striped red-and-white chef robe. A fox and a mantis shrimp were perched on his shoulders, while a metal puppet followed behind him. At the puppet’s side, a stooped old man was walking slowly.

The appearance of the strange combination immediately caused an uproar among the nobles.

“Hey! It’s that old man!”

“Why is this stinking chef still alive? It’s been tens of thousands of years, yet he’s still lingering out his feeble existence...”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk... No wonder someone is trying to break through the Death Pass. He must have been fooled by this old man, right?”

The nobles laughed. In their opinion, the guy who was fooled by the old man to brave the Death Pass must be a newcomer who had not seen death in the face.

Countess Xia Qiu had a complex look in her eyes, however. She glanced at the stooped old man, then her face became fierce once again. “Well... It’s rare for someone to brave the Death Pass. Place your bets, ladies and gentlemen,” she said. After that, she snapped her fingers.

Immediately, different options emerged in front of the nobles. Looking at the options, they began to shout and hoot crazily. Someone was braving the Death Pass in these dull and predictable days, so such a thrilling event excited them.

There were not many options. In fact, there were only three options, for a Death Pass contained only three passes. The nobles would place their bets on how many passes the guy could break through.

The nobles of District C were very excited. One after another, they exchanged their bets with Countess Xia Qiu’s maids and placed them on their choices.

“Crush these disgusting worms of District D to death!”

“Haha! It’ll be best if they’re torn apart piece by piece! That would be exciting!”

“I want this stinking chef dead this time! He had dragged out his ignoble existence for tens of thousands of years... I’m sure the Countess wants him dead!”

Amid the frantic roar of the nobles, the people in the image began to move.

Suddenly, a maid landed at Countess Xia Qiu’s side. The latter paused slightly.

“What did you say? The Cursed Goddess came to District C?”

The Countess frowned. She could not understand why the Cursed Goddess, who should stay in District A, would come to District C. However, she sighed when she heard the title of ‘Cursed Goddess’.

‘Once upon a time, I was called a Cursed Goddess as well... Unfortunately...’ Shaking her head, she threw the thought out of her head, then turned to look into the distance.

The noisy nobles fell silent as well because a black ship was slowly approaching from the distance, filling the void with ripples as it moved.

Two figures could be seen standing at the black ship's prow. The leading figure was a young girl with black hair and a beautiful face. Surrounded by curse power, she looked very dignified. At the side of the girl stood a noblewoman with a gentle smile on her face.

"Xia Qiu offers greetings to the noble Goddess and the Duchess!"

Countess Xia Qiu bowed respectfully toward the black ship, while the nobles' hearts trembled, and they bowed as well.

At this moment, the people in the image began to brave the Death Pass!

#### *Chapter 1705: Breaks Through Two Passes In a Row*

The Death Pass was at an inconspicuous corner within District D. If the stooped old man had not led him, Bu Fang might not be able to find it. No, it should be that he could not have imagined that the only entrance to District C was here.

They entered the stone door. Inside, black water filled with the power of curses flowed across the ground. It was bone-piercing cold, like the water of the Yellow Spring that could freeze one's soul.

The stooped old man walked at the forefront, leading Bu Fang. "This is a secret passage. A woman told me about it once... I tried to brave it, but unfortunately... I failed," he said. He sounded lonely. It seemed that this passage was a sad place for him.

"Your strength is considered good among Saints of the Great Path, but... It will still be quite difficult for you to break through the Death Pass." The old man glanced over his shoulder at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang twitched the corners of his mouth and said nothing. This old man was also a chef. Bu Fang was surprised when he mentioned that. However, he only said that it pained him to look back into the past, and he never told Bu Fang anything else.

Their main goal was to break through the Death Pass.

"In total, there are three passes you need to break through... Do you think it's too few?" The old man chuckled, revealing his yellow teeth.



Bu Fang paused. 'This old man is so unlike those in District D,' he thought to himself. 'Compared to them, he's more emotional... He likes to smile.'

"Back then, I've broken through two passes, but I failed at the third... I hope you will not repeat my mistake. I genuinely hope that you can break through the Death Pass and bring me to District C."

The old man paused, his eyes glistened with something wet, then he went on, "Only after entering District C could I... meet that person."

Bu Fang nodded. In exchange for telling him the location of the Death Pass, he would take the old man with him to District C. This was the deal between them, and he thought it was a fair deal.

Whitey followed behind Bu Fang while Foxy hugged the latter's head, squeaking.

"We've arrived at the first pass," the old man suddenly said.

Bu Fang paused, and their steps came to a halt.

On the benches around the fighting pit, an uproar broke out among the nobles.

"Oh! It has begun! Tear them into pieces!"

"I bet they can't even break through the first pass!"

"I also bet these lowly people lose in the first pass!"

The nobles roared and hooted, craning their necks and fixing their eyes on the image.

Countess Xia Qiu glanced at them and exhaled. Nethery, on the other hand, stared indifferently at the image. No one could tell what she was thinking through her eyes. The noblewoman wore an amused look and curled up her red lips, as if she was looking forward to something.

...

Inside the Death Pass, Bu Fang's mental force spread out in all directions. In the water flowing across the ground, a cold clunking noise rang out. Slowly, a figure in black armor emerged.

The figure was swathed in black bandages and clad in ragged armor. His aura fluctuated, and his cultivation base seemed to have reached the top of a Saint of the Great Path. Just the impact from his aura alone had already filled the entire passage with a rumbling noise.

“Be careful... This is the Accursed Lich King!” the old man quickly warned Bu Fang.

1

“Accursed Lich King?”

The figure roared. His body was soaked with an endless amount of curse power, which made his strength reach the peak of a Saint of the Great Path. He was also very fast. With a rumbling sound, he bolted forward, closing in on Bu Fang in just a flash.

“Don’t touch his body! His curse power will crawl onto you and kill you instantly!”

Bu Fang’s heart skipped a beat as he sensed the curse power.

Something seemed to restrict this Accursed Lich King. He could not use divine power. However, his body was his strongest weapon. With every charge, he corroded the ground and left behind a deep hole. After a few charges, the ground was riddled with extremely corrosive pits.

Whitey stood in the distance, its mechanical eyes flashing. As for Foxy and Shrimpy, they had left Bu Fang’s shoulder and were staying with Whitey. The stooped old man was a little excited and clenched his fists.

The Vermilion Robe fluttered noisily as Bu Fang landed on the last patch of ground that was intact, surrounded by the corrosive power of curses.

...

“This boy can’t escape now!”

“Tear him apart! Tear his body into pieces!”

“Why is this lad so weak? He can’t even break through the first pass... My bets are wasted!”

The nobles were more nervous than Bu Fang. Some people who bet that he could get through two passes immediately put their hands on their heads and spat venomous curses, while others were laughing excitedly as if they had already seen the Accursed Lich King tear Bu Fang into pieces.

Countess Xia Qiu glanced at Nethery. “Is the Goddess not placing her bet?” she said, smiling.

Nethery shook her head and said nothing.

The noblewoman, on the other hand, smiled and said, "Don't let us spoil your game. We're just here to have a look... We will return later. The Queen attaches great importance to the Goddess. She fears that she is giving the Goddess too much pressure, so she asked me to bring her out for a breather."

She glanced at Nethery, then at the image in the fighting pit. The smile on her face grew broader.

Countess Xia Qiu seemed to realize something. A hint of a sneer brushed the corners of her mouth as she gave Nethery a look. Then, she turned to look at the scene in the Death Pass and stopped talking.

...

Naturally, Bu Fang did not know that he had become the center of attention for many people. The Accursed Lich King in front of him, who was a peak Saint of the Great Path, made him a little wary.

In this Death Path, energy seemed to be suppressed. He could only use his physical strength. This was not good news for Bu Fang.

1

He glanced around. The surroundings were filled with corrosive curse power. He exhaled deeply. 'This Lich King plans to force me to a tight corner and then kill me with slow torture... What a treacherous fellow.'

Facing the Accursed Lich King, who was approaching step by step and emanating terrible curse power that seemed to corrode the void, Bu Fang turned to look at Foxy.

"Come here, Foxy," Bu Fang beckoned.

Foxy, laying on top of Whitey's head, paused, and her eyes widened. Hurriedly, she kept shaking her head.

Bu Fang's face grew dark, and he gave the little fox a serious look. Foxy's fur bristled. She flew whistling through the air and landed on Bu Fang's shoulder, somewhat reluctant.

"Good girl," Bu Fang said, stroking her head. After that, he held Foxy with both hands, pointed her at the Accursed Lich King in the distance, and gave her buttock a gentle slap.

Foxy straightened her neck, and her cheeks bulged. Then, with a boom, she spat out a Soul Demon meatball.

The meatball was too fast. In the twinkling of an eye, it sped through the air and hit the Lich King. A rumbling sound rang out as the explosion knocked him flying back and threw him to the ground. He crawled to his feet, but he had lost an arm.

The stooped old man froze. He did not seem to expect that Bu Fang would have such a skill.

“Keep shooting,” Bu Fang said lightly, and he gave Foxy another slap.

“Ah Da Da Da Da...” Foxy opened her mouth. Shafts of golden light thrust out of it, illuminating the dark passage, while one Soul Demon meatball after another shot out and devoured the Accursed Lich King, who was crawling up to his feet.

1

The rumbling of explosions kept ringing out, and the whole passage was trembling. The next moment, the Accursed Lich King was turned into a pile of minced meat on the ground.

The flesh was wriggling, but it would take a long time for it to fully restore. And the time was enough for Bu Fang and his companions to break through the first pass.

Bu Fang held Foxy in his arms. The little fox’s mouth was spewing hot steam, and she burped.

“It’s not too difficult. Well, it’s actually quite easy...” Bu Fang said, rubbing Foxy’s head.

A stench wafted out of the Accursed Lich King’s shattered, rotted body. It mixed with the aroma from the explosion of the Soul Demon meatballs, turning into a very bizarre scent. It made Foxy sneeze.

The stooped old man did not know what to say. Back then, when he was braving this pass, he nearly lost his life. Bu Fang’s ease of passing it made him feel a little sad.

Holding Foxy in his arms, Bu Fang and his companions broke through the first pass.

The nobles who saw this through the image in the fighting pit were all struck dumb. They never knew the Death Pass could be broken through like that.

The Accursed Lich King was surrounded by curse power. No matter if it was a close-quarter fight or the approach of divine power, they would trigger the corrosive power. But...

Some nobles who bet that Bu Fang would fail immediately complained in annoyance. After the shock, they fixed their eyes on him again. They wanted to know how he would break through the second pass.

However, the corners of their mouths twitched as they seemed to have a bad feeling about it.

...

“Ah... Da Da Da Da Da!”

1

Foxy opened her mouth and shot frantically. Hot steam rose from between her jaws, and the air was filled with smoke. In front of her, a huge, rotted crocodile was blown through by the meatballs.

Bu Fang gently pinched the little fox's cheek. Casually, they stepped through the second pass. With Shrimpy perched atop its head and its mechanical eyes flashing, Whitey followed behind him, clanking with every step.

The so-called Death Pass seemed rather easy to break through.

The old man was speechless as he stared at Bu Fang's back. 'Is this considered cheating? It is... isn't it?'

Foxy was jumping on Bu Fang's shoulder. She seemed to be very excited and happy. She felt this was very... interesting.

“We're at the third pass.” The old man suddenly became serious. He stared at Bu Fang with a hopeful look flickering in his eyes. “You must do as I say later... Or you won't be able to break through! Back then, this is where I've made a wrong choice!” he said to Bu Fang.

Bu Fang turned his head and gave the old man a puzzled look.

The old man's eyes were full of hope. He did not want to fail, for another failure might cost him another wait that would span tens of thousands of years. He was confident that they could break through the third pass because... He had the experience.

“We'll see,” Bu Fang said, twitching his mouth.

They stepped into a dark cave, and the third pass finally appeared in front of them.

...

Countess Xia Qiu never thought that Bu Fang would come to the third pass. But unfortunately, the third pass was the toughest one. The reason was simple: It was almost an impassable pass for chefs.

Suddenly, a sweet scent drifted into her nostrils. Countess Xia Qiu craned her head to look to her side. There, a gentle expression appeared on the noblewoman's face.

"It's been tens of thousands of years. That fellow's fleshly body has already decayed into an old man... Yet he still hasn't given up," said the noblewoman.

Countess Xia Qiu did not say anything.

"Back then, I was the one who guided you back. This is such an interesting scene..." The noblewoman covered her mouth with a hand and chuckled, her whole body shaking.

Countess Xia Qiu frowned.

Smiling, the noblewoman turned her head. Her beautiful face emerged right in front of Countess Xia Qiu. "Little Xia Qiu, that old man is the lad I met when I went to fetch you. And when I went to fetch Nethery, I met this young chef who is braving the Death Pass. Don't you find this... amusing?"

Countess Xia Qiu paused, then her pupils constricted.

...

The passage of the third pass was very dark, so much so that Bu Fang could not see his hand even when he held it before his face. On top of that, his mental force could not spread.

He took a step forward. Suddenly, dots of ghostly green light slowly floated up, gathering in front of him like fireflies. It was a beautiful sight.

Soon, countless fireflies converged into a graceful and noble figure. Floating in midair, it emanated an unparalleled aura that was extremely terrifying.

"The Queen of Curses?!" Bu Fang furrowed his brows.

The stooped old man sucked in a cold breath when he saw the figure.

"Bu Fang, among the choices that will be presented to you later... you must not choose cooking! The Queen of Curses... hates chefs! You must not choose cooking..." the old man shouted. However, as soon as his voice rang out, he moved away in a flash as if he was taken out of Bu Fang's world.

'Hmm? I must not choose cooking?' Bu Fang frowned.

The graceful, noble figure formed by the ghostly green light dots stared at Bu Fang and said slowly, "Brave warrior who dares to challenge the Death Pass, make your choice..."

As the voice faded, a bright light erupted, and two choices emerged in front of Bu Fang.

*Chapter 1706: The Dark Cuisine*

What appeared in front of Bu Fang were two choices. Yes, they just emerged out of thin air, but they did not come in the form of physically written words.

Bu Fang had a feeling that this ghostly green woman seemed to be prying into his heart.

With a buzzing sound, two choices emerged, one on either side. What presented to the left were a kitchen knife and a wok—it should represent cooking. To this, Bu Fang naturally was not surprised.

The choice to the right was a graceful figure. It had waving long hair, and the dress it wore seemed to be fluttering in the wind as well. The face was obscured, but without a doubt, it represented a girl.

The nobles watching the scene almost went crazy.

“I can’t believe he managed to come to the third pass!”

“That old fellow actually found a guy who can come to the third pass!”

“What a familiar scene... I wonder what this young man will choose?”

The nobles were chattering noisily. At this moment, Countess Xia Qiu hosted another game. Such an exciting event naturally stimulated the nobles present, and they quickly placed their bets on the energy plate in midair.

“This is an easy choice... He’ll definitely choose the pretty girl!”

“Yes! Surely he will choose the girl. Why would he choose cooking?”

“This bet is meaningless...”

The nobles did not know what to say already. There was no suspense about the results. However, they would not pass up the opportunity to win some quick money—they all placed their bets on the girl.

What was the purpose of that young man braving the Death Pass? Surely he was looking for someone. Why else would he go to all the trouble of entering Void City? And why else would he risk his life to brave the Death Pass?



Most importantly... The one thing the Queen of Curses loathed most in Void City was chefs!

Nethery's eyes flickered as she watched the image in the fighting pit with an indifferent face.

1

"Goddess, do you want to place your bet?" the noblewoman said with a smile, looking at Nethery. She seemed to enjoy the scene.

Nethery glanced at her.

Countess Xia Qiu got the hint, and she ordered her maid to bring more chips over.

Nethery took the chips. Without saying a word, she placed them all on cooking.

Countess Xia Qiu paused, and so was the noblewoman and all the nobles present.

"She truly is the Cursed Goddess... She sure knows how to play, and she's bold. I can't believe she bet that young man would choose cooking... But I'm afraid she'll be disappointed later. Who would dare to choose cooking in Void City?"

The noblewoman froze for a moment before chuckling. Then, she placed her bets on the other choice.

For a moment, the betting was lopsided. Only Nethery alone bet that Bu Fang would choose cooking, while the others all bet that he would choose the girl.

"Phew... This is so exciting!"

Many nobles were taking deep breaths. If Bu Fang did choose cooking, it would really accelerate their heartbeats.

Nethery said nothing but just stared at the image nonchalantly. As for why she made the choice, it was purely based on her intuition.

...

"You must not choose cooking!"

The stooped old man's words still rang in Bu Fang's ears. He could not understand why the old man had so strongly urged him not to choose cooking. But he understood now. It was a question that would get him killed.

The Queen of Curses loathed cooking. If he chose cooking... he might really provoke her, and he would be faced with all kinds of torture tests. He did not know the consequences of choosing the girl, but it should not be that easy.

With his hands clasped behind his back, Bu Fang looked at the two choices. Foxy and Shrimpy were perched on his shoulders—one covered her mouth with her little paws, while the other one was spitting bubbles.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth lifted slightly. The purpose of his trip to Void City was to find Nethery. So, if he had to choose between cooking and the girl... Was there even a need to consider? His choice was, of course... cooking.

Without even thinking, Bu Fang flicked his finger. A stream of energy shot forward and fell on the kitchen knife and wok. As someone who wanted to become the God of Cooking and top the fantasy world's food chain, how could he not choose cooking?

He had made his choice: Cooking.

Light flickered and engulfed Bu Fang in an instant.

The stooped old man's eyes glazed, then they were full of gloom. 'Why do young people nowadays not listen to the elderly?!' He was somewhat frustrated. 'He has chosen cooking, and what he will face next is... the most terrifying, tormenting torture. There's no more hope...'

The old man was despairing. He had sensed an aura of the same source from Bu Fang. But... Bu Fang had disappointed him. Back then, he was so stubborn as well. As a result, he had nothing now.

He had warned Bu Fang, but the latter did not take his words seriously. Now, his dream of entering District C and meeting that person was gone. He had waited ten thousand years for someone like Bu Fang, but in the end, Bu Fang chose cooking...

...

The nobles were stunned. They watched with wide eyes as Bu Fang chose cooking. When energy poured down and shattered the kitchen knife and wok, they felt their hearts twitch, as if what the energy shattered was not the knife and wok but their bets.

For a moment, all the nobles went crazy.

"What kind of a man is this?!"

"Courting death! This young man is dead!"

"I will not let him go even if he enters District C!"

Never in their wildest dreams did these nobles imagine that Bu Fang would choose cooking. The Queen of Curses was known for her aversion to chefs. Yet, this young man was bold enough to choose cooking!

He was courting death!

Countess Xia Qiu paused, her eyebrows frowning slightly. But the noblewoman was still smiling.

“Aye... The Goddess has defeated us all by guessing the right choice. She’s rich now!” said the noblewoman jokingly.

Nethery still kept a straight face as if what had happened had nothing to do with her.

Countess Xia Qiu, on the other hand, had a complex expression. Looking at the honest man in the image, she seemed to see a man who had come into her life tens of thousands of years ago.

At that time, that man had chosen cooking without hesitation as well, and then was living in regret even today. Was the same thing about to repeat? Whenever the same thing happened again, it was a torment and a blow to her spirit.

...

The scene in front of him changed. Bu Fang found himself in a dark, gloomy place. It was a kitchen. He glanced around and quickly discovered something fishy about it. Yes, it was a kitchen, but it was different from an ordinary kitchen.

The ghostly green figure of the Queen emerged. She sat in midair on an invisible throne, crossed her legs, and looked down on Bu Fang.

“You have chosen cooking, so I will test your cooking skills. If you wish to enter District C, you need to defeat Void City’s chef in terms of cooking skills.” The Queen’s cold voice echoed in the kitchen.

Bu Fang frowned. ‘Sure enough, a cooking competition...’ However, his brows quickly relaxed. He was never afraid when it came to cooking.

“If you win in the cooking battle, you will be allowed to enter District C. If you lose, your soul will be extracted and sealed forever in Void City, and you will become Void City’s slave until the end of time,” said the Queen of Curses.

Bu Fang’s pupils constricted. The price of losing the battle was too cruel. Death was nothing when compared to it. However, since he had already made the choice, he naturally would not flinch.

"I understand," he said.

A rumbling sound rang out. Then, the kitchen door was opened. A wooden cart slowly rolled through the door and stopped.

A clear sound of footsteps filled the air. Bu Fang turned and looked into the distance. There, a handsome man with his hands clasped behind his back walked slowly into the kitchen. It was a grayish-white figure.

Bu Fang frowned as he looked at the man. A sense of familiarity surfaced in his mind.

Outside the kitchen, the air was filled with a loud commotion. Bu Fang knew the noise. It came from the dull people in District D, who learned that the food distribution was about to begin.

"Subdue these people... Use your cooking skills to subdue them. There are one thousand exiles. Each of you will cook a dish, and whoever attracts the most exiles wins the battle."

The rule was not complicated, but Bu Fang felt a tremendous amount of pressure. The young man in front of him was proud and confident, emanating an aura that was exactly like his. That gave Bu Fang pause.

'Is he one of the System's previous hosts?' Bu Fang thought to himself.

What Bu Fang did not know was that, outside the kitchen, the stooped old man knelt on the ground with tears trickling down his face. He was weeping, and his voice was filled with heart-wrenching grief that would move anyone who heard it. No one knew what made him so sad.

With a thought, Bu Fang produced the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. His eyes were filled with an indifferent look. He, too, was confident and proud. This came from his strong confidence in his cooking skills.

Bu Fang looked out of the kitchen. Those fanatical and crazy people had an almost insane fascination with that bizarre cuisine.

The man chuckled and glanced at Bu Fang. Then, he meticulously changed into his chef's robe and washed himself with clean water. His knife looked like crystal, and his wok looked like glass. It seemed that this man was obsessive about cleanliness.

The cooking competition started. However, as soon as it began, Bu Fang froze. He was somewhat stunned by the man's movements.

The man reached out his hand, which he had washed, and thrust it into the void. A rumbling sound rang out as a rushing black river appeared in front of him.

It was the river of curses! The river that ringed District D!

The man did not mind getting dirty at all and put his hand into the river. With a splashing sound, his hand was immediately covered with strange insects. They were a kind of disgusting insects living in curses and darkness. One by one, they crawled up the man's hand.

Bu Fang's brows furrowed as he watched. 'Is this guy... cooking?'

The man's face was expressionless, but his eyes were filled with repulsion and aversion as they looked at the insects. Then, he shook his hand, causing the insects to fall with the black power of curses.

He raised the crystal-like knife with the other hand and made a slash. Black liquid drops kept spilling. Those were the fluids inside the insects. One after another, the insects were cut in half. In just a flash, the man had made tens of thousands of slashes.

Just the knife technique alone had amazed Bu Fang. However, what shocked him even more was yet to come.

The man's lips parted, revealing an excited smile. As the liquid drops fell into the glass wok, it kept expanding to contain them. The broken insect bodies, dirty curses, and murky juice all mixed together in the glass wok.

With a shake of his hand, the man produced a glinting ladle and thrust it into the wok. A ghostly green flame burned under the wok. As the ladle stirred, the concoction in the wok became murkier and murkier, and the man's expression became more and more ferocious.

At this moment, the people in District D, who were waiting for food, roared and howled crazily and excitedly.

Bu Fang's expression changed slightly—he seemed to have thought of something. He looked at the concoction in the glass wok, and his pupils suddenly constricted.

As he watched, the concoction in the wok gradually became sticky, and bits of white stuff were floating in it.

The corner of Bu Fang's lips twitched, then he lifted a hand to cover his mouth. 'Dammit... Is this the legendary... Dark cuisine?!'

Bu Fang covered his mouth. It turned out that... that food was cooked in this way. The ingredient was actually the insects in the river of curses. The simple and brutal cooking method was nothing Bu Fang had seen before.

As a chef who was fond of beautiful things, Bu Fang was somewhat obsessed with cleanliness. He liked to be clean, just as the man did before. However, the contrast shown by the man at the end was just too dramatic.

The sounds the insects made when they wriggled and crawled up his hand, which would make one's scalp go numb and hair stand on end, had made Bu Fang feel a little depressed inside.

Growls came through the kitchen door. They came from the one thousand exiles chosen from District D.

Bu Fang had seen how fanatical and crazy the exiles were about this dark cuisine. From the very beginning, this cooking competition was unfair. He was on the side of being crushed.

At this moment, Bu Fang, deeply shocked, was somewhat confused. He was still recollecting the unpleasant flavor of the dark cuisine.

He could not think of a cuisine that could defeat this dark cuisine, a dish that could attract the exiles of District D, who were already spiritually attracted by it.

...

"It's over..."

The stooped old man had tears in his eyes as he stared at the image. He could understand the confused look on Bu Fang's face. There was a time when he, too, was lost like that, and then, he failed miserably.

Looking at the man, his expression became complicated. That was him, or rather, his old self. That was his past, but it was captured by the Queen of Curses and sealed in this Death Pass forever.

"The Queen of Curses..." He clenched his fists. Suddenly, a wisp of black curse rose inside him, filling him with excruciating pain and making him spasm all over.

...

"Blergh..."

"This food is too... disgusting! Only the filthy bugs in District D will eat it!"

“This is the Queen’s reward for them. It can suppress the curse, so they should be grateful!”

The nobles turned pale when they saw the man’s cooking. Some even covered their mouths and revealed unsightly expressions. Indeed, the impact of this kind of cooking on them was huge.

They had long known how this food was cooked, but whenever they saw it, they still felt a disgusting feeling that tumbled out from the depths of their bodies. This was also the reason why they looked down on the people in District D. In their view, the people who ate this kind of food were bugs.

“It’s disgusting, yes, but without a doubt... This chef cannot defeat this food!”

Some nobles shook their heads, smiling. They had lost the bets, but it did not stop them from winning the bets back in the next game.

The game was also started by Countess Xia Qiu, and the choices were between the winning side and the losing side. It was a question of whether Bu Fang could win or not.

Without a doubt, all these nobles bet that Bu Fang would lose. No one could win against this kind of food. This was a temptation from the soul level, and the bugs of District D loved it crazily as if it was a drug.

Nethery was nonchalant. She looked at Bu Fang, and her expression did not change at all. It was as if nothing could cause her face to change, and she had long since become indifferent to everything.

The noblewoman, on the other hand, wore a smile on her lips and watched with relish. “I’m looking forward to how this little fellow will handle this. If he can’t handle it... He would wish he had never been born.” She chuckled.

What kind of food would Bu Fang cook? No one knew the answer. They were not chefs, but if they were in his shoes, they would have despaired. Those exiles were deeply attracted by the dark cuisine. It was impossible for him to pull them to his side.

Bu Fang felt a tremendous amount of pressure. He did not expect to see the dark cuisine. He had tasted it before, just a tiny mouthful, and he did not dare to try again. It was a kind of food that worked on the soul level, something that could drive those exiles crazy.

To him, it was a dark cuisine, but to the exiles in District D, it was a heavenly cuisine. It would be extremely difficult for him to change this impression that had deeply etched into their souls. Habits were the worst, let alone a crazy, brainless habit.

From the moment he chose cooking, he was destined to fail.



Bu Fang furrowed his brows—he was thinking. He had to come up with a countermeasure. There were all kinds of possibilities in cooking, and it all depended on whether he could think of it or not.

He stroked his chin. Then, with a thought, his consciousness sank into the Heaven and Earth Farmland.

The wind was blowing. The grass swayed, revealing the grazing cows and sheep. The farmland was as beautiful as ever, quiet and relaxed.

Niu Hansan lay fast asleep in a recliner as a gentle breeze blew at him. Bu Fang's arrival woke him.

Bu Fang thought Niu Hansan, as the Father of Hybridization, might have better ways to defeat the dark cuisine. After all, this guy had stuffed the Great Path into food ingredients. So, he told him about his current situation.

1

"What? I can't believe someone dared to cook dark cuisine in front of Owner Bu!" Niu Hansan was shocked. He got up, pacing in front of the wooden hut.

Bu Fang was also trying to figure out what to do.

Suddenly, Niu Hansan slammed his fist on his palm. "Owner Bu! Why do those exiles like that dark cuisine? Because it can suppress their curses!

"Although it is a drug that will slowly kill them... The cultivation base of these exiles should not be too weak, and surely they know about this...

"So, in my opinion, Owner Bu should not think too much. Break it with brute force! You just need to cook a cuisine that can dispel these exiles' curses!" Niu Hansan said, his eyes flashing.

"Crush the dark cuisine with an absolutely delicious dish!"

After saying that, he turned and walked into the hut, twisting his buttocks. A few moments later, he came back out with a sack and gave it to Bu Fang.

Bu Fang paused. He took the sack, which contained countless beans. They were all perfectly rounded but came in a myriad of colors.

1

"What are these?" he asked, puzzled.

“Owner Bu... This is my latest masterpiece! Each of these beans has merged with all kinds of powers, including the power of the Great Path, the Laws, Soul Demons, and curses!” Niu Hansan rubbed his palms together.

1

“I plan to study them together with Owner Bu when you’re free, but I’ll give them to you now. This is a supreme-grade food ingredient!” Niu Hansan said confidently. He did not get his title as the Father of Hybridization for nothing.

Bu Fang had thrown many things into the Heaven and Earth Farmland. As his strength improved, he had thrown all kinds of strange ingredients inside. Apart from those he had eaten, many food ingredients were used and studied by Niu Hansan.

He raised his brows and glanced at Niu Hansan. ‘This fellow is indeed an extraordinary... cow. Merging the different powers from various universes? A grand mash-up?’

Yes and no, for this kind of mash-up was just the mash-up of powers in one food ingredient.

Bu Fang nodded. Suddenly, he was hopeful. As Niu Hansan said, he should just crush his opponent with brute force. No matter what tricks his opponent used, he just needed to crush them with brute force!

He stirred the colorful beans with his finger. He was looking forward to seeing what they could do.

“I’m leaving now,” Bu Fang said. The next moment, he left the farmland.

Niu Hansan crossed his legs and hummed a tune leisurely. The Father of Hybridization was... awesome!

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...

Bu Fang’s consciousness returned. He opened his eyes, and a sack of beans suddenly appeared in his hand.

He focused his eyes and looked at the man in the distance. The latter was almost done cooking his dark cuisine. He exhaled deeply and stopped hesitating.

Bu Fang poured all the beans into a blue-and-white porcelain bowl and soaked them with the Spring of Life. A rumbling sound rang out as he took out the heavy Black Turtle

Constellation Wok. What he wanted to cook this time was a cuisine made of beans, and he already knew what it was.

The Black Turtle roared, making Bu Fang's aura rise steadily. He focused his eyes and flicked his finger. The crimson divine flame jumped out and fell under the wok.

Bu Fang put all the beans into the wok and began to cook them. The colorful beans jumped and rolled. The divine flame seeped into them and quickly turned into a wisp of twitching flame in the middle of every bean. Before long, hot steam began to rise.

He poured out the water. The next moment, the Qilin Transmigration Ladle appeared, spun in his hand, then around his wrist. He inserted it into the wok and used it to mash the cooked beans.

When he was done, he took out a square of clean white gauze, wrapped up the mashed beans, and squeezed, pushing the bean paste through the cloth. By this point, the cuisine Bu Fang wanted to cook was basically taking shape.

He put the slightly sticky bean paste into the wok. It was colorful with patterns like flowing water, which looked very beautiful. He increased the temperature of the divine flame, then stir-fried the bean paste to reduce the moisture.

Unlike the man's pure black food, Bu Fang's colorful bean paste looked prettier. However, the people outside the kitchen were not interested in it at all. They just kept growling crazily at the man's food.

Bu Fang kept his composure as he seriously cooked his dish. He would not allow himself to be affected by them.

It was a long process to reduce the moisture of the bean paste, and it required gentle heat and constant stir-frying at a steady pace. It was similar to the man's cooking. He, too, was using gentle heat, stirring at a steady pace until the food turned sticky.

After a long time, Bu Fang added honey and oil into the dried bean paste. Then, he coated his palms with energy, thrust them into the wok, and retrieved the bean paste.

The bean paste spun in his hand, turning into a colorful spinning ball. It was warm and dazzling. He made it float in midair, then sent out streams of cold air to freeze it.

Meanwhile, Bu Fang started kneading the flour. He was too familiar with the process of making dough. Soon, the dough flew up, turned into a ball as well, and hovered in midair, echoing to the colorful ball of bean paste.

In the distance, the man had completed his cooking. He poured the food in the glass wok into the black pot on the wooden cart. Rolling hot steam wafted from the pot.

After that, he took out a clean square of white cloth and began to wipe his hand. He wiped meticulously and carefully, not missing even a spot. Before long, his hands were perfectly clean.

As soon as the man's dish was ready, the exiles outside the kitchen went completely insane. They crowded at the door and pushed at it, causing it to screech.

Bu Fang's face was indifferent. He glanced at the people outside the door, then continued kneading the dough at a steady pace. Yes, what he wanted to cook this time was... steamed buns stuffed with bean paste.

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Bu Fang's fingers were long, fair, and extremely agile. The dough flew up into the air and wrapped the colorful bean paste. After being kneaded, they quickly turned into all kinds of shapes, including cute rabbits and adorable sheep. He even made some that looked like Foxy and Shrimpy.

Such casual cooking baffled the crowd. Many people thought Bu Fang had chosen to give up.

One bamboo basket of buns stuffed with bean paste after another was placed into the steamer by Bu Fang. He wondered what kind of situation would appear when these buns came out of the steamer.

Since his opponent had gone to the extreme by cooking a dark cuisine, he chose to fight it head-on with cute, little steamed buns stuffed with bean paste.

Bu Fang snapped his fingers. A boom echoed out, and fire erupted under the steamer.

*Chapter 1708: No Surprise at All?*

Over the flame, the steamer glowed. Colorful light was brewing and swirling inside, as if it would explode at any time.

The steamer, through the image in the fighting pit, was transmitted into everyone's eyes. The nobles were sneering. They had seen with their own eyes the scene where Bu Fang kneaded the buns, and they thought he must have given up.

"He had kneaded rabbits and even foxes... Why don't he shape some of the buns like a pile of shit since he's just fooling around..."

They had been repeatedly slapped in the faces by Bu Fang. However, they were very resolved, for they did not think Bu Fang had any chance of winning this one.

In fact, of the four districts, District D was an exception. It was a lesser district, occupied by lowly exiles. Those people were all suffering, and they needed that kind of food to suppress the pain brought to them by the curses.

For that reason, the food, no matter how disgusting it was, had become the most sought-after food by those people. Besides, to those exiles, it was not... unpleasant to eat.

So, how was Bu Fang going to win? He was simply not on the same level as Void City's chef. Based on that, the result of the competition was clear.

Those people of District D would never spare a look at Bu Fang's food. Yes... They would not even spare a look at his food! In the eyes of those lowly people, only the food made of insects from the river of curses could whet their appetite.

Bu Fang cooked casually and happily with colorful light dancing on his face. 'Cooking is supposed to be a happy thing, and so is tasting food. So why give me so much restraint?' he thought to himself. At the thought, he felt his mind become clearer.

Steam rose. The life force in the Spring of Life diffused across the air as if to purify everything. The flame gradually grew smaller. Eventually, only a flame that looked like a lotus flower was burning.

Then, after burning for a little while, it disappeared completely. It turned into a wisp of flame and wound around Bu Fang's fingertip.

"The colorful steamed buns stuffed with bean paste are... done." The corners of Bu Fang's mouth lifted slightly. He seemed to be quite satisfied with this cooking.

An uproar broke out. Bu Fang had completed his cooking. This meant that the next step was the actual competition. Could he win? He would, of course, lose!

The nobles were sneering. They had absolutely no hope for Bu Fang. Of course, they also bet that he would lose. Some nobles even bet their entire fortune on it. After all, it was a game that only occurred once in tens of thousands of years.

The man gave Bu Fang a meaningful glance. The next moment, he jumped up the wooden cart.

In that fraction of a moment, Bu Fang was a little dazed. He felt that the man was somewhat familiar, somewhat similar to the stooped old man. Were they related to each other? Or perhaps... this man was the younger version of the old man? But why were they divided?

A moment later, it dawned on Bu Fang. This should be the curse the Queen of Curses was talking about, one that could trap him until the end of time.

It appeared that the stooped old man was also a man with a story. No wonder he had warned Bu Fang not to choose cooking. So this was the reason. He had been injured before.

As Bu Fang's cooking ended, a strange will seemed to be guiding him from the void. He opened the steamer and took out a round blue-and-white porcelain plate. As soon as the lid was removed, a plume of hot steam rushed into the sky.

Bu Fang held a pair of chopsticks and carefully picked up the buns. Each bun was lifelike as if it had come to life. Bu Fang had a feeling that once he gave them eyes, they would really come to life.

It was a very strange feeling, which made him feel like he was the Creator. Of course, he would not be deluded by such a feeling.

Bu Fang gave each bun a dot of sauce on its top. The buns rumbled, and all kinds of aura spread out of them. Some of them were surrounded by a peaceful aura, some gave off a murderous aura, and some even emanated the aura of curses.

All in all, this was an unusual batch of steamed buns. Bu Fang felt hungry as he looked at their white, tender skin, and the aroma of the bean paste that pervaded the air made him want to close his eyes to savor the sweet taste.

He licked his lips, somewhat excited and somewhat enjoying himself. No matter what other people think, the food he cooked always tasted the best to him.

The kitchen door was opened with a crash. One exile after another crazily rushed through it. However, they were hit by a profound force, which knocked them flying out.

Even though some of them were Saints of the Great Path, they suffered the same fate. However, as soon as they fell to the ground, they jumped up and rushed toward the kitchen again.

"I want to eat! I want to eat!"

"Give me food! I can't stand it anymore..."

"I want food!"

It was as if these exiles had gone mad. The scene was quite shocking. At least, for those nobles, it was a rare scene, and it hit them in the hearts.

It was better for Countess Xia Qiu. She occasionally passed by District D, so she was used to such scenes. As for the other nobles, they had never seen anything like this before. They simply could not comprehend such madness.

“These filthy fellows...”

“Despicable... insane! They had lost their edges and their basic qualifications as human beings!”

“These bugs... They deserve to be banished!”

The nobles shouted frantically—they reproached and scolded. The feeling of being superior deeply intoxicated them.

Void City was such a cruel place. For some people, it was a paradise, but for the exiles, it was hell. Some exiles tried to stage an uprising before, but with the Queen of Curses suppressing them, the so-called uprising was just a joke. They were wiped out with just a wave of her hand.

The Queen of Curses’ figure appeared again. The dignified woman was sitting on a throne with her long, straight legs crossed. Although she was made up of light dots, she gave people a feeling that she was real.

“Get out of here, all of you.” The Queen’s cold voice rang out.

The next moment, the exiles froze, then knelt on the ground and did not dare to move. The Queen’s aura terrified them.

“Even though you are the lowest exiles, you belong to my Void City. Keep your order and don’t bring shame to me... Those who disobey will be eliminated,” the Queen said coldly.

As soon as her voice rang out, the head of an exile, who took the opportunity to leap toward the wooden cart, exploded, and the curse in him corroded him into nothing in just a flash.

After the man was dead, the Queen transferred another man from District D. With that, no one dared to act wantonly again.

“Both of you will promote your dishes separately... There are a thousand people here who will evaluate your dishes. For every exile you won, the curse power on your wooden cart will increase a little bit. In the end, the one with the strongest curse power on his wooden cart wins,” the Queen announced the rule indifferently.

The man smiled, unimpressed. Promotion? His dish did not need any promotion.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, narrowed his eyes, clasped his hands behind his back, and stood unmoving like a mountain. What was promotion? He knew nothing about it. He had confidence in his dish.

As soon as the rule was announced, the nobles cried out excitedly. Nethery's face was nonchalant, however, and the look in her eyes did not change at all. Countess Xia Qiu was intrigued, while the noblewoman watched with interest.

The stooped old man stared at the image in a daze. His eyes were filled with despair. 'How is he going to win? There's simply no possibility and hope of winning... It's over. Everything is over. Bu Fang is dead...' He breathed out a long sigh.

...

"Now... Let the party begin!"

The Queen's voice rang out. Then, all hell broke loose in the image. The exiles, surrounded by curse power and looking like madmen, frantically rushed toward the wooden cart.

Everyone shuddered and stared at the image. The next moment, what was presented by the image made them burst out laughing. Nothing was out of their expectation—the competition was over before it had even started.

The one thousand exiles all madly swarmed toward the man's wooden cart. A deafening din filled the air, and the image became very crowded.

The man smiled faintly. He put one hand behind his back and waved the other. Countless old, chipped bowls flew out. Then, he ladled the sticky dark cuisine into these bowls.

So what if the food ingredient was dirty? So what if the cooking method was crude and brutal? These people had eaten his food for tens of thousands of years. He would not fail because of Bu Fang's arrival. Only he could defeat himself! The man's confidence was so strong that it almost poked a hole in the cloud.

The exiles grabbed the bowls and crazily poured the food into their mouths. Some of them even impatiently grabbed the food with their hands and shoved it into their mouths.

One bowl, two bowls, three bowls... Suddenly, a terrifying bestial roar rang out of the man's wooden cart. Then, a black dragon made up of curse power kept rising behind the man, emanating a mighty aura.

Ten feet, twenty feet, thirty feet... The curse power soared rapidly into the sky, rolling. The man stood confidently under it as if he was looking down on the world.



Looking at his former self, the stooped old man's face was bitter. Perhaps his former self had no idea that he had been sealed in this Death Pass until the end of time. He could only appear when someone was braving the Death Pass and after reaching the third pass. Otherwise, he could only wander in the endless darkness.

'So... Why are you so proud?' The old man felt sad.

Fifty feet, sixty feet... The pillar of curses behind the man soon broke through the one-hundred-feet mark. More and more people chose his dark cuisine, and the number broke through three hundred in just a few moments.

Bu Fang's wooden cart, on the contrary, was perfectly silent. Not even one exile came to him. The contrast was stark. He did not even get a wisp of curse power.

"Is there any need to compete? This is too miserable..." a noble said gloatingly with a big smile on his face.

"Sure enough, the Queen has a deep-seated aversion to chefs. This is the most extreme blow to a chef. When he realizes that the cuisine he meticulously cooked is defeated by a dark cuisine cooked with the insects living in the depths of the river of curses..."

"The blow will plunge the overconfident chef into the abyss of despair... That's how the old man was struck down and lost back then. Looks like this young man is about to repeat his footsteps..."

It seemed to everyone that Bu Fang was bound to lose. Nethery's eyes flickered. The noblewoman chuckled and shook her head as if she was feeling sorry for Bu Fang.

Countess Xia Qiu, on the other hand, had a disappointed look in her eyes. She actually wanted Bu Fang to succeed. Back then, that man had failed... She did not want this young man to repeat that man's footsteps. After all, she saw the man in Bu Fang.

'Am I really going to lose?'

Bu Fang stood in front of his wooden cart and slightly furrowed his brows, looking at the crazy exiles. Using a hand he had washed clean, he picked up a bun, then gently split it apart.

Rumble!

A colorful light beam thrust out of the bun in an instant.

'Since you don't want to eat, I'll eat it myself...' Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth.

As a chef, Bu Fang had absolute confidence in his dishes. Since those exiles did not want to eat it, he would eat it himself.

He reached out a hand and picked up a soft bun. White and delicate, it came in the shape of a little fox. Bu Fang had put a drop of honey on where its eyes should be, which glinted and made the bun look alive.

In the distance, Foxy, lying on Whitey's shoulder, cried out. She widened her eyes and stared at the little fox in Bu Fang's hand, which was as lifelike as if it were coming to life. She seemed a little confused.

Foxy looked carefully. She wanted to see if the big brother in Bu Fang's hand was here to compete with her for favors. Suddenly, she froze, because Bu Fang held the bun and violently ripped it apart.

The skin of the torn bun was soft and fluffy like cotton and filled with holes, which were emanating wisps of hot steam. Shafts of colorful light shot out from the bun as well, flashing brilliantly.

Foxy was startled. She jumped, rolled, crawled on Whitey's shoulder, and finally hugged its head, shivering in fear.

'It's so scary! That big brother who tries to compete with me for favors is ripped apart just like that! And he is eaten by Bu Fang... This world is so horrible! Are all good-looking foxes to be eaten?'

Foxy could not help but feel sad for her future. It seemed that she needed to keep her distance from Bu Fang.

Bu Fang grabbed the bun and took a deep breath. A strong scent of bean paste wafted out of it and burrowed into his nostrils. The feeling was wonderful.

Just from the scent alone, Bu Fang could already sense the vast amount of power contained in the bean paste. It contained the power of all kinds of Laws, even the power of Soul Demons. It was very peculiar.

'So this is the power of the bean Niu Hansan was talking about?' Bu Fang thought to himself. Then, he closed his eyes, shoved the bun into his mouth, and took a bite.

The first thing he bit into was the soft, fluffy skin. Made of divine wheat of the finest quality, not only was the skin fluffy and fragrant, but it also had a sweet taste and a silky smooth texture.

After that, he came to the bean paste. The colorful bean paste was sticky, but it did not attach to his teeth. When he bit into it, he felt a coarse texture like that of fine sand, and a sweet taste exploded in an instant. The sweetness was just right, flowing slowly through his heart like a stream.

Bu Fang enjoyed the taste. After taking a bite of the bun, he felt as if his whole being had been uplifted. A wave of invisible energy spun rapidly and moved inside him.

Suddenly, Bu Fang opened his eyes, lifted his hand, and gave the arm a look. The curse power, which was crawling on the arm, began to be slowly suppressed. The various energies contained in the bean paste were a great torment to the curse power.

Soon, the curse power was compressed into a corner and no longer moved. Bu Fang did not expect this. He could not believe that the bean paste buns actually had a suppressing effect on the curse power.

This was a pleasant surprise. Its discovery gave Bu Fang more confidence. Perhaps, this bean paste bun could find the breach in the hopeless situation and violently rip it into a huge opening!

He shoved the remaining bun into his mouth, chewed, swallowed. The corners of his mouth lifted slightly.

In the distance, the man clasped his hands behind his back as if he was looking down on the world. He had everything in his grasp, and he was bound to be victorious. The chef who fought against him would definitely lose. How could the latter win? With those strange buns?

The man sneered. Those exiles craved his food, and they would even die for it. What reason did they have to eat that bun? And what was so special about the bun that could attract them?

No one expected Bu Fang to win because it was not a fair fight from the start. The Queen's purpose was to completely destroy this chef.

The cursed dragon on the man's wooden cart kept climbing. It had broken through the mark of three hundred feet. If it continued to rise, Bu Fang would not have any possibility to win.

There were one thousand exiles, so the maximum height a cursed dragon could reach was one thousand feet. If any side reached five hundred feet first, then the competition was over.

It was simply impossible for Bu Fang to launch a desperate counterattack. In fact, he could not even get a wisp of curse power.

The nobles watching the image in the fighting pit were all sneering. Their only anticipation now was to witness the chef being defeated, banished by the Queen by having his soul extracted, and sealed up forever.

However, the chef seemed to be very calm—he was leisurely eating a bun. No one in Void City ate food because the Queen hated chefs. So these nobles had not had food in a long time.

In their opinion, only those disgusting bugs in District D would eat food. At their level, not eating anything would not cause any problem. Their power would not be affected even if they did not eat for tens of thousands of years.

...

Bu Fang finished a bean paste bun. The feeling of satiety made him happy. Sometimes happiness was as simple as eating a bun or even drinking a glass of water.

His wooden cart was empty. None of the exiles came to him. They were all crowding around the man's wooden cart, kneeling and licking like a bunch of mad dogs that had not been fed for countless years. Even the tiny drops of the dark cuisine that fell on the ground were fought by countless people.

However, perhaps overly crowded, some people did not get the dark cuisine. Their eyes were red as they crazily packed beneath the cart, and fights broke out between them.

For a moment, terrible energy blasts flew back and forth. Some weaker exiles were knocked flying away and fell far away, while others looked like savage beasts.

The man watched indifferently. The nobles, on the other hand, were laughing frantically. It all seemed like a farce to them.

Bu Fang frowned at these people. Suddenly, he grabbed a bun, took a step, and jumped down from the wooden cart. His dashing appearance caused many people to freeze.

"What is this guy trying to do?"

"Is this chef crazy?"

Bu Fang landed on the cold ground and walked step by step toward the distance. Soon, he came up to the crowded exiles.

Standing on the wooden cart, the man looked down coldly at Bu Fang with disdain and arrogance in his eyes.

Bu Fang returned the look with an expressionless nod. Then, he took the bun, walked up to an exile who was thrown away, and lightly patted the man on the shoulder.

The exile jerked his head up and stared at Bu Fang with a pair of red eyes. "I want to eat... I want to eat!" he said crazily, clutching Bu Fang's hand.

"Alright, alright... Here's something for you to eat." Bu Fang nodded and flicked his finger. Immediately, the bean paste bun was shoved into the exile's mouth.

"Hmm?" The exile's expression changed dramatically. He subconsciously thought he had eaten that dark cuisine, and his face beamed with joy. His jaws moved rapidly as he chewed. A few moments later, he began to chew slower and slower, and his eyes became glazed over.

'Hmm... Why does this taste so... strange?' The exile glanced at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang patted him on the shoulder as the corners of his mouth lifted slightly. With his hands clasped behind him, he walked casually toward his wooden cart.

The exile chewed faster again. It was delicious. The sweet taste had moved him, who had been banished to Void City for countless years. His heart, which was as still as a pool of dead water, suddenly shrank. Then, it expanded, and a vast amount of life force poured out of it.

This was a long-lost taste. The exile looked at his arm. The curse power on his wrist began to keep churning. As soon as he ate the bun, the savage curse power that had tortured him every day like a poisonous snake began to melt like snow in summer.

Unlike the dark cuisine that only suppressed the curse power and was, in fact, a slow death, the bean paste bun was truly melting the curse! It brought him a refreshing sensation that he had never felt before, as if a spring breeze had blown over him.

The exile glanced over his shoulder at Bu Fang's wooden cart. Then, without hesitation, he crazily rushed toward it, crawling and rolling! Eat... He still wanted to eat! He had gone mad. In a flash, he came before the cart. His eyes were full of desire.

Bu Fang flicked his finger. A bunny-shaped bun immediately flew into the exile's hand. The exile took the delicate white bun with his dirty and black hands, holding it carefully as if he was holding his hope.

The hot bun brought him a long-lost warmth. Its white skin was covered with dark palm prints, but the exile did not mind at all. He lifted the bun and took a bite.

Hot steam and colorful light enveloped him in an instant. The exile felt he was reborn. Tears trickled down his face and fell to the ground.

One bite, two bites, three bites... Soon, the whole bun was shoved into his mouth. He dropped to his knees and burst into tears. The curse power in him was almost completely gone, and the gloom that enveloped him vanished in a flash.

He was touched, and tears kept trickling down his cheeks. He threw his head back, opened his mouth, and roared excitedly. His voice contained too many things...

He might be an evil man and have done something unpardonable tens of thousands of years ago, which caused his universe to banish him, but from the bean paste bun just now, he felt the meaning of his existence.

In the distance, the exiles who knelt in front of the man's wooden cart that carried the dark cuisine were all attracted by the roar. They seemed less crazy now. Many carefully glanced over their shoulders and looked at the only exile who knelt before Bu Fang's wooden cart.

The exile's face was covered with tears, and his body... emanated a warm feeling like that of the morning sun. Meanwhile, a wisp of curse power appeared on Bu Fang's wooden cart.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth twitched slightly as he looked at the curse power. "The miracle... starts now," he murmured.

The appearance of this wisp of curse power stunned the nobles and Countess Xia Qiu. Nethery was calm, but the noblewoman's pupils constricted.

As the Duchess of District A, the noblewoman might not understand the madness of these exiles for the dark cuisine, but she knew that this chef must have something up his sleeves to be able to snatch a wisp of curse power from the dark cuisine.

The man's pupils constricted. He could not believe that Bu Fang had snatched what should be his from his dark cuisine. Even the old man watching from outside was struck dumb, his face incredulous.

The curse power of the exile kneeling in front of Bu Fang's wooden cart faded away. In that instant, all the other exiles fixed their eyes on him. They felt as if a wave washed over them in a flash.

The next moment, a deafening roar erupted in the fighting pit. The exiles all jumped to their feet and crazily rushed toward Bu Fang's wooden cart.

The miracle was about to begin.

*Chapter 1710: Turn the Tide!*

The miracle did... begin.

The nobles laughing in the fighting pit no longer laughed. Rather, they stared at the image in shock and disbelief.

“This cannot be...”

“Those bugs are going to... defy heaven!”

“What a familiar situation... Are our bets going to... leave us again?!”

A few nobles gritted their teeth. The familiar feeling that hit them in the faces nearly knocked them off their feet.

Countess Xia Qiu’s pupils constricted. Although deep in her heart, she hoped that Bu Fang would not repeat that man’s footsteps—she never thought that he could do this.

‘Is this chef going to complete the feat that no one had achieved for countless years? Perhaps... there really is hope? But... this should be something impossible...’

The curses of Void City were everywhere. What had been torturing these exiles were the curses from the Queen of Curses. Except for dark cuisine, nothing could suppress the torture and pain brought by those curses.

Would these exiles, who had been tortured by the curses for countless years, give up the cure just to satisfy their appetite? Therefore, no chefs could defeat this dark cuisine.

...

The exiles kept slamming at the wooden cart, causing it to creak. One of them, who was dirty and skinny, pulled the exile who had eaten Bu Fang’s bun to his feet. The curse power on the exile’s arm was suppressed and almost disappeared.

“This is... real!”

At that moment, an uproar broke out among the exiles. It turned out that apart from the dark cuisine, there was another cuisine that could stop the curses in them. How could this not drive them crazy?

As if their doubts were solved, the exiles raised their heads and stared at Bu Fang with bright eyes filled with desire.

“Don’t push. One at a time,” Bu Fang said. The next moment, he raised his hand and kept flicking his finger. One bean paste bun after another shot out from the wooden cart, turned into light streams, and plunged into the crowd.

A commotion broke out in the crowd as the exiles fought for the buns. Those who got the buns impatiently shoved them into their mouths.

One exile got the bun, then the second one... As they began to eat the buns, their eyes became wet. They chewed crazily and felt a warm stream flow through them. It was as if their bodies had been cleansed and baptized. It was a wonderful feeling.

In fact, not all exiles chose Bu Fang. After all, the habits of countless years could not be changed in a day. There were about one hundred people who chose him. Most of them were people with weaker strength and could not get the dark cuisine.

However, after these exiles ate the buns, they felt their hearts and bodies almost melt. The curse power in them kept being washed away.

Bu Fang put his hands behind his back and watched with an indifferent face. He had expected this all along. His dishes could suppress the power of curses, and this had been reflected in Nethery’s case. In fact, these exiles’ curses were much easier to get rid of than that of Nethery.

The man stood on his wooden cart, facing Bu Fang. He was very confident because he was about to win. He was surprised that Bu Fang had snatched some curse power from him, but it did not matter because his curse power had reached the mark of three hundred and ninety feet, very close to five hundred feet.

On the other hand, the curse power on Bu Fang’s wooden cart had merely reached one hundred feet. The gap between them was too large. The miracle did appear, but it could not change the ending.

Suddenly, the man furrowed his brows. He seemed to notice something unusual. In front of Bu Fang’s wooden cart, the people who had eaten the bean paste buns all rose to their feet voluntarily and ran toward him.

“Hmm... Are they coming back? What should come back will eventually come back...”  
The man smiled.



The scene made many people laugh as well. The nobles, who were starting to get low-spirited, broke out into an uproar again.

“Yes! You all belong to the dark cuisine!”

“You lowly bugs are only worthy of disgusting cuisines! Hahaha!”

The nobles’ roars seemed to hasten the pace of the exiles. They ran, rushing into the crowd in front of the man’s wooden cart.

Suddenly, the faces of all the nobles froze, and the man’s confident smile also froze on his face. What happened next smashed him in the chest like a hammer, suffocating him.

The exiles who returned from Bu Fang’s wooden cart pulled up the exiles in front of the man’s cart and whispered something to them. Then, the exiles who had firmly chosen the man’s dark cuisine changed their direction and rushed crazily toward Bu Fang’s cart.

For a moment, the atmosphere became somewhat awkward. The nobles no longer spoke, and they looked defeated.

“I...” One of them opened his mouth. He seemed to have seen the scene of his bets flying away.

“Don’t worry! That chef cannot make it! Look at their curse powers!” Someone bellowed, which sounded like the last struggle.

The man’s curse power continued to climb. Of course, it was much slower now. It had reached four hundred and twenty feet. But that was not the end. It continued to rise.

As for Bu Fang’s wooden cart, after the initial silence, its curse power skyrocketed. One hundred feet, two hundred feet, three hundred feet... In just a flash, it had rushed to three hundred feet, closing in on the man’s record!

A tremendous amount of pressure enveloped the man in an instant! “Dammit! How is this possible!” he growled.

With a shake of his hand, the dark cuisine in the black pot began to churn, and he ladled them into more porcelain bowls. Then, he threw the bowls at the crowd.

“Eat... Eat to your hearts’ content! Eat more and contribute more curse power!” the man shouted crazily. At last, there was a hint of anxiety in his voice.

Bu Fang was not anxious at all. He sat on the wooden cart, swinging his legs. Every now and then, he would casually wave his hand, and a bun would shoot out immediately.

Down below the cart were the exiles who could not wait to try the bean paste bun. The curse power in them was flushed out continuously and contributed to Bu Fang's score. The pillar behind him rose higher and higher, and finally, it broke through the mark of four hundred feet!

At that moment, the man felt as if he was struck by lightning, and the nobles felt breathless, wondering if this chef was here to purposely slap them in the faces.

The man's curse power was four hundred and sixty feet tall, while Bu Fang's curse power reached four hundred feet. The gap between them was only sixty feet. There were only about two hundred and forty exiles who had not yet eaten food, and they were still choosing.

The stooped old man stared at the light screen in a daze. It was as if something had struck him inside. The feeling was difficult to put in words. Back then, he was defeated and powerless to fight back. But Bu Fang, who he pinned no hope to, was about to create a miracle!

"This..." The old man was filled with mixed emotions as he stared at Bu Fang in the image. The young man was still calm and expressionless. His face was filled with confidence, which came from his strength. Tens of thousands of years ago, the old man was just as confident.

"Maybe... He does have a chance to get into District C."

...

Countess Xia Qiu began to breathe faster. Her hands, holding the railing, clenched hard, crushing the stone and causing tiny pieces of it to fall.

Perhaps... She could really see that man this time?!

For a moment, she was a little scared, and her heart leaped. She had forgotten how many years it had been since she last had this kind of emotion. She was a resolute, murderous Chaotic Saint, and her heart should not leap!

Nethery looked on nonchalantly. Her expression did not change at all.

The look of shock on the noblewoman's face had disappeared, replaced by a smile. It was a strange smile.

...

A steaming bun was torn apart. Its sticky bean paste was shoved into an exile's mouth, filling him with life force. The feeling was hard to put in words. It was too wonderful.

As Bu Fang looked at the exiles down below, who burst into tears of joy after eating his bean paste buns, he felt an unprecedented sense of satisfaction filling his heart.

'These people have not given up on themselves...' Bu Fang thought. The corners of his mouth lifted slightly.

All the while, he was sitting on the wooden cart. He did not glance over his shoulder at the curse power behind him, so he had no idea how tall it had reached. He did not need to know, however. All he needed was an outcome.

The man's eyes seemed sunken. The pressure had turned his voice hoarse. He kept giving out the dark cuisine, filling every bowl to the brim. He wanted to keep these exiles.

"Dammit! Since when did I have to use tricks to keep these bugs..."

The curse power of the exiles was getting lesser and lesser, and the growth of Bu Fang's curse power also became slower. However, the growth of the man's curse power became even slower.

"Four hundred and eighty feet..." The man looked at his curse power, panting for breath.

"Come on! Don't stop! Keep moving!" The nobles were shouting and cheering. The growth of the curse power would decide the fate of their bets.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, continued to give out buns with an indifferent face. Perhaps this was the highest level of showboating.

Suddenly, the man growled and punched the wooden cart, causing the dark cuisine to spill. His curse power stopped at the mark of four hundred and ninety feet. He just needed ten feet to reach five hundred feet.

And Bu Fang's curse power had reached... four hundred and ninety feet as well! They were at the same height now! Over the two wooden carts, the two black cursed dragons roared as if to outshine one another. It was a shocking sight.

"Eat! You bugs... eat quickly! Don't you guys love dark cuisine? Don't you all want to eat it even on your knees? You can't stop your healing! Eat now!" the man bellowed, holding the dark cuisine.

The crowd had thinned out in front of his wooden cart. There were only a few figures left. A skinny man walked up with trembling steps and took the bowl the man had shoved to him. The dark cuisine in the bowl churned as if something was wriggling inside.

The skinny exile glanced at the man, who was roaring savagely, then at Bu Fang, who was giving out buns in the distance with an expressionless face. For some reason, his heart, which had been dormant for countless years, suddenly grew hotter and hotter.

Holding the bowl filled with the dark cuisine, he glanced at the man. Suddenly, he rose to his feet. At that moment, his skinny figure looked as lofty and magnificent as a great mountain. He raised the bowl and then flung it to the ground with all his strength.

With bloodshot eyes and a flush creeping up his neck, he gave a roar. It was a shout that came from the depths of his soul.

“How dare you roar at me!” The man clenched his fists. He was so angry that he was about to go crazy.

The skinny exile kicked the bowl on the ground. Then, he threw his head back and walked with high spirits toward Bu Fang’s wooden cart.

At this very moment, the man could only hear the sound of shattering glass. “Those people have revolted...” His strength seemed to have been stripped away. He staggered back one step and slumped on the wooden cart.

Suddenly, he realized that for a chef, perhaps the only thing that mattered was the diners.

The skinny exile took the bean paste bun handed to him by Bu Fang and wolfed it down.

Rumble!

A sonorous dragon roar echoed out, and the cursed dragon over Bu Fang’s wooden cart broke through the height of five hundred feet!