

Gourmet of Another World #Chapter 1711: Spend His Life Climbing Over a Wall - Read Gourmet of Another World Chapter 1711: Spend His Life Climbing Over a Wall

Chapter 1711: Spend His Life Climbing Over a Wall

Five hundred feet!

Everyone was stunned the moment the cursed dragon over Bu Fang's wooden cart broke through five hundred feet. The black dragon roared, and its scales seemed to become real.

Five hundred feet was a watershed, which basically set the foundation of victory. But it was still not enough.

The man was mad. He was overtaken. The first to reach five hundred feet was not him, but the other chef. However, he did not give up. He still had a chance. He looked at the ten confused exiles down below. As long as he got them to eat his food, he could still win.

A draw was a shame for him, but it was also a victory. This was the Queen's rule. If both sides reached five hundred feet, then it was a draw. But a draw would still be a win for Void City.

However, he was soon disappointed. No matter how he shouted, the exiles all chose to leave him, staggering toward the other wooden cart. The chef sitting on the other cart looked at him with an expressionless face. He felt a blow in his chest, which suffocated him.

Bu Fang's cursed dragon grew taller again, surpassing five hundred feet in an instant. Finally, it reached the height of five hundred and ten feet.

Suddenly, all the exiles disappeared. The Queen of Curses' ghostly green figure emerged once again, looking down at both men from high up. An icy cold aura spread in a flash.

"The cooking competition is over..." The Queen's cold voice rang out.

Bu Fang got up calmly and glanced over his shoulder. Over his wooden cart, a black divine dragon soared into the sky, its cold scales emanating an eerie glow.

'Five hundred and ten feet. Hmm... Not bad.'

Although winning the competition was something Bu Fang had expected, he did feel nervous. It was very difficult to break the habits of tens of thousands of years with just a dish. It was like breaking the norm.

The exiles had been trapped in Void City by the curse power for countless years. They had long been accustomed to the pleasant feeling that came when the curses were suppressed by the dark cuisine. So, Bu Fang was really under pressure trying to break their habit with bean paste buns.

Fortunately, it was a happy ending.

Across the kitchen, the man was looking at his hands in terror. He was defeated. He could not believe that he was defeated. Incredulity, shock, anger, despair... All kinds of emotions appeared on his face. He could not accept this fact. In his mind, he was an invincible legend, but in reality, he lost.

"Why..." He clutched his chest with a hand, and his face crumpled up. "Why did I lose?" he murmured, asking himself.

Meanwhile, the stooped old man, watching from outside, was already in tears. This was him tens of thousands of years ago, but... he had long been defeated. At that time, he looked exactly like this.

This was the confident him, which was stripped away by the Queen. The confident him was also part of him, and it felt really bad to taste failure the second time.

Bu Fang stood in front of the wooden cart. Looking at the despairing man, he could not help but frown. The carts shattered with a rumble. He landed on the cold floor, and so did the man.

The Queen of Curses crossed her legs, looking down at the two men. This was not her true self, but the will she had placed here.

"The winner has been decided... You." The Queen's gaze turned and rested on Bu Fang. "However... I'm very curious how you managed to suppress my curse..." she said.

She was not the only one who was curious. Everyone watching this wanted to know the answer as well.

The man was still lost in thought, while the nobles sitting around the fighting pit were crestfallen.

"There was a girl whose curse in her was stronger than this. I have to feed her every day and suppress her curse... I have the experience," Bu Fang said truthfully after thinking for a moment.

He had the experience...

The clamoring nobles fell silent, and Countess Xia Qiu was speechless. Nethery's expression remained unchanged, but the noblewoman trembled with laughter.

"Intriguing... This little chef is really intriguing..."

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The Queen of Curses narrowed her eyes. "You have the experience?" Shaking her head, she did not ask further. Then, she raised her hand and jerked a finger at Bu Fang. "You have won, so you can enter Void City and become a higher being. But this loser will be completely wiped out," she said.

As her voice faded away, Bu Fang quickly lifted his hand. The curse power on his wrist had completely disappeared. Clearly, the so-called curse power was actually a restriction to the level of the living beings in Void City. Bu Fang did not like this.

A rumbling sound echoed out, and the Queen's aura changed. She pointed the other finger at the distraught man in the distance.

The man howled. The curse power gradually spread all over his body, tangled him, and began to devour him. Then, a ghostly green flame appeared. The man seemed to be burning and suffering from the cruelest torment. Eventually, he vanished completely.

Outside, the stooped old man trembled, and a look of relief came into his eyes. It was finally over. The shackle that fettered his heart was finally burned off. Bu Fang's victory was a blessing for him.

With a buzzing sound, the scene before Bu Fang's eyes disappeared, and the Queen of Curses' figure began to slowly fade away. However, he had a feeling that the Queen was watching him. The gaze seemed to look through him, which discomforted him.

The Queen of Curses' strength was definitely extraordinary and far beyond the Heavengod level. This level was not what Bu Fang could get in touch with at the moment. He speculated that she should be an existence of the same level as the God of Cooking.

Void City was definitely the top power in the multi-universes. It was even stronger than the Chaotic Space. After all, it was the land of exiles for all the universes. How could it accommodate so many exiles if it did not have fearsome strength?

Rumble...

A shaft of dazzling light shone down. It made Bu Fang feel warm all over. As the comfortable sunlight that he could not feel in District D shone on him, the stooped old man, Whitey, Foxy, and Shrimpy appeared around him.

He beckoned at Foxy. However, he was surprised to see that the little fox hugged Whitey's head tightly, shook her head at him, and waved her little paws to turn him down.

'What happened to this little one? Why does she seem to be afraid of me?'

The stooped old man looked at Bu Fang with complicated eyes. The curse power in him began to keep corroding him. He knew he did not have much time left.

The main reason he could live so long was because of his former self, who was sealed in the Death Pass. Now, his former self had disappeared together with the shackle that restricted his life. He could finally be liberated.

Suddenly, the old man lifted his trembling hand, which was holding a golden recipe.

"Hmm?!" As soon as Bu Fang saw the recipe, his pupils constricted, then he stared at the old man in shock and suspicion.

"This recipe is now yours... You made me realize that the old me was very unqualified." The old man chuckled, though the corrosion of the curse power filled him with excruciating pain. "I have to thank you for setting me free..."

The recipe turned into a beam of golden light and went into Bu Fang's spirit sea. The next moment, the old man walked toward the exit of the Death Pass. His every step was firm and resolute, unswerving.

Bu Fang exhaled and followed behind the old man. Whitey walked with its mechanical steps and followed as well.

The Death Pass' doors opened with a crash. For the first time in countless years, someone had broken through the Death Pass. This was something that no one had expected. The nobles were all stunned. With dropped jaws, they stared at the few figures walking slowly out through the doors in the fighting pit.

The sunlight spilled into the fighting pit. The old man felt a warmth washed over him. 'So this is the city she lives in...' After being separated by a wall for tens of thousands of years, he was finally able to see her again. He had spent his life climbing over the wall...

Rumble...

The Death Pass' doors closed, and the passes inside had changed. As for what they became, no one knew except the will of the Queen of Curses in it.

The silent fighting pit was in an instant uproar, and the noise echoed through the skies. Countless nobles shouted and hooted crazily and excitedly. Someone had actually broken through the Death Pass. This was a thrilling event in their endless lives, and it had stirred their dull lives like a pebble thrown in a lake.

They widened their eyes and stared at Bu Fang. Some nobles even bellowed that they wanted to kill him because he had caused them to lose a great fortune.

Countess Xia Qiu stood in her place, looking down at the fighting pit as well. However, unlike the others, all that she saw was the old man. The stooped, ugly old man had become her only focus now.

The old man's gaze, too, found her in the crowd at a glance. Their gazes met in the air, and they stared at each other, wordless.

Bu Fang scratched his head and walked out of the doors. The warm sunshine made him feel good. This was where people should live. District D was simply too depressing. He exhaled. He was one step closer to his goal of opening a restaurant in Void City.

"Hmm?" Suddenly, Bu Fang paused, then he looked up and rested his gaze on the highest bench. Nethery stood quietly there, her face indifferent. The noblewoman was at her side, staring at him with a smile and even waving at him.

'What a surprise. I found Nethery as soon as I walked out of the Death Pass... This seems to be a little easier than expected...'

"Thank you... for allowing me to see her in the last moments of my life..." The old man glanced at Bu Fang. The next moment, he ran toward the distance with joy that bubbled up from the depths of his soul.

"How dare you!"

"What an insolent fellow!"

Many nobles around the fighting pit bellowed, while guards clad in black armor descended and raised their cold spears, stopping in front of the old man.

"Get out of the way!" An icy cold voice thundered.

All the guards froze, and the nobles' shouting came to an abrupt stop. A graceful figure walked out of darkness, emanating an icy cold killing intent.

The guards stepped aside as they looked at Countess Xia Qiu in horror. Her cloak fluttered as she walked one step after another. Soon, she came up to the old man.

The old man was shivering. The black curse power was constantly corroding his body, and his life force was plunging rapidly.

Countess Xia Qiu sighed. Her long, fair hands caught the old man's arm, and her cloak wrapped him up. She gave Bu Fang a deep look, then her sexy and moist red lips parted slightly and said, "Thank you..."

As soon as her voice rang out, a black dragon let out a deafening roar, ripped through the void, and came to the fighting pit, emanating a terrifying aura. Countess Xia Qiu jumped up the dragon's back with the old man and left.

Not even one noble dared to breathe too loudly, and the guards' expressions were complex. The corners of the noblewoman's mouth curved slightly as she watched Xia Qiu leave.

Bu Fang did not know what the old man's name was. But it was no longer important. He just hoped that he would be happy in the last moments of his life.

He looked up and rested his eyes on Nethery. Cocking his head, Bu Fang thought for a while. Then, he strode toward her just like the old man did.

The nobles were speechless.

"Again?"

The guards paused, too, and they wondered if there was another Countess Xia Qiu...

Bu Fang thought Nethery might run down the steps like Countess Xia Qiu. After all, she loved his cooking so much.

The corner of the noblewoman's mouth twitched, and she looked somewhat speechlessly at Bu Fang. Meanwhile, the guards raised their spears and pointed the sharp tips at him.

Standing up there, Nethery's face was cold and indifferent, and the look in her eyes did not change at all. "Let's go," she said to the noblewoman. After that, she turned, took a step, and vanished. She showed no sign of reluctance.

Bu Fang was stunned. The atmosphere suddenly became quiet.

Whitey, with its mechanical eyes flashing, walked to Bu Fang's side, lifted its huge palm, and patted him on the shoulder.

Chapter 1712: Countess Xia Qiu's Request

Nethery's departure was quite embarrassing for Bu Fang. However, it filled him with doubts as well. Under normal conditions, she would have chosen him. And the look in her eyes was strange to him. It was as if... she was another person.

Was Nethery not the same Netherworld woman she used to be because too much time had gone by? There was definitely something fishy in this.

No one could tell that Bu Fang was embarrassed. After all, his face was expressionless.

The air in the fighting pit continued to ring with noises. The chef, who had created a miracle, had amazed the nobles and, of course, made them lose their bets.

"I can't believe a bug from District D actually made it into District C!"

"This is something that hasn't happened in countless years..."

"How exciting and intriguing... I want this guy!"

The nobles chattered noisily. The next moment, escorted by their guards, they jumped from the spectator seats into the fighting pit. The cultivation base of these nobles was not weak. Some with hereditary titles might be weaker, but those who got their titles by their own strength were fearsome.

They gathered around Bu Fang, filling the air with a powerful, intimidating aura.

"Hey, you from District D! As the first bug that made it into District C, I want to take you in as my servant!" A noble who thought highly of himself stared at Bu Fang.

"I need someone to distribute the dark cuisine in the area under my jurisdiction in District D... and I've chosen you," another noble said arrogantly.

"Hey, you District D bug! You'd better follow me! You've f*cking caused me to lose half of my fortune! If you don't follow me, I'll kill you!" a fierce-looking noble bellowed.

Bu Fang was somewhat speechless as he looked at the group of nobles shouting and jumping in front of him like a group of clowns. And what they said puzzled him.

"Whitey... Settle them for me," Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and said. These nobles had become the best targets for him to vent his embarrassment of being ignored by Nethery.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed. With a clunking sound, the flags behind its back soared into the sky. Then, they fell back down and smashed the ground, causing the entire fighting pit to tremble.

"What is going on?"

Many nobles were stunned. They could not believe that the bug from District D tried to attack them, the nobles of District C.

"Is he out of his mind?!"

A man from District D who just made it into District C was just a commoner. How dare he challenge the nobles? In Void City, titles and status were extremely important. No commoners dared to provoke the nobles because not only did they possess a formidable cultivation base, but they were also protected by guards.

The moment Whitey moved, the nobles' guards struck out as well. The strength of these guards was not weak either. Some of them were Saints of the Great Path, and some were peak God Emperors. If they were in the Chaotic Universe, they would be the supreme beings revered by all, but in here, they could only be guards.

Suddenly, a buzzing sound echoed out, and then an invisible fluctuation spread from inside Whitey's body. It was its field, and as soon as it appeared, the guards paused slightly.

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The next moment, silver spears shot forward like dragons. They pierced through the air, ripped the clothes of the guards and the nobles, and knocked them flying away.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed. Many people were overwhelmed by its great strength. Foxy jumped into Bu Fang's arms, shivering. She was afraid that she would be eaten in the next second.

Bu Fang walked at a steady pace with Whitey opening a path ahead. Figures were flying away to either side in front of them, and ragged clothes kept falling as if it was raining. Walking in this strange rain, they soon left the fighting pit.

The nobles were struck dumb, especially those who had not made a move. Many people's jaws dropped as they watched one noble after another fall to the ground with their clothes stripped, including even Saints of the Great Path.

"It seems that... a troublemaker has come to District C!"

Although these nobles were not weak, they were not strong either. Saints of the Great Path were also divided into early-tier, mid-tier, and high-tier. Bu Fang's fighting prowess

was equivalent to that of a peak Saint of the Great Path, while Whitey... It was like a bug in the system.

Most of these nobles were just ordinary God Emperors or ordinary early-tier Saints of the Great Path. They could only be stripped naked by Whitey.

Whitey was very excited. Those nobles who approached its field could only fight it with bare fists, and it was never afraid of close-quarters combat. It kept waving its huge palms, ripping the clothes of the nobles with every slap.

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They left the fighting pit and came to District C. The pit was located at the center of the district, but the district was not the center of Void City. So, this place was not Bu Fang's destination and focus.

Meanwhile, Nethery, who seemed to have become a stranger to Bu Fang, filled his mind with questions. What happened to her?

After walking out of the fighting pit, Whitey stood quietly at his side. The nobles did not follow them but stood watching them from afar.

Bu Fang was somewhat dazed as soon as he left the fighting pit. District C was too huge. Countless buildings were presented before him, which stretched as far as his eyes could see. For a moment, they made him feel a little bit lost.

It could be said that Bu Fang had fought his way out of the fighting pit. It was the first time that the nobles of District C had seen such a violent man. Their guards, who had never let them down before, had failed this time.

Bu Fang was not interested in District C. The main purpose of his visit to Void City was to find Nethery, and the other purpose was to bring the arm, or rather, Heavengod Transmigration, back to the Chaotic Universe.

He pulled over a noble, who was watching him in a corner. The noble unleashed his cultivation base to flee, but Bu Fang made him stay by smashing him with the Black Turtle Constellation Wok.

"Do you know where the Cursed Goddess went?" Bu Fang asked the noble.

"The Cursed Goddess stays in District A most of the time... She is a candidate for the next generation of the Queen of Curses, not someone you can covet!" the noble said.

'District A... So Nethery is in District A?'

Bu Fang frowned. It was already so difficult for him to make it to District C, so he could only imagine how hard it would be to enter District A. For a moment, he wondered how he could make it there. But he could not figure out a solution.

The noble kept shouting and struggling. Bu Fang thought he was too noisy, so he knocked him out with the black wok. After that, he began to walk aimlessly in District C with Whitey, Foxy, and Shrimpy.

Compared to the dirty and gloomy District D, District C was a better place to live. People lived and worked in peace and contentment here, and businesses were flourishing. The people looked ordinary, only because they chose to hide their strength. They all had a formidable cultivation base.

Void City was where all the universes banished their sinful people, but taken as a whole, it was just like any other city. It had all kinds of occupations and industries. Bu Fang even saw a God Emperor selling cloth.

He stayed for about two to three days in District C. Here, he found all kinds of occupations, including alchemists, blacksmiths, and pills sellers. However, he did not see a chef. There were no restaurants or even any occupations related to food in the whole of District C.

It was hard to believe that there was not even one restaurant in such a prosperous district, but that was the case. Bu Fang was shocked by the Queen's powerful influence. She loathed chefs, so there would be no restaurants in Void City.

On his third day in District C, Bu Fang, walking down the street, suddenly felt a powerful will locking onto him. He narrowed his eyes. The next moment, a figure wearing a cloak appeared in front of him.

She was none other than Countess Xia Qiu, who had left with the old man. Her face was beautiful, but it was expressionless, as if she had lost interest in everything.

"You can't make it to District A like this," she said. "You have to enter District B first before making your way to District A... But you won't find your way out if you keep bumping around like a headless fly. There is no Death Pass in District B." She looked indifferently at Bu Fang.

At this moment, Bu Fang had an oyster pancake in his mouth, while Foxy, sitting in his arms, was gnawing at a Soul Demon meatball. They looked up at the countess at the same time.

Countess Xia Qiu was the supreme existence and the ruler of District C. As a Chaotic Saint, her aura frightened even Bu Fang. The count was the highest rank in District C. There were three of them, and Xia Qiu was the strongest one.

Bu Fang swallowed the oyster pancake without batting an eye. Then, he glanced at her and said, "You know the way to District B, right?"

Countess Xia Qiu did not deny nor admit. She just kept staring at Bu Fang. "Thank you for allowing him to enter District C." Suddenly, she changed the topic.

Bu Fang paused.

"He's dead. But when he left, he was as happy as a child." Countess Xia Qiu's voice was calm as if she had lost all her emotion.

Bu Fang fell silent at that. He thought of the old man, who had spent his entire life climbing over a wall. Without a doubt, he was a love fool. A pity that he was tortured by the curse for tens of thousands of years. Bu Fang heard no grief in Countess Xia Qiu's voice. He thought she might have sealed up her emotion.

At her invitation, he and Whitey came to her residence. The magnificent mansion was an eyeopener for him, but it was not his main concern. The countess must have something important to talk to him. Otherwise, why would she bring him here?

They sat down on chairs. A maid with the cultivation base of a God King poured them a bright green tea. Tea leaves spun in the cups, which gave off wisps of hot steam.

"This is the Soul Cleansing Tea of Void City. Try it... It tastes great," Countess Xia Qiu said. Then, she picked up her cup and took a sip. The warm tea seemed to soften her face.

Bu Fang took a sip as well. The tea had the effect of calming one's mind, which made him raise his brows. It was almost equivalent to the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea in the Heaven and Earth Farmland. As his cultivation base improved, the tea's level had increased as well. Its level was already beyond everything.

"Now that we have drunk the tea and traded courteous words... I know you want to go to District A and look for the Cursed Goddess. I can help you. However... I have one condition," Countess Xia Qiu said, putting down her cup and looking expressionlessly at Bu Fang.

"What condition?" Bu Fang took another sip of tea and swirled it around in his mouth.

Countess Xia Qiu glanced at him, then spread her mental force. In just a flash, the whole mansion was enveloped by an invisible force, separating it from the outside world.

Her action made Bu Fang narrow his eyes. Why did she want to be so cautious?

Countess Xia Qiu's face grew serious. She fixed her eyes on Bu Fang and said, "I need you to cook me a dish... The dish is going to let me know if you are worthy of my help..."

Chapter 1713: As Long as You Are Happy, Whitey

Countess Xia Qiu's words gave Bu Fang pause.

'She wants me to cook her a dish? It's just a small request... Why does she have to be so secretive? She even sealed up the surroundings... Has cooking become such a taboo thing in Void City?'

The countess could tell Bu Fang's doubts. There was a faint sneer on her face as she said in a serious voice, "In Void City, cooking is a... taboo. The Queen of Curses' hatred of chefs is what you would never be able to imagine.

"Before this, the only people who can cook in Void City are the dead and the cursed ones... Such as you and that old man."

Bu Fang leaned back on his chair, adjusted himself into a position that he thought was comfortable. "In that case, why did you ask me to cook a dish? Why did you risk the great taboo?" He gave Countess Xia Qiu a sideways glance.

As soon as he asked the question, the atmosphere in the room stiffened. He paused. What did he say wrong this time? 'Well, since she's not talking, I'll just keep drinking tea.'

The tea contained unique energy that seemed to be able to strengthen the flesh. Such an enhancement was terrifying. At his level, Bu Fang's physical body was almost invincible, but the tea could still strengthen it.

"The way you talk... No wonder the Cursed Goddess doesn't want to talk to you." Countess Xia Qiu chuckled.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched. "You know all about it? I came to Void City to look for my buddy, and your Cursed Goddess is my buddy... I'm also looking for the arm that belongs to an unknown being of the Soul Demon Universe, which had merged with Heavengod Transmigration and fled the Chaotic Universe," he said seriously.

"You don't have to explain anything to me..." Countess Xia Qiu shook her head. She did not care about what Bu Fang said. She knew he was the man who spied on Void City not long ago, but she did not mind, for he posed no threat to the city.

"I want a dish... I want to know why... he was so obsessed with cooking," she said with a sigh.

Bu Fang nodded. "To be honest, cooking is a good thing. With the Queen of Curses' aversion to chefs, she will never be able to truly appreciate the joy of cooking," he said, twitching his mouth.

"You don't understand... The Queen is also a poor soul. So even though she separated me from him, I couldn't hate her." Countess Xia Qiu did not agree with Bu Fang.

"Well... Let's not talk about these irrelevant matters. You have plenty of time to think about what dish you want to cook. If your dish can't let me feel your sincerity, then you can forget about finding your Cursed Goddess... Oh, your buddy."

She did not talk much to Bu Fang. Talking to someone who did not know how to properly conduct a conversation was very boring.

Bu Fang shrugged, then rose to his feet and turned. "I hope you can keep your promise..."

"Don't worry. While you are cooking, I'll seal off the Countess Residence so the Queen of Curses can't sense it..." Countess Xia Qiu said seriously. This issue was important.

"I admire your courage. As a subject, you are bold enough to... cause trouble underneath the Queen's nose," Bu Fang said with the corners of his mouth lifted slightly.

Countess Xia Qiu just smiled. There were things that Bu Fang did not understand. After sending Bu Fang away, she sat down on a chair and held a cup in one hand, her eyes shifting.

The old man had passed away, but she felt no grief. She knew she should mourn for him, but the countless years of slaughtering had made her forget how to cry.

Void City was not a peaceful place, especially in recent years. The Queen of Curses had begun to look for her successor. All the Cursed Goddesses wandering in different universes were brought back, and under the protection of dukes, they began to fight for the throne.

In today's Void City, the undercurrent was strong... It was not as calm as it seemed.

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Bu Fang walked inside the Countess Residence.

District C was indeed completely different from District D. If the latter was the stinking sewer, then the former was the magnificent and prosperous business district.

The layout and decoration of the residence were not in a garden style, but the luxurious, exquisite, and even futuristic buildings still gave Bu Fang a unique feeling.

Void City was a fusion of beings from all universes, so a variety of ideas collided and produced many extraordinary things. This had been described in Heavengod Space's book, who was amazed by the building styles in this unique city.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind him. Whitey followed him quietly. Shrimpy perched on its round head, spitting bubbles, while Foxy curled herself in its arms. Whitey's body was made of cold metal, but it was not cold at all. Instead, it was warm like a human body, and Foxy enjoyed the warmth.

Bu Fang was thinking about what dish he was going to cook. He had done some analysis on Countess Xia Qiu. She and the old man, who might be the host of some previous generation, had developed an indescribable relationship. However, the Queen of Curses had separated them.

She even went on the opposite side of the old man. But after countless years, the old man finally saw her again, and he even touched her heart with the cost of his own life. This confused her.

Countess Xia Qiu wanted to find the reason why the old man had confused her. So she asked Bu Fang to cook her a dish, for the old man was also a chef. Moreover, he was a chef very much like Bu Fang. She saw in him the younger version of the old man.

The ground of the residence was paved with a kind of solid and transparent material. As Bu Fang walked, he seemed to discover something. He squatted and looked through the transparent floor.

There was a space under the ground with plants growing inside. Bu Fang looked at them carefully. Soon, he realized that they were only one plant. Its leaves were bright green and bursting with life force, and they kept spreading and withering, then spreading, and withering again, forming rapid cycles.

"Hmm? What is that?" Bu Fang paused. The leaves looked like tea leaves to him. He stopped a passing maid to inquire.

The maid glanced at Bu Fang with a disgusted look in her eyes. Everyone in District C knew that Bu Fang was a bug who crawled up from District D, and the people of District C always felt superior when standing in front of someone like this.

“Move out of the way... you lowly bug,” the maid said, frowning. She was a peak God Emperor. Although her strength was weaker than that of Bu Fang, her pride derived from her status.

Bu Fang was somewhat speechless as he glanced at the maid. He could not understand where this maid’s sense of superiority came from.

“What is the thing under the ground?” Bu Fang asked.

The maid sneered. “Why should I tell you? You’re not qualified to know!” After that, she turned to leave. “Also, let me warn you. The things in the Countess Residence are not something that can be touched by a lowly person like you. If you break them... A lowly bug like you can never afford to pay!”

Looking at the proud maid, Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth.

Suddenly, the maid froze, for she found that her way was blocked by a huge metal puppet. “What are you doing? Move out of the way, you dirty thing!”

She screamed, lifted her palm, and waved it at Whitey. Although she was a maid, she was born in District C, so her status was much nobler than the bugs of District D!

Whitey’s mechanical eyes flashed. It raised its head and looked at Bu Fang as if asking for permission.

Bu Fang sighed. He looked up at the starry sky and said, “Whitey... Alas, just strip her. Do whatever you like, as long as you’re... happy.”

Whitey’s mechanical eyes burst into a dazzling light in an instant. Then, its huge palm fell whistling toward the maid.

“Troublemaker, you will be stripped as an example to others!”

The maid screamed. Terrible energy flowed around her. It was the cultivation energy of Void City, which could be considered as the power of curses. It collided with Whitey’s palm.

Whitey was unmoved. It even wanted to laugh. The next moment, its palm rested on the maid’s shoulder.

A strong ripping sensation could be felt coming through the maid’s clothes, which terrified her and made her shout out loud, “That’s the tea plantation... It’s the Countess’s tea plantation! It is planted with the Soul Cleansing Tea Tree!” She was shivering all over.

Whitey's palm paused. Gently, it flicked its finger on the maid's shoulder, causing her to fall and roll on the ground.

"Oh, a tea plantation." Bu Fang nodded. His eyes lit up slightly as if he had thought of something.

The maid gave him a venomous look. "You lowly bug..." She pushed to her feet with malice thoughts in her head. She could not believe that a bug from District D would dare to do this to her. Suddenly, before the venomous look on her face disappeared, she felt herself fly up.

With its huge palm, Whitey lifted her and flung her away. The maid arced beautifully through the air and fell into the distance.

Bu Fang did not ask Whitey to kill her. After all, this was Countess Xia Qiu's residence, so it was not so good to kill someone here. Also, he already had an idea of the dish he would cook for her.

"Whitey, come, let's go and have a look at the tea plantation," Bu Fang said.

Whitey put Foxy in its arms again and followed Bu Fang. A buzzing sound could be heard as the Law of Space spread. Then, Bu Fang sank into the ground with Whitey.

As soon as he was inside, he was attracted by the beautiful tea tree. It was a gorgeous tea tree, glowing all over with a bright green light as a vigorous life force pulsing around it.

"So this is the Soul Cleansing Tea Tree? What a strong life force..."

There was no doubt that this tea tree came from another universe and was transplanted in Void City. Its leaves seemed to be alive. They were swaying gently, appearing and disappearing with every movement.

The tea tree itself was extremely tall and huge, so humongous that it was about the size of a planet. The whole tea plantation had one and only one tea tree.

Bu Fang stood beneath the tea tree and looked up at it. His eyes flashed as he found that only the tender shoot on one particular branch could be used as tea leaf.

He was observing the tea tree when suddenly, the whole underground space was filled with a rustling sound. That gave him pause. Then, he noticed that the whole space was enveloped by countless branches of the tea tree.

A terrible hiss echoed out, and a vague but savage face emerged on the thick trunk of the tea tree. The face roared as countless branches lashed out at Bu Fang and tied him

up. At the same time, a corrosive power erupted from the tea tree to corrode and melt Bu Fang into nothing.

Bu Fang's heart skipped a beat. "This is actually a... Chaotic-Saint-level tea tree?!"

Rumble...

The whole residence was trembling. Countess Xia Qiu, who was reminiscing, was startled. The next moment, she disappeared from where she was.

The maid, who had almost been stripped naked by Whitey, ran up to Countess Xia Qiu with a venomous look on her face and said, "Countess, those lowly bugs from District D... T-They intruded your tea plantation!"

"What's your name?" asked the countess, glancing at the maid.

The maid froze. "I'm Dahua..." she said, bowing hurriedly. She had a bad feeling about this.

"Leave the Countess Residence now. Those people are my distinguished guests. You are just a maid. How dare you treat them like that?" Countess Xia Qiu's voice was cold. Without giving the maid a chance, she vanished from where she was.

The maid was struck dumb. Perhaps she would never know the reason why she was thrown out of the Countess Residence.

Countess Xia Qiu's figure flashed and appeared in the tea plantation. At this moment, the entire plantation was enveloped by countless branches, and the tea tree seemed to be boiling with rage. Two large balls made with countless branches intertwined together floated in midair.

"Am I too late?" She sighed.

The Soul Cleansing Tea Tree was a Chaotic-Saint-level being, and a bad-tempered one. She did not expect Bu Fang to suddenly come into the tea plantation. Now that he was wrapped up by the tea tree, he was dead.

Countess Xia Qiu was helpless, and she planned to leave. Even she would have a headache if she were caught by the tea tree. Bu Fang was just a Saint of the Great Path, so she knew that he was beyond rescue.

Roar!

The face on the tea tree roared at her. The countess's face grew cold. Suddenly, she paused and looked up at the two large balls in midair.

With a ripping sound, they were slowly being torn apart...

Chapter 1714: The Egg Stealing Gang

The balls formed by the branches of the tea tree were torn open. From them, arms stretched out at the same time. On one side was a pair of fair human arms, and on the other a pair of mechanical arms.

The scarlet divine flame swirled, forcing the branches away. Bu Fang's figure slowly emerged from the first ball. Whitey, on the other hand, simply ripped the ball apart and jumped out of it.

"You guys broke free?" Countess Xia Qiu gave Bu Fang and Whitey a quizzical look.

Bu Fang's cultivation base was only at the level of a Saint of the Great Path, so how could he break free of the bondage imposed on him by the Chaotic-Saint-level tea tree?

The Soul Cleansing Tea Tree was not an ordinary plant. It was the strongest being of a universe where plant life reigned supreme. She had forcibly dug it out and transplanted it to her own garden, turning the place into a tea plantation.

She did that because the energy contained in the tea tree could bring her joy. Was tea considered a delicacy? She was not sure. But since the Queen of Curses did not question her, she thought it should be fine.

Bu Fang glanced at her as the corners of his mouth lifted slightly. "I've thought of a dish to cook..." he said.

1

"Really?" Countess Xia Qiu looked at Bu Fang, surprised. She did not expect it so soon. 'Hopefully, he's not just making a perfunctory effort to brush me off. If that's the case, I won't tell him the way to enter District A...'

In fact, not only would she not tell Bu Fang, she would even kill him. She was not a nice person to talk to in the first place. In Void City, she was called the Devil Countess, and in the other universes, she was called... The She-Devil. So, she was not a very nice person to be around.

"Then I'll force myself to look forward to your dish... As for this Soul Cleansing Tea Tree, if you need it, I'll give it to you," she said.

Bu Fang nodded with satisfaction. He liked working with this kind of people who could give up anything for food. Compared to delicious food... How could this Soul Cleansing Tea Tree be compared to food?

Countess Xia Qiu left. She vanished from where she was in the blink of an eye.

Bu Fang and Whitey exchanged a look. Then, they turned, facing the tea tree. Although Bu Fang's strength was only at the peak of a Saint of the Great Path, he had the fighting prowess to fight a Chaotic Saint for a short time. The tea tree was once the master of a universe, but in Bu Fang's eyes, it was just another ingredient.

A sonorous dragon cry rang out. The next moment, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife fell into Bu Fang's hand, flashing brilliantly.

Rumble!

The entire Countess Residence began to tremble. Countess Xia Qiu returned to her residence, sat down on a chair, and crossed her long legs. Then, she picked up a cup of water. Looking at the ripples in the cup, she exhaled lightly.

...

Bu Fang and Whitey walked out from under the ground covered in green slime. In the end, Bu Fang obtained three radiant tea leaves, which were flowing with arcane patterns.

Just by looking at the patterns, Bu Fang realized that they were actually a peerless cultivation technique that could allow an individual to cultivate to the level of a Saint of the Great Path. Of course, in his eyes, they were just tea leaves, which he would use to make a tea egg.

1

Of the three tea leaves, Bu Fang sent one into the Heaven and Earth Farmland so that Niu Hansan could conduct his hybridization experiment. As for the remaining two, he planned to use them to make a tea egg. He could already foresee that the tea egg will be the greatest in all the universes!

To make the tea egg, in addition to the tea leaves, he also needed an egg. And to match the tea leaves, he naturally needed a Chaotic-Saint-level egg.

He held the tea leaves and came to the countess's parlor.

"The dish is ready?" Countess Xia Qiu sat on her chair, sipping tea.

Bu Fang shook his head. "I still need an egg... The egg of a Chaotic-Saint-level divine beast," he said.

"Are you sure you're cooking a dish? I can't believe you plan to use a Chaotic-Saint-level egg... Are you out of your mind?" Countess Xia Qiu's expression became somewhat strange. However, she curled her red lips the next moment and said, "You chefs are crazy creatures..."

"In District C, only two people own Chaotic-Saint-level divine beasts. I'm one of them, and the other one is Countess Aitang. She keeps a divine pet, a Chaotic Divine Phoenix who just stepped into the Chaotic Saint level and is not weaker than my Dark Devil Dragon..."

"A pity that my Dark Devil Dragon is a male, so he can't produce eggs. Otherwise... I wouldn't have recommended that bird to you," Countess Xia Qiu said.

Bu Fang blinked, while Whitey touched its head with its huge hand. Why did she sound so fake?

"Countess Aitang leaves District C every three months to hunt in other universes with her divine phoenix. You can go to her residence and steal the egg during that time." Countess Xia Qiu looked very excited as she said that, as if she had been planning this for a long time.

Bu Fang was stupefied. She was even kind enough to make plans for him, including when to enter the residence, when to steal the egg, and how to avoid the two flaming turkeys guarding the phoenix's nest. It gave him a feeling that he had mistakenly boarded a pirate ship...

1

...

Three days later, a rumbling sound rang out in District C, and then a loud phoenix cry soared into the sky. The entire vault of heaven over the district turned crimson.

Many nobles were chuckling. "Countess Aitang is going to hunt with her divine pet again. I wonder which universe is going to suffer this time..."

In the sky, a woman, clad like a female martial god and standing in a flaming chariot, rushed into the clouds with a flaming phoenix as huge as a star leading the way. In just a flash, they vanished completely.

Meanwhile, inside Countess Xia Qiu's residence, Bu Fang and Whitey began to construct an array. When they were done, the array buzzed and flashed, and then they both disappeared at the same time.

Countess Xia Qiu rubbed her hands with an expectant look on her face. She thought it would be nice to be able to eat the egg of her foe's divine pet.

...

The phoenix's nest was located in a spatial rift constructed inside Countess Aitang's residence. When Whitey and Bu Fang reappeared, they hovered right over the spatial rift.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched as he looked at the spatial rift, which appeared like a huge eyeball. The aura that erupted from it was extremely terrifying, and he also sensed two turkeys as strong as peak Saints of the Great Path staring at him. Their eyes were enormous and shone like the sun.

"Didn't Countess Xia Qiu say these two turkeys are sleeping at this point?"

Bu Fang was speechless. He exchanged a look with Whitey and exhaled deeply. "Whitey, each of us fights one turkey. Make it quick. Decide yourself if you want to pluck its feather or skin it. Just have fun," he said.

The next moment, they sped forward.

"How dare you trespass the Countess Residence!" The two turkeys, one male and one female, bellowed at the same time. They could speak the human language!

1

Heaven and earth began to tremble, and terrible rumbling sounds shook the entire District C. In that instant, all the guards in the residence moved out. These guards were not weak, and it would take them just the space of two to three breaths to arrive.

Foxy sat dumbly on Shrimpy's back. The mantis shrimp hovered in midair, its eyes drooping as if it was about to fall asleep. The little fox rubbed her nose with a little paw, then she saw a swarm of guards come flying in their direction.

The guards of Countess Residence outnumbered the guards of those nobles, and their strength and fighting prowess were much stronger.

Foxy stood up. Then, her belly bulged. The next moment, her mouth expanded abruptly. The Heavengod blood flowed through her, turning her from white to red in an instant. Finally, she opened her mouth, and energy began to gather between her jaws.

"Ah... Da Da Da Da Da Da Da Da..."

1

In the blink of an eye, countless Soul Demon meatballs shot out, heading straight toward the guards.

Those guards never thought that the intruders would be so bold! They could not believe that the little fox would attack them right inside the Residence of Countess!

Rumbling sounds filled the air as explosions and flames enveloped the entire residence in a flash.

“Let’s do this!” Bu Fang said to Whitey. Then, he produced the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, carried the Black Turtle Constellation Wok on his back, stepped on the White Tiger Heaven Stove, held the Qilin Transmigration Ladle in his hand, and rushed forward.

The Law of Space, the Law of Transmigration, the Law of Time... The five supreme Laws of the Universe emerged and swirled around him, pushing his fighting prowess to the extreme.

In a flash, Bu Fang engaged one of the turkeys in a fierce battle. Whitey, on the other hand, threw out its flags and charged toward the other turkey. However, it was immediately chased back by the turkey, who was as huge as a mountain and kept pecking at its round head.

The battle broke out too suddenly, and commotions quickly spread across the entire District C.

The Black Turtle Constellation Wok spun and was held by Bu Fang. The Yin and Yang energies swirled around his arm, and when his strength reached its peak, he flung it out and smashed the turkey on the head.

A loud thud rang out. The smash made the turkey’s head reel, and it fell straight to the ground.

Bu Fang focused his eyes. The Law of Time turned into a link of chains, fell, and tightly tied up the turkey. He glanced at Whitey, who was being chased by the other turkey. Without hesitation, he transformed into a stream of light and rushed into the rift.

Within the rift was the phoenix’s nest. Bu Fang flew at top speed inside. Soon, he saw countless divine phoenix eggs at the center of the nest. He was stunned when he saw so many eggs. He never thought that he would run into such a surprise here.

However, although there were many divine phoenix eggs, only a few of them could survive. This was the reason why divine phoenixes were so scarce. Most of the eggs in the nest were dead.

Bu Fang did not choose those eggs that could survive. With the Vermilion Bird at his side, he chose a dead egg precisely. He called it a dead egg because there was no possibility of it hatching a phoenix. However, the egg still contained a tremendous amount of energy, which seemed to break through the shell to veil the sky.

Holding the phoenix egg, Bu Fang turned and rushed out of the phoenix's nest without hesitation. The moment he flew out of the rift, the turkey down below, which he had tied up with the chains of time, began to struggle crazily.

"Whitey! Retreat!" Bu Fang shouted at Whitey.

1

Rumble...

Suddenly, the color of the sky changed, and a dreadful rumbling sound filled the air. The void crumbled, while a piercing phoenix cry and the sound the chariot's wheels made as it crushed through the void reverberated through the world.

"Crawlers from District D... How dare you steal my divine phoenix egg! You're courting death!"

A cold female voice echoed out. Then, a huge sword fell from the sky, slashing at Bu Fang and Whitey. The countess was very strong—she was a Chaotic Saint. Although she was weaker than Countess Xia Qiu, she still posed a great challenge to Bu Fang.

Bu Fang focused his eyes. Holding the egg in one hand, he lifted the Black Turtle Constellation Wok with the other. The five supreme Laws of the Universe surrounded the black wok as it met the sword head-on.

Rumble!

Half of the Countess Residence was reduced to ruins in an instant. Bu Fang performed a hand incantation gesture, and light dots emerged around him to form an array.

"Whitey, hurry up!" he shouted.

Foxy was burping when Shrimpy, who had turned into a stream of golden light, wrapped her up and rushed into the array. The next moment, Whitey flew over from the distance and dashed into the array as well, dragging the huge turkey whose feathers were almost gone.

1

Bu Fang seemed dumbstruck, but he had no time to say anything because the divine phoenix's roar had already descended. The attacks of two Chaotic Saints, a countess plus a divine phoenix, were not something that he dared to face.

Suddenly, a faint laugh rang out of Countess Xia Qiu's residence. Then, a black spear shot out of the building, flying straight toward the two Chaotic Saints in the sky.

Taking the opportunity, Bu Fang stepped into the array and disappeared.

"Xia Qiu! Are you going to start a war with me?!" a furious female voice screamed, causing the void to tremble violently.

"Eh... The spear slipped out of my hand. I was practicing, if you don't mind," Countess Xia Qiu said nonchalantly. After that, her residence fell silent, no longer responding to Countess Aitang's roar and hiss. It was as though she was not the person who threw out the spear just now.

1

Bu Fang emerged with the phoenix egg in the underground space within Countess Xia Qiu's residence. Whitey was at his side, holding a huge turkey with its mechanical eyes flashing excitedly. Foxy burped. Her eyes lit up as they rested on the turkey.

Countess Xia Qiu rubbed her hands as she looked at Bu Fang, who had succeeded in stealing the egg.

"Now... We have all the main ingredients for the tea egg."

The egg-stealing gang had done a perfect job. The corners of Bu Fang's mouth lifted slightly.

"You must get the tea egg done quickly. You can't hide in this space for too long. Once Countess Aitang reports what happened to the Queen of Curses, they will quickly find this place. By that time, I won't be able to hide anything from them. Unless... you've cooked the egg," Countess Xia Qiu said.

Bu Fang rolled his eyes. "Don't worry. By the time the Queen of Curses finds us... there will be nothing left but eggshells..."

1

Chapter 1715: The Nine-Marks Chaotic Tea Egg

It was an egg surrounded by a mighty aura, and its center seemed to burst with streams of light.

Bu Fang held it in one hand and used the other to lightly tap it a few times. Countess Xia Qiu had fended off Countess Aitang's fury for him, which had saved him a lot of trouble.

Naturally, Countess Aitang would not dare to start a war with Countess Xia Qiu, for the latter's strength was not weak in Void City. She was not a fool to start a war with another countess just for the sake of an egg.

Then, after the divine phoenix examined the remaining eggs and reported to her, she breathed a sigh of relief. What Bu Fang had stolen was just a dead egg. If it was a fertile egg, she would have taken it back no matter what.

But since it was just a dead egg, though it was equally precious, she did not value it too much. She had plenty of dead eggs.

Within Countess Xia Qiu's residence, Bu Fang held the egg and came to a courtyard. Many servants turned their eyes to Bu Fang, wondering how he was going to handle the divine phoenix egg.

The countess did not let them watch. She ordered everyone to leave the courtyard, while she looked expectantly at Bu Fang. At first, she did not expect much from this dish. She just wanted to be able to feel the passion that the old man had been chasing.

However, her interest was aroused when she saw the divine phoenix egg.

...

Bu Fang did not pay attention to the others. He washed his hands and was ready to start cooking the tea egg.

He was going to cook a dish with the tea leaves taken from a Chaotic-Saint-level tea tree and the egg of a divine beast that was on the same level. This would be the most extravagant dish he had ever cooked, although it was only a tea egg.

He filled the Black Turtle Constellation Wok with the Spring of Life. The divine flame jumped out and darted under the wok. Scorching heat burst out of it, causing the temperature of the wok to rise in an instant. Soon, the water began to boil, bubbling noisily.

Bu Fang washed the divine phoenix egg and put it into the wok. The boiling water emanated fluctuations, which kept impacting the eggshell and worked on the content of the egg. As the water continued to boil, the egg began to spin.

Bu Fang's mental force spread and enveloped the egg. He could see that everything inside the egg began to gradually solidify.

He cooked the egg on high heat. The water kept boiling. When the egg's content was solidified, he turned the heat down. Three, two, one... Under his control, the crimson flames, which spun like lotus flowers, decreased to only one. The tiny lotus flower spun slowly, heating the wok gently.

During the process, not a hint of the egg's aroma was leaked, so the process was boring and uninteresting. However, when the egg was cooked...

Bu Fang dismissed the flame, poured out the boiling water, and used cold water to wash the divine phoenix egg. Finally, undeterred by the scorching heat covering the eggshell, he reached out a hand and grabbed the egg. He did not protect his hand with divine power, which puzzled Countess Xia Qiu.

Click.

Bu Fang clenched his palm, causing the eggshell to crack. The delicious aroma of the egg burst forth in an instant, washing over him and everyone present. It was an extraordinary aroma, and his cooking method was remarkable.

'Is he done?' Countess Xia Qiu was somewhat stupefied as she watched. 'This doesn't seem difficult at all, does it?' She could not help but feel a little disappointed. She would rather not eat an egg like this.

Was Bu Fang done? Of course not yet.

He filled the wok with the Spring of Life again, and this time, he added a variety of divine herbs.

Looking at those divine herbs, Countess Xia Qiu narrowed her eyes. Those were all unusual divine herbs, many of which were the ingredients of some top-grade pills in Void City.

These herbs were added directly into the wok. Under Bu Fang's control, their essences kept spreading and infused the water. However, they were only supplementing ingredients. The main ingredient was the tea leaves taken from the Chaotic-Saint-level Soul Cleansing Tea Tree.

Of the three tea leaves, Bu Fang gave one to Niu Hansan so that he could carry out his hybridization experiment. As for the remaining two, he planned to use them to make this tea egg.

He folded the tea leaves and cut them in half with the kitchen knife. After that, he used a clean wok to stir-fry them. The tea leaves remained bright green and crispy after the stir-fry, but a strong aroma of tea began to waft out of them. The tea aroma was the key.

Bu Fang put the stir-fried tea leaves into the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. The tea aroma pervaded the air like a dream, while a faint glow floated over the surface of the tea broth.

Soon, the color of the broth changed. It was transparent, but after all the ingredients were added, it turned brownish red. The egg rolled inside, with the cracked part greedily sucking the broth.

The broth seeped into the egg, causing its surface, which was pure white and glowing with divine light, to slowly grow darker. It was as if its divine light was being wiped away, like a beautiful swan had turned into an ugly duckling.

Bu Fang controlled the divine flame again, causing its temperature to keep rising. Soon, the scorching heat completely enveloped the tea egg. A vortex emerged inside the wok and swallowed the egg. However, as it spun, the egg gradually reappeared at its center.

The brownish-red broth churned like the choppy sea. A tremendous amount of energy began to pour into the egg. It seemed that the tea egg was about to be ready.

At that moment, Countess Xia Qiu's eyes lit up. She was looking forward to this tea egg. However, she did not want to be targeted by the Queen of Curses because of it.

With both hands, she performed an incantation gesture. Then, an array appeared, spinning and soaring into the sky. It was an array that could block the Queen's probing. Such an array was extremely precious, yet she used it here so that she could eat the egg.

The array spread with a rumble and enveloped the entire Countess Residence in a flash, covering everything under it like an upside-down golden bowl. Now, no aura could leak to the outside world, and no spiritual probing could find out anything inside.

Bu Fang did not pay attention to this. He had focused all his attention on the tea egg as it was not that easy to complete the cooking of this dish.

He sat cross-legged down, facing the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. On his forehead, his mental force surged and kept pouring out. His spirit was under a powerful impact.

The tea egg was spinning. Soon, divine marks emerged on its surface. They kept spreading. One, two, three... Before long, nine divine marks appeared on the egg. They seemed to have gathered all the energy from myriad realms and worlds, which sublimated the tea egg.

A bright light illuminated the surroundings and made the ordinary-looking tea egg no longer ordinary. At the same time, a chaotic aura, which could only be emanated by a Chaotic Saint, permeated the air.

Bu Fang sat cross-legged on the ground. His eyes were closed, while a tremendous amount of energy flowed inside his spirit sea. Golden light converged as a wisp of Chaotic Energy slowly grew in his mind.

Finally, he opened his eyes. The System's voice rang in his head, 'Congratulations, Host. You have completed a dish that can be included in the God of Cooking's Menu, and because of that, you have acquired a wisp of Chaotic Energy.'

The long-lost System's voice was no longer as serious as it was in the past, but it was familiar and comforting to Bu Fang.

The Chaotic Energy brought a tremendous transformation to Bu Fang. Although it had not pushed him into the Chaotic Saint realm from the Saint of the Great Path realm, it made him one step closer to that goal.

All modern-day Heavengods were Chaotic Saints, and Bu Fang was getting closer and closer to this realm. The higher the grade of the dish he cooked, the more Chaotic Energy he could obtain. This, to him, was no doubt good news. It meant that he could improve his cultivation base by cooking higher-grade dishes.

However, at his current level, it had become extremely difficult to cook higher-grade dishes.

Bu Fang's transformation naturally attracted Countess Xia Qiu's attention. She never knew that cooking could increase an individual's cultivation base.

The tea egg was done. The water in the wok had dried up, and the only things left inside were the egg, which hovered at the center, and the dregs of those divine herbs.

This egg had gathered a rich amount of essences. It included the energy of the divine egg, as well as the essence of countless divine herbs. Most importantly, it had the elegant aroma of tea. When the fragrance spread, mixed with the delicious aroma of the egg, it intoxicated many people.

Countess Xia Qiu was very familiar with the tea's aroma because she drank it every day. However, after combining with the aroma of the egg, it became something foreign to her, so she was somewhat curious.

Rumble!

Her eyes narrowed slightly. The birth of the tea egg had attracted natural phenomena. There was lightning even in Void City. The moment these primitive tribulations of heaven and earth emerged, Countess Xia Qiu's expression changed.

If such fluctuations attracted the Queen of Curses' attention, everything would be over. However, perhaps it was because of the array, the tribulations left just as quickly as

they came. Just when Countess Xia Qiu was startled, the lightning punishment had disappeared.

Bu Fang, sitting in the middle of the courtyard, slowly opened his eyes. At that moment, there seemed to be Chaotic Energy flowing in them.

Countess Xia Qiu was slightly startled when she saw the Chaotic Energy.

Bu Fang rose to his feet, walked up to the black wok, and took out the tea egg. It was very hot, but he did not mind. Carefully, he peeled the shell off the egg that was as large as a soccer ball.

In the distance, the huge turkey that was pinned to the ground by Whitey bristled. “A divine phoenix egg is cooked?!” It was terrified. However, Whitey’s huge palm pressed it so hard that it could not move at all.

The eggshell fell. Drops of glowing broth trickled down the surface of the egg that looked like soft jade. Bu Fang produced the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and cut the egg into three parts, each containing a brownish-red egg white and a yolk wrapped in a glowing gray layer.

A strong aroma of egg combined with the fragrance of tea filled the air, tickling the senses of all those present.

Bu Fang took out a blue-and-white porcelain plate and placed the three portions of tea egg. He then decorated the plate with a few tea leaves fresh with dew. Finally, he turned and nodded at Countess Xia Qiu.

“The Nine-Marks Chaotic Tea Egg is... ready,” he said lightly.

With the completion of the dish, a terrible aura descended. Countess Xia Qiu’s figure flashed and appeared at Bu Fang’s side. Her eyes were filled with a serious look, and she seemed to be listening.

Bu Fang frowned. All the people inside the array were quite nervous at that moment. What made them so nervous? The Queen of Curses, of course.

Time passed. Eventually, Countess Xia Qiu breathed out a sigh of relief. The Queen did not respond. It seemed that the array had succeeded in blocking her perception.

Then, Countess Xia Qiu stared curiously and heatedly at the tea eggs in Bu Fang’s hand.

Chapter 1716: Take a Bite of the Tea Egg

“This is the Nine-Marks Chaotic Tea Egg...”

Bu Fang’s voice lingered in Countess Xia Qiu’s ears.

Foxy jumped out of Whitey’s arms and fell on Bu Fang’s shoulder. She stared wide-eyed at the tea egg in his hand, her mouth drooling. The aroma of the egg and the fragrance of the tea had already whetted her appetite.

‘This must be... something delicious!’ Foxy was very sure about that.

“Isn’t this just an ordinary egg...” Countess Xia Qiu rested her eyes on the egg in Bu Fang’s hand. The simple-looking egg made her frown.

According to the old man, food was a very mysterious thing, but when she looked at it now... she did not feel any mystery. In any case, the egg did smell good.

“An ordinary egg? No... It is not ordinary at all.” Bu Fang shook his head. An egg that had been handled by him would never be ordinary.

While the array still existed, Countess Xia Qiu reached out her hand and took a piece of egg. The tea egg was sliced into three pieces by Bu Fang like a watermelon. She took one. Its cut side was flat and smooth, and the combined aroma of the egg and the tea shook her mind. For some reason she did not know, she felt her mouth water.

Bu Fang did not stand on ceremony and took one piece of the egg. Foxy held one as well, and her little eyes curved like crescents. She was happy when she got food to eat!

Countess Xia Qiu’s beautiful eyes flickered as she glanced at Bu Fang. Seeing that he did not say anything, she decided to eat the egg.

Soaked in the broth, the egg white had turned brownish red. As for the yolk, it was covered in a gray layer, but turned golden toward the center.

She grabbed the piece of egg, put it in her mouth, and closed her teeth around it. She felt nothing hard. Her teeth bit through the egg, and the yolk spread, falling inside of her mouth.

The yolk gave her a rather dry, coarse texture, but the egg white was tender and smooth, which made her widen her eyes. Soon, her saliva moistened the yolk, and when she swallowed, she felt as though countless tiny beads were massaging her throat.

As soon as the tea egg went into her stomach, it exploded with a tremendous amount of energy. The aroma rolled inside her. The combination of the egg aroma and the tea fragrance was almost perfect, which made it a little difficult for her to control herself.

Countess Xia Qiu could not help but take another bite. "This taste..." She did not remember how many years it had been since she had eaten. Her almost-degraded taste buds gave her a taste she had not experienced for so long.

Suddenly, she felt the Chaotic Energy in her begin to boil. 'This egg can... trigger my Chaotic Energy?!' Not only that, but she also felt new Chaotic Energy being produced in her.

This was unbelievable. Chaotic Energy was a necessity for someone who wished to become a Chaotic Saint, for only this kind of energy could let an individual unleash great power.

And the amount of Chaotic Energy decided the strength of a Chaotic Saint. The more powerful a Chaotic Saint was, the more the Chaotic Energy they had.

Under normal circumstances, a Chaotic Saint could produce a wisp of Chaotic Energy in tens of thousands of years. Of course, in some situations, the number would increase. But it was rare.

At this moment, Countess Xia Qiu felt her common sense had been turned upside down. She could not believe that a bite of the tea egg had produced a wisp of Chaotic Energy in her.

As a countess, she possessed a staggering one hundred wisps of Chaotic Energy. Once she used them, she could destroy heaven and earth and shake the universe. However, even if a universe was destroyed, she would not be as shocked as she was now.

"This is the power of food... and it's quite common," Bu Fang said lightly, glancing at the countess who, to him, was making a mountain out of a molehill.

He took a bite of the tea egg as well. Closing his eyes, he felt the flowing of energy in him. The tea egg did not provide him Chaotic Energy, for he could not improve his cultivation base in this way.

According to Bu Fang's understanding of the System, if he wished to improve his cultivation base, he had to cook, and the dishes must reach a certain level.

Cultivate? Bu Fang did not need to cultivate. He could raise his cultivation base just by cooking. Of course, at his level, cooking was actually not easier than cultivating.

The fragrance of the tea leaves was gentle and seemed to be able to baptize an individual's spirit. And the aroma of the egg... Perhaps because of the ingredients, this egg was the most delicious egg Bu Fang had ever eaten.

Countess Xia Qiu closed her eyes, her long eyelashes fluttering. She shoved the remaining tea egg into her mouth. Bits of yolk stained her sexy red lips. She stuck out her moist tongue and licked them. The wetness left behind after her saliva brushed across her skin made her look extremely seductive.

Her chest heaved violently, her brows furrowed slightly, and her fists clenched. Then, she bent forward slightly, squeezed her legs tightly together, and felt a warm stream flowing through her in an instant.

“Ahh!”

Countess Xia Qiu could not help but moan. In that instant, she felt as if she was facing the source of the universe, which emitted a scorching heat that kept stimulating every inch of her skin.

Then, the scene before her eyes changed. Countless memories buried deep in her mind came spilling out. The effect of the Soul Cleansing Tea seemed to be on full display at this moment.

The corners of her eyes were wet. Immersing in her memory, her face turned red, and tears trickled down her cheeks.

Bu Fang watched her as he ate the tea egg. Her reaction surprised him. “Why is her resistance to food so low?” But when he gave it a second thought, he could understand why.

Because of the Queen of Curses, Void City had banned chefs, so there had not been any delicious food for a long time. As a result, these people simply did not know the good taste of food.

Countess Xia Qiu was the first person who dared to break the rules imposed by the Queen. And she was also the first person to experience the charm of delicious food.

“This Nine-Marks Chaotic Tea Egg has another name called... The Overwhelming Sadness Egg,” Bu Fang said, lifting the corners of his mouth.

In the distance, Foxy, sitting on Whitey's shoulder, shoved the whole piece of egg into her mouth, chewing happily. The white hair around her mouth was all stained with the yolk. The little fellow seemed to be very happy, and her little eyes were narrowed.

Suddenly, the little fox shuddered. Then, she covered her mouth with her tiny paws, and her eyes widened and became wet, with tears flowing out of them. She began crawling up Whitey's body with unstable grips as if she was drunk.

Whitey seemed to think that she was crawling too slowly, so it grabbed the little fellow's tail with one huge hand, pulled her up, and put her on its head.

Shrimpy glanced at Foxy, who was weeping. The bubble that it just spat out burst with a pop.

'It seems that the Overwhelming Sadness Egg is very powerful...' Bu Fang thought as he glanced at Foxy's drunk look.

There was no wine in the tea egg, but it still made them drunk. In fact, they were drunk with the memories, for the tea egg could bring out the most primitive memories and sad emotions in people.

Countess Xia Qiu's face was red, and she panted violently. She staggered a few steps, then her knees bent slightly, and she slumped to the ground with her eyes glazed over.

She said she wanted to feel that old man's fascination and love for food. She wanted Bu Fang's dish to be able to make her experience that feeling. In fact, she did not think that Bu Fang could let her heart, which she had hidden for so long that it had become cold and forgotten how to cry, to experience that kind of feeling.

But... She felt that now. A figure seemed to emerge in front of her. It was a handsome man, who had a bright smile on his face. He was clad in a chef's robe. Brandishing a kitchen knife, he spun and stepped into a sea of flowers, as if to chase his Great Path of Cooking.

Without realizing it, beads of tears streaked across her cheeks. Countess Xia Qiu had long lost her noble air. She was now weeping like a little girl who had lost her doll. Anyone who was compassionate would be seduced at the sight of her pitiful look. Unfortunately, the man who stood before her was Bu Fang.

He clasped his hands behind his back and was very satisfied with her reaction. The expressions and emotions of the diners were the best reviews for the chef's dish.

"Have you experienced it? Are you satisfied?" Bu Fang said lightly.

His voice pulled Countess Xia Qiu out from her thoughts. Her face froze for a moment before returning to normal. "No wonder Her Majesty wants to kill chefs... All of you are curses, the source of disasters..."

She wiped away the tears at the corners of her eyes. She almost tried to kill Bu Fang just now. He had brought out her innermost emotions with just an egg—a chef like this

was indeed terrifying. She was a Chaotic Saint, the countess of Void City, yet he could still do that to her.

However, the feeling in her memory and that man's fascination for food had made her give up the idea. How could she blame a chef, when he was only responsible for cooking the food? What made her sad was the story brought out by the food. Food was the original sin, but the human heart was the root cause.

"I may have some understanding of his pursuit of food..." Countess Xia Qiu said with emotion.

Bu Fang nodded. "Now you can tell me the way to get into District B, right?" he asked seriously, looking at the countess.

She wiped away the sweat on her forehead. Glancing at Bu Fang, she lifted her hand and dismissed the array. "Your Cursed Goddess is in District A. In fact, there are more than one Cursed Goddesses, which means there are more candidates...

"Under normal circumstances, it is extremely difficult for someone in District C to get into District B, but... It is not impossible."

She licked her lips. She was still savoring the tea egg's taste. She seemed to be intoxicated by it.

Bu Fang signaled her to continue.

"Void City is, in fact, an immortal divine kingdom. The people in every district are virtually immortal. However, every one hundred thousand years, the Queen of Curses will refresh the population in the districts. That will be the time when you can enter District B from District C.

"But... It will be almost thirty thousand years until the next population renewal. I don't think you can wait that long. And that leaves us with one last method," Countess Xia Qiu said.

"What is the method?" Bu Fang frowned.

"The method is very simple..." Countess Xia Qiu seemed to be somewhat excited. She smiled and said, "It is simple and violent... Fight all the way in!"

“Fight all the way in...”

Countess Xia Qiu’s words left Bu Fang speechless. He had not expected that she would put forward such an unrealistic suggestion.

If he had known that her method was to fight all the way in, he would not have gone through so much hassle. Why did he even need to cook the tea egg to conquer her? He would have chosen to fight all the way in long ago.

Although Bu Fang was a chef, he had a fiery heart. Since his debut, he had been fighting and had never stopped.

“No... Fighting all the way in is not that easy.” Countess Xia Qiu seemed to have guessed what Bu Fang was thinking. She held up a finger and waved it before her face.

“It’s not that easy to fight all the way from District C to District B. First of all, you need a qualification to fight, and I can provide that to you,” she said.

Bu Fang nodded to show that he was listening.

“You know the ring-shaped fighting pit, I suppose? That’s your entrance into District B,” said Countess Xia Qiu. “Void City is very big, and it is divided into Districts A, B, C, and D. I won’t talk about District D since there’s nothing to say about that place... but the other three districts are different.

“All the three districts are very prosperous. Although they are similar, they also have differences. They are all under the control of Her Majesty, but Her Majesty usually does not show up. After all, she is the Queen of Curses. Therefore, these districts are managed by people with different titles.

“District A is under the jurisdiction of dukes. The noblewoman you saw at the Cursed Goddess’s side is one of the three dukes in District A and one of the supporters of the Cursed Goddess you seek. She is the Duchess of Yunlan.

“Marquises have jurisdiction over District B. There are three of them as well. And the ones who manage District C are counts. I think you already know this, so I won’t explain further...”

“Hmm? What’s all this got to do with me fighting all the way in?” Bu Fang asked, puzzled.

“Void City looks peaceful, but beneath the surface, the undercurrents are fierce. Every year, there will be candidates for titles in District A competing with each other. Those who fail will be relegated to the lower district, while those who win can move to the higher district.

"You're in District C. I can give you the qualification to join the contest for titles. As for whether you can emerge among others or not, that is entirely up to you," Countess Xia Qiu said with a smile.

The rules were not complicated, so Bu Fang quickly figured them out. It was the same thing as natural selection.

There were nobles in each district, and these nobles competed with each other for the titles of each district. If Bu Fang wanted to make it to District B, he would have to win the title contest.

"Well, that's the end of our conversation. I'll help you get the qualification for the competition. Go to the fighting pit early tomorrow morning and wait there..." Countess Xia Qiu's expression turned cold and looked like she did not want to say more. She waved her hand and then disappeared.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth twitched slightly as he looked at the spot where she had disappeared. He felt that this woman was somewhat less reliable.

With Countess Xia Qiu gone, he turned to look at Whitey and the others. Foxy was sitting on its head and giggling. As for Shrimpy, it was still spitting bubbles.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed. It raised its huge hand and pointed at the turkey it had pinned to the ground, as if asking Bu Fang something. The turkey was shivering.

"Whitey, you want to eat this turkey?" Bu Fang froze for a moment.

Whitey scratched the back of its head.

Bu Fang smiled faintly. He unleashed the Law of Time, tied up the turkey, and threw it into the Heaven and Earth Farmland. He knew Niu Hansan would love this turkey.

...

In the depths of Countess Xia Qiu's residence

At this moment, her heart was throbbing. The feeling made her shiver, as if her body and mind were enveloped by a fear that came from the depths of her blood.

She walked with long strides and soon came into the great hall. All the servants and maidservants here stood still as if time had frozen. When she looked up at the far end of the hall, she saw a woman in a plain gown standing on the main seat with her back to her.

As soon as she saw the figure, Countess Xia Qiu shuddered. The next moment, she was on her knees.

“Your... Your Majesty...”

The woman did not turn around, but the overwhelming pressure emanating from her made Xia Qiu tremble.

‘I’m finished...’

She thought she could keep the Queen in the dark. It turned out that nothing could be hidden from her. With the Queen’s strength, nothing could escape her perception. Xia Qiu felt that she was only one step away from death.

The woman looked unremarkable. She gave off neither the slightest wave of energy nor the wave of Chaotic Energy. She was as simple as a common person living in an ordinary continent within a small world, who had never cultivated before.

In fact, she was the supreme being who ruled Void City, the Queen of Curses, a terrifying existence who could wipe out half of the universe with a flick of her sleeve.

“Is it good?” the woman asked. Her voice was very gentle, pleasant, and even had a hint of shyness.

“Your... Your Majesty... I...” Countess Xia Qiu’s pupils constricted.

“You just have to tell me whether it’s good or not...” said the woman in an authoritative tone.

“Yes... It was good...” Xia Qiu’s expression was somewhat torn. However, she did not regret it. This was the first time she had ever eaten delicious food. Through it, she felt emotions she had never felt before and understood what that man was after his whole life. So, she had no regrets.

“You shouldn’t eat that... Delicious food is something worse than a curse. It will lead you step by step to destruction.” The Queen of Curses’ voice carried no hint of emotion. “Of all the countesses, you are the only one who used to be a Cursed Goddess. In fact, you are very similar to me, but you are luckier.”

The Queen of Curses’ figure became blurred. Countess Xia Qiu felt a choking sensation closing in on her, causing her to gasp and her pupils to constrict. Suddenly, she felt as if an invisible hand had brushed against her face, and the cold touch made her feel as if she had fallen into an ice cave.

In that instant, her mind went completely blank. The taste of the tea egg, the sadness it brought her, everything about the dish was completely sealed in the depths of her mind. Countess Xia Qiu, who began to have some human emotions because of the food, once again regained her indifferent attitude.

“That’s right... The emotions that delicious food brings are corrosive to the heart, leaving you physically and mentally scarred.”

Countess Xia Qiu’s hair fluttered as if an invisible hand was combing it.

“Go ahead with your plans. Put him in the competition for the title. I’m looking forward to the moment when he stands before me. I’ve been looking forward to it for a long time...”

A faint voice lingered in Countess Xia Qiu’s ears. She looked up, her face expressionless. “Yes, Your Majesty.” She bowed reverently to the void.

The woman in the void had long since disappeared. The next moment, the frozen servants and maidservants resumed their movements as if nothing had happened. They did not notice anything unusual and went on doing what they were supposed to do.

...

That evening, Bu Fang received a token with ‘Viscount’ engraved on its surface from Countess Xia Qiu’s servant. It should be the qualification she mentioned. Only the holder of this token could enter that fighting pit. Made of an unknown metal, the token was cold and heavy. Bu Fang hefted it and found that it was as heavy as a mountain.

“This should be a token made from a star core...” he murmured. “Void City is really rich. The star core used to make this token is definitely not an ordinary one...”

Just by holding it in his hand, Bu Fang could feel the energy flow faster between heaven and earth. It was obviously a divine instrument that helped cultivation. No wonder in Void City, the overall strength of the nobles was much stronger than the common people.

And the token also contained rich curse power, as if there was a divine ability hiding inside. Unfortunately, it was impossible for Bu Fang to cultivate this divine ability.

The night was long. Bu Fang went into the Heaven and Earth Farmland. The energy inside was extremely dense now. It was not at all inferior to the cultivating environment in the divine dynasty, and because of that, the cultivation base of his apprentices had all skyrocketed. However, this was not the focus of his attention.

He found Niu Hansan. The fellow was crossbreeding the tea leaves of the Soul Cleansing Tea Tree and the leaves of the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree.

After having a serious conversation with him, Bu Fang left the farmland. In the study of hybridization, Bu Fang was not as good as Niu Hansan.

If heaven had not made Niu Hansan, the future of the field of hybridization was certainly bleak.

...

The next day, the weather was sunny. Bu Fang left the Countess Residence with Whitey, Foxy, and Shrimpy. He did not see Countess Xia Qiu, but he did not think anything was wrong.

They walked in District C. It was a huge place, not much smaller than the divine dynasty. There were teleportation arrays everywhere. The popularity of the arrays made transportation within the district very convenient.

There were also all kinds of strange chariots—they were also a means of transportation. Of course, compared to the teleportation arrays, they were much slower.

The location of the fighting pit was marked on the token. Bu Fang soon reached his destination. Unlike the fighting pit in District D, this one was very luxuriously decorated, and it was very lively and noisy. A pair of steel gates separated the pit from the district.

Bu Fang, with the token, was also a nobleman now. He had not thought of that. He came up to the steel gates. With a thought in his mind, the viscount token emerged in front of him and then shot straight up to the sky.

Suddenly, he felt a powerful and oppressive force. His eyes narrowed slightly and, looking up, he saw a figure sitting above the steel doors. It was a figure that emitted a very fearsome aura.

Bu Fang's heart gave a jolt. This man was a Chaotic Saint, and not just any Chaotic Saint. The Chaotic Energy he possessed was not inferior to Countess Xia Qiu in the slightest.

The man raised his hand. A huge suction force pulled the token into his palm. After looking it over, he fixed his sharp gaze on Bu Fang's face. "You must observe the order once inside the fighting pit..." He did not make it difficult for Bu Fang. Anyone with a token could enter the fighting pit.

The cold steel gates opened with a crash to both sides. A surge of aura erupted from inside. Bu Fang stepped through it with Whitey, Foxy, and Shrimpy. The next moment, a deafening din greeted him.

Chapter 1718: The Legend of the Clothes-Stripping Crazy Demon

Bu Fang stepped into the lively fighting pit. Whitey followed at his side. Foxy sat on its shoulder, while Shrimpy was curled up atop its head, spitting bubbles.

There were more people in the fighting pit than Bu Fang had expected. They were all nobles from District C. He could understand why there were so many people here when he thought about the size of District C.

Soon after stepping through the gates, someone came to greet Bu Fang. It was a guard wearing black armor. His duty was to guide the contenders for titles like Bu Fang.

“Please come with me, my lord,” the guard said respectfully.

Bu Fang nodded and followed him. The guard did not talk much, but his aura was not weak, and he seemed to be a well-trained expert. He led Bu Fang to a small room around the fighting pit.

“My lord, with the viscount’s token, you are entitled to a room in the fighting pit. This will be your base, and your registration number is tied to it as well,” the guard said. After that, he left the room and closed the door. It was as though his sole duty was to guide Bu Fang to his room.

The departure of the guard did not bother Bu Fang much. He looked around the room. It was not big, but it had everything that should be there. Its furnishings included a couch made of divine beast skin, a wooden table, chairs, and a variety of strange protection arrays.

He sat on the couch. His bottom sank deep into the soft cushion—he could not help being intoxicated by the comfortable feeling.

His number was 9537, which was also the number of the room. It was a very important number.

Countess Xia Qiu had said that if he wanted to get from District C to District B, he would have to fight all the way through, and this fighting pit was his starting point. Based on his number, there were more than nine thousand contenders for the title.

There were more arrays in the room. One of them in the corner was the registration array. Bu Fang just had to send his mental force into it to successfully register himself, but he was in no hurry to enroll.

Sitting on the couch, he poured himself a glass of wine and drank slowly. He looked at the protection array in front of him. It was showing a battle taking place right in the middle of the fighting pit.

It was a battle between two Saints of the Great Path. One of them was a noble from District C, and the other was from District B. They seemed to have been teleported to a star and were fighting there.

Terrifying curse power kept spreading in all directions, and powerful energy swept across the air like a flood. The entire surface of the star was pockmarked by their attacks. The destruction caused by the battle between Saints of the Great Path was certainly horrible.

In fact, every District C noble who wanted to make it to District B was a Saint of the Great Path. Being able to enter District B was not only an upgrade in status, but also a great honor.

It was a bloody battle. The curse power was constantly corroding the noble of District C, causing his flesh to fall off, which looked very creepy. Such a scene was so horrible that it could easily have a great impact on the spirits of those who saw it.

However, this was quite normal. There was a price to be paid for glory.

The District B noble was very strong—he dealt with the District C expert with ease and even had the mood to laugh. There was a gap between the Saints of the Great Path in District C and District B. After all, the cultivation resources they could access were not the same.

The battle ended quickly. The flesh of the District C noble was obliterated, leaving only his soul to drift miserably back to the fighting pit.

Bu Fang finished his wine in one gulp, his face indifferent.

After watching the battle, he had a rough idea of the rules. The competition was between the two districts. He was a noble of District C. If he wanted to enter District B, he needed to win ten consecutive battles against District B nobles. Only then would he have a chance to advance and qualify to enter District B.

And if the nobles of District B suffer a losing streak, they were likely to be eliminated. The rule was cruel, but it was also fair. If you are defeated, you will be eliminated. This was the law that Void City stood for.

Bu Fang watched a few more games. There was a crystal tablet in his room, which showed the ranking of the contenders. At the top of the list was a mighty Saint of the Great Path who had won forty consecutive victories. He was a noble from District B.

For the experts of District B, it was very interesting to strive for a higher ranking in this fighting pit. Some of them could have advanced long ago, but they still chose to fight for a higher ranking.

This was because when they climbed higher in the rankings, they could not only get the Queen's reward, but also gain great honor. This was what motivated them to keep fighting.

Bu Fang glanced at Whitey. 'Whitey should be considered as my weapon, right?' he thought to himself. The next moment, he came to the registration array and sent his mental force into it.

Suddenly, he heard a loud sound ring out in his head. At the same time, the floor of the room lit up. It turned out the floor was actually an independent teleportation array.

Soon, Bu Fang, Whitey, Shrimpy, and Foxy were teleported away. When his vision became clear once again, Bu Fang found that he was on a huge planet. It was a broken and dead planet. It did not have any life, so it was a good choice as a battlefield.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed. Foxy jumped off its shoulder, fell to the ground, and after running some distance, she stood still. Bu Fang put his hands behind his back. His Vermilion Robe fluttered gently in the chilly cosmic wind.

In the distance, a figure slowly emerged. There was no doubt that the figure was Bu Fang's opponent. Before long, the figure became clear. He was a brawny young man carrying a huge axe on his back. Judging from the aura emanating from his body, he was a Saint of the Great Path. Such strength gave him enough confidence to be rampant.

"So you are my opponent this time?" said the young man, grinning. His gaze flickered and landed on Bu Fang's face. He was a little surprised that his opponent was such a scrawny man.

"No... Not me." Bu Fang shook his head, held up a finger, and waved it.

The young man paused.

Bu Fang pointed to Whitey and said, "You're up against it. This is my servant. If you can't even defeat my servant, then you're not qualified to be my opponent..."

"You are too arrogant!" The youth's pupils constricted. Mighty curse power suddenly appeared and wrapped around his body, erupting with a terrifying aura.

"How dare you let a mere puppet become my opponent?! I am a noble under Marquis Chimei of District B, and my ranking is one hundred and ninety-eighth! What is your achievement? Tell me your name!" said the young man coldly.

Bu Fang was stunned. 'This young man is so... awesome?' Most importantly, his first opponent was ranked one hundred and ninety-eighth. Was this not a little too high on the list?

"I... I don't have a ranking. I'm a newcomer," Bu Fang said after thinking for a while.

“A newcomer?” The youth snorted. He did not bother to say anything else. The next moment, he clenched his fist and threw a punch in Bu Fang’s direction. The curse power on his body surged and turned into a black cursed snake, darting toward Bu Fang as well.

“Whitey, punch him,” Bu Fang said. He sat down cross-legged, took out a plate of washed fruits, and ate them while watching the battle with relish.

That made the young man fly into a rage.

Whitey’s mechanical eyes flashed. The flags behind it soared into the sky, scattering the cursed snake. Then, it rushed out with a spear in its hand and fought with the young man.

After evolving, Whitey’s strength became stronger. Anyone who came close to it would be unable to use energy, even if it was a Saint of the Great Path. This forced its opponents to fight it in close-quarters combat.

Rumble!

The young man wielded his huge axe and fought with Whitey. At first, he did not even take the puppet seriously at all, but as the battle went on, he became more and more frightened.

The puppet’s fighting style was completely unorthodox, and it engaged him in close-quarters combat from the start. Every impact and attack made him very uncomfortable. As someone who was used to fighting curse power, he was very bad at close-quarters combat.

With a bang, the spear knocked the axe away and nailed it to the ground. The youth’s hair was disheveled, and his eyes were wide. He felt a little frustrated that it took him so long to deal with a puppet!

Rumble!

Whitey and the young man kept exchanging blows. The planet was exploding beneath them, while flames raged all around them.

Suddenly, the young man felt a gust of chilly wind pass through his body. He found that, at some point, the puppet had grabbed his clothes. The next moment, he heard a ripping sound, and then his clothes were torn from him!

‘What the heck?! What kind of fighting tactic is this?!’

He covered his naked upper body with one hand and attacked Whitey repeatedly with the other. However, his pants were soon torn as well. His face turned red.

“You vile thing!”

Whitey’s mechanical eyes flashed as it slapped the youth to the ground. Then, it jumped on him and slapped him repeatedly in the face.

Before long, the young man’s face became bruised and swollen. He was filled with grief and anger. Fortunately, his opponent was a newcomer, so the match was not broadcasted by the projection array. Otherwise, he would surely become everyone’s laughingstock.

Such a combination was just too odd. His opponent had completely suppressed him with just a puppet. The youth felt sad. After several consecutive days of defeats, he was already a little disheartened.

Whitey raised its hand and held its spear, its flags fluttering behind it. The youth chose to throw in the towel. Whitey had beat a Saint of the Great Path into submission.

Bu Fang clapped his hands, spat out a kernel, and walked off with Whitey.

The bruised and naked young man glared at Bu Fang’s back. He wanted to remember this treacherous fellow!

...

Upon returning to his room, Bu Fang noticed that the character ‘one’ had appeared in the place of his victory tally. Of course, he was still way down in the rankings. Without hesitation, he activated the array once again.

With a buzzing sound, the scene in front of him changed again. He came to another dead planet. When his opponent appeared, Bu Fang did not waste his breath with him—he told Whitey to fight right away.

Whitey rushed forward and fought with Bu Fang’s opponent. The battle was fierce and the end tragic. The expert was stripped naked by Whitey and gave up in disgrace.

Bu Fang was satisfied. The Clothes-Stripping Crazy Demon was like fish in water here. The tally of his victories kept climbing, from one to two, then three, four... However, as the tally increased, his opponents became stronger and stronger.

It was not that easy to keep winning. The person in charge of the fighting pit would always keep an eye on the contenders and assign suitable opponents for them.

Meanwhile, rumors about a clothes-stripping puppet were circulating among all the contenders...

Chapter 1719: The Popcorn Eater, Bu Fang

The news that a cloth-stripping puppet had mixed in with the contenders to strip opponents of their clothes swept out like a storm, spreading throughout the entire fighting pit in an instant.

Bu Fang had won five matches in a row, and he was climbing up the rankings, reaching around five hundred. However, he did not care about his ranking.

He took a short break. The main reason was that he was tired of eating and needed to take some time to digest. He had been sitting and eating spirit fruits when Whitey was fighting, so he had decided to eat something else later. If he just kept eating spirit fruits, his mouth would soon become numb.

After having enough rest, he once again fed his mental force into the array. With a buzzing sound, the array operated and began to help him choose his opponent based on his ranking. A few moments later, his opponent was determined.

Bu Fang took Whitey, Shrimpy, and Foxy to the battlefield. This time, the battlefield was no longer a dead planet, but a planet primed for life and covered with green vegetation.

Whitey, with its metal spear in its hand, was impatient to fight. Bu Fang patted its belly as if to encourage it. After that, he walked to the side with Foxy and Shrimpy sitting on his shoulders.

Bu Fang took out the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and began to prepare something to eat. He changed the shape of the wok. In just a few short moments, the wok became cylindrical.

In the distance, Whitey's opponent had appeared. This time, its opponent was also a Saint of the Great Path from District B. Of course, this expert's aura was stronger than the average Saint of the Great Path. But Whitey was undaunted. Clutching the spear tightly, it rushed forward.

The name of the Clothes-Stripping Crazy Demon had already spread through the fighting pit, so the expert naturally did not dare to take it lightly. Soon, he fought Whitey in a fierce battle, causing mountains to collapse and the sea to rise in tsunamis.

The battle was broadcasted through the projection array, and many people in the fighting pit saw it.

"That's Zhao Yu from District B, who is ranked one hundred and third!"

“Zhao Yu is a fearsome expert... He once won eight consecutive victories and had shattered the dreams of many nobles of District C.”

“This is the end of that Clothes-Stripping Crazy Demon! Zhao Yu’s not that easy to be defeated!”

Those who watched the match through the projection array thought Whitey was bound to lose. However, Bu Fang did not care about that. At this moment, he was dealing with the food in front of him.

The Black Turtle Constellation Wok had transformed into a cylinder shape, and he placed it across the air. With a flick of his finger, the divine flame jumped out and landed around the wok. It began to emit blazing heat, causing the wok to rotate continuously.

In the distance, the battle was in full swing, while on this side, Bu Fang was quietly cooking a meal.

When the wok reached the desired temperature, Bu Fang took out an ear of corn. This was no ordinary corn—it contained a large amount of divine energy. He peeled off the kernels one by one, put them in a blue and white porcelain bowl, and then used a cloth to soak up the moisture from their surfaces.

While Whitey was fighting, Bu Fang threw the corn kernels into the cylindrical wok and began to turn it, causing the kernels to tumble continuously inside.

Suddenly, popping sounds rang out. It was as if someone had set fire to firecrackers. The ground shook violently with each pop. Bu Fang had not expected the explosion to be so loud.

Foxy scurried behind him, grabbed his hair, and stared nervously at the wok. Shrimpy, on the other hand, was dumbfounded because the bubble it was blowing had burst.

Meanwhile, Zhao Yu, who was fighting with Whitey in the distance, was startled by the popping sounds. He thought someone was backstabbing him. However, when he jerked his head around, he found nothing unusual.

His aura fluctuated a little, and then he was back in the thick of battle with Whitey. Nowadays, Whitey was also somewhat famous in the fighting pit. Zhao Yu thought that if he could defeat it, it would be a great honor for him.

Boom!

Another loud explosion rang out. Zhao Yu’s heart gave a shudder. He jerked his head to look into the distance, where the sound of the explosion came from. Then, he saw a young man happily opening a black cylinder, from which tiny white things kept rolling out.

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'What the f*ck is that? I seem to smell a rich fragrance...' Zhao Yu was somewhat dumbstruck when he saw that.

Looking at the white popcorn, Bu Fang could not help but lift the corners of his mouth. The Black Turtle Constellation Wok changed back to its original shape to contain all the popcorn. Bu Fang took the wok in his hands, sat cross-legged down, picked up a piece of popcorn with two fingers, and stuffed it in his mouth.

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Crackle.

A thick, creamy aroma burst in his mouth. The popcorn tasted good. Bu Fang also prepared a small bowl for Foxy, which was filled with popcorn.

After that, they sat on the ground, eating popcorn and watching Whitey fight in the distance. They had evolved from the standard pumpkin-seed-eating crowd to the popcorn-eating crowd.

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"You guys continue," Bu Fang said expressionlessly, his mouth stuffed with popcorn.

The corner of Zhao Yu's mouth twitched. However, just when he was momentarily distracted, Whitey's slap struck him. Immediately after that, all his clothes were ripped. Tattered clothes were scattered all over the place, surrounding a naked man. The familiar sight made many people sigh.

The Clothes-Stripping Crazy Demon had once again displayed its amazing clothes stripping skills...

Six victories in a row! Bu Fang felt a little bored. He had only eaten a few mouthfuls of popcorn when the fight was over. "How come there isn't even an expert who is better at fighting..." Shaking his head and holding the wok filled with popcorn, he left the battlefield with Whitey, Foxy, and Shrimpy.

Countless people who watched the battle through the projection array were stunned, not knowing what to say. The battle ended faster than they expected.

"Zhao Yu was distracted by that young man!"

"I thought it was some kind of sinister trick. If I were Zhao Yu, I would probably fall into the same trap."

“Is that food? Is that youth a chef?”

Many nobles were dumbfounded. The next moment, they broke out into an uproar.

With Bu Fang coming off a six-game winning streak, his fame slowly began to spread.

At the Countess Residence, Countess Xia Qiu calmly watched the images in the projection array. When she saw the popcorn Bu Fang had made, her eyes narrowed slightly. At that moment, she wondered what would happen when this chef stood in front of the Queen of Curses.

In a luxurious mansion in District A, Nethery sat on a couch made with the skin of some divine beast and looked at the projection array in the distance. It was showing the battle between Whitey and its opponent.

“He’s a very interesting little chef,” said the noblewoman, chuckling.

Nethery’s face remained unchanged.

“But there’s one thing that makes me curious... This guy is cooking in front of everyone, and yet he’s not getting the Queen’s attention...” the noblewoman said, crossing her long, fair legs.

“I didn’t believe this little chef when he said he would come to Void City to look for you. Now, it seems he might actually succeed. Of course, it’s still too early to tell...”

...

Bu Fang activated the array again. With a buzzing sound, it began to rotate. Soon, they came to another battlefield. This time, however, the battlefield was not on a planet, but in a nebula.

As usual, Bu Fang sent Whitey to the fight, while he continued to eat the popcorn he had not been able to finish in the previous match.

Whitey’s opponent this time was unusual. After all, Bu Fang had won six matches in a row, so the difficulty was gradually increasing. The expert was a mid-tier Saint of the Great Path.

Bu Fang watched the battle as he ate the popcorn. He even clapped his hands and cheered now and then.

The fight was fierce and exciting, but Bu Fang’s behavior made many people hate him. He had a look that made many people wish they could rub his face against the ground a hundred times...

The mid-tier Saint of the Great Path was naturally no match for Whitey. In the end, he threw in the towel. That was the seventh victory.

Then, they won the eighth match as well. When Whitey defeated its eighth opponent, Bu Fang also finished his popcorn.

Finally, a late-stage Saint of the Great Path appeared in the ninth match. The distortion of the void caused by this expert as soon as he emerged shocked everyone.

This time, Bu Fang watched the fight while frying oyster pancakes. The rich fragrance wafted out of the Black Turtle Constellation Wok was an even greater distraction to Whitey's opponent.

Many people were fuming with anger. For them, the smell of food was a fatal temptation that would distract them!

"Dammit! Why does smelling this scent make me feel like I'm back in my childhood?!" The Saint of the Great Path who was fighting Whitey felt a jolt in his heart. The next moment, he noticed a huge palm growing larger and larger in his vision.

Rumble!

The expert, who had a momentary trance due to the scent of the oyster pancake, was stripped naked by Whitey.

Many people were shocked. They could not believe that a late-stage Saint of the Great Path had been defeated too!

"Why... Why doesn't the Queen punish this chef? Are chefs allowed to freely cook in Void City now?!"

They could not figure it out, but that did not stop them from getting angry. For many nobles, these matches were not just contests, but also gambling games! Many of them had bet their entire fortune on it.

Soon, the person in charge of the fighting pit, a Chaotic Saint, sent a voice transmission to Bu Fang and forbade him to continue releasing any aroma. Bu Fang could only curl his lips at the injunction.

"He has won nine matches in a row!" The nobles suddenly realized that. If the Clothes-Stripping Crazy Demon won one more match, Bu Fang would complete ten consecutive victories and have the chance to fight for the qualification to enter District B.

As the gatekeepers of District B, these nobles would not let Bu Fang advance so easily. And the person in charge of the fighting pit was not ready to let Bu Fang win the tenth match so easily as well.

Rumble!

A clamor broke out among the nobles when a disheveled, barefoot teenager stepped out of the void.

“It’s Aohen! He’s Viscount Aohen who is ranked fiftieth with a record of eighteen consecutive victories!”

At the sight of the teenager, all the people who had bet on him became extremely excited.

With a buzzing sound, Bu Fang, Whitey, and the two little ones appeared on the battlefield. As usual, Bu Fang let Whitey fight, while he set up the stove and wok and prepared to cook.

All those who watched the match through the projection array could not help but frown.

“Didn’t the person in charge of the fighting pit forbid this guy from releasing the aroma of food to distract his opponent?”

“He’s doing it again?! He simply has no regard for the rules!”

“How dare he openly defy the will of a Chaotic Saint?! This ignorant chef is courting death!”

The nobles were in an uproar. However, they were also very excited to see what would happen.

Aohen, the disheveled young man, had an indifferent gaze. To him, nine consecutive victories were nothing at all. Meeting him on the battlefield was a disaster for his opponent.

‘Perhaps this Clothes-Stripping Crazy Demon is too aggressive, so the person in charge of the fighting pit wants me to suppress it a little... In that case, I will destroy this puppet first, then kill that chef! I will defend the dignity of the contenders for the titles from District B!’

He raised his hand. Bright light bloomed in his palm, rotated rapidly, and condensed into a golden sword.

“Fight”

Rumble!

A loud rumbling sound rang out of Whitey’s body. The flags behind it fluttered in the wind. Clenching the metal spear in its hand, it charged toward Aohen.

Keeping his indifferent expression, Aohen held the hilt of his sword with both hands, ready to cut Whitey in half. Suddenly, his nose twitched. The next moment, his face became extremely dark, and he jerked his head to look into the distance.

There, a monstrous stench was pouring out from Bu Fang's Black Turtle Constellation Wok. He took out a pair of chopsticks, picked up a piece of stinky tofu that was fried to golden brown, stuffed it into his mouth, and began chewing happily.

The person in charge of the fighting pit only forbade him from releasing any aroma of food, so it should not be too much for him to cook stinky tofu, right?

Chapter 1720: The Nine-Revolution Chaotic Tree

The stench was different from the ordinary stench.

Those who could cultivate to this level were all the best of various universes, existences who stood on the summit. They could move mountains, fill oceans, and shatter the universe with a single thought. How could a mere stench affect them?

But it did affect Aohen.

Bu Fang's stinky tofu had been improved countless times. Its stench could go deep into the marrow and could not be avoided. Even a Saint of the Great Path could not avoid smelling it.

The corner of Aohen's mouth twitched. He felt the pressure on him became greater. The stench actually messed up his power. If the aroma of food could affect the minds of the contenders in battle, then this stench was purely affecting the mood.

Aohen felt his stomach churn. Fortunately, he had not eaten anything in the past countless years, so he could not throw up anything. But because his state was affected, he felt that the iron puppet in front of him was getting stronger and stronger.

As a peak Saint of the Great Path who ranked fiftieth in the rankings, he was being pressured and even beaten by a puppet. It made him fuming.

'How could I possibly lose to such a treacherous, lowly fellow? How dare he use a foreign object to distract me in battle?'

Aohen glared at Bu Fang. However, what he saw made his heart skip a beat. He saw Bu Fang pick up a piece of stinky tofu with a pair of chopsticks and stuff it into his mouth, then munch it happily.

The look of enjoyment on his face made Aohen's stomach turn.

'That thing smells incredibly foul, and yet he put it in his mouth? Did this guy get kicked in the head by a donkey? No wonder the Queen of Curses didn't punish him... He's not even making gourmet food! What he made is completely disgusting!'

The scene was transmitted to all the rooms through the projection array. Everyone who followed the battle saw Bu Fang eating stinky tofu. Even through the array, they seemed to be able to smell a foul odor. The faces of many people turned black.

Rumble!

Whitey slammed to the ground, shattering the surface of the planet.

Although Aohen looked scrawny with disheveled hair, his physical strength was formidable. Each of his punches carried the power to destroy mountains. Soon, he was able to overcome Whitey's blows and even suppressed it.

If it were not for Bu Fang's stinky tofu, he would probably have ended the battle.

Boom!

He threw out another punch. A strong gust of wind pushed Whitey, causing it to keep stepping backward.

"Good!"

"Break this puppet's unbeaten run!"

"Let this boy know that the door to District B is not that easy to enter!"

The nobles were screaming and cheering. Even the stench could not stop Aohen from giving full play to his strength!

Bu Fang was a little surprised. It seemed that Whitey had met a tough match. However, Aohen had the strength of a peak Saint of the Great Path, so it was understandable that Whitey could not defeat him.

Aohen stood in midair, raised his hand, and waved it. Suddenly, a terrifying force erupted, pushing countless rocks and dirt together and throwing them at Whitey.

He was wild. He wanted to seal Whitey in this planet. That was the fate of every opponent he had fought before—almost all the opponents he defeated ended up being sealed in the planets. This would not only show his strength, but also spread his dominance and fame throughout Void City.

He threw a cold glance into the distance. His eyes sparkled as he saw Bu Fang fish up a piece of stinky tofu dripping with oil.

Rumble!

A tremendous amount of curse power burst from his body, transforming into a giant bird and flying toward Whitey.

"It's over!" Aohen bellowed. He was about to successfully defend the glory of District B!

Suddenly, the disgusting stench approached him. His movements halted abruptly. The next moment, Bu Fang slowly emerged in front of him, looking at him with an expressionless face.

"It's over? No... This is just the beginning," Bu Fang said, shaking his head.

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Aohen frowned.

"Foxy," Bu Fang called faintly.

The little fox, who was eating stinky tofu in the distance, flickered and appeared in front of Bu Fang the next moment, falling into his arms. She grinned, and the strong smell of stinky tofu wafted out of her mouth.

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At the very beginning, she firmly refused to try the stinky tofu. However, after she ate one piece, she could not stop. Sure enough, all the food Bu Fang brought out was delicious, whether it was fragrant or stinky. She smirked.

Bu Fang rubbed Foxy's head. Then, he picked her up, aimed her at Aohen, and gave her a gentle pat on the buttocks. "Finish him off with one blow," he said.

As his words faded away, a tremendous amount of energy began to gather in Foxy's mouth. The next moment, her jaws parted, and then a powerful energy shell shot out of it. It was a Soul Demon meatball combined with the stinky tofu, which contained an amazing destructive power.

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"What's this?" Aohen's pupils constricted. He stepped back and raised his hand. The curse power flowed in his palm as he clenched it into a fist and threw a punch at the energy shell spewed by the little fox. He was going to blast through it with his fist!

Rumble!

In the blink of an eye, his fist struck the shell, and a monstrous stench burst out of it. The stench, wrapped in the energy cannonball, became even more pungent.

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Aohen's face froze. The next moment, the full power of the shell was pouring down on him. At the last moment before he was knocked down, all he could do was yell, "That stinks!"

A great trench appeared in the ground. Aohen lay miserably at the end of it with disheveled hair, his aura fluctuating violently. He was defeated. Tears of shame flowed from his eyes, and his whole body was stained with the stench.

All those who watched the scene through the projection array were stunned speechless. After a moment's silence, they broke out into an uproar.

"Good heavens! Aohen was defeated?!"

"So... That lad is the real contender?"

"The previous nine consecutive wins were achieved by the lad's puppet?"

Some of the nobles were stunned, while others were chattering away. They did not want to believe it, but what happened in front of their eyes gave them no other choice.

The ranking on the crystal tablet changed once again. After ten consecutive victories, Bu Fang finally climbed into the top 100. At last, he left his name at the top of the tablet. At the same time, he was also qualified to fight for a ticket to enter District B.

Bu Fang glanced at Aohen, who had tears of humiliation streaming down his face. After pulling Whitey out of the mound of dirt, they left the battlefield.

Even Aohen, who was ranked fiftieth, had lost miserably. Who else could stop Bu Fang? Did it take those experts ranked in the top ten to do so?

The whole fighting pit was in a tumult. After many years, there was finally an existence from District C qualified to fight for a ticket to enter District B. This made many nobles of District C scream with excitement.

The qualifying battle was different from the ranking battle. It would be held in the middle of the fighting pit, and all nobles would be able to witness the match with their own eyes.

Bu Fang went back to his room. Not long after that, there was a knock on his door. He opened the door. The guard in black armor appeared again, but this time, he handed Bu Fang a cold invitation.

“My lord, congratulations on your ten consecutive victories. This is the ticket to the qualifying battle. Please keep it in a safe place. There are three qualifying matches, and my lord has to win all three to get into District B,” the black-armored guard said to Bu Fang.

Bu Fang nodded and took the ticket. After the guard left, he shut the door. He went over to the leather couch and sat down, and his whole body seemed to sink into it. The feeling of being wrapped up in a soft cushion made him comfortable.

The ticket was a card made of an unknown material, and it was covered with the curse power. After playing with it for a while, Bu Fang put it away.

He had three days to rest before the qualifying battle began. He could recharge his energy during this period. However, he did not care much about it. After all, he did not do much in the ranking battle. At most, he just carried Foxy in the tenth match and fired a cannonball.

Since he had three days to rest, he chose to go into Heaven and Earth Farmland. He found Niu Hansan to see the results of his research.

Niu Hansan was basically focused on crossbreeding these days, and he was getting some results.

When Bu Fang found him, he looked very tired. His eyes were sunken, his lips dry, and his mental force was almost depleted. He handed Bu Fang a golden seed and, without looking back, went into the wooden hut and fell asleep on the recliner.

Bu Fang held the golden seed in his hand. He felt that it was a very unusual seed. Of course, he still needed to verify how unusual it was. It happened that he had nothing to do for the next three days, so he stayed in the farmland to do that.

The Immortal Tree was swaying, the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree was glowing brilliantly, and the blood lobsters in the River of Life were waving their pincers. The whole farmland presented a lively scene.

Bu Fang took the seed and chose a good spot in the farmland. Eighty, Eight Treasures Pig, and Three-Eyed Wild Lion gathered around him, wondering what he was going to do.

He dug a hole, put the seed in it, and filled the soil back in. Then, he watered it with the Spring of Life. The water was absorbed by the soil in an instant. In a short while, a majestic aura of life erupted from the seed, and a tender bud broke out of the soil.

Bu Fang exclaimed softly. He noticed that there seemed to be something different about the bud. Although it had just emerged from the earth, it had the life force of a God Emperor. As it continued to grow, it would have no problem reaching the level of the Soul Cleansing Tea Tree.

The point was, this bud had tremendous potential because it had the combined characteristics of the Immortal Tree, the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree, and the Soul Cleansing Tea Tree.

He did not expect Niu Hansan to be able to develop such a wonderful plant. He sat cross-legged on the ground, stretched out a hand, and sent the Law of Time into the budding little by little.

The bud grew larger and larger at a rate visible to the naked eye. In just a few moments, it surpassed the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree and the Immortal Tree, reaching so far into the sky that its crown could no longer be seen. In addition, its aura was majestic, and there was a will brewing in it, which was absolutely loyal to Bu Fang.

“What a strong aura...” The corners of Bu Fang’s mouth lifted slightly. The strength of this new tea tree was so strong that it was not weaker than the Chaotic-Saint-level Soul Cleansing Tea Tree.

All of a sudden, the Senseless Lotus that was growing on the Immortal Tree fell off, turned into a stream of light, and landed on the new tea tree. Its petals were fluttering gracefully.

Bu Fang had not forgotten the Senseless Lotus. It had a very mysterious origin and was of great use to him, so he kept it with him all the time. Perhaps at some point, he would have to use it. Of course, he did not wish that to happen, for that would mean he was in a very difficult situation.

“Since you are so majestic and strong... I will call you the Nine-Revolution Chaotic Tree,” Bu Fang said, putting his hands behind his back.

Combining the characteristics of the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea, the divinity of the Soul Cleansing Tea Tree, and the immortality of the Immortal Tree, this Nine-Revolution Chaotic Tree would become the unbreakable pillar of the Heaven and Earth Farmland!

The tree swayed its branches as if it understood Bu Fang’s words. At the same time, a tremendous amount of spiritual energy spread out of it and diffused throughout the farmland, making the energy in the air boil again. Now, any one of those blood lobsters was approaching the level of a God King.

After spending a few days in the farmland and watching the Chaotic Tree grow, Bu Fang finally remembered that he still had to participate in the qualifying battle. So, he left the farmland.

When he returned to his room, Bu Fang checked the time. The corner of his mouth twitched. Through the projection array, he could see that the qualifying battle seemed to have started.