

Gourmet of Another World #Chapter 1731: Marquis Lang Gu - Read Gourmet of Another World Chapter 1731: Marquis Lang Gu

Chapter 1731: Marquis Lang Gu

A rain of blood fell on District B.

A terrible blast erupted from the purple-haired youth's hand and rushed toward the army that was charging toward him. Just when all the nobles thought nothing had happened, something horrible unfolded right before their eyes.

In the blink of an eye, the Blood Guards that filled the sky were cut in half with a single slash. Their bodies were cut in half at the waist. Blood kept spurting out from their broken bodies and falling from the sky.

It was a spine-chilling scene. No one thought that this chef could really fight an army by himself!

Even Marchioness Moti was stunned. She had never dreamed of seeing this. Her Blood Guards were invincible and had swept across multiple universes. However, this purple-haired chef cut them all in half with just one slash!

One slash. He used only one slash to cut the mighty Blood Guards in half.

Countless body parts fell from the sky. The soldiers, cut in half, had lost their ability to recover. Their flesh was writhing, and soon their souls flew out of the broken bodies in panic and fled wildly in all directions. Even the ten Saints of the Great Path were slain by the slash!

Now, not only the nobles, but even Bu Fang in his spirit sea was dumbfounded.

'Qilin is indeed... the boss of the five Artifact Spirits,' he thought to himself.

"White Tiger, you still have a lot to learn," Gold Dragon said as he twisted his long body.

White Tiger grunted arrogantly and looked away.

Among all the Artifact Spirits, Qilin's strength was the strongest, so the strength he could exert after possessing Bu Fang was naturally very exceptional. Of course, when Bu Fang stepped into the realm of the Chaotic Saints, the strength that the other Artifact

Spirits could exert would be even stronger. When the time comes, White Tiger could achieve this as well. But not now.

Purple-haired Bu Fang had an evil smile on his lips that sent chills down the backs of all the nobles. If the impression the dark-haired Bu Fang gave them was cold and arrogant, and the white-haired Bu Fang was proud, then the purple-haired Bu Fang was evil. When they looked at him, they felt they were staring at death.

Marchioness Moti's face became very ugly. 'Is this the fighting prowess of a duke? How is this even possible... How could this chef possess such strength?!

In the distance, purple-haired Bu Fang flexed his wrist, then he made the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife spin in his palm.

"What are you waiting for, little lump of iron? This is a feast for you," he said with a half-smile.

Holding the spear in its hand, Whitey's mechanical eyes lit up. The next moment, its abdomen turned into a black vortex. A powerful suction burst out of it as if to suck everything into its belly.

Up in the sky, the souls of the Blood Guards were trying hard to flee, but the force began to pull them toward Whitey's stomach. None of them could resist it, and they all looked frightened.

"You are too unbridled!"

Marchioness Moti was fuming. If the souls of these Blood Guards were sucked away by that puppet, then her army would be wiped out, and she would become the laughingstock of everyone in Void City. She could not bear such humiliation at all! She was a marquis, and she could not allow a chef to wipe out her army!

Clutching the bloody knife, she lunged frantically toward Whitey. She wanted to destroy this puppet!

All the nobles watching the fight sucked in their breath. They still remembered Bess's desperate face and her tragic end. To them, this puppet was not the Clothes-Stripping Crazy Demon, but a monster who ate humans without spitting bones!

Out of her anger, Marchioness Moti unleashed her greatest strength. Chaotic energy churned over her head. A closer look would reveal that she had almost hundreds of strands of Chaotic Energy. The numbers were impressive.

Surrounded by Chaotic Energy, the knife went straight at Whitey. However, before it could reach its target, it was blocked by a kitchen knife. The clash of the bloody knife

and the golden kitchen knife produced a deafening clang, which shattered the void around them.

“How dare you swing your knife in front of me? Are you looking for death?”

Marchioness Moti’s voice was cold. The next moment, she spun her bloody knife. Thousands of knives shot out of the blade and flew toward Bu Fang to cut him to pieces. This was a fearsome killing move.

However, purple-haired Bu Fang just smiled evilly. Without hesitation, he raised the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and began to swing it. With just the kitchen knife, he shattered all the bloody knives that were closing in on him. His movements were so fast that people gasped as they watched.

In a flash, the two of them were fighting each other. The kitchen knife and the bloody knife kept colliding, but each collision sent Marchioness Moti flying backward.

The duke-level pressure emanating from Bu Fang made her face look very ugly. His every move was filled with terrifying power. She felt that not only was she starting to have difficulties in fending off his attacks, but she was also gradually falling into a disadvantageous position.

‘Is he really just a chef? Why would a mere chef who isn’t even a Chaotic Saint give me duke-level pressure? I don’t believe this is real!’

She began to fight with a barbarous knife technique. Every move she made seemed to shatter the stars.

However, purple-haired Bu Fang was still very relaxed. This attitude of his irritated Marchioness Moti again. She felt that he was humiliating her!

In the distance, Whitey was absorbing the souls excitedly, its mechanical eyes flashing.

Foxy and Shrimpy were guarding it. Whenever some of the surviving Blood Guards tried to stop Whitey from absorbing the souls, the little fox would unleash a Soul Demon meatball and blow them apart. The two little fellows were like the fiercest gatekeepers, charged with killing anyone who stood in Whitey’s way.

Countless souls struggled as they were being absorbed by Whitey. The more souls it absorbed, the stronger its aura became. The scene sent chills down the backs of the nobles.

“What kind of monster did this chef bring with him? Is District B going to be turned upside down now? Who else could stop him? The other marquises?”

Some nobles thought of that possibility, but they also felt that this idea was somewhat impractical. The three marquises striking together just to defeat a chef? This was just... too much, wasn't it?

While many people were in a daze, Marchioness Moti kept growling and swinging her knife. One after another, streaks of knife energy swept out in all directions, hitting many buildings and reducing them to ruins. However, none of the terrible knife energy could get close to purple-haired Bu Fang.

"You're a grumpy woman." Purple-haired Bu Fang smiled evilly and shook his head.

"I... I will kill you!"

Marchioness Moti had never been so humiliated. She swung her bloody knife again, but this time, it was blocked by the golden kitchen knife.

Bu Fang looked at her, his eyes shining with a purple glow. The next moment, their eyes met.

Marchioness Moti's heart gave a jerk, and she suddenly felt a tremendous pressure weighing down on her. Her spirit sea began to boil, trying to resist the pressure.

"I forgot to tell you something. My strongest ability is not wielding a kitchen knife but using mental force." Purple-haired Bu Fang chuckled.

That gave Marchioness Moti pause. The next moment, her face became completely blank. The clattering of hooves rang out in her spirit sea as a Qilin glowing with purple light descended. Her mental force surged to fight against the Qilin, but it was ripped to pieces!

She coughed up a mouthful of blood.

The nobles who were watching nearby felt chills run through them.

"Is Her Excellency... no match for this chef?!"

"Why is this chef so strong? Does he really possess the strength of a duke? How else could he suppress a marquis?"

Now, no one thought Bu Fang's claim that he would fight against an army alone was a joke. It seemed that only dukes could defeat him now, since even Marchioness Moti had failed to stop him.

"What should we do? Is District B really going to be defeated by a chef?"

As all the nobles were getting anxious, they heard drum beats. It was not loud and seemed a little scattered. The next moment, however, it suddenly became very loud as if it was the evening drum in a monastery, ringing in everyone's ears and shaking their eardrums.

Soon, a figure could be seen striding from the depths of District B. It was not a woman this time, but a rather coquettish man. In his hand, he held a pellet drum, which he was turning from side to side.

With the appearance of this man, the nobles were all in an uproar!

"It's Marquis Lang Gu! A second marquis at last!"

Many people were filled with joy. Since a marquis could not defeat the chef, what about two? It had been hundreds of thousands of years since two marquises joined forces!

The sound of the rattle swept out in all directions like waves over an ocean. Marchioness Moti coughed up another mouthful of blood. With the help of the drumbeats, she finally escaped the gaze of purple-haired Bu Fang. Leaning against her knife, she landed on a building, gasping fiercely.

"There's something odd about this chef!" she said.

Marquis Lang Gu slowly descended from the sky and walked up to Marchioness Moti, twisting his waist with every step. His face was covered with a thick layer of powder, which made him look... weird.

"Oh, little Moti, who bullied you? Come, let this sister avenge you..."

He chuckled, covering his mouth with one hand. At that moment, he felt that he was the most beautiful person in the whole Void City. He glanced at purple-haired Bu Fang, then lifted the rattle and gave it a gentle twist.

Dong! Dong!

The rattle seemed to beat at the same rate as Bu Fang's heart. It gave him a very uncomfortable feeling. Many nobles could not stand the rhythm either. Their faces turned deathly pale as they opened their mouths and coughed up blood.

Meanwhile, Whitey had almost finished absorbing all the souls. Marchioness Moti could not save her army even if she went up to stop it now. She immediately vented all her anger and killing intent on purple-haired Bu Fang.

"What is this trick?" In Bu Fang's spirit sea, he clutched his chest with one hand and frowned.

“That is the Soul Crushing Rattle. Don’t be fooled by its appearance. It’s not just a rattle, but a very famous weapon in Void City!” said the Black Turtle. As the Artifact Spirit who had lived the longest, he was the most knowledgeable.

“Then how am I going to resist it?” Bu Fang asked. He felt his blood boil and his heart almost explode.

“It’s easy to resist it... Qilin knows what to do,” the Black Turtle said. Then, he quieted down and said no more.

Purple-haired Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. The sound of the rattle was so piercing that it was useless to cover his ears. Looking at the coquettish Marquis Lang Gu, who held his little finger up like a woman, purple-haired Bu Fang slightly lifted the corners of his mouth, revealing an evil smile.

Sonic attacks? Who did not know something about music these days?

He put away the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and took out the Qilin Transmigration Ladle. Then, he took out the normal-sized Black Turtle Constellation Wok. With the ladle in one hand and the black wok in the other, Bu Fang grinned. Then, he hit the bottom of the wok vigorously with the ladle.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Purple-haired Bu Fang beat the wok rhythmically. Marquis Lang Gu, who was twisting his rattle in the distance, was stunned, and his face stiffened. The harsh noise had interrupted his rhythm.

The corner of Marchioness Moti’s mouth twitched, and the nobles were speechless. They never knew that woks and ladles could be used in this way!

Chapter 1732: Whitey Evolves

Instead of sparks, the clash of the wok and the ladle produced a crisp, somewhat naughty sound.

No one expected Bu Fang to counter Marquis Lang Gu in such a way. Of the three marquises, he was the most eccentric. It was not because he was a cross-dresser, but because of his pellet drum.

He was a soul drummer. Whenever he turned his rattle, the beads hanging on threads on either side of the body would strike the drums and produce a strange sound wave.

Such sound waves could not only shatter the stars, they could even throw one's soul into chaos.

This was the reason why he was called a soul drummer. With the pellet rattle, he could kill people without being seen. This ability made many people fearful when facing him.

However, the experts of District B had witnessed a scene that left them dumbfounded. Instead of backing away from Marquis Lang Gu's rattle, the chef put up a fight. He took out a wok and a ladle and began to beat them together rhythmically, scattering the sound waves from the rattle.

"I can't believe he's able to suppress Marquis Lang Gu's rattle!"

"Is this chef a soul gong player?!"

"He uses the wok for a gong and the ladle for a mallet? Is this now a battle between a soul gong player and a soul drummer? Who's going to win?"

For a moment, the onlookers were a little dumbfounded, and they even found it somewhat comical.

"Huh? This is interesting! I didn't expect this little chef would use such a method to counter my rattle."

Marquis Lang Gu held up his pinkie and narrowed his eyes. Fury could be seen surging in them. It was as if he had met a rare opponent—he suddenly became very interested in Bu Fang.

"In that case, this sister will play with you." He stuck out his tongue and licked his lips.

Leaning against her bloody knife, Marchioness Moti gave Marquis Lang Gu a look of disgust. However, she was also looking forward to this unique clash. She wondered who was better, the black wok or the pellet drum?

Bu Fang, possessed by Qilin, was having a great time rapping the wok. He held the ladle in one hand and struck the black wok in the center with each blow, producing a strange sound wave. As he kept striking, he seemed to get happier and happier, and he even managed to play a rhythmic tune.

Suddenly, Marquis Lang Gu fought back. He focused his eyes and began to turn the rattle. The drumbeat became more and more intense and faster.

Dom! Dom! Dom! Dom!

The rapid drumbeat regained control of the battlefield. Each beat seemed to strike the listeners' hearts, filling them with a sense of uneasiness. It was a very uncomfortable feeling.

Many experts who had not yet reached the level of Saints of the Great Path coughed blood and flew backward. They tried to cover their ears, but it was useless. Blood was pouring from their mouths and noses, and they felt as if their souls were about to be torn apart.

Even Saints of the Great Path had turned pale. They struggled to steady their souls, to keep them from being impacted by the drumbeat.

With a smile on his face, Marquis Lang Gu held up his pinkie, pointed his index finger at Bu Fang, and said, "Now, little chef, do you see how good this sister is?"

Bu Fang's purple hair fluttered in the wind. The sound produced by the ladle hitting the wok was drowned out, which made him raise his brows slightly. The next moment, he shook his hand. The ladle spun around his wrist, then he mustered all his strength and struck it hard on the wok.

Duang!

A rumbling sound exploded like thunder. At this moment, the whole District B was shaking. The surfaces of many buildings cracked, while some experts coughed up blood, flew backward, and then fell to their knees, howling miserably.

Marquis Lang Gu's expression changed dramatically as well. Struck by the powerful sound wave, his rattle flew out of his hand, and a crack appeared across its surface.

"You want more? I can make it even louder." Purple-haired Bu Fang smiled evilly.

Marquis Lang Gu's face darkened. Glancing at the crack on his rattle, he felt his heart bleed. He did not know how long it would take him to repair the rattle.

In his spirit sea, the corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched violently. He had never known that the God of Cooking Sets could be played like this. He felt that he had discovered an incredible secret about them.

Black Turtle, on the other hand, looked very distressed. "Do you really think the Black Turtle Constellation Wok is not a wok? Why did you hit it so hard? What if you smash it?" He looked like he had a deep resentment in him. Obviously, the black wok must have been hit many times like this in the past.

Perhaps only the collision of the wok and the ladle could produce such an interesting spark.

Purple-haired Bu Fang held the ladle in one hand and the wok in the other. There was no doubt that he had crushed everything and gained an absolute advantage.

Marquis Lang Gu put away his rattle. His face was livid. "Little Moti, I'm very angry now..." he said.

Marchioness Moti narrowed her eyes and said, "Let's kill him together."

"I was going to put him to death with the drumbeat, but now I'm angry. I'm going to tear him to pieces!" said Marquis Lang Gu.

As he spoke, his voice went from effeminate to increasingly gruff. Eventually, it sounded as hoarse and violent as the voice of a ferocious beast. At the same time, his slim and enchanting figure expanded.

His clothes were torn apart as he gradually transformed into a monstrous ape! A terrifying aura erupted from his body, and when he opened his mouth, he revealed pointy teeth that glinted coldly!

Marquis Lang Gu had transformed into a demon ape! He was a Chaotic-Saint-level monster! No one could have imagined that this demon ape was a sissy when he was still in human form. In just the blink of an eye, he had become so fierce and violent!

Marchioness Moti focused her eyes. Holding the bloody knife, she leaped up and landed on the demon ape's shoulder.

The ape raised his fists and slammed his chest vigorously, producing a deafening sound like that of his rattle. This time, however, the sound directly cracked the souls of many!

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The demon ape's body was extremely huge, towering like a mountain, and each of his hair was like a sharp spear. This was a truly peerless beast, a monster that could destroy an entire universe!

Suddenly, he opened his mouth and roared. A blast of air blew away everything, and a lot of buildings were either brought down by it or tumbled across the district.

Bu Fang hovered in midair, carrying the wok and the ladle. He was unmoved by the sudden change. His purple hair fluttered wildly in the blast of air that was blowing toward him.

"So you're an ape. Little Host will like you," he muttered as the corners of his mouth lifted slightly.

Suddenly, Bu Fang, in his spirit sea, heard Qilin's voice transmission.

"Little Host, you'd better not just look and do nothing. Make good use of the time to perfect that chaos pot of yours. It's your trump card to blow up the city later," Qilin said.

Bu Fang froze for a moment. Did Qilin mean the Chaos Pot of Creation? It was just something he came up with on a whim. Yes, it was powerful, at least stronger than the Perishing Pot, but it was not too strong either. It could be used to blow up ordinary Chaotic Saints, but it would not be powerful enough when his opponents were marquises or dukes.

"That's why I told you to perfect it. I can help you in District B, but when you get to District A... Hmph, I'll be very busy then."

"What will you be up to?" Bu Fang asked, puzzled.

"Sleep." After saying that, Qilin cut off his contact with Bu Fang.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched. In his opinion, Qilin was not afraid of the three dukes of District A but the Queen of Curses who had never shown up. She was definitely the big boss of this city.

It was true that Bu Fang had nothing to do at the moment. So, with a thought, his consciousness went into the Heaven and Earth Farmland, found Niu Hansan, and began to study the Chaos Pot of Creation with the latter. He knew that Qilin should have no trouble in dealing with the two marquises. And so it was.

The bloody knife made a quick slash. A huge energy blast burst out of the blade as if to cut half of the city to pieces. At the same time, the great ape's fist fell from the sky and went straight at Bu Fang. Marquis Lang Gu in the form of a giant ape did not have mighty magic power, but his strength was unbelievably strong. He could easily smash the stars.

Purple-haired Bu Fang did not move. Focusing his eyes, he raised his hand, thrust out the ladle, and smashed it on the energy blast. With a single blow, he destroyed the blast. The next moment, the ape's fist closed in on him with heart-stopping force.

This time, Bu Fang lifted his other hand. Purple energy flowed and converged rapidly over the Taotie arm. Suddenly, with a deafening bestial roar, the head of a Qilin emerged on arm. Wrapping the fist, the purple Qilin rushed forward and collided with the giant ape's fist!

Everyone was stunned. Why was this chef so good at fighting?!

The collision of the two fists generated a deafening sound that shocked the city. The visual impact of a tiny fist colliding with a huge, mountain-like fist was tremendous. To

the onlookers, Bu Fang was simply biting off more than he could chew. What happened next, however, was a slap in their faces.

Bu Fang managed to block the great ape's fist! He was fighting two marquises alone, and yet he was not in a disadvantageous position!

"This is unbelievable! He did it!"

"If he has such strength, why did he participate in the ranking battle? Wouldn't it be better if he just fought all the way here?!"

The faces of many nobles turned black. Did Bu Fang participate in the battle to make them lose money? Some of them who had lost all their money were cursing him inwardly.

If Bu Fang knew what they thought of him, he would feel very wronged. Why would they blame him when it was their own decision that caused them to lose money?

On the ground, Whitey had finished absorbing. The souls of all the Blood Guards, as well as ten Saints of the Great Path, were swallowed by it. Foxy landed on its shoulder, while Shrimpy was lying on its head, looking like a golden crown.

In the distance, the two marquises who had reached a stalemate with purple-haired Bu Fang narrowed their eyes.

Marchioness Moti felt her heart bleed. She still could not believe that her proud and invincible Blood Guards had been mostly wiped out here. It was all the puppet's fault. It made her boil with anger!

"Marquis Lang Gu, hold off that chef... I'll destroy that puppet first, then I'll help you suppress him!"

Marchioness Moti gripped her bloody sword tightly, her eyes bursting with murderous intent. Since the puppet had wiped out her Blood Guards, she was going to make it spit out everything it had eaten!

The great ape roared as if in response to her. Then, he took her in his huge palm and flung her forward. In the blink of an eye, Marchioness Moti turned into a stream of bloody light and rushed toward Whitey at an astonishing speed.

Purple-haired Bu Fang glanced at them. Instead of stopping them, he smiled playfully. He was looking forward to seeing how strong Whitey, who had devoured the souls of an entire army, would become.

Marchioness Moti's speed was too fast. As she flew through the air, her bloody sword cut the void to pieces. Filled with rage, she wanted to kill the puppet. A tremendous

amount of Chaotic Energy flowed into her knife. This was the strongest blow she could unleash at the moment!

The whistling sound from the sharp blade cutting through the air tore the eardrums of many people, and the ground of District B began to crack as if it could not withstand the power of the blow.

In a flash, Marchioness Moti was right in front of Whitey, bringing the bloody sword down toward its head!

Whitey's round body was sitting on the ground. It seemed to be digesting. Suddenly, its mechanical eyes rotated and stared at Marchioness Moti, cold and merciless. The next moment, it raised its palm and grabbed the bloody knife.

Sharp energy kept slashing down and cutting everything. The blow had even created a huge trench in the ground behind Whitey. However, it did not move and just grabbed the bloody knife.

Marchioness Moti held the knife with both hands. At this moment, her expression finally changed.

Chapter 1733: Marchioness Moti Lost!

'That look in its eyes!'

Marchioness Moti's heart gave a jerk. She was a Chaotic Saint, yet she shuddered under the gaze. It was unlike the dull look in the puppet's eyes in the past; at that very moment, she thought she saw death.

Whitey's eyes were cold and merciless. At this moment, it was as if it was no longer an emotionless puppet, but a fierce man filled with monstrous killing intent.

A clanging sound rang continuously. Marchioness Moti's slash had put the strength of a Chaotic Saint on full display. It was the demonstration of her full power.

However, the slash was still blocked by Whitey. The sword energy kept blasting at its body, tearing gashes across its metallic skin, but it failed to cut it in half. Then, it fought back.

Foxy, perching on Whitey's shoulder, wagged her nine tails. The Heavengod blood in her turned her fur red as she faced Marchioness Moti, opened her mouth, and spat out a Soul Demon meatball.

“Get out of the way!” The marchioness caught the meatball with one hand. It spun violently in her palm, but no matter how hard it tried, it could not explode.

Foxy stuck out her tongue and hugged Whitey’s neck. Whitey’s mechanical eyes rotated. A rumbling sound erupted as it threw the bloody knife away. The sharp blade struck the ground and cut through it as if it was tofu.

Startled, Marchioness Moti turned. Her legs spun like the blades of a windmill as she thrust them toward Whitey. However, Whitey did not even bat an eye. It simply swept out its palm and knocked her flying away with a slap. The marchioness fell into the distance with a crash.

Slowly, Whitey rose to its feet. The gashes the knife energy had left on its body were healing by themselves. Soon, it was shining with a metallic sheen like a brand-new machine.

Marchioness Moti rolled and jumped to her feet. She felt that there was something odd about the puppet. Could it be that the puppet had evolved after absorbing the souls of her Blood Guards? She suddenly thought of the possibility. Without hesitation, she enveloped it with her knife realm so that she could cut it in half.

At this moment, Whitey’s body began to rumble. All kinds of metal were stacking as if they were assembling and transforming. Finally, its eyes turned purple. The purple-eyed Whitey had shown up once again. Of course, this kind of purple eyes was not the same as the purple one in the past. Perhaps the closest it resembled was the purple of the Great Path.

Whitey’s aura kept climbing, and the strength of its realm grew stronger and stronger. Standing inside the realm, Marchioness Moti found that she could no longer use her curse power. ‘What? I can only use my physical strength now?’ she thought to herself.

After flexing its neck, Whitey lifted its round leg. A rumble erupted, and it vanished. When it reappeared, it was already in front of Marchioness Moti.

The upgrade was completed. Whitey’s improvement was significant—its source, strength, and realm had all reached the level of a Chaotic Saint. Perhaps its overall strength was not as profound as that of Marchioness Moti, but its pure physical strength was enough to shock her.

She raised her bloody knife to block. A huge fist struck the blade in the next instant, and she was knocked flying away. She could not use energy in her knife techniques now, but as a Chaotic Saint, her every move was still full of power. So a fierce battle broke out between them.

The ground screamed as it kept breaking and crumbling. Whitey had new gashes all over its body, but Marchioness Moti was coughing up blood from all the punches she received.

The evenly matched battle gave the surrounding nobles the creeps as they watched. "The Clothes-Stripping Crazy Demon can... fight against the marchioness now? How did that happen?!" someone murmured.

In the distance, purple-haired Bu Fang smiled evilly. "This little lump of iron did not disappoint me. Well... Now I need to deal with this great ape." He kicked the ground, turned into a purple stream of light, and rushed forward. In the next instant, he was hovering right in front of the demon ape.

The great ape roared, trying to kill him with a swat as if he was a fly. The huge palms clapped and produced a deafening noise, and the world seemed to shake at this very moment. The demon ape grinned excitedly.

However, when he separated his palms, a ladle flew out from between them, grew larger and larger, and struck him on the head. The blow knocked the strength out of his legs and made him slump to the ground.

Bu Fang, with his purple hair waving wildly, held the huge ladle with one hand, looking fierce and ruthless. Now that he was in an advantageous position, he naturally would not show mercy. He knocked the demon ape's head again and again until the great beast lay face down and kept shivering.

The demon ape was fuming. Whenever he roared or fought back, he got another knock on his head. All the onlookers could see a huge lump on his forehead, which appeared to be somewhat comical. However, no one could laugh, for they knew that the ape was actually Marquis Lang Gu. They could not believe that a marquis was beaten up like this.

As the beating continued, the roaring demon ape grew smaller and smaller. Eventually, he turned back to his sissy human form.

"Ouch! It hurts!" Marquis Lang Gu held his forehead with both hands with a pitiful look in his eyes. He glanced at Marchioness Moti, who was fighting fiercely with Whitey in the distance, then at Bu Fang, who was about to hit his face with the ladle again.

Suddenly, he covered his mouth, whimpered, turned, and ran away. In just a flash, he was out of sight. Marquis Lang Gu had... ran away.

The nobles present were dumbstruck. Their mouths opened wide enough to fit an egg as they watched the marquis run away.

“He made a marquis run away? That’s a marquis, one of the few supreme existences of Void City, the ruler of District B! And yet... that chef beat him until he ran away? This is horrible!”

Many people were shaking with fear. The chef had become more and more unfathomable. In the past, they did not believe that he, alone, could fight against an army, but now they had no choice but to believe.

Purple-haired Bu Fang stretched his back and yawned. The corners of his mouth lifted slightly as he watched Marquis Lang Gu flee. He had no intention to kill this fellow. If he killed a marquis in Void City, he was very likely to attract the fury of that mighty existence.

He sat down cross-legged in midair and watched the battle in the distance with great interest. ‘After devouring so many souls, which included the souls of many Saints of the Great Path, the fighting prowess of this little iron lump should have climbed to a very frightening level... Let’s see what it can achieve,’ he thought to himself.

...

The more Marchioness Moti fought, the more frightened she was. She felt that the puppet in front of her was becoming more and more human-like. It seemed to be able to see through her fighting skills. After forcing it back with a slash, she landed on the ground with an ugly face.

Whitey stood where it was. Wisps of steam rose from its body. The chubby puppet had brought Marchioness Moti tremendous pressure. Couldn’t she, a marquis of Void City, even defeat a puppet?! Her eyes were red. The puppet had wiped out her army. How could she not take revenge for this?

“I’ll kill you!” Clutching her bloody knife, Marchioness Moti charged out once again. She could not use her magic power if she got too close to the puppet, and she could not resist such a restriction, which was similar to natural law, even with her strength. Therefore, she kept a distance from it.

As she hovered in midair, magic power returned to her flesh. Strands of Chaotic Energy flowed and wrapped up the bloody knife. Then, she thrust it out. She wanted to destroy the puppet with her knife energy.

Whitey’s mechanical eyes flashed. Foxy and Shrimpy clung to its body. The next moment, energy spewed out from its soles. It might look like fire, but that fire was the fire of burning souls! Pushed by the fire, Whitey shot into the sky and hovered in midair.

Then, it lifted one of its huge palms, which began to transform and filled the air with a continuous clanging sound. Finally, it assembled into a huge cylinder, which had a thumb-sized black hole in the middle.

“What is that?” The onlookers were struck dumb.

Marchioness Moti was aimed by the black hole, and she felt a chill run down her back in that instant. Purple-haired Bu Fang’s eyes lit up as he watched with an expectant look on his face.

A buzzing sound rang out as energy began to gather. A hint of purple abruptly appeared in Whitey’s cylinder, then it shot out in a flash. The purple beam moved as fast as lightning. It came with extremely high heat and power that could destroy and pierce through anything.

The moment Marchioness Moti responded, the purple beam was already closing in on her. She lifted the bloody knife and held it before her chest. Then, the beam struck the knife.

Sparks kept darting out, twisting the void, while the scorching heat turned the bloody knife red in just the blink of an eye. That shocked Marchioness Moti, for the knife in her hand was a divine artifact.

Suddenly, a great force erupted from the purple energy beam, causing Marchioness Moti to keep flying backward. Then, she smashed hard into the wall. Like piercing through tofu, the energy beam pierced the bloody knife, then her body.

Marchioness Moti’s face turned blank as she coughed up a mouthful of blood. “What the hell is this technique?!”

Purple-haired Bu Fang smiled evilly. Meanwhile, the people in District B fell silent as they watched the shocking scene.

Under the constant shooting of the purple beam, the bloody knife finally cracked, crumbled, and turned into tiny particles, scattering in the void.

The purple beam disappeared. Marchioness Moti fell to the ground from midair. With a blank look on her face, she stared at her hands. There was a large hole in her chest, but no blood was flowing out of it. Her flesh seemed to have disintegrated into the tiniest particles. What kind of technique was this? She was confused.

In midair, Whitey raised its other hand, which clanged and transformed into a cylinder as well. It then aimed the black hole at Marchioness Moti. A cold, merciless mechanical voice echoed through the void, “The Light of Obliteration.”

As soon as its voice faded, two purple beams shot out from the black holes in its arms at the same time, going straight toward Marchioness Moti.

Roaring, Marchioness Moti leaped into the air. Chaotic Energy surged around her, making her float in midair and ruffling her long hair. Mustering the energy, she threw out

a punch. She did not believe that the Chaotic Energy would be weaker than the so-called Light of Obliteration.

However, the moment the Light of Obliteration collided with the Chaotic Energy, everyone was struck dumb. The purple beams pierced straight through the energy, then Marchioness Moti. Her flesh was obliterated in a flash, and the Chaotic Energy dissipated without even stopping the beams.

She staggered back a few steps, looked down at her body in disbelief. The hole in her chest kept expanding, obliterating her flesh by turning it into particles.

She lost, and she was about to follow the footsteps of her Blood Guards! As all the nobles watched in disbelief, her body exploded with a boom. She was left with a wandering soul that floated in midair.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed as its abdomen twisted and turned into a black hole. A powerful suction erupted from it.

All the nobles felt a shock of cold. Was this puppet really going to kill Marchioness Moti? Once her soul was devoured, she would be dead, even though she was a marquis. This, to the entire Void City, would be a great earthquake!

Purple-haired Bu Fang had no intention to intervene in their battle, but when he saw the black hole appear in Whitey's abdomen, the corner of his mouth twitched. He glanced in the direction of District A—he thought he could sense a terrible aura surging there.

Looking at Whitey, who had begun to absorb Marchioness Moti's soul, he cleared his throat, rose to his feet, and lifted a hand.

"Little lump of iron, hold your mouth!"

Chapter 1734: Bu Fang's Strongest Trump Card

"Hold your mouth? Why does it sound so... weird?"

Many people had a strange look on their faces, but more were shocked.

Purple-haired Bu Fang appeared at Whitey's side in a flash as if he had teleported. Whitey's mechanical eyes, which had turned purple, rotated as it glanced at him, puzzled. It knew that the man in front of it was not Bu Fang, so it might not obey what he said.

That was how headstrong Whitey was.

“Don’t eat her. You will burst apart if you did... You’ve just evolved, so your body can’t absorb another marquis,” Bu Fang said with an evil smile, combing his purple hair with one hand.

“Also, if you eat her, you will likely provoke the Queen of Curses... Do you think Little Host can resist that mighty being with his current strength?” Qilin thought his analysis was almost perfect.

That gave Whitey pause. Its purple eyes flashed as if it was weighing the pros and cons. Eventually, it sighed, and the black hole in its round belly disappeared.

Marchioness Moti’s soul, which was being pulled by the great suction, felt the shackle on her was gone. She breathed a sigh of relief. With a lingering fear in her, she glanced at Whitey, then at Bu Fang.

She knew that she survived this time and that her opponent was afraid of the Queen of Curses. She gave Bu Fang a deep look with complex emotions in her eyes.

In fact, she was not sure if the Queen of Curses would make a move for her. In any case, she was kind of indebted to this chef this time. Without saying a word, she spun, turned into a stream of light, and sped away. She left the place in dejection.

None of the nobles of District B dared to breathe too loudly. What could they do when even two marquises had failed to stop the chef? They felt hopeless and could only watch as the chef fought all his way out of District B.

...

Marchioness Moti had a magnificent residence. As the leader of Blood Guards and the marquis of Void City, she had a great deal of vanity, and she had built herself a luxurious mansion to fulfill that. However, the residence was empty now.

Her soul drifted across the sky and landed in the residence. She had lost her fleshly body. It would take her countless years to construct herself a new body, and her cultivation base would be stuck at this level for a very long time. This was not good news to her.

Void City was a very competitive place. Anyone who fell behind here would be beaten up by others. If she failed to progress for a long time, she would likely end up a Chaotic Saint like that person in charge of the fighting pit. This was what she did not wish to see. Of course, being alive was already a good ending for her at this moment.

She sat cross-legged down in the mansion and began to slowly recover her strength. The power of curses spread and wrapped her up, restoring her strength.

Suddenly, she opened her eyes. There was a flicker of doubt in them. She looked into the distance, where the main door of the residence stood. It was shrouded in a chilly, dark atmosphere.

“Who goes there?” Marchioness Moti cried out in a cold voice, frowning. Although she was left with her soul, she still had the authoritative air she used to have.

As her voice echoed out, a hand appeared from the darkness and grabbed the door. It was covered with cold, black scales, which seemed to be writhing.

Marchioness Moti felt her heart jump up into her throat. She was in her weakest state now. She did not expect that someone would sneak into her residence at this moment.

The figure behind the door stepped forward. The next moment, it charged toward Marchioness Moti at top speed as if it had seen the most delicious food in the world.

She felt a shock of cold. In her soul form, she jumped up. The power of curses spread, turned into a black cursed snake, and rushed at the figure.

With a rumbling sound, the snake struck the figure. Countless black scales shot in all directions and blood spilled, but the figure ignored the curse power and continued charging at her.

She was weak now, but when her curse power erupted, she could still kill a Saint of the Great Path without any trouble. ‘Who is this stranger?!’ she screamed in her mind. The next moment, the head of a crocodile appeared in front of her.

“Ezra?! How dare you!”

Marchioness Moti saw the man, and she flew into a rage. In her soul form, she roared.

The curse power surged and impacted Ezra, making him bleed profusely as if he had just been fished out of a blood pool. However, the madness in his eyes did not fade away. He took a step forward.

The demonic black claws fell and grabbed Marchioness Moti’s soul. She howled miserably in an instant, and she felt as if her soul was about to be evaporated. It was an uncomfortable feeling that she could not describe with words.

“You... You’re a Soul Demon?!” she hissed, struggling to open her eyes.

The crocodile-headed Ezra opened his mouth and closed his jaws around Marchioness Moti’s soul. Then, one bite at a time, he tore the latter into pieces. The evil arm began to keep writhing, and Ezra, bathed in blood, fell to the ground.

“She truly is a marquis of Void City. Although she was in her weak soul form, she almost killed this fleshly body...”

Ezra’s eyes focused and flashed with a hint of cruelty. If Bu Fang were here, he would find that look familiar because it was exactly the look in Heavengod Transmigration’s eyes. What was hidden inside the body of this evil, wild beast was Heavengod Transmigration’s soul.

After devouring the soul of a marquis, Ezra felt his power rise to another level. The arm was writhing as the old scales fell off, replaced by new scales. He knew very well the supreme power the arm possessed, and he was looking forward to using it very soon.

“Soon, I’ll be able to kill that stinking chef with a slap!”

Ezra stuck out his tongue and licked his lips. Then, he slowly disappeared.

...

A rumbling sound echoed out, and the whole Heaven and Earth Farmland shook violently. Even the water in the River of Life rose in huge waves.

Bu Fang cleared his throat and waved his hand. The pot had exploded once again, and it embarrassed him. Standing in front of the wooden hut and twisting his beard, Niu Hansan was lost in thought.

“There are too many powerful energies mixed together. Coupled with the surprise factor of the Fortune Flatbread, this Chaos Pot is too difficult to control...” Niu Hansan said. “But... There should be a medium that can control these violent energies...”

Bu Fang furrowed his brows as he looked at Niu Hansan. He had tried many times. He had mixed the Perishing Pot, the Crazy Sword Pot, the Fortune Flatbread, the Soul Demon meatball, the Explosive Meatball, and many other ingredients together, then stabilized them with all kinds of Gourmet Arrays. However, all his attempts had ended up with the explosion of the pot.

However, he was pleased to know that the power of this Chaos Pot, which was the combination of many dishes, was extremely terrifying. If the farmland were not Bu Fang’s world, it would have been reduced to ruins.

Niu Hansan pondered for a long time. Suddenly, his eyes lit up. “Owner Bu, add the Divine Seal Dumpling into the mixture... Divide the energies according to a ratio of one to nine. Also, include the Chaotic Energy as well,” he said excitedly to Bu Fang.

That gave Bu Fang pause. He nodded, then mixed the dishes once again according to Niu Hansan’s instruction. This time, he added the Divine Seal Dumpling and Chaotic

Energy, then baked the mixture with the divine flame, controlling the temperature so that the energies could merge gently.

Rumble...

Bu Fang's eyes narrowed slightly as he stared at the huge mass of energies in his hand, which appeared like a golden bun. A strange fragrance was wafting out of it.

"It seems... It seems to have become much more stable!" Bu Fang said, surprised.

"Looks like that method works. If nothing goes wrong, the Chaos Pot of Creation can be used now..." Niu Hansan breathed a sigh of relief. Obviously, he was not too sure either.

Bu Fang looked at the golden Chaos Pot. Although it was flowing calmly, the energy inside the pot was extremely terrifying. The things gathered in this pot were powerful enough to destroy half of a universe.

No matter it was the Perishing Pot or the Crazy Sword Pot, as they were cooked by Bu Fang with his current strength, their power was not weaker than the attack of a Saint of the Great Path. One could only imagine the power of a mixture of so many dishes.

In fact, he might not be able to succeed if he did not have the Gourmet Arrays and Chaotic Energy. Even so, he had been hit by the explosion of the pot many times. Had he not become much stronger, he might have become the only host who lost his life for the science of cuisines.

Bu Fang toyed the golden Chaos Pot delightfully. From today on, this would be his strongest trump card. He put away the pot with satisfaction and praised Niu Hansan. After cooking a delicious meal for everyone, he left the farmland.

Outside, the battle was long over. When Bu Fang returned to his body, Qilin had gone back to his spirit sea and was fast asleep, and he found that he was lying on Shrimpy's back.

Noticing that he had awakened, Whitey rotated its mechanical eyes and glanced at him. Foxy, on the other hand, jumped on his shoulder and kept shouting as if she was telling him her achievement in the battle.

Bu Fang rubbed the little fox's head, then turned, looked at Whitey, and asked, "What happened to your eyes, Whitey? How did they turn purple?" Because he was in the farmland, he knew nothing about Whitey's transformation.

Whitey scratched its round head with a huge hand and said nothing. Bu Fang did not press the question any further.

The nobles in the surroundings had disappeared, and so did the two marquises. The end of District B loomed just ahead of them. It was a huge wall, so tall that Bu Fang could not see its top. Fortunately, there was a small gate at its foot. The gate was small when compared to the immense wall, but in fact, it was huge for Bu Fang.

Bu Fang, Whitey, and Foxy came up to the gate. He lifted a hand, rested it on the gate, and pushed. The gate opened with a creak, and bright light erupted from behind it.

Behind this gate was District A, the heart of Void City and the place where the Cursed Goddesses lived. Bu Fang finally stepped into this district.

Chapter 1735: Hiding

The void froze. A dream-like figure hovered in midair, surrounded by what looked like nightmares. The person had a graceful figure but was also emanating an air that could fill one's heart with terror.

She flicked her finger, and a stream of black energy fell, crashed into the ground, and reduced a large area in District B to ruins. Suddenly, a wretched figure shot out of the ruins at great speed.

“Although the relationship between Void City and the Soul Demon Universe is not very good, we have been going our own way without interfering with the other. Your behavior has seriously affected our relationship, and it will lead to war,” the nightmarish woman said coldly.

She was the third duke of District A, Duchess Nightmare. She was cultivating in seclusion when the Queen's order reached her. A marquis was killed. Not daring to take the order lightly, she came here as fast as she could.

It turned out that her target was a Soul Demon. Duchess Nightmare's hatred for Soul Demons went bone-deep. To her, such beings were simply the parasites of the universes. Unfortunately, the Soul Demon Universe was very powerful, and even Void City did not dare to go to war with it.

But this time, a Soul Demon had devoured a wounded marquis. This had infuriated the Queen of Curses, so she had ordered Duchess Nightmare to capture and kill the Soul Demon.

Among the exiles in Void City, few were Soul Demons. However, since the Queen of Curses opened the city to all universes, Soul Demons could still be found here.

Holding his arm, Ezra ran as fast as he could. His eyes were filled with a savage look. He kept running wildly through District B. He had devoured a marquis, and even though he had not yet fully digested her, she was enough to restore his strength to the level of a Chaotic Saint. All he had to do now was to escape the pursuit of this duchess!

He had unleashed almost all the potential of this fleshly body. Coupled with the sinful power, he managed to escape the duchess's capture for a moment.

Ezra knew very well that once he fell into the duchess's hand, he was as good as dead. Her strength was more than enough to kill him, not to mention the Queen of Curses behind her.

He ran desperately.

Duchess Nightmare was not in a hurry. She floated behind Ezra like a cloud of black fog, chasing her prey playfully. A stream of energy fell from her hand and struck Ezra, stripping him some of his scales. In Void City, Ezra could not escape, so she was not in a hurry to kill him.

Soon, they approached the rushing black River of Curses. The power of curses tumbled in the river, filling the air with a rumbling sound that shook one's mind and soul.

Running through the entire city and encircling District D, some said the river was the source of the power of Void City, and some claimed that it was the incarnation of the Queen of Curses.

Whatever it was, one thing that everyone knew for sure was that it was a forbidden zone of life. Anyone who fell into it would die. Even the dukes would not dare to jump into the river.

Now, Ezra was forced to the edge of the River of Curses in District B. He had come to a dead end.

Duchess Nightmare hovered in midair. Her dream-like face kept emerging. She was very beautiful, but she only had a face. The rest of her, including her hair, was just a cloud of roiling black fog.

"Surrender now," she said indifferently.

Suddenly, Ezra roared, turned, and jumped into the River of Curses with a splash. In the blink of an eye, he sank into the water.

"You're heading for your doom." Duchess Nightmare shook her head.

Suddenly, she paused. To her surprise, she found that Ezra, now bobbing in the River of Curses, was not turned into bones by the corrosive power of the water. One of his

arms was emanating strange energy that wrapped up his body, protecting him from the corrosion.

The water splashed as Ezra swam as fast as he could in the River of Curses, rushing away in a flash like a speedboat. Moving down along the river, he soon left Void City.

“How dare you!” Duchess Nightmare narrowed her eyes as a menacing aura surged around her. The next moment, she stomped her feet, turned into a cloud of black fog, flew past District B, District C, District D, and out of the city.

Outside District D, the huge River of Curses turned into a magnificent waterfall that rumbled down into the starry sky. The sound was deafening.

Hovering in midair, Duchess Nightmare squinted around. Suddenly, she saw a crocodile-like figure leap out from the rumbling waterfall. “Found you.” With a cold smile on her face, she flew toward Ezra, who was rushing out of the Waterfall of Curses.

Corroded by the water, Ezra was covered in blood and looked miserable. The arm did offer him protection, but it was said that the River of Curses contained the Queen’s power. The fact that he managed to survive this power proved that he was extraordinary.

Standing in midair, he swung his crocodile tail and was about to flee. However, just as he was about to fly away, he felt a chilly aura close in on him.

“Dammit! Why doesn’t this woman just give up?!” Ezra growled, turned into a beam of black light, and sped through the void. Some bone warships approached him, but they were all crushed by him with the arm.

As he fled, he kept digesting the marquis’s power. Soon, however, he was despairing. Links of cold, black chains fell and blocked all the possible paths he could take, while a menacing aura was closing in on him. On top of that, powerful Chaotic Energy weighed down on him, making it difficult for him to breathe.

In Void City, the dukes were the supreme experts second only to the Queen of Curses. How could he run away when one of such mighty existences was pursuing him? Ezra was hopeless.

Duchess Nightmare was cold, indifferent. She lifted her hand, and energy was gathering and surging on her finger. With a flick of the finger, the nightmarish power shot out to pierce Ezra’s soul and kill him on the spot. Although the energy beam was only as wide as a finger, the power unleashed from it was enough to destroy heaven and earth!

Ezra raised his arm, roaring.

Suddenly, Duchess Nightmare's pupils constricted. As the energy beam was about to hit Ezra, the void behind him was torn open, and a monstrous wave of sinful power gushed out of it. Then, an ugly paw with sharp claws and covered with scales thrust out of the opening and collided with her attack.

A deafening rumble echoed out. At this moment, the starry sky began to shake. Countless stars exploded, and numerous bone warships were pulverized, but the arm was unscathed.

"A Great Soul Overlord!" Duchess Nightmare took a deep breath.

The hand grabbed Ezra and pulled him into the rift, beyond which was another universe, the Soul Demon Universe.

"Do you really think Void City is where you Soul Demons can run amok?" Duchess Nightmare's eyes turned scarlet in an instant. The next moment, she screamed and raised her hands. Two huge dark rings appeared in her grip, then she flung them hard toward the rift. She tried to make Ezra stay.

However, the hand in the rift lightly flicked its finger, and a huge finger, which seemed powerful enough to pierce the universe, appeared and collided with the two rings.

"Please send my regards to the Queen of Curses. This little guy is crucial to the awakening of the Soul God, so... Please excuse me."

A faint, gentle voice rang out from the rift as the hand pulled Ezra into the rift. As the opening gradually healed, the voice said again, "When the Soul God awakens, I will come back to Void City to greet the Queen in person..." The voice trailed off as the rift closed up completely.

Duchess Nightmare's face was grave. Looking at the spot where Ezra and the hand had vanished, she took a deep breath. She felt a tremendous amount of pressure from the hand just now. She knew it must belong to a supreme existence among the Soul Overlords of the Seven Sins, who was very likely to be the strongest Great Soul Overlord.

"It looks like things are getting serious... That Ezra is actually so important that a Great Soul Overlord had taken the risk to intrude Void City to bring him away. Aren't they afraid of the Queen's wrath?"

Duchess Nightmare muttered. The next moment, her figure flickered, and then she vanished from where she was. She had to report this incident to the Queen of Curses at once.

...

Bu Fang stepped into District A with Whitey, Foxy, and Shrimpy. As the most prosperous and noble place in Void City, District A was less populated than District B and District C. However, its atmosphere was the strictest.

Bu Fang had already thought about it. He was going to open a restaurant in District A. Since the Queen of Curses loathed chefs, he would open a restaurant right under her nose. He raised his chin.

Unlike District B, Bu Fang did not attract anyone's attention after entering District A. Everyone was minding his or her own business, just like what was expected in a busy and beautiful city.

The streets were not very wide, and there were vendors selling things on both sides. When Bu Fang went up to them and glanced at the things they were selling, his eyes narrowed. Those were not ordinary items. He saw star cores, claws of ancient cosmos beasts, and many strange things, which could only be used by Saints of the Great Path and above.

District A was one rank higher than District B, but it could not be inhabited only by high-ranking experts. In fact, the numbers of experts here were about the same as that in District B.

There were God Emperors among the nobles and God Kings among the common people. Perhaps the biggest difference was that the top fighting forces in District B were weaker. After all, District A was led by dukes.

Of course, the residences of the three dukes were in District A as well, and so was the palace of the Queen of Curses. The most magnificent building in the depths of District A was the Queen's dwelling place.

When Bu Fang stood in the street and looked up, he could see the crown of the palace and sense a terrifying aura. It was as if a supreme existence was watching him in the dark.

While in a daze, Bu Fang suddenly felt an aura approach him. That gave him pause. He turned and found that a blond girl had come to his side.

"Are you Bu Fang? A chef?" the girl asked, glancing at him.

Bu Fang nodded, wondering who this girl was.

"Come with me... District A is packed with Soul's people now..." After saying that, she spun and bolted into a dark alley.

Bu Fang sensed the girl's strength. She was not strong, at most a God Emperor. He followed her, taking Whitey, Foxy, and Shrimpy with him.

Once they stepped into the alley, it was as though they had entered a maze. The alley ran between buildings, and it was very narrow. The girl moved through it quickly. Bu Fang's body was larger than hers, so it was a little bit more challenging for him, but it was not too hard either.

It was easier for Foxy and Shrimpy. As for Whitey, it left deep scratches on the wall as it walked because it was fatter than them. It had to struggle to barely keep up with Bu Fang.

Finally, after the alley, they came to a broad street. The girl squatted at the end of the alley, poked her head out, and looked around. Then, she dashed and ran toward the broad street like a slippery mudfish.

"Follow me!"

The girl's voice drifted over. Bu Fang's brows raised slightly, but he followed her.

With a creak, the girl pushed open a door, pulled Bu Fang and Whitey into the room, then quickly closed the door. The moment the door was closed, the clatter of hooves rang out in the street. A team of cavalry was thundering past outside the room.

The girl leaned her back against the door. She panted for some time before looking up at Bu Fang and said, "Come with me. Her Excellency Nethery is waiting for you." After that, she walked toward the depths of the room.

Bu Fang's brows furrowed. 'Why do we have to move in stealth and hide like thieves? It seems Nethery is not having a good time in District A...'

Chapter 1736: The Restaurant Is Confirmed, Open for Business!

The girl glanced at Bu Fang. 'So this is the chef Her Excellency Nethery is looking for? Why does his face look a little paralyzed?'

"Come with me. Her Excellency Nethery is waiting for you," she said.

Bu Fang nodded and did not think too much. He heard that the power of Soul, the other Cursed Goddess, was very strong, for almost all the nobles in District A were supporting her. In that case, it was not too surprising that Nethery's living space was compressed to so small.

As the girl pressed on, she glanced curiously at Whitey, then at Shrimpy and Foxy—one lay on its head, while the other perched on its shoulder.

'This is a very strange combination. Her Excellency Nethery said that the arrival of this combination could bring her hope and provide her great help. But is that true? Why do I find them somewhat unreliable? A guy with a paralyzed face, a little fox, a shrimp who keeps spitting bubbles, and a metal puppet whose belly is larger than its head...'

As they walked, they soon found something else inside the small house.

The girl brought Bu Fang and his companions to an array. It was a teleportation array constructed in a very secret spot and could only be activated by opening three passes.

They stepped into the array. As a buzzing sound rang out, they disappeared, and when they reappeared, they were already inside a cold palace.

"We are here... This is Her Excellency Nethery's Cursed Goddess Palace. Each Cursed Goddess has a palace of her own," the girl explained to Bu Fang.

"A palace? Are we in the depths of District A now?" Bu Fang asked.

"You're right. The Queen of Curses and the Cursed Goddesses both live in the palace deep in District A. This is just a side palace, and Her Majesty's palace is outside... But don't think that you can go there. Apart from the Cursed Goddesses and dukes, no one else is qualified to step into Her Majesty's palace. Besides, Her Majesty will not grant you an audience...

"Especially since... you are a chef." The girl gave Bu Fang a sideways glance.

'What's wrong with me being a chef? Did a chef steal the rice in your house?!' Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth, but he did not say anything.

They walked inside the palace. Its architectural style was similar to that of Medieval Europe, with a vaulted ceiling decorated with various strange paintings, giving the place an artistic air. The palace was cold and cheerless. As they walked, the only sound they heard was the echo of their footsteps.

Following the girl, they came to a huge door. The girl knocked at it a few times, then spread her palm and pressed it hard on the wall. The door opened with a creak.

"Your Excellency Nethery, I've brought the man back." The girl's voice seemed happy.

Bu Fang stepped through the door, clasping his hands behind his back, and saw Nethery in her plainly decorated room.

Clad in a long black dress with her long straight hair streaming down her back, Nethery looked at Bu Fang without any emotion in her eyes. "You're here," she said.

There was a hint of relief in her voice. When the girl heard that, she could not believe her ears. 'Why did Her Excellency sound so happy as soon as she saw this chef?'

"You don't look like you're in a good condition." Bu Fang glanced around the room. It gave him a feeling like a prison.

"Duchess Yunlan is summoned by Her Majesty, so Her Excellency Nethery is in a very dangerous situation now. Her Excellency Soul's been looking for her, and if she is found... She will die for sure," the girl said.

"Close the door, Xiao Ai," Nethery said as she glanced at the talkative girl.

The girl pursed her lips as if she was reluctant. She seemed aggrieved and resentful that Nethery trusted the chef over her. She was her handmaid!

Bu Fang pulled over a chair and sat down comfortably as if this was his room. "How's the situation now?" he asked.

"Soul is already on the move. She commands the support of most of the powers in Void City, and with such an advantageous position, she has begun to go after those who support me and the Cursed Goddess from the Primitive Universe.

"Duchess Yunlan was taken away from me by Soul's trickery as well... I'm on my own now," Nethery said. However, her expression remained unchanged, and she did not look like someone in crisis.

Bu Fang nodded. Stroking his chin, he said, "Don't worry, I'm your reinforcement. I've said that I can fight an entire army alone, and it has not changed..." Then, he patted Whitey on the belly and went on, "Whitey can do that, too."

That gave Nethery pause. She glanced at Whitey.

Whitey lifted its huge palm and scratched its head as if Bu Fang's praise made it a little embarrassed, its purple mechanical eyes flashing.

Xiao Ai rolled her eyes when she heard that from a distance. She did not know Bu Fang's strength or what had happened in District B. However, she could sense from Bu Fang's aura that he was just a Saint of the Great Path.

'Ugh... A Saint of the Great Path doesn't even get a chance to be promoted among those who serve Her Excellency Soul. I can't believe this chef would brag that he can fight against an entire army alone...'

As for the metal puppet, she did not want to comment about it.

Nethery squeezed her lips and asked, “Bu Fang, I’m hungry. Do you have anything for me to eat?” Her eyes lit up. She always felt happy when it came to food.

Foxy, sitting listlessly on Whitey’s shoulder, beamed when she heard that. She was very interested in food, too.

The corners of Bu Fang’s lips lifted. He did not say anything. With a thought in his mind, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife flew out. He was ready to start cooking. However, before he did that, he had something else to discuss with Nethery.

“Well... I plan to open a restaurant in District A. Do you have any suggestions?” he asked.

Nethery froze, while Xiao Ai rolled her eyes again. ‘Is this chef... out of his mind?’ the girl thought to herself. ‘He plans to open a restaurant in Void City? Is he not afraid that Her Majesty will crush him with one finger?’

“You want to open a restaurant? There should be no problem... I’m the Cursed Goddess and the potential successor, so it should be easy for me to find a location in District A... Am I right, Xiao Ai?” Nethery looked at the girl, who was rolling her eyes.

Xiao Ai coughed then said, “Your Excellency does have your own property. But you can’t go out now. Moreover, opening a restaurant is a grand event, and it will make you an easy target for Her Excellency Soul... Duchess Yunlan had asked you to wait for her return,” Xiao Ai said.

“Don’t worry. Bu Fang’s here, so I’ll be fine,” Nethery said.

The corners of Bu Fang’s lips lifted. Now that he had found a location for his restaurant, he could start cooking.

With a shake of his hand, a mass of white flour spread out. It was a product of Niu Hansan’s hybridization. Fused with the Law of Life, the noodles made with it could fill one with joy. Bu Fang kneaded it into a dough, then turned the dough into noodles. His movements were skillful and smooth.

Nethery narrowed her eyes and watched with joy as Bu Fang prepared the noodles. As for Xiao Ai, she was already dazzled by Bu Fang’s series of complicated techniques.

‘Are all chefs flashy like him?’ the girl thought.

Bu Fang spread his ten fingers. There were noodles between them, waving gracefully and shining like the soft hair of a beautiful girl. At the same time, the Spring of Life had come to a boil.

He cut the shrimp rolls made of blood lobster meat into slices and put them into the water, then added the noodles as well. The broth was so clear that the bottom of the wok was clearly visible, and as the noodles tumbled in it, bubbles rose and popped on the surface, sending a rich aroma into the surroundings.

Nethery took a deep breath with an intoxicated look on her face. Xiao Ai, on the other hand, swallowed. 'It smells... delicious...' she thought to herself.

Bu Fang produced a few porcelain bowls, fished out the steaming noodles, and put them in the bowls. Then, he filled the bowls with broth, placed the sliced shrimp rolls on top of the noodles, and garnished them with immortal vegetables. After that, he poured the water out of the wok and reheated it.

From the System's storage space, Bu Fang took out a spirit beast egg and cracked it with his thumb and index finger. The egg fell into the wok. He grabbed the wok and began to shake it vigorously, but the egg remained unmoved. Grease spilled on it, turning its color softer and softer as a strong egg fragrance wafted out of it.

Finally, he knocked the wok with the Qilin Transmigration Ladle, and the egg jumped up into the air before falling into the bowl of noodles. Together with the sliced shrimp rolls and the glittering immortal vegetables, a simple bowl of noodles was ready.

Bu Fang cooked the noodles very quickly, so Nethery did not have to wait for too long. She took the bowl and began to eat immediately as if she had been starving for a very long time. The soft, thin noodles slipped through her red lips into her mouth, their ends flinging broth everywhere.

Xiao Ai stared at Nethery with a look of disbelief. 'Her Excellency has no fear of... food? How... How could she do that? She knows Her Majesty hates food, right?'

"Your... Your Excellency..." She was so shocked that she stammered.

Bu Fang held a bowl of noodles and was enjoying it. It was only a simple bowl of noodles, but the simpler a dish was, the more it reflected the skill of the chef.

"Why are you not eating, Xiao Ai?" Nethery glanced at her handmaid and felt strange. Bu Fang had cooked her a bowl of noodles as well. Why was she not eating?

"No... No... Her Majesty forbids us from eating delicious food..." Xiao Ai waved her hand hastily as a horrified look came over her face. Delicious food was heresy, and it was banned in Void City. She would rather die than violate the rules!

Nethery gave Xiao Ai a strange look, wondering if there was something wrong with her handmaid. No one could resist such delicious food.

Picking up the fried egg, Nethery closed her red lips around it. Her teeth bit through the tender egg white, then burst the yolk. The orange-yellow yolk immediately flowed out of it. The medium-rare yolk was slimy, and as it flowed in her mouth, it gave forth a buttery fragrance, making Nethery breathe faster and faster.

Xiao Ai's face turned red as she watched Nethery eat. She struggled with the human body's instinctive response. "Judging from the way Her Excellency ate... it seems very delicious..." She twisted her clothes, hesitating. Tears began to well up in her eyes, and she threw her head back to prevent them from falling.

"You don't want to eat? In that case... I'll finish it for you." Bu Fang had already finished his bowl of noodles. He was already starving after fighting his way from District C to District A.

Foxy was slurping her noodles. When she heard Bu Fang, she also fixed her eyes on Xiao Ai's bowl of steaming noodles.

Bu Fang glanced at Xiao Ai and reached out his hand to grab the bowl of noodles. "Delicious food is a kind of enjoyment. If eating has become a taboo, it is imperative to break this taboo," he said.

Xiao Ai watched as Bu Fang's hand approached the bowl, her mind filled with the steaming noodles and the orange-yellow yolk. Finally, she could not stand it anymore. She took the bowl before Bu Fang could reach it, ran to a corner of the room, squatted, and began eating. Tears trickled down her cheeks as she slurped the noodles.

"Delicious... This is so delicious! Xiao Ai... Xiao Ai has broken the taboo. Please forgive Xiao Ai, Your Majesty... The noodles are... Slurp! They are too delicious!"

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth lifted slightly as he leaned back in the chair and watched Xiao Ai eat.

The charm of delicious food was hard to resist once one had tried it. When Xiao Ai finished her noodles, her face was flushing, and she looked embarrassed. She was the one who refused to eat, but in the end, she was also the one who enjoyed it the most.

"Have you had enough? If yes, bring me to the restaurant's location..." Bu Fang said, looking at Xiao Ai.

The handmaid froze. She turned to Nethery, only to see her master nod seriously.

"Your Excellency, we can't open this restaurant! As soon as we show ourselves, Her Excellency Soul's lackeys will find us, and the restaurant will be destroyed! Even Your Excellency's life could be in danger... Why don't we discuss this again when Duchess Yunlan returns?" Xiao Ai said pleadingly. She was really worried about Nethery.

However, Nethery only shook her head. “Don’t worry. We’ll go to open the restaurant now...”

Xiao Ai had no choice but to bring Bu Fang and Nethery out of the palace. The array rumbled, and they came directly to a vacant property on a broad street. “This is Your Excellency’s property...” she said reluctantly.

Bu Fang glanced around and nodded with satisfaction. With a thought in his mind, he contacted the System. ‘System, renovate the place.’

At that, streams of bright light immediately filled the surroundings, and everything began to change rapidly. Xiao Ai’s jaw dropped as she watched the transformation. Finally, the place turned into a restaurant.

Looking at the familiar decoration, tables, and chairs, Nethery’s heart softened, and her tense body relaxed. The familiar restaurant gave her the feeling of home.

The Path-Understanding Tree was swaying. Foxy jumped off Whitey’s shoulder excitedly and ran up and down the tree. With its mechanical eyes flashing, Whitey walked toward the kitchen and stood at the entrance, carrying out its duty. As for Shrimpy, it lay under the tree, spitting bubbles.

Bu Fang was very satisfied. Stroking his chin, he glanced at Xiao Ai, who looked to be struggling. A faint smile brushed his lips as he said, “Xiao Ai, open the door. We are open for business now.”

Chapter 1737: I Want To Eat a Monkey Brain

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and said that with boundless enthusiasm.

“Hmm? What? Open the door for what?”

The blond girl, Xiao Ai, was struck dumb—she did not seem to understand what Bu Fang had asked her to do. For a moment, the atmosphere was frozen.

Nethery pursed her lips. Then, she rose to her feet and walked toward the door. She was about to push open the door when Xiao Ai finally recovered and hurried over.

“Your Excellency... Let me do this!” Xiao Ai said hastily and pushed open the door.

With a creak, the door was opened. Golden light shone from inside the restaurant, attracting the attention of people.

Many pedestrians in District A were shocked by the scene. Most of them were confused. As residents of District A, they were very familiar with everything here, and they naturally knew what the restaurant was in the past.

Bu Fang glanced out the door with a thoughtful look in his eyes. Nethery returned to her chair calmly, while Xiao Ai was rubbing her palms nervously.

‘What should I do? Opening a restaurant in District A will definitely make everyone target us...’ the handmaid thought to herself. ‘Her Excellency Nethery will be exposed, and then Her Excellency Soul will send experts here to kill her... It’s over! This is all the chef’s fault! We shouldn’t have opened a restaurant in District A!’

Bu Fang, on the other hand, was calm. He had seen everything. “Hmm... Now that we have a restaurant, we need a name.” He stroked his chin thoughtfully.

What should he name the restaurant? Suddenly, his eyes lit up, and the corners of his mouth lifted slightly. He thought of a brilliant name.

“Let’s name it the Cooking God Little Kitchen,” he said.

Nethery paused, while Foxy, lying under the Path-Understanding Tree, rolled her eyes.

As for Xiao Ai, she stiffened and thought, ‘What kind of name is that? Did he give the restaurant this name to hasten its destruction? Everyone in Void City knows that Her Majesty hates chefs, yet he named it the Cooking God Little Kitchen? Are you really so impatient to get yourself killed?!’

Bu Fang was very satisfied with the name. The System seemed to be thinking as well. After a long time, it said, ‘The name of the restaurant has been confirmed.’

As soon as it said that, a stone tablet emerged outside the restaurant, cracking the ground as it grew taller and taller. The next moment, four characters appeared on it: Cooking God Little Restaurant.

Although there were only four characters, each of them was filled with a unique essence, captivating to look at. If one tried to comprehend them, they could feel the sharpness in them. Despite that, it was a strange name.

A group of people had already gathered outside the restaurant. They were the nobles of District A. Given their status, they had already seen everything, so they were very familiar with everything here. Now that a strange restaurant had emerged, they were naturally very excited and curious.

“Oh? A restaurant?!”

“Who’s the fellow behind this? Are they crazy? Opening a restaurant in District A?”

“Doesn’t this fellow know that the Queen of Curses hates chefs?!”

The nobles laughed derisively. They believed that the restaurant would not last long. What was the use of a restaurant? What was the use of dishes? At most, they could satisfy one’s appetite. Even if the dishes could slightly increase one’s cultivation base, they were nowhere near as good as divine pills.

This was a busy street, and the restaurant sat right opposite a pill-making workshop. How could the dishes served in this restaurant be as good as the divine pills produced by the workshop? Putting aside the Queen’s hatred for chefs, just the decision of opening the restaurant opposite a pill-making workshop was already unwise.

Many people had gathered in front of the restaurant. Of course, they were here for the show. Someone recognized that the restaurant was Nethery’s property. As the last Cursed Goddess, a lot of people had already given up all hope for Nethery, and now, they were even more disappointed.

How was a Cursed Goddess who hung out with a chef qualified to inherit the Queen of Curses’ will and become the master and ruler of Void City?

They believed that the restaurant would be destroyed soon, and Nethery would be killed by the experts sent by Soul!

...

Xiao Ai felt uncomfortable. After all, anyone would feel uncomfortable under the gaze of so many people. “We should leave, Your Excellency. If we stay here, they will look at us as if we are a joke! You are the potential successor of Void City!” she said.

Nethery glanced at Xiao Ai with an easy grace. She felt safer than ever in the restaurant. “Don’t worry, everything will be fine,” she comforted her handmaid.

Xiao Ai was frustrated when she saw how unambitious her Cursed Goddess had become. She turned to Bu Fang.

“Call me Owner Bu,” Bu Fang said before Xiao Ai could say anything to him.

Xiao Ai froze. Tears were about to flow out of her eyes.

“You will be a waiter in the restaurant for a while. Otherwise, Nethery will work as the waiter,” Bu Fang said. After that, he turned and walked toward the kitchen.

How could Xiao Ai allow Nethery to be a waiter in a restaurant? Reluctantly, she pressed Nethery back into her chair, gritted her teeth, and said, “Your Excellency, you just sit here. Let me do the work!” How she wished she could make Bu Fang bleed with a bite. ‘This chef is too much!’

She was, after all, a noble of District A, yet Bu Fang was ordering her around like a servant!

“Don’t worry, I’ll pay for your service... Delicious dishes will be your salary.” Bu Fang’s voice drifted out of the kitchen.

Xiao Ai rolled her eyes. “Your restaurant opens in District A... Do you think you will have customers? Keep dreaming!” She shook her head. She was not optimistic at all. Without customers, this restaurant would have no purpose of existence, and she, as a waiter, did not need to work.

However, even as her voice faded away, the sound of footsteps rang through the door. That gave Xiao Ai pause. She turned to the door and saw a figure walk into the restaurant.

“Ah? Marquis Lang Gu?!”

How could Xiao Ai not recognize Marquis Lang Gu, who was one of the three rulers of District B and a soul drummer famous for his coquettish behavior? With just a thought, he could become a great ape.

Marquis Lang Gu walked into the restaurant, strutting his catwalk and toying with his pellet drum. There was a hint of resentment in his eyes, and he held his pinky up like a woman.

“Greetings, Your Excellency... Please have a seat.” Xiao Ai led the marquis to a table. At some point, she produced a square of white cloth and used it to wipe the chair.

Marquis Lang Gu cleared his throat, puffed out his chest, and sat down.

A confused look came over Xiao Ai’s face. ‘What’s wrong with me? Why did I settle into the waitressing role so quickly? What’s with the uncontrollable feeling just now? I didn’t think there would be diners a moment ago!’ For a moment, she fell into silence.

Marquis Lang Gu was very famous in Void City. The moment he stepped into the restaurant, the group of people waiting outside to watch the show immediately broke out into an uproar.

“Marquis Lang Gu? Is he out of his mind? Why is he going into that restaurant?”

“What a nut! When he stepped into the restaurant, he put himself on the opposite side of the Queen!”

“What’s so good about this lousy restaurant? Marquis Lang Gu must have played with his rattle so much that he had become an idiot!”

The nobles were chattering noisily, but Marquis Lang Gu ignored them. He held his head high like a noblewoman. At this moment, Bu Fang came out of the kitchen. When Marquis Lang Gu saw Bu Fang, the muscles on his face suddenly twitched.

“Why are you here?” Bu Fang glanced at the marquis, puzzled. They were still fighting not too long ago, and now this fellow was here in his restaurant as if nothing had happened.

“You’re not welcoming me? How could you be so... naughty?” Marquis Lang Gu pointed a finger at Bu Fang and said plaintively.

Xiao Ai shuddered—her skin ran cold. ‘The way he talked... Could there be an affair between them?!’

“I’ve some news for you... Marchioness Moti is dead,” said the marquis. He was not in a hurry to order food.

That gave Bu Fang pause. He knew Marchioness Moti was the one whose flesh was destroyed by Whitey. But didn’t Whitey spare her soul? A Chaotic Saint would not die as long their soul survived.

“She is devoured by a Soul Demon... Those goddamn bastards! I’ve proposed to Her Majesty a long time ago not to let those disgusting creatures into the city. If she had listened to me, we would not have such a tragedy today,” Marquis Lang Gu said sadly as he shook his head.

“My little Moti... Wuu... I feel so bad... I feel like crying...” He bit his lip.

“You will feel much better after ordering a dish and eating it...” Bu Fang said. He still could not figure out the purpose of the marquis’s visit.

“I’m no longer on Soul’s side... Little Moti was killed by a Soul Demon, so I went to Soul and asked her to go to the Soul Demon Universe and catch the murderer for me! But...”

Marquis Lang Gu covered his mouth as tears welled up in his eyes. Obviously, the result was not what he had expected.

“Her reply sent a chill to my heart! So... I’ve decided to support Her Excellency Nethery! I want to avenge little Moti!”

Although Bu Fang was the culprit who destroyed Marchioness Moti’s body, he had also spared her soul. And because of that, Marquis Lang Gu felt that he was a kind man...

“Well...” Bu Fang did not know what to say. He glanced at Marquis Lang Gu, whose eyes were red. He had thought that this great ape was a ruthless beast, but it turned out

that he was such a sentimental man. A pity that Marchioness Moti was killed by a Soul Demon with trickery.

Suddenly, Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. For some reason, he thought of that arm. 'Could that guy be the culprit?' He considered for a while, then shook his head and turned to Marquis Lang Gu.

"This is a restaurant. Since you are here, order some food. Whatever you wish to eat, I can cook for you," he said.

Marquis Lang Gu clutched his rattle and held up his pinkie. "Food? I hate food... Her Majesty told us that chefs are no good!" After saying that, he gave Bu Fang a plaintive look.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched. "You can give it a try... Women are always two-faced. They will tell you they don't like something, but deep inside their hearts, they love the thing... Perhaps Her Majesty is fond of food?"

Marquis Lang Gu was struck dumb. 'That makes a lot of... sense,' he thought to himself.

Xiao Ai froze, too. 'How could this paralyze-faced chef come up with such a theory?'

"Well, then... Let me think..." Marquis Lang Gu rolled his eyes. Then, he spun the rattle lightly, filling the air with the crisp sound of drum beats. A few moments later, he said, "Chef Bu, I want a monkey brain... Do you have this dish?" A faint smile brushed his lips.

A monkey brain? Bu Fang was startled, and he gave the marquis a strange look. 'Isn't he an ape? Why does he have such an exotic appetite?'

"I wish to eat monkey brain, but I don't want you to kill a monkey... Otherwise, I'll not forgive you! So... Can you fulfill my order?" Marquis Lang Gu leaned back in the chair, blinking.

Xiao Ai was already petrified, while Nethery was pursing her lips.

'Marquis Lang Gu is really... naughty! This request is simply too much to ask. Could Owner Bu do it? How is he going to get a monkey brain without killing a monkey?!' Xiao Ai could not think of a solution no matter how hard she tried.

Looking at Marquis Lang Gu, who seemed to be proud of himself, Bu Fang raised his brows and snorted.

"So your order is a monkey brain, right? Well, please wait a moment."

Chapter 1738: Monkey Brain Wrapped in Pearl!

Bu Fang did not expect that Marquis Lang Gu would want to eat a monkey brain and also ask him not to kill a monkey to get the brain.

'Is he trying to give me a hard time now?'

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. However, since Marquis Lang Gu was the first customer of the Cooking God Little Kitchen, he thought he would fulfill the request.

He glanced deeply at the marquis, who was sitting in an ostentatious manner. 'This fellow looks confident. Perhaps he's feeling a sense of accomplishment, thinking that he had given me a hard time. After all, he was defeated by me in the last battle when I was possessed by Qilin...'

Bu Fang shrugged, unimpressed. "Please wait for a moment," he said. After that, he turned and walked into the kitchen as Xiao Ai watched in astonishment.

'Could he really come out with a... monkey brain?' Xiao Ai thought Marquis Lang Gu was definitely trying to make it difficult for Bu Fang. His true form, after all, was an ape. He must have hated those who ate or cooked monkey brains. Yet, he still asked Bu Fang to cook one for him. There must be a reason.

'If he's not allowed to kill a monkey... Where is he going to get a monkey brain? Is he going to carve it out with some other ingredients? Impossible... A patchwork thing like that cannot perfectly interpret the taste of a monkey brain...' Xiao Ai thought to herself.

'Marquis Lang Gu may not have eaten many different cuisines before, but he's certainly able to distinguish the difference in taste between the two...' Her eyes rolled as she watched Bu Fang step into the kitchen.

"Your Excellency, do you think Owner Bu can succeed? This is such a tricky challenge..." Xiao Ai leaned over to Nethery and asked curiously.

"Tricky?" Nethery shook her head. "It may not be tricky at all for Bu Fang. When it comes to cooking, no problem is too difficult for him." She smiled a beautiful, charming smile.

That gave Xiao Ai pause. 'Her Excellency has so much faith in Owner Bu!'

Marquis Lang Gu could not sit still in the chair. He got up, walked around, and studied the restaurant. No one had ever dared to open a restaurant in District A before, so he was very interested in it more than the food. For him, cuisines had no attraction.

The Path-Understanding Tree was a tree that grew with Bu Fang. It had now grown into a supreme tree of the Path with an extremely profound essence of the Path. Lying under it, Foxy suddenly lifted her head. When she saw Marquis Lang Gu, she narrowed her eyes.

“Oh, what a cute little fox... You are that little fox who shoots meatballs from the mouth, aren't you? This is so interesting! The universes are truly full of possibilities... A fox who shoots meatballs! Who would have thought of that?”

Marquis Lang Gu felt his affection was about to overflow. He reached out a hand to touch Foxy's head, but the little fox moved away from him. Instead of giving up, he pulled out the pellet drum and shook it before Foxy, making the beads knock at the drum.

Foxy rolled her eyes and wagged her tails. At this moment, Shrimpy bolted out of the kitchen and stood at Foxy's side, spitting bubbles while staring at Marquis Lang Gu with its big eyes.

The marquis' interest was aroused. He kept shaking the rattle and played a rhythmical tune with it.

...

In the kitchen, Bu Fang rolled up his sleeves. This was his first performance in Void City, so he had to keep up his spirits.

The Queen of Curses hated chefs. However, she did not show up to stop him when he opened a restaurant in District A. Clearly, she had left some space for him, and that gave him more reason to make the restaurant a success.

His first customer had ordered a monkey brain, but also mentioned that he could not kill a monkey. Since he could not cook a real monkey brain, he would have to make a fake one.

Bu Fang touched his chin and pondered for a while, considering the cooking method of the dish. In fact, he already had a rough idea.

With a thought in his mind, his consciousness went into the Heaven and Earth Farmland, found Niu Hansan, and asked the latter for some beans.

These were not ordinary beans. They were the product of Niu Hansan's hybridization research and were extremely priceless. Just one of these beans was enough to raise a dead man and even lengthen an individual's life. It was not exaggerating to say that they were divine herbs.

To Bu Fang, however, the beans tasted delicious, and that was enough.

In the beginning, Niu Hansan refused to give Bu Fang the beans. After all, they were not easy to produce. There were simply too many steps, and the process was complicated.

But in the end, he handed over ten beans under Bu Fang's piercing gaze. It made him shudder with pain, and he kept puffing and huffing. However, his sour mood soon turned happy after Bu Fang promised to cook a delicious dish for him.

Bu Fang grabbed the beans out of the bag. They were amber in color, translucent, and glittering brilliantly. There seemed to be a tremendous amount of energy glowing in them as well.

There was a stone mill in the farmland. Made by Bu Fang with a star core, it could be considered a magic treasure. Of course, it was nowhere near as good as the God of Cooking Sets.

He placed the beans into the stone mill. After a series of steps, he made tofu. The ten beans had turned into a large piece of tofu. It was square and extremely soft, wobbling at the lightest touch.

Bu Fang never tasted a monkey brain before. Of course, he did not like this kind of food as well. However, he believed that Marquis Lang Gu had never eaten it either. Therefore, he would make the dish according to his own understanding.

He held the tofu, which was as glittering and translucent as white jade, in one palm, then crushed it and put it into a porcelain bowl. The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife was spinning in his hand when he took out a tender blood lobster. He shredded the meat and put it into the bowl, together with many other strange seasonings.

After that, he produced a spirit beast egg, threw away the yolk, and poured the egg white into the bowl. He began to stir. The power of the Law and Chaotic Energy all flowed into the bowl, mixing the energies in it.

Anyone who saw him use Chaotic Energy like that would scold him for wasting the precious energy. However, the result was good.

He scooped out a spoonful of ingredients, put it in his mouth, smacked his lips, and raised his brows. It didn't taste as good as he had expected. It was warm, tender, but without a coppery taste.

Water splashed as Bu Fang caught a crab in the farmland. It was only an ordinary crab, but after staying in the farmland for so long, it had become not so ordinary. He removed the crab roe and put it into the bowl.

After further mixing, the roe blended with the other ingredients. Guided by the Law and merged by Chaotic Energy, the roe fused completely into the ingredients.

Bu Fang brought the bowl to his nose and sniffed again. This time, he could smell the faint coppery scent in the ingredients. The corners of his mouth lifted slightly. He was very satisfied.

He grabbed the bowl and flicked it with his finger. The bowl immediately began to spin in his hand. As it spun, he suddenly turned it upside down and smashed it on the stove. He removed the bowl, revealing a pile of white ingredients. It was a mixture of multiple ingredients and the early form of the dish.

The glint of the knife began to flash in Bu Fang's hand. The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife hummed, and he seemed to hear a dragon roar. Holding the handle tightly, he unleashed his mental force.

The knife flashed as it cut through the ingredient. Bu Fang worked carefully, lest he made a mistake. This was a test of his knife skill. Of course, with the level of his knife skill, carving the shape of a brain was very easy.

Bu Fang thought it was a little bit wasteful to use his knife skill to carve out a shape like that, and he was not a man who was satisfied with simplicity. So, under the control of his mental force, the ingredient turned into the shape of a brain. Every line on it, even every nerve cell, was lively carved out by him.

Just this knife skill alone was enough to amaze countless people. It was like the work of the Creator. However, no one could see this, except Whitey, who was standing at the door with flashing mechanical eyes.

The kitchen knife swept out. Bu Fang held it with a finger, made it spin a few rounds in his hand, then put it away.

"It's done. Next is cooking..." A hint of excitement flashed in Bu Fang's eyes as he looked at the lifelike monkey brain. Every neuron and even every arc of it was exactly the same as a real monkey brain. Of course, this was a fake one, a mixture of ingredients including tofu and crab roe.

He took out the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, placed it over the White Tiger Heaven Stove, and poured in some oil. He grabbed the wok in one hand, the Qilin Transmigration Ladle in the other, then spun the wok to evenly coat it with oil.

When the oil was hot enough, he added minced purple garlic, slices of scale tail scallion, and some other ingredients into the wok. After stir-frying until the oil was infused with the aroma, he removed the ingredients and left the oil in the wok.

Then, he shook the ladle, scooped up the fake monkey brain, and put it into the oil. His eyes lit up as he began to toss the wok. The monkey brain kept jumping inside, but because of his careful control, it did not fall apart from the violent motions. Instead, the oil had fully coated it and kept infusing it with the aroma between each jump.

The technique was even more amazing. It showed that his control of strength had reached a mastery level. After all, it was not that easy to control strength through a wok.

Suddenly, he slammed the wok on the stove. As the monkey brain jumped up, he thrust the ladle under it and caught it. The brain throbbed ever so slightly as if it was a real one.

Narrowing his eyes, Bu Fang shook his hand, and two huge pearls flew out. Taken from the Endless Sea, they were not considered treasures here, but after being bred in the River of Life for so long, they were now infused with a divine aura.

As the pearls flew in the air, Bu Fang thrust the kitchen knife and made tens of thousands of slashes in a flash. They turned into powder, sprinkled down slowly, wrapped around the monkey brain, and turned into an even larger pearl.

Eventually, the monkey brain could no longer be seen. All that remained was a simple pearl floating over Bu Fang's hand. He put the pearl on a porcelain plate, then garnished it with some immortal vegetables still fresh with beads of water. The dish was ready.

Rumble...

Bu Fang seemed to sense an invisible will, but it disappeared when it closed in on Void City. He narrowed his eyes and slightly lifted the corners of his mouth. Holding the dish, he walked out of the kitchen.

Inside the restaurant, the crowd was waiting. Nethery was not worried at all, and she looked relaxed. Xiao Ai was rubbing her palms nervously as if she had nothing left to live for. Marquis Lang Gu, on the other hand, was teasing Foxy with the rattle. The little fox only responded by rolling her eyes. As for Shrimpy, it was spitting bubbles...

Suddenly, the sound of hurried footsteps rang through the door. Marquis Lang Gu squinted. "Aye... Opening a restaurant in District A has made you an easy target and put Her Excellency Nethery in a dangerous situation," he said.

One after another, powerful auras approached the restaurant and soon surrounded it. The ground was shaking.

Xiao Ai's face turned deathly pale. "It's over... Her Excellency Soul's men are here! This restaurant is going to be destroyed, and Her Excellency Nethery will suffer!"

Marquis Lang Gu rose to his feet, and his face grew serious.

Outside the restaurant, a team of cavalry clad in black armor rode up slowly. The soldiers' mounts were all mighty divine beasts, and each of them held a spear.

“It’s Her Excellency Soul’s army, the Cavalry of Death!”

Many nobles were exclaiming as they watched with excitement. They knew that as soon as this cavalry was deployed, everything would be trampled! The restaurant and the chef would soon become things of the past!

Ting-a-ling!

Just as the Cavalry of Death appeared outside the restaurant, the crisp sound of a bell rang out. The kitchen’s curtain was lifted, and Bu Fang, rolling up his sleeves, walked slowly out of it.

“The monkey brain wrapped in pearls you ordered is... ready.”

Chapter 1739: A Monkey Brain or Bean Curd?

“The monkey brain wrapped in pearl is... ready.”

Bu Fang’s voice was not loud, but it made all the people in the restaurant raise their heads.

Outside, many nobles cast curious glances through the door. Soul’s Cavalry of Death had surrounded the restaurant, yet the chef was still so calm. His nonchalant attitude surprised them.

Bu Fang was holding a porcelain plate, which contained a large, round pearl garnished with immortal vegetables still fresh with water droplets.

‘So this is the monkey brain? Is this thing even edible? Isn’t this just a ball? And it has no smell at all... Is he going to make me eat it raw?’ Marquis Lang Gu looked confused.

“Little chef, I’ve said that you can’t kill a monkey to get the brain...” he said, pointing a finger at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang raised his brows. “Are you worried that I’m lying to you?”

“Fine! If your monkey brain satisfies me... I’ll settle the Cavalry of Death for you!” the marquis said with high spirits. The cavalry was fierce, but since he had decided to support Nethery, he had to show his sincerity. Fighting these soldiers would be the proof of his loyalty.

“It’s a deal,” Bu Fang said as a faint smile brushed his lips.

Thinking that there was something to eat, Foxy, lying listlessly under the Path-Understanding Tree, turned into a white beam of light and sped up to Bu Fang's shoulder, rubbing her little paws excitedly.

"You can't eat this. It's for the customer." Bu Fang rubbed the little fox's head. His words put a sad look on her face.

Nethery, too, looked curiously at the huge pearl. 'This clearly is a pearl. Which part of it makes it a monkey brain? And it doesn't look like something edible...' she thought to herself.

Bu Fang, however, only smiled enigmatically. He was very satisfied with the dish. It had attracted the attention of the universe's will, but perhaps because it was in Void City, that supreme existence had blocked off the punishment from the universe's will.

Marquis Lang Gu sat leisurely on his chair.

Outside, the cavalry looked at each other. They were led by two Chaotic Saints, who were just ordinary Chaotic Saints as strong as the person in charge of the fighting pit at the most.

However, they were twins, and when they joined hands, they could unleash the strength of a marquis. The twins were quite famous in District A, and they were both formidable experts who served Soul.

Soul had many supporters in Void City. Countless nobles believed that she would succeed to the throne, so they all stood at her side.

The twin brothers rode on a two-headed phoenix, and behind them was the fearsome Cavalry of Death, who seemed to be curious about the scene inside the restaurant. The brothers lifted their hands and ordered the soldiers to stand by.

"Let's see what this restaurant is up to. What is that slutty Marquis Lang Gu doing in this restaurant?" said the twin brothers in unison, then nodded at the same time.

The nobles sucked in their breaths as they looked into the restaurant.

...

Marquis Lang Gu sat in his chair and took out a square of white cloth, which he materialized with his power. At his level, it was not a strange thing to materialize things at will. He tucked one corner of the napkin into his collar, then leaned back comfortably and looked forward to tasting the cuisine Bu Fang had prepared for him.

Unlike Countess Xia Qiu, he had never tasted food before. That woman was a Cursed Goddess who wandered the other universe a long time ago, so she had eaten many things.

Marquis Lang Gu was born and raised in Void City. As a noble of the city, he had never eaten anything cooked by a chef. So, he was very curious even though this was something forbidden by the Queen.

“I’m ready.” He put away the pellet drum and blinked at Bu Fang. “How do you eat this thing? Do you bite it directly?” he asked curiously.

“Bite it directly? You may try...” Bu Fang said.

The outermost layer of the dish was pearl powder. Although it was edible, it was not the most delicious thing.

Looking at the marquis’ clueless face, Bu Fang could not help but feel sad. Food was such a beautiful thing, yet none of the people in Void City, which claimed to be the strongest city in the multiverse, had tasted it before.

It would be a bleak and gloomy life if a person had not tasted food. But this would change soon, for Bu Fang was here. As a man who would top the food chain in the fantasy world, he felt that he was obligated to help these people redefine the meaning of food.

The Qilin Transmigration Ladle appeared in Bu Fang’s hand with a humming sound, spinning so fast it appeared like a tiny vortex. Just when Marquis Lang Gu was dazzled by it, he clutched the ladle firmly, brought it down hard, and smashed the top of the pearl.

The pearl looked like a round egg, and something good seemed to be breeding inside. When the ladle struck it, the huge pearl reconstructed by Bu Fang broke with a crash. As it shattered slowly, the fragments turned into powder, and a gust of wind carried it across the restaurant.

Ting-a-ling!

The bell at the kitchen door tinkled, and the curtain swayed lightly as a gentle breeze blew inside the restaurant. Then, the white powder filled the air, turning into what looked like the milky way in the dark starry sky. It was very beautiful.

Marquis Lang Gu was stunned. He covered his mouth with both hands, and his eyes sparkled.

Bu Fang snapped his fingers. The light in the restaurant dimmed down in an instant. In the darkness, the pearl powder glowed as it drifted through the air. The sight was as magical as an immortal realm.

Marquis Lang Gu's face was flushing, and his eyes were watery. The enchanting scene made his maiden heart flutter. 'So this is food? It looks so beautiful!' For a moment, he was shy and timid. 'This little chef is... so romantic!'

Outside, many nobles saw that as well, and their jaws dropped. The dreamlike scene had shocked them. In fact, most of them were here to witness what food was, and what they saw had surprised them. Suddenly, the faces of many people changed.

Lub-dub!

A sound like the beating of a heart rang out, and it made the hearts of many beat at the same time. They raised their heads and looked incredulously into the restaurant, resting their gaze at the pearl.

The disintegrating of the pearl stopped in the middle. The pearl powder scattered in the air as the contents were revealed. Marquis Lang Gu squinted at it with an intoxicated look on his face. 'What kind of delicious food would such a beautiful scene produce?' he thought to himself.

The next moment, what he saw froze his intoxicated expression, and then it was replaced by a confused look. Beneath that pearly shell was actually a throbbing brain. It looked extremely lifelike as if it was a real monkey brain. The patterns on it, the nerves, the curves, and the holes were identical to a real brain.

'Dammit... This little chef is so disgusting! My maiden heart is shattered!' Marquis Lang Gu gritted his teeth, and his cheeks kept twitching with anger. He glared at Bu Fang and said furiously, "You really used a monkey brain to make this dish?!"

As he spoke, his coquettish voice turned hoarse like the roar of a savage beast. Apparently, he was fuming. It was as if he was about to transform into a giant ape, and a terrifying aura erupted out of him. The pearl in front of him seemed to be on the verge of being blown apart.

However, Bu Fang made a light sweep with his hand and protected the dish. "I've told you... This is not a real monkey brain. Don't jump the gun. Try it first," he said.

The nobles outside the restaurant were very curious. They could see everything clearly. Inside the huge pearl was a throbbing brain covered with nerves. It looked so lifelike that it appeared to be a real brain.

"That's a real brain..."

“This chef is obviously lying through his teeth!”

“If that is not a brain, what is it?”

Bu Fang seemed to hear their questions, and he lifted the corners of his mouth slightly. “The dish is called... The monkey brain wrapped in a pearl,” he said, putting his hands behind his back and staring at Marquis Lang Gu, whose aura gradually calmed down.

“Its ingredients are somewhat... complicated. I’ve made it with a kind of bean, which is a divine bean specially bred by my grower. It can make people immortal and raise dead people...”

“I ground the beans into a pulp and made bean curd with it, so the main ingredient of this dish is bean curd. It looks real enough to be a brain, but to make it like a genuine brain, bean curd alone is not enough. Therefore, I’ve also added other ingredients, including the best blood lobster meat carefully chosen by me and the best crab roe. Through mixing them, I perfected the taste.

“Of course, these were only ingredients. With my awesome knife techniques, I’ve carved out a lifelike monkey brain. As for the reason why it’s throbbing like a living brain, it’s because I’ve used the oil splashing method.

“What is this oil splashing method? You won’t understand even if I explained it to you. All you need to know is that this is a very powerful method,” Bu Fang said indifferently.

Many people were stunned after listening to him. They felt he was bluffing. Xiao Ai was struck dumb, too. She glanced at Nethery and found that her master was smiling as if she did not have the slightest doubt about the chef.

‘How is this even possible... Bean curd can be made into a monkey brain?!’ Marquis Lang Gu did not know what to say. In fact, he was beginning to believe Bu Fang.

“Try it,” Bu Fang said as he looked at the marquis.

Outside, the nobles narrowed their eyes. It only took one mouthful of the dish to know if Bu Fang was lying. However, Marquis Lang Gu might not know the real taste of a monkey brain. For a moment, they looked at each other.

“No matter how it tastes, once Marquis Lang Gu showed a disgusted look, then we know this so-called food is nothing but bullshit! Just like what the Queen of Curses said, food is... heresy!”

The nobles breathed faster and faster as they looked at the marquis.

“So... I’ll try it now?” Marquis Lang Gu said, and he adjusted the napkin at his neck.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth lifted slightly. He took out a porcelain spoon and handed it to the marquis. "In fact, the monkey brain wrapped in a pearl can also be called... the monkey bean curd. Give it a try." He made a hand gesture, signaling the marquis to taste the dish.

The real wonder of the dish began at the moment you pushed the spoon into it.

Marquis Lang Gu took a deep breath. For some reason, he felt a little excited. He had never been so excited even when fighting a Chaotic Saint. His hand, which was holding the spoon, was shaking. He gave Bu Fang a look.

Meanwhile, many people were watching, both inside and outside the restaurant. At the forefront of the Cavalry of Death, the twin brothers exchanged a look. They were not in a hurry to make a move now. The nobles were holding their breath.

Marquis Lang Gu squinted at the dish, which appeared like a real brain. He was filled with a strange feeling. 'Is this truly not a real monkey brain?'

The porcelain spoon fell and went into the monkey brain with a wet sound. Like jelly, the tender monkey brain split easily.

Rumble!

The next moment, Marquis Lang Gu was stunned. As soon as the monkey brain was crushed, a plume of white steam gushed out of it and blew into his face, causing him to let out a panicked shriek. However, his scream only lasted for two seconds, and then he was completely intoxicated.

The rich aroma contained in the white steam had made him fall into the world of delicious food completely! The true nature of the monkey brain was completely revealed at this moment!

Chapter 1740: Cavalry of Death, Charge!

Marquis Lang Gu was screaming. As the plume of white steam hit him in the face, a rich aroma erupted out of it and wrapped his head, plunging him into the world of delicious food.

The onlookers were confused. Xiao Ai's tiny nose twitched uncontrollably. As the steam kept gushing out, the aroma gradually enveloped the entire restaurant and even drifted out the door. It was so rich that it seemed to penetrate through the skin and made one shudder.

Xiao Ai turned to look at Bu Fang. With his hands clasped behind his back and the corners of his mouth lifted slightly, he was beaming with confidence. For some reason, she thought he looked handsome at this moment.

Nethery, on the other hand, puckered up her lips. She had believed in Bu Fang from the very beginning. Ever since their journey started in the Hidden Dragon Continent, Bu Fang had cooked countless dishes, and she had never seen him suffer even once.

The steam, which lurked inside the monkey brain, had stopped gushing out, and something began to happen to the undramatic brain. Colorful streamers and the strange power of the Law swirled around it, glowing like the neon sign boards in the city and enchanting like the aurora.

‘Beautiful... This is so beautiful!’ Marquis Lang Gu was deeply intoxicated. He had never tasted food, and because of the Queen, he had a prejudice against food. But after witnessing this, he was beginning to feel that food was pretty... amazing.

He brought the spoon up. The tender monkey brain was wobbling on it, glowing dazzlingly like some gemstone. Even the pattern on its surface was emitting an enchanting color.

“Well... Do you mind if I start?” said Marquis Lang Gu.

Bu Fang nodded, signaling him to dig in.

Outside, the nobles swallowed.

“Is he really going to eat that?”

“Food is forbidden!”

“I admire Marquis Lang Gu’s courage...”

Looking at the marquis, Xiao Ai thought of the first time she ate the bowl of noodles Bu Fang had cooked. In the beginning, she refused to eat it, but after giving it a taste, she turned her back on her faith in the Queen of Curses. ‘This dish is... poisonous!’

Marquis Lang Gu gave Bu Fang a deep look. After that, he held up his pinkie and shoved the delicacy in the spoon into his mouth.

It was extremely soft. The tender texture his tongue felt as soon as it touched the monkey brain stunned him, its taste spreading across and crawling through him in an instant. He felt as though he had been shocked by electricity, but at the same time, it felt like first love....

‘This... This is a monkey brain? No...’

“Ahh!”

Marquis Lang Gu covered his face, and his eyes turned misty. He felt everything in front of him had changed. What laid before him now was a vast expanse of water stretching as far as his eyes could see. Monstrous waves were rolling and crashing, filling his ears with a deafening rumbling sound.

Holding his pellet drum and standing in a little rowboat, he howled as the rolling waves rumbled around him. The spray wet his clothes, accentuating his body shape, but he did not mind at all. At that moment, he let himself go.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

He kept shaking his pellet drum. The beads struck the drum, producing a rhythmic tune and making the water droplets on the surface of the drum jump. The feeling of bliss and intoxication made him experience an unprecedented orgasm at that moment!

The drumbeats grew louder as Marquis Lang Gu threw his head back and screamed. His throat grew wider and wider, and everything in front of him turned misty and white.

In reality, his face was flushing, his head threw back, and tears were slowly trickling down from the corners of his eyes. “So this is food...” he said in a choked voice.

The onlookers were struck dumb. No one knew what happened to him and why he looked so wretched as if someone had just violated him.

Marquis Lang Gu turned to Bu Fang with a plaintive look in his eyes. The monkey brain did not taste like a brain. It was extremely tender. There was a fishy taste, but it was not strong. In fact, the fishy taste was the finishing touch that gave the dish its soul, making it taste like a real monkey brain.

The dish was not a monkey brain, but it made him feel like a real one. It was not something that materialized out of thin air, but a creation that went deep into the soul.

‘Food... So this is how food tastes like...’

Suddenly, Marquis Lang Gu was a little confused. Food was an amazing thing that could cleanse one’s soul, but why did the Queen of Curses forbid them to taste it? He did not understand this feeling until today. It was the feeling of first love!

“How is it? Is it delicious?” Bu Fang asked. He pulled a chair over and sat down, facing the marquis. A teapot appeared in his hand. He poured himself a cup of warm green tea and took a sip.

“It’s delicious,” Marquis Lang Gu said.

He could not help but squeeze his legs together and sigh. A cuisine like this would make people turn their back on their faith. He scooped up another spoonful of the throbbing monkey brain, which appeared like a peerless beauty in his eyes, and put it in his mouth.

The taste was perfect, not too salty nor too bland, and the texture was tender. Marquis Lang Gu could not help but immerse in this feeling.

“And now... You know what you should do,” Bu Fang said, pointing a finger at the Cavalry of Death who was waiting outside the restaurant.

The nobles woke up, and their eyes were filled with horror.

“Heresy! This is heresy! This is the demon that deceives your souls!”

The twin brothers bellowed as their faces grew grave. They almost lost themselves the moment they smelled the aroma. Fortunately, their faith in the Queen of Curses saved them.

“Cavalry of Death, charge! Bring down this demon-making restaurant with your hooves! We must stick to the Queen’s faith! All these are heresy!”

The leaders of the Cavalry of Death, the two Chaotic Saints, Pi Dong and Pi Xi, roared at the top of their lungs, their eyes red and filled with towering anger. Just now, their unwavering faith seemed to have shaken. This, to them, was a deafening alarm!

The soldiers’ eyes lit up. The next moment, a rumbling sound filled the air as they began to charge! The Cavalry of Death under the command of the twin brothers was a terrifying force, feared by many universes! The whole District A was shocked by the deafening bestial roar of their mounts, and the ground shook violently!

Marquis Lang Gu swallowed the spoonful of the monkey brain. A hint of a relaxed smile came over his eyes, while tears trickled down his gentle face. “Owner Bu, keep this delicious food for me. I’ll be... right back!” he said.

After that, he rose to his feet, held the pellet drum tightly in one hand, and walked out of the restaurant. He was not afraid of facing the Cavalry of Death alone.

He wanted to protect the heartwarming feeling he experienced just now when he put the food into his mouth, even if that meant he had to fight the whole starry sky! From today on, food would be his religion!

Xiao Ai’s jaw dropped as she looked incredulously at Marquis Lang Gu, who strode out of the restaurant like a brave warrior. At that moment, she sensed the power emanating from him! Was this still the Marquis Lang Gu she knew?!

...

Meanwhile, in the Palace of Cursed Goddess in District A...

Soul was clad in a white robe, the hem of which spread across the ground like the tail feathers of a peacock. Sitting cross-legged on the ground, she stared at an orb in front of her with a serious expression.

She had taken a bath and changed into fresh clothes just for this thing. Brought back by her from the Soul Demon Universe, the orb contained the essence. The power of the seven Soul Overlords, including Pride, Greed, and Gluttony, was held together inside this little orb.

Tap! Tap!

Someone knocked gently on the door. Soul's eyes flicked. With a thought in her mind, the black orb turned into a streamer and burrowed into her palm. The orb was her secret, something given to her by the person who saved her from her peril in the Soul Demon Universe. It was her faith.

After tidying up her clothes, she said, "Come in."

The door was pushed open, and a figure weak enough to be blown away by a gust of wind walked through it. She was Duchess Tianlian.

"Soul, did you order the Cavalry of Death to kill Nethery?" the duchess asked. She was very beautiful, not the kind of stunning beauty, but one that would make others want to pamper her.

"The battle for the heir has reached a critical time... Why can't I kill her?" Soul rose to her feet. With the long hem of her robe streaming behind her, she walked up to Duchess Tianlian, put her arms around her waist, and lightly placed her head against her chest.

"It's not that you can't... I just want you to be merciful. After all, you are all Cursed Goddesses, the treasures who have survived countless hurdles. You are all precious to Void City..." said Duchess Tianlian.

Resting her face on Duchess Tianlian's chest, Soul sighed. There was a deep look in her eyes, and her face was indifferent.

"It is because I've survived all the hurdles that I have to kill them... The Cursed Goddesses compete with each other. If I don't kill them, they will kill me one day... I've been through too many betrayals and murders in the Soul Demon Universe."

Duchess Tianlian sighed. "Flowers fade and fall and fill the air, but who pities the loss of your fragrance when you die... Of the three flowers that compete with each other, some will have to fade..."

She patted Soul's little body and closed her eyes. Her long eyelashes fluttered. "Don't be afraid. I will always support you."

...

The moment the Cavalry of Death moved, all the nobles in District A knew that the competition of the Cursed Goddesses had reached the stage of a showdown.

Many nobles retreated. It was not appropriate for them to choose a side in this kind of competition. They chose to be neutral, waiting for the situation to come clear.

There were three Cursed Goddesses. In addition to Nethery, who did not have many supporters, there was also one from the Primitive Universe. The latter was also weaker than Soul, but she was backed by the entire Primitive Universe. It was really hard to tell how things would turn out.

Meanwhile, Soul had taken the initiative to kill another Cursed Goddess. This had put her on the wrong side of the fence. After all, all Cursed Goddesses shared the same root.

The city shook as the iron hooves struck the ground. The black cavalry charged toward the restaurant as if it was going to trample the building into pieces!

Marquis Lang Gu walked out of the restaurant. His eyes focused as he looked at the cavalry. He took out the pellet drum and shook it with gentle motions. Although he was facing such a fearsome force, he did not flinch, and the corners of his mouth lifted.

'I'll make this battle as my gift for Her Excellency Nethery. With a chef who can create miracles in her company, perhaps Her Excellency is not without her fortune. Perhaps... she might even emerge as the heir soon.'

The twin brothers, Pi Dong and Pi Xi, squinted at Marquis Lang Gu. The next moment, they produced a black dragon-bone bow and an arrow with black phoenix feathers as the fletching. Pi Dong held the bow, while Pi Xi notched the arrow on the string.

Together, they pulled the string and unleashed the arrow. A piercing whistle echoed throughout the whole District A as the arrow shot straight toward Marquis Lang Gu. The murderous Cavalry of Death followed the black arrow.

With a thud, the arrow pierced the pellet drum in Marquis Lang Gu's hand, took the drum with it as it sped into the restaurant, and shot toward Nethery, who stood quietly at

Bu Fang's side. As for the marquis, he was drowned by the Cavalry of Death in an instant, trampled under the iron hooves of countless savage beasts!