

Gourmet of Another World #Chapter 1801 - The Will of the God of Cooking! - Read Gourmet of Another World Chapter 1801 - The Will of the God of Cooking!

Chapter 1801: The Will of the God of Cooking!

Rumble!

Space was crumbling. Tongtian's pupils narrowed, and the Great Soul Overlords also squinted and turned their gazes over.

Bu Fang's figure was obscured by a mist, which had knocked Whitey away. It was now scratching its bald head with a big hand in the distance, looking somewhat confused.

'What's going on?' Tongtian frowned. Bu Fang was now in a situation he did not expect. 'Is he done cooking?' he thought to himself. 'If that's the case, our chance of destroying the portal might be here!'

The Great Soul Overlords who formed the Heavenly Demon Array exchanged glances. They did not know what was happening. Meanwhile, Sloth glanced at Bu Fang and twitched his lips in disdain. 'Whatever the chef is trying to do, he will die. The most important thing now is for His Excellency Soul God to descend!'

"Ignore that and kill all of them!" Sloth said. "Don't make a mistake."

The giant Heavenly Demon nodded. The next moment, he walked toward Bu Fang with the great axe in hand.

Tongtian's heart skipped a beat. He would not allow the giant to kill Bu Fang. Without hesitation, he sent out his sword, which tore through the sky and locked the demon in a battle.

Foxy was also attacking with all her might, constantly shooting one meatball after another.

...

Bu Fang felt that his consciousness was sinking into a bottomless ocean, falling deeper and deeper. Bubbles burst from his mouth occasionally to rise to the surface. He had no idea what was happening to him. Great pressure kept squeezing him from all around, trying to crush his flesh and soul.

Even then, all kinds of images flashed in front of his eyes. Some of them were scenes when he had just begun to learn cooking on Earth, and some were his proud moments in the Light Wind Empire. They kept being projected in front of him like an old movie of the eighties.

It was his journey of learning how to cook. These experiences were what had brought his cooking skills to the current height. No one was born a chef, and neither was Bu Fang, though his talent in cooking was already amazing when he was on Earth.

He opened his mouth to say something, but the seawater took the opportunity and rushed into his throat. His pupils narrowed—he was in pain. Was he not cooking the dish that combined the best ingredients of various universes in front of Hangu Pass? Why was he here? Where was this place?

Bu Fang was confused, and he felt cold. He swallowed. Slowly, his eyelids grew heavier, and his body kept sinking deeper and deeper...

...

Bu Fang opened his eyes. A faint smell wafted into his nose. It was the fragrance of food. That gave him pause. When he turned his head, he found himself standing in front of a restaurant.

‘Where am I...’ He frowned. Looking up, he saw the restaurant’s signboard over the door: Heaven and Earth Restaurant. Each of the characters was filled with a shocking will and glowing like the sun, so bright that Bu Fang could not look straight at it.

“Hey... Owner Mu’s restaurant is open today!”

“This is so rare! Owner Mu’s dishes are delicious!”

“Not only that, but he’s also very beautiful! Ha!”

People walked past Bu Fang. Some of them were clad in rich robes, while some were in rags or sackcloths. There were men and women, and they all came here for the restaurant. A long line of people stretched from the restaurant door to the other end of the street.

The business of the restaurant was booming, just like when Bu Fang opened his restaurant. Most of these people did not have a cultivation base, and those who did were negligible. He could easily wipe them out with just a gaze.

Suddenly, a few people walked straight at him and went through him—he could not touch them. ‘Oh? This is not a real world?’ Bu Fang was slightly taken aback. Putting his hands behind his back, he stepped into the restaurant.

It was very lively inside. The air was filled with the noises of cutlery knocking against bowls and plates, the sizzling of cooking, and the shouting of customers.

“Owner Mu! I’ll have fried beef, medium, please!”

“Do you have that sweet nectar today, Owner Mu? I’ll have one jar!”

“Right! Only a fool will not order Owner Mu’s sweet nectar in Heaven and Earth Restaurant! Ha!”

The customers shouted and joked with each other merrily as Bu Fang watched, frowning. The next moment, a familiar voice rang out of the kitchen. “You nasty people... Scram!” The tone suggested that the person was joking rather than scolding. Then, the curtain that separated the kitchen from the dining area was lifted, and a familiar figure came into Bu Fang’s sight.

‘Ugh? Mu Hongzi?’ Bu Fang froze. Yes, the familiar figure was none other than Mu Hongzi, the previous host of the System from the Chaotic Universe.

Holding the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, Mu Hongzi leaned against the door frame and scolded the diners with an amorous smile. Many people, men and women, were smitten by that smile. Such a look would never appear on Bu Fang’s face.

Mu Hongzi continued to talk with his customers as if he never saw Bu Fang. After watching for a while, Bu Fang began to walk in the restaurant. Its layout was almost identical to that of his restaurant. Perhaps what set them apart were the chef, the diners, and the atmosphere. Bu Fang was a cold chef who would not talk and joke with his customers.

‘Is this the projection of Mu Hongzi when he was walking the path of becoming the God of Cooking? And it seems like the beginning of his journey...’

Frowning, Bu Fang made his way to the kitchen. As this was only a projection, he could not lift the curtain with his hand. Through the cloth, he saw Whitey standing near the entrance, its purple eyes flashing. For a moment, Bu Fang thought the puppet saw him.

He moved on to enter the kitchen. Remembering that it was a restricted area, he wondered if he could bypass the restriction in his current state. Still, he walked into the kitchen. Nothing happened.

Inside, Mu Hongzi was busy cooking in front of the stove. He was alone. Food ingredients jumped under his kitchen knife, while oil sizzled in the wok and filled the air with a delicious aroma. From behind, he looked somewhat skinny and lonely...

‘Perhaps every chef is destined to be lonely,’ Bu Fang thought to himself. He retreated from the kitchen and came back to the joyous atmosphere of the restaurant.

Suddenly, everything around him burst like bubbles. The scene changed, and then he was in the restaurant again. But this time it was not Heaven and Earth Restaurant. The chef walking out of the kitchen was... the old man he met in Void City.

Unlike the stooped old man Bu Fang knew, this one was young, full of energy, and looked like someone optimistic about the future. And when he smiled, he showed everyone his white teeth.

“Enjoy the food and drink, folks! Just don’t forget to pay before you leave!” The young man smiled. Holding the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, he turned and stepped back into the kitchen. All the diners laughed.

The scene changed again, and Bu Fang found himself in another restaurant. He watched in silence, then he was presented with another restaurant, and another, and another...

Every chef had a different way of communicating with his customers. Bu Fang also discovered that these restaurants were all the first restaurants of the Hosts. That was when the Hosts were most motivated.

‘What is the meaning of showing me this?’ Bu Fang furrowed his brows. ‘Is it to remind me of something?’ He took a deep breath and felt as if something was pressing against his chest.

The last restaurant appeared. Bu Fang numbly lifted his foot and stepped inside...

“Smelly boss... I’ll have a bowl of Red Braised Meat and a Lees Fish!”

Bu Fang shuddered as he heard a familiar voice.

“Alright,” said a voice in an indifferent tone.

Bu Fang saw a lean silhouette in the kitchen. He breathed faster.

A cute Ouyang Xiaoyi blinked and skipped away from the window.

“Owner Bu’s dishes are the best!” said a fat guy. His lips glistened with grease as he ate, his eyes narrowed. This was Fatty Jin of the Light Wind Empire, who Bu Fang had not met for a very long time.

Ji Chengxue, sitting on a chair, took a sip of wine from the cup he was holding. “Alas... With his excellent cooking skills, he will certainly have a bright future if he joins the imperial kitchen. What a pity,” he said and sighed.

Bu Fang stared as these familiar but long-lost acquaintances appeared before him. The old emperor’s bent back, Lian Fu’s flattering smile when he looked at Lord Dog and

pinched his thumb and index finger together... These scenes struck his chest hard like a hammer.

Suddenly, Whitey, standing in a dark corner of the kitchen, fixed its purple eyes at Bu Fang. The lean figure, who had just talked to Ouyang Xiaoyi, also turned to look in his direction. That got Bu Fang a little nervous, and he quickly ran out of the restaurant in panic.

Rumble!

The scene broke into pieces and fell apart. Bu Fang felt like he was suffocating. He struggled violently, while bubbles spurted out of his mouth and nose, rising to the surface. His eyes grew wider and wider.

'What is the meaning of showing me all the previous Hosts?! Is it to remind me of something? What is it? What is it that you want to remind me of?! What have I missed? Tell me! TELL ME!'

Bu Fang demanded soundlessly. The next moment, an extremely strong pressure erupted. He rushed out of the water and came to the surface, panting for breath.

The five Artifact Spirits stared at him from above. Then, their eyes seemed to be moving away from him. Higher up in the sky, the God of Cooking's Menu emitted a golden light as usual, but the light was burning him...

...

In the Heaven and Earth Farmland, Niu Hansan was enjoying the gentle breeze with a grass stalk dangling from the corner of his mouth. All of a sudden, his pupils narrowed.

"What happened?!"

He sucked in a cold breath and fell from the chair. As he looked up and glanced around, he saw black streamers close in from all directions as if to devour the farmland.

"Dammit! What's going on?!" Niu Hansan was breathless. The farmland was the product of Bu Fang's will. Now that it was being devoured, that could only mean... Bu Fang's will was being gradually devoured!

"Who or what is devouring Owner Bu's will?!" He was anxious, but there was nothing he could do. He could only pray that Bu Fang would overcome the challenge.

...

A rumbling sound rang out in the quiet Void City. Duchess Yunlan, sitting cross-legged in midair outside the city, trembled and turned to look at the tightly shut palace. A look of disbelief came over her face.

Cursey, holding a Death Spicy Strip between her lips and leaning against the wall, stared thoughtfully at the Queen of Curses' palace.

...

In the Temple of Heavengod Time, Lord Dog lay on the ground and looked at the gloomy sky. Er Ha, surrounded by girls, also turned his gaze up at the sky, his face darkening. They had a bad feeling that something was about to happen.

...

Bu Fang was being suppressed, hardly able to move. He found that the Vermilion Robe he was wearing was beginning to disintegrate, drifting away like ashes. The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife was melting, and the Black Turtle Constellation Wok was cracking...

He was shaken to his core. Was it because... he had failed? He had failed to cook that dish, so the God of Cooking's will was taking everything away from him?!

Bu Fang looked up at the sky. 'What is the God of Cooking's will...' He kept asking himself in his mind. The journey of watching a hundred Hosts had provided him with some clues.

In every restaurant he went to, Whitey was staring at him. Why did it do that? Bu Fang had always thought that Whitey was a lifeless puppet, but he found that he was wrong. The eyes of Whitey in all the one hundred Hosts' kitchens had the same deep look that filled him with an oppressive feeling.

Bu Fang guessed that the System was the God of Cooking's will, and the manifestation of that will was... Whitey! Or rather, Whitey was the God of Cooking?!

Bu Fang was breathing heavily. He felt that his body was going to melt and his will was getting blurred. Was he going to be... obliterated?

Chapter 1802: In Me, the Tiger Sniffs the Rose

'Am I going to die?'

Bu Fang asked himself. He had never been so confused before. The scenes in the restaurants of one hundred Hosts flashed in his eyes; all kinds of faces that were charmed or intoxicated by delicious food kept provoking him.

He panted. He had come a long way to bring his cooking skill to the current height, but perhaps he had really abandoned something during the journey. What was the meaning of cooking? Was it only to achieve more advanced cooking skills? Was it to become the number one chef in the universe?

Bu Fang's body seemed to be disintegrating. He could not think. At this moment, his spirit sea already turned into a mess. The Artifact Spirits were leaving him. It seemed to him that the spiritual connection between them had vanished. It was a bad feeling, which made him breathless.

'Whitey was the God of Cooking's will...' Bu Fang had never expected that he would see Whitey in every Host's restaurant. No wonder Mu Hongzi was giving it that strange look when they first met.

He sighed. He was very tired. Sitting on the ground, his back was bent, for he had nothing to lean on. Behind him was a vast, empty space, and in front of him was a boundless void that was filled with nothing. Sitting alone there, Bu Fang appeared like someone who was abandoned by the world. The only sound he could hear was the sound of his own breathing.

The perfect cooking skills, the perfect food ingredients, the perfect knife techniques, the perfect strength... Was it wrong for him to pursue these things?

Since the Light Wind Empire, Bu Fang had been on a constant journey to become a God of Cooking. He feared that if he fell behind, he would be wiped out. Perhaps... it was this emotion that left a grudge in him.

He looked up, his face expressionless and his hair waving around him. His clothes had disappeared and so did the God of Cooking Sets. He had nothing now as he sat there in an empty world.

"The God of Cooking's test..."

Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth. Mu Hongzi had warned him that this was a tough journey and that almost all those who embarked on it had perished. The previous Host had abruptly ended his journey and attached himself to the bronze palace before he was released by Bu Fang and returned to the world.

Back then, Bu Fang was not bothered. He was confident, fearless, and determined, just like his Heart of Cooking Path. But now... he began to waver. His strength was at the top of the universe, and he had the best ingredients, but he had fallen into such a wretched situation and seemed to be staring death in the face.

The giant hand of the God of Cooking's will was already hanging over his head. Once his will collapsed, he would be wiped out in an instant. And from then on, there would be no more Bu Fang in this world, and the God of Cooking's will would choose a new Host...

Had he not escaped the fate of the former Hosts after all?

Bu Fang closed his eyes. The sound of a beating heart echoed through the boundless wilderness. Even then, a flower emerged before him. It bloomed like a white lotus flower, emitting a gentle fragrance and wrapping him up.

'The Senseless Lotus? The flower that can get me through the calamity?' Bu Fang paused, staring at the white flower with a complicated look on his face. Then, he slowly closed his eyes again. The world around him turned black as ink.

...

All of a sudden, Bu Fang flicked open his eyes. His sharp gaze tore the vault of heaven.

...

Tongtian coughed up a mouthful of blood and flew backward. His body smashed into a star and shattered it.

Foxy, on the other hand, was panting for breath. She had already reached her limit. Even though she was Heavengod Destruction, she was only as strong as a duke. Her strength fell short in the face of the Heavenly Demon Array.

She turned her big eyes to Bu Fang with a nervous look in them. She had no idea what happened to him. There, a hazy mist had obscured Bu Fang, preventing her from seeing anything.

Whitey was hovering behind him, its purple eyes flashing. When Foxy turned her gaze to it, it suddenly raised its head. The deep purple in its eyes made her bristle and burp a few times in a row. The puppet lifted a hand and scratched its bald head.

Rumble!

Tongtian's sword array was so badly beaten that it could not regroup, and the purple aura of the Qingping Sword grew fainter as well. "Fellow Daoist Bu... What are you doing? Is your bottleneck... really so terrifying?" He gritted his teeth.

The starry sky rumbled as a horrible aura pervaded the air. The Sect Leader's heart skipped a beat. It was as though a scary expert was about to descend. The aura seemed a little bit stronger than that of a perfected expert.

He turned to the seven rotating hourglasses. There, a vague figure was about to rush out of the thin film. An arm had already stretched out of the portal, and the power of the Great Sins swirling around it filled him with dread. He had only sensed this kind of aura in his teacher and the Primitive Universe's Great Path.

He was despairing. They might not be able to stop the almighty expert from coming into this universe even if Bu Fang woke up now and cooked the dish!

BOOM!

The Sect Leader flew backward again and smashed into a star. Lying on the ground, he looked up at the sky and sighed. "The great tribulation will come eventually..."

In space, the Heavenly Demon swung his great axe and walked step by step toward Bu Fang. Shrouded by the mist, Bu Fang's aura was so weak that it was almost indiscernible, and it seemed ready to fade away and vanish completely. However, the giant demon did not intend to spare him.

As his eyes turned crimson, he raised the axe. The sinful power on it seemed to be turning into the power of the Great Sins, shattering the void.

Inside the array, Envy's eyes were filled with madness, and Pride was hissing. Greed, Gluttony, and the others all hated Bu Fang to the bone. Many of them had their bodies taken away by him and turned into food ingredients. Now, their hatred for him had converged in this blow!

"Die!"

The six Great Soul Overlords roared in unison, their voices shattering the starry sky. In the distance, Sloth watched indifferently as the axe fell, moving closer and closer toward Bu Fang.

Foxy was anxious. She wanted to block the attack, but she was too weak to do that!

A brutal wind came blowing over as if to scatter everything. Suddenly, the mist that surrounded Bu Fang dispersed. The next moment, shafts of golden light thrust out of his body...

A kitchen knife, a striped red-and-white chef's robe, a black wok, a stove, and a ladle... The five God of Cooking Sets emerged and hovered in the sky, emanating powerful energy waves. Then, the power of the five supreme Laws—Time, Destruction, Space, Life, and Transmigration—surged and merged with them, turning into extremely terrifying energy in an instant!

As a humming sound rang out, a divine dragon emerged and transformed into a golden humanoid figure with a kitchen knife in hand. Then came the others: A hot-tempered

woman with a curvy body, a white-haired youth who looked arrogant, an old man with cloudy eyes, and a purple figure with a mighty aura.

The five Artifact Spirits appeared at the same time, gathered in one place. The look in their eyes was complicated as they faced the falling axe. "It has come to this after all..." They glanced at Bu Fang, sighed, then struck out together.

Beams of light shot out of their hands and hit the axe, breaking it in a flash. The Heavenly Demon Array cracked and crumbled, and the six Great Soul Overlords were separated from it. They all looked shocked, unable to comprehend what had just happened.

Even Tongtian was struck dumb, but he became excited the next moment. "These beings came out of Fellow Daoist Bu's body... Looks like he's going to break his bottleneck soon!" Without hesitation, he soared into the sky again, full of spirits, and began to fight.

A scrimmage between the five Artifact Spirits, Sect Leader Tongtian, and the six Great Soul Overlords broke out in space.

"A bunch of trash!" Sloth scowled in the distance.

After glancing at the Soul God, who had half of his body pushed through the portal, Sloth stood up. Heaven and earth seemed to rumble at this moment. Suddenly, he turned and squinted at Bu Fang, his eyes flickering. Then, he changed his target, thrusting his palm toward Bu Fang in the distance.

A great palm crushed through the void with a terrifying aura. Beneath it, Bu Fang swayed as if he was about to die. The next moment, he flicked open his eyes, his gaze tearing the vault of heaven!

Sloth squinted, but he did not stop. The palm continued to fall.

The mist scattered and faded away, revealing everything in front of Bu Fang. Food ingredients gleaming goldenly floated in midair. There were thousands of them, just like there were thousands of worlds. However, these worlds were now broken and on the verge of falling apart. It was clear that the dish was not ready to serve yet.

Sloth burst out laughing, his fat belly jiggling. "It seems that you damned chef... is not strong enough! The higher the cultivation base, the more cautious you have to be, for a slight mistake will get you killed... You are digging your own grave and killing yourself!"

Sloth's laughter shook the starry sky. Bu Fang's eyes were somewhat vacant. Behind him, Whitey's purple eyes flashed, and it looked like it was going to make a move, but in the next moment, the purple light in its eyes grew dimmer.

Shrimpy, perching on Whitey's shoulder and spitting bubbles, shook its head, its eyes darting from side to side. As it crawled with its many legs, a bubble grew larger and larger in front of its mouth. Bu Fang seemed to be sitting inside the bubble as his reflection appeared on the bubble's surface.

The next moment, the bubble burst, twisting and breaking like space. With a humming sound, Shrimpy turned into a beam of golden light and disappeared... It was rushing toward Bu Fang and the dish in front of him!

As Whitey, Foxy, and Sloth watched, the mantis shrimp approached the dish at great speed and plunged into it. Its body grew smaller as if it was being pulled into another world, then the dish rippled like someone had thrown a stone into a lake.

The next moment, a small dot of golden light appeared, spreading like a drop of golden ink on the water and gradually covering all the ingredients. Shrimpy swam among them, moving back and forth effortlessly as if nothing could stop it.

The ingredients, which were repelling each other and breaking apart, began to gradually heal. It was as if they were being pulled together by strings, which bound them into one whole thing. Just like that, the failing dish was rescued.

Sitting cross-legged in midair, Bu Fang's vacant eyes finally flickered with life. He seemed to have figured it out, and he watched with a complicated look on his face. Over his head, a white lotus flower emerged, spinning quietly.

He took the Senseless Lotus with one hand, sent it into the Heaven and Earth Farmland, and put it over the Chaotic Tree. He did not use it. The calamity was, in fact, a spiritual interrogation—a trial of the soul.

The scenes of a hundred Hosts filled Bu Fang with complicated emotions and brought him close to being obliterated on the path of questioning himself. However, he finally figured it out the moment before he was obliterated.

"In me, the tiger sniffs the rose."

Even though he was treading on the endless journey of becoming a God of Cooking, he could not lose himself and his Heart of Cooking Path. He must have ambition, but... he should also appreciate the beautiful and delicate parts of the world. A chef's dishes should bring laughter and peace, and that was the motivation that made him want to become a God of Cooking.

Bu Fang took a deep breath, rose to his feet, turned, and gave Whitey a big hug. The puppet scratched its bald head, confused. Perhaps he had strayed a little on the path, but he had found his conscience now. He would continue to move forward.

In the dish, Shrimpy was swimming leisurely among the ingredients, glowing goldenly. Bu Fang gave it a complicated gaze. "Now, everyone has returned..."

Chapter 1803: A Pseudo-God of Cooking Dish

Shrimpy was Heavengod Space. It was unexpected and yet logical. Lord Dog had once said that he had not returned yet, but his temple had appeared. The most reasonable explanation was that he was back, but he did not know it because he was still in a muddled state.

And Shrimpy fit that description perfectly. The little fellow had spent its days spitting bubbles and always looked muddle-headed, but this time... It saved Bu Fang.

In the beginning, when Shrimpy appeared, Bu Fang just used it as a seasoning. The dishes always tasted better when he put it in them, and the little fellow also enjoyed it. Later, as his cooking skill improved, Shrimpy rarely used this ability again.

The dish in front of him was wrapped up by strands of golden energy, which recovered it from its near-broken state. Slowly, he stepped forward and raised his hand. Divine energy swirled and materialized into a ladle in his palm, which looked ordinary without any energy.

Bu Fang began to toss the wok. The boiling sauce churned like rushing river water, giving off steam as he cooked. As a rich smell kept spreading, the ingredients glowed, and the dish gradually emitted a mystical aura.

His mental force grew more and more transparent, and his spirit sea was rumbling. With the God of Cooking's eyes, he was able to gaze past all the delusion, and he was now fully immersed in cooking. The long-lost feeling made Bu Fang want to throw his head back and roar.

Shrimpy had transformed into a stream of golden light and was swimming in the world of ingredients. It was as though it had completely merged with this strange world.

In space, the five Artifact Spirits looked at Bu Fang with smiles. They were glad that he finally got through it and that he was not wiped out in self-denial like other Hosts. Perhaps, they thought, he would have a chance to break through to an unprecedented realm!

The Artifact Spirits were looking forward to that. They were on the same boat with Bu Fang now, and if they wished to go to the higher realm, they had to wait for him to make

a breakthrough. This was the only way they could break free of the universe's restrictions.

The journey of becoming a God of Cooking was full of challenges. Of the one hundred Hosts, some were eliminated in the beginning, some gave up halfway, and some killed themselves in frustration and fell into transmigration.

It was like opening a road through the thorny forest. At first, there might be a path to follow, which was trodden by the predecessors, but the further one went, one would find that it became narrower and narrower until there was no way to go. In such a situation, it was very easy to get lost in the boundless wilderness.

At the cost of their lives, the one hundred Hosts had opened a path that would lead their successor to the Way of the God of Cooking. The Artifact Spirits had pinned their hopes on one hundred Hosts, and they had experienced disappointment one hundred times. And now, Bu Fang was the most promising Host...

They were highly motivated. When they thought Bu Fang had failed, he surprised them and gave them hope once again.

A humming sound could be heard as Shrimpy squeezed out of the dish, flew across the air in a beam of golden light, and perched on Bu Fang's shoulder, quietly spitting bubbles. Although it was now Heavengod Space, it still liked to spit bubbles.

Meanwhile, Sloth's pupils narrowed. He did not anticipate that such a turn of events would occur, which caught him a bit off guard. "Go to hell!" He made up his mind in a split second. At his thought, colors flashed in the sky and the stars crumbled. The next moment, he thrust his palm, which went straight at Bu Fang with a horrible rumble.

Bu Fang ignored that. He did not even look up and just focused on cooking. The dish was about to be ready, and it was giving off a delicious aroma. With Shrimpy's help, the cooking of the dish was finally coming to an end.

Sloth's palm came with shocking power and the surging power of sin. He wanted to kill Bu Fang with one blow!

Suddenly, Bu Fang turned off the heat. The world fell silent. Wisps of steam rose from the ladle as the golden broth in it bubbled and gleamed. He tilted the ladle slightly and poured the broth over the dish.

Rumble!

A dazzling beam of light shot out of the dish, tore through the sky, and collided with the palm. Sloth's body went limp, and his palm also lost its ferocity amid the fragrance like melted chocolate. His face flickered.

“He... managed to cook the dish, after all?!” Sloth glanced over his shoulder at the portal created by the hourglasses. There, the remaining half of the Soul God’s body was about to come out, but the strong restrictive force of the cosmic barrier slowed him down.

Bu Fang did not wear the Vermilion Robe but was clad in a simple white robe, which made him look like an otherworldly lotus flower, pure and holy. In front of him, there was a porcelain plate with a dish that radiated a golden light.

As his mental force fell on it, he could sense its surging aura. When he closed his eyes, he saw mountains, a vast expanse of sea, fields... It was as if there was a miniature world inside. However, he could also see that the ingredients were pulled together by strands of golden light. And because of that, the dish was not perfect.

He sighed and pointed a finger at the dish, which slowly floated up.

‘Congratulations, Host. You have completed a pseudo-God of Cooking dish: The Country Painting,’ the System’s serious voice rang out in Bu Fang’s mind.

‘A pseudo-God of Cooking dish... Is it because of Shrimpy? If it wasn’t for it, I probably wouldn’t have been able to complete this dish at all,’ he thought to himself, his face as expressionless as before.

As the System’s voice faded away, Bu Fang’s aura began to gradually transform.

Sloth, unhappy that his attack was fended off, knew he could not allow Bu Fang to grow any further. So he finally moved out and left his position before the seven hourglasses. With a rumbling sound, his enormous body traveled across a great distance and appeared in front of Bu Fang in a flash.

At the same time, he shrank and transformed into a little fatty. Fixing his eyes on Bu Fang, he shook his hand and produced a black halberd, which belonged to the Soul God and was extremely powerful. Without hesitation, he thrust it toward Bu Fang. He wanted to kill this chef on the spot and completely cut off his growth path!

In the distance, the hourglasses were rotating. Tongtian’s eyes lit up when he saw that no one was guarding them. ‘This is our chance!’ he thought to himself. However, the six Great Soul Overlords were stopping him. Even with the help of Bu Fang’s five Artifact Spirits, he struggled to fight them.

‘But... This is our only chance!’ He turned his gaze to the Soul God. ‘I can’t let this being, who is as terrible as my teacher, come into our universe!’

“Fight!” Tongtian threw his hands up into the air. Countless stars exploded as the Immortal Slaughtering Sword Array appeared once again and crushed through the void.

Bu Fang quietly looked at the dish, his face covered with pity and regret. The System said it was a pseudo-God of Cooking dish, which meant it was a failure. The word 'pseudo' told him everything. But he was not too disappointed. At least, he had found a path in the endless confusion and darkness, and he could continue to move on...

Suddenly, a black halberd approached him!

The void was shattered as a monstrous, murderous aura filled the air. The little fatty, or Sloth, swooped down on Bu Fang. He would destroy the dish and the chef together! As the only Great Soul Overlord who was as strong as a perfect Chaotic Saint, he finally struck out in person!

Just when the halberd was about to smash Bu Fang's head, Whitey, who had been standing behind him, moved. It stretched out a hand, spread its huge palm, and caught the weapon. Then, two purple beams shot out of its eyes.

Sloth flicked his head, dodging the deadly energy beams. He turned his hand, and the halberd began to spin rapidly. The next moment, a great force exploded out and knocked Whitey's hand away.

Sighing, Bu Fang raised his hand and pinched the rolling steam rising from the dish before him with two fingers. It immediately turned into a roaring dragon. After that, he tapped the halberd with a flick of his finger.

Dong!

A sound like the ringing of the Bell of the Great Path echoed out. Sloth's pupils shrank. To his horror, he found that the halberd softened as it was being impacted by the fragrance!

Meanwhile, the dragon slithered across the starry sky and kept closing in on him. It frightened him so much that he hastily loosened his grip. Engulfed by the fragrance, the halberd quickly dissolved and vanished.

'What happened?! What kind of means is this?!' Sloth screamed in his mind.

In the distance, Bu Fang slowly looked up and stared at Sloth with an expressionless face. His cultivation base, which was at the level of a Saint of the Great Path, began to gradually increase. Yes, it grew at a slow pace, but the rate was steady.

At the same time, Chaotic Energy emerged and swirled around him, from one stream to two, then three, four... Eventually, he was surrounded by a cloud of Chaotic Energy, and his aura had also stepped into the Chaotic Saint realm.

With a pseudo-God of Cooking dish, Bu Fang had finally made a breakthrough. Of all the Hosts, he might not be the only one who had come to this height, but he was

certainly the most unique one. This could be seen from the excited look in the eyes of the five Artifact Spirits.

Tongtian was so excited that he burst out laughing. To him, there was no better news than Bu Fang making a breakthrough. "Our counterattack begins now!" he roared and flicked his sleeve. At the gesture, the sword array sped toward the Great Soul Overlords.

In just the blink of an eye, half of Envy's body was cut off and turned into a huge cloud of sinful energy. The other Great Soul Overlords freaked out.

Sloth's pupils narrowed, and his face grew serious as he stared at Bu Fang, who was giving him pressure. 'Is he already strong enough to fight a perfected expert? How's that possible? He has just become a Chaotic Saint! Are all chefs so... freakishly talented?!

'And that dish... It feels like the ultimate artifact of the Primitive Universe! Dammit!'

Whitey's purple eyes flashed. The next moment, its belly turned into a black hole. A powerful suction force erupted out of it, and all the true forms of the Soul Demons drifting in the starry sky wailed as they were pulled into the spinning vortex.

Sloth was shocked as he watched. Suddenly, a roar rang out, shaking the whole universe. The Soul God's terrifying aura seemed to be on the verge of descending. The Great Soul Overlord's face beamed. However, his expression quickly changed again.

In front of the seven hourglasses, Tongtian pulled out a yellow flag and waved it. The next moment, three monstrous auras descended.

The first aura belonged to a Daoist. His eyes shone like the stars, and he was holding a great axe. The second almighty expert was a Buddha. He had a kind face, and over his head was a large bell overflowing with energy. The last one was a graceful lady with a snake-like tail instead of legs. She was exuding a supreme aura, and in her hand, she held a colorful divine rock.

The appearance of these three almighty experts caused Sloth's expression to change dramatically.

'Are the supreme experts of the Primitive Universe... going to suppress the Soul God?!'

Chapter 1804: You Want to Come Out? Have You Asked Me?

“Dammit!” Sloth had never expected the experts of the Primitive Universe to strike at this very moment. Had Tongtian been waiting for this opportunity all along? The moment he left the seven hourglasses?

Their purpose was to stop the Soul God from coming.

The arrival of Tongtian and Bu Fang, as well as the desperate manner in which they fought, were a complete sham. In fact, they had prepared many experts to deliver a thunderous blow to the Soul God as he tried to get through the portal! They would crush the Soul God’s hopes once and for all with this blow!

Sloth was furious! He tried to pull away from the battlefield to return to the hourglasses, but he was stopped. With a dish in his hand, Bu Fang hovered in front of him, slowly turning his head and glancing at him. That gaze startled the Great Soul Overlord!

“You... Stay and play with me,” Bu Fang said faintly.

Sloth fumed. How could he possibly stay? He was going to stop that group of almighty experts!

In fact, the Primitive Universe was a little more powerful than the Soul Demon Universe when it came to high-end fighting forces. But the Great Path was restricting these experts.

And, given enough time, Soul Demons could grow to be very formidable here because there were no restrictions on them. This was the main reason why they coveted the Primitive Universe.

Soul Demons could freely grow here. This was their paradise. Now, as long as the Soul God could descend, retrieve his body parts, and then return to them, he would lead them to conquer the Primitive Universe!

Sloth’s eyes turned red. He did not want to pay attention to Bu Fang. At this moment, killing this chef was less important than stopping that group of almighty experts!

Roar!

Monstrous sinful energy exploded out from Sloth’s body as he slapped at Bu Fang, trying to knock him away. Even though Bu Fang’s cultivation base had broken through to the realm of Chaotic Saints, his strength was still a bit inferior to that of a perfected expert. That was why Sloth was fearless.

Bu Fang glanced at the Great Soul Overlord indifferently, then waved his hand over the dish. It was as if he pinched the aroma, making it swirl around his palm like a tornado.

"I said, stay and play with me." Bu Fang twitched his lips and thought to himself, 'When I want you to stay, you don't want to, but when I don't want you to come near me, you keep pestering me. Who do you think I am?'

The next moment, their palms collided. The aroma and the sinful energy tangled together and then exploded with a rumble! Sloth did not move a bit, and Bu Fang also stood firm as a rock. It appeared that the strength of their attacks was even!

Behind Bu Fang, Whitey continued to pull the true forms of countless Soul Demons into its belly. Its purple eyes grew darker and deeper, looking more and more terrifying. In the distance, Tongtian was holding the sword array over his head and the Qingping Sword in his hand, constantly unleashing sharp swords.

A large bell vibrated with a deafening sound, and Chaotic Energy kept falling from it. The kind-faced Buddha, who controlled the bell, was chanting, his voice trembling heaven and earth.

Suddenly, he struck out with his palm, which absorbed almost all the light around it. Surrounded by the sound of the bell, the palm rushed toward the Soul God, whose body was already halfway through the cosmic barrier.

At the same time, Lady Nuwa threw her colorful stone at the Soul God. Yuanshi Tianzun, on the other hand, rolled up his sleeves, grabbed his great axe with both hands, and raised it high in the air. His eyes sparkled as he turned to face the Soul God, let out a thunderous shout, and brought the axe down hard.

The Soul God was like a beast in a cage, unable to break free of the cosmic barrier. He threw his head back and growled, his empty face clearly visible while a tremendous amount of sinful energy wrapped up one of his arms. It was as if he was the will of the Soul Demon Universe and wanted to descend to this world and destroy its will!

In Hangu Pass, many immortals, deities, and Buddhas sat cross-legged on the ancient and mottled city walls, watching the battle in the distance. Their expressions were all very peaceful. The air was filled with sermons, chanting, and all sorts of strange sounds.

Suddenly, clouds began to gather over the city, with purple lightning pulsating in them. While exuding the aura of the Great Path, the thunderclouds sped away and headed straight to the distant battlefield.

Meanwhile, the Soul God, suppressed by the almighty experts' attacks, was moving backward and seemed to be really close to retreating to the Soul Demon Universe.

Sloth was very anxious, but he never expected that Bu Fang had stopped him with only one dish. The suppressive force of the dish's fragrance was just too strong for him.

“Scram!” The Great Soul Overlord growled as he backed away. His speed was really too fast, completely inconsistent with his name. Even Bu Fang, who had comprehended the Law of Space, was slightly taken aback.

Just then, Shrimpy turned into a giant mantis shrimp, carried Bu Fang on its back, and shot out in a streak of golden light, instantly closing in on Sloth. They were both so fast that they had touched the top speed of the universe.

Two beams of light, one black and one gold, kept colliding in the starry sky, each time causing heaven and earth to shake. However, a battle that was even more intense than this was taking place in the distance.

The Primitive almighty experts’ attack was forcing the Soul God back. Suddenly, the thunderclouds, full of pulsating purple lightning, came flying over with the aura of the Great Path. Tongtian’s expression changed drastically.

“This is the Will of the Great Path! How did it come so fast?!”

The Will was not here to deal with the Soul God, but with these almighty experts who had used power beyond the limit of this universe.

“Hurry up!” cried the Sect Leader. They had to speed up, otherwise when the Will descended, they might all be injured, and then there would be even fewer people who could suppress this great demon in the future!

Bu Fang was also looking at the clouds, holding the dish in his hand.

Sloth steadied himself and gave a long scream. Upon hearing that, the pupils of the six Great Soul Overlords who were fighting with the five Artifact Spirits narrowed. Hastily, they forced their opponents back and flew toward the three almighty experts.

“Scram!”

Tongtian roared and controlled the sword array to swoop down on these demons. All he had to do was hold them off and let the almighty experts finish suppressing the Soul God, and they would be able to get through this catastrophe! Suddenly, his face changed.

Roaring, Envy was rushing toward the Sect Leader, his eyes full of madness. The sinful energy that was swirling around him was extremely unstable and pulsating in a very violent way. The next moment, he and the sword array crashed into each other and exploded!

It felt like the most terrifying explosion in the universe, and the powerful impact forced Tongtian to take several steps backward. His face became extremely unsightly. The sword array had broken up, and the four immortal swords were hovering behind him.

That was the self-explosion of a Great Soul Overlord—not only his physical body but also his true form. After the explosion, everything about him was gone, and he would not be able to be resurrected!

‘I can’t believe he used such an extreme method!’ Tongtian thought to himself.

Envy’s self-destruction tore open a gap, through which the other Great Soul Overlords quickly flew away. Tongtian shuddered.

“Please descend quickly, Lord Soul God!” Greed roared. With madness in his eyes, he charged at the Buddha, who had the big bell suspended above his head.

The Buddha was suppressing the Soul God with his palm when Greed approached. The Great Soul Overlord’s body swelled in an eerie manner, then exploded with a deafening bang in the blink of an eye. The apocalyptic explosion struck the big bell, causing it to shake continuously. The Buddha’s face flickered.

Meanwhile, Gluttony hissed, and as his body swelled, he flew toward Yuanshi Tianzun and crashed into the great axe that was swinging down! Yuanshi’s pupils shrank. The next moment, an explosion pushed his axe back!

When a Great Soul Overlord was not enough, another came and blew up his body and true form. The power of the self-destruction of these demons, who were as strong as top Chaotic Saints, was extremely dreadful. It managed to block a mighty blow from a perfected expert!

Pride threw himself at Lady Nuwa and self-detonated. The blast knocked her colorful stone back into her hand. The goddess’s expression changed drastically.

The means that the Primitive experts had arranged for so long was stopped at this moment! Even then, the two remaining Great Soul Overlords also blew themselves up. The energy waves generated by these explosions seemed to turn the universe into nothingness.

While the seven hourglasses were shaking, the Soul God took advantage of this opportunity to take a step further, pushing one leg through the thin film and leaving the other stuck in the Soul Demon Universe. Now, he was just one step away from entering the Primitive Universe.

The faces of Yuanshi Tianzun, Lady Nuwa, and the Buddha all flickered. They tried to organize another round of suppression, but it was too late. The purple thunderclouds had already descended and were emitting the aura of the Great Path, which was holding them down.

The three almighty experts were forced back—they did not dare to continue to use the top divine artifacts of the Primitive Universe. If they insisted on using them, the universe would completely collapse. This was not what they wanted to see!

Yuanshi Tianzun sighed, helplessness and resignation evident in his eyes. They were too slow. They tried to suppress the Soul God before the Will of the Great Path descended, but they were too slow... No one expected that the Great Soul Overlords would resort to such extreme measures.

Sloth laughed excitedly and somewhat crazily! “It’s too late! You can’t stop it! There’s no way you can stop it now!”

A purple aura hung over Hangu Pass. Countless experts were silent as they watched the battle in the distance. Taishang Laojun, holding his horsetail whisk, looked pale. He closed his eyes and sighed.

‘Sure enough... the Great Path is merciless.’

He flicked his whisk and said, “Prepare for the battle of life and death.”

...

Bu Fang frowned. This situation was something he had never expected. He could not believe that the six Great Soul Overlords had chosen to blow themselves up. All of them had gone through a lot of hardships to get to this point, yet they had chosen to commit suicide.

Their sacrifice, however, gave the Soul God his chance. He was almost on the verge of breaking free! Once he entered the Primitive Universe, it would be a disaster waiting for them.

The Soul God was a being of another universe, so when he broke through the cosmic barrier, he was like jumping out of the Great Path and out of the control of the Will. Therefore, the Primitive Universe’s Will of the Great Path did not threaten him.

Sloth was so excited. He looked respectfully and frantically at the Soul God, who was only half a foot away from stepping into the Primitive Universe, and knelt in midair, bowing toward him. Each time he bowed, the Soul God moved a little bit further out of the barrier. At the same time, the energy of the Great Sins pervaded the air.

Tongtian’s face was pale, and so were the other experts.

The Great Path of the Primitive Universe had made them, but it also broke them. It had given birth to countless experts, enough to suppress the Soul Demon Universe, but its restriction made them miss the chance to suppress the Soul God. Were they really going to fail this time?

The sound of Sloth's kowtow kept booming inside them, making them tremble both physically and mentally. A despairing atmosphere enveloped them.

Suddenly, Bu Fang sighed. That slightly startled many people. He put one hand behind his back, and while holding the pseudo-God of Cooking's dish in the other hand, he took a step. The starry sky shook.

"Come back to me," he said with an expressionless face.

As his voice rang out, the Artifact Spirits in the distance burst into a golden light. Accompanied by the roars of a dragon, a tiger, a bird, a turtle, and a Qilin, they turned into five streams of light and came to Bu Fang's side.

In the blink of an eye, he was clad in the Vermilion Robe. With the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and the Qilin Transmigration Ladle hovering by his sides, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok floating over his head, and the White Tiger Heaven Stove under his feet, he walked step by step toward the Soul God, who had only half of a foot left to completely come into the Primitive Universe.

Sloth was stunned, while Tongtian, Yuanshi Tianzun, and the other almighty experts stared at Bu Fang with wide eyes.

Hovering in front of the huge faceless Soul God, Bu Fang smiled faintly.

"You want to come out? Have you asked me? As it happens, I'm also not bound by the Great Path of the Primitive Universe."

Chapter 1805: Relentless Cursed Goddess Soul!

"Have you asked me?"

Bu Fang's voice was deafening, sounding like the rumbling of thunder that rang through the heavens and shook the stars, and his tone was indifferent and emotionless. Armed and armored to the teeth, he walked step by step across the starry sky to the Soul God, who had almost broken free of the cosmic barrier.

Everyone was stunned. Sloth stared with wide eyes, his pupils narrowing as if he could not believe what he was seeing. Tongtian, on the other hand, froze in midair with the four immortal swords hovering around him.

Yuanshi Tianzun, the Buddha, and Lady Nuwa were all looking at Bu Fang in confusion. In their eyes, he had just become a Chaotic Saint, but the amount of Chaotic Energy he possessed was staggering.

They had never encountered such a situation before. However, they had no choice but to put all their hopes on this youth who had suddenly appeared, praying that he would be able to stop the disaster.

Suddenly, the Sect Leader burst out laughing. He had never thought that Bu Fang could be so fearsome. Also, he almost forgot that Bu Fang was from the Chaotic Universe and was not bound by the Primitive Universe's Will of the Great Path. Thus, he could do what they could not.

Bu Fang's aura was somewhat ethereal. Hovering in front of the huge faceless Soul God, he looked tiny. The Soul God's body was almost holding up the entire starry sky, while he was like a speck of dust. It was as though the latter could kill him with a puff of breath.

Sloth's eyes widened. He could not believe that Bu Fang had come forward. 'Who is this stinking chef to stand out? He's not even a perfected Chaotic Saint, so what makes him think that he's strong enough to stop Lord Soul God?' he thought to himself.

'Even if His Lordship has not yet completely broken free from the cosmic barrier, he's not someone that a fresh Chaotic Saint like this chef can fight against!'

Bu Fang stared at the Soul God indifferently. After experiencing the soul baptism, he seemed to have completely changed into a different person. His gaze was devoid of any emotion, and the expression on his face was calm.

Rumble...

Meanwhile, the Will of the Great Path came rolling over, incomparably violent, causing the heavens and earth to tremble, while purple lightning fell from the thunderclouds and tore through the starry sky. Tongtian narrowed his eyes slightly and roared, then thrust the Qingping Sword in his hand and resisted a thunderbolt.

The Great Path was merciless and very rule-abiding. Since the Sect Leader had violated the rules, he naturally had to be punished. However, he managed to block the lightning with just one stroke of his sword.

In the distance, Yuanshi Tianzun, the Buddha, and Lady Nuwa were also resisting the Will of the Great Path, so they could not strike out for the time being. At this moment, it might be true that Bu Fang was the only person who could stop the Soul God. If he was defeated, then this battle was truly over, and the Primitive Universe would never have peace!

Boom!

The terrible Will contained in the purple lightning caused the hearts of these almighty experts to sink. The outcome of this battle was really hard to guess. Bu Fang had only just stepped into the realm of Chaotic Saints, so could he stop the fearsome Soul God? How was he going to stop that supreme being when even they had failed?

ROAR!

A silent roar shook the starry sky. The Soul God raised his huge arm, which was surrounded by the power of the Great Sins, and swung his black palm at Bu Fang. He was going to slap the tiny human in front of him to death!

Bu Fang did not move. With a thought in his mind, an enormous Phantom Spirit appeared behind him, radiating a golden light that illuminated the entire starry sky. He looked like an almighty expert at this moment.

Facing the Soul God's palm, he raised his hand and produced the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. A turtle cry could be heard as a huge turtle silhouette emerged above the black wok, then transformed into a colossal turtle shell and flew between Bu Fang and the palm. Powerful energy flowed through the shell.

With a rumbling sound, the Soul God's palm struck the turtle shell, causing it to shake violently. At this moment, Bu Fang flicked his fingers. Wisps of aromatic steam shot out from the dish he was holding and merged with the black wok.

The black wok was on the verge of breaking, yet it managed to block the palm!

Sloth was shocked when he saw that. 'He actually resisted the blow?! That's not good! I can't have him causing any more trouble...' Narrowing his eyes, he waved his hand, materializing a black halberd with sinful energy. It looked exactly the same as the one he used before. Then, he swung it and thrust it at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang glanced at the Great Soul Overlord and did not move.

Suddenly, a beam of white light shot out from behind him. The next moment, the reflection of a pair of purple eyes emerged in Sloth's pupils. 'The puppet?!' Yes, it was Whitey. It had stopped absorbing the true forms of the Soul Demons and came in front of Sloth. "Get out of the way!" the Great Soul Overlord bellowed, swinging the halberd to knock it away.

RUMBLE!

The halberd struck Whitey. The weapon was powerful enough to shatter the starry sky, yet it failed to even move the puppet. With its mechanical eyes darting from side to side, Whitey's hand shot out and grabbed the halberd.

Suddenly, Whitey's eyes turned extremely sharp. It clenched its palm and crushed the halberd, then punched Sloth with its big fist, sending the Great Soul Overlord flying thousands of miles and smashing several stars!

"What is going on?!" The almighty experts of the Primitive Universe, who were resisting the Will of the Great Path, turned their gazes to the battle in the distance. They were startled when they saw Whitey knock Sloth flying away with one punch.

"Sloth... is a perfected expert! How did the puppet send him flying with just one punch? Is that still a puppet? Or is it the ancestor of all puppets? It's so domineering!"

After punching Sloth, Whitey swung its arms. A beam of blinding purple light shot out from its back, pushing it into the distance at a speed that was not slower than that of Shrimpy. In the blink of an eye, it traveled thousands of miles and approached the Great Soul Overlord, reaching out its huge palms to grab him.

Sloth immediately counterattacked, unleashing countless blows at Whitey. 'This puppet... It was not so strong just now. It had only been a short while, and now it has become so fearsome! Also, it eats our true forms! It is the real nemesis of the Soul Demons and worse than that chef!'

"I will break you!" Sloth bellowed.

A fierce fight broke out in the starry sky as they exchanged punches. When the fluctuation of each punch swept out, it shattered the void.

...

Bu Fang paid no attention to the fight. He was staring indifferently at the Soul God. The latter's palm was blocked by the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, but he did not seem to give up. He slapped continuously, and each of his blows was as strong as the full-power attack of a perfected expert, causing the black wok to keep trembling.

Nonetheless, Bu Fang was very calm. Even as the Soul God's foot was about to be pulled out of the cosmic barrier, he waved his hand. A savage tiger immediately rushed out.

After going through a major change, Bu Fang's mindset had transformed, and so was the way he controlled the God of Cooking Sets. In the past, the relationship between them was symbiotic, but now he treated them as weapons.

The White Tiger Heaven Stove hit the Soul God's empty face with a rumble. His foot, which was almost out of the thin film, retreated a little bit. The almighty experts of the Primitive Universe, who were resisting the Great Path's lightning punishment in the distance, breathed a sigh of relief when they saw that.

With a slap, the Soul God pushed the stove away, then pushed his foot out. The almighty experts' hearts sank once again. Meanwhile, Bu Fang stepped on the stove and pushed it down at the Soul God, causing the latter's foot to retreat again.

As the Soul God's foot kept moving back and forth between the cosmic barrier, the almighty experts' hearts jumped faster and faster. Tongtian was so anxious that he almost coughed up blood. However, he could not say anything. After all, they could only rely on Bu Fang now.

The battle between Sloth and Whitey was very intense. Countless stars were broken, and the starry sky was torn. However, the struggle between Bu Fang and the Soul God was more nerve-wracking. The sight of the foot moving back and forth between the thin film was just too... exciting.

Suddenly, the Soul God clenched his fist. The power of the Great Sins immediately converged and turned into numerous shadows, each emanating an extremely scary aura and possessing the strength of a Great Soul Overlord. As soon as they emerged, they rushed toward Bu Fang to stop him.

Bu Fang frowned. With a snap of his fingers, countless stinking Stargazy Pies appeared around him. Then, he waved his hand. The pies flew away immediately, collided with those shadows, and exploded. His Vermilion Robe fluttered noisily in the blasts of the explosion.

Meanwhile, the Soul God was fuming. He was so damn close to getting out. It frustrated him to keep moving back and forth between the barrier!

ROAR!

Bu Fang furrowed his brows. He sensed the pressure coming from the Soul God, and he had a feeling that he could not suppress the latter. His strength was still a bit too weak.

At this moment, Foxy flew over in a stream of light and sat on Shrimpy's back. Her cheeks began to bulge. "Ah Da Da Da Da..." The next moment, a volley of meatballs shot out of her mouth. The Soul God flew into a rage as the golden meatballs struck him and exploded.

The almighty experts of the Primitive Universe were very anxious, but there was nothing they could do. The Will of the Great Path was restricting them, so they dared not to strike out.

Suddenly, Bu Fang paused as he saw a tiny black figure emerge and shoot out from the Soul God's twisting face. He frowned. It was a human being. Flying at great speed across the starry sky, the figure was closing in on him!

“Who’s that?” Bu Fang squinted, then he saw who it was. It was Cursed Goddess Soul.
“Why is she here...”

Soul’s aura fluctuated violently. Surrounded by the power of the Great Sins, she stared at Bu Fang with hatred. “Get the hell out of here, you stinking chef!” she growled. Her hair was disheveled, her eyes crimson and her temper black. The sinful power rippled and kept seeping into her bone and her soul.

“His Lordship wants to come to this world! No one can stop him!” Soul threw her head back and shrieked.

Bu Fang’s face flickered. He had a bad feeling.

Soul’s eyes were full of madness. “My lord... You must come to this world!” she murmured as terrifying energy surged all around her. As she approached Bu Fang, the power of the Great Sins in her grew stronger and stronger.

The next moment, she exploded with a deafening rumble! An invisible blast swept out in an instant, while Soul’s body turned vague and eventually turned into ashes in the explosion.

Bu Fang’s pupils narrowed as the Black Turtle Constellation Wok floated up and blocked the blast. However, it was too violent and powerful, and so he was knocked flying away.

“This woman... is out of her mind.” The corner of Bu Fang’s mouth twitched. “I can’t believe she chose to self-detonate... She will never be resurrected!”

Suddenly, Bu Fang’s face fell.

“Oh no!”

Chapter 1806: A Ruthless Path

“Oh no!”

Bu Fang’s face flickered. It never occurred to him that Soul would self-detonate to open up a gap. The six Great Soul Overlords had blown themselves up, and so was the Cursed Goddess. These were all beings who were very close to Soul God. Did he not feel any pain for their deaths?

Bu Fang’s face grew unsightly. He steadied himself, took a deep breath, and turned his gaze to the distance. There, Soul God had finally pulled his foot out of the cosmic barrier, like a fish that had jumped out of the pond and dived into the great ocean.

Rumble!

At this moment, the entire Primitive Universe began to tremble violently. Sect Leader Tongtian's expression changed drastically, while the faces of the other almighty experts turned extremely unsightly. Did they fail to stop it after all?

...

On the wall, a mighty aura exploded out from the Daoist who held a horsetail whisk, enveloping the whole Hangu Pass and blocking the terrifying aura that kept falling from the sky.

Houtu, Sun Wukong, and many immortals and deities were staring at the distant sky with blank faces. There, the heavens and earth were shaking, and a dreadful dark cloud was spreading fast. Just the sight alone made their hearts race. It was as if a monstrous being had stepped into this world.

"The calamity has begun..."

Taishang Laojun's face was gloomy as he sighed, flicked his horsetail whisk, and shook his head. They failed after all. They had sent all their almighty experts, yet they were unable to stop the great demon from the Soul Demon Universe. Their home would soon turn into a living hell.

"Prepare for the battle of life and death..."

Taishang Laojun's voice echoed throughout heaven and earth. The faces of the immortals and deities on the walls flickered, then grew hard and resolute. In the end, they could not avoid this battle. Houtu looked sad, and Duchess Nightmare sighed.

"We've failed even with Bu Fang... Perhaps this is the inevitable trend of the cosmos..."

Duchess Nightmare shook her head. Why did the Great Path of the Primitive Universe turn a blind eye to what was happening? Was it really so ruthless? Everyone knew that the Great Path was ruthless, but if it stayed aloof when its people were facing death... What was the point of keeping this kind of Great Path, then?

...

Bu Fang's face was unsightly. Soul's self-destruction was not what he had expected because he did not think she would do that, or rather, he thought Soul God would stop her. But no. Nothing. Soul God just watched as she self-detonated.

In fact, the self-explosion of Soul and the six Great Soul Overlords was the result of Soul God's instigation. Bu Fang knew that very well. Now that they had blown

themselves up, Soul God would not be able to save them from the nothingness even after he broke free of the barrier.

One's soul was wiped out after the self-explosion. Even if some almighty expert could reconstruct Soul, she would not be the same person again.

Bu Fang could feel Soul's attachment to Soul God, but it had become the reason for her demise. He had no good feelings about her, but this kind of death still made him emotional.

Soul God was ruthless, and so was the Great Path of the Primitive Universe. Perhaps ruthlessness was a requirement for becoming a supreme being like them.

'Only by being ruthless could one climb to the top?' Bu Fang frowned. He was a little confused. If the ultimate goal was to be ruthless, then it contradicted the path he chose. Could he really reach the top with this path, then?

ROAR!

Bu Fang did not have time to ponder further as Soul God had finally broken free!

Sloth burst out laughing. He exchanged a blow with Whitey. The impact shook the starry sky and caused the puppet to shiver. Taking the opportunity, the Great Soul Overlord sped away and came to Soul God's side.

"My lord!" Sloth called out excitedly.

Soul God stood in the starry sky, his body as huge and tall as the star. He turned his empty face slightly to Sloth. In the distance, many Soul Demons cheered with excitement. Their God had finally descended, and under their attack, this world would soon turn into their paradise!

Soul God raised his hand. He was somewhat muddle-headed, or rather, his consciousness was somewhat blurred. Slowly, his body shrank and turned into the faceless man Bu Fang had met in Void City. However, he had his lower body this time. He had legs, though he was still faceless and single-armed. The only things he was missing now were his head, his right arm, and his heart.

Perhaps Soul God's arrival had attracted the Great Path's attention that its rumbling sound gradually dwindled. After all, his power was far beyond this realm.

Tongtian, Yuanshi Tianzun, and the others were relieved when the pressure brought by the Great Path was gone, but their hearts grew even heavier now, for Soul God had descended into this universe.

Suddenly, the Great Path turned into a purple dragon and rushed toward Soul God, slithering across the starry sky. It did not target him just now because he was only crossing the barrier between two universes, but now that he had come into the Primitive Universe, it was a different story.

Soul God looked up and lifted his single arm. The power of Great Sins exploded out. He was much stronger than when he was crossing the cosmic barrier.

Behind him, the seven hourglasses burst apart, and the barrier vanished. Even then, the power of the Great Sins exploded out of his arm and materialized into a black spear, colliding with the purple dragon that was actually the Great Path!

RUMBLE!

A power stronger than the Chaotic Energy surged and shook the starry sky. The faces of all the almighty experts fell, while Soul God looked up at the Great Path and sneered.

“You are the Primitive Universe’s Great Path, and I am the Soul Demon Universe’s Will. To be honest, you are one level higher than me... But as the Great Path, you are ruthless. You are in charge of the world’s order, and the replacement of the living beings in the universe has nothing to do with you...” Soul God said.

His voice, which was emitted by vibrating his soul, seemed to be coming from behind a thick curtain. The faces of all the experts in the universe flickered. The replacement of the living beings? How could he be so rampant?

Tongtian’s expression was ugly. “You’re uttering nonsense!” he roared at Soul God and raised his hand. The sword array was formed in an instant, then shot toward Soul God with four swords in it.

Soul God was not bothered. He did not even move when the sword array cut him—he was not hurt at all. Then, the energy of the Great Sins swept out and knocked the four swords flying away.

“What do you think the Great Path is? It is also made of the will of some expert. Perhaps he was watching with a gentle smile on his face as you grew up many years ago... But what about now? He no longer cares about your survival. You risk your lives to defend your universe, but the Great Path only obeys the rules!”

Soul God laughed. “This is destiny... This is the ultimate path for all experts! If you wish to stand on top of the universe, you have to be... ruthless, even if the price of that is loneliness!”

The clouds that were the Great Path gradually scattered. Soul God raised his empty face and pointed his only arm to the distance where Hangu Pass and the boundless Primitive Sphere stood!

Yuanshi Tianzun turned pale, and so did the Buddha and Lady Nuwa. They could not allow that to happen!

A mighty aura exploded. Yuanshi clutched his great axe with both hands as a tremendous amount of Chaotic Energy gathered at the axehead. Lady Nuwa's eyes shone, her body glowed with the dazzling light of merit, and her colorful stone radiated a blinding light.

The Buddha, on the other hand, was chanting. Countless Buddhas and Arhats appeared behind him and formed an array, while the big bell was ringing, its sonorous sound echoing across the starry sky.

"It's too late!" Soul God's hoarse voice rang out.

Bu Fang was frowning. What Soul God had just said made him think. 'To become the strongest, one had to be ruthless... Is this Soul God's path? The Great Path of the Primitive Universe is the will of some expert... Did he choose the same path of ruthlessness?' He sighed and felt a little depressed.

The attack of the almighty experts struck Soul God. The level of his life was too advanced. Although he had not collected all his body parts yet, he stood at the peak of the perfected realm. As a result, the attack did not hurt him.

As the immortals and deities in Hangu Pass watched in despair, Soul God's power of the Great Sins spread, blotting out the starry sky. Yuanshi Tianzun and the others struggled to resist the power, for it was not weaker than that of the Great Path!

Even though Soul God was not complete, he was already able to suppress them. How were they going to fight him? They felt a sense of helplessness washing over them.

After suppressing these almighty experts, Soul God turned to Hangu Pass once again. He ignored Bu Fang, who was deep in thought. Then, his will exploded out as if he was summoning something.

Rumble...

The Primitive Sphere began to shake. Suddenly, the ground crumbled as a rift split across it, spreading further and further into the distance. Hangu Pass was trembling as well, then a crack appeared in the center, growing larger as rubble fell away.

All the immortals and deities in the city were shocked.

Soul God waved his hand. The Primitive Sphere crumbled even faster, and the air was filled with a rumbling sound. It was as if something terrible was about to rush out from under the ground.

Bu Fang was awakened by the violent tremor. He glanced over his shoulder and was shocked by what he saw. Whitey hovered at his side, its purple eyes flickering, while Foxy and Shrimpy perched on his shoulders.

It looked like the end had descended on the Primitive Sphere. The ground was crumbling, the flood was rushing in all directions, and mountains were collapsing. Across the boundless land, the Saints of the Great Path guarding human cities unleashed their aura and resisted the invasion of the natural disasters with great power.

In the Celestial Court, the Celestial Emperor ordered his generals and soldiers to enter the Primitive Sphere and resist the disasters. However, such resistance was futile. As the ground kept tearing apart, dreadful power exploded out. It was the real end of the world!

Soul God's aura was shaking. He was very excited because he knew he was about to make a full comeback. Suddenly, he paused slightly as he heard the rumbling sound of the Great Path in the distance.

Bu Fang, Tongtian, Yuanshi Tianzun, Lady Nuwa, and the other almighty experts heard that as well, and they all turned to look in that direction.

There, a colossal figure appeared, his legs slightly parted as he thrust his arms up into the sky to support the crumbling Primitive Sphere with his burly body.

At the sight of the man, the eyes of Yuanshi Tianzun and the other almighty experts gleamed. Bu Fang, on the other hand, was shocked. 'Who is that? His aura is truly fearsome...' At this moment, all the immortals and deities in Hangu Pass cheered with excitement as they recognized the towering figure as Pangu, the Ancestral God of the humans!

The Will of the Great Path turned into chains and wound around the colossal body of the almighty expert. They tangled with each other and bound up the crumbling ground and the collapsing starry sky.

Eyes shining, the towering being looked up at the sky and fixed his gaze at Soul God.

"How dare you try to suppress me again?! My return is inevitable!" Soul God growled. The void exploded as his power of the Great Sins turned into fine black strings and shot out, piercing one Soul Demon after another.

Sloth was stunned. The next moment, his forehead was pierced by a black string stretching out of Soul God's body. All the Soul Demons' bodies, as well as their true forms, began to wither as black energy rushed out of them, flowed along the strings, and went into Soul God.

Soul God's aura skyrocketed. The tremendous amount of energy boosted his aura so much that it seemed to be breaking the starry sky.

As the true forms of thousands of Soul Demons danced in him, he dropped to his knees and bowed at the vast Primitive Sphere in the distance!

At the bow, Pangu's body trembled slightly, and the chains that were the Great Path shattered. Suddenly, a huge head with closed eyes jumped out from the crumbling ground!

Chapter 1807: Soul God's Heart

As soon as the giant head appeared, heaven and earth trembled violently. It broke through the ground of the Primitive Sphere with a supreme, terrifying aura, which struck fear into the hearts of those who sensed it and made them breathless.

"That's Soul God's head! I never knew it's sealed under the Primitive Sphere!" Many experts were shocked.

The chains made of the Will of the Great Path kept falling, clanging noisily as they smashed the head to seal it back up once again. With its eyes closed, the head was like a demon who would bring doom to the world if it was released.

Soul God had absorbed the energy of countless Soul Demons, including that of Sloth, the strongest Great Soul Overlord. At this moment, he possessed almost all the energy of the Soul Demon Universe, and he was going to bring all his body parts back with it!

Rumble!

The head began to float up into the air. The chains tried to suppress it, but they could not push it back down. Soul God roared. Though faceless, his aura fluctuated fiercely, while his energy of the Great Sins boiled and kept pouring toward the head to free it from the chains.

The towering figure's aura was fluctuating fiercely as well. However, he was just a Phantom Spirit conjured by his will. He had supported the heavens and pulled the ground together, but he could not stop Soul God's body part from returning to its master.

All the almighty experts, including Tongtian and Yuanshi Tianzun, struck out at the same time, sending a variety of strange but powerful attacks into the sky.

At this moment, they ignored the restrictions imposed by the Great Path. They just wanted to stop the head from returning to its master, even if it would cost them their lives!

Bu Fang hovered in midair, holding the pseudo-God of Cooking dish in one hand while frowning at Soul God. What was happening was like a race for power, a tug of war between the experts of the Primitive Universe and Soul God. The outcome would be decided by where the head ended last.

Rumble...

Soul God was too powerful. As the head moved, the ground of the Primitive Sphere kept cracking and crumbling.

Countless mortals, immortals, and deities were watching the battle. Most of them could do nothing but watch from afar. They knew what they would face if they lost, but they were too weak to do anything.

Foxy and Shrimpy also joined the struggle for power. Bu Fang and Whitey were the only ones hovering in midair. Without his order, the puppet would not join the battle.

After a long time, Bu Fang sighed. He could not stand back and watch as the others fought. 'To hell with the ruthless way. I'll make my own way,' he thought to himself.

He took a step forward. The Artifact Spirits flew out, turned into their true forms, and joined the battle. With their help, the strength of both sides became even. The tug of war between Soul God and the experts of the Primitive Universe reached a stalemate.

A rumbling sound filled the air, and the starry sky was shaking. Behind Soul God, the black energy of the Great Sins churned like a towering wall of water. With the energy of thousands of Soul Demons in him, he had become stronger and stronger.

He had slept for too long, and his body had been suppressed for too long. Now, as he was making his comeback, he needed to slowly get used to his power. And when he was whole again, he will be a nightmare for all.

He roared, and power exploded out of his single arm. The chains in the distance stretched taut and rattled noisily.

The faces of many experts flickered. The next moment, a thick chain fell from the sky and lashed at Hangu Pass, shattering in an instant. It was as though someone had cut the city in half.

Bu Fang's expression changed. He took a step, landed in Hangu Pass, and grabbed the huge chain. Power erupted from his arms as he pulled the chain backward.

Soul God noticed Bu Fang, and he let out a thunderous roar. “You f*cking chef...” His voice was filled with hatred and anger, making Bu Fang frown.

Whitey landed and helped Bu Fang pull the chain. The tug of war continued.

In the distance, the towering Phantom Spirit began to gradually disappear. After all, it was only the manifestation of an almighty expert’s will, whose fleshly body had already turned into the Primitive Sphere.

With the disappearance of the Ancestral God, the Primitive Universe’s experts lost their momentum and were beginning to lose in the tug of war. Soon, Soul God’s head detached from the ground, floated up into the air, and drifted toward Soul God.

Everyone, including Yuanshi Tianzun and Lady Nuwa, could only watch as it moved closer and closer to its master. Soul God was on the same level as the Primitive Universe’s Great Path and the Ancestral God, and they were still far from that, so there was nothing they could do.

A despairing atmosphere enveloped the Primitive Sphere in an instant and spread across the whole Primitive Universe.

Rumble...

The head left Hangu Pass and flew into the starry sky, echoing with Soul God in the distance. It was as if something attractive was glowing in the dark, drawing Soul God in. At last, he was about to reclaim his head.

Bu Fang breathed out a long sigh. Balancing the dish on one hand, he shot into the sky and ran along a chain that tangled the head toward Soul God.

No one knew what he was trying to do, and no one thought he could stop Soul God. At the level of a fresh Chaotic Saint, his cultivation base was too weak. He had nothing to stop Soul God. Bu Fang knew that as well, but he stepped forward all the same.

As he ran, the Artifact Spirits appeared around him. White Tiger was running at his side, while Divine Dragon and Vermilion were flying over him. Qilin, on the other hand, stood proudly in the starry sky, while Black Turtle hovered in midair. At this moment, Bu Fang shone like a star.

“Chef... You can’t stop me!” Soul God growled. “You’ve failed once, and you will not succeed this time!” He gave the chain a yank, and the head flew even faster, streaking across the starry sky in a beautiful arc and falling toward him.

Finally, it landed on Soul God’s head with a thunderous crash. A hand shot up, pressed against the head, and pushed it right back to its position. The next moment, the eyes flicked open.

RUMBLE!

Bu Fang was already closing in on Soul God when the terrifying pressure exploded out from the supreme being, pushing him and forcing him to take several steps backward.

'He's so strong!' Bu Fang was terrified. 'Soul God... This is the Soul God who is near his perfect form!'

Suddenly, purple clouds emerged and churned over the Primitive Sphere. The giant silhouette of a Daoist could be vaguely seen hovering in them, shrouded by the Will of the Great Path and emanating a mighty aura that was not weaker than that of Soul God.

Soul God ignored that. Instead, he burst out laughing, his voice echoing throughout the whole universe. "I, the God of Soul Demons, am finally back!" He threw his head back and roared. Countless stars exploded.

All the immortals and deities in the Primitive Universe, as well as Foxy and Shrimpy, who were hovering in the starry sky, fell silent.

After reclaiming his head, Soul God's temperament was completely different. Whenever he merged with one of his body parts, his strength would multiply. Now, with his head returned, he could even fight the Primitive Universe's Great Path without absorbing the energy of all the Soul Demons.

Outside the Primitive Sphere, the water of a vast ocean suddenly parted and boiled, gradually turning from deep blue to black. Before long, a demon arm emerged from it, flew into the starry sky, and merged with Soul God. Blood and flesh wriggled at where the arm and the body joined, which seemed to be made of wisps of sinful power.

Soul God's body became purer and purer, and in the end, it seemed to have turned into an energy body. A terrifying spiritual pressure swept across the universe, causing everyone's heart to sink.

Bu Fang ran slower and slower. Eventually, he stopped and stood on the chain linked to Soul God's neck.

In the distance, Soul God's lips parted to reveal an evil smile. He raised the hand that had just returned to him, grabbed the chain, and gave it a yank. In an instant, the chain shattered, turned into tiny dots of light, and faded away.

Hovering in the starry sky, Bu Fang looked at Soul God. As their gazes met in midair, he felt a sense of oppression, and his God of Cooking's Eye activated by itself.

"What a pair of disgusting eyes," Soul God said. Suddenly, he raised both of his hands. The power of the Great Sins kept gathering in his huge palms and finally turned into a spinning vortex. With a flick of his finger, the vortex flew into the starry sky.

RUMBLE!

Bu Fang's pupils narrowed, while all the experts sucked in their breath. As they watched, the vortex spun and caused a large area of the void to collapse. Then, a cosmic path emerged in the collapsed void, twisting and full of fluctuating energy. Bu Fang fixed his gaze on it. The next moment, he trembled as he saw a blue planet floating inside the spinning hole.

The corners of Soul God's mouth lifted slightly. "It's time to reclaim my heart," he said.

Just then, three figures appeared at the hole, sitting cross-legged in midair. The leader of the group was pointing at Soul God with the bone in his hand. Bu Fang recognized the trio, but the experts of the Primitive Universe remained silent and shook their heads. They did not think these three could stop Soul God.

No one knew Soul God's heart was sealed on Earth. Perhaps it was the reason why the Soul Demons had invaded it.

Soul God was not bothered by the trio who tried to stop him. Their spirits were commendable, but he was too strong, especially when he had reclaimed almost all his body parts. Perhaps the heart was his only weakness.

'I can't let him reclaim his heart...' Bu Fang thought to himself. As soon as the thought came to him, he could not stop it from growing. He turned to Whitey.

The puppet's purple eyes flashed as if it understood what he wanted. The next moment, a jet of air exploded out from its back, pushing it into the air. At the same time, a blinding purple light burst from its body and wrapped around it like layers of soft silk. Then, it blurred into motion and shot toward Soul God!

Bu Fang took a deep breath and turned his gaze to the dish in his hand. Perhaps the pseudo-God of Cooking dish was the only means he could use to stop Soul God.

"Shrimpy," he murmured. In the distance, Shrimpy, standing at Foxy's side, turned into a beam of golden light and sped toward Bu Fang. He jumped on its back and flew toward Soul God after Whitey.

Soul God's hand was almost touching the hole in the void. Suiren focused his eyes as blue veins popped out on his hand that was clutching the bone. Suddenly, they paused and turned to Bu Fang.

"It's that kid..." Suiren sighed.

Soul God, on the other hand, only sneered nonchalantly, and his hand continued to move toward Earth. He wanted to retrieve his heart that was sealed in the blue planet.

He did not think Bu Fang and Whitey could stop him. With the God of Cooking missing, the Queen of Curses still in a deep slumber, and the Primitive Universe's Great Path bound by the rules, he was invincible, for he was a life form higher than everyone else!

Whitey, flying across the starry sky, shone with a purple light so bright that it looked like the sun. Suddenly, a fearsome will exploded out of its body.

Soul God's calm expression changed. "It's that damnable guy!"

The God of Cooking's will wrapped Whitey up, turning it into a mass of blinding purple light. Then, in the blink of an eye, it zoomed across the starry sky and punched through Soul God's chest, leaving a large hole behind!

Soul God let out a furious roar. It never occurred to him that the puppet contained the God of Cooking's will. The purple light prevented the wound from healing.

Meanwhile, Shrimpy came up to Soul God with Bu Fang standing on its back. Bu Fang's hair fluttered in the wind as he raised his hand. Immediately, the pseudo-God of Cooking dish, the Country Painting, flew out and expanded into what looked like a miniature universe. However, that was not enough. It was far from enough.

"What are you trying to do?!" Soul God growled.

Bu Fang glanced indifferently at him and said with a faint smile, "Aren't you looking for a heart? Well, I'm giving you one now... Aren't you surprised? Aren't you happy?"

As soon as he said that, his will exploded out. An enormous amount of mental force poured out of him as his spirit sea left him and turned into a small world. Inside, the true form of his divine sense opened its eyes. With the God of Cooking's Menu hovering over its head and clutching the Country Panting with one hand, the true form walked step by step into the hole in Soul God's chest.

Bu Fang's face turned pale. Now that the true form of his divine sense left his fleshly body, his aura weakened significantly, dropping from that of a Chaotic Saint to a Saint of the Great Path. And it continued to fall even lower.

A drop of golden blood emerged from his forehead. It was the God of Cooking's blood. The moment it appeared, Bu Fang's cultivation base plunged to the bottom. But he ignored that. With the golden blood, he conjured the Gourmet Arrays, which rotated around Soul God and suppressed him.

Soul God's furious roar shook the heavens. He wanted to retrieve his heart, but in the end, Bu Fang shoved a dish into his chest to replace it. A rumbling sound filled the air as his body began to shrink, as if it was being absorbed by a great force.

The Gourmet Arrays rotated around him, compressing his body and sealing up his power. Eventually, the mighty Soul God, who was strong enough to conquer all the universes and had just come out not too long ago, was sealed up once again. But this time, he was trapped in a dish.

The whole universe fell silent. All the people were dumbstruck as they stared at the dish hovering in the starry sky.

Chapter 1808: Return to the Ordinary

The starry sky was filled with dust, as well as the silence and debris left behind by the great battle. A faint breathing sound could be heard, so weak that it seemed to stop at any moment.

A dark and gloomy dish was floating in midair. Over it, two streams of light, one black and one gold, were chasing and tangling each other as if trying to struggle free from each other. There seemed to be a world inside the dish, which had sealed up the most terrifying demon in the world.

Behind the dish hovered a puppet. It was damaged, with cracks all over its metal skin and tiny electric arcs jumping in those wounds. Whitey's mechanical eyes were in eclipse and no longer as fierce as before.

The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, Black Turtle Constellation Wok, Vermilion Robe, White Tiger Heaven Stove, and Qilin Transmigration Ladle were suspended in the starry sky. They had lost their luster, looking ancient, dull, and even gloomy.

Bu Fang was sitting on Shrimpy's back. His face was pale. The velvet rope that tied up his hair had broken, and his hair tumbled down his back. His aura had fallen to ordinary, or could even be said mediocre.

With his spirit sea stripped and his divine sense gone to suppress Soul God, Bu Fang now seemed to have lost all his cultivation base and turned back to a mortal. He could have done otherwise; he was not a savior, and he did not have the heart to save the world. However, he had to do this.

"Consider it a debt repayment." Bu Fang sighed as he gave the dish that was hovering in the starry sky a complicated glance.

A debt repayment? He did not know what debt he had to pay. However, after he had sealed up Soul God, all the ties within him seemed to have disappeared completely. He

had a sense of relief that he had not felt in a long time, just as when he was kicked into this strange world.

“Shrimpy... bring me down there,” Bu Fang said weakly.

The mantis shrimp spat out a bubble, turned into a beam of golden light, and disappeared from the starry sky in a flash, leaving behind a faint spatial ripple.

Hangu Pass was broken in half by the chain of the Great Path. Countless immortals and deities were hovering over it when a beam of golden light arrived and faded away, revealing Shrimpy and Bu Fang. All gazes turned and rested on them.

Soul God was nowhere in sight. What happened? Where did he go?

At this moment, not only these immortals and deities, but even Tongtian, Yuanshi Tianzun, and the other almighty experts were struck dumb. They were all prepared to fight the battle of life and death, but the mighty Soul God was suddenly suppressed.

The hole in the starry sky that led to Earth had vanished as well. The three emperors were giving Bu Fang deep glances from the other end of the path as it gradually disappeared.

Everyone was confused.

Hovering in midair, Bu Fang’s pseudo-God of Cooking dish exuded powerful energy, while a dreadful aura was brewing deep inside. No one dared to touch it.

“That dish... sealed up Soul God?” Tongtian squinted at it.

Bu Fang nodded weakly. His aura and cultivation base were still falling, from the level of a Chaotic Saint to that of a Demigod now. And this was not the end—they continued to drop.

After a long time, they plunged below the God realm and maintained at that of a ninth-grade Supreme-Being. Only then did the fall slow down. However, it did not stop completely. Of course, Bu Fang’s fleshly body was still extremely strong. He only lost his cultivation base.

“You... You can seal up Soul God?” Tongtian still found it hard to believe, for he knew that Bu Fang had just become a Chaotic Saint not long ago.

“Soul Demons hate my dishes, and Soul God is also a Soul Demon. He had not reclaimed his heart yet, and in fact, he was still some way from stepping into the realm of the Ancestral Gods. That gave me the chance,” Bu Fang said lightly. His voice grew weaker and weaker as if he was about to stop breathing at any moment.

Tongtian was startled, but he did not dare to ask again. Instead, he hurriedly took out many divine pills and gave them to Bu Fang. "Take these and heal yourself first."

Bu Fang waved his hand. "Not that I don't want to take your pills... but they're not as effective as my dishes," he said.

Tongtian was speechless. 'He's already so weak, yet he still wants to show off...'

It was not that Bu Fang was arrogant, but he knew his condition best. His last move had basically consumed everything that the System had cultivated in him for so many years. And that was still not enough to suppress Soul God. Whitey had to burn the God of Cooking's will in it.

"Now... Soul God has been sealed. However, the seal will not last for too long. After at most one thousand years, he will break the seal again... After all, I'm not the God of Cooking. I'm far from that," Bu Fang said.

He waved toward the distance. Foxy flew over, carrying Whitey, and landed on Shrimpy's back. The puppet's eyes were in eclipse, and its aura was as weak as his. Bu Fang sighed as he ran his hand across the cracks on Whitey's skin.

At this moment, Yuanshi Tianzun, Lady Nuwa, and other experts came. They were all silent. Lady Nuwa raised her colorful stone. A mighty life force poured out of it as she tried to heal Bu Fang.

"Eh?" Before long, she exclaimed, for she found that the divine light of the colorful stone could not help Bu Fang. How did that happen? The stone was a precious treasure that could resurrect a person with just one drop of blood. She had never encountered this situation before.

Bu Fang waved his hand again. His current condition was a little complicated. By sealing Soul God, he had effectively sealed himself. No one could help him. He was considered to be completely reduced to mortality.

"There's always a way," Tongtian said.

Many immortals and deities of the Primitive Universe—including Sun Wukong, Houtu, and Duchess Nightmare—approached Bu Fang and tried to console him. But their words did not help.

"You guys should think about how to suppress that Soul God. I can't help you again after a thousand years," Bu Fang said.

He turned to look at the dish suspended in the starry sky. It was surrounded by a terrifying realm, which would injure or kill anyone who approached. However, he could

see that the realm was shivering and melting. The rate was very slow, but it would be completely melted one day.

Tongtian and the others were slightly taken aback by Bu Fang's words. He was right. The threat of Soul God was not completely solved yet.

The Great Path had faded away. When Bu Fang unleashed his aura to suppress Soul God just now, he seemed to hear a faint sigh from the Daoist who the Great Path had turned into.

Sect Leader Tongtian, Yuanshi Tianzun, Lady Nuwa, and the Buddha rushed into the starry sky. Their faces were serious as they unleashed their supreme power. With their treasures as the mediums, they constructed a ring of arrays around the dish.

Tongtian's face was the gravest. He gathered the power of thousands of immortals and built a grand array to suppress the dish. Bu Fang said the dish could seal Soul God for one thousand years, but what if he broke through it before that?

On the wall of Hangu Pass, Bu Fang looked up at the immortals and deities, who were busy working in the starry sky. He sighed softly, his face expressionless. "Let's go, Shrimpy," he said, stroking the mantis shrimp's head. Foxy followed after them with Whitey in her arms.

Houtu seemed to sense something, but when she turned to Bu Fang, he was already gone. So were Foxy and Whitey. They had left quietly without alerting anyone. She was stunned. "Where did Bu Fang go?"

No one knew where Bu Fang went after the battle.

...

In the Chaotic Universe...

Lord Dog lay on the ground in the Temple of Heavengod Time, looking up at the sky. Er Ha, on the other hand, leaned against the wall and was looking in the same direction. Suddenly, they shuddered at the same time.

Two beams of light appeared on the horizon and sped across the sky. Then, Foxy and Shrimpy descended into the Chaos Space.

Lord Dog could not help but twitch the corner of his mouth. "Sure enough, it's these two little fellows..." He rolled his eyes. "Great. Of the five modern-day Heavengods, three reincarnated into animals, one turned into a traitor, and the last one is a retard... The Heavengods' majesty is no more..."

Once Foxy and Shrimpy descended, Lord Dog asked, "Where's Bu Fang?" Er Ha also put on a serious face and did not joke as he used to.

Foxy and Shrimpy shook their heads at the same time to indicate that they did not know.

Lord Dog's expression changed drastically. The fluctuation of the battle in the Primitive Universe was violent and intense. Although he and Er Ha were not there, they could easily deduce what had happened.

"Bu Fang had disappeared..." After a long time, Lord Dog sighed. His face was filled with loneliness.

Er Ha put his hands on his cheeks and looked shocked. "Did Bu Fang young man... run off with the white puppet?!"

Lord Dog gave him a sideways glance and rolled his eyes.

...

Meanwhile, in Void City...

Cursey was sitting on the stone step of the Queen's palace, swinging her little legs, when Xiao Ai walked out of the door and sat down at her side and sighed.

"Her Excellency Nethery is back in seclusion..."

Cursey nodded. "She has begun to inherit the Queen's legacy. On the day Nethery comes out of seclusion, we will be able to witness the comeback of the Queen of Curses."

"Is it dangerous?" Xiao Ai asked worriedly. "Is it dangerous to inherit the Queen's will?"

Cursey paused for a little while, then shook her head. "How can there be no danger? The Queen's obsession... is very frightening."

Xiao Ai was shocked.

"Little girl, do you know what the Queen's obsession is?" Cursey said with a cute smile on her face.

How would Xiao Ai know that? She was worried about Nethery now.

"The Queen's obsession is to choose between life and death. The farthest distance in the world is between life... and death."

...

Where did Bu Fang go? No one knew.

...

On a newly born planet in the remote starry sky of the Primitive Universe...

The surface of the planet was covered with endless dense forests and boundless oceans. It was not a high-level planet, so it did not have rich spiritual energy. There was a prosperous city, and not far from it, a remote village in the mountains.

The rain had just stopped, and the air was fresh. The door of a wooden hut was pushed open, and a lean figure clad in old linen clothes walked out of it. Behind the figure followed a metal puppet with cracks all over its skin. Its eyes were dim, and its aura was weak.

Holding a bowl of aromatic rice, Bu Fang took a deep breath and called, "Gu gu gu..."

A fat Eight Treasures Chicken ran out from behind the wooden hut.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth lifted slightly as he handed the bowl of ordinary rice to Eighty. Although it was just a bowl of common rice, Eighty enjoyed it happily.

After feeding Eighty, Bu Fang turned back into the wooden hut, took a hoe, put on a bamboo hat, a rain cap, and a pair of worn cloth shoes. Then, he left the hut and walked toward a muddy path.

Whitey followed closely behind him. Soon, their figures disappeared into the thick fog of the mountain.

Chapter 1809: Spend a Straw-Cloaked Life in Mist and Rain

It was a newly born planet with lives called Planet Immortality. Since it was young and lacked spiritual energy, there were no immortals or deities save the legends about them.

In the past, countless people on the planet sought the path to immortality, but they could not find it and had no choice but to die of old age. Eventually, the people named the planet "Immortality" to remind their descendants never to give up seeking the path.

...

The mountain road was muddy after the rain. Soaked through by the rainwater, the yellow soil became wet and sticky, soiling the cloth shoes that had just been changed.

Green leaves were hanging on both sides of the road, on which insects nibbled and raindrops gathered. The raincoat made of straw brushed the leaves, causing droplets of water to fall. The insects were scared and clung tightly to the leaves.

Carrying the hoe, Bu Fang slowly went up the mountain step by step. On Planet Immortality, this mountain was in the middle of nowhere. The ground was slippery—wet soil always threatened those who were not careful in their steps.

There was no light in Whitey's mechanical eyes as it followed quietly behind Bu Fang. Its foot sank deep into the mud with every step, and when it pulled it out, mud splattered.

"Walk slowly."

Bu Fang glanced at the somewhat sluggish Whitey with a faint smile on his face. He was a little short of breath after walking for only a short distance. Now, he was no different from a mortal. Even his body seemed to have returned to mortal form.

The mountain was tall, and the sun was already moving downward toward the west. Bu Fang did not want to delay any longer. Whitey hurried up. Although Bu Fang had become a mortal, his pressure did not disappear, so the wild animals in the mountains did not dare to approach him.

From a distance, Bu Fang could smell the water in the air. He led Whitey to a babbling brook. The water in the mountain stream was very clear, and because it had just rained, it tasted sweeter.

He took out a clay pot, filled it with water, and gave it a shake. The water was very clear without any sediments. He was satisfied. After that, he continued up the path to find the ingredients for today's dinner.

The trees were covered with mushrooms, some of which were poisonous. Bu Fang picked some well-grown, non-toxic mushrooms and threw them into the basket on his back. Then, he continued to walk up the mountain. Finally, he and Whitey came to a bamboo grove.

The bamboo here towered into the clouds. When the wind blew, their leaves brushed against each other and rustled. The ground was covered with bamboo leaves. Some of them had rotted, and because it had just rained, the air was filled with a strong smell of decay.

Whitey sat aside while Bu Fang stepped into the bamboo grove with the hoe. He searched calmly and soon found a bamboo shoot that had just sprouted. He dug it out with the hoe, swept away the dirt, and tossed it into the basket.

Of course, he did not just stop there but continued his search. Bamboo shoots that sprouted after the rains at this time of year were most delicious. The dishes cooked with them were the most tempting.

After digging out several bamboo shoots in a row, Bu Fang was a little breathless. Leaning against a bamboo, he took out a water bottle and took a sip of water. The sweet and refreshing water rushed down his throat and made his tired body feel much better.

Those living on a mountain lived off the mountain. In fact, the mountains were full of all kinds of delicious ingredients.

It was getting late, and Bu Fang stopped looking. Humming a little tune, he led Whitey down the mountain. The road up the mountain was difficult, but the descent was easy. His humming sounded rusty, deliberate. Perhaps he thought it was a little odd not to hum a song on such a lonely road.

By the time they got back to the hut, it was getting dark. Eighty was running around the house, cackling. Bu Fang rubbed the little fellow's head, then took the ingredients and went inside.

Whitey sat quietly to one side. Eighty came up to it and seemed to communicate with it for a while, but it felt that the puppet was a little boring and ran away again.

Soon, Bu Fang came out from the hut again, built a simple stove in the yard, and lit the firewood he had cut the day before. A plume of smoke rose slowly through the gloom of the night.

Eighty ran over and squatted beside Bu Fang, staring in awe at the firelight. This was not the divine fire, nor was it a flame that could destroy heaven and earth with a single thought. It was a simple fire produced by the burning of firewood. However, Eighty's heart pounded as it looked at the flame.

Bu Fang felt nothing. He added some firewood. The temperature dropped sharply in the mountains at night, so he felt a little cold. The only thing that kept him warm was the heat from the fire when he was cooking.

Whitey sat in the distance. In the light of the fire, it looked a little dorky but adorable. Bu Fang shook his head.

After warming himself by the fire for a while, Bu Fang took out the bamboo shoots he had collected from the mountain. Their shapes were irregular but mostly looked like cones. After peeling off the skin layer by layer, the white and tender bamboo shoots appeared in front of him. He washed them and cut them into tiny pieces.

Bu Fang heated the wok, brought the water to a boil, and then blanched the bamboo shoots. After that, he added the other ingredients and began to stir-fry them. In no time, the fresh bamboo shoots were transformed into a dish that smelled delicious.

In addition to it, he also cooked a bowl of mushroom soup. The slightly viscous soup turned red when shredded radish was added.

He then removed the lid of the steamer. A plume of hot steam immediately rushed up into the sky. After filling a bowl with rice, he took out a bamboo table and a bamboo chair and sat down. On the table was a dish, a bowl of soup, and a bowl of rice—simple and unpretentious.

Eighty cooed and ran away. Whitey did not need to eat, so it continued to sit at a distance as if in a trance. With a faint smile, Bu Fang leaned back on the bamboo chair, which creaked.

Around the hut, the sounds of insects chirping and the rustle of leaves were incessant. Although it was a little noisy, Bu Fang did not feel annoyed. The tranquility filled him with comfort.

Because it had just rained, the sky was clear and full of blinking stars. Bu Fang could never imagine that one day, he would sit under the starry sky and enjoy a meal leisurely.

He picked up a piece of white bamboo shoot with his chopsticks, put it in his mouth, and chewed. It was crunchy, and a sweet taste spread in his mouth. His eyes narrowed, and the corners of his mouth curved upward.

Although it was just a simple dish, its taste penetrated his heart. It was a flavor that was different from anything he had cooked before. He might have lost his mighty cultivation base, but his state of mind became calmer than ever. He even thought that it was fine to go on living like this.

With all his power taken away, he could experience the world in peace and find the true meaning of life as a mortal. “Better than saddled horses, I like sandals and cane; spend a straw-cloaked life in mist and rain...” he murmured. It was an ancient poem on Earth, and he thought it fit his current mood perfectly.

A few years ago, he sealed the awakened Soul God with all his cultivation base, plus the will the God of Cooking left in Whitey’s body as well as the pseudo-God of Cooking dish. That was the best he could do. He was not the God of Cooking. He was just a little chef who kept running on the road to becoming one.

He had sacrificed his cultivation base and gave all that he had. In fact, many people did not understand why he had gone this far.

Even if Soul God was awakened, the top experts of the Primitive Universe could still survive. All they had to do was leave the Primitive Universe and hide in the vast expanse of the nothingness of the universe. Soul God would not be able to do anything to them—it was impossible for him to spend time searching for them in the boundless nothingness.

In fact, many immortals and deities were ready to do just that. If Soul God did fully awaken, they would immediately flee into nothingness.

And Bu Fang could have done the same thing. Even though Soul God hated him to the bone, he could make the same choice. But he chose to seal Soul God instead, and as a result, he fell to the mortal world and was reduced to a mortal.

He had jumped out of the cycle of reincarnation, but he was back in it again. He gave up everything he had and chose to live a normal, ordinary life. Perhaps he just wanted to settle his restless heart.

The System was gone as well after Whitey unleashed the God of Cooking's will in it. Bu Fang was really just a mortal now. His spiritual sea and divine sense had been separated from his physical body to suppress Soul God, so he could no longer use his mental force.

He was no different from other mortals, except that his body was stronger and immune to all diseases. He would get tired, he would sweat, and he also had the emotions and desires of a mortal.

Bu Fang did not know how Eighty had found him. He could not open the Heaven and Earth Farmland, so he did not know what had happened to it. Of course, it would not be destroyed, for after he had released all his cultivation base, he sent it into the cosmic void.

By now, the farmland should have transformed into a planet with lives. It would be even more terrifying than the average planet, becoming a large world comparable to the Chaotic Universe.

Bu Fang could never figure out why Eighty was here. But since he could not figure it out, he stopped thinking about it. It was unfortunate for the little fellow to come here, for he would not have any precious ingredients to feed it. All Eighty could eat was plain rice.

Speaking of rice...

Bu Fang went back into the hut and opened the rice jar. It was almost empty with not much rice left.

"There's no more rice... This little fellow really eats too much."

Bu Fang shook his head. After clearing up the dishes on the table, he went back inside to sleep. Now, besides eating, his biggest hobby was sleeping.

The next day, Bu Fang left the hut wearing a straw raincoat and a bamboo hat. He did not bring Whitey. Alone, he came to a pond in the mountain. After sitting there all morning, he had a few more fat fish jumping in his basket.

Carrying the basket, Bu Fang walked leisurely down the mountain.

Soon, he came to the village at the foot of the mountain. The village was also considered to be located in a remote area. Many villagers greeted him when they saw him. Having lived here for several years, Bu Fang got acquainted with the people here.

The villagers all knew that a strange man lived in the mountain. In the beginning, they thought Bu Fang was an immortal. But ever since he came down the mountain with a few fat fish to exchange for rice, they knew he was just a mortal like them.

As time went by, they all got acquainted with each other.

"Aunt Zhang, do you have any extra rice? Can I exchange some with fish freshly caught in the mountain?" Bu Fang said to a farmer's wife carrying a hoe in the distance.

Looking at the fish in Bu Fang's basket, the village woman swallowed. She wanted to exchange. Living in the mountains, it was not easy to get fish. But...

"Little brother Bu, I can't exchange with you. The officers and soldiers are here. A lot of rice in the village was collected by the village chief to cook a meal for them," Aunt Zhang said. "Why don't I go to town in a few days and bring you some rice?"

Bu Fang paused for a moment. He did not expect this. "That's all right, Aunt Zhang. You go on with your work. I'll ask the others..." He was sure that he could get some rice. Even if he could not, he was not nervous. He had to keep a calm mind.

In the distance, the sound of stir-frying rang out, and Bu Fang smelled the fragrance of dishes. He raised his brows slightly.

"The officers and soldiers are eating there. Little brother Bu, if you are really hungry, go and tell the village chief and ask him to find a place for you at the table," said Aunt Zhang. "My son is about to go to the town with these officers and be one of the soldiers. Do you want to go with him?"

The people in the village were really friendly. Bu Fang replied casually and then walked toward the distance. Suddenly, he stopped.

The open space in the middle of the village was filled with tables, and the officers and soldiers were eating and drinking. Carrying the basket, Bu Fang frowned slightly. He looked beyond the officers with greasy lips to the other side of the field.

A figure, whose head was shrouded in a mist, stood there. Although his face could not be seen, Bu Fang could tell that he was smiling at him.

“Lord Bird?”

Chapter 1810: It's a Big World, Go Out and Experience It

Bu Fang was indeed surprised. He did not expect Lord Bird, the mysterious man he had once met a long time ago, to appear before him at this moment.

The officers and soldiers were eating and drinking happily, and the fragrance of food filled the air. Yet it was as if everything had suddenly disappeared, and the only people left were Bu Fang and Lord Bird.

Even though Lord Bird's head was obscured by the fog, Bu Fang could still feel his gaze, and he nodded calmly at him. Lord Bird walked straight up toward him. The officers and soldiers did not seem to notice him. Soon, he was in front of Bu Fang.

“I can't believe you're hiding here,” Lord Bird said, chuckling.

Bu Fang remembered Lord Bird and him drinking and eating together in the relics of the ancient Heavengods. This man had his own unique view of food, which was very unusual. However, he could not guess who this mysterious person was. He could not figure it out when he still had his cultivation base, much less now.

“The hero who sealed the greatest evil in the universe is actually hiding in such a remote place... You're really free and easy.” Lord Bird's aura was ordinary, and he looked just like the villagers here. Except, of course, for the fog that enveloped his head.

Bu Fang gave Lord Bird a strange glance. He certainly did not think that this guy had lost his cultivation base as he did. The man was very mysterious from the very beginning.

Bu Fang had thought he was Mu Hongzi, but that fellow was now traveling through the universe with Summer and would not have the leisure to look for him.

So, Bu Fang still could not see through this Lord Bird.

“You don't need to guess anymore. I'm the only one who knows you're here,” Lord Bird said lightly. “Just keep doing what you're doing.”

Bu Fang paused for a moment, then ignored him. So what if Lord Bird found him? He could only seal Soul God for a thousand years at most. In his present mortal form, he would have rotted and turned to dust in a thousand years.

So even if Lord Bird came to him to ask him to fight Soul God again, he could not do it.

Bu Fang found the village chief and told him that he wanted to exchange some rice. However, he was rejected by the old man.

It was not really a refusal. The village chief just sighed and told him that there was no more rice. The officers and soldiers, who had been stationed in the village for several days, had almost eaten all the rice the village had in reserve.

He also told Bu Fang that there was a war in the world outside the mountains, and that many people had died. There was simply not enough food.

Bu Fang nodded. Since there was not enough rice, he would not insist on it. After glancing at the officers and soldiers, he smiled faintly, picked up the basket, and walked away.

He was humming a song, looking dashing and uninhibited. Bu Fang was a very different person now. It was as if he had been freed from chains. In the past, he was too tense, always trying hard to rush to a higher level and working constantly toward the goal of becoming a God of Cooking.

If he wasn't practicing his cooking skills, he was thinking about how to improve his cultivation base or was constantly running around to complete the System's tasks. And now, when he finally quieted down, he found that this feeling of being able to do everything by heart was really good.

Carrying the basket, Bu Fang started up the mountain again. Although the song he was humming was out of tune, he did not care. Lord Bird walked quietly behind him.

After a long time, Bu Fang returned to the hut on the mountain. Whitey was still sitting at the door, its mechanical eyes dim. As for Eighty, it was chasing an insect in the yard.

At the sound of his footsteps, the chicken raised its head and ran toward him. As it neared him, it kicked the ground, flapped its wings, and leaped at Bu Fang. However, when it got close to him, he grabbed it by the neck and held it in midair.

"Stop it, we have a guest today," Bu Fang said faintly.

Eighty froze. 'So what if we have a guest? Why did you have to tell me specifically? Are you going to kill me and cook me up for him?!'

The chicken's feathers bristled, then it kept flapping its wings and flew off into the distance. Eighty would never forget what Bu Fang had done to its wings!

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth twitched as he watched Eighty fly away. 'This little fellow must be imagining things...'

"Make yourself at home in this humble abode," Bu Fang said to Lord Bird behind him.

Lord Bird laughed. He put his hands behind his back, walked into the hut, and glanced around. After that, he came to the yard, looked at Bu Fang who was busy preparing a meal, and said, "You're living in seclusion?"

Bu Fang took out the fat fish that had not been exchanged for rice, placed them on a chopping board, scaled them, and removed their guts.

"Are you going to stay here for the rest of your life? You know... Though you have lost your cultivation base, your foundation remains. You can't reach the previous heights if you continue to cultivate, but at least you won't lack the strength to truss up a chicken," said Lord Bird.

"Lack the strength to truss up a chicken? That's nonsense..." Bu Fang said. He raised his hand and waved at Eighty. The chicken leaped toward him. He took it by the neck, shook it in front of Lord Bird's face a few times, then let it go on playing by itself.

Although Lord Bird's face was hiding behind the fog, the corners of his mouth twitched. He stopped talking and just quietly watched Bu Fang cook.

In the absence of his cultivation base and divine power, all Bu Fang could cook were ordinary ingredients without any spiritual energy. These fat fish were grown in the pond on the mountain, not some heavenly treasure.

The water in the wok began to boil. The God of Cooking Sets had gone to suppress Soul God with Bu Fang's divine sense. He could be said to be all alone now. The cooking utensils he was using now were the most common ones, and so were the ingredients. He did not look like a top chef who was once only one step away from becoming a God of Cooking.

The color of the boiling water turned a little cloudy after some ingredients were added. Then, Bu Fang put the fish into the wok, covered it with a lid, and waited quietly.

He caught three fish, so he made three dishes: stewed fish soup, braised fish, and grilled fish. Each of the three dishes had its own unique characteristics.

When Bu Fang set the dishes out on the bamboo table, Lord Bird made himself comfortable and sat down. Since there was only one chair, he waved his hand and conjured one more with his divine power.

"It smells good," Lord Bird said. "It's been a long time since I've eaten such mortal dishes."

Bu Fang glanced at Lord Bird, then filled a bowl of rice and handed it to him. It was steamed from what little rice he had left. "Please enjoy yourself. This is all I have in my humble abode, so please forgive me for the poor hospitality," he said.

Lord Bird chuckled.

They did not say anything again. Lord Bird held the chopsticks in one hand and the rice in the other. Looking at the three dishes on the table, he could not help but sigh.

Bu Fang scooped up a bowl of fish soup. The clear soup emitted a faint sweet aroma, and a few goji berries could be seen floating in it, giving it a simple but elegant appearance. As he took a sip of the soup, a warm stream swam through his body, warming him up. His hunger was tickled. He ate some rice, took another sip of soup, and ate a piece of fish.

The braised fish was soft and tender, and the sauce completely penetrated the meat, making it taste even better. The grilled fish, on the other hand, was cooked perfectly. Its fragrance and texture impressed Lord Bird. As he ate, he sighed with mixed emotions.

Had Bu Fang's cooking skills taken a step back? To be honest, they did. They were not even close to his peak. However, that was because of the ingredients and equipment. In fact, Lord Bird felt that Bu Fang had made a small breakthrough in his cooking skills. It was a breakthrough in mentality.

"Those who experience a major fall such as this usually can't accept the fact so calmly like you... You are somewhat amazing," Lord Bird chuckled.

Ignoring that, Bu Fang looked up at Lord Bird and said, "Are you going to eat or not?"

That gave Lord Bird pause. The corners of his mouth twitched as he watched Bu Fang begin to sweep the dishes on the table. "Save some for me..."

After a hearty meal, all that was left on the table was a mess of fish bones. Bu Fang leaned back in the bamboo chair, which creaked, while Lord Bird rubbed his stomach and exhaled contentedly. Although these were all ordinary dishes, they whetted his appetite, and he enjoyed them.

"How did you find this place?" Bu Fang asked.

"Intuition," Lord Bird said languidly.

Bu Fang sneered. "The universe is a vast place. Do you expect me to believe that you found a planet with lives by intuition, and I happen to be on it?"

Lord Bird smiled and shook his head, but he did not answer Bu Fang.

Since Lord Bird would not answer, Bu Fang did not know what to say anymore. He was not good at conversing with others.

“Do you want to cultivate? I can teach you a cultivation method... Practicing it for a thousand years should be enough to recover some of your cultivation base.”

“What’s the point? In a thousand years, when Soul God breaks the seal, I still can’t defeat him.” Bu Fang shook his head.

Without the God of Cooking’s will, Bu Fang alone could not defeat Soul God. So, what was the difference between him regaining his cultivation base and not regaining it? It might give him a few more days to live, but Bu Fang did not want that. He wanted to live a carefree life. He had lived happily in the mountains for many years.

Lord Bird fell silent for a moment. “If you don’t cultivate... Two hundred years at the most, you’ll be dead. Are you not afraid?”

“What’s the point of living longer if you’re not happy?” Bu Fang said indifferently. It was getting late. He stood up, looked at the sky, and shook his head. “It’s already very late. I need to sleep.”

He was hinting at Lord Bird to leave.

Lord Bird stood up and said nothing more. He seemed to have some understanding of the path Bu Fang was pursuing. With a faint smile on his face, he said, “Interesting. Owner Bu, the world is big, so you should go out and experience it. I will wait for the day of your return. When the time comes, you and I will drink together again. Hahaha...”

Laughing, Lord Bird turned and disappeared into the mountain. His voice startled the birds in the woods.

Bu Fang was silent as he watched Lord Bird disappear. “It’s a big world, so go out and experience it...” The corners of his mouth lifted slightly.

“Maybe... I really should go out and have a look at the world. A limited life should always find something to do.”

