

## Gourmet of Another World #Chapter 1811 - Steamed Fish with Mushrooms - Read Gourmet of Another World Chapter 1811 - Steamed Fish with Mushrooms

### *Chapter 1811: Steamed Fish with Mushrooms*

Lord Bird left.

Bu Fang's life returned to normal. He got up at sunrise, worked until sunset every day, cooked with natural ingredients, and enjoyed the delicious food brought by nature.

Whitey's mechanical eyes were dim, and it seemed to become much clumsier. Eighty would occasionally climb on its head and cluck or occasionally chase insects in the yard. It was a very extraordinary Eight Treasures Chicken, yet it behaved like a wild chicken that lived in the mountains.

Bu Fang lived a very comfortable life. He enjoyed the unambitious life. When he was bored, he would study new dishes. It had been his only pleasure these days.

The world outside the mountains was in turmoil. The flames of war were almost all over the land, and the fierce battles had caused countless casualties. In contrast, the days in the mountains did not change much except for the seasons.

Bu Fang had not gone down the mountain for a long time, nor had he gone to the village to exchange rice. Snowflakes drifted down from the sky, falling on the ground in front of the hut and covering the earth with a thick layer of white blanket.

Whitey sat in the yard, dazed. The accumulation of snow on its body made it look like a snowman. Eighty was running through the snow with a pinch of snow on its head. Clad in a thick cotton coat, Bu Fang exhaled a puff of white breath.

The fire danced in the stove as the water was boiling and steaming in the pot. Bu Fang took a teacup and sprinkled a few brown tea leaves in it. The tea was a specialty of the mountains, but the yield was very little. He had found it by accident.

He filled the cup with hot water, and the tea leaves immediately gave off a refreshing fragrance that lingered in the air. As the tea leaves swirled in the cup, the color of the water gradually changed from transparent to light green, which was very pleasant to look at.

Holding the teacup with both hands, Bu Fang sat on a chair and looked at the snow outside the hut. Days passed, and Bu Fang did not know how long he had been in the mountains.

He took a sip of tea. A warmth dispelled the cold in him. After sitting in the chair and watching the snow for a long time, he stood up, took the hoe, left the hut, and walked up the mountain. There were fewer ingredients in the mountains in winter, but he did not care. He let fate decide if he would find anything or not.

Whitey followed quietly behind him. The mountain was covered in snow in winter, so it was hard to find good ingredients in a vast expanse of snow.

Halfway up the mountain, Bu Fang saw a rabbit in the distance. He did not move but watched it quietly. The rabbit kept hopping and soon got to its burrow. Inside, a few cute little bunnies huddled together, turning their heads as their mother returned to them.

Bu Fang smiled. After giving them one more glance, he carried the hoe and trudged away. There were many other ingredients on the snowy mountain beside rabbits. Winter mushrooms were one of them. These tiny mushrooms grew on tree trunks and looked like flowers blooming in the snow.

Bu Fang happily picked the mushrooms and put them into the basket. Every winter, he would come to the mountain to pick mushrooms. They grew best at this time of year. After bringing them back, he would dry them in the sun and store them for later use.

Of course, dishes cooked with fresh mushrooms were also very delicious.

After picking the mushrooms, Bu Fang did not leave immediately. As he continued to walk up the mountain, he was followed by a wolf. It was obviously starving because it did not hesitate for long before pouncing on him. Unfortunately, Bu Fang was also a little hungry.

Even though Whitey had become clumsier, its slap kept the wolf from getting up again. Bu Fang happily tied up the beast and threw it into the basket. Since the basket was much heavier now, he let Whitey carry it.

The harvest was good, but Bu Fang did not intend to go back yet. Instead, he went to the pond in the mountain, which was covered with a thick layer of ice. Fish had the most fat during winter, so he certainly would not let go of such a delicacy.

He cut a hole in the ice, and in a short time, a few fat fish were thrown into the basket. Satisfied at last, Bu Fang left the pond, humming a little tune as he made his way back in the snow. Although he had been humming the same song for so many years, he was still not very good at it.

Bu Fang returned to the hut. The days in winter were always short—it got dark quickly and the temperature dropped further. He built a fire, cleaned the fish, and then gently patted the flesh.

From inside the hut, he took out his collection of dried mushrooms, which he had prepared in previous years. The dried mushrooms had a unique aroma. He placed them on top of the fish and steamed them together in the wok. A plume of white smoke rose into the sky.

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The snow was crushed under many feet. In a dense forest, sharp rays of light and terrifying knife energy kept shooting in a certain direction. Countless trees were cut down, and snow was constantly shaking off the leaves.

The sound of heavy breathing filled the air as a figure was crawling painfully through the snow. He was clad in blood-stained armor, with disheveled hair and a pale face. A gash ran from his shoulder down his back and stopped at his waist. Blood was spilling out of it, melting the snow on the ground.

The badly wounded man looked back from time to time. There were men chasing after him. Suddenly, arrows flew toward him, their tips glinting coldly in the dark night. Soon, some of them struck the ground around him, sending the snow flying.

His pupils narrowed, then he sprang to his feet, his body spinning in midair. An arrow came whistling at him the next moment and glanced off his face before flying away.

“Dugu Wushuang! You can’t run away from us! Of the top ten swordsmen of the empire, you’re considered the best, but now you’re running away like a stray dog! Aren’t you ashamed?!”

A voice rang out. After that, many black-clothed assassins rushed out of the dense forest behind the man. They all exuded true energy as they ran at great speed through the snow.

The wounded man coughed up a mouthful of blood, grunted coldly, and continued to crawl. As he moved, he lifted his sword and waved it with all his might. Sharp sword energy erupted from the blade and flew toward the assassins in the distance.

The few assassins drew their swords at the same time and slashed out. Their blades tore the snowflakes falling from the sky and collided with the sword energy that flew toward them. Then, a powerful force bent their swords and forced them back several steps.

Judging by how they used their swords, the cultivation base of these assassins was quite strong. The man, on the other hand, was badly injured, and the more he used his

energy, the weaker his aura became. Soon, the assassins closed in on him and engaged him in a fierce battle.

The clash of swords against swords rang incessantly, shaking the snow-clad mountain. Countless trees were cut down by them, and the ground was covered with footprints and blood.

After a long time, the battle was over. Several mutilated bodies were left on the ground, while a row of messy footprints stretched into the dense forest in the distance. The wind kept blowing, and soon, the footprints were buried under the white snow.

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Bu Fang counted the time and then removed the steamer from the fire. As soon as he lifted the lid, a plume of steam rushed out of the steamer and gradually dissipated into the night. Sniffing the aroma in the air, he said, "It smells delicious."

The fragrance of dried mushrooms and fish blended into a very delicious aroma, and the soft, tender fish wrapped in the smooth skin looked tempting. In addition to this dish, Bu Fang also stir-fried a plate of shredded fresh mushrooms. The mushroom slices, coated in a slightly sticky sauce, glistened. Fresh and dried mushrooms tasted completely different.

Bu Fang set the dishes on the table, then turned and walked into the hut, where he fetched a jar of wine from the cellar. It was a wine that he had made and stored for a few years. He would only take it out and drink it when he was happy.

The delicious taste of the wine intoxicated him. Having made a lot of wine, he was considered an expert in making it. In the past, he used to make wine with unique techniques, but he now knew that making wine required emotions. The quality of a wine depended, to a large extent, on the strength of the winemaker's emotions.

In the past, his emotions about wine-making were more superficial. But, of course, the wines he made at that time were still very good because the techniques he used were very advanced.

The jar was not large, only about the size of a fist. Bu Fang happily slapped open the seal, and a strong fragrance of wine immediately wafted out of it.

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Dugu Wushuang was so tired that he almost fainted. He felt he was losing too much blood.

"The search for immortality... Never thought I would ever be near death." He sighed helplessly, then murmured in a bitter voice, "Am I, the Sword God of the generation,

going to die in this uninhabited mountain? Maybe years from now, people will name this mountain Wushuang... After all, my body is buried here.”

In the distance, a little firelight was slowly spinning, gradually spreading in his eyes. A little lightheaded, he coughed up another mouthful of blood, which spilled on the snow like a blood-colored plum blossom.

He fell to his knees, his face buried in the snow and his hair strewn about his face. All he could hear was his breathing and the beating of his heart.

“I’m dying...” Dugu Wushuang sighed.

Suddenly, a fat chicken flapped its wings and came trudging through the snow. It circled around him and seemed to study him with curiosity. Dugu Wushuang could not move, but he could still feel the chicken jumping around. The next moment, it flew up and jumped on his body. He was so mad that he almost died.

“Eighty... Stop that now.”

A faint voice rang out. Then, a lean figure stepped out of the firelight. Dugu Wushuang’s consciousness began to drift. He felt a cold hand fall and lift him up like a chicken. He opened his eyes with the force of his consciousness. A puppet covered with cracks appeared in his eyes. He was so startled that he fainted straight away.

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“Whitey, you’re scaring him.”

The corners of Bu Fang’s mouth twitched. He did not expect anyone to come up the mountain this late at night. After taking a look at the man, who was covered in wounds, Bu Fang decided not to let him die here. He asked Whitey to bring the man back and throw him in the yard.

Once they were back at the hut, Bu Fang sat down on the bamboo chair, rubbed his hands, exhaled a puff of white breath, and prepared to eat. He knew the fish steamed with dried mushrooms would be absolutely delicious.

He picked up a piece of fish with his chopsticks and put it into his mouth. The flesh melted instantly on his tongue. After swallowing it, he took a sip of wine. The refreshing wine went down into his stomach like fire and made all his pores open.

Eighty walked around Bu Fang, begging for food with its eyes. Finally, after throwing a piece of fish to it, Bu Fang filled a cup with wine and went to the severely injured man.

Looking at the man’s miserable appearance, he sighed and poured the wine into his mouth.

*Chapter 1812: In the Depths of Clouds*

The snow was falling steadily, blanketing everything like the dust that covered history.

Dugu Wushuang woke up. It was very quiet, so quiet that he thought he was in hell. He moved a little, and his body touched the chopped wood. There was a noise.

“Huh? I can move already?” He froze for a moment, then looked at his body. The gash that ran from his shoulder to his lower back had completely healed. “What?! A fatal wound such as that had healed overnight?!”

Dugu Wushuang’s heart raced. He looked around and found that he was in a woodshed. “Some expert must have saved me! Only an immortal would have the ability to heal such an injury overnight!” he murmured.

He stood up. His breath and energy were still not stable, but he did not care. He picked up the Wushuang Sword that was thrown on the ground. It was his lifeblood, his price as a Sword God. He stroked the sword and sighed.

“Since heaven will not take my life this time, I swear that I’ll cut through it with my sword one day!”

He pushed open the shabby door of the woodshed and walked out. The ground was covered with loose snow. In the yard, a fat chicken flapped its wings happily. Dugu Wushuang recognized it as the chicken that stomped on his head yesterday before he passed out. He squinted.

“Oh? You’re awake? Then gather up your things and leave.”

A faint voice rang out. Dugu Wushuang paused, then turned his head to look in the direction where the voice came from. He found a lean young man sitting on a bamboo chair and sipping from a bowl of steaming fish soup. A puppet whose body was covered with cracks sat quietly beside him.

‘Where is this?’ Dugu Wushuang frowned. He did not sense any true energy fluctuation in the young man. There was no doubt that the youth was just a mortal, not a cultivator. The puppet, too, did not have true energy, so it should be just a mortal object. ‘Perhaps this young man is a disciple of the senior who saved my life?’

“May I know if the Immortal Master is at home? I, Wushuang, will never forget him for saving my life.”

Dugu Wushuang nodded slightly to Bu Fang. However, Bu Fang only glanced at him indifferently, took a sip of the soup, and breathed out a puff of hot air. The atmosphere was a little awkward for a moment.

"I'm Dugu Wushuang, the Sword God of the Empire. I would like to meet the Immortal Master," Dugu's frown deepened, and his tone intensified.

"There is no Immortal Master here. Now that you're healed, you may leave... It's a big mountain, and it was by chance that you found it here," Bu Fang said as he ate a piece of fish. Then, he stood up and walked to the hut.

Wushuang took a deep breath. 'This mortal is... arrogant,' he thought. But he did not make a scene. After giving Bu Fang a deep look, he walked over to the hut and sat down quietly. "Since you won't tell me where the Immortal Master is, I'll wait here for his return..."

He was burning inside. The path of immortality was hard to find, but everyone scrambled for it. Since he had the chance to meet an Immortal Master, how could he easily leave?

Whitey turned its head a little, its dull mechanical eyes glancing at Dugu, while Eighty cackled with a gloating look in its eyes.

Before long, Bu Fang came out of the hut, wearing a thick jacket. "Why are you still here?" His brows furrowed when he saw Dugu sitting on the chair.

"I want to see the Immortal Master..." Wushuang said.

"I told you there is no Immortal Master. Leave now, or I'll... kick you out," Bu Fang said. He saved Dugu because he thought it was fate. After all, the latter found his hut in the middle of the vast mountain. Besides, he only offered a cup of wine. He did not want to leave a person in his hut.

Wushuang was not happy with that. "Why are you so unreasonable, young man? I merely want to see the Immortal Master. If he comes back and doesn't want to see me, I'll leave. Who are you to kick people out?" he said. When it came to a chance of embarking on the path of immortality, he would not give up easily.

His sword skills were astounding, but he was still far from becoming a legendary immortal. He had tried to shatter the void with his martial arts, but he failed. From that moment on, he knew he was still far from becoming an immortal.

"I'm being unreasonable? If I had not been reasonable... you would have been eaten by the wolves and turned into bones in the mountain." Bu Fang shook his head. He thought it was funny. "Eighty, kick him out," he said faintly. And with that, he turned into the hut, took the basket, and prepared to go up the mountain.



“Kick me out?” Wushuang smiled. In his eyes, Bu Fang was just a mortal. Besides him, there was only a muddle-headed puppet and a chicken. Who could kick him out? He was not bothered.

Meanwhile, Bu Fang carried the basket and went straight out.

“Cluck cluck cluck!”

Suddenly, Wushuang froze. In the distance, the eyes of the fat chicken suddenly became very sharp. It tilted its head slightly forward, spread its wings, and then darted wildly at him!

“Cluck!”

Accompanied by a chicken crow, Eighty stomped its foot. The snow suddenly exploded, revealing a huge chicken footprint. The next moment, it leaped into the air, spread its claws, and kicked Dugu in the face!

‘The heck?!’ Wushuang was dumbfounded. Before he could react, he was kicked in the face by a fat chicken, which sent him flying backward uncontrollably and falling into the snow. Lying on his back, Wushuang stared blankly at the sky. He had just been f\*cking kicked out by a chicken. It made him feel so bad that he wanted to cry.

Bu Fang walked out of the hut, carrying the basket and clutching a bamboo stick. Whitey followed him. He glanced expressionlessly at Dugu Wushuang, who was lying in the snow and questioning his life, and then walked on. Before long, his figure was lost in the mist of the mountain road.

Wushuang rolled to his feet, staring in the direction where Bu Fang had disappeared. He was shocked. He realized that he was wrong. He had a preconceived notion that the Immortal Master should be an old man. But in fact, this young man without any true energy was the immortal!

‘If even such a fearsome chicken listens to him, there must be something extraordinary about him!’

Dugu stood up. However, before he could stand up straight, Eighty leaped at him again, spread its claws, and kicked him in the face. Once again, he was knocked flying away and fell to the snow.

He was fuming now. As the number one Sword God of the Empire, how could he be kicked in the face by a chicken? He would rather die in battle than being defeated by a chicken!

“Cluck!”



The snow exploded and danced in the air as Dugu Wushuang was kicked again and thrown into the distance.

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Bu Fang did not return so quickly from his trip. He went to the top of the mountain and spent the night there. Then, with the hoe, he dug up a jar of wine under a boulder.

"It's been brewing for three years, and it's finally ready..."

Bu Fang smiled. After being buried on top of the mountain for three years, baptized by the essence of heaven and earth as well as seasoned by the aura of the mountain, the wine was absolutely extraordinary. He lifted the lid slightly, and a strong fragrance of wine immediately gushed out. He took a deep breath, intoxicated.

At this moment, clouds rolled over and formed a sea of clouds just under the mountain peak, while wisps of purple energy seemed to come from the east and merged with the wine. Bu Fang's eyes narrowed. Although he only used the most common ingredients, he still managed to make such an amazing wine.

Snowflakes fell from the sky. Sitting cross-legged on the top of the mountain, Bu Fang took out a cup and filled it with wine. The liquid was blue like the color of the sky. He took a sip. The rich aroma of wine immediately rushed through his body. He shuddered a little.

The wine was the essence of his so many years of accumulation. Perhaps it did not carry too strong emotions, but it brought clarity to his eyes. After drinking it, he watched as the sea of clouds churned before him with a mind as calm as still water.

How should he walk his road to become a God of Cooking? Should he really throw away all his emotions and desires like Soul God and take the ruthless path like the Great Path of the Primitive Universe? But could ruthless cuisine really bring him to the top?

Or, as he had previously thought, he only needed to gather the best ingredients in the world and cook the most delicious dishes to become a God of Cooking? Perhaps neither was right. Perhaps the real God of Cooking was not what he had imagined.

Bu Fang sipped his wine in silence and watched the clouds roll in.

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The next day, Bu Fang descended the mountain. It was not easy to get down through the sea of clouds, but he used his bamboo stick to probe the way and found his path home effortlessly. When he returned to the hut, however, he was slightly taken aback.

In the distance, a figure knelt in the snow. White snowflakes had covered him, as if wrapping him into a snowman. Eighty was walking leisurely around the yard with its head held high. Upon sensing Bu Fang's return, it raced toward him, crowed, and leaped.

Bu Fang raised his hand, grabbed Eighty's neck, and threw it over Whitey's head. Looking at Dugu Wushuang who was on his knees, he said, "Why haven't you left yet?"

Wushuang stared at Eighty with a resentful look on his face, which was covered with chicken footprints. "Senior, I was wrong," he said, kowtowing to Bu Fang.

"You should leave here..." Bu Fang shook his head and said faintly. He stepped into the hut, put down his things, and went out into the yard. He began to wash the vegetables and cook. His movements were flowing, and soon, a rich fragrance of food lingered in the air.

Wushuang felt a strong sense of hunger as he sniffed the fragrance. 'Why is it so fragrant?! Isn't that just a plate of simple stir-fried vegetables?' As the number one Sword God of the Empire, he had tasted all the delicacies in the world. However, he had never smelled anything so delicious.

Bu Fang ignored him. He brought the cooked dish to the table and ate it while drinking. When he had finished, he frowned and sighed. Putting down his cup, he muttered to himself, "I haven't had any fragrant rice in a long time... I quite miss the taste now."

After clearing the plate, Bu Fang went into the hut, put on his bamboo hat, and picked up the basket full of fat fish. "I should go down the mountain to exchange some rice with the villagers."

Dugu's face went black when he saw Bu Fang leaving the hut again. 'Can this Immortal Master have the heart to see me kneeling here all the time?' Eighty kept walking back and forth in front of him, making him angry and afraid.

Grabbing the bamboo stick, Bu Fang began to walk down the mountain. Du Gu's eyes lit up at the sight. 'Oh? Immortal Master is going down the mountain?' At the thought of that, he stood up, patted his somewhat numb knees, and with the sword in his hand, hurried after Bu Fang. He followed at a distance, not daring to disturb him.

Bu Fang followed the path he remembered as he headed for the village. He had not been there for years and wondered if the villagers could still remember him. Although he had lost his cultivation base, he could still sense that Dugu Wushuang was following him. But he did not care. The guy could follow all he wanted.

He walked along the muddy path. Soon, the silhouette of the village appeared ahead.

When Wushuang saw where Bu Fang was heading, his expression became a little odd. He wanted to say something, but after thinking about it, he did not open his mouth.

Bu Fang arrived in the village. A cold atmosphere greeted him and made his brows furrow. The village was a mess and in a state of disrepair. The farm tools were all covered with snow, and some of the houses had collapsed. There was no one in the village as if it was deserted.

“Immortal Master... I don’t know what your relationship is with this village, but it was slaughtered three years ago. Of the three hundred villagers, none survived...” Dugu said, sighing.

### *Chapter 1813: A Vain Life That Passes in a Snap of a Finger*

“Of the three hundred villagers, none survived...”

When Dugu Wushuang said that, he was in a rather heavy mood. In troubled times, everyone was struggling to survive, and none were more miserable than these mortals. The snow-covered village might once have flourished, but now it was deserted. In troubled times, human life was nothing.

He was silent. It was not that he did not want to speak, but he could not. Fear rose from the depths of his soul and made it difficult for him to even catch his breath. With a clang, his sword fell to the ground, and so did he. His pupils narrowed as he looked at Bu Fang in horror.

At this moment, the mortal in front of him seemed as terrible as a god.

“Immortal Master...”

Dugu opened his mouth and struggled to make a sound. It was as if there was a hand around his throat. Suddenly, the horrible aura disappeared. His whole body relaxed at once. Although it was winter, he was soaked with cold sweat, and beads of sweat rolled down his forehead.

Looking at Bu Fang, he no longer doubted...

Bu Fang sighed with a sense of loss. He was filled with complicated emotions as he looked at the snow-covered deserted village.

Just now, he accidentally leaked his state of mind, which terrified Dugu. He had, after all, reached the top of the universe once. As a Chaotic Saint, he was supreme

everywhere he went. Even though he had lost all his cultivation base, just a wisp of his will would be enough to bring one terrible pressure.

A starved camel was bigger than a horse.

Snowflakes were dancing in the sky, and the air seemed to become very quiet. Dugu sat on the ground, panting. The sound of his breathing seemed to be the only sound left between heaven and earth. Suddenly, a sigh rang out and shook him to his core.

“Go find a pheasant for me.” Bu Fang’s faint voice rang out.

Wushuang was instantly relieved. He answered, then hurriedly rang toward the distant wilderness.

Bu Fang sat cross-legged on the ground and stared at the deserted village with a complicated gaze. The voices and smiles of the villagers seemed to be still floating in front of him. These simple mortals had left quite a deep impression within him.

He saw one figure after another drifting in front of him, including Aunt Zhang, the farmer, the old village chief... Bu Fang sighed. Perhaps death was the destiny of mortals.

Wushuang soon returned with a pheasant in his hand. When he handed the game to Bu Fang, his face was full of respect and apprehension. Before, he had only guessed that Bu Fang was an immortal. But after the latter filled him with the feeling of death with only his will just now, he was certain that this young man was an immortal, and a very powerful immortal at that.

He had always been looking for the path to immortality, and an immortal like Bu Fang was exactly what he was after.

Bu Fang took the pheasant, then cleaned it on the spot as Dugu watched in amazement. He then found a black wok covered with dust in the village. After washing it, he built a fire. The rising flames dispelled the cold around them.

Wushuang had no idea what Bu Fang was going to do. After bringing the pheasant back, he sat quietly at a distance, waiting for further orders. But Bu Fang did not speak to him again. Instead, he went about his business.

The pheasant’s feathers were plucked, and its skin gradually tightened after being doused in scalding hot water. Bu Fang handled the ingredients methodically. Besides the bird, he also took out a fat fish he had brought with him, scaled it, and removed its internal organs. He worked so smoothly that he looked like a simple chef who was cooking seriously.

Wushuang did not dare to disturb Bu Fang. He just watched quietly. Soon, the air was filled with the aroma of food, but when he smelled it, a sad look came into his eyes. Taken aback, he hurriedly jabbed his body with his sword intent.

“This aroma can actually affect my mind?!” Wushuang was terrified. Bu Fang became more and more mysterious to him.

Two dishes were soon cooked: a golden roast bird and an aromatic steamed fish. Bu Fang held a dish in each hand and laid them out on the snow. The rich fragrance of food permeated the air, but it was filled with an overwhelming sadness.

Bu Fang sat in front of the two dishes. He did not eat them but was contemplating.

He had retired to this planet and returned to mortal life, but mortals would eventually die. How should he walk the path ahead of him? Lord Bird had asked him what would happen if he became a heap of soil in a few hundred years.

He had given a carefree answer. Now, as he looked at the deserted village in front of him, a sense of loneliness suddenly filled him. Death was lonely. If he should die, what would become of his friends? Nethery, who was in seclusion, Lord Dog, Er Ha, and many others...

Would they be sad if they learned that he was dead? Even the death of these villagers made Bu Fang so sad; he could only imagine their reaction. Bu Fang raised his hand and clutched his chest. He felt a pain in his heart, which seemed to rise from the depths of his soul.

“Soul God and the Great Path of the Primitive Universe both proved that the path of ruthlessness is the only way to the top, but I was lost in the emotions like a fish that had lost its way...”

Bu Fang’s eyes were full of confusion. He wanted to walk the path of ruthlessness too, but he found that he could not. There was no way he could be ruthless. Even though he had been living in seclusion in the mountains for several years, his emotions were still there.

Maybe he was an emotional person from the beginning. Although he did not like to smile or talk, and his face was always expressionless, the feeling of his heart could not deceive others. If he was really ruthless, he would not have so many friends around him.

The Primitive Great Path and Soul God were both alone. They were the most powerful beings, but also the loneliest in all universes. Bu Fang, on the other hand, was very lucky. He had many people around him, like Lord Dog, Er Ha, Shrimpy, Nethery, Whitey, Xiao Xiaolong, Xiao Yanyu...

Bu Fang shook his head, his face bitter. He stood up. The deserted village was still empty. He put his palms together before his chest and bowed slightly, saying his silent farewell to the villagers.

Standing behind Bu Fang, Wushuang's eyes widened. He saw glimmers of light pop up in the village. In the sky, one figure after another appeared, walking or busy at work. The bustling scene of the village that had disappeared suddenly reappeared, like a projection cast from the river of time.

After a long time, everything was gone. The deserted village was still in a rundown state, and the snow covered everything like the dust of history. Bu Fang put his hands behind his back and left the village, returning to the mountain.

Wushuang took a deep breath, shocked. Without hesitation, he turned to catch up with Bu Fang. The path back to the mountain was covered with snow. They trudged through the drifts, and it was a long time before they returned to the hut halfway up the mountain.

It was late at night. Bu Fang snuffed out the candlelight in the hut and went to bed.

Wushuang stayed in the woodshed. He could not calm himself for a long time. He knew his chance to embark on the path of immortality was here. He had to seize it, or he would never have a second chance.

The night passed quickly. When Wushuang opened his eyes, he heard a rustling outside. He grabbed his sword and rushed out of the woodshed.

Bu Fang was standing in the yard with a large and heavy bag on his back. The fat chicken was stuffed in front of his chest with only its head visible, while the puppet also stood by his side with a bag on its back. Its mechanical eyes were as dull as ever.

'Is he going on a long journey?' Wushuang was taken aback. He grabbed a handful of snow and rubbed it on his face to make him more awake. "Immortal Master, where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm going out to experience the world... Do you want to follow?" Bu Fang glanced at Dugu Wushuang. "If you want to follow, then follow..." he said, then pushed open the fence of the hut.

Wushuang followed. Bu Fang locked the fence, clutched his bamboo stick, and walked quietly through the snow. Whitey followed with its backpack, while Eighty poked its little head out of his chest.

Without hesitation, Wushuang followed with his sword. The three figures slowly disappeared into the falling snow in the depths of the mountain.

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Planet Immortality was not large, yet it would take countless years to cover it on foot. Bu Fang, Whitey, and Dugu Wushuang, who had been following them, wandered around the planet. Starting from the mountain, they set out all over the world.

Wushuang was like a bodyguard watching over Bu Fang and helping with a lot of things. The latter did not refuse his help.

Ten years flew by. Bu Fang's face hardened a lot, and the wisdom in his eyes grew deeper. Wushuang was clad in ragged clothes, carrying the sword that had not been drawn for ten years, and his face was covered with a beard.

Whitey had not changed much. Its body was still riddled with cracks, and its mechanical eyes were as dull. Eighty was still small and cute. Even though they had walked a lot, it still maintained its fat figure.

...

Fifty years had passed, and they kept on walking.

Wushuang was beginning to show signs of old age. His back was bent, and blue veins appeared across his arms. But he did not complain and continued to walk with Bu Fang across the land. During the days following Bu Fang, he ate countless delicacies and even experienced an unprecedented change in his mindset.

In the past, he was known as the number one Sword God of the Empire. With the collapse of the Empire, however, people thought he was dead, and the legend of the so-called Sword God had long since disappeared from the world.

To be regarded as the Sword God, he had killed at least thousands of people with his sword. However, after following Bu Fang, it was as if he had experienced a spiritual baptism. Although he had not used his sword for decades, his understanding of the Way of the Sword had grown much deeper.

...

By the time their journey came to the hundredth year, they had traveled the entire planet. They had left their traces in the polar regions, in the endless forest, and in the vast oceans.

Wushuang had grown much older. His hair had turned gray, and his energy had withered. The Sword God of the generation was indeed getting old.

Bu Fang's appearance had not changed much, but the trace of aging could be seen in the depths of his eyes. After all, a hundred years had passed. His physical body might



not grow old, but his soul could not withstand the passage of time. His soul was already a mortal soul. However, his aura seemed more and more restrained.

Whitey and Eighty had not changed at all.

...

In the two-hundredth year, Wushuang could not walk anymore. He once stood at the top of this planet, but he had not found the way to immortality and was just a mortal.

Bu Fang also grew old. His hair was gray, and his face was lined with wrinkles. With a stooped back, he looked like an old man.

They did not continue to travel across the planet because they had been everywhere they could go. The world was big, but they had seen it all. In these two hundred years, they had seen the rise of empires and the fall of dynasties. They were tired of walking; it was time for them to have a rest.

They bought a house in the middle of town and lived in seclusion. Bu Fang went back to his old trade and opened a restaurant. Only, he ran it with a very casual attitude. He cooked only according to his mood.

Wushuang worked in the restaurant as a waiter. He had already put away his sword. Now, he did not know whether Bu Fang was an immortal or not. Why would an immortal grow old like a mortal?

However, there was no point in worrying about this anymore. He just wanted to live a quiet life. By tempering his heart in the world of mortals, he now possessed a stronger sword intent than that of the Sword God in his prime.

...

In the three-hundredth year, Wushuang's life came to an end. He could no longer walk and continue to be a waiter in the restaurant. Bu Fang looked old and clumsy, too. He sat quietly in the restaurant all day. The neighborhood had changed many times, and so did the neighbors.

The end of life was always calm and graceful.

In the restaurant, Bu Fang filled a cup with wine and held it up toward Wushuang, who was sitting opposite him. The latter was barely breathing as he looked at Bu Fang with cloudy eyes full of mixed emotions.

Whitey and Eighty were in the restaurant as well. The atmosphere was somewhat heavy. After a long time, a sigh rang out.

"Immortal Master... Wushuang will go first." The corners of Wushuang's wrinkled mouth lifted slightly.

Bu Fang drained the cup with one gulp.

With a rumbling sound, a sword intent that had swept away the vanity and was extremely sharp shot into the sky, blooming into terrifying sword energy. The sword intent that Wushuang had nurtured for three hundred years shocked the world. It was as if the legendary Sword God had returned to the world.

In the restaurant, Dugu Wushuang, after releasing the sword intent, bowed his head contentedly, his hands hanging feebly at his waist. Bu Fang held his cup, the wine in it rippling. After a long time, he sighed.

"A vain life that passes in a snap of a finger..."

At this moment, Lord Bird appeared in the sky with his hands behind his back. At the same time, many figures flew across the starry sky and arrived outside Planet Immortality with complicated eyes. Their auras were all very powerful, for they were all the almighty experts of the Primitive Universe.

On this day, all the almighty experts of the Primitive Universe descended to Planet Immortality.

#### *Chapter 1814: Take the Path That Needs to Be Taken*

When the vanity was gone, all that remained was silence and loneliness.

Bu Fang sat quietly and calmly in the restaurant. The wine was rippling in the cup in his hand.

Opposite him, Dugu Wushuang's head was hanging low, lifeless. He used to be a Sword God and a cultivator, but on Planet Immortality, those who did not become immortals were mortals, and life would always come to an end for them. Now, after following Bu Fang for three hundred years, his life finally came to an end.

His life force had been exhausted, and the last wisp of it was turned into a dazzling sword intent that bloomed in the sky. Dugu's thoughts were simple. Since he was going to die, he wanted to leave one last awesome sight in this world.

And he did. His sword intent caused the whole planet to shake. Countless experts were amazed, and many who stood at the pinnacle of martial arts were terrified. They could feel the invincibility and loneliness powerful enough to tear the void from it.

The sword intent was not weaker than a sword strike of an immortal!

However, the stunning stroke was just the beginning. Everyone on the planet was looking up at the starry sky and was horrified to find many shooting stars descending from outer space. A massive meteor shower shocked the world.

At first, they thought it was just a meteor shower, but they soon found out that they were wrong. When the dazzling light faded away, out of these shooting stars came figures who could walk in the air.

Immortals!

The whole planet was boiling. Everyone knelt on the ground, while countless martial arts experts roared and screamed, their faces covered with desire. The people on Planet Immortality had always searched for the path to immortality, but no one had ever seen one for tens of thousands of years. Now, they finally saw the legendary immortals!

Millions of people became very excited as one immortal after another descended. They knelt, kowtowed, and prayed to the heavens that the immortals would bring them to the path to immortality.

...

Houtu's gaze was somewhat complicated as she looked at the mortals below. 'This planet is too backward. The concentration of its spiritual energy is not even one hundredth that of the Primitive Universe. Is this where that man is hiding?'

She sighed. It had been more than three hundred years since that great war—Bu Fang had disappeared for so long. During this time, everything was very calm, but the raging dark tide that existed under this calm was what worried them.

That time, everyone thought the end was coming. After all, Soul God, who was as formidable as the Primitive Great Path, had descended. However, to everyone's surprise, the supreme Soul God was eventually suppressed and sealed by Bu Fang at the cost of losing all his cultivation base.

Down below, countless mortals were kneeling and kowtowing. Houtu could feel wisps of mental force rising into the sky. These were the faith of the mortals. She sighed again.

'Why is Bu Fang hiding on this planet? Is it just because it's backward? Did he want to die quietly here in old age? The mortals here are constantly seeking the path to

immortality, but they don't know that a true almighty expert has been hiding among them all along...

'An immortal living among the mortals... Perhaps he is the only one who could do such a thing.'

...

Houtu landed in the middle of the busy city. She made her appearance look simple and plain so that no mortal could recognize her. With a flash of light, Yang Jian appeared in plain clothes as well. The Celestial Hound was at his heel.

They nodded to each other and looked in the direction of the restaurant, in which they sensed a familiar aura. It was Bu Fang's aura, but it was so weak that it seemed to go out at any moment.

"Bu Fang..."

Houtu and Yang Jian sighed at the same time, while the Celestial Hound gave a small whine.

They stepped into the restaurant. Inside, the decoration was very comfortable and the atmosphere cozy. Some common flowers and plants were planted in a corner, giving off a fresh scent that filled the air.

Whitey's dull mechanical eyes turned, glanced briefly at Houtu and Yang Jian as they entered the restaurant, and then ignored them. Eighty was lying listlessly on the ground in a somewhat depressed mood. When it saw them, it just turned its head slightly.

Outside the restaurant, more and more immortals and deities of the Primitive Universe descended. For them, three hundred years was just a snap of the fingers. Bu Fang's reputation was still being sung among them, and just the name of the Cooking God who suppressed Soul God alone was enough to make them travel millions of miles here. They wanted to see him with their own eyes.

When Houtu saw Bu Fang, she gasped and covered her mouth with disbelief in her eyes. His hair was all white now, his face was wrinkled, and he was clad in a tattered robe. His former paralyzed face was still faintly visible, but its sharpness was softened by wisdom now. 'How did he become so old?'

Yang Jian's expression was complicated. For mortals, three hundred years of life was already the limit. Had it not been for his extraordinary fleshly body, Bu Fang would have died in the two-hundredth year. Although he had transformed into a mortal, he could not have aged like this. With his previous foundation, he needed only a little cultivation to become an Immortal King and attain immortality.

‘Did he give up cultivation himself?’ Yang Jian could not help but think.

When the Celestial Hound saw Bu Fang, it ran over and licked his face with an excited look in its eyes. Bu Fang rubbed its head. Looking at it, he could not help but think of Lord Dog. To Lord Dog, Nethery, and the others, three hundred years was just a snap of the fingers, but to Bu Fang, it was almost a lifetime.

Different people viewed time differently depending on how high they stood. If Bu Fang were an immortal, three hundred years would have passed in a flash. But to mortals, three hundred years were three lifetimes.

“You...”

Houtu wanted to say something, but Bu Fang lifted his withered hand and waved at her. “You don’t have to say anything... Do me a favor.” He raised his head, his cloudy eyes looking up at Houtu.

That gave Houtu pause.

Bu Fang pointed to Dugu Wushuang, who sat opposite him with his head hung low, and said, “This boy has followed me for three hundred years. If he had drawn his sword and cut the void a hundred years ago, he would have had a chance to become an immortal. Unfortunately, he gave up that opportunity and chose to continue to follow me. Now, I want you to help me bring him back to life.”

Yang Jian and Houtu turned to Wushuang, their eyes flickering. Although the latter had died from losing all his life force, the sword intent left in his body was terrifying.

‘Can a mere mortal also attain such a terrifying sword intent?! Sure enough, none of those who followed Bu Fang are ordinary...’

Houtu nodded. With Bu Fang’s status and station, it was not too much to ask this. Planet Immortality’s lives were also in the Transmigration of the Primitive Universe, so of course she could save Wushuang. She raised her hand. With energy swirling in her palm, she tapped lightly as if she was picking a leaf.

Wushuang had only died not too long ago, so his soul had not yet dissipated. With the guidance of Houtu’s energy, it was quickly gathered. Although he was the so-called Sword God, he was no different from a mortal in their eyes.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian lifted his hand and flicked his fingers. A stream of energy flew out and fell on Wushuang, and then his old body began to recover at a rate visible to the naked eye. Soon, he was back to his younger days. It was as if time had been turned back three hundred years in his body.

Of course, Yang Jian's approach was not about reversing time. He merely helped Wushuang restore his life force, allowing his body to be filled with vitality again.

With the return of his soul and the restoration of his youthful body, Wushuang soon opened his eyes. He gasped for air, and his forehead was covered with beads of sweat.

'I'm dead? No... I'm not dead! I'm alive again?! How can I be alive again? My life has come to an end, and I've even seen the Transmigration... How did I come back to life?!'

Wushuang looked down at his body. The flesh that was bursting with life force made him suck in a cold breath. "I..." he opened his mouth. He saw Houtu and Yang Jian, then turned his head to see Bu Fang sitting not far away. 'Did Immortal Master save me? Did he finally make a move?'

"Owner Bu, come back with us. You can cultivate again. When Soul God breaks the seal, we need you to suppress him again." Houtu looked at Bu Fang with eager eyes. Saving Wushuang was just a matter of passing, and getting Bu Fang back to the Primitive Universe was the most important task.

Yang Jian did not say anything but just looked at Bu Fang with anticipation. The Celestial Hound stuck out its tongue and licked Bu Fang's face. Everyone was waiting for his answer.

In the sky, Lord Bird's body was shrouded in a mist. Looking at Bu Fang, he sighed, then disappeared into the void again.

For three hundred years, he had witnessed Bu Fang's transformation, which took place in the deepest of his soul. He also watched Bu Fang's cooking skills grow. He never imagined that at Bu Fang's level, his cooking skills could still rise at such a speed.

Now, every dish that Bu Fang cooked contained the most genuine and pure emotions. This impressed Lord Bird. When they were at the relics of the ancient Heavengods, they had discussed cooking. At that time, Bu Fang insisted that the quality of the ingredients determined the standard of the cuisine.

Lord Bird had refuted that with a jar of Heavengod Husband and Wife Wine. Little did he know that hundreds of years later, Bu Fang would give up the path he had been insisting on and embark on the path of emotional cooking, fusing emotions in every dish just like the Husband and Wife Wine.

But the path of emotional cooking was even harder to walk. It could hardly reach the end, for some emotions could only be witnessed by death.

For three hundred years, Lord Bird had been hiding in the void and guarding Bu Fang. He witnessed how Bu Fang comprehended the emotional path by traveling the planet,

starting from the first emotion for the villagers to the emotions he saw in his journey across the land.

Bu Fang walked around the globe as a spectator, witnessing many emotions and combining them. Now, he had been stripped of all the glitz and dross, and all that remained to him was the essence.

Unfortunately, the emotional path was not so simple to walk after all.

...

Bu Fang shook his head, raised his cup, and finished the wine in one gulp. He turned his head to Wushuang. "You are an immortal now. Are you staying, or are you going to leave?" he asked. The look in his eyes was indifferent, so calm that it left Houtu and Yang Jian a little scared.

Wushuang was still somewhat confused—he needed to gather his thoughts. 'I'm already an immortal?' With a thought in his mind, the energy in him surged. His face turned red.

After following Bu Fang for three hundred years, the sword intent he had comprehended had long since been able to shatter the void. Although his comprehension was not as profound as that of Bu Fang, his doubts were often answered by Bu Fang during the process. As a result, his sword was not a ruthless sword, but an emotional sword that incorporated his own emotions.

"Immortal Master... Wushuang swears to follow you to death!" He knelt on the ground and looked at Bu Fang excitedly.

Bu Fang nodded and said nothing more to Wushuang. Then, he told Houtu and Yang Jian to leave.

"Leave me alone. I will return when it's time, and if I can't, everything will have to follow the rules. The Country Painting can only suppress Soul God for a thousand years. If I force my return, I won't be able to stop him when he breaks the seal, so it is pointless," Bu Fang said.

"I've paid what I owe. Now, all I have to do is walk the path I need to walk."

Bu Fang's words caused Houtu and Yang Jian to frown. They could not guess what he was thinking, and they were helpless about his stubbornness. With no other way to pursue him, they left the restaurant.

However, the other immortals and deities kept entering the restaurant to visit Bu Fang. When he could no longer stand to be disturbed again and again, he asked Whitey, who



had been silent for a long time, to throw them out. After a few immortals were stripped naked, these curious little immortals and deities finally quieted down.

Wushuang was horrified. Only now did he realize that the muddle-headed puppet was so fearsome!

The immortals took up residence outside the restaurant. Time flew, and two hundred years had passed again.

#### *Chapter 1815: Flowery and Niu Hansan*

1

Planet Immortality was very lively. The presence of the immortals had made this planet, which was so small that it would not be noticed by anyone in the universe, become famous. At the same time, the increase in the number of experts also accelerated its development.

Influenced by the power of many almighty experts, the spiritual energy on the planet also gradually became denser. As immortals, it was not difficult for them to influence the development of a planet with their auras.

Because of the increase in immortals and the fact that they couldn't cultivate in this energy-starved planet for two hundred years, they found something interesting to do as a way to pass the time in the boring years. A few hundred years was still considered a long time if they did not cultivate.

So these immortals established clans, sects, and various powers, turning Planet Immortality, which was once dominated by mortals, into a world dominated by immortals. Some of them even participated in the establishment and change of mortal dynasties. They were amused by the sense of being in charge.

Of course, the immortals who would be so bored were mostly those whose cultivation base was not too powerful. They were usually Immortal Kings, Immortal Emperors, or Saints of the Great Path, and they all lived in the human world like mortals.

More and more immortals had gathered around Bu Fang's restaurant, and his business was booming. However, no matter how popular it was, he still ran the restaurant with a casual attitude. If he did not want to open for business, no one could force him, not even when those immortals knelt and begged him.

Although he was only a mortal now and only cooked ordinary dishes that did not contain any spiritual energy, the immortals still enjoyed his cooking with relish.

Yang Jian and the Celestial Hound seemed to have settled down near the restaurant. He would come to the restaurant every day to eat, then take the black dog for a walk. In fact, he had quit his job as a guardian of the Celestial Court and was living near the restaurant. He just did not expect that he would stay here for so long.

He seemed to have also comprehended something after living a quiet life for two hundred years. In the past, he was like the brightest star, sharp enough to tear apart heaven and earth. He was a genius in the Celestial Court with an astounding cultivation base, and his halberd had killed so many enemies that all immortals feared him greatly.

However, after staying near Bu Fang for two hundred years, his murderous nature had become much more restrained. His every move was like a mortal now. As for the black dog, it might have forgotten that it was the Celestial Hound.

It ate and slept every day, and ate again after waking up. Its body had become twice as fat, and it no longer had the heroic appearance of the number one divine dog of the Celestial Court. But it enjoyed this kind of lifestyle very much. After all, not everyone could eat the dishes cooked by Cooking God Bu every day.

...

Wisps of smoke swirled in the kitchen. Bu Fang sat quietly on a futon. In the center of the restaurant was a small tree. He had found it during his travels in an uninhabited land full of jagged rocks. The place was riddled with boulders, so hot in the day and so cold at night that even he felt uncomfortable.

In such an extreme environment, the small tree grew from the middle of two boulders. When Bu Fang saw it, its roots climbing on the surface of the rock were almost dry. Obviously, it was about to die. If he had not found it, no matter how hard it tried to fight the cruel fate, it would eventually be defeated by the great force of nature.

Bu Fang was deeply touched. The little tree's strong will to live struck him, so he took it away. If he had left it where it was, the little sapling would have soon died.

The sapling was now thriving in his restaurant. As its branches and leaves swayed, they seemed to emanate the aura of a Supreme Path. After following Bu Fang for hundreds of years, it was already infused with his Path.

Amidst the rustling of the leaves, Bu Fang opened his eyes and stood up. His back was a little hunched. Even though his body was stronger than those mortals, two hundred years had pretty much worn out his vitality.

When a man got old, he pondered about more things. That was the case with Bu Fang now. He sometimes wondered if he was on the right path. Anyone who faces death fears it, especially the slow, unstoppable death of old age. The fear of waiting for life to come to an end was like an endless nightmare that swallows up everything in a person.

Bu Fang lightly thumped his back. His movement caused Wushuang, who was sitting cross-legged in the restaurant, to open his eyes.

“Master Bu.” Wushuang walked over and gave Bu Fang his arm. “Do you still want to open the restaurant today? Your condition...” he said worriedly.

In a corner, Eighty was lying listlessly on Whitey’s head.

Bu Fang waved his hand and opened his eyes slightly. “Don’t worry. Just open the door,” he said, then made his way slowly to the kitchen.

Wushuang sighed. He was now known as Dugu the Sword Immortal. Influenced by Bu Fang, his cultivation base had skyrocketed, and he was just one step away from being an Immortal King. His sword was so powerful that it could cut the heavens. Even Yang Jian had praised it before.

Two hundred years ago, he had unleashed his sword once. That time, an immortal puffed up with pride had asked Bu Fang to cook for him. Even though he was rejected, he kept on pestering Bu Fang. Without saying a word, Wushuang drew his sword, slew the immortal with a single stroke, and slashed the soul into pieces.

Since then, the whole Planet Immortality knew how terrible the Sword Immortal was, and no one dared to cause trouble in the restaurant again. Bu Fang’s life had become much quieter.

In the past, Bu Fang had awed the universe for suppressing and sealing Soul God, but he was only a mortal now. Because of that, many of the more extreme immortals and deities wanted to get the inheritance or higher-level cultivation methods from him.

Of course, these immortals and deities were fools, the kind with low cultivation bases. The truly formidable ones were deeply aware of Bu Fang’s terror. They were not only afraid of him, but also of Whitey, whose body was covered with cracks and rust.

Yes, Whitey was rusting. As Bu Fang grew old, so did it. Its metal skin was covered with rust now, making it look old and in disrepair. Eighty, on the other hand, had not eaten for years. It seemed to have sensed something, and every day it just lay listlessly on Whitey’s head, staring blankly at the restaurant.

Wushuang sighed, walked to the old wooden door, and pushed it open.

As soon as the door opened, it attracted the attention of countless immortals and deities. Streams of light flew in from all directions as they scrambled to be the first to enter the restaurant, fearing that if they were slow, they would not be able to eat anything.

Many immortals now pursued Bu Fang's dishes, not for the sake of improving their cultivation base but to enter a higher realm. During these two hundred years, there had been several immortals who had eaten his dishes and broke through to a higher realm in a moment of thought.

There were even some who became Immortal Kings right after eating his dishes. This skyrocketed the restaurant's reputation and attracted countless immortals to this remote planet from all over the universe.

"Line up in order... We only serve ten people today," Wushuang said indifferently as he stood at the door, eyes downcast. It had been two hundred years since he had drawn his sword, but his aura was getting more and more terrifying.

The immortals descended and lined up in a quiet and orderly manner.

Yang Jian walked into the restaurant with the Celestial Hound. Wushuang nodded at him.

"Wushuang... your state of mind is still too sharp. You need to be more rounded so you can be stronger. After all, excessive strength gives easy access to fracturing," Yang Jian said with a smile.

Wushuang cupped his fist respectfully.

Yang Jian sat in the restaurant and waited quietly. For two hundred years, he had been the first diner every time. Who dared to challenge him when he wanted to be the first? Those immortals outside certainly dared not.

The aroma of food wafted out from the kitchen.

Wushuang swept the immortals with his cold, sharp eyes. Five hundred years ago, he was very respectful to the immortals because he wanted to seek immortality. But after following Bu Fang for five hundred years, he finally learned that the so-called immortals were nothing to be afraid of. They were all mere wretches on the way to eternal life.

Suddenly, the tinkle of a bell rang out of the kitchen. Wushuang hurriedly walked into it, brought out a steaming dish, and set it in front of Yang Jian. The Celestial Hound stood up and put its two front feet on the table.

"Oh, it's fried rice today." Yang Jian narrowed his eyes and smiled. Then, he picked up a spoon and started eating.

It was not Egg-Fried Rice but fried rice. Under its simple appearance was something extraordinary. It contained many ingredients, but no matter how rich they were, the essence of the rice could not be concealed.

Nowadays, diners no longer needed to order what they wanted to eat. When they came into the restaurant, they ate whatever Bu Fang cooked for them. It was the same even for Yang Jian.

He put the spoon into his mouth. The aromatic rice and the other ingredients made him feel as if he was experiencing the vanity of the world. He closed his eyes and ate quietly. After a long time, he sighed.

Bu Fang's cooking skills were getting better and better. In the past, his dishes were simply breathtaking and appetizing. But now, they would make one's soul tremble and be deeply moved no matter how simple they were.

'Is this his improvement? But the price... Can he really take it?'

Yang Jian opened his eyes, which were filled with confusion. During that battle hundreds of years ago, Soul God's words and the Primitive Great Path's silence had brought a violent impact to the souls of many experts of the Primitive Universe, including him.

"The ruthless path, the emotional path... Is it true that to set foot on the pinnacle of the universe, you must give up your emotions and desires, otherwise you cannot succeed?"

'Soul God did not hesitate to sacrifice the seven Great Soul Overlords. Even Soul, who admired him greatly, was ruthlessly abandoned by him. As for the Primitive Great Path, when the Primitive Universe was in danger of being destroyed, it remained indifferent...

'Is this really what the path seekers want?'

Even though it was just a simple dish of fried rice, it caused Yang Jian's mood to fluctuate.

...

Tens of thousands of miles beyond Planet Immortality, a giant python flew across the starry sky. Suddenly, it burst into a green light and transformed into an adorable young girl. A man with a cow head stopped beside her, and together, they landed on a dead planet, looking at the blue planet in the distance.

"We're here at last," said the girl, her voice sweet and full of energy.

The cow-headed man's eyes sparkled. "Owner Bu, you're not going to abandon me..." He took out a spirit fruit and gave it a bite.

Flowery glanced at Niu Hansan, then turned her eyes to Planet Immortality again, gritting her teeth.

She had been cultivating in seclusion for hundreds of years, and on the day she came out, she had reached the ultimate level of the Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python. And with the help of Niu Hansan, she had even completed an unprecedented evolution. Her cultivation base now was no longer the same as before. However, when she came out of seclusion, she found that everything had changed.

The familiar aura on Planet Immortality made her eyes twinkle, and her heart, which had long been very calm, was fluttering.

“Let’s go,” said Flowery.

Niu Hansan nodded excitedly—he was finally going to see Bu Fang. Flowery transformed into a green python again and flew toward Planet Immortality in a stream of green light.

As they passed through the planet’s atmosphere, Yang Jian, who was eating in the restaurant, opened his eyes slightly and frowned. “A Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python who had reached the ultimate level? What a fearsome aura...”

The immortals and deities on Planet Immortality were all shocked. When they looked up at the sky, they saw a terrifying python descending.

“Haha! Owner Bu, your Niu Hansan’s back!” The cow-headed man’s laughter resounded throughout the planet.

Ting-a-ling!

The curtain on the kitchen door was lifted. Bu Fang, stooping, slowly walked out and wiped the water off his hands with a clean cloth.

“Well... It’s about time for old friends to come to see me.” His eyes were calm, but emotions were surging behind them.

Wushuang paused for a moment, then his eyes turned red.

*Chapter 1816: Ten Thousand Flowers Bloom with a Thought*

The arrival of Niu Hansan and Flowery shocked a lot of people on Planet Immortality, but only for a short moment. After all, a lot of almighty experts had descended here in the past two hundred years. They quickly regained their composure.

After sensing the aura of the restaurant, the two of them flew directly to it. When they landed in front of it, all the immortals who were waiting in line turned their eyes on them. These immortals did not know Niu Hansan and Flowery, but their powerful aura made them wary.

They went straight to the restaurant. As they approached the door, however, they were stopped by Dugu Wushuang.

"We want to see Owner Bu," said Flowery.

After hundreds of years, she had grown more mature and beautiful, and her every move was attractive. This was the charming aura emitted by a Seven-colored Sky Devouring Python that had reached the ultimate level.

Wushuang's eyes were cold, and he was unmoved.

Niu Hansan came up to him and said with a smile, "Little brother, looks like you are Owner Bu's new waiter. Let us in. We are Owner Bu's old acquaintances."

"Get in the line," Wushuang said indifferently, glancing at both of them.

Niu Hansan froze. 'This dude is really stubborn...'

The immortals around them looked like they were waiting for a good show.

Flowery frowned and cast her gaze into the restaurant. However, before she could call out, Bu Fang's voice came through the door.

"Wushuang, let them in."

Wushuang nodded, then stepped aside and said, "Please come in."

With his eyes narrowed, Niu Hansan took out a spirit fruit and tossed it to Wushuang. "That's more like it. Here, little brother, take this spirit fruit," he said, smiling.

Wushuang took it with a cold face. The abundant spiritual energy in the fruit made his pupils narrow instantly. Niu Hansan grinned. This was the product of his hybridization studies, and he did not give it to anyone.

They stepped through the door and entered the restaurant. Once inside, the familiar style was so comfortable to Niu Hansan that he took a deep breath.



Yang Jian glanced at them and said nothing. Bu Fang, on the other hand, sat on a futon under the tree with a cup of hot tea in his hand, calmly watching Niu Hansan and Flowery as they entered the restaurant.

Niu Hansan froze the moment he saw Bu Fang. 'What happened?! Why has the once vigorous Owner Bu grown so old? With his cultivation base, how could he have become so old? Am I hallucinating?'

"Owner Bu..."

Niu Hansan spoke anxiously, but Bu Fang cut him short with a wave of his hand.

Flowery pursed her lips, and her gaze was very complicated. She could not believe what Bu Fang had become. 'There's no aura of spiritual energy in him... He has become a mortal. The fearsome man I know has fallen into this state...'

Niu Hansan fell silent. Ever since the Heaven and Earth Farmland was separated from Bu Fang and began to wander the universe, he knew that something bad had happened to Bu Fang. However, he did not expect at all that Bu Fang, who used to be incredibly powerful, had actually become a mortal.

'Moreover, Owner Bu's life force seems to have reached a point where it is completely depleted... Dammit!'

Niu Hansan began to rummage through his dimensional storage, taking out one spirit fruit after another, only to throw them all away. After a while, he became frustrated because he found that none of the fruits he had produced with hybridization could help Bu Fang's current condition.

"You don't have to search any further. This is the path I have chosen for myself," said Bu Fang.

Niu Hansan stopped his movements, then flew to Bu Fang's side and cried miserably. "Owner Bu... What would I do if you died of old age? I feel so bad now... No one will ever talk to me about hybridization again... I feel really bad..."

Bu Fang and Flowery were both taken aback and speechless.

"Now, stop being such a weepy creature. Get up," Bu Fang said, glaring at Niu Hansan.

The cow-headed man rose to his feet with sniffles and tears. Flowery walked over and looked at Bu Fang with complicated eyes.

"You've come out of seclusion? You're just in time. I have something for you to take out for me," Bu Fang said.

That gave Flowery pause.

"I didn't think I'd be able to see you." The corners of Bu Fang's mouth lifted slightly as he shook his head. The wrinkles on his face trembled a little with his movements.

"Why do you have to be like this? You can stand at the top of the universe," said Flowery.

"How am I not standing at the top of the universe now?"

Bu Fang gave Flowery a playful look. She was slightly stunned by his reply.

Bu Fang chose to walk his own path and finally came to a world of his own through it. As such, he might already be above the universe. It was a mystical feeling.

"Men are infinitesimal but also great..." Bu Fang said, then added, "Wait here." With that, he turned and went into the kitchen.

Everyone was stunned. Was Bu Fang going to cook?

Wushuang sighed. It was the first time he had ever seen Bu Fang like this. Could that moment really be coming? His heart grew heavy, and he felt it hard to accept.

He had learned about Bu Fang's deeds from the mouths of many immortals. It turned out that Bu Fang was a true almighty expert in the universe, a terrifying existence that could wipe out Planet Immortality with a single thought. However, he now seemed to be an old man who was about to die and was telling others his last wishes.

The sound of cooking came from the kitchen. It was not loud, but it made everyone's heart heavy. The fragrance wafted out and lingered in the air.

Flowery sat down in a chair and waited quietly. Niu Hansan was slumped over a table, weeping. Yang Jian finished his fried rice, but he was not leaving. He felt as if something big was going to happen today, so he decided to wait.

The immortals lining up outside also fell silent, and they all stared into the restaurant. Everyone felt that something unimaginable was about to happen.

Wushuang sat cross-legged with his sword on his back, his eyes red.

The restaurant was quiet except for the sounds of Bu Fang's cooking and Niu Hansan's sobbing. Flowery wished she could slap Niu Hansan now. Couldn't he be more serious?

Time went by slowly. At last, the sounds of cooking stopped coming from the kitchen. Everyone became a little breathless.

Bu Fang walked slowly out of the kitchen, his back stooped. In his hand, he held a rosewood lunch box. He came to the dining area, set the box on the table, and exhaled.

All eyes fell on the lunch box, while Flowery and Niu Hansan stared at it with a complicated look on their faces.

Bu Fang removed the lid and took out one steaming dish after another.

“Take this... Dragon Blood Rice to Void City and give it to Nethery... She should have it on the day she comes out of seclusion.”

Bu Fang brought out the glittering fried rice. Although he had lost his cultivation base, he could still cook dishes that contained spiritual energy with his cooking skills.

Flowery nodded.

“This is Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs... Help me give it to Lord Dog in the Chaos Space. He hasn’t had this dish in a long time. I’m afraid he has lost some weight.” The corners of Bu Fang’s mouth lifted slightly, then he went on, “And Er Ha’s spicy strips... It must be hard for him that he didn’t get to eat spicy strips for so long...”

“Here’s a portion of beef meatballs. They’re just ordinary meatballs, but I don’t think Foxy would mind.

“As for Shrimpy... Give him this jar of wine for me.”

Flowery’s face grew unsightly as Bu Fang brought out one dish after another. These were all dishes she was familiar with, but why did Bu Fang have to bring them out at this moment?

“I don’t want to... You can do this yourself.” She frowned and shook her head in refusal.

Bu Fang gave her a look and said, “Stop that now.”

That made Flowery shudder. After a long pause, she sighed and shook her head. A flash of light appeared and took away all the dishes. Then, she turned around and walked out of the restaurant. As she stepped through the door, she turned back and said seriously to Bu Fang, “Just remember, if they want more, I’ll come back to you.”

Bu Fang nodded with a faint smile.

Niu Hansan sniffled. “Owner Bu, what about me?” he asked.

Bu Fang glanced at him, then raised his hand and waved to Eighty, who was lying listlessly on Whitey’s head.

Eighty's eyes lit up. It hopped and appeared in front of Bu Fang the next moment. Rubbing its head, Bu Fang said, "Take care of Eighty for me... It's probably the best ingredient in the world today."

'Eh?' Eighty's body instantly stiffened. 'I'm not the best ingredient! I'm just a chicken!'

Niu Hansan took Eighty by the neck and nodded repeatedly. "I'll become the greatest Father of Hybridization between heaven and earth! Just leave it to me!" he promised solemnly.

Bu Fang arched his brows and hesitated for a moment. Somehow, he was not quite sure about this decision when he heard that. But he did not say anything in the end. Then, he turned to Dugu Wushuang, who came up to him.

"Master Bu."

"You don't have to watch over me anymore... It's time for you to go out and experience the world... There's a big world out there, and your sword can be stronger," Bu Fang said. "As long as you hold on to your Sword Path, sooner or later, you will be able to reach the height I once was."

Wushuang's eyes turned a little red, and he nodded gravely. "I will!"

In the distance, Yang Jian sighed. He could see Bu Fang's life force starting to dissipate. Bu Fang was once a Chaotic Saint, so his life form had jumped out of the Primitive Universe and was not in the bondage of this universe. As a result, when his life force dissipated, he could not enter the Transmigration.

Bu Fang raised his head, and with an indifferent look on his face, he said, "The restaurant is closed from this day forward. You may all leave now."

His words shocked everyone.

In the distance, Whitey, whose body was covered with cracks and rust, stood up. A long-lost gleam of light flashed in its mechanical eyes.

Then, as the crowd watched in bewilderment, Bu Fang and Whitey disappeared at the same time.

"Ten thousand flowers bloom with a thought..."

As Bu Fang's faint sigh lingered in the air, beautiful flowers bloomed on the strong little tree. In a flash, the whole restaurant was filled with dazzling light, and holy flowers were blooming under everyone's feet.

Then, the flowers fell and drifted away in all directions with the restaurant as the center...

*Chapter 1817: The God Who Helps You Take the Last Step*

One flower, two flowers... Ten thousand flowers spread all over the city from the restaurant. Green branches spread, twisted, and covered with flower buds, which vibrated and then quietly bloomed. For a moment, the whole city was flooded with beautiful flowers, and the air was filled with fragrance.

The immortals fell silent. Niu Hansan, holding Eighty in his arms, had tears trickling down his cheeks.

"How did such an awesome man like Owner Bu get to this point..."

Carrying the rosewood lunch box, Flowery's eyes flickered slightly.

Yang Jian sighed and stood up. A dazzling light burst from him, and then he was clad in his armor and holding his spear. The Celestial Hound stood behind him, emitting black smoke. "It's time to go back," he said. The next moment, he stepped on a cloud, turned into a stream of light, and soared into the sky.

The mortals were gasping in amazement. They had never seen anything like this. Even the emperor and the courtiers in the palace were startled and looked in disbelief.

Almost everyone was kneeling on the ground, kowtowing and praying. In just the blink of an eye, the whole city was covered with flowers. Such an auspicious phenomenon excited them, and they believed that praying at this moment could make their dreams come true.

Wushuang did not leave. He leaned against the wall of the restaurant, slowly slid down, and sat on the floor. He sighed and covered his face with his hands. The sword was thrown on the floor by him. He was a little lost now.

Bu Fang told him to leave the restaurant and travel to the outside world, and said that perhaps after traveling, he could attain a greater breakthrough in his strength. But he did not do that. Instead, he just stayed in the restaurant and sat on the floor quietly.

Niu Hansan did not leave either. He chose to stay in the restaurant like Wushuang with Eighty in his arms. He was confident that Bu Fang would return.

He could still vividly remember the moment when he was caught by Bu Fang and brought into the farmland. He thought he was going to die, but then felt that he was better off dead. After all, his life in Ruin Prison had not been so good.

Little did he realize that his life in the farmland was getting better and better. He was full of positive thoughts about his future and even realized his value. He learned to crossbreed, played his part, and became the Father of Hybridization in the fantasy world.

He remembered his discussions with Bu Fang about making the Perishing Pot and incorporating the Will of the Great Path into the ingredients. When he thought of it now, it seemed like a lifetime ago.

Eighty was also listless and had lost all appetite.

Flowery was gone. She was going to do what she had to do. Since she had promised Bu Fang, she naturally had to fulfill it. Niu Hansan did not go with her, and she did not force him.

She turned into a giant python and flew across the sky, holding the lunch box in her mouth. Strange energies seemed to flow in it. In fact, the box contained only gourmet food made with ordinary ingredients.

...

The four almighty experts sitting cross-legged on the walls of Hangu Pass slowly opened their eyes.

Tongtian had a complicated look on his face. He stood up, put his hands behind his back, and gazed up at the dish suspended in the distant starry sky.

It was glowing brilliantly like the most amazing dish in the world, attracting everyone's attention. Just the sight of it filled people with an appetite. Of course, anyone who saw it would like to taste it, but no one dared to do that.

That was because a terrifying existence was being suppressed by that simple dish, and it was also surrounded by a variety of powerful arrays, each with frightening power. These arrays were there to prevent the terrible being from breaking the seal.

"Five hundred years have passed in a flash..."

Tongtian sighed. He did not expect time to pass so quickly. Bu Fang's dish could only seal Soul God for a thousand years. Now, half of the time had already passed. It was as if there was an hourglass, counting down to the arrival of that day.

With a deep look in his eyes, he took a step, disappeared from the wall, and flew across the boundless universe in a beam of light.

...

Clad in a Daoist robe and carrying the Qingping Sword, Tongtian walked slowly on Planet Immortality. Not far ahead of him was a restaurant surrounded by blooming flowers.

His pupils narrowed slightly. He could see that those flowers were all condensed of will and contained energy that made his heart throb. Walking through the sea of flowers, he came to the front of the restaurant. There were two men and a chicken sitting at the door.

Niu Hansan was sobbing sadly. Tongtian glanced indifferently at him, then turned to Dugu Wushuang. Looking at him, Tongtian felt as if he was looking at a sharp sword ready to be drawn.

‘This is a genius of the Sword Path, and his understanding of sword intent is far beyond those so-called sword immortals,’ Tongtian thought. ‘Given enough time to grow, he could even reach the level of a Chaotic Saint. What a rare genius.’

Wushuang glanced at Tongtian with sadness in his eyes.

Tongtian did not say anything—he just shook his head. He saw despair in those eyes. He wanted to take Wushuang as his disciple, but he knew that he would be rejected if he brought it out now.

Locking his hands in an incantation gesture, Tongtian’s divine sense spread and instantly covered the whole Planet Immortality. After a long time, he sighed. He had come too late.

‘Has he really been reduced to a decaying mortal and disappeared from this world? Did he fail to find his path and come to the end of his life?’

Tongtian’s eyes flickered with a complex look. The next moment, he took a step, turned into a sword, and sped into the sky.

...

In a remote mountain on Planet Immortality, two figures were trudging through the old and new snow that had covered the narrow path.

Bu Fang took one slow step at a time, stooping. He had left footprints in the snow, but the wind had brought new snow and covered them. Whitey followed closely behind, its mechanical eyes flashing.



In the distance, a hut emerged.

After walking for a long time, Bu Fang finally came to the hut. He gently pushed aside the fence and shook off the snow. He was back in this familiar place. He went into the yard, pushed open the wooden door, and took out the bamboo chair. Unfortunately, it had rotted, and the hut was almost as rotten as he was about to decay.

Bu Fang did not sit on the chair, but on the steps in front of the hut. Whitey sat beside him, covered with patches of rust and almost as rotten as he was. The air was very quiet.

In the past, he had chosen to retire here and live a simple and carefree life, and here he sat down again. His eyes gleamed as he lowered his head. At this moment, all the sounds became very clear to him.

He heard the sounds of insects chirping, melting snow, the soft whistling of the wind, children playing in a new village at the foot of the mountain, and fish swimming in a frozen river on the mountain...

Suddenly Bu Fang came to himself. He turned to look at Whitey beside him. Dots of white light were drifting out from its body, flying and fading away in the air.

Looking at Bu Fang with its mechanical eyes, Whitey reached out a hand and patted him on the shoulder. Then, its body began to turn into white light and kept fading away.

Ting-a-ling!

A wind chime sounded.

Bu Fang watched blankly as Whitey, who had been with him for so long, turned into white light and rushed into the sky. He stretched out his hand to catch it, but it slipped through his fingers like sand. A sense of loss filled him and made him sad.

He brought his hand to his face and looked at his fingers. His fingertips, like Whitey, were turning into dots of white light, which appeared like the teleportation array the System had built for him when it first appeared.

Bu Fang looked up at the sky. Soon, his body completely turned into dots of white light and flew into the sky.

Ting-a-ling!

The wind chime rang out again. There was nothing left in front of the decaying hut. As the snow kept blowing, it collapsed with a rumble and was completely reduced to ruins. Before long, everything was covered by the snow. The people and things that once existed here had finally become the dust of history.

Bu Fang and Whitey truly vanished this time.

...

In the gloom, Bu Fang opened his eyes.

Was he dead? He glanced down. His aging body was gone, and he was tall and lean again, just as he had been when he inherited the System.

Bu Fang was slightly stunned. He did not want to take the path of ruthlessness not because of any other reason, just because he was a chef. If he was ruthless, how could he cook delicious dishes? Dishes without emotion were not what he was after.

He did not deny that there was a reason for the path of ruthlessness to exist. The Primitive Great Path took this path. If heaven had feelings, heaven would grow old too. Because it was ruthless, it could exist eternally.

Bu Fang glanced around. It was very dark and cold. He felt as if his soul had been imprisoned and could not break free. Whitey was not with him; there was no one beside him. A feeling of loneliness rose from the bottom of his heart, threatening to drown him.

A mortal had a limited life span. Because of his body, he could live five hundred years, but that was no easy task. He looked back on his five hundred years as a mortal. He had experienced the warmth and human feelings in the mortal world and witnessed the decay and reincarnation of life.

He had also engaged in all kinds of relationships, including kinship, friendship, love, brotherhood, master and apprentices... Of course, he had gone through all these as a mortal, but they still struck him deeply.

Bu Fang recalled these in silence. In this boundless darkness, perhaps only these memories could bring warmth to his body.

Suddenly, he looked in a certain direction. There, white dots of light appeared and quickly converged to form a human figure. It was vague, but it gave him a very familiar feeling. That familiarity went deep into his bones and his soul.

The figure was slender and wore a simple white robe. He had black hair, but his face was blurred. Once fully formed, he slowly drifted through the darkness and came in front of Bu Fang. His blurred face moved closer and closer, until it was almost touching Bu Fang's face.

Bu Fang was shocked. Staring at the blurred face, he could feel that it was smiling. "Who are you?" he asked with an expressionless face.

A voice that seemed to arise through the soul boomed and reverberated in Bu Fang's head, and what it said made his body suddenly tense up.

"The Host of the hundredth generation, you have finally come here. Of all the Hosts, you are the only one who made it.

"Who am I? I am the God who has come to help you take your final step."

#### *Chapter 1818: What Are You Talking About?*

"God?"

Bu Fang paused slightly. If there was anyone who could call himself a God in front of him, it would be the legendary God of Cooking, the creator of the System, the existence that set him on the path of becoming a God of Cooking, and the almighty being that was so aloof that he seemed to control everything.

The God of Cooking Sets, the God of Cooking's Menu, the System...

From the very beginning, everything about Bu Fang was related to this God of Cooking. In the beginning, he was striving to become a God of Cooking as well, but somewhere along the journey, he began to go his own way.

The path to becoming a God of Cooking in his mind was no longer the one that led to the God of Cooking that had been hanging over his head. He now had his own path he wanted to follow, even if it was full of thorns and bumps.

"Yes... I am the God who has come to help you take the final step."

The vague figure seemed to be laughing, and his voice made Bu Fang uncomfortable. He did not know why he was here. Where was this place? The Transmigration? It should not be. After all, Bu Fang had already jumped out of the bondage of heaven and earth, so he would never be sent into the Transmigration.

The figure's white robe was fluttering. Although his features were obscured, Bu Fang was calm and at ease. Perhaps the experience of being a mortal for five hundred years had made it difficult for his mood to fluctuate again.

"You don't seem surprised?" said the blurred figure in a puzzled tone.

“Why should I be surprised? I knew you would come sooner or later,” Bu Fang said. He was face to face with the blurred figure, his dark hair flowing as if he were submerged in a bottomless pond.

“Of the five hundred Hosts[1]<sup>1</sup>, you are the only one who has made it this far. Don’t you feel proud of yourself?” said the figure. “You are about to reach, with my help, the true realm of the God of Cooking and become a supreme being.” His voice was soft and pleasant to the ear.

Bu Fang did not say anything but just calmly looked at the figure.

“In fact, several Hosts before you could have made it this far, but they refused,” the figure said sadly. He raised his hand as if to touch Bu Fang’s face, but when it touched his skin, it turned into white dots of light and drifted away in all directions. He did not seem to be bothered.

“Now... Are you ready?”

Bu Fang shook his head. “Actually, I don’t want to come this far if I could.”

That gave the blurred figure pause. “Why?”

The corners of Bu Fang’s mouth lifted slightly as if he was sneering. He raised his hand and gestured to the dark space around them. “What do you think?”

The blurred figure broke into laughter. “Don’t worry. After accepting everything I will give you, you will not only be able to return to where you came from, but also stand at the highest point in heaven and earth, looking down on all life. You will reign over the world,” he said with an overbearing air as he raised his arms.

“I’m just a chef, and I’m not interested in reigning over the world...” Bu Fang said faintly, shaking his head.

The figure fell silent for a moment. Bu Fang’s attitude made it difficult for him to continue the conversation.

Bu Fang ignored him. Putting his hands behind his back, he looked around and asked, “Where’s Whitey? Can it come back?”

“Whitey? You mean the kitchen puppet? It’s just a dead thing. It has done its job by guarding you to this level, so it can disappear without worry. All things in this world, every person and every object, have reasons and meanings for their existence. Nothing should exist without a purpose,” said the figure.

There was a hint of indifference in the figure's words that made Bu Fang pause for a moment. Staring at him, Bu Fang said, "What are you talking about?! Whitey is my friend! Who are you to make it disappear?" His tone was tinged with strong emotion.

"Your mood swings are too intense. You shouldn't be like this. You will soon be a supreme being looking down on all things, and you will look at them with a sense of detachment. You shouldn't carry any emotions, and you don't need to be bothered by anything," said the blurred figure.

"Now, enough about all these useless topics. Are you ready to receive the real inheritance? As long as you accept it, you will be the supreme existence in heaven and earth."

Bu Fang frowned at the figure. 'Is this fellow really the God of Cooking?' he thought to himself. "No, I will not accept it." He shook his head and rejected the fellow's temptation. Or rather, with his current state of mind, he was completely unmoved by the temptation. He would not be touched unless his heart accepted it.

"You won't accept it? Why don't you accept it? Ever since you were just a little chef, what you've been seeking is to become a God of Cooking. Now that this opportunity is in front of you, why don't you grab it?" said the figure. His tone seemed to grow colder and colder.

"This is not the path I chose," Bu Fang said.

"You are now only one step away from where you want to be. What are you hesitating about? What made you waver? That kitchen puppet? Or those insignificant people?" the figure demanded. His white robe fluttered more and more violently.

"You should have chosen me! I'm the one who supported you all the way to this point! I'm your future!" He almost growled.

That voice caused Bu Fang's pupils to narrow slightly. After a long time, the dark space finally quieted down again. Looking at the blurred figure, Bu Fang said, "Are you done? What the f\*ck are you talking about?" He shook his head, seemingly a little disappointed.

"You're not the God of Cooking. How could a real God of Cooking say something like that?"

The blurred figure hovered in the darkness, with white dots of light floating around him. "How could I not be the God of Cooking? I know everything about you, for I've watched everything you've done," the figure said.

He raised his hand. Many divine power liquid drops appeared in his palm, gleaming goldenly. Bu Fang knew them very well. "See these? The divine power liquid drops you once possessed were given to you by me!" His tone became more and more urgent.

The look of amusement in Bu Fang's eyes grew stronger and stronger. "I've told you, I refuse to accept it," he said, his face expressionless and his tone firm.

The wind was blowing, and the figure soon recovered his composure. Finally, he began to drift away. The next moment, a burst of deafening laughter rang out, and the dark space began to shake.

Rumble...

There was a sound of something collapsing. At the same time, the black in the surroundings began to disappear while a mass of white light emerged in front of Bu Fang, becoming brighter and brighter until it finally completely blurred his eyes.

"Congratulations on resisting the temptation. There are no shortcuts in the world, even when you are only one step away from the top. From the moment you set foot on the path to becoming a God of Cooking, you are destined to be extraordinary. This is my last test for you. Good luck."

The blurred figure disappeared completely, leaving only the rumbling sound. It took a while before Bu Fang gradually got used to the white light in front of him.

The light was soft, and the wind was blowing gently, comfortable like the touch of a lover. Bu Fang put his hands behind his back and glanced around. Ahead of him stood a cabin in the woods. He slowly walked toward it and pushed open the door. He was greeted by a rich aroma. Inside, there was a table, and on top of it was a dish that glowed goldenly.

Bu Fang sat down at the table, looked at the dish, and took a deep breath. As the aroma reached his nose and mouth, he felt as if he had been baptized. It was a simple dish, but it exuded something extraordinary.

He knew, by the light that flowed over the dish, that the ingredients used to cook it were of exceptional quality. Each of them was the essence of heaven and earth, the top-of-the-line ingredients. A dish cooked with such ingredients was stripped of pomp and circumstance and filled with a frightening essence.

'Is this the final test given to me by the God of Cooking?'

Bu Fang studied the interior of the cabin. There was only a dining table, a chair, and a stove. Such an arrangement made him think of something. The corners of his mouth lifted slightly.

He withdrew his gaze and looked at the dish in front of him, then raised his hand, grabbed a pair of chopsticks, and picked up some of the dish. Its aroma made Bu Fang feel as if his soul was elevated. Slowly, he put the dish into his mouth and chewed it. The next moment, his pupils narrowed. "This... This is so delicious..."

Bu Fang's eyes sparkled. He found it a little hard to believe. Did such a delicacy really exist in the world? He felt as if he was flying in space now, shuttling between countless planets and bathing in the purest aura of heaven and earth. He even had a feeling that he was the strongest person in the entire universe!

A God of Cooking's dish!

Bu Fang was certain that the dish must have been cooked by the God of Cooking, for after eating it, his cultivation base began to soar, climbing from the realm of mortals to the realm of Saints of the Great Path in a flash. At that moment, he seemed to have thrown everything out of his mind.

He closed his eyes and felt the power surging in him. It was a long time before he let out a long breath and shook his head.

"This is the first time I've ever tasted a God of Cooking's dish... It's really incredible."

This was not a pseudo-God of Cooking dish, but a real one. It was even more powerful than the Country Painting that Bu Fang used to suppress Soul God!

His eyes were filled with a complicated look. "But... I don't feel any emotion in this dish. Is that the path you've chosen, God of Cooking?" He shook his head and sighed regretfully.

Suddenly, Bu Fang's expression froze. "No..." He slowly opened his eyes, picked up some dish with his chopsticks again, and put it in his mouth. The cabin became very quiet, and the only sound was the rustling of leaves outside as the wind blew at them.

Bu Fang's eyes were closed again. This time, he tasted something completely different...

A beautiful figure emerged in his mind. He did not know her, but he could feel her happiness from her smile. The dish did not only contain the Ruthless Path, it also included the Emotional Path. Only, this Emotional Path was bitter.

There was a trace of emotion in that ruthlessness. Was this the path the God of Cooking had chosen?

Bu Fang opened his eyes. A teardrop rolled down his cheek. He put down the chopsticks. At this moment, he seemed to hear a voice, as if someone was whispering a story to him, which made the sad look in his eyes grow deeper and deeper.



A long time later, Bu Fang sighed. There was a trace of emotion in the Ruthless Path. That was the God of Cooking's path, and what he was trying to tell Bu Fang was obvious: this path did not work. It was through this path that the God of Cooking had met his demise.

The God of Cooking's final test was for Bu Fang to cook a dish that suppressed his dish, otherwise Bu Fang would fail in the test. And the price of failure was to be completely wiped out. This was the punishment that both the System and the God of Cooking had set from the beginning.

Bu Fang did not flinch—he was not afraid. He stood up, walked step by step to the kitchen in the cabin, and grabbed a kitchen knife. The corners of his mouth lifted slightly.

#### *Chapter 1819: The Extraordinary in the Ordinary*

The cabin in the woods looked shabby, but since it was the venue where the God of Cooking prepared for Bu Fang's final test, many of its things were extraordinary.

Bu Fang could feel the terrifying energy in the kitchen knife he was holding, which was much stronger than the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in its perfect form. The knife, the wok, the stove, and other kitchen utensils were all of very high quality, as if they were the top divine artifacts of the universe.

The God of Cooking was very concerned about this final test. He wanted Bu Fang to be able to cook a top-notch dish, for only then would he be qualified to inherit his legacy. So what he had prepared for Bu Fang, whether it was the ingredients or the cooking utensils, was the best in the world.

Holding the kitchen knife, Bu Fang's face gradually became expressionless. The look in his eyes was somewhat deep as if he was thinking about something. After a long time, he shook his head and put down the kitchen knife. He did not want to use the cooking utensils that the God of Cooking had prepared for him.

He then turned to look at the ingredients that were piled up to the side. Emitting a powerful aura, they were all the top ingredients in the universe equivalent or better than Great-Soul-Overlord-grade ingredients.

'Use the top ingredients and cooking utensils to cook the best cuisine...'

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth lifted slightly. He took a step back, sat cross-legged on the ground, and instead of starting to cook, he fell into contemplation.

The God of Cooking's cuisine was a mixture of the Ruthless Path and the Emotional Path, with the former taking the dominant position. Perhaps that was the reason why he was looking for a successor. He was on the wrong path, and he might be dead already.

After thinking for a long time, Bu Fang looked up at everything in front of him. The amazing cooking utensils and ingredients began to transform. The top-quality ingredients that emitted a powerful aura became ordinary, while those best cooking utensils turned mediocre, looking like what the villagers in the countryside were using.

He had transformed the world's best cooking utensils and ingredients into the most ordinary ones used by mortals. Perhaps even the God of Cooking could not figure out what he was trying to do.

After that, Bu Fang stood up, grabbed the ordinary kitchen knife, and began to cook with these simple ingredients without any haste.

He washed a fresh cabbage with water and then slowly peeled it. His movements were so meticulous that he seemed to be pouring all his emotions into it. Then, he cracked an egg into a bowl and slowly beat it with a pair of chopsticks, watching the yolk and the white mix as he stirred.

With a splat, he placed a piece of pink pork on the chopping board. Instead of using his exquisite knife skills, he held it down with a wet hand, cut it into slices, and slowly chopped it into tiny pieces.

Bu Fang's movements were unhurried as he was no longer as impatient as he used to be in cooking. It was this kind of ordinary knife technique that could bring out the best flavor of the ingredients, for it was filled with emotions, and each cut was full of care for the ingredients.

When he was done chopping the pork, he poured out the white flour. Tiny white particles drifted in the air and clung to his hands. He pushed the flour into a small heap, made a depression in the middle, and poured water into it. The flour at the edge collapsed immediately and floated on the water's surface. As the water flowed, more flour was washed down, forming little clumps of flour.

Bu Fang used his hands to crush these clumps, then mixed the water and flour evenly and kneaded them rhythmically. He did not use the so-called Tai Chi kneading method, nor did he use the power of the Law or the power of the Great Path. He just kneaded the dough as gently as if he was giving his child a bath.

At that moment, there seemed to be a pair of invisible eyes in the sky watching Bu Fang. Perhaps the God of Cooking was surprised by the way he cooked. He had the best ingredients and powerful cooking utensils at his disposal, but he chose not to use them.

Did he think that dishes cooked in an ordinary way could be better than the cuisine cooked with the best ingredients and utensils?

Bu Fang was not affected in any way. As all kinds of emotions flowed in his eyes, the flour and water were gradually kneaded into a dough. He kept pressing and folding it with his hands, causing the porcelain bowl containing the dough to clatter softly.

What was a real God of Cooking dish?

Bu Fang used to think that he could cook the best delicacies with the best ingredients and cooking utensils. But that time, when he was cooking in the starry sky, he found that he was wrong. Perhaps his lack of strength was the reason. With Whitey's help, he only managed to cook a pseudo-God of Cooking dish.

Although they differed only by the word 'pseudo', they were, in fact, light years apart. Bu Fang spent five hundred years thinking about the way to cross that gap, but he could not go any further. He remembered very clearly the despair that filled him.

However, when he ate the dish prepared by the God of Cooking using the finest ingredients and top-notch cooking utensils, he was not amazed. In fact, he was even a little disappointed. He knew that it must be the best dish cooked by the God of Cooking, not something that his pseudo dish could compare with, but...

Could a real God of Cooking dish only reach this standard?

Bu Fang questioned himself and reflected. He thought maybe his method was wrong, so he shed all the pomp and circumstance and chose to cook with the most ordinary ingredients and the simplest cooking utensils.

He kneaded the dough into many small balls, then carefully rolled them out into wrappers with a rolling pin. After that, he put various ingredients in an ordinary clay pot and mixed them evenly with a pair of chopsticks.

The ingredients blended into each other. It was an amazing, almost miraculous chemical reaction, and Bu Fang was enthralled. Indeed, simple and ordinary were beautiful. This was probably the God of Cooking dish he was seeking.

He grabbed a spoon, scooped out some filling, and placed it in the center of a wrapper. Then, he carefully sealed the edges by folding the wrapper. While he was making dumplings, his eyes wandered a little bit. Everything he had experienced in the past five hundred years flashed in his mind.

These five hundred years occupied almost half of his life. His time on Earth, Hidden Dragon Continent, the Immortal Cooking Realm, the Chaotic Universe, and other places combined did not amount to that much. To him, it was a journey to settle his mind.

He sometimes missed his old friends and his positive attitude when he first learned to cook. Back then, he was insignificant and fearless. Looking back on it now, he wanted to laugh.

More and more dumplings were wrapped, and before long, they were piled high on the stove. Bu Fang stopped. There were no more wrappers and the filling was used up, yet he felt that only a moment had passed.

He raised his hand and rubbed his nose, smearing it with some white flour. After that, he took out a steamer, spread a layer of white gauze inside, and put the dumplings into it one by one. Finally, he put the lid on.

Behind the stove was a pile of chopped firewood, just like the firewood he had chopped alone in his cabin. He put some into the stove and lit them. The fire danced on the wood; it was an ordinary fire, without any strange energy or power. Bu Fang leaned down and blew into the stove. Black smoke rose and choked him, making him cough a few times. But the fire was roaring.

There were two ordinary woks on the stove. He used one to steam the dumplings and the other to cook other dishes.

Sizzle...

Bu Fang added some oil into the wok, then threw the prepared ingredients into it. A plume of white smoke rose, which was the vapor evaporated by the oil. With an ordinary ladle in his hand, he started to stir-fry and tossed the wok, making the ingredients jump. Before long, they turned golden, and a delicious aroma filled the air.

When all the ingredients were cooked, Bu Fang scooped out the steaming dish. A rich, refreshing fragrance wafted out of it and went into his nose. He took a deep breath and felt his heart melt. In all his years of cooking, this was the first time a dish had intoxicated him so much.

He dropped a handful of thin noodles into the boiling water. They began to soften and tumble in the wok. These were Dragon Whisker Noodles, also called longevity noodles, that Bu Fang used to cook. Somehow, he really felt like cooking them at this moment.

As the noodles were being cooked, Bu Fang added vinegar, soy sauce, chopped scallions, and other seasonings into a porcelain bowl. When the noodles were thoroughly softened, he fished them out and put them in the bowl.

He had a complicated look in his eyes. He remembered the Dragon Whisker Noodles his parents cooked for him on his birthday when he was a child. There was no birthday cake, just a bowl of longevity noodles. It was a simple dish, but it contained his parents' care for him and their wishes for him to grow up healthy.

Bu Fang exhaled, his hands shaking slightly as he fished the noodles.

At this moment, the dumplings in the steamer were cooked. Bu Fang took it out of the wok and set it on the stove. Wisps of hot steam kept rising from it. As he lifted the lid, a plume of white smoke rushed out like a dragon. The tender dumplings were quietly lying inside the steamer.

With a pair of chopsticks, he picked them out one by one and arranged them on a plate in the pattern of a blooming flower. At the center of the plate was the sauce he had made.

Finally, he took out a porcelain bowl and filled it with aromatic rice. At this point, he had finished cooking the meal: a plate of steamed dumplings, a bowl of longevity noodles, a fried egg, and a plate of fried meat.

These were four simple dishes, and he did not cook them with fancy ingredients or utensils. However, he had cooked them with the comprehension and emotions that he had accumulated over five hundred years. They appeared to be ordinary, but deep inside, they were extraordinary. This was the choice Bu Fang had made in the face of the final test given to him by the God of Cooking.

In the cabin, Bu Fang set the dishes on the table. The God of Cooking's dish was still glowing brilliantly, but when he placed his dishes next to it, its light suddenly faded.

Finally, he placed down the bowl of rice, set a spoon and a pair of chopsticks beside it, and said indifferently, "I'm done cooking. Please give the dishes a taste." His voice lingered in the cabin, loud and confident.

In this final test, Bu Fang prepared a plate of steamed dumplings, a bowl of longevity noodles, a fried egg, and a plate of fried meat. That was all.

#### *Chapter 1820: I, Bu Fang, Don't Need a Backup Plan*

It was a simple and ordinary meal, but in that ordinary was something extraordinary. Even though the God of Cooking's dish was cooked with the finest ingredients and the most precious cooking utensils in the world, these dishes still suppressed it.

Bu Fang held out his hand and gestured at the table. The next moment, white dots of light began to converge rapidly in the air and soon formed a human figure. His face was blurred, exactly like the one Bu Fang saw in the dark space.

The figure was none other than the God of Cooking. As soon as he appeared, he came to the table, sat down on a chair, and said nothing. He was here only to assess Bu Fang's dishes.

Bu Fang also pulled out a chair, sat down, and quietly looked at the figure. He did not care about the outcome of this test, which would decide if he would live or die, so he was not even nervous at all. Inside him, there was nothing but calm. It was a wonderful feeling. This was his final test, but he was even calmer than he had been in the first test. Perhaps this was because his mentality had transformed.

The God of Cooking's head was shrouded in fog, which obscured his face. He grabbed a pair of chopsticks and picked up a dumpling. It was giving off hot steam, its skin crystal clear, and the filling was clearly visible under the light. From outside, this was just an ordinary dumpling, nothing special.

He opened his mouth and took a bite of the dumpling. As his teeth broke through the wrapper, a whiff of heat and fragrance wafted out and rose into the air. The filling was delicious, the cabbage was moist, and the meat was chewy. However, these were not the most important parts of the dish.

After the first bite, the God of Cooking's body froze. It was a long time before he sighed. The dumplings tasted better with the sauce. There were nine of them on the plate, but he quickly finished them all. It was just an ordinary dish, yet he could not control his hand and stuffed them all into his mouth.

How many years had it been since he had felt this?

After finishing the dumplings, the God of Cooking turned his attention to the bowl of Dragon Whisker Noodles. There was a fried egg in the middle of the bowl. When he lifted it, a rush of hot air hit his face. He took a sip of the soup first. It was refreshing, but as it slipped down his throat, he felt a strange emotion.

The dish did not give him an amazing taste, and the ingredients were very ordinary. But when they were combined, they produced a taste that he could not describe, a taste that made his heart seem to melt.

Bu Fang sat in the chair and watched quietly. He did not disturb the God of Cooking. After taking a mouthful of soup, the God of Cooking exhaled deeply, a breath that was heavy with exhaustion and nostalgia. Bu Fang's eyes flickered. It seemed that this almighty being was also a man with a story.

Then, he ate some noodles. The soft and moist texture made him nod repeatedly. He kept his head down and ate the noodles and eggs quietly, only slurping now and then.

Suddenly, Bu Fang froze. He saw golden teardrops drip from the God of Cooking's obscured face, causing ripples to spread as it fell in the soup. He pursed his lips and said nothing.

'Perhaps he has felt it now...'

The God of Cooking raised a hand to support his forehead and sighed as he ate the noodles. The sight of his posture filled one with sadness and helplessness. Although he was the God of Cooking, a supreme being, he now gave Bu Fang the feeling as if he was just a mortal, a simple man.

After a while, the noodles were also finished. There was not even a drop of soup left in the bowl except for a tiny chopped scallion. He gently put down the bowl, then picked up the bowl of rice and shoved some into his mouth with his chopsticks. It had a fresh aroma, and as he chewed, it filled his mouth with a sweet taste.

He picked up a piece of fried meat. It was cooked with thinly and evenly cut pork. As the meat went into his mouth, his hands began to shake.

There was emotion in every dish on the table, the culmination of Bu Fang's five hundred years of mortal life. Such dishes might be more appealing than those cooked with the finest ingredients.

With the rice and the fried meat gone, the God of Cooking had cleaned up all four simple dishes on the table. The dish he had cooked was still there, but its glow was faint, no longer so dazzling. He leaned back in his chair.

Bu Fang did not speak and just watched quietly. What the outcome of this final test would be, he was not sure. He did not know what the God of Cooking was thinking. The almighty expert gave him a feeling as if he was an ordinary man of flesh and blood.

The God of Cooking tilted his head back a little. Bu Fang could sense a confused gaze looking through the mist at the sky. The gaze was full of stories.

After a long pause, the God of Cooking raised his hand and swept it across the table. The dish he had prepared disappeared immediately. "It was a perfect meal," he said. His voice had become hoarse at this moment.

"Dishes with emotion are really attractive, but it's a difficult path..." His gaze finally rested on Bu Fang's face. "If heaven is sentient, it will grow old too. If you pursue the Emotional Path, you will age with the years... I've seen it through your five hundred years of being a mortal. It's like a rule that simply cannot be broken."

The God of Cooking stood up, put his hands behind his back, and added, "I just want to ask you one last time... Have you really decided to take this path?"



Bu Fang also rose to his feet. They stood together in front of the cabin, looking out at the endless wilderness. "I can't be ruthless. There's no going back."

After a long silence, the God of Cooking laughed. "Congratulations. You passed the final test. Your dishes are very charming, and the emotions in them are touching."

"In the past, I didn't understand this feeling. I thought being ruthless was the only way to be eternal, but I couldn't be truly emotionless, and as a result, I became entangled in the mortal world and eventually perished in the starry sky..."

"I hope you won't walk into my shoes. Maybe you don't need my legacy anymore, but I have to tell you that the Emotional Path is not so easy to walk. So I'm going to give you a backup plan," the God of Cooking said.

Suddenly, everything in the cabin began to change. The world was collapsing and turning dark again. Bu Fang stared in awe. He knew that everything just now was not real, but they felt real.

'He is worthy of being the God of Cooking, a supreme being in this world...'

Suddenly, a little light flashed in the darkness, then blossomed like a dazzling star in the night sky. As the white light grew brighter and brighter, a holy lotus flower appeared in front of Bu Fang.

"This is the Senseless Lotus. If you want to take a step back, you can eat it. It can make you forget all your emotions." The God of Cooking's voice seemed to come from a very distant place.

The next moment, a golden book slowly appeared. Bu Fang recognized it as the God of Cooking's Menu. However, unlike the previous one, which was incomplete, this menu was complete. It emitted the aura of the supreme Great Path, causing Bu Fang's heart to beat faster with horror.

'Is this the God of Cooking's inheritance?'

"This is the final inheritance... However, the dishes in the Menu take the Ruthless Path. If you want to inherit them, you must erase all emotions, otherwise your soul will be torn apart by its power."

Bu Fang's eyes narrowed slightly. Sure enough, the God of Cooking took the Ruthless Path. Although there was a hint of emotion in his ruthlessness, he was fundamentally ruthless. Therefore, if Bu Fang wanted to inherit his legacy, he would need to choose ruthlessness, too.

This made him hesitate. He had walked on the path to become a God of Cooking for a long time, and now, he finally approached its end with the God of Cooking's Menu

ahead of him. All he had to do was choose to accept it and he would be the new God of Cooking.

On the other hand, he had created a path of his own, the Emotional Path. But it was covered with mists and filled with too many unknowns. On one side was the path of his predecessor, and on the other was his own path. Which one should he choose? It was really a tough decision.

A beautiful lotus blossomed quietly in the darkness. Just by looking at it, Bu Fang felt as if his mind was about to be sucked away.

Mu Hongzi once said that the Senseless Lotus could protect him from a calamity. Was this what he was referring to? As long as Bu Fang chose the God of Cooking's path, he would not perish, thus saving him from a calamity.

If he chose the Emotional Path, he would most likely grow old on this path and might even fail to finish it before he reached the end of his life.

The white Senseless Lotus was so pure that it could make people forget all their troubles. As long as Bu Fang ate it, he would be able to get rid of his emotions and desires, saving countless years of hard work. Which should he choose?

Bu Fang did not make a decision right away. Instead, he sat cross-legged down. The God of Cooking turned into white light and gradually faded away.

Bu Fang sat quietly, looking at the lotus and the book in front of him. After a long time, he looked up, and his eyes gradually grew hard. Finally, he raised his hand. A divine fire emerged and enveloped the lotus and the book. The scorching flames soon burned them into nothingness.

"I, Bu Fang, don't need a backup plan."

"Hahahaha!"

The world resounded with the God of Cooking's loud laughter, which was tinged with a hint of loneliness. After going through hundreds of Hosts, the Host that finally came to him was one who pursued the Emotional Path. Perhaps this was his true destiny.

"I hope you won't regret your decision today!" said the God of Cooking. "Since you have chosen the Emotional Path, I will give you a hand! I hope you can truly step on the top of the pinnacle!"

As his laughter continued to echo out, white dots of light slowly emerged and kept rushing toward Bu Fang, engulfing him like a hazy mist.

Bu Fang stood still and smiled. "The top of the pinnacle? Perhaps there is no pinnacle in cooking, only a higher peak after that..."

With more and more white dots of light appearing, everything in Bu Fang's eyes was obscured by white light.

...

Bu Fang slowly opened his eyes, his eyelashes fluttering. Snowflakes fell from the sky and landed on his face. A chill seeped through his skin.

"I... I've been resurrected?"