

## Gourmet of Another World #Chapter 1821 - Who Dares Call Himself Cooking God? - Read Gourmet of Another World Chapter 1821 - Who Dares Call Himself Cooking God?

*Chapter 1821: Who Dares Call Himself Cooking God?*

Snow was falling from the sky, and the air was very quiet.

Bu Fang opened his eyes and stared blankly at the gray sky. He felt as if he had been dreaming. A complicated emotion filled him as he recalled what he had just been through.

He sat up. There was a chill on his skin. He frowned when he looked down and saw that he had no clothes on. The snowflakes fell quietly from the sky and landed on him, melting with his body temperature and flowing in rivulets. He ran his fingers through his long hair, which spread out and brushed against his skin, tickling him.

Bu Fang stood up and glanced around. He should be in the remote mountain on Planet Immortality. It was from here he had vanished, and here he was reborn again. The God of Cooking's gift to him was probably rebirth. Now, however, he was a complete mortal. He did not have any cultivation base, and his body was no longer the powerful flesh of a Chaotic Saint.

Bu Fang took a deep breath and shook his head. 'Thank you for reviving me... But why strip me naked? Is this your quirk? Do you want me to freeze to death as soon as I'm reborn?' He exhaled a warm breath and turned to leave the snowy mountain. His footprints gradually disappeared in the wind and snow.

Clad in ragged sackcloth, Bu Fang did not seek out his restaurant but blended in among the mortals. With his cooking skills, he managed to open a new restaurant. He also restarted his cultivation. Technically speaking, he was reincarnated and had started afresh. And perhaps because he had comprehended the Emotional Path, his progress was rapid.

...

A giant python flew across the starry sky of the Chaotic Universe. With a sweep of its tail, it shattered a star.

In a flash of green light, Flowery descended into the Chaos Space. Her eyes were red with grief. Pressing her lips together, she clutched the lunch box in her arms and set off to find the people she was here for.

All the five Heavengod Temples had reappeared. They stood in the Chaos Space, forming a mysterious and powerful defensive array that sealed the whole universe. Therefore, Flowery's arrival immediately drew the attention of the people here.

Lord Dog, Er Ha, Foxy, and Shrimpy all flew over and appeared in front of her almost in the blink of an eye. They were acquaintances, but none of them said anything. Flowery's silence and her red eyes made them all sigh. They seemed to already know what had happened.

In the Temple of Heavengod Time, the four Heavengods stood together. Looking at Flowery, Lord Dog asked, "Little one, Bu Fang sent you here, didn't he?"

Flowery nodded. She sighed and set the lunch box in front of Lord Dog. "Bu Fang asked me to bring these to you," she said, opening the box and taking out a dish. It was an ordinary dish, still steaming.

"Here are Lord Dog's Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs. Bu Fang specially made them for you..." she said as she handed Lord Dog the dish on a porcelain plate.

Lord Dog was taken aback. With a trembling paw, he took the dish. The ribs coated in the slow-flowing sauce were reflected in his pupils. As he stared at them, Bu Fang's paralyzed face suddenly came to his mind. "Bu Fang boy..." he sighed.

He and Whitey were the companions who had been with Bu Fang the longest. They had been very much in each other's company since they started in Fang Fang's Little Store in the Light Wind Empire. He still remembered how Bu Fang would hold a plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs and call him every day.

The ribs in front of him did not contain powerful energy and were not cooked with the finest dragon meat, but when he looked at them, he felt sad inside.

Lord Dog took a deep breath, then buried his head in the plate and began to eat the ribs as happily as he used to in Fang Fang's Little Store. Before long, he had finished everything. He sighed again.

"It's delicious... This is the best Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs I've ever had... But I'd rather not eat such an amazing dish," he muttered. As his voice rang out, his aura began to fluctuate violently.

**RUMBLE!**

A terrifying aura shot straight up into the sky as if it was going to crush the starry sky and bring it down, and the pressure bursting out of it shocked the countless experts in the Chaos Space.

“This is... Is Heavengod Time making a breakthrough? Is he about to make the leap from a top Chaotic Saint to a perfected Chaotic Saint?!”

With just one dish, a perfected Chaotic Saint was created...

In the Temple of Heavengod Life...

Er Ha's face was haggard. Resting his chin on one hand, he stared at a spicy strip that was placed on the table. It looked ordinary, giving off no light or energy, but his body and soul shook when he saw it.

“Spicy strip... Is this the last spicy strip I'll ever eat? Bu Fang young man...”

His eyes were misty and slightly red. He ran his fingers through his hair, then picked up the spicy strip and stuffed it into his mouth. A lump came into his throat after he took just one bite. He covered his mouth as tears welled up in his eyes.

“I can never eat Bu Fang young man's spicy strips again...” Er Ha was so sad that he could hardly breathe. He sobbed, covering his face. No one knew he was sad because of the spicy strips or Bu Fang.

In the Temple of Heavengod Destruction, Foxy was lying on her back, her limbs splayed and motionless. Beside her was a meatball.

In the Temple of Heavengod Space, Shrimpy was swimming in a jar of fine wine, its eyes rolling. It had literally turned into a drunken shrimp.

Looking at the Chaos Space, which was shrouded in a sad atmosphere, Flowery sighed. She turned around, transformed into a giant python, and flew toward the starry sky. After traveling through the cosmic portal, she came to the universe where Void City was located.

In the distance, the colossal city was quietly suspended in the starry sky. Flowery flew straight toward it. When she came over it, a noblewoman appeared, opened a passage, and led her into the city.

As Flowery landed in front of the Queen of Curses' palace, Xiao Ai, Cursey, and the four dukes came up to her, looking at her with complicated eyes. They knew that she represented Bu Fang now, so her arrival filled them with mixed emotions.

“Where is Sister Nethery?” Flowery asked.

Xiao Ai pointed to the palace. At that, Flower turned to it and said, “Sister Nethery, the dish Bu Fang asked me to bring you is here.”

Cursey shook her head and said, "You're wasting your time. She can't hear you. Leave the dish with me, and I will give it to her when she comes out of seclusion."

Flowery, however, shook her head and fixed her eyes firmly at the closed door of the palace. She waited for three days and three nights. Finally, when she was about to leave in despair, the door opened slightly, and an arm that seemed to be the most perfect one in the world stretched out from it.

"Give it to me." Nethery's cold voice rang out.

Flowery's face lit up. With a shake of her hand, the bowl of fried rice flew out from the lunch box and landed in that perfect hand, which brought it back inside. After a long time, a terrifying aura erupted from the palace.

Looking at the tightly closed door, Cursey sighed. "I really don't know if this is a blessing or a curse..." she murmured.

Nethery was at a critical juncture to inherit the Queen of Curses' legacy, but she was distracted and came out to get a takeaway. No one knew if this would cause her to fail.

...

Four almighty experts sat cross-legged above the majestic Hangu Pass, suppressing a terrible being. Countless arrays filled the starry sky in front of them, and every star here contained lethal power.

Tongtian's face was cold as he maintained the operation of the Immortal Slaughtering Sword Array and the Ten Thousand Immortals Array. Yuanshi Tianzun held the Pangu Axe and was constantly building new arrays.

Lady Nuwa, on the other hand, fed the energy of her seven-colored divine stone into these arrays and kept them running. Next to them, a Buddha was chanting. Above him, a huge bell rumbled from time to time.

In the distance, a dish floated quietly in the starry sky, surrounded by countless arrays.

Suddenly, Tongtian flicked open his eyes. They shone blindingly as he found that a corner of the pseudo-God of Cooking dish, which was suppressing Soul God, was missing. It was as if someone had taken a bite of it. A shock of chill went through him in an instant.

"Dammit... That guy is starting to struggle!"

Yuanshi Tianzun, Lady Nuwa, and the Buddha all opened their eyes.

...

In an ordinary city on Planet Immortality, a young man began to rise slowly. He was very low-key, yet no one dared to mess with him.

The first year the youth came to the city, he opened an ordinary restaurant, and its business was booming. In the second year, the restaurant had become a place of royal concern, and no one dared to make trouble inside.

In the third year, the number one expert of the city came to the restaurant to cause trouble, but he was suppressed by the owner with just a wave of a hand. From then on, no one dared to mess with the restaurant. Even the royal family treated it with courtesy.

...

Dressed in a white robe, Bu Fang closed the door of the restaurant and put up a closed sign, then returned upstairs. He did not sleep, however, but quietly sat cross-legged down and began his daily cultivation.

As he breathed, he absorbed the spiritual energy of heaven and earth with astonishing speed. His body was glowing with a faint light. In just three years, his cultivation base had climbed by leaps and bounds. It had now reached the level of an Earth Immortal, just one step away from becoming a Heaven Immortal. In Bu Fang's opinion, it was all well deserved.

After Bu Fang and Whitey were gone from Planet Immortality, many immortals also left, but there were still many experts who stayed behind. However, these immortals could not sense Bu Fang, who was slowly rising, at all. It was as if he had jumped out of heaven and earth and was growing quietly.

In the fifth year, Bu Fang frequently closed the restaurant. He left the planet and walked among the starry sky. He would linger among the dead stars, extracting a little essence each time. In the tenth year, he could not remember how many stars he had visited and how much essence he had extracted.

In the hundredth year, a ray of light ripped through Planet Immortality's atmosphere and landed in the city. When it faded away, a man with eyebrows as sharp as swords and eyes shining like stars was revealed.

Dugu Wushuang had become a half-step Sacred Realm expert. His aura was a lot more ethereal and very strong, and the sword intent emanating from him threatened to shatter the sky. His eyes were calm, cool, and indifferent, as if he had seen through the vanity of the mortal world.

He reached a bottleneck, and because of missing the old days, he returned to this planet. He went to the old restaurant, but it had disappeared. It was taken away by someone with great power, leaving nothing behind but an empty piece of land. Though a hundred years had passed, no one in the city dared to encroach on this piece of land.

Wushuang knew that the cow had taken the restaurant and moved it to the Great Tianyuan World. According to him, it was Bu Fang's world, the only great world he left behind.

He would occasionally go there for vacation. The spiritual energy in that world was rich, and the scenery was beautiful. He liked it very much there. Most importantly, he could feel Bu Fang's aura in the Great Tianyuan World.

Nowadays, he was considered to be standing at the top of this universe. However, he would never forget that he owed everything to that man.

He walked through the city. Everything here had become strange to him. To a mortal, a hundred years was a lifetime. All that was left of the once-famous Wushuang Sword God were vague records of his deeds in the legend.

As he walked down the street, Wushuang had a nostalgic look on his face. In those five hundred years, he had often followed that man walking like this.

"Hurry up! The Cooking God is open for business again! We need to get there as quickly as possible before all the tables are taken!"

"What? The Cooking God's restaurant is open for business again?"

"You bet! I'm certain that the Cooking God is an immortal. My dad told me that the restaurant had been in the town when he was still wearing open-backed pants!"

...

Wushuang was feeling the aura of the busy city with his hands behind his back and his eyes closed when he suddenly heard those conversations. That stunned him.

"The Cooking God? This guy is really bold. Back then, even Bu Fang didn't dare call himself Cooking God. Who is this arrogant guy?"

His face was expressionless, and the sword at his back began to shake.

*Chapter 1822: Long Time No See*

"Cooking God? Ridiculous... In this world, only that man can be called Cooking God!"

Wushuang's face was cold, and his eyes flashed with sharp sword intent that caused heaven and earth to shake. Behind him, an ancient iron sword was quivering, emitting a faint rumbling sound.

Looking in the direction where the crowd was running toward, he put his hands behind his back and followed. He wanted to see who this so-called Cooking God was. Wushuang walked slowly down the street. In the distance, the crowd grew dense.

"I just haven't been back for a hundred years, and there's such a restaurant in this city? It's the first time I've seen such a popular restaurant since His Excellency passed away... Presumably, its dishes must be of a certain high standard, or it wouldn't attract so many people."

For a moment, Wushuang was curious. The atmosphere in front of the restaurant was very hot. The bustling crowd and the sight of so many people packed in one place made him gasp.

"How... popular is this restaurant?! Back in the day, His Excellency's business was not as good as this at the best of times..."

Frowning, he went up to a man who was standing in line and asked, "Excuse me... Is the food cooked by the chef in that restaurant really so good?"

"You're new here, aren't you? Just arrived from abroad? Let me tell you, this restaurant has a long history. It's a century-old restaurant, and it's always been so popular. My dad used to say that when he was wearing open-backed pants, it was already here and so popular!"

The man seemed bored with waiting in line, so he went on and on talking to Wushuang. Soon, the people lining up around them joined in the chatter. They talked about many unrelated topics and even argued about which brothel had the prettiest girls in the town.

Wushuang left the discussion, his eyes narrowing. "A century-old restaurant..." He walked along the line and came to the front. The line was two blocks long, showing that the restaurant was really doing a good business.

Just as Wushuang came to the front, the man at the head of the line, dressed in expensive clothes, showed an unhappy expression. He grabbed Wushuang's arm and said, "Hey, buddy, don't you think it's not good for you to cut in line like that?"

Wushuang frowned and turned his head.

"What? How dare you glare at me? Listen, no one, not even the immortals, can make trouble in the Cooking God's restaurant! He has already beaten off several of them! Don't you dare touch me!"



The man was cocky. He raised his chin and looked at Wushuang out of the corners of his eyes.

Wushuang just watched indifferently. "This guy is a little too arrogant... But I'm too lazy to bother with a mere mortal." He turned back at the restaurant.

At this moment, the door of the restaurant opened, and a slim figure walked out from it. At the sight of him, the crowd in the queue cheered excitedly, but Wushuang was instantly petrified.

"The Cooking God! The Cooking God is here!"

"I'm so lucky! The Cooking God's restaurant is really open for business today!"

"I can taste the most delicious dishes in the world again! Excellent!"

The man at the head of the line patted Wushuang's shoulder and said, "Brother, be a good boy and go to the back of the line. Maybe you still have a chance to eat the Cooking God's dishes."

Wushuang ignored him and stared at the figure standing in front of the restaurant. His breathing became faster and faster.

Bu Fang opened the door and rolled up the sleeves of his coarse linen garment, revealing his fair arms. Suddenly, he paused and looked at a familiar figure standing at the front of the line. He raised his brows.

"Brother! Not that I want to lecture you, but do you know it's a bad habit to cut in line? You— Crap!"

The man was still talking when Wushuang suddenly knelt down, his knees smashing the ground! The loud thud startled the man, and he almost stopped breathing! 'So fierce?! He gave up his dignity for food?'

"B-Brother, you win! But even if I let you go into the restaurant first, the people in the back of the line wouldn't allow it," the man continued.

Wushuang glanced over his shoulder at him. The man felt a shock of chill went through him, and he raised his hand to cover his mouth!

'Dammit... I've met an expert!' In front of him, Wushuang's eyes were red with tears. That expression scared the man so much that he was speechless. 'I can't believe this guy used the acting skills of a best actor for the sake of... food!'

Bu Fang looked at Wushuang. He did not expect to see him again. "Come in," he said.



“Yes... Your Excellency!”

Wushuang wiped away the tears from the corners of his eyes with his sleeve. ‘His Excellency is not dead... His Excellency is still alive! This is great!’ Hurriedly, he stood up and walked straight into the restaurant.

“Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, this is my old friend, so please pardon me for letting him in first,” Bu Fang said to the crowd standing in line.

“Hehe, you’re being too courteous, Cooking God! We don’t mind at all!”

“It’s alright! This brother doesn’t look like an ordinary man. We don’t mind him cutting the queue!”

“It would be nice if Cooking God can extend the restaurant’s business hours today...”

The customers were very understanding. Of course, they had no other choice. After all, Bu Fang’s strength was terrifying. He was a bigshot who did not even give face to the royal family. When a restaurant had opened for a century and the owner stayed the same, there was a good chance that the owner was an immortal!

Wushuang stepped into the restaurant and glanced around. The familiar layout and decoration style brought tears to his eyes again. Even though he was a sword expert with a tough heart, he could not help crying at this moment. Everything here brought back his memories.

“Your cultivation base is progressing quickly... Not bad. Surely it pays to go out and experience the world,” Bu Fang said to Wushuang with a faint smile.

Wushuang rubbed his head in embarrassment. “I’m nowhere near as good as Your Excellency.”

“Don’t be shy. You are now only half a step away from becoming a Saint of the Great Path. Such strength is already fearsome,” said Bu Fang. “Help me serve the customers. We’ll talk when today’s business is over.”

Wushuang put down his sword, rolled up his sleeves, and grinned. “Leave it to me. But it’s been over a hundred years since I’ve served a customer, so I hope my skills aren’t rusty.” He chuckled, then turned and walked to the door and began to arrange the customers in an orderly manner.

The corners of Bu Fang’s mouth lifted slightly as he watched. After a while, he went into the kitchen.

The operation of the restaurant was simple and no different from before. When the sun went down, the day’s business was over. But Wushuang was still standing at the door

excitedly, waving his hand and calling people to come for a meal. It looked like he was addicted to the job.

“That’s enough. Business is closed for the day.” Bu Fang could not help reminding him.

Wushuang rubbed his head in embarrassment. At this moment, it was as if he was not a peerless sword expert but a small child.

After closing the door of the restaurant, Bu Fang brought out a few dishes and a jar of wine from the kitchen. “Come, sit down and eat with me,” he said, then filled a cup with wine for Wushuang.

Wushuang grinned and sat across from Bu Fang as he had done before. Staring at Bu Fang, who looked exactly like the first time they met, his mind was filled with amazement and questions.

“Your Excellency... haven’t you already...”

Bu Fang ate some vegetables and took a sip of wine. A blush came to his face. “You mean to say that I’m already dead, right?” he said indifferently.

Wushuang nodded.

“I did die, but I came back to life.”

Wushuang took a deep breath. In his eyes, Bu Fang was not only resurrected, but his cultivation base had become unfathomable.

“Then why aren’t Your Excellency going to see those old friends?” Wushuang asked, puzzled.

“No. It’s not the right time yet.” Bu Fang shook his head and continued to drink and eat.

Wushuang grabbed a pair of chopsticks, picked up some of the vegetables, and put them in his mouth. As he chewed, he shuddered, and his eyes flickered with shock.

‘This is... This is delicious!’

Even though it was just a simple side dish, it amazed him. Suddenly, the energy in him began to surge as if it was going to break through the barrier. It was the barrier of the Saints that countless geniuses had failed to break.

Wushuang’s face turned red—he wanted to seize this opportunity to break the barrier. However, Bu Fang came behind him and put a hand on his shoulder. Just like that, the surging energy in him was suppressed.

“Don’t be anxious... Your foundation is still a little weak. Eat more vegetables and don’t rush to break through at this time.”

The unfathomable aura emanating from Bu Fang made Wushuang’s heart tremble. ‘Is His Excellency a Saint of the Great Path now or a Chaotic Saint?! I can’t believe it only took him a hundred years to get back to the top!’

Bu Fang continued to drink. “Eat quickly. I have things to do after this. You’ve come back at the right time. I need you to guard me,” he said.

That gave Wushuang pause. ‘His Excellency needs me to guard him? Is he about to break through again?’ He hurriedly brought up the bowl and shoved the rice and the vegetables into his mouth.

As soon as he put everything into his mouth, he narrowed his eyes and groaned indistinctly. ‘This is... f\*cking delicious! The familiar taste and feel... I’m so touched!’

After swallowing the food, he took a mouthful of wine. The aroma of wine filled his mouth. Even with his cultivation base, he felt a little tipsy.

‘Your Excellency, your wine is amazing! It’s even better than the fine wine of the Celestial Court! What heavenly ingredients did you use to make it?’ Wushuang was very surprised.

“Rice,” Bu Fang said faintly, glancing at him. There was no such thing as heavenly ingredients. All his dishes were cooked with mundane ingredients.

After a hearty meal, Wushuang leaned back in his chair with satisfaction. For the first time in a hundred years, he ate to his heart’s content.

“You’re done eating? Then come with me,” Bu Fang said.

Wushuang nodded and followed.

After going upstairs, Bu Fang went straight to a room and opened the door. Behind him, Wushuang’s pupils narrowed when he saw what was inside, and then he sucked in a cold breath.

“T-This is...” Wushuang stuttered in shock. He did not know what to say.

“Don’t be so shocked. It’s just the essence of some stars,” Bu Fang said indifferently.

“How could I not be shocked? So much essence... Did you shrink the entire universe and move it into this room? What exactly is His Excellency trying to do?’ Wushuang’s head was full of questions.

"I was afraid that the amount would not be enough... After all, I'm going to use them to bring an old friend back to life." The corners of Bu Fang's mouth lifted slightly. "I'll have to give him the best possible configuration..."

Wushuang froze for a moment.

The next moment, Bu Fang raised his hand and flicked his fingers. The air rippled, and a simple force slowly spread. In Wushuang's shocked gaze, all the essence of the stars in the room lit up as if they were a miniature universe. With his hand clasped behind his back, Bu Fang stepped into this universe.

Wushuang's muscles tensed up.

"You'll guard me from outside the room... Well, help me cover up the aura. I've got an array in place, but just in case, help me erase the excess aura that will seep out of the room," Bu Fang said.

Wushuang nodded. He had a rough idea of what Bu Fang was going to do. The iron sword on his back instantly left its scabbard and blossomed with a blinding light.

"As long as I'm alive, no one will be able to step into this restaurant! Your Excellency, leave everything to me!" he said firmly.

Bu Fang smiled faintly. With a bang, the door of the room closed and the starlight disappeared.

Wushuang made the iron sword hover beside him as memories flashed in his eyes. 'Is that metal puppet coming back? His Excellency will definitely succeed!' He had great confidence in Bu Fang.

With a thought in his mind, he sat cross-legged in midair, grabbed the iron sword, and placed it across his legs.

At this moment, a terrible aura erupted in the restaurant!

### *Chapter 1823: Come Back to Me*

In the past hundred years, Bu Fang had restarted his cultivation. In fact, he did not really focus on it. Cooking was his cultivation. It was a process of self-improvement, during which the improvement of his cultivation base was only incidental, and the focus was the advancement of his cooking skills through the Emotional Path.

That was a very mysterious situation. Bu Fang might wake up one morning and find himself breaking through to the Immortal King realm, then not long after that, wake up again and find himself a Saint of the Great Path. Of course, the time it took for this to happen was not short.

One hundred years was not a short time for Bu Fang. During this time, as his cultivation base increased, he gradually gained a longer life, an ageless appearance, and richer emotions.

He walked in the starry sky, visited every dead planet in search of its essence and the ray of hope for life, and left a dish on every planet.

With one dish, he revived a planet, then brought back plants and animals while he took the planet's essence. It was an exchange. Although many planets had been dead for hundreds of thousands—even millions—of years, Bu Fang did not deprive them of hope, but even gave them new hope.

...

In the restaurant, Wushuang sat cross-legged in midair, looking up at the sky. His eyes were bright, and his iron sword rested on his lap.

Why did Bu Fang want him to guard the restaurant? Wushuang found the answer after thinking about it. Bu Fang did not want people to know what he was going to do, or rather, he did not want the aura to spread, so he needed Wushuang's help.

Wushuang swore that he would do his best. With his sword in place, even a Saint of the Great path would not be able to break through the defense and disturb Bu Fang.

Suddenly, a rumbling sound echoed out, and a powerful aura began to erupt in the restaurant. Wushuang's eyes narrowed as he unleashed his divine sense. In just the blink of an eye, everything on the entire Planet Immortality was in his perception.

The planet today was full of various formidable sects, and they were all watched over by immortals from the Primitive Sphere. As soon as Wushuang sent out his divine sense, these immortals were all startled and opened their eyes.

"What a terrifying sword intent..."

"Is that Dugu Wushuang? I can't believe the famous Sword God has returned to Planet Immortality!"

"That sword intent... I reckon he could slay a Saint with it, couldn't he?"

...

The patriarchs of many sects were trembling with fear. How could they dare to confront Wushuang when the strongest among them were only Immortal Kings? Therefore, they chose not to provoke him.

They even warned their disciples not to set foot in the realm Wushuang had established, or they would be expelled from the sect and killed. After all, these sects were very large, and there would always be some disciples who would be foolish enough to provoke some enemies.

Wushuang was fierce and strong. It would be unworthy if their sects were wiped out because of one stupid disciple. Many Immortals released a friendly aura to show Wushuang that they were friends, not enemies. Of course, some of the immortals were curious and wanted to find out what he was doing.

Wushuang sat cross-legged in midair and closed his eyes. Beneath him, a simple array appeared around the restaurant. It looked simple, but it was actually very complicated.

“His Excellency’s array attainment has also improved. Compared to those Gourmet Arrays, this array is even more terrifying and profound!” Wushuang exclaimed. In fact, under the power of the array, not a wisp of aura leaked out of the restaurant.

At this moment, he could sense that many immortals were peeping in the distance. “Scram,” he said faintly, then raised his sword and gently flicked the blade with his fingers. A buzzing sound immediately rang out.

“Hmph!” An immortal, hidden in the void, let out a cold snort.

Wushuang opened his eyes slightly. Without the slightest hesitation, he thrust his sword, which instantly crossed the void and slashed at the immortal. With a rumbling sound, terrifying sword energy suddenly filled the whole world. The next moment, the immortal gave a miserable howl as he was cut in half by the sword.

“Scram, or I’ll kill you,” Wushuang said faintly, closing his eyes.

With that, the immortals all left.

...

The restaurant was filled with dazzling starlight. Although the room Bu Fang had stepped into looked small on the outside, it did contain a miniature starry sky. He had used a method similar to that of a storage bag to make the room larger than a great world.

And this great world was filled with only stars. They were not ordinary stars, though, but the essence of real stars. The price of such things was extremely high because they were good materials for making equipment and were very difficult to collect.

Bu Fang walked among them. His hands were clasped behind him, and the corners of his mouth lifted slightly. It took him a hundred years to collect so many star essences.

He could have continued to collect, but he had visited all the dead stars in this region. If he wanted more, he could only change his target to the living stars. That went against his wish, so he stopped collecting.

When he was tired of walking, he sat down. He then raised his hand with a soft look in his eyes. A strange wave spread from his palm.

All of a sudden, those star essences suspended in the starry sky began to fly toward his hand, rapidly merging with each other and growing larger and larger. Soon, the countless star essences formed a huge star, so big that Bu Fang was no more than a tiny speck of dust in front of it.

Bu Fang held this huge, heavy star with one hand, but he looked relaxed. He raised his other hand. A golden flame spread silently from his fingertip and, in the blink of an eye, engulfed the entire star and began to burn it. Surrounded by the raging flames, the star looked as bright as the blazing sun and was exuding supreme power.

Bu Fang watched indifferently.

With a buzzing sound, a powerful fluctuation of the Law spread in all directions. The flow of time around the huge star suddenly increased by tens of thousands of times. Now, in the space of one breath, the golden flame had burned the star for tens of thousands of years.

As time went by, Bu Fang controlled the golden flame to burn the star, making its massive form smaller and smaller.

On Planet Immortality, time was passing day by day. Wushuang sat cross-legged in midair, looking like a supreme Sword God. No immortal dared to provoke him again. Bu Fang, on the other hand, was quietly burning the star with the golden flame in the room, which kept shrinking.

Under the effect of time acceleration, billions of years went by, and the star was almost as small as a house. Then, after countless years, it shrunk to only half the size of a house. But the burning continued.

Bu Fang knew nothing about artifact refining, but at his current level, he could still do it extremely well. He continued to control the fire. After a long time, he stood up, stretched out his fair palms, and began to slowly pat the star.

He looked as if he was making a clay figure, and in just a few moments, he had produced a huge human form with a round head and a fat belly. Looking at the familiar appearance, Bu Fang smiled.



He did not stop moving, and each of his pats made the shape of the human figure clearer and clearer. He was refining a body out of the star essences, and once it took shape, it would be as strong as a Saint of the Great Path.

The outline of the body gradually became obvious, while an oppressive aura began to emit from it. However, this was only a body without a soul, so it lacked spirituality.

Rumble...

The whole Planet Immortality underwent a tremendous change at this moment. In a flash, the concentration of spiritual energy in the air surged like boiling water. The sky was filled with colorful light, the tune of the Great Path was ringing, while the chains of Law were falling. Auspicious dragons, divine phoenixes, and all kinds of auspicious omens appeared between heaven and earth.

At the sight of the strange phenomenon, Wushuang could not help but suck in a cold breath. "It has begun... The most crucial moment has begun!"

He stood up, his iron sword in one hand. The unremarkable and ancient weapon was forged for him by Tongtian, who was one of the perfected Chaotic Saints of the Primitive Universe.

Although Tongtian did not take him as a disciple, he thought highly of his Sword Path, so he gave him the sword. It was a simple sword, even a little ugly, but Wushuang felt comfortable when using it.

Suddenly, many immortals appeared in the distance together!

Wushuang's eyes burst into bright light. "I said, scram!" he said icily. A frightening murderous aura exploded out of him and rose into the sky. Although he was only a half-step Saint, he was as aggressive as a Saint of the Great Path.

"Dugu Wushuang! Don't be so unreasonable!"

"When heavenly treasures appear, those who are destined to have them will have them... You're not invincible under the sun!"

"If you dare to cut off our paths of cultivation, we'll fight you to the death! Dugu Wushuang, give us a fair fight if you have the guts!"

The immortals were all yelling loudly, their voices resounding in the sky like thunder. These immortals were all from the Primitive Universe, and every one of them was extremely fearsome.

Based on the phenomenon and the boiling spiritual energy, they had no doubt that a heavenly treasure had appeared. How could they possibly give up the chance to get it?

They were all seeking the path to immortality, so naturally, they would not give up this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!

“Those who are destined to have heavenly treasures will have them?” Wushuang twitched the corner of his mouth and shook his head. “Who do you think you are? What makes you think you are destined to have this treasure?”

“You’re too unbridled!” The immortals flew into a rage. Wushuang was formidable, but it still made them angry that he looked down on them like that. But he had the cultivation base of a half-step Saint, so many of them dared not to push him too far.

Wushuang raised his sword and slashed it at the air. The great tide of spiritual energy was instantly cut through in the middle. All the immortals quickly moved backward in terror.

Boom!

Suddenly, a terrifying pressure came crashing down from the sky. Many half-step Saints had descended! These existences were all seeking the opportunity to break through to the realm of Saints of the Great Path, and now that a heavenly treasure had appeared on Planet Immortality, how could they let it go? Perhaps with the help of this treasure, they could become Saints instantly!

There was no doubt that these half-step Saints were summoned by the immortals on Planet Immortality. But Wushuang was fearless. He held his iron sword tightly, let out a loud cry, and then swung it. Even though he was facing so many half-step Saints, he did not flinch!

“I told you to scram... all of you!”

The next moment, the terrible attacks of the innumerable half-step Saints collided with Wushuang’s sword energy. The void was instantly shattered, and the entire planet trembled violently. Fortunately, the energy waves generated by the collision were neutralized as they approached the array, and the city—which was enveloped by it—did not take any damage.

In the city, both mortals and cultivators knelt on the ground, shivering. When immortals fought, it was the mortals who suffered—the energy waves generated by their collision could easily destroy a country.

They did not know when the disaster would strike. However, they soon found that all the energy waves had been blocked. Many mortals were looking in the direction of the restaurant in a daze.

In the restaurant, Bu Fang looked at the metal puppet in front of him and exhaled. It was basically the same as Whitey. He missed that familiar look—he had not seen it for years.

With the God of Cooking's will gone, Whitey could not last for too long. The reason it could continue to exist for five hundred years was that it had absorbed a lot of Soul Demons' true forms.

Then, as Bu Fang died of old age, it was reclaimed by the God of Cooking. It was made by him, so when it finished its task, he naturally recalled it—Bu Fang no longer needed its help.

Looking at Whitey, who had no emotion like a dead thing, Bu Fang sighed. Although he had forged the body, it was not the real Whitey without the soul.

Bu Fang took a step back and raised his hand. A set of ancient cooking utensils appeared before him. He began to cook a dish. His gaze was complicated, with many emotions flowing through it.

Whitey had no soul and was not in the Transmigration, so it was basically impossible to resurrect it. It had truly disappeared from this world. For Bu Fang, however, there was nothing that could not be solved by one dish, and if there was, he would use two dishes.

As ingredients flew in the air, Bu Fang cooked with a steady flow of movements. The metal puppet was standing in the distance with no expression.

After a long time, the dish was finally ready. Steam rushed up as Bu Fang removed the lid of the steamer. Inside was a white steamed bun in the shape of Whitey, with the same round head and fat belly.

Bu Fang took it out. It was so hot that he twitched the corner of his mouth when he touched it. Memories came flooding back to him at this moment, and he thought of many things. The memories of Whitey since the Light Wind Empire kept flashing in his mind.

The next moment, the eyes of the steamed bun slowly lit up, flickering with bits of gold. Looking at it, Bu Fang smiled. He walked up to the huge metal puppet. The latter's abdomen suddenly transformed into a bottomless black hole.

He placed the bun in it, which gradually disappeared as if it was sinking to the bottom of the sea. But the golden eyes were getting brighter and brighter.

Bu Fang took a step back. All the star essences had been used up, leaving the starry sky dark. However, at this very moment, two beams of golden light burst forth in the darkness.

The metal puppet raised his huge hand and scratched his round head.

“Whitey... come back to me now,” Bu Fang exhaled and said in a faint voice.

*Chapter 1824: Troublemaker, You Will Be Stripped as an Example to Others*

Whitey raised its hand and scratched its round head, its mechanical eyes bursting with brilliant golden light. Its gaze turned to Bu Fang, and joy seemed to be spreading in them.

Bu Fang put his hands behind his back. Looking at Whitey standing in the darkness, he could not help but nod. He then raised his hand and patted the latter’s round belly. What he felt from his palm was no longer as cold as before, but a little warm.

Whitey scratched its head again. It seemed a little more human to Bu Fang, but its aura was just as familiar.

Whitey was back at last!

...

Alone, Wushuang stood in the sky, holding his sword. As a sword expert, his fighting prowess was fearsome, and he was never afraid of fighting a large group of enemies.

Many immortals were flying toward him from a distance. Even then, the light that exploded out of the restaurant grew brighter and brighter. It had broken all the clouds and seemed to be on the verge of ripping the sky apart.

At the sight of that, these immortals became even more excited. They knew the light, which was the sign of something about to attain the Path. Evidently, the treasure was comparable to the top ten divine artifacts of the Primitive Universe! How could they give up the opportunity to get something so extraordinary?

Several half-step Saints could not hold it anymore and made their move. For a moment, waves of mighty energy swept out across the void, and various magic treasures fell from the sky.

Showing no fear at all, Wushuang raised his iron sword and swung it. A terrifying sword intent rose into the sky and collided with the immortals’ magic treasures!

Bu Fang said that a little bit of energy would leak during the process of reviving his old friend, but the light exploding out of the restaurant was not just a little bit.

However, Wushuang did not mind. Since Bu Fang asked him to guard the restaurant, he would not let these people step into it, even if the cost was his own demise!

The half-step Saints emerged in the sky together, and they all looked shocked. Wushuang was indeed a terrifying sword expert when he became a half-step Saint. Although he was alone and he had only one sword, he managed to hold them all back! He had even cut some of the magic treasures in half!

The mortals down below were stunned as they watched, marveling at Wushuang's imposing manner of facing so many immortals alone.

In the sky, some seasoned half-step Saints were seething from embarrassment. Wushuang had become an immortal for less than a few hundred years, yet he was able to fend off the attack jointly unleashed by them.

However, when they recalled that he had once followed that man for five hundred years, they found that that was only to be expected.

But that man had passed away, and they would not give the opportunity to Wushuang without fighting. After all, they wanted to use the treasure to break through into the realm of Saints—they would not give up so easily!

Suddenly, a huge bronze cauldron appeared in the sky and flew toward Wushuang. It was surrounded by various magic treasures, which formed a terrifying array. When the array trembled, energy waves spread from it, hitting Wushuang and the restaurant's array, causing the latter to flicker with colorful light.

Wushuang sneered. Holding his sword, he began to perform a sword style, dancing alone in the sky. His sword style was not fierce nor aggressive, but gentle and soft. As he swung the sword, emotions seemed to burst from it, and he was singing as well.

Soon, his aura soared and seemed to have broken into the realm of Saints. At this moment, his fighting prowess as a sword expert was at its peak!

Rumble!

The huge bronze cauldron was slashed in half by the sword, and the various magic treasures around it were broken as well. The immortal who controlled it coughed up a mouthful of blood as a great force knocked him flying backward. His face was deathly pale.

"Dugu Wushuang's Sword Ballad!" said one of the half-step Saints with a serious face.

Wushuang lowered his sword and said indifferently, "Scram now."

The faces of all the half-step Saints were unsightly, and the immortals peeping in the distance sucked in their breath. Meanwhile, the mortals down below were cheering with excitement when they saw Wushuang defeat so many immortals with just one stroke.

Suddenly, Wushuang frowned and turned to look into the distance. Amid churning immortal energy, he saw a golden magic staff descend and the arrival of a Buddha, whose body radiated blinding golden light. He narrowed his eyes.

“A Buddha who has broken into the realm of Saints... Has it finally attracted a Saint of the Great Path?”

Wushuang took a deep breath. If truth be told, he did not find it too surprising. After all, it was something created by Bu Fang, so it was perfectly normal for an almighty expert like this to be attracted.

“Dear benefactor... Please let this poor monk through. This poor monk will only take a look, and he will leave immediately once he is not destined to own the treasure...” the Buddha said with a kind smile on his face.

However, Wushuang was not someone who could be so easily deceived. If he let the Buddha through, he would definitely take the treasure away. He could not let that happen!

“If you want me to let you through, you have to ask my sword first...” Wushuang bowed his head slightly and said in an indifferent voice.

His sword intent exploded out from his body, turned into a giant sword, and shot toward the Buddha. He dared not to be careless, for his opponent was a Saint of the Great Path. He was a sword expert, but the strength of a Saint was very scary, so he had to do his best.

“If this is the case... Then this poor monk has no other choice but to offend his dear benefactor.” The Buddha smiled and shook his head. The next moment, he performed a hand incantation gesture and threw it at Wushuang.

In the boundless starry sky outside Planet Immortality, many terrifying figures were watching the battle. There was no doubt that the dazzling light erupted from the restaurant had already alerted the whole Primitive Universe.

Boom!

The Buddha's seal collided with the sword. Wushuang grunted as his sword intent was stopped. But he showed no fear at all. Instead, he burst out laughing, then began to sing and perform his sword style in the starry sky. Each of his strokes was bursting with rich emotions, and under the emotions was monstrous killing intent!

Although the Buddha was a Saint of the Great Path, he was suppressed by Wushuang. Frowning, he grabbed the golden staff. The rings on it clanged as they knocked with each other.

A rumbling sound filled the air as the sword energy and the Buddha's light collided in midair and kept exploding. Wushuang began to feel the pressure.

Suddenly, another expert struck from outside Planet Immortality! He was also a Saint of the Great Path with a frightening aura. This time, it was a Daoist. Sitting cross-legged in the starry sky with flickering eyes, he threw down a giant palm.

Wushuang roared and slashed at the huge hand. A loud thud rang out, and his body trembled violently. He felt his blood and energy boiling in him. However, that was not all.

As if they could sense his limit, another expert in the starry sky struck. A spear ripped through the void as it went straight at Wushuang's chest. It came from a barbarian clad in beast skins with a pair of bright eyes.

The mortals on Planet Immortality all knelt on the ground and dared not move. The pressure was simply too intense. When immortals were fighting, they could only watch while shivering with fear.

Wushuang was constantly being forced back. His iron sword was all red as if it had just been taken out of an oven. Under the impact of the Saints of the Great Path's magic power, the sword seemed to be on the verge of breaking apart.

Suddenly, a clicking sound could be heard as a line appeared across the iron sword. Then, as Wushuang watched, the sword cracked and broke apart!

Even then, the Buddha, the Daoist, and the barbarian rushed wildly toward where the bright light was erupting, shattering all the auspicious omens. As they neared, they struck out at the same time, their scary aura filling the entire sky!

Wushuang narrowed his eyes. "SCRAM!!!" he bellowed, then threw himself at them as if he was a sword. Suddenly, a lean figure appeared at his side and put a hand on his shoulder.

"It's alright... I've finished the work," Bu Fang said faintly.

Wushuang paused, then a look of joy came over his face as he stared at Bu Fang. 'His Excellency has come out! Everything will be fine now!'

Bu Fang glanced at the broken iron sword. He raised his hand, and all the shreds flew up and fell into his palm. With a wave of his other hand, some star essences appeared. "It happens that I've some star essences left. I'll use them to repair your iron sword," he said.



His mental force spread like the spring breeze. Soon, the sword was restored. It still looked like an ordinary iron sword, but it was giving off a strange feeling.

As soon as Wushuang grabbed it, he felt that a connection that went deep into his soul was established between them. It was the resonance of the Emotional Path, or to be more precise, the resonance between his Seven Emotions Sword Path and the Emotional Path!

“What about them, Your Excellency?” Wushuang asked, holding the iron sword.

“Don’t worry... Just watch. They’re the perfect opponents for our old friend to flex its muscles.” The corners of Bu Fang’s mouth lifted slightly, and a playful look seemed to flash in his eyes.

That gave Wushuang pause.

Rumble!

The Buddha, the Daoist, and the barbarian approached the restaurant, reaching their hands toward the spot where the bright light was erupting. Suddenly, the door was pushed open. It startled the three almighty experts.

A huge figure walked out of the restaurant. Whitey, with its round head and round belly, appeared. Its golden mechanical eyes turned and fixed at the three experts in midair. It did not seem to emanate an aura of magic power.

“What is this thing?”

The three experts paused.

“It doesn’t matter. Just break it apart!” The barbarian raised his spear and flung it toward Whitey. A shrill whistle filled the air as the weapon pierced through the void with great power. The strength of a Saint of the Great Path was indeed terrifying.

Whitey’s mechanical eyes flashed as it raised its huge palm and caught the spear. Then, it clenched its fist and crushed the spear.

The Buddha and the Daoist were shocked, and the barbarian’s eyes burst into bright light.

Suddenly, there was a flash of light. In the blink of an eye, Whitey disappeared, and when it reappeared, it was already standing in front of the three experts.

“You...” The barbarian was stunned. Without hesitation, he threw out his fist with force strong enough to collapse the void!

Bam!

The fist struck Whitey's huge palm. However, it did not even cause any ripple. 'This thing's strength is so frightening and unfathomable!'

The barbarian stared at Whitey with wide eyes. Suddenly, his pupils narrowed as he seemed to recall something. "You... You're that metal puppet..."

Bam!

Whitey slapped him across the face. The barbarian was struck dumb—his words were forcibly cut off. Then, a ripping sound echoed out as his animal skins were stripped. Before he could react, he was fully naked, hovering in midair for all to see...

The mortals down below exclaimed, while the corner of Wushuang's mouth twitched uncontrollably.

In the distance, the Buddha and the Daoist were stunned as well. The more they looked at Whitey, the more familiar it seemed to them. The sense of familiarity that enveloped their hearts filled them with dread. They seemed to recall something horrible.

The Buddha grabbed his staff, turned, and sped away. The Daoist did the same. However, Whitey swept them with its mechanical eyes, threw out its huge palms, and dragged both of them back.

"Troublemaker, you will be stripped as an example to others!" Whitey said.

Its voice was no longer as cold and mechanical as before. Instead, it was somewhat... rhythmic and filled with emotions.

'The heck?!' The Daoist was shocked as a bad feeling engulfed him.

A ripping sound rang out, and his Daoist robe, which was an immortal artifact, was ripped into pieces. The same thing happened to the Buddha. As he watched in despair, his robes were torn into pieces and drifted away.

The Clothes-Stripping Crazy Demon had returned!

*Chapter 1825: You're Finally Back!*

Whitey had come back.

Hovering in midair, Wushuang became somewhat excited. He was not very familiar with the metal puppet that followed Bu Fang, but after they had stayed together for hundreds of years, he already considered it a companion and a friend.

In fact, he knew very well that the metal puppet was not a real puppet. It was sentient. However, the sentience was buried deep in it like a tiny seed, waiting for the water to sprout and bloom into a flower. And now, it was sprouting at last.

“Well... It is still in good spirits, and the craft is not rusty,” Bu Fang said faintly as he nodded. It seemed that he was satisfied with Whitey’s Performance.

Whitey’s clothes-stripping skills were as formidable as before. It could strip anyone naked with just one move, including immortals. So what if they were Saints of the Great Path? It stripped them all the same and threw them away.

The star essences of almost all the dead stars in the universe were used to forge a new body for Whitey. It was the best configuration, and together with the catalysis of the gourmet food, Whitey was given a new life. Even Bu Fang was not quite sure how powerful it was now. It might be as strong as before or even stronger.

The Buddha, the Daoist, and the barbarian were stripped naked by Whitey with just one move. They were simply powerless to fight back. At this moment, they seemed to recall something.

“This puppet... seems to be very famous in the Primitive Sphere...”

“But hasn’t that puppet been reduced to dust? Why are we encountering it on this ordinary planet?”

“It’s almost as strong as a Chaotic Saint!”

The three of them were the top experts in their respective worlds. At this moment, however, they did not have the courage to face Whitey. It was too fearsome. With just one move, it had ripped their clothes, no matter if they were clad in a Daoist robe, a monk’s robe, or animal skins.

The air was filled with the drifting spiritual energy that the broken magic treasures had turned into. It nourished the whole planet and benefited all the living beings here. The mortals could now sense the energy as their bodies were being strengthened. More of them knelt on the ground.

Whitey swept the trio with its golden mechanical eyes. They shuddered. Without hesitation, they wrapped themselves in fresh clothes and sped away. With this puppet here, they were lucky to be alive, and they could forget about the treasure. Little did they know that Whitey was the so-called heavenly treasure they were here for.

Bu Fang did not stop them from leaving. He had no reason to do that. They did nothing wrong—it was a cultivator's nature to go after a heavenly treasure.

Rumble!

Whitey took a step and, as if it had crossed the river of time, appeared in front of Bu Fang. Then, it raised its big hand and scratched its round head. Bu Fang patted its belly and smiled.

Wushuang's iron sword returned to its scabbard. Reforged by Bu Fang, the weapon's power was now not weaker than that of the Primitive Universe's divine artifacts. Wushuang could not express how much he liked it. After putting away the sword, he cupped his fist and bowed at Whitey.

In a somewhat dorky but adorable way, Whitey raised its big hands and imitated his gesture, cupping its fist and bowing. Compared with the past, the present Whitey was considered to have just gained its intelligence. However, many things belonging to the original Whitey were deeply engraved in its memory.

Whitey was still the same Whitey, but it was now more human than that cold metal puppet.

Bu Fang looked at the mortals below. Then, he raised a hand and waved it lightly. Magic power spread, and clouds of dust rolled. Before long, everything was restored to its original state. The array had also faded away. Whitey, Wushuang, and Bu Fang landed inside the restaurant.

"Your Excellency... Do you plan to stay here forever?" Wushuang asked.

He was very excited that Bu Fang had come back to life. He could not tell how strong Bu Fang was now, but he knew that he must be stronger than him. He reckoned that he would be no match for Bu Fang even if he used his Seven Emotions Sword Path.

"Isn't it good to stay here? I want to spend more time in the mortal world while I can. I will not have such an opportunity in the future..."

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth lifted slightly. He was not in a hurry. There were still four hundred years before Soul God woke up. Besides, he might not be able to defeat Soul God with his current cultivation base, so he needed to slowly cultivate and push the Emotional Path to the pinnacle.

Wushuang nodded and said nothing, though he could not understand completely. In any case, he and Bu Fang had endless lives now, so he was not in a hurry too. He swore that he would follow wherever Bu Fang went.

...

Lord Dog lay lazily outside the Temple of Heavengod Time, basking in the sun. He had nothing else to do. When he had plenty of time but no Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, he could only spend his days like this.

Er Ha was better now. He did not eat that spicy strip but kept it as a treasure. Bu Fang's dishes were imperishable. He could keep it for hundreds of years, and it would not rot. Occasionally, when he thought of eating it, he would bring it out and take a small bite. Of course, he had to restrain himself, or he would finish it in less than a year.

Foxy was very naughty. After all, she was Heavengod Destruction. A random meatball shot out of her mouth would always cause a mess in the Chaos Space.

Shrimpy, on the other hand, was a bit like Lord Dog. It spent its days lying under the sun and spitting bubbles. The Heavengod Space who used to travel everywhere had become a lazy shrimp, too lazy to even move.

Without Bu Fang, they all became somewhat decadent.

...

Another hundred years had passed. To the Chaos Space, a hundred years was nothing, and to Void City, it was like a snap of the fingers.

It seemed like yesterday when Flowery delivered the food. Since then, she had stayed in Void City, sitting cross-legged and cultivating. She had wanted to stay with Lord Dog, but when she learned that Nethery was inheriting the Queen's legacy, she chose to stay and guard her.

...

The towering Hangu Pass was broken in half. A huge crack ran through it in the middle, terrifying to look at. Countless immortals and deities packed the top of the walls. They sat cross-legged and kept sending their energy into the starry sky to supply the arrays.

The dish was surrounded by a dense layer of arrays, each containing mighty power. However, what was truly shocking was that half of the dish was eaten. This had filled many people with terror.

The memory of that battle was still vivid in their minds. They could still remember how the heavens and earth had shaken when Soul God came to this universe.

A sword flew buzzing into the starry sky. Tongtian, standing on the sword, circled the arrays. He looked at the dish. It was like a realm, and Soul God was sealed inside.

He put his hands behind his back, his robes flapping noisily in the wind. Staring at the half-eaten dish, he felt somewhat restless inside.

To perfected Chaotic Saints like him, a thousand years was like a snap of the fingers. But the days seemed like years to him. It was as if there was an hourglass with the sand in it flowing, and when the last grain of sand fell, it would be endless destruction.

And this time, Bu Fang was not with them. There was no one who could suppress Soul God with another dish.

Tongtian sighed, then locked his fingers in a sword incantation gesture. A stream of light fell from the sky and struck the array, causing it to ripple.

“Keep suppressing... I also have a sword, and it is waiting for you to come out.” Tongtian squinted at the half-eaten dish with a sharp look in his eyes.

...

Bu Fang gently closed the restaurant door. Whitey and Wushuang walked up to him.

“Why are we closing so early today, Your Excellency?”

Wushuang was puzzled, while Whitey blinked its mechanical eyes.

“I’m going somewhere today. Gather up your things. Let’s go for a walk,” Bu Fang said.

Wushuang paused for a while, then nodded. A few moments later, he ran to his room and took out his sword. He always carried the sword on his back except when he was helping out in the restaurant. This was the professional quality of a Sword Immortal.

Bu Fang made no comment on that. Looking at Wushuang’s sword, he could not help but think of the God of Cooking Sets. They had merged with the Gourmet Arrays to suppress Soul God, so he did not have a handy weapon now.

“Have you gathered up all your things?” Bu Fang asked.

Wushuang nodded, and so did Whitey. The puppet was growing wittier and more human now.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and took a step. The void in front of them immediately distorted and turned into a huge spatial tunnel. He was the first to step into it. Wushuang and Whitey exchanged a glance and followed.

Space twisted and turned around them. When they left the tunnel, they found themselves hovering over a great ocean.

“Where is this place? Its spiritual energy is so weak... even weaker than that of Planet Immortality,” Wushuang could not help but say with emotion.

“This is... where I was born,” Bu Fang said.

Wushuang froze instantly, and his expression became somewhat embarrassed. “Your Excellency is destined to be an extraordinary being. Although you were born in such a barren place, you could still cultivate to the supreme realm. Your Excellency is truly the role model for all cultivators.”

Bu Fang glanced at him. “Your strength has not improved much lately, but it seems your tongue has become smoother.”

Wushuang laughed dryly.

Looking at the vast ocean, Bu Fang exhaled deeply. Now that he was back again, he was filled with mixed feelings.

“Earth...”

During that battle, Soul God had pulled Earth out from the endless void before he was suppressed and sealed. Bu Fang thought that his last body part must be sealed here.

Frowning, he closed his eyes and sensed the heavens and earth with his heart. The wind was blowing, and the sea was rolling. After a long time, he opened his eyes. He could not sense anything that had Soul God’s aura.

‘What’s going on? Could Soul God be mistaken?’ Bu Fang thought for a while. Then, he walked into the sky step by step as if climbing a flight of invisible steps.

He did not deliberately release his aura, but the immortals on Penglai Immortal Island, Mount Kunlun, and other blessed realms on Earth shuddered at the same time. Sitting cross-legged, they looked up at the sky and felt a terrifying aura. It was so strong that they did not dare to fight it.

Bu Fang ignored these immortals and deities. He went above the sky, found a large hole in the ocean of rolling clouds, and walked into it. Whitey and Wushuang followed curiously.

The hole was extremely dark, and three mighty figures could be seen sitting cross-legged inside. As soon as they sensed Bu Fang’s aura, they flicked open their eyes.

Rumble!

Wushuang, standing behind Bu Fang, shuddered as he sensed tremendous pressure. He was terrified. He never expected that an almighty expert would guard such a barren place.



In the distance, when the man who opened his eyes saw Bu Fang, he burst out laughing.

“Hahahaha! You’re finally back!”

*Chapter 1826: The Number One Barbecue in the Starry Sky!*

“You’re finally back!” said a familiar voice.

Bu Fang nodded. The man in front of him was none other than Suiren, the supreme human emperor who was guarding the Ancestral Planet with his life.

A fire was burning in the cave. Bu Fang sat down beside it. Now that Soul God was suppressed, the three human emperors seemed much relaxed. At least, they did not look so tensed up as the first time he saw them.

“Stop looking. I’m the only one left in the cave now. After Soul God was suppressed, the other two old men had left a clone behind and went to travel the mortal world. When they return, they might come back with a few children,” Suiren said and laughed.

Sitting beside the fire, he studied Bu Fang curiously. He was not surprised by his return. In fact, he had found Bu Fang extraordinary when they met. He knew that someone like him would have a limitless future. And what he saw now proved that he was right. He could no longer see through Bu Fang’s cultivation base.

Whitey and Wushuang came up to them from the distance.

“Come, sit down and accompany this old man.” Suiren narrowed his eyes and smiled. With the pressure brought by the Soul Demons gone, he was a little bored, and because they no longer attacked Earth’s cosmic barrier, he had no barbecue to eat.

Wushuang was a little uncomfortable with Suiren’s enthusiasm. However, he also understood that this was an old senior who was much stronger than him. Judging by his aura, he was at least a Chaotic Saint.

Bu Fang nodded. He sat beside the fire with Suiren and began chatting with the old man. They were really chatting. He talked about what he had seen and seen in the world during his five hundred years as a mortal, what he had learned from opening the restaurant after coming back to life, and the interesting things he had encountered when he traveled across the starry sky.

It was the first time Wushuang learned that Bu Fang could be so talkative. Whitey, on the other hand, fixed its mechanical eyes at the fire, dazed.

As Suiren listened, he would sometimes laugh or nod in agreement. He had lived much longer, and his thoughts and feelings for many things were much deeper than Bu Fang.

Wushuang did not interrupt the conversation between the old man and the young man.

Time passed. The sky grew dark, then bright again. Bu Fang sat cross-legged in the cave and stopped talking at last. The atmosphere was very quiet, and the only sound was the crackling of the fire.

A long time later, Suiren breathed a long sigh. "It must be hard for you to stick with it... It is very tiring to persist in walking the same path," he said.

His sigh was filled with mixed feelings. As the human emperor, he should be high and mighty, yet he was willing to guard the Ancestral Planet with his life and almost died when the Soul Demons attacked Earth. It all comes from the persistence in his heart.

Now, he could only listen to Bu Fang as a listener. He did not have the ability to help him anymore.

After their conversation ended, Bu Fang took out ingredients from his storage space. They were not all ordinary—some had the powerful aura of a Saint of the Great Path, while others had weak auras like mortal ingredients.

Nowadays, Bu Fang no longer pursued the finest ingredients. He would look for the right ingredients and use them for cooking, no matter what their levels were. Besides, the combination of different ingredients would produce new dishes. This was the charm of cooking.

What he took out was the bird thigh of a Saint of the Great Path. It was huge. He skewered it with a wooden stake and placed it over the flame, slowly roasting it.

"Oh, I can finally taste your cooking again! It's been hundreds of years since I last had a piece of meat... At last, I can eat something juicy again!" Suiren rubbed his hands and looked eager to try the leg.

Wushuang was somewhat speechless. He did not expect this old senior to be so... straightforward.

Bu Fang was expressionless—he was serious when he began cooking. His cooking style was completely different from the past. He no longer used those fancy techniques. Instead, he focused on fusing emotions into the dishes.

As the flame was roasting the bird thigh inch by inch, its color began to gradually change. Grease trickled down from it in rivulets and dripped into the flame, causing the fire to burn stronger and brighter.

Bu Fang slowly turned the stake at a steady pace, not too fast nor too slow. Soon, a rich aroma wafted out of the thigh. It was a meaty aroma that seemed to penetrate deep into one's heart, intoxicating and emotion-provoking.

"It smells so delicious!"

Suiren roared, his face flushing. Wushuang stared at him in shock.

"Hehe, pardon me for being so excited. It's been too long since I last smelled something so delicious," Suiren said, smiling. He rubbed his hands and stroked his beard, drooling.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth lifted slightly. While the meat was being cooked over the fire, he took out a few porcelain bowls and handed them to Suiren, Wushuang, and Whitey.

The bird thigh grew more and more golden, and the rich aroma swirled around it like silk. With a shake of his hand, Bu Fang produced a dagger made of star essences. He pressed his thumb against its back, slowly brought it down, and cut a piece of roast meat. As grease dripped, he threw it into Suiren's bowl.

Although the meat was still hot, the human emperor hurriedly grabbed it and shoved it into his mouth. The moment he began to chew, he was stunned.

'This roast meat... It's different from all the roast meat I've eaten! What is that thing flowing in my mouth? It is... emotion... An emotion that can't be described with words...'

Suiren's eyes were misty. As he chewed the roast meat, he thought of many things in the past. Back then, he was still a youth who walked across the Ancestral Planet. The whole world was dark, and he, with the forwardness of youth, had brought the first ray of light in the darkness of the night on the planet!

With the passage of time, the youth had grown into a gray-haired old man now. Suiren swallowed the meat and sighed. Unbeknown to him, he had lived for such a long time.

He sniffled, stuffed another piece of roast meat Bu Fang had placed in his bowl into his mouth, and wiped his greasy beard with a hand. He was filled with happiness.

"My barbecue skill is no longer as good as yours... Under the starry sky, you won't find a person whose barbecue tastes better than yours... I guarantee that!"

Suiren wiped the wetness at the corners of his eyes with the back of his hand. Bu Fang's cooking skills were growing too quickly. He was already a superb chef in the past, but Suiren could still beat him with barbecue. But now... Suiren thought he'd better just focus on eating.

Wushuang was eating the roast meat as well. He felt the passage of time and recalled the hundreds of years he had spent with Bu Fang. That filled him with mixed emotions.

Whitey grabbed a piece of roast meat, opened its mechanical mouth, and placed it inside. Its mechanical eyes lit up in an instant, and a pinkish hue seemed to creep across its white metal face. It clapped its huge hands to praise the deliciousness of the meat.

Bu Fang smiled and continued to cut the bird thigh. One piece of roast meat after another was cut and placed in the bowls. As the meat continued to cook over the fire, its aroma grew stronger, and its texture grew more tender.

Suiren was satisfied. The three of them had a hearty meal. The happiness of enjoying great food was one of the purest emotions of human beings.

After they had finished the meat, Bu Fang took out a jar of fine wine and filled a cup for Suiren. Nothing beats a cup of wine after eating barbecue. Suiren thought this was one of the happiest moments in his life.

When they had had their fill, Bu Fang brought up the important topic. "Before Soul God was sealed, he seemed to be looking for something in the Ancestral Planet. Do the human emperors know what that thing is?"

Suiren took a sip of wine and stroked his beard. "Soul God can only return to this world after collecting all his body parts... What do you think he is missing?" he asked.

"One of his arms was in the Chaotic Universe, and his lower body was sealed under Void City. His head, upper body, and another arm were in the Primitive Universe and the Soul Demon Universe... What is he missing?" Bu Fang did not know the answer.

"He's missing a heart." Suiren took another sip of wine, then lay down on his side. The firelight flashed on his face.

"A heart? Soul God is missing a heart?" That gave Bu Fang pause. "Why does he need a heart when he is walking the Ruthless Path?" he said, frowning.

"The heart is the source of power. Whether it is the Ruthless Path or the Emotional Path, they cannot exist without the heart... Therefore, it is impossible for Soul God to spare Earth." Suiren sighed.

Only with the heart could one be ruthless. A person without a heart had no emotions, and he would never be able to reach the pinnacle. In fact, ruthlessness was also a kind of emotion.

Suiren's words sent Bu Fang into deep thought. Obviously, he did not expect this. In that case, where was Soul God's heart hidden on Earth? He did not know. Perhaps he should go out and find it?

"Don't waste your time. You won't find it... It can only be found by Soul God himself after he wakes up." Suiren seemed to see through everything.

Bu Fang nodded and stopped thinking about this. Wushuang and Whitey were eating roast meat to the side. They were not strong enough to interfere in these problems.

For the next few days, Bu Fang stayed in the cave and cooked various delicacies. Suiren was so happy and satisfied that he did not want to let Bu Fang leave. However, he knew that Bu Fang would certainly leave. It was impossible for him to stay here forever.

Finally, after one month, Bu Fang took his leave with Whitey and Wushuang. Suiren stood at the entrance to the cave with his hands clasped behind his back as he watched them leave. He sighed. He was going to spend his days without meat again.

...

Time flew. Another few hundred years had passed. The atmosphere between heaven and earth was beginning to change.

The Soul Demon Universe, which seemed to be sealed, was beginning to stir. Soul Demons were sighted in the world once again.

The seven Great Soul Overlords who were sacrificed by Soul God were all replaced, and their minions had appeared in the Primitive Universe, the Chaotic Universe, and outside Void City. Many lesser universes were wiped out by them.

Everything of the Soul Demons was given by Soul God. So even though he had sacrificed the seven Great Soul Overlords, they still held him as their supreme leader. Their ultimate goal was to resurrect Soul God, who was the soul of all the Soul Demons!

...

All that was left of the dish suspended in the starry sky outside Pangu Pass was a small piece that anyone could finish in one gulp. The monstrous power of the Great Sins swirled around it like a great monster, and a terrifying aura was making the whole universe shake.

Triggered by the aura, the arrays around the dish were emanating mighty power. A round black bead had formed beside the dish, and streams of black smoke could be seen swirling inside. Suddenly, the bead transformed into an eye.

The crimson eye stared coldly at the outside world, at Hangu Pass.

“Where is that damn chef?!”

*Chapter 1827: Damn You, Chefs!*

The huge eyeball was crimson, cold, and ruthless like the most indifferent thing in the world. It turned, fixing at Hangu Pass in the distance. It was filled with hatred, but the intensity of this hatred was nowhere near as strong as that in its voice.

“Where is that damn chef?!”

It shook heaven and earth, thick with a fury that came from the depths of the soul and filled with hatred for that chef.

No one could ever understand how much Soul God hated chefs. After plotting for millions of years, he finally woke himself up, collected his body parts, and was about to return to this world as the supreme Soul God.

Yet he had only shown his prowess for a few moments when that chef suppressed him with a dish! It infuriated him greatly.

Soul God’s hatred for chefs went deep into his soul. He remembered that many, many years ago, he was also suppressed by a chef with a dish. That time, he was sealed for millions of years.

Now, he was suppressed by a chef again. He had waited for millions of years, yet the same thing happened again as soon as he woke up.

“Damn you, chefs!” Soul God’s roar shook the universe, causing the surrounding arrays to rumble continuously as if they were about to break apart.

The immortals and deities on the walls of Hangu Pass all rose to their feet, their faces grave. Standing on his sword, Tongtian sped across the starry sky, came before the monstrous black smoke, and stared coldly at the black ball.

‘A thousand years is too short. Soul God is only days away from breaking the seal...’

Tongtian’s face was unsightly. At this moment, the Buddha, Lady Nuwa, and Yuanshi Tianzun descended as well. Hovering in midair, the four almighty experts of the Primitive Universe sighed.

Soul God had collected his body parts, and his power was comparable to that of the Primitive Great Path. Even a perfected Chaotic Saint could not stop him now. Once he broke through the seal, he would definitely bring a destructive disaster to the world.

If the Primitive Sphere was captured and the Soul Demons were allowed to freely grow here, then the whole universe would be reduced to a dead place. The Soul Demons were the parasites of the universe.

The crimson eyeball turned and fixed at Tongtian. "You can't suppress me for too long! When I finish this one last piece... You will all die!" Soul God said icily.

The energy swirling in the dish, which had only a little bit left, was very weak. After all, it was only a pseudo-God of Cooking dish, and it had already reached the end of its tether.

Soul God roared again and his evil power surged. Even then, a golden ray flashed in the dish, then the cries of a dragon, a tiger, a bird, a turtle, and a Qilin echoed out, suppressing the evil power once again.

The immortals and deities breathed sighs of relief, but they could also feel that the dish's power was beginning to lose in the struggle with Soul God. It could not suppress him for too much longer.

"A thousand years have passed in a flash... Soul God is about to return to this world. Our arrays can't suppress him." Yuanshi Tianzun sighed.

"We need to think of a backup plan so that when Soul God returns, we can send some of our juniors away. We need them to pass on the human legacy."

The four almighty experts of the Primitive Universe sighed. Tongtian's face was unsightly as he locked his fingers in a sword incantation gesture and sent beams of sword energy into the arrays to strengthen them.

"The Soul Demon Universe is restless and about to make trouble. The new Great Soul Overlords of the Seven Sins are born, and so is the strongest Great Soul Overlord. Judging by all these signs, the calamity in the past is about to repeat once again," said Lady Nuwa.

"And this time, it will be the real calamity of life and death."

They knew very well that this time, when Soul God broke the seal, he would lead his army of Soul Demons to crush the Primitive Universe's army in one fell swoop. They had no way to stop it.



Without Bu Fang's help, the Soul Demons' nasty nature was too difficult to handle. With their insane reproduction rate and their strength, as well as under the leadership of Soul God, they would be the strongest army in the universe.

Unless they were suppressed by gourmet food.

Yuanshi Tianzun and the others also could not figure out why Soul God hated gourmet food so much. They thought it might be caused by the inter-promotion and inter-restriction between lives.

During the one thousand years, they had cultivated many chefs, but it was far from enough. These chefs were of a high standard, but they were not good enough to face Soul God. In fact, they were too weak even for those Great Soul Overlords.

The almighty experts had used great power to elevate these chefs' cultivation base to the level of Chaotic Saints. The cost was enormous, yet that was all that they could do. In fact, these chefs were all Bu Fang's apprentices. Otherwise, they could not even find such an opportunity.

'Perhaps only that man can truly suppress Soul God. Unfortunately...' Tongtian thought to himself and sighed. "Send someone to inform the Heavengods of the Chaotic Universe and the dukes of Void City that we need to discuss a plan," he said.

A formidable immortal in the distance cupped his fist and sped away to deliver the words.

Soul God's return was not only the Primitive Universe's calamity. The Chaotic Universe and Void City would suffer as well. As for the experts of the other lesser universes, they were not strong enough, so Tongtian ignored them.

In the distance, the monstrous black smoke was churning and devouring the dish that emitted golden light, while tens of thousands of immortals hovered in the starry sky to suppress the arrays. Tongtian and the other almighty experts had left to discuss the plan.

...

Bu Fang did not return to Planet Immortality. He traveled across the starry sky with Whitey and Wushuang and visited many lesser worlds. There were a lot of worlds out there, each with its own strengths and shortcomings—he could learn many things from them. To him, visiting these mortal worlds was a process of tempering his state of mind and accumulation.

Wushuang followed behind Bu Fang. As they walked, he saw many things as well. His sword became more and more steady, while much of its flashiness had disappeared and been replaced by a reserved emotion.

His Seven Emotions Sword Path had become more stable, and all these might be because of Bu Fang. The latter was helping him strengthen his foundation. Wushuang knew that, so every time when they were visiting a lesser world, he would work hard to increase his cultivation base.

The universe was boundless, and the planets were endless—it was impossible for them to visit them all. However, what Bu Fang wanted to achieve was to feel as many lives as possible in the limited number of planets he visited.

In fact, the emotions bred by every planet with life were the same, so it was not hard for him to understand their similarities. What he needed to do was to organize these similarities, comprehend them, and turn them into his Emotional Path.

Bu Fang's Emotional Path was not ordinary emotions and desires. It was not even simple love. His path contained many emotions between heaven and earth, including the emotions of humans, animals, and all things in the world. It covered everything, so it was a very difficult path to walk.

Wushuang's aura grew more and more unstable. Finally, during their visit on a planet, he sat down and went into deep meditation. His body was covered with fallen leaves, and his breathing was so weak that he seemed to be dying.

In the distance, Whitey and Bu Fang sat cross-legged beside a log fire. Bu Fang was baking some simple sweet potatoes, which were blackened on the outside and looked very ugly. Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed with excitement.

Rumble...

The ground began to tremble violently as if it was about to rise into the starry sky. Wushuang's aura kept soaring, while streams of sword intent hovered around him.

Meanwhile, all the living beings on this planet knelt on the ground and dared not move at all. They felt a crushing pressure lingering in the air, which was powerful enough to kill them instantly. It made their hearts race. They knew that someone was breaking through to the realm of Saints, so they did not dare to disturb.

All the experts knelt on the ground as they sensed the tune of the Great Path lingering between heaven and earth. It was the sound of a life baptism. Many people sat cross-legged down and were breaking through together with Wushuang.

There was an old saying that when one becomes an immortal, his chickens and dogs all fly to heaven. In some ways, that was correct, for when one was making a breakthrough, the tune of the Great Path around him was enough to elevate many mortals to immortals.

The spiritual energy of the planet was growing richer. Everything between heaven and earth was swirling, while the clouds were broken by the great power.

Meanwhile, Bu Fang's sweet potatoes were gradually getting cooked and giving off wisps of hot steam. He and Whitey were holding one each, and he saved the last one for Wushuang so that he could enjoy it after making his breakthrough.

As soon as Bu Fang broke the baked sweet potato apart, a ray of golden light shot out of it. Under its black skin was golden potato flesh, which was giving off a sweet aroma. The fragrance could easily arouse one's appetite. He took a bite. The hot potato clung to his lips, his teeth, and his tongue. Squinting, he exhaled.

Whitey also carefully put the baked sweet potato into its mouth. As its mechanical jaws closed, its body shuddered like a human being.

Bu Fang glanced at it, and the corner of his mouth twitched. 'Why are you afraid of hot food? You're a metal puppet!'

Rumble!

A beam of blinding light towered into the sky. Bu Fang ate as he watched. Compared with Tongtian when he broke through to the realm of the Saint of the Great Path, Wushuang's breakthrough was louder. Of course, the Tongtian back then was only a clone, so it was normal that his breakthrough was not as loud as this.

Wushuang's aura kept soaring. He was now a Saint of the Great Path, and his strength was strong enough to crush countless experts and even very close to that of a Chaotic Saint.

However, his foundation was not solid enough for him to become a Chaotic Saint. He would have to invent his own Sword Path to make that breakthrough. His Seven Emotions Sword Path was powerful, but it could only make him a peak Saint of the Great Path.

But Bu Fang knew that as long as he gave Wushuang some more time, he would definitely be able to step into the Chaotic Saint realm. With his foundation and the level of his Sword Path, once he became a Chaotic Saint, his sword strike might even be as strong as the attack of a perfected Chaotic Saint!

...

In the Primitive Universe, Tongtian seemed to sense something. He opened his eyes, peered through the void, and perceived the terrifying sword intent erupting from an ordinary planet with lives. The corners of his mouth lifted slightly.

“Dugu Wushuang has become a Saint as well. His progress is really fast, and his sword intent... Well, he has the same style I had back then.”

After a long time, he sighed with emotions. It seemed to him that all the people related to that man were geniuses. It's a pity that people with such an innate talent were not very helpful for the universe now. What Tongtian needed were formidable chefs who could suppress Soul God.

...

The blinding light gradually faded away. With a mighty sword intent flickering in his eyes, Wushuang took a step and came to Bu Fang's side.

“Your Excellency... I've made it!”

Wushuang had a complicated look on his face. In the past, he could never imagine that he would grow from an ordinary sword expert to a Saint of the Great Path in just one thousand years.

Strictly speaking, he had died once. His death was the most important baptism for his soul. It was because of that that he kept breaking through one realm after another and reached his current level.

He took the baked sweet potato Bu Fang threw at him. The scorching heat caused his hand to tremble, and he kept blowing at it.

“It's so hot!”

He had become a Saint of the Great Path, yet he could not even hold a baked sweet potato properly. After finishing it, Wushuang already forgot about his excitement of becoming a Saint. His heart was filled with only the aroma of the baked sweet potato. It was too delicious.

Suddenly, he realized that his fluctuating aura was stabilized and even showed signs of improving. The baked sweet potato had solidified his cultivation base. Bu Fang's baked sweet potato was truly powerful.

“Have you finished the sweet potato? Let's go back when you're done...” Bu Fang said, then stood up and patted his linen clothes.

Wushuang nodded and carried the iron sword on his back, which he had wrapped up with ragged clothes. Suddenly, he paused and looked up at the distant starry sky.

Bu Fang also exclaimed softly as he saw a huge black hole emerge outside the ordinary planet with lives. Then, black balls of flesh shot out of the hole and smashed into the

planet. The next moment, a top Soul Overlord squeezed out of the hole. His eyes were full of greed!

*Chapter 1828: The World Will Bow Before My Sword!*

As Soul God was waking up, the Soul Demons began to wreak havoc. It was a familiar feeling. Invading a universe, devouring lives, developing themselves... These were their same old tricks.

This ordinary planet with lives was located in a lesser universe, and it had become the target of a Soul Overlord. Any planet that was aimed by the Soul Demons would have a massive slaughter soon.

Perhaps because Soul God was still trapped, the Soul Demons were very low-key. They did not touch the three major universes—none of them had dared to go to the Chaotic Universe, the Primitive Universe, and the universe where Void City was located.

After all, these three major universes were guarded by perfected Chaotic Saints. If they went there and were discovered, they would be dead. So they only targeted some remote universes to devour all the lives there and turn them into their energy.

Before this Soul Overlord came here, he had already slaughtered dozens of planets with lives.

“Hehe... I can smell something delicious already!”

The Soul Overlord sneered. Behind him, one Numbered Soul Demon after another emerged, while ordinary Soul Demons scrambled to fly toward the planet. Ordinary living beings could not increase their cultivation base by much, but even a mosquito, though tiny, can provide some nutrients. As long as they ate in great quantities, they could still improve.

Darkness enveloped the whole planet, and heaven and earth seemed to be trembling with fear. The planet’s Will of the Great Path was powerless against this darkness.

Terrifying Soul Demons fell to the ground like meteorites, smashing the earth and leaving countless craters behind. They roared and hissed. In this remote area, they did not have to worry about getting killed, so they could freely release their wild nature.

Bu Fang and Wushuang were about to leave the planet. They did not expect this to happen. Looking at the black hole in the starry sky, Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth.

“These Soul Demons are a little stupid. Did they not sense your sword energy?” Bu Fang said to Wushuang.

“Soul Demons?!” Wushuang was shocked. He knew that Bu Fang had lost his cultivation base to seal the supreme leader of these demons. He just never thought they would appear again and cause trouble in the mortal world.

“Let’s go and check them out. Soul Overlord meat is very delicious.” Bu Fang smiled. He quite missed the taste. He could still remember those years... ‘It seems I’ve grown old enough to recall things of the past in whatever I see now...’ he thought to himself.

He shook his head, put his hands behind his back, and soared into the sky with Whitey and Wushuang.

At this moment, Wushuang’s divine sense spread and blanketed the entire planet in a flash. This time, he witnessed the terror of the Soul Demons. These cruel creatures were simply the most vicious invaders. Wherever they passed, not a blade of grass was left and all mortals were devoured, including babes still at breasts.

As Wushuang watched, his eyes gradually grew angry and cold. Bu Fang, on the other hand, was expressionless.

“These damn bastards...” Wushuang said icily.

“Soul Demons eat living beings to grow themselves and have no fear for the Great Path... They are indeed a sinful species.” Bu Fang’s face was cold. It had been a thousand years since he saw a Soul Demon, but they were still as disgusting as before.

The mortals on the planet were terrified. They huddled together and watched in horror as the calamity unfolded before them. In the sky, the Soul Overlord laughed excitedly. This was the feeling he was seeking, for the more fearful humans were, the more delicious they tasted! Fear was the best seasoning!

Rumble!

Wushuang could not stand it anymore. The iron sword on his back shook and ripped the old ragged cloth that wrapped it up, and when he grabbed the ancient black sword, a sword cry echoed throughout the skies.

With a cold face, he lightly tapped the blade with a flick of his finger. A crisp dinging sound rang out, echoing across the whole world in a flash. Then, beams of sword energy fell from the sky and flew out around the entire planet.

The Soul Demons, who were wreaking havoc, paused. The next moment, they widened their crimson eyes as they saw beams of sword energy punch through their bodies.

Before they could react, the terrifying energy exploded in them and blew them into pieces.

None of the Soul Demons could resist the sword energy. It was so powerful that it filled them with despair.

The mortals screamed in horror, but when they found that these beams would not hurt them, they burst into tears of joy. “The immortals are here to save us... Kill these damn demons!”

Wushuang’s face was cold. With just one stroke, he had slaughtered all the Soul Demons on the planet. His strength had grown to a very scary level. Even a Numbered Soul Demon would not be able to withstand a single strike from him.

After wiping out the Soul Demons on the planet, Wushuang held his sword in one hand and walked step by step toward the huge black hole in the sky, targeting the Soul Overlord who was laughing wildly.

The Soul Overlord saw Wushuang and roared. “A Saint of the Great Path?” Not only was he not afraid, but his eyes were flashing excitedly. If he could devour a human expert of this level, his strength could even break through to the level of a top Soul Overlord!

Meanwhile, the sound of roaring and hissing echoed throughout heaven and earth as more Soul Demons sped out from the black hole behind him, turning into a great black tide and swarming toward Wushuang.

Wushuang shook his hand. The iron sword rumbled and slashed, and a colossal beam of sword energy swept across the starry sky. In just the blink of an eye, countless Soul Demons perished under the mighty blow.

The Soul Overlord roared and collided with Wushuang’s sword energy, but he was immediately knocked flying backward with his scales shattered. The fighting prowess of a Saint of the Sword Path was indeed terrifying!

“Oh? Now you want to run?”

Wushuang’s eyes turned cold as he looked at the Soul Overlord, who was about to fly back into the black hole. He took a step forward. The black sword formed a circle around him with a tremendous amount of sword energy swirling on it. Then, the energy shot whistling out at great speed, shattering the sky!

The Soul Overlord simply could not resist this attack—his arms were cut into pieces when he raised them to block it. “Dammit! Why is a human Sword Immortal like this here on this ordinary planet with lives?!” He roared and turned to fly back into the black hole.



Wushuang's blood was boiling as he killed the Soul Demons. He showed no fear at all. Using his Seven Emotions Sword Path, he unleashed beams of sword energy, which cut through the void as they went toward the black hole. He, too, walked across the starry sky and stepped into the black hole.

"How dare you step into the Soul Demon black hole! You're courting death!"

The Soul Overlord fled into the black hole. His body was cut into pieces, and he was left with his true form. He did not expect that Wushuang would follow him here, which was linked to the Soul Demon Universe.

'This human must be an idiot!' he thought.

The moment Wushuang entered the black hole, he slashed out his sword and cut the Soul Overlord's body into pieces. However, he quickly felt that something was not right. He frowned. The darkness around him kept pressing against him. He felt as if he had sunk into a swamp.

But why should he be afraid? As a Saint of the Sword Path, he should move forward bravely and cut down everything that was in his way!

On the planet, Bu Fang put his hands behind his back and looked up together with Whitey. When he saw Wushuang stepping into the black hole, he could not help but twitch the corner of his mouth.

"That kid... is really not afraid of death." Bu Fang shook his head. Although Wushuang had become a Saint with his Sword Path, he was merely a Saint of the Great Path. Any Great Soul Overlord could kill him easily.

In the Soul Demon Universe, it was not easy for one to become a Soul God or a perfected Soul Demon. However, it was a different story for the Great Soul Overlords, for the sinful power of the universe would certainly produce these fearsome beings.

"Let's go, Whitey. It's time to clean up the mess for Wushuang, and I can also take this opportunity to look for some Soul Overlord ingredients. It's been a long time since I cooked Soul Overlords. I wonder if my skills have become rusty?" Bu Fang said indifferently.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed with golden light.

...

The pressure in the black hole grew stronger and stronger. Wushuang narrowed his eyes, took a step, and rushed out of it, flying into a starry sky.

The starry sky was dead silent. When he glanced around, all he saw were ruins of broken stars, where countless black balls of flesh attached to. What was lingering in the air was the disgusting sinful energy. He could not absorb any spiritual energy from the surroundings!

“Dammit... Where is this place?!” Wushuang’s face flickered. He was fearless because he knew Bu Fang was with him, but he seemed to have gone too far.

In the distance, the true form of the Soul Overlord hovered in the starry sky. “You ignorant human! Do you know where you are now? Hehe...”

Very quickly, those balls of flesh attached to the planets burst apart, turned into energy, and gathered around him, forming a fleshly body. Before long, the Soul Overlord was fully recovered.

Wushuang’s heart skipped a beat. ‘Could it be that...’

In the distance, some terrifying Soul Overlords unleashed their aura. They were all top Soul Overlords who had returned from other universes. Now, they began to gather around.

Wushuang felt the pressure. He was not afraid of one or two Soul Overlords, and he could even fight three or four at the same time. Beyond that, however, he might be killed!

These Soul Overlords fixed their cold eyes at him, causing his heart to tremble. But he told himself not to be afraid. He was cultivating the Seven Emotions Sword Path, but as a Sword Immortal, he naturally possessed the forwardness and courage of a swordsman.

“The world will bow before my sword!”

Wushuang laughed, took a step, and slashed out his sword. All the energy in him boiled as a tremendous amount of sword energy gathered, formed a huge sword, and cut at his foes.

The huge sword was formed by countless tiny beams of sword energy, and it contained extremely terrifying power. The few Soul Overlords were forced back by the blow. It was very strong.

The Soul Overlords showed no fear. Instead, they looked surprised. They were fearless in the Soul Demon Universe, and on top of that, the human Sword Immortal was alone. What could he do to them? Unless that scary chef who had sealed Soul God a thousand years ago descended... Otherwise, why should they be afraid?

There was a huge black planet in the Soul Demon Universe, which was filled with the extremely terrifying power of sins. The buildings on it were all constructed with sharp black stones, and they towered into the clouds. Black balls of flesh blanketed the planet's surface. They seemed to be breathing, and the sinful power was pouring out of them.

At this moment, a supreme existence opened his eyes. His huge eyeballs turned, then Wushuang's figure could be seen in them. "What an ignorant human being... How dare he come to the Soul Demon Universe! He will die!"

Rumble!

The planet trembled as the Great Soul Overlord soared into the sky.

Wushuang's expression changed dramatically as soon as he sensed this aura. "Dammit! He's so strong!" He sucked in a cold breath and felt that something bad was about to happen. He turned around and wanted to return through the black hole, but he saw that it was slowly closing up.

His face fell. If he were trapped here, he would be dead once his energy was depleted. Suddenly, he paused. Just when the black hole was about to completely close up, he saw two figures slowly walk out of it. They were none other than Bu Fang and Whitey.

"Your Excellency!" Wushuang cried out in surprise, his eyes lighting up. He felt that he was filled with confidence once again!

#### *Chapter 1829: Whitey's Explosive Fighting Prowess*

Wushuang never thought that Bu Fang would step out from the black hole. He was filled with confidence once again, and his ego, which was swelling after he had cut down a Soul Overlord, puffed up even further.

'What is there to be afraid of? His Excellency is here with me! He is my strongest backup!' Wushuang was high-spirited. His gaze grew sharper, and his aura surged. Holding the iron sword, he roared and waved it.

Even then, a few Soul Overlords and countless Soul Demons were swarming toward him from a distance. He slashed out his sword. His terrifying aura materialized a huge sword, which fell from the sky and turned numerous Soul Demons into ashes.

His sword was fearsome. After becoming a peak Saint of the Great Path, his sword intent grew more and more profound. Although he was in the Soul Demon Universe now

and could not absorb any spiritual energy from the surroundings, he was still fearless. With his sword, he could cut down even heaven and earth!

The few Soul Overlords flew over and collided with Wushuang's sword. An intense battle immediately broke out in the starry sky as they began to exchange blows.

Bu Fang walked out from the black hole with Whitey and watched indifferently. "The Soul Demon Universe..." He raised his hand, waved it slightly in the starry sky, and sighed.

This world had been corrupted and destroyed by the Soul Demons to the point of utter decay. He presumed that before they multiplied to a certain number, it should be a very peaceful universe.

He shook his head, put his hands behind his back, and quietly looked at Wushuang. The latter's sword was very steady, and each of his cuts seemed to cause the void to explode. Bu Fang walked unhurriedly in this world.

More Soul Overlords had joined the battle, and Wushuang was beginning to feel tired. Suddenly, an extremely dreadful aura exploded out from the depths of the Soul Demon Universe. The monstrous power of the sins turned into a dragon, slithered across the starry sky, and rushed toward him.

Wushuang's expression changed dramatically. This power of the sins was so much stronger than that of the average Soul Overlord!

"A Great Soul Overlord?!" He threw his head back and roared. His Seven Emotions Sword Path exploded out; seven swords soared into the sky and wheeled rapidly, then combined and turned into a colossal sword and collided with the Great Soul Overlord's attack.

**BOOM!**

The dreadful blasts of the explosion swept in all directions, blotting out the sun and the sky!

Bu Fang arched his eyebrows.

Wushuang took a few steps back in midair before he could steady himself. He felt that his energy and blood were weakened. 'He's so strong...'

A Great Soul Overlord was equivalent to a Chaotic Saint, one that was not weak among others of the same level. This was the first time Wushuang had faced such a fearsome expert, and he felt his strength fall short. Besides, he had used up a lot of his energy just now to unleash that sword strike.

An oppressive aura spread, moved across the starry sky like a great demon, and came in front of Wushuang. Scary fluctuations kept emanating from it, threatening to completely devour him.

“For the first time, a stupid human being dares to set foot in the Soul Demon Universe...”

A hoarse voice echoed out. The next moment, a gigantic demon came flying across the starry sky. Countless smaller Soul Demons flew around him, their auras stacking to form a terrifying fluctuation. This was a genuine Great Soul Overlord.

Wushuang felt a tremendous amount of pressure weighing down on him. He was facing seven Soul Overlords and one Great Soul Overlord now. Had it not been for Bu Fang’s presence, he would have admitted defeat and fled.

At the thought that he was supported by Bu Fang, Wushuang became high-spirited and confident. He raised his sword and charged out once again. The glint of his sword flashed, looking like a beautiful firework blooming in the starry sky.

“What an ignorant human being...” The Great Soul Overlord grinned, revealing a mouthful of pointy teeth. He was only recently promoted to this level, so he was puffed up with pride. He thought he could make this human being, who came here to court death, a great tonic for himself.

Rumble!

He swept out his hand that was larger than a star, and the power of the sins surrounding it was so thick that it almost turned into liquid.

Wushuang’s sword kept cutting at it, yet he could not even break through the layer of the sinful power. His face flickered. Soon, he was struck by the Great Soul Overlord. The blow knocked him flying backward and threw him into the distance.

“Your Excellency... I’m no match for him.” Wushuang clutched his chest with a hand, his face dark.

“It’s normal... You might have a chance to defeat him if you cultivate for a few more years. You’ve just made the breakthrough, so you’re not strong enough to face a Great Soul Overlord,” Bu Fang said faintly.

Many Soul Demons in the starry sky turned their gazes to Bu Fang. They saw him, but they could not sense his aura, so they thought he was only an ordinary cultivator.

They could not relate him to the chef who had sealed Soul God a thousand years ago. After so many years, Bu Fang’s aura had already changed significantly, and these Soul Demons were not the same ones who had fought in that battle.

Suddenly, an oppressive sound rang out as one of the Soul Overlords made a move. These Soul Overlords knew that the best time to kill an enemy was when he was weak. So, while Wushuang's aura was fluctuating violently, they struck fast to suppress him with one move!

Wushuang took a deep breath and was about to fight again when Bu Fang grabbed his shoulder and held him back. "It's rare that we can come to the Soul Demon Universe... so let's take this opportunity to have some fun," Bu Fang said. "Just take it as a training session."

Wushuang paused. Meanwhile, standing at Bu Fang's side, Whitey's golden mechanical eyes lit up. "Whitey, it's time to show them your skills," Bu Fang said.

Upon hearing that, Whitey's mechanical eyes burst into golden light. It raised an arm. The hand suddenly shrank and turned into a huge barrel, and golden light began to gather inside.

**BOOM!**

As the Soul Overlord neared, a beam of golden light shot out of the barrel, engulfing him in a flash. When the light finally faded away, the Soul Overlord and his true form were nowhere to be found.

"The heck!" Wushuang's jaw dropped. Even the Soul Overlords in the distance were shocked.

The Great Soul Overlord, on the other hand, narrowed his eyes in disbelief. "That thing just wiped out a Soul Overlord with one energy beam? A Soul Overlord was vulnerable before it? How is this even possible?!"

Wushuang was so shocked that he could not close his mouth. 'It turns out that... Whitey is so fearsome?' He had always thought that the puppet only knew how to strip others naked and act cute sometimes.

'Act cute? Bullsh\*t! This metal puppet is a fearsome fighter with explosive strength! It had just wiped out a Soul Overlord with one energy beam!' Wushuang thought to himself, his face beaming.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed as it turned its gaze to the other few Soul Overlords. They immediately felt a great pressure weighing down on them. Without hesitation, they sped toward it and unleashed various formidable Soul Demon skills.

However, Whitey just raised its arms and turned both of them into barrels. Then, beams of golden energy, each as thick as an arm, poured out of them and hit those Soul Overlords, turning them into ashes. Some of them managed to dodge, but half of their bodies were destroyed. The energy beams were indeed terrifying.

Wushuang tried to imagine him in their position and found that he might not be able to withstand one energy beam from Whitey.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, nodded with satisfaction. Sure enough, Whitey was different after its configuration was upgraded. Its fighting prowess was so much stronger than before. Now, it should not be weaker than a perfected Chaotic Saint, and this was when it had not attacked with its full power.

Bu Fang could not help but wonder how strong it would be when it unleashed its full power. He was looking forward to witnessing it.

“Whitey, get me a piece of Soul Overlord meat,” Bu Fang said.

Whitey nodded, then sped toward the gigantic Great Soul Overlord like a golden lightning bolt.

The Great Soul Overlord roared furiously as he raised his huge palm and smashed it down toward Whitey.

Whitey’s mechanical eyes flashed. Golden energy beams converged, turned into a huge sharp knife, and slashed out. As the Great Soul Overlord’s palm was chopped off, a ripping sound could be heard, and a tremendous amount of black sinful power poured out from the wound.

As the palm fell, Whitey gave it a slap, knocking it toward Bu Fang. The palm was almost as large as a star.

“Wushuang, cut it,” Bu Fang said.

Wushuang paused for a brief moment, then hurriedly grabbed his sword and rushed into the sky. At Bu Fang’s instructions, he slashed out his sword, ripping the vault of heaven with countless cuts.

Soon, the huge hand began to break and fall apart as the sword energy kept ripping at it. Pieces of Soul Overlord meat fell continuously, and the hand gradually shrank.

In the end, all that was left were two pieces of meat about the size of an adult’s palm. And these were all that Bu Fang needed.

Wushuang was so tired that he breathed heavily. He did not know that his sword could be used like this. It was a pity that he was not a chef.

Bu Fang held the two pieces of meat and looked at them indifferently. The Soul Overlord meat was not as greasy as pork, and its texture was similar to that of a squid.



Whitey was fighting in the distance, while Bu Fang began to cook the meat unhurriedly. He raised his hand. A golden flame burst out of his finger and began to roast them.

In the distance, the Great Soul Overlord's eyes grew wide with rage. He could not believe that his hand was chopped off. "Dammit! He's a damn chef!" he growled. It never occurred to him that one of the human beings who trespassed the Soul Demon Universe was actually a chef.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed as it engaged the Great Soul Overlord in a fierce battle again. Fearing that his other hand would be chopped off, the latter did not fight as fiercely as before, so he was suppressed and kept retreating.

Eventually, the Great Soul Overlord gave up. Terrified, he turned and sped away, not daring to stay in this region for even just one extra second.

After the Great Soul Overlord fled, Whitey returned to Bu Fang's side.

At this moment, the rich aroma of roast meat spread, lingering in the starry sky. The expressions of countless Soul Demons changed when they smelled it, and some of them burst apart directly. Of course, those who burst apart were merely lesser Soul Demons.

Wushuang was shocked. 'It's only the aroma... yet it can already suppress those Soul Demons?'

Bu Fang cut the meat and gave Wushuang a piece. The latter shoved it into his mouth. The rich aroma immediately filled his nose, and as the portion was quite large, he chewed it slowly.

"This... This is delicious!" Wushuang's eyes lit up. He was so excited, for his depleted energy was fully restored at this moment! "With Your Excellency's dishes to back me up, I can keep killing those Soul Demons and don't have to worry about not having enough energy!"

Whitey also took a piece of meat, put it into its mouth, and chewed.

Bu Fang tasted the meat leisurely, feeling its texture as it slowly moved across his tongue. It felt like Dragon Fish, but softer and more tender.

'Soul Demons are truly a top-grade ingredient. The Soul Demon Universe is really a good place.'

For some reason, Bu Fang became a little bit excited. He lifted his head and looked into the depths of the Soul Demon Universe. He seemed to see many ingredients waving at him.

*Chapter 1830: The Soul Demon Universe Transformation Project*

Wushuang had a great time eating, his lips glistening with grease. He never thought that Soul Demon meat could be so delicious. Didn't that mean this universe was filled with walking ingredients?

"The meat of the average Soul Demon can't be used. Unless they have reached the Soul Overlord level, the texture of their meat is really bad," Bu Fang explained.

Wushuang was surprised. It was the first time he heard this. Based on that, Whitey had destroyed many delicious ingredients just now with its energy beams. He felt his heart ache a little as he looked at the metal puppet, who was happily eating the meat. 'Perhaps this big fellow hasn't realized how many delicacies it has missed...'

Now that the Soul Overlords and the Great Soul Overlord were gone, Wushuang was invincible. He just needed one sword strike to get rid of all the countless Soul Demons. His sword technique also became more and more mature in such battles.

The trio slowly walked toward the distant starry sky. The huge planet looked hideous and horrible. It was the base of a Great Soul Overlord; every Great Soul Overlord had occupied a planet. The one who had flown away just now had given away this planet and fled to the other.

Bu Fang, Wushuang, and Whitey descended on the planet. The ground was blanketed with piles of black human bones, and some were as tall as hills.

"These damn Soul Demons!"

At the sight of this, Wushuang's pupils narrowed, and his breathing became labored. He could not imagine how many humans the Soul Demons had killed to cover an entire planet with bones.

There were black balls of flesh attached to the bones, breathing and flashing. Wushuang's eyes turned cold. He slashed out his sword, which turned into thousands of light streams, shot across the void, and cut the countless black balls into pieces.

As he glanced around the planet, Bu Fang seemed to be able to sense the resentment and grief lingering between heaven and earth. He sighed and began to walk on the land.

Apparently, the whole planet was corrupted by the Soul Demons. In the past, it should be packed with cultivators like the planets in the Primitive Universe. Unfortunately, the cultivators had failed in the struggle with the Soul Demons and ended up like this.

“Your Excellency... What can we do for them?” Wushuang felt bad. As a Sword Immortal, he had a straightforward personality, and he could not stay silent and do nothing after witnessing this.

“There’s not much we can do... If anything, we can leave some hope for this planet,” Bu Fang said lightly. After saying that, he took out many ingredients.

Wushuang paused for a moment, then his expression grew respectful. He took a step back and watched from a distance.

Bu Fang built a fire. As the flames danced and crackled, he began to process the ingredients in an orderly manner. He cooked in silence. Before long, the dish was ready, and a rich aroma slowly permeated the air of this planet.

Rumbling sounds could be heard as the mountains crumbled and the ground cracked, while the black buildings began to break and collapse. At the same time, countless bones melted and merged with the planet.

As soon as the dish was ready, the power of the sins brought here by the Soul Demons dispersed, replaced by its rich aroma and a high concentration of spiritual energy.

Bu Fang placed the simple dish on the ground, then took a step back. Whitey stood at his side, while Wushuang looked on with a respectful expression.

The dish fell on the planet’s surface like a seed, dispelling the darkness. Shafts of light thrust out of it and spread across the entire planet like spring water, washing away the sin that had plagued the planet.

Wushuang thought he was dreaming. He opened his mouth and felt gusts of wind come pouring into it. ‘Could this feeling be... the so-called hope?’

In his eyes, a show of lights and shadows emerged across the silent, ruined planet that was being washed by the dish. He seemed to see the peaceful era of the planet millions of years ago and the hardworking villagers in the primitive villages.

“This is... incredible!” Wushuang was horrified. Was this a recreating of what it was like on this planet millions of years ago? To him, this kind of means was simply a divine ability. Perhaps... this was the ability of a real Cooking God!

The lights and shadows played about for a long time before they finally disappeared. Then, the gloom on the planet vanished, while a seedling sprouted through the

blackened earth with a strong will to live and hopes for the future. The aura of life had once again returned to this planet.

Bu Fang put his hands behind his back and watched with relief, while Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed as if it was sincerely happy. Wushuang's eyes were wet. Being able to witness this made him want to throw his head back and roar.

"Maybe... It is not a bad thing to come to the Soul Demon Universe. We can transform it," Bu Fang said.

Wushuang nodded. It was a merit to do such things!

With a thought in his mind, Bu Fang soared into the sky and waved his hand lightly. An array immediately enveloped the reborn planet, protecting it from the Soul Demons.

After that, they walked into the starry sky and headed toward the next planet.

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The news that a chef was attacking the Soul Demon Universe and had occupied the planet of one of the Great Soul Overlords had shaken everyone. Because of this, the seven Great Soul Overlords gathered and assembled an army of countless Soul Demons. Their monstrous black smoke plunged the universe into darkness.

Ancient beasts, Numbered Soul Demons, Soul Overlords, and Great Soul Overlords swept across the starry sky. It had been tens of thousands of years since the Soul Demon Universe last witnessed the assembly of such a great army.

"The mighty Soul God is about to break the seal and return to us, and yet a chef dares to attack our universe now... We will not spare him! We will kill him!"

A Great Soul Overlord roared, and countless Soul Demons echoed. The next moment, they flew in Wushuang's direction, ripping through the starry sky.

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On a distant black planet, the dark clouds began to slowly disperse. The power of the sins melted like summer snow, and light began to return to the gloomy planet. A drizzling rain fell and was washing away the remaining sins, while green seedlings were sprouting.

"Another planet with lives has returned," Bu Fang said lightly, looking at the simple dish he had placed on the ground. After that, he flew into the sky with Whitey and Wushuang.

As they walked in the starry sky, they saw the army of Soul Demons swarming toward them from a distance. Wushuang's eyes burst into dazzling light.

"Your Excellency, the Soul Demons are here!"

He was not too surprised. When Bu Fang let that Great Soul Overlord flee, he knew that he intended to stir up something big. Therefore, he had been waiting for this moment. And now, they had finally shown up.

Among the army were dozens of Soul Overlords and the seven Great Soul Overlords. Bu Fang was surprised that the Soul Demons had recovered so well in just one thousand years. The seven Great Soul Overlords might be weaker than their predecessors, but one of them was the strongest Soul Overlord.

'The reproduction rate of the Soul Demons is really fast. No wonder they can become a terrible disaster that sweeps across so many universes...' Bu Fang thought to himself.

"Attack!"

Wushuang charged out without hesitation. With Bu Fang around, he did not need to worry about running out of energy—he could kill as much as he liked. However, he was just a Saint of the Great Path, so he was quickly defeated by the dozens of Soul Overlords.

His face was unsightly when he returned. "It's your turn, Lord Whitey. Kill them all!" he said. "Don't forget to keep some meat for our next meal..."

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed, then it soared into the sky and sped toward the army. A golden light exploded out of its body, bloomed, and then spread in numerous light beams, turning countless nearby Soul Demons into ashes.

At the sight of that, Wushuang sucked in a cold breath. How strong was Whitey now, he could not tell. But he reckoned that he would be instantly killed by the metal puppet if he were to fight it.

Though attacked by dozens of Soul Overlords at the same time, Whitey showed no fear at all. With every slap, it finished one of them, stripping their skins first before killing them. It did it as smoothly as when it stripped others of their clothes.

In the starry sky, one Soul Overlord after another was eliminated, while one piece of meat after another flew toward Wushuang, who quickly put them away.

Rumble!

Finally, the Great Soul Overlords made their moves. Six of them struck out at the same time, engaging Whitey in an intense fight and slowing down its aggressive momentum.

In the distance, the strongest Great Soul Overlord fixed his eyes at Bu Fang. When he saw Bu Fang, his pupils narrowed. "It's this chef?!" He sucked in a cold breath.

Before he became the strongest Great Soul Overlord, he had witnessed that great battle from afar. On that fateful day, the invincible Soul God was suppressed by a chef, who looked identical to this chef!

"This chef... has returned?!"

The Great Soul Overlord shuddered all over. The next moment, he gave up fighting Whitey without hesitation and went straight toward Bu Fang. He wanted to kill this chef at all costs. Otherwise, Soul God might be suppressed again as soon as he returned to them!

In the distance, Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed. A golden knife swept across the starry sky and cut the bodies of several Great Soul Overlords into pieces.

The strongest Great Soul Overlord sped across the void and approached Bu Fang. Suddenly, just as he was nearing his target, he could no longer move further. He was caught by a huge hand.

Whitey threw out a fist and punched the strongest Great Soul Overlord hard. The latter was struck dumb by the blow. Then, a fierce battle broke out. Whitey's fighting prowess was indeed terrifying.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, ignored them. He descended on a planet with Wushuang, took out some ingredients, and cooked. After that, he placed the dish on the ground. The power of the sins dispersed like the tide. Everything seemed to have returned to peace, and lives were returning.

Meanwhile, a totally different scene was taking place in the starry sky. Whitey, alone, was fighting many Soul Overlords and Great Soul Overlords. It was a fierce battle.

Bu Fang continued to visit other planets, cooked some dishes, and washed away the sinful power that plagued them. He left a dish behind on every planet. It was as if he had planted a seed that would bring a great harvest in the near future.

Finally, dozens of planets had their sins washed away by Bu Fang. Their recovery would affect other smaller planets and cause their sins to be washed away as well.

Bu Fang raised his hand and pushed out a dish, which floated in the starry sky and bloomed with dazzling light like the sun. The darkness in the universe was dispelled.

He looked into the distance. There, a gigantic planet hovered quietly in the starry sky. The power of the sins on it was so thick that it tumbled like the water in a river. The planet was Soul God's nest.

Bu Fang took Wushuang and stepped into it without looking back. Before long, the sins on the planet dispersed, and a drizzling rain began to fall. A dish was placed on the ground, bringing peace back to everything.

“Soul God might cry when he returns and finds that the whole universe is filled with delicious dishes,” Wushuang said as the corner of his mouth twitched slightly. He had learned from Bu Fang that Soul God hated gourmet food. What Bu Fang was doing now would surely give Soul God a big surprise.

The spiritual energy in the Soul Demon Universe was beginning to grow richer. Wushuang felt that he could absorb them now. So, he excitedly joined the battle in the starry sky.

Bu Fang put his hands behind his back and stood in the starry sky. Looking at the planets that were reborn, the corners of his mouth lifted slightly. Then, he raised his hand and snapped his fingers.

At the snapping sound of the fingers, beautiful flowers quietly bloomed on these planets. The stronghold of the Soul Demons that represented sins was fully planted with flowers...