

# Gourmet of Another World #Chapter 1841 - Nethery Ascended the Throne - Read Gourmet of Another World Chapter 1841 - Nethery Ascended the Throne

## *Chapter 1841: Nethery Ascended the Throne*

“What happened?” Lord Dog walked over and asked Bu Fang.

They could sense the changes in Void City, but they looked confused even now and had no idea what happened.

In the distance, Cursey was cheering because she had her own body now. She had always been the Queen’s clone, and now, she had become a living person.

“Some trifle between the Queen of Curses and the God of Cooking,” Bu Fang put his hands behind his back and said faintly. He did not hide anything from Lord Dog.

The universe where Void City was located was a dead universe. It had died in the battle with Soul God countless years ago, so all that remained of it was a city suspended in space, which had become a place of exile for all the universes.

Originally, it was impossible for such a large universe to have all its living things perished and unable to reproduce life. But after the battle with Soul God, the Queen of Curses was disheartened, and her power of the curses spread through the entire universe, causing all the dead planets to lose any possibility to recover their vitalities.

This was also why Void City was the only place with living beings in the Void Universe for so many years. And the living beings here were mostly from the other universes.

The only living beings born in the Void Universe were the Queen herself, the three dukes, and all the Cursed Goddesses.

Nethery was born in the Void Universe. This was her birthplace.

After this incident, the Void Universe would no longer be a dead place. With the Queen of Curses’ heart knot untied, the universe would produce countless living beings in the future and be restored to its former prosperity and glory.

And Void City would no longer be a place of exile. Of course, this was Bu Fang’s idea.

Under Bu Fang's will, the exiles in District D were released from Void City. They were allowed to wander to all the planets that had recovered their vitalities. Without the entanglement of the power of curses, these planets were able to produce life.

To these exiles, this was, in fact, a gift. They had all committed crimes in the past and were banished to Void City. And now, they could wash away these crimes by producing new life.

The gates of District D opened with a crash.

Countless exiles rushed out of Void City frantically. They turned into shooting stars and fell onto different planets. They had ended their numbing life in the gloom and doom of Void City and began a whole new future.

In Bu Fang's eyes, he seemed to see a Void Universe pulsating with life. Of course, compared with the Primitive Universe and the Chaotic Universe, the Void Universe could only be considered as a newborn.

Everything started all over again.

...

Nethery had become the Queen of Void City.

Under the escort of the three dukes, she sat on the throne of the queen.

The nobles of Void City all bowed excitedly at her. Because with the Queen, Void City had a soul, and this soul was the most difficult to replace.

Bu Fang, Lord Dog, Er Ha, and the others watched the inauguration ceremony from down below. They were inexplicably relieved.

The once ignorant Netherworld woman had grown up to be the ruler of a universe. They were filled with mixed emotions as memories came back to them.

Cursey bid her farewell to Bu Fang and the others. She had obtained Nethery's permission and was planning to wander the Void Universe.

Of course, Cursey's cultivation base was not weak. After all, she was once the Queen of Curses' clone—she was strong enough to travel the universe alone.

She knew that although she had a human body now, she was, after all, considered a newborn person. She needed to see more things to supply her with more emotions, and only then could she grow into a truly complete person.

Bu Fang had some inexplicit feelings as he watched Curse step on a spirit boat and disappear into the starry sky.

The universes were boundless, and the worlds were limitless. No matter ruthless or emotional, everyone was growing.

Mu Hongzi took Summer and his background music on a tour of Void City.

Today's Void City was fully grown with colorful flowers and leaves. It was very beautiful. Although the architecture remained the gloomy style of the Queen of Curses, it was at least a place worth visiting.

An ancient city floating in the cosmos with a story of vicissitudes, perhaps Void City would become the eternal legend of the Void Universe.

...

The inauguration ceremony was over. It was time for Bu Fang and the others to leave—they needed to go to Earth.

The matter of Void City was now solved, and the real tricky thing was on Earth.

Soul God had gone to Earth to find his heart. If he did find it, it would be a nightmare for everyone—the Primitive Universe, the Chaotic Universe, and the Void Universe would live under his shadow.

Ever since Bu Fang learned that Soul God was born out of the God of Cooking's evil will, he always had a strange feeling. Strictly speaking, Soul God was the God of Cooking. He might only know that his heart was on Earth. As for exactly where it was, he might not be sure.

In the past, the God of Cooking had taken Soul God's heart and brought it back to Earth, but no one knew where he had hidden it.

In fact, Soul God was a poor guy. He was a person without a soul. Severed of seven emotions and devoid of six desires, he was actually about the same as a puppet.

No... He was worse than a puppet.

Whitey was a puppet, but it lived happier than Soul God. There was nothing comparable.

"It's time to go to Earth."

When Bu Fang brought out the idea, Lord Dog, Er Ha, Shrimpy, and Foxy all said that they would go with him. He did not expect that, so he had an odd look on his face.

“You don’t care about the Chaotic Universe anymore?”

The four modern-day Heavengods were in charge of everything in the Chaotic Universe. Was it really good that they just left like this?

“Don’t worry... Isn’t Yanyu there? When heaven is about to place a great responsibility on a great man, it always first frustrates his spirit and will...” Er Ha grinned, then added, “If she wants to become Heavengod Transmigration, these are all the things she has to go through.”

On a rare occasion, Lord Dog did not refute Er Ha this time. Instead, he nodded seriously.

Bu Fang had a feeling that these people were using Xiao Yanyu. He wondered if he had made the right decision by recommending her to be Heavengod Transmigration.

To Bu Fang’s surprise, Mu Hongzi and Summer also joined the team to Earth...

Mu Hongzi sighed with an emotional look on his face. “It’s been years since I last went back. It’s time to renew my background music...”

Bu Fang had nothing to say about that.

Rumble!

With a flick of his finger, white dots of light began to emerge around Bu Fang, enveloping all his old friends.

In the distance, Nethery held the hem of her luxury gown that represented the Queen of Curses and ran wildly toward them...

With a humming sound, streams of light surged, wrapped up Nethery, and disappeared completely.

The three dukes were dumbfounded. The Queen of Curses... had slipped away on the second day after her inauguration?!

...

When Bu Fang and the others descended on Earth, it had been completely transformed into a battlefield. Soul Demons traveled across the globe, while the Heavenly Guards of the Celestial Court were fighting them.

These Soul Demons were Soul God’s remnant forces. They reproduced too fast. Given enough time, they would be transformed into another great army.

Bu Fang glanced around the battlefield. War was always cruel and bloody. That was, of course, if he was not in that war.

Facing the countless Soul Demons, Bu Fang cooked a dish on the spot. The fragrance of the dish spread out and lingered throughout the entire Ancestral Planet.

Soon, the Soul Demons on the Ancestral Planet vanished like summer snow.

Shrill whistling sounds echoed out. The next moment, Tongtian, Yuanshi Tianzun, and the other experts appeared at Bu Fang's side as if they had teleported over.

Bu Fang, holding the dish, looked indifferently at them.

"Soul God and the seven Great Soul Overlords are gone... We can't find them. They haven't shown a trace." Tongtian's face was grave.

Some ordinary Soul Demons were solved, but Soul God was the real threat. However, since he descended on Earth, he had not shown up again. This, to them, was not good news. After all, if they allowed Soul God to find his heart, he would have gathered all his body parts and become an Ancestral God. At that time, none of them would be his match.

"Don't panic. Soul God hasn't found his heart... In fact, he also doesn't know where the heart is. He's looking for it now," Bu Fang said and put his hands behind his back. However, he furrowed his brows the next moment.

Essentially, Soul God was the God of Cooking. If anyone could find the heart, it would be Soul God, for he was the person who knew the God of Cooking best. Even the Queen of Curses did not know the God of Cooking as well as Soul God did.

In fact, Bu Fang had been thinking and guessing where the heart was hidden. During the thousand years when Soul God was sealed, he had visited Earth, but he did not find any clues. He even wondered if Soul God's heart was actually on Earth.

However, based on the situation that Soul God tried to devour Earth after he had gathered most of his body parts, his heart was certainly on Earth.

And... Why did Soul God not choose to devour Earth now?

Bu Fang frowned once again. Perhaps Soul God had made further guesses about where the heart was hidden.

"So, the pressing matter now is to find Soul God," Bu Fang said.

The God of Cooking had retired on Earth. Where was he most likely to hide Soul God's heart?

'In fact, Soul God's heart is the God of Cooking's heart...'

Bu Fang seemed to have suddenly thought of something. He raised his hand. His divine sense surged, and energy converged into an image before him.

He was no stranger to the image.

'The sky is gray, and the wilderness is boundless... A lush grassland, a wooden cabin... This seems to be the place where the God of Cooking and the Queen of Curses lived...

'I see... The place they lived was on Earth?!'

Bu Fang's eyes lit up. He seemed to have captured some important information.

The aging God of Cooking was walking the Emotional Path. That meant he probably missed everything there until he died. It was very likely that he brought Soul God's heart to where his bones were buried, which was also the place where he had lived with the Queen of Curses.

The memories of that place were very important for the Queen of Curses, and they must have been equally important for the God of Cooking...

Bu Fang shook his hand and let the others look at the image carefully.

"Find this place on the Ancestral Planet. Soul God must be searching for it as well. We must find it before he does..." Bu Fang said.

The eyes of Tongtian, Yuanshi Tianzun, and the other experts lit up at the same time. After that, they gave out the orders, turned into streams of light, and spread out across the globe.

Lord Dog, Er Ha, and the others had also gone to search the place. Mu Hongzi, on the other hand, visited his hometown with Summer while searching for the place.

Nethery and Whitey followed at Bu Fang's side.

Although a clue was found, Bu Fang was still frowning. It seemed to him that something was wrong.

Soul God was too quiet, so much so that it was a little bit strange. He hoped he was not thinking too much.

## *Chapter 1842: I, Niu Hansan, Am Invincible!*

There was no news of Soul God. It was uncomfortably quiet.

However, Bu Fang did not mind too much. He had described the place in the Queen of Curses' memory and asked everyone to look for it.

Earth was large, but that was to mortals. To the immortals and deities present, it would not take them too long to travel around Earth. Of course, it was still quite difficult to look for such a small place. But at least the immortals and deities had a target now.

They kept searching and seemed to turn the whole Ancestral Planet upside down.

Tongtian, Yuanshi Tianzun, and the other experts all joined the search. It was not too much to say that wherever they passed, they dug to a depth of three feet.

In the meantime, Bu Fang was roaming the Earth at a leisurely pace. He took Nethery and Whitey and visited Suiren, who stayed alone in the cave over the vault of heaven.

He brought barbecue and wine, and they had a great time together. After that, he went to visit other places on the Ancestral Planet.

...

Time flew. Half a month had passed.

The immortals and deities on the Ancestral Planet found nothing—they could not find the place described by Bu Fang.

Tongtian was a little bit worried, and he found Bu Fang, who was sitting in a rowboat.

The longer it took, the more uneasy Tongtian became. If they let Soul God find the heart, it would be a disaster for all the experts present.

"You can't find it?"

Bu Fang was holding a fishing pole and did not move. Whitey and Nethery sat in the distance and watched quietly.

Tongtian furrowed his brows and breathed a deep sigh.

“It shouldn’t be. The God of Cooking had brought Soul God’s heart back to the Ancestral Planet. Under normal circumstances, he should have hidden it where his bones were buried. There’s no way it can’t be found...”

“Have you searched the secret realms on the Ancestral Planet?” Bu Fang asked.

At this moment, the fishing pole moved. Bu Fang shook his hand as if he was lashing at the surface of the sea, and a fat fish flew out of the water. He swung the pole and hit the fish with it.

Whitey reached out a hand, caught the fish, and threw it into a bucket at its feet.

“We’ve searched everywhere... There’s no trace! We simply can’t find anything!” Tongtian said, frowning.

They had searched all the secret realms on the Ancestral Planet, but... they still could not find anything. The Soul Demons on the Ancestral Planet had been thoroughly purged, but there was still no sign or news of Soul God.

This, to them, was not good news.

Bu Fang stood up. He carried the bucket, stepped on the rowboat, and left the sea. The group jumped out of the boat and walked on a remote island.

“The secret realms on the Ancestral Planet have been searched, and every corner has been searched...”

Bu Fang furrowed his brows slightly and was lost in thought.

They returned to a cabin on the island. The wind on the island was warm, and the sunlight was comfortable.

Bu Fang placed the fish in the bucket on a chopping board, grabbed a kitchen knife, and began to process it.

Tongtian was talking to him from the side, while Bu Fang was thinking and cooking the fish at the same time. Although he was contemplating, his movements did not slow down.

Sizzle...

When the fish entered the wok, a plume of roiling hot steam immediately rose into the air, accompanied by a delicious aroma of meat.

Tongtian sniffed and rested his gaze on the fish in the wok.

‘Could it be that... Soul God’s heart is not on the Ancestral Planet?’



Bu Fang seemed to think of something, but he quickly shook his head. If Soul God's heart was not on the Ancestral Planet, where could it be?

Many years ago, after the God of Cooking took Soul God's heart and left the center of the great battle, he had returned to the Ancestral Planet and retired here.

That aging man was the God of Cooking who walked the Emotional Path. He would not be as extreme as Soul God, who walked the Ruthless Path. Therefore...

Suddenly, Bu Fang's movements paused.

"Could we have been misled... Perhaps Soul God's heart really is not on the Ancestral Planet," Bu Fang said.

The corner of Tongtian's mouth twitched. "Really? Where would it be if it's not on Earth?"

The immortals and deities who went to search for the place had all returned. None of them had found anything, and their expressions were regretful.

Not finding that place meant that the danger was still not gone. The fear that Soul God brought still lingered in their minds.

...

The Great Tianyuan World.

This was a newborn world. A great world hovering in the Primitive Universe, it was filled with the majestic spirit energy of heaven and earth.

Between the vast sky and the boundless earth, grass bent to the wind and revealed... Niu Hansan. A wooden cabin loomed amid the vast grassland.

In the distance stood great trees so tall that their crowns towered into the clouds, while immortal energy could be seen swirling around the Immortal Tree. Blood lobsters were leaping in the gurgling river.

Because it was a newborn great world, it had only produced a few lives, and most of them were in a muddled state. Perhaps Niu Hansan was the only intelligent being here.

Nowadays, Niu Hansan lived leisurely in this Great Tianyuan World. He was the real god in this world.

The Great Tianyuan World was transformed from Bu Fang's Heaven and Earth Farmland, which was provided to him by the System.

When Bu Fang split the true form of his divine sense to suppress Soul God, he had sent the farmland away, which then turned into a great world pulsating with life.

This great world was developed by him from a small field. In the beginning, it was only a tiny garden, but as his strength grew, its space expanded, and more and more things were brought inside. Any plant or treasure could be grown here.

Later, with the appearance of Niu Hansan, the Heaven and Earth Farmland had even become a secret in Bu Fang's mind.

However, after Bu Fang stepped into the Emotional Path and restored his cultivation base, he did not recall the farmland. Instead, he let it develop freely.

In Bu Fang's view, the Heaven and Earth Farmland could even be transformed into a Tianyuan Universe in the future.

The creation of an additional universe was a great thing for the living beings in the world, and Bu Fang naturally would not stop it from happening. So he just let Niu Hansan do his things freely.

Niu Hansan was the only one left in the Great Tianyuan World today. Bu Fang's apprentices could no longer enter the farmland.

During the thousand years when Bu Fang returned to ordinary life, Niu Hansan lived a leisurely and carefree life in the farmland, enjoying the glory of being a god.

He was immortal and could live eternally. During the thousand years, apart from leaving the farmland once to look for Bu Fang on Planet Immortality, he had spent all his time here.

It had been a long time since Niu Hansan had studied hybridization. It was not that he did not want to study, but since Bu Fang split the farmland, his ability to hybridize had disappeared.

A warm wind was blowing.

Niu Hansan yawned lazily. He sat on a recliner in front of the wooden cabin. The chair creaked as he moved.

He could control the Will of the Great Path of the Great Tianyuan World, so he could do anything here, including summoning the wind and rain.

Eighty was running across the grass. Three-Eyed Wild Lion, Eight Treasures Pig, and the other old friends were all living a life of leisure. The blood lobsters and fish in the river led a carefree life as well.

Niu Hansan was very content. 'Owner Bu, you should be very happy in heaven... This old cow did not fail you...' he thought to himself.

Far away, Bu Fang, fishing on a calm sea on Earth, suddenly sneezed for no apparent reason.

'Who is cursing me?' he thought, looking at the boundless sea with an expressionless face.

...

Rumble...

The void outside the Great Tianyuan World began to slowly distort. The sound of footsteps rang out, and then a figure clad in a black robe walked out of it.

Black smoke churned beside him and quickly turned into seven figures. Their auras were fearsome, and their faces looked exactly the same.

Hovering outside the Great Tianyuan World, the figure's black robe slowly lifted, revealing a pair of crimson eyes.

"I finally found it..."

A hoarse voice echoed out. Soul God's tone revealed excitement and an unsuppressed thrill.

When he was sealed by the God of Cooking, he did not give up, and when he was sealed by Bu Fang, he did not give up either...

Now, he finally found it!

Looking at the Great Tianyuan World in the distance, which was as beautiful as a painting, Soul God slowly spread his arms.

He had previously thought that his heart was sealed on Earth, but he was wrong! The God of Cooking had misled him!

He thought it was on Earth. He had rushed to the planet and secretly searched for a long time, but he could not find it.

He was fuming, and he cursed the God of Cooking even though the latter was already dead. He could not understand why that old thing would want to give him so much trouble even though he was already dead.

After that, he began to think like crazy. He thought of the grassland, the cabin... He recalled the blue sky, the white clouds, the lazy spirit beasts... Then, he sensed it.

He was the God of Cooking. The God of Cooking was him.

Soul God's lips parted into an excited smile.

'That old fool wanted to hide my heart... But could he really hide it?!

...

Niu Hansan was lying in front of the wooden cabin, snoring. Suddenly, he woke up with a start and felt a chill run through his body. He raised his head, glanced around, and felt the world seem to turn extremely dark at this moment.

"This..." Niu Hansan was taken aback. "What's going on?!"

He looked at the sky. The rolling dark clouds were filled with a terrifying aura that made his heart and soul shudder. In the face of this power, he could not muster any courage to resist...

'Dammit! A great demon is invading my world?!'

Niu Hansan was taken aback. He rolled off the recliner and rushed into the wooden cabin. Eighty, Three-Eyed Wild Lion, and the others were startled as well, and they hurriedly hid themselves.

Rumble...

Eight figures slowly descended from the sky. The warm wind turned sharp, cutting at their cheeks like knives.

Soul God took a deep breath and spread his arms. "This aura... is like a familiar feeling emanating from the blood." He breathed in greedily.

In the wooden cabin, Niu Hansan was terrified. He fixed his eyes at Soul God and did not know what to say.

'That fellow... is Soul God?! What a terrifying aura... He's even scarier than those almighty experts of the Primitive Universe!'

Niu Hansan dared not to make any sound. Eighty ran into the wooden cabin and curled itself in his arms, not daring to move even a little bit.

Niu Hansan's mind was a little confused now, but he was not at a loss for what to do. He was the overseer of the Heaven and Earth Farmland, and he mastered the power of its Will of the Great Path. Why should he be afraid?

His eyes lit up. “Anyone who invades the Heaven and Earth Farmland will be expelled by the Will of the Great Path!” he said excitedly.

After that, he controlled the farmland’s Will of the Great Path and made it crash toward Soul God and the others.

Rumble!

Soul God stood on the grass, his black robe flapping noisily in the wind. Suddenly, he raised his eyebrows and looked up at the sky.

The entire vault of heaven suddenly underwent a huge change. A huge cow demon emerged in the void and let out an angry moo toward them! Then, the cow’s horn fell abruptly, crashing toward Soul God and his company!

This was the Great Tianyuan World’s Will of the Great Path, which was extremely powerful.

In the wooden cabin, Niu Hansan’s eyes gleamed goldenly. He, Niu Hansan, was invincible!

“MOO!”

The cow’s horn fell.

RUMBLE!

The entire ground crumbled and... exploded!

A few moments later, the rolling smoke and dust dissipated. Soul God raised his hand and casually caught the horn...

“The Will of the Great Path? Ridiculous...” Soul God twitched the corner of his mouth in disdain. Then, he twisted his hand.

Crack!

The cow’s horn transformed by the Will of the Great Path was instantly and violently crushed!

In the wooden cabin, Niu Hansan let out a miserable howl.

‘Invincible... my ass!’

## Gourmet of Another World #Chapter 1843 - Niu Hansan's Secret - Read Gourmet of Another World Chapter 1843 - Niu Hansan's Secret

### *Chapter 1843: Niu Hansan's Secret*

When a cow sat at home, evil came from heaven.

Niu Hansan just wanted to curse now. The Will of the Great Path was crushed by the great demon. How was he going to fight a foe like this?

Based on what he saw, this was an opponent of a completely different level. If he rushed out recklessly, it was very likely that he would be instantly killed.

Enhanced by the Great Tianyuan World's Will of the Great Path, Niu Hansan's strength could roughly reach the level of the average Chaotic Saint. And this was because the Great Tianyuan World belonged to Bu Fang.

Even so, he would be crushed in an instant if he were to fight the great demon.

Niu Hansan put his arms around Eighty, shivering. How could he fight? It seemed that a cow was about to die! So... he had decided to flee without hesitation.

Soul God put his hands behind his back. He had crushed the cow's horn transformed by the Will of the Great Path as easily as if wiping away the dust.

His crimson gaze turned and fell on the distant wooden cabin. Then, he cocked his head slightly as his eyes gleamed.

"Go," he said, raising his hand and pointing at the small building.

A Great Soul Overlord shrouded in black smoke moved instantly. In just the blink of an eye, he appeared at the door of that wooden cabin as if he had teleported.

Creak.

The door slowly opened with a crisp noise. Then, a meatball rolled out of the wooden cabin and came in front of the Great Soul Overlord's foot.

The Great Soul Overlord was a little puzzled. He did not seem to quite understand what this meatball was.

The next moment, there was a loud explosion! The meatball, which contained the Will of the Great Path that seemed to be ignited, suddenly exploded! Energy waves swept in all directions!

With the wooden cabin as the center, the areas hundreds of miles in circumference were turned into ruins and filled with clouds of rolling smoke and dust.

The Great Soul Overlord, who was struck by the explosion, slowly climbed up from the ground. The power of the explosion was terrifying, but it did not kill him. After all, he was as strong as a perfect Chaotic Saint.

“What a familiar power... This is the power of my heart!” Soul God said wistfully as his eyes narrowed slightly.

The explosion had turned the surroundings into ruins. The water in the river surged, and the living beings in it rushed up the shores like crazy.

The blood lobsters waved their pincers and dashed into the distance, disappearing in the blink of an eye.

As they watched the large group of living beings—who were also food ingredients—flee in panic, Soul God and the Great Soul Overlords did not know what to say.

Niu Hansan put Eighty between his arms and galloped out into the great world on Three-Eyed Wild Lion.

After being nourished by the spiritual energy of heaven and earth for so long, Three-Eyed Wild Lion had already grown to an extraordinary level. He ran like the wind now.

Niu Hansan’s forehead was covered with beads of sweat—Soul God was putting too much pressure on him. He could only use his hybrid meatball to cover his escape. As for using the meatball to kill that Great Soul Overlord, Niu Hansan did not think that it was powerful enough to do that.

“If only Owner Bu were here...”

Niu Hansan’s heart was in his mouth. He just wanted to live a carefree life. Why did these demons come to him? He knew very well that once he fell into these demons’ hands, he would be dead.

Rumble!

Behind him, dreadful fluctuations surged and spread. Niu Hansan’s heart and soul were shaking. He made Three-Eyed Wild Lion gallop toward the end of the Great Tianyuan World.

The Great Tianyuan World was not actually a spherical planet.

Niu Hansan had carefully analyzed the Heaven and Earth Farmland. In the beginning, it was merely a small square region surrounded by hazy mists.

As Bu Fang's cultivation base grew, spiritual energy seeped into the farmland. The constant fusion of the surrounding mists and the energy led to a peculiar transformation, creating a world.

The Great Tianyuan World was not spherical—it developed horizontally like a chessboard and was formed by square regions. As the spiritual energy and the mists continued to fuse, new squares were created and stacked into a great world.

At the end of the world was a vast expanse of mists. Niu Hansan had explored the misty region once. At that time, he had just been captured by Bu Fang and was still ignorant.

He recklessly rushed into the fog and experienced a strange transformation. Those mists contained extremely terrifying power that made him get lost in them. Later, Niu Hansan did not know how he got out.

As the old saying goes, one who survives a great disaster is destined to good fortune. Since then, he had had a special understanding of how to handle ingredients and the ability to fuse peculiar powers with them.

From then on, Niu Hansan had stepped to the peak in the Heaven and Earth Farmland and was appreciated by Bu Fang. He had helped Bu Fang research the Death Food Tools and fused various ingredients with energy.

At this critical juncture, Niu Hansan felt that perhaps only those mists could save him.

He had always known that it must be very dangerous in those mists. He had no idea if he could walk out once he stepped into it, but... he had no other choice.

Soul God was too strong—Niu Hansan was no match for him. How could he defeat Soul God when even Owner Bu had fallen because of this almighty expert?

"Hurry up! Run faster!" Niu Hansan slapped Three-Eyed Wild Lion and made him speed up.

The lion seemed to understand the seriousness of the matter. His mane waved wildly as he ran at great speed.

However... Eight Treasures Pig was running leisurely at his side, and unwittingly, it overtook Three-Eyed Wild Lion.

Niu Hansan glanced at the pig, then at the lion who was overtaken. He was speechless.



Rumble!

The dreadful power of sins turned into a black dragon and slithered toward him. Under the impact of this power, the Great Tianyuan World kept turning black.

Niu Hansan's flesh crept. He only felt that an icy aura was coming from behind him.

"Dammit... Heavenly spirits, earthly spirits, and Owner Bu's spirit... If you are watching me from heaven, please bless me so I can escape safely..." Niu Hasan put his palms together and said.

Eighty poked its little head from his chest.

RUMBLE!

A Great Soul Overlord descended with a crash. He smashed the ground with a hand, almost turning the earth into nothingness.

Three-Eyed Wild Lion let out a growl and leaped, turning into a stream of light and rushing into the vast expanse of gray mists.

When the Great Soul Overlord drew near and saw the gray mists, he felt a terrible danger approach. So he gave up on continuing the chase and went back to Soul God instead.

Soul God walked slowly over, followed by the seven Great Soul Overlords. Standing before the stretch of gray mists that surrounded the great world, the corners of his mouth lifted slightly.

"Here it is," Soul God said. There was a trace of desire in his crimson eyes. "You will form an array and protect me."

It was finally down to the wire. This time... he would not let that stinking chef interrupt him again. He was going to let the Soul Demon's army march once more into the multiverse. He, Soul God, would step into the Ancestral God realm again and be invincible in all the universes!

The moment his voice echoed out, the expressions of the seven Great Soul Overlords grew serious. They kicked the ground and glided backward at great speed.

The next moment, the power of the seven sins poured out of their bodies. The power of pride, envy, wrath, sloth, greed, lust, and gluttony kept swirling, then turned into an array and rushed into the sky in a flash. It seemed to have turned into a huge barrier and sealed the entire Heaven and Earth Farmland within...

After that, the seven Great Soul Overlords soared into the sky and sat cross-legged in the void, facing the boundless starry sky. They were Soul God's most loyal guardians...

In the Heaven and Earth Farmland, Soul God ripped his black robe. His body, black as ink, was revealed, but his chest was constantly turning into a chaotic nothingness.

He was imperfect without a heart. Otherwise, he would have ruled the world as an Ancestral God.

And now, he was standing before his heart. He only needed to take out the heart that had been sealed in dust for countless years, merge with it, and the real Soul God would return completely.

Looking at the gray mists, Soul God's crimson eyes gleamed with anticipation.

"The God of Cooking misled me... That old fool made me think that my heart is hidden on the Ancestral Planet of the human race, but in fact, he had hidden it here..."

"Unfortunately, all your schemes have hurt your own people."

Soul God stuck out his tongue and licked his lips, his eyes flashing excitedly.

The God of Cooking and Soul God were one and the same. He could fool everyone, but not Soul God. And this was his mistake.

"The Emotional Path is a dead end. If heaven is sentient, it will grow old too. If you, the God of Cooking... are emotional, even if you have a mighty cultivation base and become a supreme Ancestral God, you will only be an old man! You will grow old, die, and rot!"

"If you wish to be immortal, you must be ruthless..." Soul God said coldly.

He put his hands behind his back and walked step by step toward the mists. As he approached, the mists began to retreat as if they had encountered something they feared.

In the mists, the hair of a relieved Niu Hansan bristled. "Dammit! Aren't you done yet?!" A look of grief and indignation came into Niu Hansan's eyes.

As the mists withdrew and dispersed, he put Eighty in his arms and ventured deeper. He did not want to go further. There was danger in the depths of the mists... He feared that once he went there, he would not be able to come back.

However, when he glanced over his shoulder, he saw the mists dispersing, and there seemed to be a vague figure walking slowly toward him.

That kind of feeling... was truly terrifying!

Niu Hansan had no other choice but to walk deeper into the mists. As he walked, the mists grew thicker. Eventually... they turned into liquid drops and floated in midair. The deeper he went, the harder it became for him to walk. The flow of time and space... seemed to become extremely slow.

'Where is... this place?! Owner Bu... come and help me!'

...

Bu Fang, fishing with his eyes closed on Earth, suddenly flicked open his eyes. A look of uncertainty flashed in his gaze.

Between the vast sky and the boundless earth... A lush grassland and a simple wooden cabin...

There seemed to be countless images flashing through his eyes. Just now, he seemed to hear Niu Hansan's cry for help, which made him think of the cow and... the Heaven and Earth Farmland!

The wooden cabin, the river, the grass... and Niu Hansan, who was lying on the recliner and snoring... The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched. He could not believe that he actually forgot such a familiar scene!

If he removed Niu Hansan from that image... wasn't that the f\*cking place where the God of Cooking and the Queen of Curses ended up in seclusion?!

That was... the farmland Bu Fang had been looking for!

Rumble!

A fearsome aura exploded out of Bu Fang's body.

The pupils of the experts, who were searching all over the Ancestral Planet, narrowed. In just a flash, Tongtian, Yuanshi Tianzun, Lady Nuwa, Lord Dog, Er Ha, Mu Hongzi, and the others all came to Bu Fang.

Rumble!

Under the pressure of so many almighty experts, the calm surface of the sea sank.

All the terrifying almighty experts hovered in midair. Looking at the familiar faces, Bu Fang could not help but exhale...

"I figured out where Soul God's heart is."

*Chapter 1844: Bu Fang in the Mirror*

Bu Fang's words caused everyone present to jolt.

"Where's Soul God's heart?" Tongtian furrowed his brows. He was a little anxious. It had really dragged on for too long, and it filled his mind with unease.

They had no idea what exactly Soul God was doing during this period. The fact that the enemy was in the dark while they were in the light gave them a feeling of blindness.

Bu Fang's expression was calm, however. He removed his bamboo hat and said, "Assemble the army."

Many people present paused. Assembling the army... It seemed that Bu Fang was very certain about Soul God's location. Otherwise, he would not ask them to assemble the army.

Tongtian looked at Bu Fang. Without hesitation, he gave out the order for the army to assemble.

An immortal tune lingered in the air as the immortals on the Ancestral Planet all soared into the sky, assembling into an orderly army in the vault of heaven.

Nowadays, cultivating was no secret on the Ancestral Planet. People looked up at the colorful glows in the sky, marveling.

Bu Fang removed his bamboo hat and straw rain cape, then walked slowly. He had only thought of a question that he had been neglecting.

In fact, Soul God was the God of Cooking. Even if the God of Cooking had hidden Soul God's heart, there would still be an inexplicit connection between them.

So if Soul God's heart was really hidden on the Ancestral Planet, there was no way he would not come here. And based on the calm situation on the Ancestral Planet, his heart was not here.

Bu Fang sighed. He was accidentally schemed against by the God of Cooking. His expression was somewhat complicated.

The immortals were very efficient. In almost no time at all, they had already assembled.

However, Bu Fang did not wait for them.

Foxy and Shrimpy landed on his shoulders. He turned to look at his friends behind him, then nodded. The next moment, with his aura spreading, he took a step forward. White dots of light turned into a passage in front of him.

In a flash, they stepped into the starry sky and disappeared completely. Lord Dog, Nether King, Er Ha, and the others quickly followed.

Tongtian, carrying his four immortal swords, stepped into the teleportation array as well. However, he left the clues behind for the army of immortals.

...

A stream of light seemed to zoom through the boundless starry sky.

Tongtian caught up with Bu Fang's pace. Looking at the flashing starry sky, he could not help but ask, "This place is... the Primitive Universe?"

Bu Fang nodded. It was indeed the Primitive Universe.

Tongtian did not speak anymore.

Soul God's heart was not hidden in the Ancestral Planet. Could it be hidden in some remote corner? This filled him with questions and confusion.

However, he believed in Bu Fang's judgment. If there was anyone in the world who knew Soul God's whereabouts, that would be Bu Fang.

Rumble!

The stream of light streaked across the starry sky as if it was walking among the cosmos.

The cultivation base of the experts present was formidable. It was not difficult for them to travel across the starry sky. One by one, starfields were crossed by them.

Finally, after a long time, Tongtian furrowed his brows. He sensed an extremely fearsome fluctuation, which caused his gaze to grow serious.

"Sure enough..." Bu Fang said faintly. He twitched the corner of his mouth and increased his speed. Around him, space flowed past at great speed. With every step he took, he traveled millions of miles.

Rumble!

Finally, he came to a desolate starfield. He slowed down.

In fact, even without Bu Fang's guidance, the crowd present could also perceive the unusual in front of them.

In the distance, seven stars were floating quietly. Normally, under the influence of the Will of the Great Path, the distribution of the stars followed a certain pattern. But the seven stars in front of them were forcibly moved here with great power.

Bu Fang stopped and looked at the seven stars in the distance. Behind them was a large piece of land, which was surrounded by mysterious mists.

"Eh? This feeling... It's the Heaven and Earth Farmland?" Mu Hongzi said in surprise and confusion.

He once owned a Heaven and Earth Farmland, so he naturally could sense it. The Immortal Cooking Realm was his farmland.

Every former candidate for the God of Cooking owned a Heaven and Earth Farmland. The piece of land shrouded in gray mists in front of him gave him a feeling like that of the Immortal Cooking Realm.

"You're right... It is the Heaven and Earth Farmland." Bu Fang looked at it with a somewhat complicated gaze. "This is my Heaven and Earth Farmland..." he said.

Mu Hongzi's pupils narrowed. 'Could it be that... But it shouldn't be. Every host possessed a Heaven and Earth Farmland. Why would the God of Cooking hide Soul God's heart in Bu Fang's farmland?'

Bu Fang did not have an answer for Mu Hongzi's doubts. In fact, he only had some idea, but he was not quite sure.

In any case, he did not doubt that Soul God's heart was hidden in his Heaven and Earth Farmland. This could be seen from the seven stars in front of them.

"So... Soul God's heart is hidden in that great world?" Tongtian focused his eyes. Then, the four immortal swords behind him moved. They left the scabbards in an instant and tore the sky.

His aura fluctuated. Stepping on the starry sky, he dashed toward the seven stars in the distance at great speed.

Rumble!

Sure enough, the moment he struck out, a wave of energy, which was so pure that it was approaching the power of the Great Sins, poured out from one of the seven stars.

Pride Great Soul Overlord's gaze was cold and ruthless. As the four immortal swords turned into a sword array and came crashing down, a dazzling aura exploded out of his body, turning into a beam of light that seemed to rip the starry sky.

The next moment, a black spear collided with the array. The collision of auras belonging to two perfect Chaotic Saints produced a powerful explosion.

The four immortal swords flew back and wheeled around Tongtian, who hovered in midair, his robe flapping noisily in the wind.

"A perfect Great Soul Overlord... Sure enough, Soul God is here!" Tongtian's gaze exploded with radiance and murderous intent! They had found it! They had finally found where Soul God was hiding!

He let out a long whistle. Holding the Qingping Sword and with the four immortal swords surrounding him, he charged forward and engaged Pride in a battle.

The fight was earth-shaking and intense. Countless nearby planets were blown to pieces by the impact. However, the Great Soul Overlords on the other six stars still sat cross-legged, unmoving.

"What are they doing?" Lord Dog was a little confused and asked Bu Fang.

Bu Fang shook his head. He also could not figure it out.

These Great Soul Overlords of the seven sins were here to protect Soul God so that the latter could obtain his heart. Therefore, they could not waste any more time.

"Let's strike..." Bu Fang said.

As his words echoed out, he was the first to move. He took a step forward, rushing toward the Heaven and Earth Farmland like a shooting star.

When he returned to ordinary life, Bu Fang had separated the farmland from him. If truth be told, today's Heaven and Earth Farmland had little to do with him.

However, he still had many old friends in it. So, he must go inside!

As Bu Fang moved, Lord Dog, Er Ha, Whitey, and Nethery also struck out.

One expert after another turned into streams of light and rushed toward the Heaven and Earth Farmland.

However, as they approached, the remaining six Great Soul Overlords sitting cross-legged on the dead stars opened their eyes at the same time. They had different expressions on their faces, and their bodies struck peculiar poses in a flash.

Rumble!

Streams of sinful power thrust into the sky and tangled with each other. With a rumbling sound, they turned into an extremely huge demonic phantom.

Meanwhile, Pride, who was fighting with Tongtian, focused his eyes and suddenly retreated, returning to his star. His sinful power turned into a black dragon and rushed into the sky.

Seven black dragons wheeled and turned into an extremely terrifying array. As soon as it appeared, everyone's expression changed.

Rumble!

The array seemed to turn into a bottomless black hole and, in just a flash, pulled everyone into it. Whether it was Bu Fang, Nethery, or Tongtian, they were all sucked in.

The seven Great Soul Overlords sat cross-legged behind the black hole. The power of the sins surged around them, while each of them had a black crystal hovering above his head.

...

Bu Fang frowned as he walked through the endless darkness. 'Where is this place?' He was sucked into this boundless black hole by the array the Seven Great Soul Overlords had constructed.

'Are they deliberately buying more time?' Bu Fang took a deep breath.

Apparently, the seven Great Soul Overlords were buying time. As long as Soul Overlord obtained his heart, everything would be over.

'Looks like I need to speed up.' Bu Fang's face was expressionless as he walked forward step by step. 'A boundless black hole... I'll just have to break it apart.'

He lifted his head slightly. The next moment, terrifying mental force poured out of his body and began to devour the darkness like a bright lamp.

Suddenly, plumes of black smoke rose into the air.

Bu Fang paused. He found that the black smoke drifted over and turned into seven mirrors around him. They surrounded him from all sides, blocking all his exits...

'What is this about?' Bu Fang did not understand.



He stepped forward and approached one of the mirrors, which was huge and towering straight into the sky.

It was not a distorting mirror—Bu Fang's reflection in it did not twist. It reflected his figure. The background was dark, but Bu Fang in the mirror was bright.

Seven mirrors were produced in a black hole... What kind of array was this?

Bu Fang lifted his hand, and the Bu Fang in the mirror also lifted his hand. He touched the mirror. A cold sensation was transferred through the mirror onto his skin.

Bu Fang frowned, and the Bu Fang in the mirror also furrowed his brows.

Bu Fang fixed his eyes at his own reflection in the mirror, looking at it quietly. The atmosphere gradually grew stagnant. The Bu Fang in the mirror also looked back at him...

Suddenly, the Bu Fang in the mirror lifted the corners of his mouth slightly, cocked his head, and revealed an extremely proud expression. His lips parted as he spewed out a word...

"Die."

Pak! Pak! Pak! Pak!

Every mirror around him lit up.

The seven mirrors reflected seven Bu Fang, each having a different expression. One looked envious, and the other lazy. It was as if the seven sinful emotions were manifesting themselves at this moment.

Bu Fang took a step back. The corner of his mouth twitched. Perhaps... all the expressions in his life were shown in these seven mirrors now.

...

In the Heaven and Earth Farmland...

Soul God walked in the hazy gray mists, his pace unhurried. As he walked, the gray mists kept retreating.

However, there was a limit after all. When they reached the limit, they could no longer move back any further.

With a thud, the gray mists seemed to bounce back, swallowing Soul God in a flash. However, he was not affected by the gray mists at all. He continued to walk slowly.

Finally, he came before a farmland shrouded in hazy gray mists. The familiar cabin, the familiar grass, and the familiar spirit beasts on the familiar trees...

This was the place where the God of Cooking and the Queen of Curses had lived in the past.

Niu Hansan was alarmed as he put his arms around Eighty and Three-Eyed Wild Lion.

'Dammit... Soul God actually came in here? I've already hidden in the gray mists, yet this is still not enough to stop him? I'm done... I'm going to be made into beef jerky this time...'

Niu Hansan's mind was filled with dread.

However, Soul God simply ignored him. He was quietly looking at the cabin in the distance with his crimson eyes.

For a moment, the atmosphere seemed to be frozen.

Niu Hansan glanced at Soul God, then at the wooden cabin. He exhaled and prepared to take Eighty and Three-Eyed Wild Lion out of this gray misty area. But when he took the first step...

Creak...

The door of the wooden cabin, which seemed to freeze in the gray mists, was pushed open.

The sound made Niu Hansan's hair... bristle!

'The heck?! There's someone in this... wooden cabin?!'

#### *Chapter 1845: Suppress Soul God's Seven Sins*

There was someone in the wooden cabin?

Niu Hansan was taken aback. He was prepared to flee, but now, his body froze to the spot.

In the distance, Soul God did not seem to notice Niu Hansan at all. His crimson eyes were fixed at the cabin. His movements were unhurried as he stepped toward it.

Niu Hansan was so nervous that sweat started to run down his forehead. Someone actually pushed open the door of the wooden cabin that seemed to have been abandoned for countless years. Who would it be?

Fighting the terrible pressure of Soul God, Niu Hansan slowly turned his head and saw the figure walking out of the wooden cabin.

The furnishings in the cabin were old, and what walked out of it was a figure whose head was shrouded in a cloud of mists. The mist looked somewhat similar to that of the Heaven and Earth Farmland. They were equally mysterious and could not be seen through.

'This is...' Niu Hansan widened his cow eyes. He did not recognize this figure.

Of course, if Bu Fang were here, he would be able to recognize it. He was no stranger to this figure.

Soul God looked indifferent at the figure. The figure, whose head was shrouded in mists, also looked at him. They seemed to be communicating through gazes.

Niu Hansan hugged Eighty as he slowly and quietly walked out of the mists, moving little by little. He hoped that Soul God did not notice him. Apparently, though, he was overthinking it.

The moment his foot was almost out of the mists, Soul God raised his hand. Streams of black power of the Great Sins flew out of his body and tangled Niu Hansan's arms and legs, completely locking him inside like a cage.

Niu Hansan's cow eyes got big as plates as he was trapped to the spot.

"Did I let you go?" Soul God said lightly, his words devoid of emotions.

Niu Hansan felt like weeping, but he had no tears. Why did these almighty experts want to involve him in their fights? He was just a nobody!

However, Soul God did not kill Niu Hansan. After sealing him, he turned back to face the figure standing in front of the cabin. His lips parted into a grin.

The figure with his head shrouded in mists walked out under tremendous pressure, facing Soul God.

"That old fellow hid my heart here... Does he think I can't find it?" Soul God sneered. "And he sent something like you to guard my heart?"

The figure seemed to be smiling. He raised his hands and performed a starting stance. He was not humble or pushy.

“The God of Cooking knew you’d find this place, so he left me here to stop you.”

His faint voice resounded in the surroundings.

Niu Hansan had given up the struggle. Since he could not escape, he might as well quietly watch the performance of the almighty experts.

Rumble!

Soul God smiled icily and raised a hand. In an instant, the cabin that had stood still for countless years began to crumble. The grass was pulled from the ground, while the trees broke apart. It was as if they had been wiped out by darkness.

Niu Hansan’s heart seemed to stop beating. The pressure was so enormous that he could not describe it with words. It was as if the end was here.

The figure in front of the wooden cabin maintained the same stance and did not dodge. In a flash, he was devoured by that endless darkness and... exploded with a boom.

Niu Hansan was struck dumb. ‘And that’s how he’s settled? I thought he’s a hero... Turns out that he’s a loser!’

Suddenly, Niu Hansan’s breathing became stagnant. He saw a dot of light quietly emerging in that darkness, drifting between heaven and earth like the brilliance of a firefly.

The darkness rushed back in an instant as the figure slowly raised his hand.

“The clone of the God of Cooking’s will?” Soul God narrowed his eyes, staring indifferently at the figure that was glowing brilliantly.

“No... I am who I am, a different kind of firework. Please call me... Lord Bird,” the figure said lightly. After that, with a wave of his hand, a wall of dazzling light swept up the darkness as it rushed toward Soul God.

At this moment, it was as if the real God of Cooking had descended.

...

In the black hole, Bu Fang looked at the seven mirrors that had surrounded him. The expression on his face was somewhat odd.

His reflections in these mirrors were performing different poses. Perhaps these were the mirrors of sins, and their purpose was to find out the ugly side of each person’s heart.

Sins and emotions were both in the nature of man. If emotions were suppressed or even severed, then the sinful side of the man would be infinitely magnified.

It was what had happened to the God of Cooking. He had chosen the Ruthless Path, so his sinful side was infinitely magnified, turning into the seven sins. Eventually, he became Soul God.

Bu Fang was walking the Emotional Path now, but he had not truly reached the end of it, so the mirrors found his seven sins. It looked like they were trying to deal with him with his own seven sins.

Looking at his own reflections in the seven mirrors with different expressions, Bu Fang lifted the corners of his mouth slightly.

Suddenly, seven Bu Fang with different expressions slowly walked out of the mirrors. The surface of the mirrors rippled like water, and very quickly, seven figures hovered around Bu Fang.

Everyone has seven sins in his heart. It depends on whether you can suppress the evil thoughts in your mind.

Bu Fang watched indifferently. Then, with a thought in his mind, the White Tiger Heaven Stove, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, and the other kitchen utensils of the God of Cooking Set emerged.

He lit the stove with the divine flame and began to cook.

The seven sinful Bu Fang approached step by step. But instead of being nervous, Bu Fang became more and more calm and relaxed. He began to focus on cooking.

As Bu Fang cooked, the seven sinful Bu Fang found that their bodies started to dissolve like particles once they got close to him.

When cooking, Bu Fang had no sinful thoughts at all. It was as if he had achieved the perfect state of the Emotional Path. Of course, such a state only appeared during cooking.

...

Meanwhile, fierce battles were constantly erupting in the other regions of the black hole.

Tongtian was one against seven. Alone, he fought his seven sinful thoughts. They fought until the sky turned dark.

Lord Dog, Er Ha, Nethery, and the others were fighting as well.

Of course, there was one exception, and that was Whitey.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed as it looked at its seven reflections in the mirrors. It could not help but raise its hand and touched its round head.

Although the mirrors reflected its image, they did not produce seven sinful thoughts like the others. After all, Whitey was just a puppet. It was a puppet formed by Bu Fang with star essences.

It had no sinful thoughts, or could even be said to have no emotions. Of course, it could give birth to emotions, but at this moment, Whitey did not have the seven sinful thoughts.

After looking at the mirrors and found no exits, Whitey's mechanical eyes burst into golden light. Then, it directly punched the mirrors.

The terrible punch contained great power enough to fight Soul God—it directly shattered the seven mirrors!

Amid the noisy clanging sound, countless shards of glass scattered across the ground. Behind every mirror sat a Great Soul Overlord. They looked at Whitey in bewilderment and shock.

Whitey cocked its head as golden jets of air exploded out of its back. In a flash, it engaged the seven Great Soul Overlords in a violent battle.

Even though it was one against seven, Whitey did not look weaker than them. It fought fiercely!

Rumble!

...

Bu Fang had finished cooking, and the seven sins were closing in on him.

He tossed the wok. A rich fragrance immediately permeated the air. Then, he poured the sauce in the wok onto seven dishes. With that, seven glowing dishes were completed by him.

With a flick of his finger, the seven dishes shot out, turned into streams of light, and flew whistling in seven different directions.

Every dish was simple and cooked with ordinary ingredients, but they contained Bu Fang's understanding of cooking, as well as his insight of the Emotional Path.

He had infused the seven emotions into the seven dishes.

Whitey was fighting with the seven Great Soul Overlords. Each of them was, after all, as strong as a perfect Chaotic Saint. So Whitey could not obtain the upper hand in the battle.

There was a black crystal hovering above the head of every Great Soul Overlord, while the golden star essence seemed to have emerged over Whitey's head as well.

Rumble!

Suddenly, seven dishes turned into seven streams of light, shot over at great speed, and struck the seven Great Soul Overlords.

These seven Great Soul Overlords never expected the dishes to appear out of nowhere. Of course, even if they had thought of it, they could not stop them.

The seven dishes contained Bu Fang's seven emotions, and each went to suppress one Great Soul Overlord.

The Great Soul Overlords hurriedly retreated, their faces flickering with resignation and horror. Under the suppression of the dishes, they were gradually sealed, just like what happened to Soul God a thousand years ago.

However, Bu Fang was longer the man he once was. He might have some difficulty in sealing Soul God, but sealing the seven Great Soul Overlords was nothing to him. After all, the dishes he cooked now were almost comparable to pseudo-God of Cooking dishes.

Finally, the seven Great Soul Overlords could no longer resist. Their bodies turned into black smoke and disappeared, sucked away by the golden light falling from every dish.

Every dish was like a world, and it suppressed a Great Soul Overlord, who was as formidable as a perfect Chaotic Saint.

The seven dishes hovered in midair, and a crystal could be seen hovering under each of them. Beneath every crystal was a small ball of vague black smoke, which, from time to time, turned into human faces.

Whitey touched its round head, its mechanical eyes flashing.

Bu Fang, with his hands clasped behind his back, slowly walked over from a distance. He looked calm and transcendent. After the journey of returning to ordinary life, his state of mind was now much beyond the past.

With the seven Great Soul Overlords suppressed, the black hole began to quietly fade away, and the people trapped inside emerged. Everyone remained in combat posture...

Tongtian looked stunned, while Nethery, Lord Dog, and the others were astonished.

“What’s going on?” Lord Dog asked.

Bu Fang smiled and pointed at the seven dishes hovering in midair.

“These are Soul God’s seven strongest minions... And now, they are sealed in these dishes,” Bu Fang said.

This, to all the experts present, was good news!

Now that the black hole had disappeared, everyone’s gaze rested on the Great Tianyuan World shrouded in the hazy mists.

For Bu Fang, it was his Heaven and Earth Farmland. Even though it was separated from him, he still could not forget its aura.

‘The God of Cooking actually hid Soul God’s heart in the Heaven and Earth Farmland...’  
Bu Fang took a deep breath. He really did not expect it.

Rumble!

Suddenly, there was an earth-shattering collision in the farmland. Terrible energy fluctuations surged and swept in all directions, blowing at the surrounding gray mists.

Upon sensing the impact of this power, the expressions of experts present, including Bu Fang, changed.

“Sure enough... It’s Soul God!”

#### *Chapter 1846: Finale (1)*

‘Sure enough, it’s Soul God!’

All the people thought of that at the same time. Their expressions changed drastically. Soul God was really here. That meant he was only one step away from finding his heart! Everyone felt a chill.

If they acted slower, they might be facing the perfect Soul God who had merged with his heart. The cultivation base of an Ancestral God was simply not what the people present could deal with. Not even Bu Fang!



Therefore, the experts—including Tongtian—all shot toward the Great Tianyuan World down below. What they wanted to do now was to stop Soul God!

Bu Fang furrowed his brows. While sensing the terrible fluctuations in the air, he could not help but exhale. The next moment, his body moved, streaking across the void and heading toward the Heaven and Earth Farmland.

He had descended into the farmland countless times, but he had never thought that he would come to it in this situation.

...

Niu Hansan felt his breathing become stagnant. He hugged Eighty tightly while fighting the impact of the terrible energy.

Soul God and the God of Cooking... The two strongest existences in the multiverse had collided at this moment.

Lord Bird was the clone of the God of Cooking's will, just like Cursey was the clone of the Queen of Curses' will. Perhaps even Bu Fang had not expected this. Although Lord Bird's cultivation base was mysterious, in his view, it was not particularly formidable.

Rumble!

Now, as Lord Bird's power exploded out completely, a mighty aura swept in all directions. Even the gray mists seemed to be on the verge of being blown away by it.

However, the cabin behind Lord Bird seemed to be protected by a strange power, for it was not rolled away by the blasts generated by their collision.

The gray mists kept rolling and impacting, while Niu Hansan was shivering.

Soul God's crimson eyes were full of rage. He was even angrier with the God of Cooking than he was with Bu Fang.

Bu Fang had sealed him for a thousand years, but compared with the heart that was taken away by the God of Cooking, that was nothing.

So even though Lord Bird was only the clone of the God of Cooking's will, Soul God would never let him go. His every attack seemed to cause heaven and earth to tremble violently.

Lord Bird's body radiated golden light as his divine power tangled with Soul God's power of the Great Sins.

The explosions were terrifying, but in the gray mists, all the energy of the explosions seemed to be absorbed and could not be released. Therefore, it was calm and quiet outside the Heaven and Earth Farmland. The scene of destruction did not appear—perhaps this was the God of Cooking's arrangement.

These gray mists possessed magical power.

Outside the gray mists, Tongtian and the other experts descended. They were wary. The explosions and energy inside the gray mists filled them with shock and astonishment.

Bu Fang had come as well. The experts dispersed to give way to him. He put his hands behind his back, walked across the grass, and came before the gray mists.

Looking at the gray mists, Bu Fang had mixed feelings, his eyes flickering. After a long time, he sighed. He had sensed the aura of the expert who was fighting Soul God.

It was an acquaintance. Lord Bird... or rather, the God of Cooking.

It turned out that the God of Cooking had set everything up a long time ago.

Every host had a Heaven and Earth Farmland. It was not only every host's garden and a place to store precious ingredients, but also a place the God of Cooking had been hiding.

He assessed the host. If the host could meet his requirements, he would then place the cabin where he had lived with the Queen of Curses and Soul God's heart in the farmland.

The reason Mu Hongzi chose to give up the God of Cooking's inheritance was perhaps he had sensed that someone was peeping at him in the Immortal Cooking Realm, which made him feel that the inheritance was a scheme.

And of all the hosts, Bu Fang was the only one who reached the God of Cooking's requirements.

Now, Soul God had found the Heaven and Earth Farmland and also his heart, but it was very likely that the God of Cooking had dug a deep pit, waiting for him to jump in.

Bu Fang sighed. He did not make a move. Meanwhile, Tongtian and the other experts were a little anxious.

"Are we not going in?"

"If we let Soul God get his heart, none of us will be able to escape..."

However, Bu Fang was still unmoved. He was waiting for the backup plan the God of Cooking had set up.

The God of Cooking certainly had a purpose for doing this.

Rumble!

A loud noise rang out. The gray mists suddenly expanded as if it was about to explode. All the immortals and deities stepped back and watched in horror.

As time passed, the army Tongtian had assembled gradually gathered.

Outside the Heaven and Earth Farmland, immortals and deities hovered in the boundless starry sky. The whole vault of heaven was surrounded by countless immortals.

At this moment, the desolate starfield became very lively. The top experts on some of the planets in this starfield were panic-stricken. They totally had no idea what was going on.

...

Bu Fang looked at the expanding gray mists, reached out a hand, and touched them.

The mists were tiny particles. Each of them was extremely small but contained strange energy, which was similar to the power of an Ancestral God.

It dawned on him. No wonder Niu Hansan was able to acquire the ability to hybridize. It turned out that the ability came from these gray mists.

The gray mists contained the power that came from Soul God's heart. It was the Ancestral God's power, and the God of Cooking had utilized it. Of course, such utilization was insignificant.

In the depths of the gray mists, Soul God's eyes were icy cold. Seven spears emerged behind him, each drawn with patterns representing the power of one Great Sin.

The seven sins had become his strongest weapon. He, Soul God, was walking the Ruthless Path. Even if he had lost his heart, his strength was still very fearsome.

Lord Bird, who was the clone of the God of Cooking's will, struggled to fight against such a formidable foe...

Rumble!

After being smashed back into the cabin by Soul God with one blow, Lord Bird did not fly out again. It was as if he had fallen completely silent.

Niu Hansan hugged Eighty and was despairing.

Soul God carried the seven spears on his back and slowly walked forward. He came in front of the cabin, reached out his hand, and placed it on the door's handle.

Suddenly, from inside the cabin, a glowing palm pressed against the door. With a creak, the door was pushed open, and the figure of a glowing middle-aged man emerged.

The figure was none other than the God of Cooking.

Lord Bird had fully activated the God of Cooking's power. In this way, he could obtain mighty power, but once the glow of the power faded away, he would wither and decay.

Perhaps this was his destiny.

Lord Bird sighed. After all, he did not have that kind of luck to become a real person like Cursey.

The dazzling light suddenly surged. The next moment, it engulfed Soul God. It was so blinding that Niu Hansan could not help but close his eyes.

...

Suddenly, just when Niu Hansan closed his eyes, he seemed to vaguely see a familiar figure in the distant gray mists.

The gray mists parted to the sides. None of them could touch Bu Fang's body.

Bu Fang and Whitey had walked inside, while the others stayed outside. It was not that they did not want to come in, but they could not. The gray mists had stopped them, preventing them from taking one step inside.

Except for Bu Fang and Whitey, even Tongtian and Lord Dog could not step inside. It was because they did not belong to the Heaven and Earth Farmland, so they were not recognized by the gray mists.

They were not like Niu Hansan, Eighty, and the others, who lived in the Heaven and Earth Farmland and breathed the power of the gray mists.

Bu Fang was the original owner of the Heaven and Earth Farmland, so he could come inside without any problem. As for Whitey, it was just a puppet.

Bu Fang looked at Soul God, who was surrounded by golden light in the distance. He slightly focused his eyes and took a deep breath.

Just now, he had figured out what God of Cooking's backup plan was. It was not an array or something like that. The God of Cooking's backup plan was he, Bu Fang! As for Lord Bird, he was only here to slow down Soul God.

The Heaven and Earth Farmland, the gray mists, Lord Bird, and everything else were set up so that Bu Fang would become the backup plan. Now, only Bu Fang could stand up to Soul God and stop him from getting back his heart.

"Owner Bu! He had turned into a zombie!"

Niu Hansan's tears began to flow as he suddenly yelled. He seemed to see Bu Fang in a daze. At first, he thought it was just an illusion, but on second thought, it did not seem right.

Fighting back the urge of weeping, he opened his eyes, and he really saw Bu Fang. The familiar figure was looking at the golden light in front of the cabin with his hands clasped behind his back.

Niu Hansan was inexplicably touched... 'Owner Bu... is not dead!' In the golden light, Bu Fang's figure looked like a deity who had come to save him. 'This old cow is so touched!'

Bu Fang saw Niu Hansan and also Eighty, who was in his arms. He arched his eyebrows slightly, took a step, and appeared in front of Niu Hansan as if he had teleported.

Then, he raised a hand and slapped Niu Hansan on the shoulder. With a little force, he shattered Soul God's bondage. After that, he threw Niu Hansan out of the gray mists.

As he flew across the air, hugging Eighty, Niu Hansan actually had an inexplicable sense of relief...

The gray mists swirled. Niu Hansan was thrown out, and Bu Fang turned back to look seriously at the cabin.

The light of the cabin began to slowly fade away, and Lord Bird's body gradually became shriveled. He took a few steps back and slumped to the ground.

Soul God's crimson eyes glanced indifferently at Lord Bird.

"A clone of the will also wants to stop me?"

He ignored Lord Bird and turned to glance at Bu Fang. The crimson in his eyes flowed like water, even containing a hint of excitement. After that, he turned around and stepped into the cabin.

Bu Fang frowned. He took a step and quickly walked toward the cabin.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed. It wanted to follow, but after Bu Fang entered the cabin, Lord Bird's shriveled body was lifted by him with a force and thrown to Whitey.

Whitey raised its huge hands and caught Lord Bird. It almost reflexively stripped his clothes. But fortunately, it resisted the urge and put Lord Bird down.

Lord Bird glanced at Whitey with his cloudy eyes and said gratefully, "Thank you."

Whitey ignored him and turned its mechanical eyes to the cabin.

Bu Fang, Soul God, and the God of Cooking... gathered in the cabin.

#### *Chapter 1847: Finale (2)*

Inside the cabin, everything seemed to be frozen and lit up by a pale blue light.

It was a simple cabin, no different from a mortal house. It was constructed of ordinary wood logs with an ordinary table, chairs, bowls, and chopsticks...

Apart from being dustless, there was nothing special about it.

Frowning, Bu Fang glanced at everything in the cabin. Soul God and the God of Cooking had disappeared. It was as if he was the only person left.

He paced around. The sound of footsteps echoed in the cabin. That gave Bu Fang pause because the footsteps were not just his, but others' as well.

Soul God?

Bu Fang frowned. He lowered his eyes and looked around. However, he still had not seen any sign of Soul God. It was as if they were in different dimensions after stepping into the cabin. He could hear Soul God's footsteps, and Soul God could also hear his footsteps.

Bu Fang stopped, and Soul God also halted his steps. The whole cabin was deathly silent.

“This log cabin... stores Soul God’s heart?”

He looked quietly, glancing at the table, the chairs, the bed, the cupboards... His gaze turned in every direction as he tried to find Soul God’s hidden heart.

Of course, Bu Fang also understood that the God of Cooking would not place the heart in such a conspicuous place.

In this simple room, Bu Fang sensed more than one familiar aura. It was the aura of the System... and... the God of Cooking’s Menu.

The System had completely disappeared since Bu Fang returned to ordinary life. He had thought that it was gone forever, but from the looks of it, the System should have come to this cabin.

Or had the System always existed here?

The God of Cooking’s System was actually... what Soul God’s heart had turned into.

When Bu Fang figured these out, he could not help but admire the God of Cooking, for he had been using Soul God’s power in cultivating weapons that could restrain him.

Of course, these were only Bu Fang’s speculation.

Bu Fang sat cross-legged on the floor. The sound of messy footsteps came to his ears.

Apparently, Soul God, who had been unable to find the heart, was somewhat exasperated. He seemed to be running wildly in the room, destroying everything in the cabin.

Bu Fang opened his eyes and listened. It was as if a farce was happening around him. After a long time, it suddenly became completely silent, and he narrowed his eyes.

Rumble!

The void suddenly rippled like water. Amid the pale blue light, a black face abruptly emerged before him.

The eyes on the face flicked open. Sinful emotions tumbled in them, looking like a whirlpool that was going to swallow one’s soul and everything!

“Found you!” Soul God said coldly. He had forcefully broken the dimensional barrier created by the cabin and appeared in front of Bu Fang.

Bu Fang looked indifferently at Soul God. “So what if you found me? I’ve never hidden myself... Just because you found me doesn’t mean you found the heart.”

His voice was calm, and it was this calmness that made Soul God fly into a rage!

“My heart is in this room! Where is it?!” Soul God growled. As a combination of the seven sins, he was tyrannical and violent.

However, Bu Fang just stared indifferently at him. His composure was in stark contrast to Soul God’s madness.

Rumble!

The barrier was completely torn apart, and the pale blue light in front of Bu Fang faded away. At this moment, the quiet room was reduced to ruins. Everything was broken, destroyed by Soul God.

Bu Fang glanced at the dilapidated room and shook his head.

Soul God’s crimson eyes were bursting with monstrous anger. Bu Fang’s calm and indifferent appearance infuriated him. Suddenly, he raised his hand and slapped it toward Bu Fang. A terrifying aura erupted.

However, the aura gradually dissipated as it neared Bu Fang’s face...

‘It seems... from this moment on, all magic power is forbidden in this room, just like the ability that Whitey once possessed.’

The corners of Bu Fang’s mouth lifted slightly. He raised a hand and blocked Soul God’s blow.

Bu Fang was not too surprised. In the past, Whitey’s abilities came from the System. This made Bu Fang even more certain that the System was in this room.

Whitey was the carrier of the God of Cooking’s will. When Bu Fang sealed Soul God, the System had disappeared with the God of Cooking’s will.

When Whitey’s physical body disintegrated, Bu Fang’s body had disintegrated as well. And when Bu Fang was resurrected, the first person he came into contact with was Lord Bird.

Lord Bird was the clone of the God of Cooking’s will. So... the System was most likely brought back here by Lord Bird.

This was where the God of Cooking had created the System, and it had returned here in the end. Perhaps it was all predetermined by destiny.



“Do you think this can trap me?” Soul God sneered, his crimson eyes flashing with violence. “Even though this was all set up by that old fool, with my current strength, they can’t trap me for long...”

His gaze grew savage!

“When I break this shabby house and find my heart... The first person I’ll kill... is you, stinking chef! ” Soul God said icily.

He really hated Bu Fang! The Soul Demon Universe was planted with flowers and grass, his army of Soul Demons was sealed, and even the Great Soul Overlords of the seven sins were sealed...

Bu Fang was against him in every way. He was like a fishbone in his throat, making him extremely uncomfortable!

“So... You also admitted that you’re trapped.” A faint smile brushed Bu Fang’s lips as he looked playfully at Soul God.

Soul God paused.

“Look... It’s just you and me in the room now... and the will of the dead God of Cooking. So...” Bu Fang’s voice trailed off.

“So what do you want?!” Soul God’s pupils narrowed as he looked at Bu Fang in disbelief. What did this stinking chef... want to do to him? “I’m Soul God! F\*ck you!”

The corner of Bu Fang’s mouth twitched. However, he ignored the fuming Soul God, raised his head, and glanced around.

“You old goat... What do you think I want to do to you?” Bu Fang rolled his eyes. “The God of Cooking deliberately created this environment for us to be alone, so I can get rid of you...” Bu Fang stood up and smoothed the folds on his Vermilion Robe.

“Get rid of me? With just you?”

After hearing that, Soul God breathed a sigh of relief. At the same time, he laughed disdainfully.

“I admit you, stinking chef, have grown a lot in a thousand years... But you’ve foolishly chosen to walk the Emotional Path. Do you know what the Emotional Path is? Do you know why the God of Cooking chose to focus on the Ruthless Path?

“That’s because... he once took the Emotional Path and failed! It was because of that failure that... I am here! Only my Ruthless Path can step on the true pinnacle!

“A person like you who walks the Emotional Path cannot escape failure, and with your current strength... You are no match for me!

“Both you and I are forbidden from using magic power in this house. Don’t tell me... You want to fight me in hand-to-hand combat?”

Soul God sneered. He was the combination of sinful emotions, tyrannical and manic, but... he was not stupid.

Bu Fang rubbed his fist. “I’m a chef. Would I do something so uncivilized?” he said expressionlessly.

Bam!

The next moment, his Vermilion Robe fluttered as he threw out his fist and punched Soul God in the face.

The punch stunned Soul God and made him take a few steps back.

“I will certainly choose to use... cooking to convince you, which is exactly what the God of Cooking wanted.

“Otherwise, you think it would be me standing here? If the God of Cooking wanted hand-to-hand combat, Whitey is more suitable than me to... punch you,” Bu Fang said faintly, flinging his hand.

Soul God climbed to his feet. His crimson eyes almost burst with flames.

“What kind of a f\*cking chef are you?!”

Soul God cursed. He was such a grumpy guy, but it was not his fault. After all, he was a combination of sinful emotions.

“Haha.”

Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth coldly. After that, with a thought in his mind, the God of Cooking Set slowly emerged.

The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, the Qilin Transmigration Ladle, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, the White Tiger Heaven Stove, and the Vermilion Robe...

In this room, the God of Cooking Set was not affected.

Buzz...

The moment Bu Fang summoned the God of Cooking Set, the aura in the room suddenly changed. In all corners of the room, one array after another emerged. Each of them looked like a blooming flower, lighting up every corner...

Suddenly, the System's serious voice rang out.

"Congratulations, Host Bu Fang. You've activated the last test: The God of Cooking's Dream. Complete the test, and the path to becoming a God of Cooking you've been dreaming of will be perfected."

As Bu Fang watched, streams of light converged and transformed into a human figure made of lines.

The figure was none other than... the System, which took Bu Fang on the road to becoming a God of Cooking and had accompanied him from the beginning to the present day.

The next moment, the God of Cooking's Menu emerged. Drops of divine power belonging to the God of Cooking fell, turning it into a tangible object...

"The God of Cooking's Dream: The God of Cooking's greatest regret was that he had created Soul God. Soul God was born of his sins, but he could not last long enough to destroy him. So he had to turn his hope into a dream and put it on his successor. Complete the God of Cooking's dream, and the road to becoming the God of Cooking will be perfected and full of blossoming flowers," the System said seriously.

Bu Fang exhaled with a complicated look in his eyes.

The God of Cooking's Menu turned into an old, worn book and fell in his hands. He slowly flipped it open.

There were only seven dishes in the book, as if they corresponded to the seven sins of Soul God. Every word in the recipes was the result of painstaking efforts.

Bu Fang seemed to see an old man holding a pen in the dim light of an oil lamp, trembling and writing the recipes word by word.

So he was supposed to convince Soul God with these dishes? Wiping out one of his sins with one dish?

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched. 'Are you sure it is to convince and not... disgust? The source of the Soul Demons' hatred of gourmet food must have started from Soul God...' he thought to himself.

"Come on, Host, you are only one step away from success! A brighter tomorrow awaits you!"

With its unique serious tone, the System gave a little motivational speech that Bu Fang was very familiar with.

Bu Fang felt somewhat refreshed as it had been a long time since he heard the System's motivating words...

"In that case..." Bu Fang's gaze became much softer as he looked at Soul God. "Since we are both chefs, we will solve this in the chef's way..." he said lightly.

Soul God's pupils narrowed. He wanted to flee, but the power of the Gourmet Arrays fell, turned into cold chains, and shackled him to the spot. No matter how hard he struggled, he could not break out of the cabin!

Meanwhile, Bu Fang grabbed the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife. He exhaled, took out a velvet rope, and tied his hair with it. Then, he carefully rolled up his sleeves.

It was as if he was preparing to cook for a solemn banquet. However... this banquet was for Soul God, and it was also Soul God's funeral!

Soul God was arguably the luckiest villain of all time. Because his death might not be caused by the brutal beating of the protagonist, but due to him eating too much food cooked by the protagonist.

Soul God was fuming. He f\*cking... fell into the God of Cooking's trap again! He could not help but wonder if the power of the sins had really made him a bit of a fool!

"I am Soul God!" he growled.

Sizzle...

Bu Fang did not use divine power or special techniques. He just quietly and calmly cooked the dishes based on the recipes prepared by the God of Cooking.

An aroma rose and lingered in the air. Soul God, who was growling, sniffed. He immediately shut his mouth as his stomach began to tumble!

The power of the Great Sins turned into black dragons and began to slowly struggle, fighting against the power of the Gourmet arrays.

Bu Fang glanced at him and sped up his cooking. Once Soul God broke free of the shackle, it might not be so easy to suppress him again.

He tossed the wok and kept stir-frying. The ladles blurred into motions as the aroma kept spreading.

A few moments later, Bu Fang poured the dish in the wok onto a blue-and-white porcelain plate he had prepared. After that, he came before Soul God, picked up the dish with a pair of chopsticks, and nodded at Soul God with an expressionless face...

"Be good and... open your mouth. Ah..."

Soul God's eyes got big. As the greatest villain, he wanted to die with dignity!

### *Chapter 1848: Finale (3)*

Soul God would rather die than surrender. He would never eat it. Bu Fang's dish made him feel a sense of crisis.

Gourmet food was poison to him. It would sap his power of the Great Sins little by little! This was the God of Cooking's trap and the most effective way to deal with him!

Soul God's eyes widened with rage as he closed his mouth tight. He did not believe that Bu Fang could still shove the dish into his mouth, now that he had closed it!

Bu Fang looked indifferently at Soul God. His gaze was very calm.

Suddenly, the Gourmet Arrays stirred, and the black power of the Great Sins emanating from Soul God's body was being suppressed.

Soul God's pupils narrowed. 'This damn God of Cooking's will...'

He was not going to give in.

Bu Fang sighed. At this moment, the God of Cooking was invincible in this room. Even though Soul God had once touched the Ancestral God realm, he had lost his heart, which was utilized by the God of Cooking to suppress him now.

Perhaps, when Soul God gradually got used to the power of his heart, he could call it back. However, he could only be suppressed at this moment.

Soul God's body was trembling. Slowly, he raised his head and opened his mouth...

His pupils narrowed further.

Bu Fang grabbed a spoon and scooped the dish into Soul God's mouth, one spoonful after another.

In this world, countless people were eager to try his dishes. Unfortunately, there was one exception, and that was Soul God. His hatred for gourmet food came from the depths of his soul.

When the dish entered his mouth, Soul God felt his soul quiver. He could not even seem to control the power of the Great Sins anymore...

Rumble!

The suppression of the Gourmet Arrays was wrenched away. Soul God took several consecutive steps back, covered his head, and dropped to one knee.

Seven faces emerged on his body, and every one of them was twisting...

Those were the seven sins. What Bu Fang wanted to do was to melt Soul God's seven sins. This was the God of Cooking's plot, and now, Bu Fang was finally coming to the last step.

Bu Fang took a step back, returned to the White Tiger Heaven Stove's side, and looked indifferently at Soul God.

Soul God was covering his head with both hands as if he was having a serious headache. His pupils narrowed, while his body was shaking.

Suddenly, he threw his head back and growled. The crimson in his eyes seemed to melt away little by little.

The dish cooked by Bu Fang came from the recipe specifically written by the God of Cooking to deal with the seven deadly sins. There were seven dishes, corresponding to the seven deadly sins.

Bu Fang only needed to cook these seven dishes, and he would be able to thoroughly convince Soul God and wipe out his power.

Soul God let out a long shriek. A stream of force that looked like a black dragon struggled out of his body and twisted violently, dispersing in midair with a rumbling sound before disappearing completely.

This was one of Soul God's sins, and it was wiped out.

Bu Fang's face grew cold. He flipped to the second page of the book, which described a dish. Then, he took out the ingredients and processed them unhurriedly.

Perhaps the God of Cooking's purpose in cultivating a successor was for today. His ultimate goal was to have his successor's cooking skills capable of cooking the dishes in his recipes. That was the only way for him to have a chance of killing Soul God.

And now... Bu Fang was finally able to do it!

Bu Fang exhaled. He tossed the wok and began to cook another dish.

The rich aroma seemed to turn into golden dragons in the room. They wheeled in midair, confronting, growling, snapping, and tearing at the black dragons conjured by Soul God's power of the Great Sins.

Soul God remained kneeling on the floor. His body was bound by the chains formed by the Gourmet Arrays.

Bu Fang did not look away—his focus was all on the dish. The dishes in the God of Cooking's Menu were not too difficult to cook, but the emotions that needed to be infused into them were just too much.

It was only because Bu Fang had stepped on the Emotional Path that he had a chance to try it. If it were anyone else, they might not have had the chance to try all this.

Sizzle...

Bu Fang poured out the dish. Another perfect delicacy was ready. He took a deep breath, making the rich aroma linger in his mind. Focusing his eyes, he took the dish and came in front of Soul God.

Soul God was still fighting fiercely, but Bu Fang kept spooning the dish into his mouth, which slowly opened no matter how hard he was resisting.

Another dish was fed, and Soul God's body was fully covered with blue veins. It was as if all his blood vessels were about to burst under his skin. It was a horrible sight.

He took several consecutive steps backward as another power of sin in him began to keep disintegrating!

Soul God's blood-colored pupils were widening and narrowing rapidly. That was a kind of pain caused by conflicting attributes.

"Damn you, chef..." he growled. His whole body was flowing with black fluid, which was giving off a foul stench.

Bu Fang exhaled. He retreated to the stove, reached out his hand, opened the book, and flipped to a new page.

Before long, he cooked another dish and fed it to Soul God.

The sinful power in Soul God was separated from him again and disintegrated.

Soul God was in great pain, his eyes flashing with anger and despair. This time... he was really going to be killed by the God of Cooking's plot! Bu Fang was the biggest scheme that old thing had left behind!

One dish, two dishes, three dishes... There were seven dishes in total.

Bu Fang cooked unhurriedly. However, he was not that relaxed. He would occasionally exhale after cooking a dish.

Each dish took a huge amount of his mental force. Not only that, but it also consumed a significant amount of his emotions. The God of Cooking's dishes were not so easy to cook.

The System hovered quietly in a distant corner within the room. Just like all the tests in the past, it watched Bu Fang calmly and quietly, assessing everything about him.

Bu Fang was very familiar with the feeling.

When he was cooking the sixth dish, his forehead was covered with beads of sweat. He seemed to struggle a little even with his current cultivation base.

After cooking it, he took a step back and sat on the floor.

Controlled by an invisible force, the dish floated in front of Soul God, who was gasping for air at the moment. He ate another mouthful of the dish.

The black on Soul God's body had faded a lot. It was as black as ink, but now it turned gray. His face gradually turned clear as well, no longer vague.

He lay on the floor, panting violently. Suddenly, he opened his mouth and let out a pained growl.

Black smoke spread out from his seven orifices, turned into black dragons, and was ripped apart by the golden dragons of the dish.

"Come on, Host. You have only one last dish to cook," the System's serious cheering rang out.

Bu Fang glanced at the System and slightly twitched the corner of his mouth. He was not in a hurry. He needed to rest for a while.

The last dish was also the most crucial dish. Given his current state, it would not be easy for him to cook. His mental force was almost depleted, and his aura had become very weak.



After catching his breath for a while, he slowly rose to his feet and came before the White Tiger Heaven Stove.

The God of Cooking's Menu floated quietly. He reached out a hand and flipped to the last page. The golden characters in the book shone brilliantly.

Bu Fang's gaze was complicated. "This is the last dish..." he murmured faintly.

After walking on the path to becoming a God of Cooking for so long, he seemed to have finally approached its end. Inexplicably, Bu Fang had a feeling of loss inside, and this feeling was hard to bear.

He exhaled, then took out the ingredients one by one. In fact, there were not really many ingredients.

The ingredients for the last dish were rice and an egg.

Was it Egg-Fried Rice? Bu Fang looked dazed for a moment. He started with Egg-Fried Rice, and now he would end his journey with Egg-Fried Rice?

Shaking his head, he slowly raised his eyes and looked at Soul God in the distance. The glance gave him pause.

He found that Soul God had lost that spirited look. At this moment, he seemed to have turned into an old man, leaning listlessly against the wall of the cabin.

On his gray face, his skin turned into furrows that looked like the folds of a plateau. They stacked together and were terrifying to look at. His hair was white and disheveled.

It was as if Soul God had been drained of all life force. The seven deadly sins gave him eternal life, but after being deprived of them, he became a senile mortal. He seemed to be on the verge of death, literally dying.

Bu Fang's gaze was complicated. He had not imagined that Soul God, his greatest foe, would end up like this, being deprived of eternal life and dying because of old age.

However, this was probably the best end for Soul God, compared to the killing he had done.

He shook his head, exhaled, and began to cook the last dish, Egg-Fried Rice.

Crack.

The egg was cracked open, and the rice was added into the wok... A rich fragrance instantly rose and filled the air.

Egg-Fried Rice was a dish that Bu Fang was very familiar with, a dish that he was able to finish cooking almost subconsciously. And yet, it actually appeared in such a solemn moment.

Inexplicably, it gave him an odd feeling.

He tossed the wok. The light of the roaring flames lit up his face. His movements seemed to become slower, and so were the ingredients that were being stir-fried.

In the distance, Soul God, who was leaning against the wall, had a bitter smile on his face as he looked at the firelight radiating from the Black Turtle Constellation Wok.

He seemed to see his aging self in the flame. His cloudy eyes appeared to be somewhat dazed.

The sound of quiet footsteps echoed out as Bu Fang carried the dish and came in front of Soul God. His gaze was somewhat complicated.

"Come, finish your last meal," Bu Fang said. He scooped up the Egg-Fried Rice in the blue-and-white porcelain plate with a porcelain spoon.

Faint wisps of smoke lingered over the rice, giving the dish an extremely delicate appearance.

"It's so beautiful..." Soul God murmured as he looked listlessly at the rice and egg in the spoon.

That gave Bu Fang pause.

"What a beautiful flower..." Soul God said.

The next moment, the furrows on his face began to twitch uncontrollably. Although he was very old now, he actually let out a reckless laugh until tears trickled down his cheeks.

"Little chef... You'll regret it! When I am deprived of my sins... some things came back to me!" Soul God laughed as he looked at Bu Fang with some sympathy. "You're in the pit as much as I am."

The power of the last sin in Soul God began to tremble.

What did Soul God mean? Bu Fang froze, and the spoonful of Egg-Fried Rice froze in midair. He did not feed it to Soul God.

"What is ruthlessness... To be able to kill yourself is ruthless."

Soul God burst out laughing.

Suddenly, Bu Fang felt a great force acting on his hand. The spoonful of Egg-Fried Rice was pushed out by the force and shoved into Soul God's mouth...

Bu Fang's pupils narrowed! It was not him! He was not the one who fed Soul God just now! He abruptly turned to the side.

Beside him, the System, made of energy lines, appeared without a sound. It was the System who pushed his hand just now and fed Soul God the Egg-Fried Rice.

In the distance, the Artifact Spirits of the God of Cooking Set slowly emerged. They turned into human figures and quietly hovered in midair.

Bu Fang took a deep breath and turned to look at Soul God, who had eaten the Egg-Fried Rice.

Soul God was looking at Bu Fang with sympathy. The next moment, his body began to crack. He opened his mouth as streams of black smoke poured out of his seven orifices, turned into black dragons, and dissipated.

With that, the power of the seven sins was completely stripped from Soul God's body, and he was left with a dry and old body, falling to the ground and... dying.

"Little... chef..." the aging Soul God said, looking at Bu Fang with his cloudy eyes.

Bu Fang watched. The next moment, all his hair suddenly stood on end!

Buzz...

With the power of Soul God's seventh sin stripped away, a wave of pure energy spread out in all directions around the cabin!

Rumble!

It was as if the whole Heaven and Earth Farmland had awakened at this moment. Countless grass and trees grew crazily, while a withered white lotus flower quietly bloomed above the towering Immortal Tree.

Many experts were attracted by the white Senseless Lotus.

Tongtian, Yuanshi Tianzun, Lord Dog, and the other almighty experts could sense that the power of the Great Sins in the cabin had disappeared.

However, whether it was Lord Dog, Er Ha, Tongtian, or the others, they did not feel happy at all. Inexplicably, there seemed to be an even more terrible pressure pressing on them.

Lub-dub! Lub-dub!

The sound of a beating heart rang out.

Everyone turned to the cabin with narrowed pupils. As they watched, it began to quietly crumble. Bu Fang's figure gradually emerged. In front of him lay a decaying, old body.

When the cabin dispersed like sand, another figure appeared, sitting cross-legged not far away from Bu Fang and the body. It was also an old man. He emanated no aura, and in his hand, he was holding a heart.

The power of the seven sins wheeled above the heart. Slowly, they fell, wrapped the heart, and fused into it.

Buzz...

The System and the five Artifact Spirits hovered in front of the figure, blocking Bu Fang.

Sitting cross-legged on the floor, the old man's finger twitched a little. Then, he slowly raised his head. He looked at Bu Fang as the corners of his mouth lifted slightly.

The next moment, the heart that belonged to Soul God was stuffed into his chest.

"Congratulations. You have successfully completed the path to becoming a God of Cooking."

The old man slowly rose to his feet. As he stood up, his body gradually became younger, and all the wrinkles on his face disappeared.

Eventually, he turned into the ordinary, middle-aged man Bu Fang had seen in the Queen of Curses' memory. He grinned, revealing a mouthful of white teeth as he looked at Bu Fang.

"Unfortunately, the world only needs one God of Cooking."

*Chapter 1849: Finale (4)*

"Unfortunately... the world only needs one God of Cooking."

A faint voice resounded between heaven and earth, rumbling like the Tune of the Great Dao.

Time seemed to recede like tidewater on the old man; his aging face turned youthful again in just a flash, while the sound of a strong beating heart echoed throughout the world!

The Artifact Spirits of the God of Cooking Set hovered in front of the old man. As golden light surged, they turned into streams of light and rushed toward the God of Cooking.

The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, the White Tiger Heaven Stove, the Qilin Transmigration Ladle, and the Vermilion Robe...

The Vermilion Robe on the God of Cooking presented a different look than Bu Fang's. On Bu Fang, it was striped red-and-white, while on him, it was striped black-and-red.

With the God of Cooking Set falling into his hands, the God of Cooking slowly closed his eyes.

The striped red-and-white Vermilion Robe on Bu Fang did not disappear. However, he could feel that the Artifact Spirit inside was gone...

"You are... the God of Cooking?"

Bu Fang was not too shocked, however. He just stared indifferently at the God of Cooking, who was clad in the striped black-and-red Vermilion Robe.

"Of course..." The God of Cooking chuckled. His gaze was somewhat complicated as he looked at Bu Fang. "After hundreds of hosts, someone had finally succeeded. Although it was at the last moment of Soul God's rebirth... However, no matter what, it finally worked," he said.

"I should thank you... So, I will give you the opportunity to answer your questions. You must be very confused and lost now, right?"

Bu Fang took a step back and squinted at the God of Cooking. At this moment, the atmosphere was not quite right. The God of Cooking's resurrection and what Soul God had said earlier had left him a little confused.

"If you are... the God of Cooking, then who is it that disappeared with the Queen of Curses?" Bu Fang asked. This question was the most puzzling to him.

"That's me too... However, that one is an emotional God of Cooking," said the God of Cooking with a deep look in his eyes.

"I've once chosen the Emotional Path. Unfortunately, I failed... and my fleshly body decayed. After that, I realized that the only way to truly step into the supreme realm is to take the Ruthless Path!"

The God of Cooking narrowed his eyes and took a deep breath. It was as if he was feeling the beauty of being back in the world.

"Hold on a second... I'm a little confused, so break it down for me." Bu Fang furrowed his brows. He got a little sidetracked by the God of Cooking.

The nearby experts were holding their breath. They sensed that the new figure's aura was so strong that it seemed somewhat frightening!

Tongtian, Yuanshi Tianzun, and the other almighty experts frowned, while Lord Dog, Nethery, and those who were close to Bu Fang became nervous. They all sensed that something was not quite right.

Soul God was drying up and growing old in a corner, and the guy in front of them, who was full of strong life force and emanating an incomparably powerful aura, was giving them a cold feeling.

He seemed like a piece of cold ice, without any emotion. Although his eyes were soulful, his gaze was cold and ruthless as he looked at everything.

"To put it simply... The God of Cooking who walked the Emotional Path and Soul God are both me, except that they are both separated from me," the God of Cooking said with a smile.

He walked slowly forward with his hands clasped behind his back. With every step he took, his aura soared higher.

Bu Fang moved back further, frowning.

"Everything I have set up... including cultivating you, is to enable me to break through the bondage and reach the supreme realm.

"Only by breaking the old rules can a new law be created. After burying the seven emotions and cleansing the sins, my heart is truly ruthless.

"Now... The Ruthless Path is perfected."

As the God of Cooking said that, he lifted his arms. The powerful beating of his heart created a majestic force.

Bu Fang took a deep breath. It all turned out to be the God of Cooking's scheme. The so-called 'prioritizing the Ruthless Path and supplementing it with the Emotional Path' was merely a hoax.

And Soul God was not the God of Cooking's evil thoughts, but another God of Cooking. No wonder he was suppressed countless years ago, cut into a few parts, and stripped of his heart... The heart was the real key.

At that time, Soul God had the cultivation base of an Ancestral God, but he had not yet perfected his Ruthless Path. As a result, he had a weakness, which had caused him to be sealed for countless years...

Focusing his eyes, Bu Fang suddenly stomped the ground. As a rumbling sound rang out, his body flew backward at great speed.

However, the God of Cooking only smiled and shook his head.

"The perfection I mentioned is without weaknesses. I'm not like the Primitive Universe's Will of the Great Path who had only perfected the Ruthless Path, or Soul God who once only had the cultivation base of an Ancestral God... I'm truly perfect!

"The perfection is invincible! You can even call it as... above the Ancestral God!"

The God of Cooking grinned, slowly raised his hand, and flicked his finger.

Bu Fang was almost out of the cabin's range when he felt a great pressure he could not resist. A rumbling sound filled the air as he was pulled back, hovering in front of the God of Cooking.

The God of Cooking became younger and younger. He had turned from a young man to a teenager, and his face had become incomparably perfect. Indeed, as he himself said, he was now truly perfect.

He gently stroked Bu Fang's face with his hand. "I really can't bear to do this... You are the most outstanding one selected from my hundred hosts. You are my masterpiece," he said with a smile.

Outside the cabin, the experts were stirring.

"Dammit!"

At this moment, Tongtian and the others finally understood that everything was just a scheme by this guy in front of them.

"A grand scheme that spanned countless years? This fellow... is truly terrifying!"

Tongtian, Yuanshi Tianzun, and the other almighty experts felt cold all over.

“Unfortunately, you are walking the Emotional Path, which can never lead you to the end. It is a path that even I have failed to complete,” the God of Cooking said.

He raised his hand and gently pointed to the void with his finger. Ripples quietly spread across the air as the God of Cooking Set began to cook by themselves. Ingredients tumbled, the kitchen knife glinted, while the sound of cooking rang out.

After that, a dish that blossomed with dazzling light emerged. It was an exquisite dumpling.

The God of Cooking could cook a dish with just a thought in his mind.

Bu Fang’s pupils narrowed, his brows furrowing.

The God of Cooking was chuckling. He picked up the dumpling with a pair of chopsticks, slowly brought it to Bu Fang’s mouth, and stuffed it into his mouth.

“Is it good?” the God of Cooking asked Bu Fang.

As Bu Fang chewed the dumpling, he was stunned. It was... really delicious! Whether it was the duration and degree of heating, the handling of ingredients, or the adjustment between flavors, it was perfect. And it was more palatable than Bu Fang ever imagined...

It was perfect!

So this was the dish cooked by the God of Cooking? So this was the realm he had been looking forward to reaching?

Bu Fang’s gaze faltered slightly. For a moment, his heart began to waver, and the Emotional Path that he had always been firm on was shaking.

Rumble!

In the distance, Whitey’s mechanical eyes suddenly flashed and shone with dazzling golden light. Then, the ground exploded as it turned into a beam of golden light and rushed over.

As it neared, it clenched its huge hand into a fist and threw it toward the God of Cooking. It detected that Bu Fang was in danger, and it was here to save him.

The moment Whitey made a move, the others reacted as well.



“Dammit!” Lord Dog cursed as anger welled up in his eyes. Without hesitation, he smashed out his paw, his terrifying divine power rippling like waves!

Nethery’s eyes turned black in an instant. Her black dress fluttered, and she rushed out in a flash, charging toward the God of Cooking!

“Release Bu Fang...” Nethery said coldly. Her curse power, which was extremely pure, surged and turned into a straight black pillar before viciously smashing down!

Meanwhile, Tongtian and Yuanshi Tianzun struck out as well. They produced their divine artifacts and unleashed their monstrous magic power!

The instantaneous strike of the five perfect Chaotic Saints could be said to be the world’s greatest joint effort!

The whole place where the cabin stood instantly exploded! The Heaven and Earth Farmland shook as surging airwaves swept out in all directions, causing Niu Hansan and the others to roll across the ground.

“F\*ck!” Er Ha’s face was pale and unsightly. “Did they finish him?” He raised his head. The airwaves had messed up his hair, but he had no time to pay attention to it at this moment.

He fixed his eyes at the center of the explosion in the distance. The next moment, his pupils narrowed.

The smoke and dust dissipated, revealing the situation inside. The God of Cooking stood where he was, unscathed. Even Whitey could not get within an inch of him.

“There is not even an Ancestral God among you. How are you going to save someone?”

The God of Cooking seemed a little puzzled as he looked at Nethery, Lord Dog, and the others. Then, he snapped his fingers.

A crisp snap rang out. With the God of Cooking as the center, a shockwave of energy swept out in all directions, hitting everyone in an instant.

Lord Dog’s body was impacted by the ripple. His divine power crumbled in a flash as blood spewed out of his mouth. It was the same for Tongtian and Yuanshi Tianzun. They fell to the ground and flew backward.

Nethery’s body trembled. Even her curse power could not resist it—it shattered in an instant. Her black dress fluttered as she fell to the ground.

Whitey fell hard to its knees with a thump. Its legs poked into the ground as it tried to stop its body from being knocked away. However, it could not do it. Its metal skin cracked, while the great force made it roll across the ground like a metal ball.

“You may not quite understand what the meaning of perfection is... It means without any flaws... and truly invincible.”

The God of Cooking's striped black-and-red Vermilion Robe flapped noisily as it lifted his body into the sky.

Bu Fang sat on the ground with a dazed look in his eyes. It was as if he was caught in an infinite cycle of self-doubt. His aura was scattering like he was dying.

The God of Cooking put his hands behind his back. Looking at Bu Fang, he shook his head and clicked his tongue in a regretful manner.

“You look like me when I failed to take the Emotional Path years ago...” said the God of Cooking.

Soul God's aging, shriveled, and gray body fell to the side, his eyes fixed on the God of Cooking in the sky.

The God of Cooking's gaze turned and fell on Soul God. It became cold and emotionless. It was at this moment that he showed the world the real Ruthless Path.

With a flick of his finger, Soul God's eyes froze completely. Then, his body turned into sand and disappeared.

Soul God, the greatest demon that made the Primitive Universe, the Chaotic Universe, and Void City tense for countless years had disappeared just like that.

Everyone's emotions were somewhat complicated, but now was not the time for complicated emotions, for a more terrifying existence had been born in the world.

The God of Cooking hovered in the sky over the Heaven and Earth Farmland. His gaze slowly swept around. It was as though he had seen through all the universes with that glance.

As the God of Cooking who had perfected the Ruthless Path, he could sense the surging seven emotions and six desires in all the universes. To him, these were useless and laughable emotions.

Buzz...

He raised his hand. The God of Cooking Set soared into the sky and turned into the Artifact Spirits, roaring and crying.

Each of the Artifact Spirits seemed to have become emotionless and cold with the return of the God of Cooking and the perfection of his Ruthless Path.

Rumble!

They burst into golden light and rushed into the starry sky, converging rapidly and transforming into a colossal wheel of light.

The God of Cooking looked at the wheel of light in fascination.

“As the master of ruthlessness, I naturally want everyone in the world to indulge in ruthlessness... Without the influence of emotions, the efficiency of all things in the world will be enhanced!

“A perfect era dominated by me... is about to come!”

Rumble!

As the God of Cooking’s terrifying power poured into it, the white wheel of light grew even brighter. The next moment, dots of white light converged and turned into a plate of steaming delicacy in front of everyone.

There was a delicacy in front of every living being in the world, whether they were in a small world, a great world, a small universe, or a great universe. These dishes seemed to exude endless charm, attracting people to eat them.

They came in a variety of forms; some might be fried rice, some might be dumplings... They were materialized according to the delicacy that each person craved.

All the people could not help but eat the delicacies in front of them. They were the most delicious food they had ever eaten, the real God of Cooking’s dishes...

After finishing the dishes, their spirits were uplifted, while all their emotions disintegrated in an instant. Everyone became ruthless.

In the Heaven and Earth Farmland, Nethery, Lord Dog, Er Ha, and the others each had a dish floating in front of them. Even they could not restrain their emotions and want to eat the food.

Er Ha widened his eyes and clenched his jaws. ‘I won’t eat any food except Bu Fang young man’s spicy strip!’ he growled in his mind. What emerged in front of him was also a spicy strip.

Lord Dog’s claws were scoring the ground, while Nethery’s hair was waving messily! They all had their own persistence in fighting the temptation of the God of Cooking.

However, as countless people in the multiverse indulged in the God of Cooking's cuisine, they would eventually succumb.

"Bu Fang..."

Nethery and Lord Dog were staring at Bu Fang, who sat blankly on the ground in the distance.

His aura was constantly dissipating, and he seemed to be on the verge of collapsing. It was a collapse caused by the shattering of something that he had been persisting with for a very long time...

Mu Hongzi gave Bu Fang a deep look as he held Summer's hand tightly. He sighed. Both he and Summer ate the food. They did not put up too much resistance because they knew they could not resist it.

Sitting on the grass and looking at the Senseless Lotus blooming over the Immortal Tree, Mu Hongzi's eyes gradually grew misty...

Suddenly, at the last moment before Mu Hongzi's seven emotions and six desires vanished, a glint of light erupted from his gaze.

He saw Whitey, with cracks all over its metal skin, over the Immortal Tree. It plucked the Senseless Lotus with its huge hands!

Rumble!

Holding the Senseless Lotus, Whitey rushed toward Bu Fang at great speed like a cannonball. It was Mu Hongzi who told Whitey this. He said that the Senseless Lotus was the last hope... especially one that had been bred for so long.

Rumble!

Whitey fell to the ground. Its golden mechanical eyes flashed as it sped in Bu Fang's direction with the Senseless Lotus in its hands.

In the sky, the God of Cooking seemed to notice it. He raised his eyebrows slightly.

"You still want to put up a desperate struggle?"

He did not think that the Senseless Lotus could help Bu Fang. "Could it help him forget his emotions and put him on the same level as me? Impossible..."

The God of Cooking shook his head. However, he did not wish to have an accident either, so he raised his hand and pointed out a finger.

In the distance, Whitey's body froze instantly as if it was nailed to the ground. But the moment before that, its mechanical eyes flashed and it waved its arms with all its might, throwing the Senseless Lotus away.

The pure, dustless, white Senseless Lotus streaked across the air in a beautiful arc and... flew toward... Nethery!

The God of Cooking was taken aback, and so were Lord Dog and the others present.

Nethery's black eyes flickered. Mu Hongzi, on the other hand, nodded with a complicated gaze. The next moment, he lost all his emotions, becoming cold and ruthless.

The whole world had turned ruthless, and the God of Cooking became the supreme one who controlled everything.

Nethery held the Senseless Lotus. She seemed to understand what Mu Hongzi was trying to tell her.

She focused her eyes and slapped away the God of Cooking's dish. The next moment, blood oozed out of her palm, causing the pure white Senseless Lotus to turn scarlet in an instant.

The evil-looking lotus swayed, then it crumbled into pieces, turned into a stream of pure essence, and rushed into her mouth. It tasted a bit like the Dragon Blood Rice cooked by Bu Fang.

The atmosphere fell silent for a few seconds. Lord Dog, Er Ha, Shrimpy, Foxy, Niu Hansan, and the others all stared at Nethery.

RUMBLE!

Finally, a terrifying aura rose to the sky! It was as if a dreadful queen who had slept for millions of years had opened her eyes!

#### *Chapter 1850: Finale (5)*

Wasn't the Senseless Lotus prepared for Bu Fang?

Lord Dog, Er Ha, Niu Hansan, and the others were slightly taken aback. They knew about the Senseless Lotus. It had always been quite mysterious, but they never expected it to be eaten by Nethery now.

Bu Fang, of course, also remembered the Senseless Lotus. Previously, the God of Cooking had brought it to him and made him choose between ruthlessness and emotional, and he had rejected it. And now, the flower had ended up in Nethery's mouth...

In the sky, the God of Cooking's eyes narrowed.

After eating the Senseless Lotus, Nethery's aura rose by leaps and bounds. It was as if a queen who had been sleeping since ancient times had awakened.

In just a flash, the terrifying curse power turned into dragons, soared into the sky from around her, and exploded, sweeping out in all directions.

Nethery had completely turned into the Queen of Curses now!

The pupils of Lord Dog, Er Ha, Niu Hansan, and the others narrowed. Meanwhile, Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed as it shot into the sky and then landed at Bu Fang's side.

The Senseless Lotus could allow one to sever the seven emotions. In this sense, it was similar to the God of Cooking's cuisine. However... It was different. The way it severed the emotions was by forgetting them, not by stripping.

Nethery had turned into the cold and ruthless Queen of Curses. Her aura fluctuated, breaking through the barrier of a perfect Chaotic Saint and stepping into the Ancestral God realm, which was also the realm of the Queen of Curses.

"The Queen of Curses..."

The God of Cooking looked indifferently at Nethery, his eyes devoid of emotions. Even though Nethery was now bursting with an aura similar to that of the Queen of Curses in the past, his mind was not stirred in any way.

He, who had completed the Ruthless Path, would not be affected by such a meager emotion. However, as he looked at Nethery who had stepped into the Ancestral God realm, the God of Cooking narrowed his eyes slightly.

Nethery had also completed the Ruthless Path, which was not something under his control.

"You want to save Bu Fang?" said the God of Cooking. Then, he raised his hand. A terrifying energy wave suddenly swept out.

Whitey, who had landed at Bu Fang's side, grabbed his body and sped away. The next moment, the place where they stood just now turned into ruins and chaos.

Nethery's black dress fluttered. She raised her hand, grabbed hold of a thread of curse power, and threw it toward the God of Cooking.

Rumble!

The curse power turned into a terrifying vortex and enveloped the God of Cooking. Taking the opportunity, Nethery appeared at Whitey's side as if she had teleported.

"Are you alright, Nethery?" Lord Dog and Er Ha asked concernedly as they looked at her.

Nethery's face was emotionless. She just nodded and said, "Bring Bu Fang away... Go to the end of the universe..."

The curse power surged, trying to bind the God of Cooking. However, Nethery did not perfect her Ruthless Path by comprehending it herself, and the energy of the Senseless Lotus would gradually decline...

BAM!

The God of Cooking broke free of the bondage put on him by the curse power. His strength was far beyond that of the average Ancestral God. After all, he had comprehended true perfection.

The current Nethery was somewhat similar to the Queen of Curses millions of years ago. In fact, she might even be weaker, for she had forced her Ruthless Path to perfection with the help of the Senseless Lotus.

Even so, she should be able to stop the God of Cooking for a while!

Nethery's eyes completely turned black and emotionless, and her heart was as calm as a pool of still water. This was the effect of the Senseless Lotus.

The God of Cooking was actually up to no good when he tried to make Bu Fang eat the Senseless Lotus. He wanted Bu Fang to walk the Ruthless Path and reach Soul God's level faster.

Unfortunately, Bu Fang did not eat the Senseless Lotus. Instead, he returned to the basics and chose the Emotional Path.

But eventually, everything still played out according to the God of Cooking's scripts. And now, the Senseless Lotus was eaten by Nethery instead.

Apart from Bu Fang and the God of Cooking, Mu Hongzi should be the only person who knew the effect of the Senseless Lotus. Therefore, at the most critical juncture, he asked Whitey to give it to Nethery...

He thought that among all the people present, only the successor of the Queen of Curses had a chance of breaking through to the Ancestral God realm right after eating the Senseless Lotus!

The God of Cooking had turned the world into a ruthless place. He had become the only ruler of the world, while all the ruthless people had become the source of his power.

Lord Dog, Er Ha, Niu Hansan, and the others rushed over, standing between Bu Fang and the God of Cooking.

At this moment, Bu Fang's eyes were unfocused. He seemed to be having a heavy internal struggle—he was torn between self-doubt and strong conviction.

The God of Cooking's dumpling had shaken Bu Fang's faith, for its deliciousness was a realm he could not achieve so far.

Rumble!

Nethery soared into the sky with the curse power surrounding her. She spread her arms. Airwaves surged and rolled, turning into a huge black barrier of curses and wrapped around Bu Fang and the others.

Whitey took Bu Fang and sped toward the retreat route left behind by Tongtian and the others. It led to the boundless space in the depths of the universe, where even an Ancestral God could not probe.

The world was a large place filled with endless unknowns. Even when one reached the Ancestral God realm and stood at the peak of the universe, there were still things unknown to them.

If they were to escape the God of Cooking's pursuit, their only option was to bring Bu Fang into that retreat route.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed. It knew where the retreat route was. In fact, it really did not want to enter that retreat area if not for the lack of other options.

It was because once they entered that unknown region, they would be forbidden from using magic power. No matter how mighty their cultivation base was, they were like mortals in that unknown!

Rumble!

The God of Cooking hovered in the sky and flicked his finger elegantly. With the gentle gesture, a terrible blow fell and hit the barrier created by Nethery.



“You’ve eaten the Senseless Lotus... You should be ruthless now. Why are you still blocking me?” the God of Cooking said indifferently.

Nethery glanced at him with her black eyes. Her gaze was calm, without any fluctuation.

The two ruthless people confronted in midair. Although ruthless, they each had their own faiths. The God of Cooking’s faith was to achieve the highest realm, while Nethery’s faith was very simple: She wanted to protect Bu Fang. Therefore, this confrontation would not end so easily.

The God of Cooking glanced at Whitey, who was flying away with Bu Fang. He knew that Bu Fang was no longer a threat to him now, but he did not want to let any variable exist.

Rumble!

He raised his hand and slowly waved it. A supreme will swept across the starry sky, and countless experts—including Yuanshi Tianzun, Tongtian, and all the immortals and deities—flew into the sky numbly and expressionlessly.

These people lifted their weapons and aimed at the barrier created by Nethery. The next moment, terrible attacks rained down, shattering the barrier in an instant.

Nethery turned into a stream of light and flew toward the depths of the universe, chased by a large group of immortals and deities.

While Er Ha, Lord Dog, and the others were fleeing, they also needed to resist the temptation of the God of Cooking. This, to them, was an extremely uncomfortable experience.

Nethery flew beside them, taking them with her toward the vast black hole in the depths of the universe. As time passed by, the gleam in her eyes grew fainter and fainter, and the soulfulness was gradually replaced by ruthlessness...

Whitey’s whole body burst into dazzling golden light. The power of the star essences was driven to the extreme by it as it rushed toward the unknown region at great speed with Bu Fang.

Bu Fang was held in Whitey’s arms. In the strong wind caused by the extreme speed, his body kept swaying like seaweed in the sea. His eyes were unfocused as he looked at the familiar figures behind him.

During normal days, Lord Dog was very lazy, but his eyes were filled with anger now as he struggled against the temptation of the God of Cooking’s dish. Er Ha was a careless man and always clueless of what he should do, but his eyes were full of determination now.

It was the same for the two little ones, Foxy and Shrimpy. They ignored the God of Cooking's dishes, but the dishes were torturing their souls. They could be completely comfortable and pain-free with just one bite of the dish, but they did not do that.

Even Niu Hansan was like that, with Eighty in his arms.

These were all Bu Fang's old friends who had followed him for a very long time. They all had hopes for him. They had faith in him and were firm in their long-standing friendship.

Their friendship had started from the Light Wind Empire, and after going through so many things together, it had grown into a firm emotion today.

Bu Fang's eyes were misty as he looked at his old friends. He had been pursuing the Emotional Path, but to this day, he had not even understood what true emotions were.

He had returned to the life of a mortal, traveled on foot across the land, and comprehended the emotions in the mortal world. He had gathered thousands of true emotions, and yet he neglected things that were the closest to him.

Bu Fang's gaze rested on Nethery. Blood was trickling down from the corners of her mouth, and her face had turned deathly pale again. From time to time, a pained look flashed in her emotionless eyes, just like the first time when he met her.

The poor Netherworld woman who was banished... was suffering pains that no one else could bear.

Bu Fang froze slightly. In his memory, Nethery was cold and distant, but sometimes, she was naughty and a little gluttonous. She was somewhat aloof, but occasionally, she would purse her lips and smile, and she would get angry as well...

But now, Nethery had transformed back to the banished Netherworld woman again. Even though she was standing at the top of the universe now, she had, in fact, returned to the starting point.

Nethery raised her head and looked at Bu Fang. Her cold, emotionless gaze seemed to look at a stranger. It made Bu Fang shudder.

He moved his eyes away from her and turned to the thousands of immortals and deities who were chasing them. All those people gave him the feeling of being a stranger.

Rumble!

A volley of terrifying attacks approached. Nethery turned around. The power of curses exploded out of her and turned into terrifying energy that swept across the world.

A moment later, a colossal queen sprawled across the universe emerged and threw out a palm. She had used up all her strength to pave a retreat route for Bu Fang and the others.

Meanwhile, the God of Cooking made a move. Hovering in the distant starry sky, he quietly threw out a palm as well, which shattered Nethery's phantom queen.

BOOM!

As the terrifying airwaves rushed across the universe, Lord Dog and Er Ha took Nethery's severely injured body and plunged into the vast black hole.

Whitey's body was glowing with dazzling golden light, and its metal skin was covered with cracks, but it also sped toward the black hole and was pulled into it.

After they entered the black hole, all the experts ceased the attacks. Even the almighty experts like Tongtian had no idea what was behind it.

The God of Cooking, hovering at the end of the universe, put his hands behind his back and looked indifferently at the black hole.

...

All the divine powers of those who fell into the black hole disappeared. They were floating in the endless darkness, not knowing where they were or where they were going.

As Bu Fang drifted in the boundless darkness, the struggle in his eyes gradually subsided. He seemed to have made the final decision between choosing the Ruthless Path or adhering to the Emotional Path.

The surroundings were deathly silent. There was no sound at all. Bu Fang calmed his mind and was thinking and remembering.

Many vivid images flashed past in front of his eyes, as well as the things that he had gone through with his old friends.

One scene after another drifted before him. He saw Lord Dog attacking a bowl of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, Er Ha laughing with a spicy strip dangling from his lips, and Nethery holding a bowl of Dragon Blood Rice with an aloof look. He also saw Foxy eat meatballs while spitting shells, Shrimpy drunk with wine, and many others...

In the darkness, Bu Fang exhaled a long breath. His troubled mind and his messy thoughts had all come together. The velvet rope he used to tie his hair broke, and his Vermilion Robe waved.

He glanced at the light outside the black hole, then at the friends who were drifting in the endless darkness with him. Gradually, a soft smile spread across his face. Of course, he chose... the Emotional Path.

Ding!

Like a drop of water falling into a vast expanse of ocean, ripples spread and swept out in all directions, gradually turning into monstrous waves!

Bu Fang's hair was disheveled, and his robe was fluttering. He steadied himself, then slowly walked in the darkness.

There was no more magic power nor divine power in him, but at this moment, he felt as if he was beyond heaven and earth, watching the secular world with a smile.

The world was ruthless, but... wasn't ruthlessness a kind of emotion as well? The God of Cooking thought he had gone to the pinnacle of ruthlessness. In fact, it was only the beginning of the Emotional Path...

Bu Fang looked softly at the stiff and motionless Lord Dog, Nethery, and the others. He came to Nethery's side and gently patted her head, went to Lord Dog and rubbed his head, then walked beside Er Ha and slapped his face.

Shrimpy, Foxy, and Whitey were also awakened by him. They looked at him in wonder.

Bu Fang just looked at them, smiled, and said, "Come, let's go back now."

The next moment, Lord Dog and the others felt the scene before their eyes turn to a blur, and before they could react, they already emerged outside the black hole that represented the end of the universe.

Their figures were too tiny. Hovering before the black hole, they looked like specks of dust. But even if they were dust, they should blossom with their own brilliance.

Outside the black hole, the army of immortals and deities was waiting. Sitting cross-legged in midair, Tongtian flicked open his eyes the moment he sensed Bu Fang.

A clanging sound rang out, and sharp sword energy thrust into the sky as the Immortal Slaughtering Sword Array and the Ten Thousand Immortals Array were formed in a flash!

Lord Dog, Er Ha, and the others grew nervous. However, Bu Fang just waved his hand. With a thought in his mind, dots of white light emerged and converged into glowing cooking utensils that floated around him.

It felt like a long time had passed, but it also seemed like an instant. A dish was cooked. A rich fragrance wafted out from it as Bu Fang held it in his hand. It was a plate of dumplings, glittering and translucent.

Buzz...

Tongtian, whose eyes were full of ruthlessness, was taken aback. The next moment, a dumpling was stuffed into his mouth.

"The God of Cooking feels that he has deprived you of emotions, when in fact, ruthlessness is also an emotion..." Bu Fang chuckled.

After eating the dumpling, Tongtian's sharp gaze gradually softened. He stared blankly at Bu Fang with complicated emotions and did not know what to say.

One dumpling after another floated in front of the immortals and deities who were deprived of emotions. Just like the God of Cooking's dishes, they could not stop themselves from eating the dumplings. After that, the deprived emotions returned to their bodies.

Lord Dog came to Bu Fang's side with an excited look in his eyes. "Bu Fang boy, give Nethery one of your dumplings," he said.

There was no reason why Bu Fang could not restore Nethery's emotions after he had helped so many immortals and deities recover their emotions.

"Nethery ate the Senseless Lotus... I'll slowly help her find the emotions she had forgotten after dealing with the God of Cooking," Bu Fang said.

Lord Dog froze, but Bu Fang did not say anything again. He began to return with all the immortals and his friends, traveling across the universe.

Wherever he passed, the cold and ruthless universe became lively. To Bu Fang, solving the God of Cooking's ruthlessness was very easy.

In the midst of the blooming flowers of the Soul Demon Universe, the God of Cooking opened his eyes. At this moment, faint laughter rang out from outside the universe.

Bu Fang had arrived. He put his hands behind his back, his hair disheveled and his Vermilion Robe fluttering. He looked like a free and easy immortal.

Their gazes collided in the starry sky.

"I didn't expect that you'll still have the faith to walk the Emotional Path after eating my ruthless dish..." the God of Cooking said faintly.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth lifted slightly. "You should know that my temper is not so good because I'm walking the Emotional Path...

"So... I'm back to settle the score."