

## Gourmet 1161

### Chapter 1161 Run After Throwing an Explosive Meatball

The silver life energy penetrated the Immortal Tree seed, causing its surface to crack.

Soon, it was completely covered with lines.

Bu Fang squinted at it intently. He found that the seed had shed a layer of dead skin, turning into a dazzling golden seed with strong energy.

The nourishment of the silver dragon had resurrected the dead seed.

The silver dragon lay in Bu Fang's palm with a puzzled look, gazing curiously at the seed. It seemed to wonder why the seed had changed.

Bu Fang didn't move and continued to stare at the seed. Under his glance, the layer of dead skin gradually peeled away.

The whole seed seemed to turn into gold, shining dazzlingly and exuding a strong life force.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched. He was very satisfied.

The source of the Spring of Life was indeed magical. With just a gentle touch, it had made the seed's vitality energy stronger, which seemed to be even stronger than its previous state.

There were two little silver dragons in Bu Fang's palm. One was holding the seed, while the other one was looking at him. Suddenly, the latter transformed into a silver beam and shot into the rainbow pool.

Boom!

As soon as it went into the water, it expanded and grew into a huge dragon, swimming gracefully in the pool before disappearing from sight.

Bu Fang paused for a moment. Then, he turned around and saw the first silver dragon holding the seed with a naive look.

With a thought, he brought the seed and the silver dragon to the farmland.

A gust of wind blew over, making his Vermillion Robe flap.

Bu Fang landed on the grass.

The air in the farmland was refreshing and rich with the aroma of various spirit fruits.

After entering here, the little silver dragon straightened its body and twitched its nose, as if it was observing the surroundings.

The next moment, it cheered and rolled in Bu Fang's palm, still holding the seed.

Bu Fang came in front of the wooden cabin.

Niu Hansan and Jing Yuan were walking from a distance, talking and laughing.

Jing Yuan was very excited at the sight of Bu Fang. However, as she was carrying a bucket of milk, she didn't do anything else.

"Are you here for the milk?" Bu Fang glanced at her and said.

Jing Yuan nodded excitedly. "Business is booming, Head Chef Bu! In just four days, Fang Fang's Ice Cream Store had reached the average monthly sales volume of Spring Wind Pavilion!"

Bu Fang knew already that sales were booming. Otherwise, he wouldn't have broken through that fast.

After praising Jing Yuan, he asked her to go back first. He had an important thing to do in the farmland.

Jing Yuan nodded and took her leave with an excited mood.

Bu Fang then came to Niu Hansan.

“What a rich life energy...” Niu Hansan gasped when he saw the little silver dragon and the golden seed in Bu Fang’s palm.

“This is the source of the Spring of Life. Keep it in the river. It should increase the farmland’s vitality significantly. Also, you need to expand the river to give this little guy more room to swim,” Bu Fang said. After that, he led Niu Hansan to the river.

The little dragon turned at the smell of water, but when it saw the river, it showed a disdainful look.

Compared with the Spring of Life, the water in this river was rubbish.

Bu Fang twitched his mouth. He was surprised that this little guy was so snobbish.

He flicked the dragon’s head with a finger, then threw it into the river with a splash.

Roar!

The next moment, a dragon roar rang through the farmland, and then a huge silver dragon emerged, rolling in the river.

The river began to transform at a rate visible to the naked eye as streams of invisible life energy spread out and mixed with the flowing water.

Suddenly, one blood lobster after another jumped out of the water, waving their claws, while Brother Octopus also swung his tentacles, looking somewhat excited...

All in all, the arrival of the silver dragon had thoroughly transformed the whole river.

“Let’s call this river the River of Life in the future,” Bu Fang said.

Niu Hansan was dumbfounded. He didn't expect the little silver dragon to be so awesome.

Where did Owner Bu get this awesome thing?

The effect of the river's evolution would soon be felt, and the whole farmland would be elevated. The quality of spirit fruits, immortal herbs, and immortal ingredients would be improved.

This was a qualitative leap for the farmland.

Most importantly, it would strengthen the farmland's Will of the Great Path and promote its formation.

"Can this seed be planted now?" Bu Fang passed the seed to Niu Hansan.

The golden Immortal Tree seed radiated a rich wave of vitality.

Niu Hansan's hand trembled when he took it. The energy contained in the seed was terrifying!

What level of seed was this?!

Both the seed and the silver dragon were existences beyond his imagination.

"Try to plant it right in the center of the farmland," Bu Fang said after thinking for a moment.

Niu Hansan ran away excitedly, holding the seed in his hand. He was already getting impatient.

The center of the farmland was a few hundred meters in front of the wooden hut.

The location was originally intended to grow a rare immortal ingredient, but now that the seed of the Immortal Tree was here, the immortal ingredient had to give way.

Niu Hansan took out his hoe and began to dig a hole.

After digging a deep hole, he carefully placed the golden seed in it and covered it with soil.

Even then, Bu Fang sent out his divine perception, which seemed to envelop the whole farmland.

Niu Hansan trembled and thought, 'Owner Bu's cultivation base seems to be getting stronger again!'

With a splash, a huge silver dragon leaped out of the river and flew toward Bu Fang. Then, it transformed into the tiny silver dragon and lay in his palm.

At Bu Fang's request, the dragon spurted a stream of silvery water of life onto the covered hole.

A strange wave seemed to spread out from the hole instantly.

Buzz...

Both Bu Fang and Niu Hansan looked on curiously.

Suddenly, Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. He saw the soil crack, and something green struggled out of it.

After that, the green thing grew darker and taller, turning rapidly into a tree about three meters tall. It had swaying branches and leaves that kept exuding rich spiritual energy.

The spiritual energy rose and soon completely filled the whole Heaven and Earth Farmland!

Niu Hansan was pleasantly surprised.

With this Immortal Tree and the Spring of Life, the farmland's level would be raised again!

Both of them were sacred grade immortal ingredients, precious treasures craved by even Great Saints, that could support a world. And now, the farmland owned two such treasures.

Bu Fang was delighted that the seed had sprouted and grown into a tree. Since even his seed, which was the most difficult to revive, had grown into a tree, wouldn't Realm Lord Di Tai's two seeds be easier to resurrect?

He knew that he should have completed the mission.

'No...' A serious thought struck Bu Fang. He seemed to have spent quite a lot of time searching for the Spring of Life, and it had been quite a long time since he broke through in God Vanishing Mountain. About half a month had passed since he embarked on the mission...

'Had Nether Prison invaded Immortal Cooking Realm?' At the thought of this, he panicked.

After saying his farewell to the overjoyed Niu Hansan, Bu Fang left the farmland, returned to the cave, and then dived into the Spring of Life without the slightest hesitation.

A silver dragon swam over, letting Bu Fang sit on its back, and rushed toward the surface.

Above them was the spinning whirlpool with terrifying destructive forces. However, the forces had no effect on the silver dragon, who was the pure source of the Spring of Life.

With a loud boom, the water exploded, and a silver dragon flew out with Bu Fang sitting on top of its head.

The nine-tailed fox stared at Bu Fang with wide eyes.

Even Ice Saint looked at him in surprise.

"He's safe and sound?!" The nine-tailed fox was shocked.

The fact that this human boy was unscathed after entering the whirlpool in the Spring of Life proved that he was truly a... big boss!

After Bu Fang stepped on the ground, the silver dragon turned around and dived back into the Spring of Life.

“Is this the source of the Spring of Life?” Ice Saint asked in a gentle voice.

Foxy struggled free from her arms. It turned into a beam of white light and landed on Bu Fang’s shoulder, where it lay down comfortably.

On the other shoulder, Shrimpy fixed its compound eyes at the little fox.

“The trapped Spring of Life is now free,” Bu Fang said.

The look in Ice Saint’s eyes was somewhat complicated.

However, Bu Fang didn’t say anything else. He turned his eyes to Lord Dog and said, “Lord Dog, has Nether Prison begun to invade the Immortal Cooking Realm? We have to get back as quickly as possible.”

Lord Dog yawned and glanced at Bu Fang. “What’s the rush... Anyway, judging from the strength of that magic array, the defense of the Immortal Cooking Realm should have been broken by now...”

“Then I have to return to the Immortal Cooking Realm as soon as possible...”

After pondering in silence for a moment, Bu Fang decided to leave at once.

He had completed all the things he planned to do in God Vanishing Mountain. If he didn’t return now, the Immortal Cooking Realm would probably be destroyed.

The Immortal Cooking Realm was a paradise for chefs. Bu Fang didn’t want it to disappear.

Ice Saint knew Bu Fang was leaving. She had no intention to make him stay, so she just said, “Remember the misfortune I told you...”

Bu Fang nodded. After that, he bolted out of the cave, stood at the top of the God Vanishing Mountain for a moment, before making the descent at top speed.

Rumble!

Suddenly, the nine-tailed fox rushed out of the cave. Looking exasperatingly at Bu Fang's back, he shouted, "Hey! Give me back my daughter!"

With an ice pillar growing and pushing her forward, Ice Saint came next to the nine-tailed fox and said, "Let the little one follow him. It may be the biggest fortune of her life... Besides, your daughter has grown up. She needs to go out and see the world."

"But... Don't you think she is too young to leave us?"

The nine-tailed fox was still reluctant to part with his daughter. Although all children would leave their parents to see the world when they grew up, his daughter was just a kid who hadn't grown her second tail...

...

Realm Lord Di Tai's pupils constricted.

He was under terrible pressure from the Nether Prison army around him. Even though he was a half-step Sacred Realm expert, he could still sense the fear surging within him, and the huge, ugly devil standing in front of him filled his heart with terror.

However, it seemed that this devil was looking for the person who wounded his arm...

At this moment, Realm Lord Di Tai could not help but think about Bu Fang.

He remembered that Bu Fang had thrown a Perishing Pot into that bronze gate and injured a Sacred Realm expert. Judging from what he heard just now, this giant devil and that expert were the same existence...

"You don't want to tell me?! Fine! I'll destroy the Immortal Cooking Realm completely! Let's see if your mouth is still so tightly sealed by then!"



The giant devil roared and smashed the ground with his cyan arm.

Without the support of the Immortal Tree, the fifth layer of the Immortal Cooking Realm blew apart with a boom. Its entire ground shattered and fell apart, while all the buildings crumbled and turned into ruins!

As blasts rolled out in all directions, the fifth layer crushed down toward the fourth layer.

The withered Immortal Tree no longer had any strength to support the fifth layer.

At the giant devil's order, the Nether Prison experts began to move. There were too many of them, and the weakest ones were One-star True Immortal Realm experts.

Although One-star True Immortal Realm experts were like ants to Realm Lord Di Tai, their numbers were simply too great!

City Lord Zou's legs had gone weak with fear. When he saw so many people rushing at them, he felt nothing but despair.

Realm Lord Di Tai put on his golden armor and unleashed his energy to push back the approaching Nether Prison experts.

Then, with a thought, seven steaming, golden meatballs emerged and hovered around him.

He got these explosive meatballs from Bu Fang. He wanted a Perishing Pot, but Bu Fang refused to give him one and just gave him these. Realm Lord Di Tai believed that they should be very powerful as well...

However, he didn't think that he would need to use them so soon.

He only hoped that these meatballs wouldn't disappoint him and that they could buy him some time.

According to Bu Fang's instructions, Realm Lord Di Tai took a meatball between his fingers and bit it.

A sizzling noise instantly rang out, accompanied by a rich aroma.

Realm Lord Di Tai put all his strength into his arm and threw the explosive meatball away. After that, he dragged City Lord Zou, who could hardly stand, and began running as fast as he could.

## Chapter 1162 Bu Fang Returns!

The bitten meatball shot forward at full speed in a golden beam of light, hurtling toward the distant crowd of Nether Prison experts. In the blink of an eye, it fell among them.

Realm Lord Di Tai had already run far away, dragging City Lord Zou with him.

City Lord Zou looked puzzled. He hadn't figured out what had happened yet.

Boom!

A loud noise rang out, followed by a terrifying explosion. The next instant, a powerful blast blew out in all directions, accompanied by a blinding light that illuminated the world and a plume of flame that towered into the sky! For a moment, miserable cries and shrieks filled the air as numerous figures were knocked away, tumbling backward by the explosion.

The Nether Prison experts gasped. They never thought that a meatball would cause such a horrible explosion. Its power was not weaker than the attack of ordinary Nine-star True Immortal Realm experts, and the Will of the Great Path contained in it frightened them all.

Realm Lord Di Tai turned around. When he saw those Nether Prison experts' scared faces, he burst out laughing.

"Come on, fight me now! You can all come together!"

Six glowing explosive meatballs floated around him, each containing terrible power.

The Nether Prison experts were frightened by the power of the explosion and didn't dare to approach him.

“All of you will bow down before my meatballs!” Realm Lord Di Tai laughed excitedly.

‘The things made by Bu Fang boy are indeed useful!’ he thought. He had no idea that these meatballs were so powerful. It was almost lethal when it exploded in the crowd.

City Lord Zou was amazed as well. He never knew that meatballs could be used like that.

“We have to buy more time... When Bu Fang boy returns, we’ll have the chance to strike back! As long as he brings back the Spring of Life and revives the Immortal Tree, I’ll let none of them escape!” Realm Lord Di Tai said.

City Lord Zou’s eyes lit up and nodded. “Your Highness, lend me a meatball...” after saying that, he reached out a hand to grab a meatball.

However, Realm Lord Di Tai slapped his hand away.

“Don’t touch it. What if it explodes suddenly?” Realm Lord Di Tai said with a grave expression.

That frightened City Lord Zou instantly. At the thought of the meatball’s horrible power, he didn’t dare to touch it again.

The Nether Prison experts didn’t come forward. The meatballs around Realm Lord Di Tai were too powerful and terrible, and they were afraid of being killed by it.

Suddenly, the crowd parted, and a figure shot forward.

“A bunch of rubbish!” cried a cold voice. After that, an expert wrapped in a black robe flew straight at Realm Lord Di Tai.

A plume of black Nether energy exploded out of him.

He was also a half-step Sacred Realm expert.

A pike tore the air as it was being thrown at Realm Lord Di Tai, looking like a roaring black dragon.

Realm Lord Di Tai narrowed his eyes and roared. A moment later, a kitchen knife flew out. He grabbed it and slashed it down. In an instant, everything in front of him was blanketed by a wave of knife energy. Then, he rushed forward and engaged the half-step Sacred Realm expert in a fierce fight.

As the glint and flash of cold steel dazzled all eyes, blasts spread out in all directions and kept bombarding and shattering the ground.

After losing the protection of the Immortal Tree, the ground was no longer as tough as it was in the past. It was now as weak as a sheet of paper in the face of a half-step Sacred Realm expert.

City Lord Zou's expression changed. Although his strength was not as strong as a half-step Sacred Realm expert, it had reached the Nine-star True Immortal Realm. A wok emerged and was grabbed by him. After that, he rushed forward and began fighting several Nine-star True Immortal Realm experts.

However, there were only two of them. It was impossible for them to stop the others.

The entrance to the fourth layer was already exposed, and more and more Nether Prison experts were making their way toward it.

"You're courting death!" Realm Lord Di Tai's eyes shone like torches, and his golden hair whipped violently. He took an explosive meatball, bit it, and threw it at the entrance.

With a boom, a plume of flame towered into the sky, and powerful blasts thrust out in all directions.

The explosion threw many Nether Prison experts away from the entrance, seriously injuring them and making them cough blood.

"How dare you be distracted while I'm fighting against you..." The half-step Sacred Realm expert with a pike sneered.

The next moment, he thrust his pike. It transformed into a black dragon and bit down on Realm Lord Di Tai's shoulder.

Realm Lord Di Tai narrowed his eyes and grabbed the pike with a hand, paying no heed to the corrosion done to him by the dark Nether energy.

“Distracted?! Who do you think you are? How dare you act so arrogantly in my face?!” he snapped with an indifferent look.

All of a sudden, he pressed a bitten meatball hard on the half-step Sacred Realm expert’s chest and flew backward at full speed.

Boom!!!

A deafening boom rang out, accompanied by a horrible explosion.

Impacted by the blast, Realm Lord Di Tai tumbled twice in the air before landing on the ground.

The half-step Sacred Realm expert’s shriek ripped the sky as flames burned all over him.

The terrible flames that contained the Will of the Great Path prevented him from healing himself. On top of that, a large hole was blown in his chest, where one could see his beating heart...

A meatball had severely wounded a half-step Sacred Realm expert.

Realm Lord Di Tai shook his arm and washed away the corrosive Nether energy with his immortal energy. When he saw his opponent’s gruesome injuries, he could not help but suck in a cold breath.

He was regretting it now. He should have asked Bu Fang for more meatballs, and he shouldn’t have said enough when Bu Fang wanted to give him more... He couldn’t have too many of such powerful meatballs!

Outside the bronze gate, there were still many Nether Prison experts watching. Apparently, this was only the first wave, and many experts had not yet arrived.

Realm Lord Di Tai already felt a little overwhelmed. There were several half-step Sacred Realm experts among the enemies. He had badly wounded one, but before he had the time to kill him, the

others had come forward to fight him. Fortunately, his strength was considered strong among half-step Sacred Realm experts, which allowed him to suppress two opponents at the same time. But instead of rejoicing, he grew more and more desperate, for the giant Little Saint in the distance had not yet made any move!

He was not strong enough to resist that Little Saint!

Boom! Boom!

Two meatballs exploded and injured two half-step Sacred Realm experts.

Realm Lord Di Tai could finally catch his breath. He turned his head and looked at City Lord Zou in the distance.

City Lord Zou was waving a black wok. He was already covered in wounds, but he didn't give up. He kept knocking one Nether Prison expert after another away with the wok, and each time he would gain a new bloody cut on his body.

Realm Lord Di Tai saw that with his sharp eyes. However, there was nothing he could do to help him. There were only two of them, after all.

The Immortal Cooking Realm was now in a state of decay...

Suddenly, the entrance was blown open with a rumble. The Nether Prison experts poured through it and headed toward... the fourth layer!

The Immortal Cooking Realm's demise had begun! The invasion of Nether Prison officially started at this moment!

Realm Lord Di Tai roared. Immortal energy gathered around him as he lifted his kitchen knife and chopped it down toward the entrance in the distance. He wanted to seal the entrance once again.

Even then, a terrifying pressure exploded out.

Realm Lord Di Tai felt a tightness in his chest.

The next moment, a giant cyan hand slapped down hard.

He thrust the kitchen knife and destroyed the hand!

Boom!

The ground shook violently and cracked, and the fifth layer was falling even faster!

The giant devil's sharp fangs glinted as he stared coldly at Realm Lord Di Tai. The next moment, he took a step forward and smashed Realm Lord Di Tai with his fist.

Instantly, the void collapsed!

...

Bu Fang bolted from the top of God Vanishing Mountain toward the bottom, leaving countless afterimages behind him.

Rumble!

Soon after, he landed on the snowfield, kicking up a cloud of snowflakes. A snowstorm was raging, and the air was filled with strong killing intent.

Bu Fang glanced about him and found that he was surrounded by many Nether Prison experts, who were all geniuses having their trial here.

"Get out of my way!" Bu Fang said coolly. His voice rolled out and stirred the snowflakes.

Those Nether Prison experts sneered. If it weren't for the existence in the pool, this guy would have died on the peak of God Vanishing Mountain. How dared he behave so arrogantly in front of them now!

"Let's kill him together!" cried one of the experts.

The next moment, beams of Nether energy thrust into the sky as these experts approached Bu Fang with strong killing intent. Their cultivation bases were not weak. After all, most of them were Nine-star True Immortal Realm experts, and they were geniuses who came here for the trial.

Bu Fang looked at them with a straight face. With a thought, cyan smoke curled around his hand, and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared in his grip, glinting dazzlingly. In the face of countless Nether Prison experts, Bu Fang only made a straight cut with the knife.

It was an extremely slow cut.

“A slash... Cutting Immortal Style!” Bu Fang called out faintly.

The next moment, a huge shadow appeared behind him. Its shape was very similar to him, making a straight cut with a kitchen knife as if it wanted to tear the whole sky apart.

In the blink of an eye, the knife tore through the air, spraying steaming blood everywhere. One Nether Prison expert after another coughed blood and flew backward, while some weaker ones were cut in half!

Bu Fang had defeated the enemies with just a single cut.

He spun the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and glanced at the crowd. After that, he sped away through the snowstorm.

Soon, he came to the location where Empress Bi Luo had brought him. He crushed a jade talisman, and a mysterious wave instantly spread out.

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Fang Fang's Ice Cream Store

Empress Bi Luo, who was enjoying her delicious Vermillion Fruit-flavored ice cream, suddenly paused her movement. A moment later, she shoved a scoop of ice cream into her mouth, snapped her fingers, and disappeared from the store. When she reappeared, she was already in the snow.



She was wearing a long red dress, which had a large opening on the side that exposed her long fair legs. With a tiny, silver spoon held between her red lips, she looked smilingly at Bu Fang.

“Have you found the Spring of Life?” Empress Bi Luo asked. However, she was slightly taken aback as she smelled blood from Bu Fang.

Judging from the intense killing intent around him, clearly, he had just killed someone.

“Yes. We can go back now.”

The trip to God Vanishing Mountain was finally over.

“The smell on you...” Empress Bi Luo furrowed her beautiful brows.

“Some weaklings sneaked into God Vanishing Mountain and blocked my way. I’ve killed them.”

“Weaklings?” That gave the empress a pause, and her eyes flashed with a serious look.

She didn’t ask too much, however, and just gave the snow-clad God Vanishing Mountain a deep look. After that, she waved her hand. A beam of golden light immediately enveloped them and disappeared. When they reappeared, they were already in the palace.

After bringing Bu Fang back, Empress Bi Luo paid him no more heed. Instead, she continued to enjoy her delicious Vermillion Fruit-flavored ice cream.

Bu Fang turned around and was about to leave. However, before he left, he glanced back suspiciously over his shoulder at Empress Bi Luo.

“Your Majesty... Did you pay for this Vermillion Fruit-flavored ice cream?”

Empress Bi Luo froze. She turned to him and said exasperatingly, “Do I look like someone who doesn’t pay for food?! I’ll pay when I finish eating! I haven’t paid because I need to bring you back here! Is this the way you return my kindness?!”

Bu Fang shut his mouth. He was just asking. The next moment, he left the palace at full speed.

Soon, he returned to Fang Fang's Ice Cream Store.

Even he was shocked by the booming business of the ice cream store.

He entered the store and found Nethery, who was enjoying a cup of ice cream, and Flowery, who had just finished her second serving of ice cream.

Sensing Bu Fang's gaze, Nethery looked up at him with a puzzled look.

"We have to go back to Immortal Cooking Realm..." Bu Fang said seriously.

Nethery paused, then nodded and said, "Okay. Let me finish this cup of ice cream first."

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched.

'I'm really in a hurry, Little Sister...'

...

After a while, the Netherworld Ship tore through the sky. On the deck, Nethery and Flowery were licking happily at the ice cream cones in their hands, while Bu Fang sat cross-legged, pondering.

The void ripped apart, and the Netherworld Ship plunged into the opening.

Chapter 1163 Hold Off Ten Thousand Beasts Alone

Darkness invaded, and disaster befell. The whole Immortal Cooking Realm was in a state of panic.

Fortunately, City Lord Meng Qi was still there, so the people's spirits didn't fall.

All the people in the fourth layer had orderly retreated to the third layer. That was the furthest they could retreat. If they moved further down, everyone's morale would collapse, no matter how Meng Qi calmed them down.

Once they retreated to the second layer, it would mean no more hope. When that happened, what was left for the Immortal Cooking Realm was destruction.

Meng Qi stood over a tall building in City Court, her robe flapping noisily in the wind as she looked at the Immortal Tree.

The majestic tree that emanated rich immortal energy and supported the whole Immortal Cooking Realm was completely decayed now. It was covered with rot and looked extremely dried.

Roar!

Darkness kept pouring over, corroding the Immortal Tree like maggots.

Everyone was hiding in the Immortal City. Roaring beasts roamed outside the city, while dark Nether energy gathered in the sky.

The people felt as if they had been abandoned by the world. They looked blankly at the sky with fear, despair, and all kinds of negative emotions welling in their hearts...

Meng Qi bit her lip as she watched the dark Nether energy gush out from the entrance. She knew that a battle was inevitable, but she couldn't see any hope.

The people of Immortal Cooking Realm had lived in peace for too long.

Although there were savage beasts in Immortal Cooking Realm, they could not hurt anyone because the people were protected by the Immortal City. So after staying in a safe environment for so long, the people were no longer aggressive and had lost their murderous spirit. They were no longer strong enough to resist the invaders of Nether Prison.

Meng Qi sighed. Her mind was weighed down with anxiety.

Boom!

With a loud noise, a plume of Nether energy exploded out of the entrance. The next moment, several figures enveloped in dark Nether energy flew out of it.

Horrible energy pervaded the sky.

A noise of restlessness rang through the hearts of all in the Immortal Cooking Realm, and an atmosphere of despair filled the air.

The Realm Lord had failed to hold the entrance. They would all die! There was no more hope!

Everyone broke down completely, and cries of despair could be heard from everywhere.

Only five Nether Prison experts rushed out of the entrance, but their energies were strong. The weakest one was an Eight-star True Immortal Realm expert, while the strongest one was a Nine-star True Immortal Realm expert. Clad in black robes and shrouded in Nether energy, they glanced about and fixed their eyes at the Immortal City down below.

The city was packed with people.

“These people should be the cowards of the Immortal Cooking Realm.” The Nether Prison experts burst out laughing, scorn and arrogance evident in their laughter.

“The Immortal Cooking Realm is huge, and yet only two people had the courage to resist our invasion, though their resistance is futile against our great army. The others didn’t even show themselves. They only knew how to hide and run away from us. As His Lordship said, Immortal Cooking Realm is a greenhouse, and the Immortal Chefs here are the flowers in the greenhouse, who will break apart at the slightest bit of trouble. All we have to do is make these delicate flowers understand what... despair is.”

“Attack!” cried one of the Nether Prison experts.

The next moment, they shot toward the Immortal City like missiles, with streams of dark Nether energy trailing behind them.

What they had to do now was to completely crush the hope of these delicate flowers once and for all!

Meng Qi stood on the city wall and watched as the five Nether Prison experts approached. Then, she looked back at the despairing Immortal Cooking Realm experts and sighed softly.

Without hesitation, she kicked the wall and shot into the sky, turning into a beam of light as she threw herself at the five Nether Prison experts.

Boom!

They clashed instantly and began to fight.

This was a war. No one would show mercy in a war, so they attacked with lethal moves at once.

With a pale-blue kitchen knife in her grip, City Lord Meng Qi held off the five Nether Prison experts alone.

A fierce battle unfolded in the sky. However, shortly after it began, Meng Qi had fallen into a disadvantaged position.

...

The situation in the first layer of the Immortal Cooking Realm was much better than the other layers. Perhaps it was because it was located at the bottom. The Nether Prison invasion started from the fifth layer, so the impact on the first layer was not that great, and the crisis had not yet spread to them.

The main goal of the first layer now was to kill the savage beasts that were attacking the city.

Gongshu Baiguang had already organized the Immortal Chefs in the first layer to fight against the savage beasts, making them more ferocious than those at the other layers.

Buzz...

Meanwhile, the void in front of Immortal Chef Little Store tore open, where the dark Netherworld Ship came drifting out.

Bu Fang sat cross-legged on the deck with his eyes closed, while Nethery and Flowery were eating ice cream in cones.

Ice cream in a cone was another form of ice cream, which was refreshing to eat. No, it should be said that they were refreshing to lick. One should lick ice cream in cones. Either way, Nethery and Flowery enjoyed both forms very much.

‘I’m finally back in the first layer of Immortal Cooking Realm...’ Bu Fang opened his eyes.

The Immortal Cooking Realm was now enveloped in an aura of death, which should be emitted by the Immortal Tree.

It seemed that the tree had decayed to a very serious degree. It had not been so bad when Bu Fang left the Immortal Cooking Realm, so it was clear he had taken too much time.

However, Bu Fang couldn’t help it. There was too much effort to pay to get the Spring of Life. Whether it was to conquer Empress Bi Luo with an imperial feast or to enter God Vanishing Mountain to take the Spring of Life, it was not that simple.

He walked down the Netherworld Ship and headed toward the Immortal Chef Little Store. As soon as he pushed open the door, several figures inside turned to look at him.

Bu Fang was slightly taken aback.

There were several familiar figures sitting on the chairs in the restaurant—Xuanyuan Xuan, Gongshu Yun, and Mu Liuer, who he had not seen for a long time...

What were these three women doing here?

There was a sound of cooking in the kitchen.

The Black Dragon King sat in a corner, sipping tea leisurely.

Compared with the grim situation in the Immortal Cooking Realm, the atmosphere here was much more harmonious.

When Gongshu Yun and the others saw Bu Fang, their eyes lit up.

Xuanyuan Xuan's nose and eyes were slightly red. It was obvious that she had just wept. She didn't expect Bu Fang would return now, so she quickly covered her face with a handkerchief, fearing that he would see her ugly look.

"Enjoy your food and drink." Bu Fang nodded expressionlessly and went straight to the kitchen.

Ding!

A bell rang as the curtain was lifted.

That gave Xixi, who was working in the kitchen, a pause. She turned around and saw Bu Fang walk toward her, causing a big smile to spread across her face.

"You're back, Teacher Bu!"

Xixi was very happy. The decaying of the Immortal Cooking Realm weighed heavily on her heart.

Mu Liuer was complaining whenever she came to the restaurant, which didn't help to lift Xixi's spirits. She was relieved to see Bu Fang finally return.

Bu Fang patted Xixi's head and looked around in the kitchen. He could tell at a glance that she was practicing her cooking.

"Not bad. You've made some progress." Bu Fang arched his brows and gave Xixi a look as he smelled the aroma in the air.

‘She truly is a highly gifted genius with an immortal tongue...’

Bu Fang reckoned that this little fellow would soon make a breakthrough and become a First Grade Immortal Chef. Suddenly, he recalled that he was just a First Grade Immortal Chef as well. It seemed to him that he had to improve his cooking skill after this. At least, he had to reach the level of a Second Grade Immortal Chef.

“Keep practicing your knife and cooking techniques.”

Bu Fang calmed down when he saw everything going on as usual in the restaurant. After rubbing Xixi’s head, he turned and walked out of the kitchen.

When Mu Liuer and the others saw Bu Fang again, they couldn’t help but stop him.

“Where have you been these days, Owner Bu? The Immortal Cooking Realm is decaying... Savage beasts are attacking the city... and it is said that the fifth layer has been occupied by the Nether Prison invaders... Is our home going to be destroyed?” said Gongshu Yun, a little choked up.

Bu Fang glanced at her and twitched the corner of his mouth. “Destroyed? It will never happen...” After saying that, he walked straight out of the restaurant, leaving the three women staring blankly at each other.

After walking out the door, Bu Fang narrowed his eyes, his expression turning serious. The next moment, he turned his gaze toward the city gate, where the experts of the first layer were fighting the savage beasts with their bodies covered in blood. The beasts were extremely ruthless, so the casualties were high.

He exhaled softly, clasped his hands behind his back, and took a step forward.

The next moment, he disappeared from where he stood. When he reappeared, he was already near the city gate.

Gongshu Ban stood on the wall. He was covered in blood, breathing heavily.



The ground outside the gate was already littered with the dead bodies of savage beasts and Immortal Cooking Realm experts. However, the savage beasts still kept pouring over endlessly. The Immortal Chefs on the wall were already very tired.

Rumble!

The rough-skinned savage beasts pounded fiercely against the wall, causing it to shake violently as if it were about to fall apart. Once the wall collapsed, they would be able to rush into the city and begin to wantonly kill and destroy, and the whole city would be reduced to a living hell.

However... the Immortal Chefs were very tired. Although they had fought bravely, they had no strength left to fight now. The decay of the Immortal Cooking Realm thinned the immortal energy in the air, that was why it was taking them too long to regain their strength.

Roar!

There was a bestial roar in the distance, let out by a giant one-horned rhinoceros Beast Emperor. Its skin was as tough as iron, and its roar as sharp as a spear. After roaring, it began to run, pointing its horn at the city wall.

Everyone turned pale, including the experts from the Gongshu family, Luo family, and the other families in the Immortal City.

No one could stop this rhino!

Boom!!!

The horn crashed into the city gate. Rubbles fell and flew in all directions as the wall crumbled, and a big hole was opened. The rhino roared and rumbled into the city, followed by hordes of ferocious monsters.

The savage beasts finally broke into the Immortal City.

All the experts on the wall felt nothing but despair. They tried their best, but they still failed to stop this bestial tide...

The Immortal City was about to be destroyed.

Suddenly, Gongshu Ban squinted into the distance. He saw a figure walking in the direction of the giant rhinoceros.

That familiar figure made him shiver and filled his heart with hope.

“It’s the Great Demon King! It’s Owner Bu! He’s... back!”

Gongshu Ban became very excited.

“What’s the point of him coming back? Can he hold off the bestial tide alone?”

“There’s nothing he can do now. The end of the Immortal Cooking Realm has come. No one can change it...”

“We should have let the Immortal Cooking Realm be destroyed... We’ve fought so hard, but in the end, we still failed... It feels really bad...”

Unlike Gongshu Ban, the people around him didn’t feel any hope.

Yes, Bu Fang was back, but what was the point? In the face of this bestial tide, could he, a mere One-star True Immortal Realm expert, still create miracles? Fighting these savage beasts was not the same as participating in a cooking competition. It would require a real cultivation base to fight them.

Gongshu Ban’s smile froze. ‘They’e right. What’s the point of Owner Bu coming back?’ For a moment, he could not help closing his eyes in despair.

...

Bu Fang walked with his hands clasped behind his back. Ahead of him, the ground suddenly shook, and the wall crumbled into a hole, from which a huge rhinoceros roared and rushed through, followed by hordes of monsters.

That took him aback. Was the Immortal City breached?

He looked up at the group of people on the wall, covered in blood and looking extremely tired and weak.

His expression grew grave. He knew they had tried their best.

Bu Fang exhaled softly and turned his gaze to the rhino. The beast's red eyes shone with killing intent as it dashed toward him.

Anyone who got in its way would be trampled to death!

It was a Six-star Beast Emperor, with tough skin, thick muscles, and brutal attacks, which made it almost an invincible existence in the first layer of the Immortal Cooking Realm. However, it was nothing but a piece of rubbish to Bu Fang now.

Bu Fang stood where he was with his hands on his back. Suddenly, his Vermillion Robe turned fiery scarlet, and a bird cry rang out as a pair of flaming wings spread out on his back. Even then, the texts in his mind lit up, sending huge waves across his spirit sea. In the blink of an eye, his divine perception had enveloped the whole city.

A plume of terrifying energy and pressure exploded out of Bu Fang, towering into the sky.

Every savage monster paused. The next moment, a horrible voice thundered in their minds.

“GET LOST!”

Rumble!

The voice exploded like the evening drum and morning bell, causing every beast to tremble and fall on all four legs, shivering in fear.

All the people on the wall gasped, stunned at what they had just witnessed.

They could not believe that the Great Demon King had held off the bestial tide alone!

## Chapter 1164 Bu Fang Arrives

Boom!

A loud rumble rang out in the next instant.

The rhino's large head crashed over, but it was effortlessly stopped by Bu Fang with a palm and could no longer move further even for just a bit.

All the people on the wall were stunned.

That giant rhino was a Six-star Beast Emperor, a formidable existence in the first layer of the Immortal Cooking Realm! The Great Demon King, on the other hand, was just a One-star True Immortal Realm expert. How did he stop it? Why was he so strong?

Gongshu Ban and the others had their mouths wide open in shock. Bu Fang's moves exceeded their imagination.

All of a sudden, everyone's pupils were constricting when they saw Bu Fang squeeze his palm.

Under the shocked eyes of all, the rhino's sharp horn began to crack. Then, it shattered into a thousand pieces with a boom and fell to the ground.

Everyone gasped and felt an extremely powerful aura come slapping at their faces.

This was the Great Demon King! The formidable Great Demon King! The Great Demon King who never stopped creating miracles!

After shattering the horn, Bu Fang turned his gaze to the rhino.

The Beast Emperor lay sprawled on the ground and didn't dare to move. It was not just because of Bu Fang's aura of a Nine-star True Immortal Realm expert, but also because of the auras that belonged to the Divine Dragon and the Vermillion Bird emanating from his body. The auras made all the savage beasts present dare not move at all.

Most importantly, they were frightened by Bu Fang's divine perception, which exploded in their minds.

All savage beasts respected existences stronger than them. The fact that Bu Fang's divine perception could explode in their minds meant that he could have easily killed them.

There was a horde of beasts behind the rhino. However, their ferocity was gone, and they were all lying on their stomachs and shivering in fear.

"A Six-star True Immortal Realm rhinoceros..."

Bu Fang gave the rhino an expressionless look, then lifted his hand and slapped the beast on the head.

With a buzz, the rhino disappeared. It was brought into the Heaven and Earth Farmland by Bu Fang.

"This rhino is of a good grade, excellent to be either an ingredient or a laborer. Niu Hansan would be very happy with this extra helper. As for the other savage beasts..."

Bu Fang's eyes turned cold again. The next instant, his divine perception rippled out and exploded in the mind of every beast.

"GET LOST!"

The thunderous voice made the savage beasts restless. At last, one of them could bear it no longer. It turned and ran frantically through the large hole in the wall and soon vanished from their sight.

That marked the start of their rout. In the blink of an eye, almost all the savage beasts turned and fled. Their hooves stormed the ground as they rushed toward the hole in the wall...

The bestial tide was over.

The people on the city wall were still in a daze. They were still in disbelief and didn't understand what had happened.

“Is it over?”

“Is this the end of the bestial tide? We survived?”

“We are saved by the... Great Demon King?!”

Many people on the wall mumbled in confusion as they watched the horde of savage beasts fleeing in a panic...

Bu Fang breathed a sigh of relief. He glanced at the people on the wall, but he didn't greet nor talk to anyone present. Instead, he tapped his foot against the ground and propelled himself up into the air.

Like a missile, he disappeared into the clouds in a flash.

...

Rumble!

The giant devil punched, shaking heaven and earth. The attack was so powerful that it seemed capable of bringing down the whole sky.

Realm Lord Di Tai's pupils were constricting as he stepped through the air.

However, the fist kept closing in and approaching his body, trying to crush him completely.

He roared, and his pale golden hair waved violently in the wind. Even then, he threw all the explosive meatballs he had at the huge cyan fist.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The meatballs exploded over the fist, sending plumes of flames into the sky and filling the air with destructive blasts.

However, they didn't cause any harm to the giant devil. Although the skin on the fist was charred, it continued to gain momentum and smashed hard at Realm Lord Di Tai.

Even then, Realm Lord Di Tai thrust his knife and slashed the fist with it.

Bam!

Blasts exploded in the air, while rifts appeared and riddled the void.

The Nether Prison experts around them quickly moved back further. They all looked very excited.

All of a sudden, a stream of golden light shot out from the center of the collision. It was Realm Lord Di Tai. The impact had thrown him across the sky like a missile before he smashed into the ground, creating a large hole.

In the distance, City Lord Zou was covered in blood. The countless gashes on him had taken away his elegance. He was in a really bad shape now, with blood trickling down from all the wounds.

Even then, one expert after another gathered around him, trapping him like a wounded animal.

He was so weak that he could no longer fight...

Realm Lord Di Tai struggled to his feet in the ruins. In the distance, the army of Nether Prison was still constantly pouring over the Heaven Nether Bridge. Their Nether energy blotted the sky and almost filled his chest, which made him feel that his last hope was about to be wiped away.

He didn't want to admit defeat...

If it weren't for the decline of the Immortal Tree, how could these Nether Prison experts have the chance to invade the Immortal Cooking Realm? If the realm were still in its prime, how could they have the guts to launch an invasion? In its heyday, there were Divine Chefs and even dozens of Qilin Chefs in the Immortal Cooking Realm!

The giant devil gave him a cold look and punched the ground again, which immediately cracked and looked as if it was about to crumble completely.

“Who blew up my arm?! Tell me now, or I'll tear you to pieces!” he roared furiously.

Rumble!

Suddenly, the giant disappeared. When he reappeared, he was already standing in front of Realm Lord Di Tai.

Realm Lord Di Tai felt darkness descend upon him. He looked up and saw a huge palm crashing down toward him.

Rumble!

The palm completely shattered the ground as a figure turned into a golden beam and shot away.

Realm Lord Di Tai was panting for breath, his golden armor fully cracked with bits and pieces falling off. He glanced at City Lord Zou in the distance, who still held his fingers like a woman even though he had almost lost consciousness, barely standing by as he supported himself with the black wok.

He could tell that City Lord Zou had completely exhausted his true energy.

A pang of sorrow rose suddenly in Realm Lord Di Tai's chest...

The Immortal Cooking Realm had never suffered such humiliation!

He clenched his fists, and his eyes burned with fury.



“Unforgivable!” Realm Lord Di Tai roared. Then, his body burst into a bright, golden light and seemed to have turned into a sun.

Even then, on the crown of the Immortal Tree in the fifth layer of the Immortal Cooking Realm...

Ya Ya sat in the wooden hut, giving everything around her a serious look. The next moment, a wisp of immortal energy appeared in her hand, and she slapped her palm down hard.

Suddenly, a magic array was activated in the hut. It spun, then a beam of light shot out of it, piercing through the air and enveloping Realm Lord Di Tai.

Realm Lord Di Tai’s energy kept rising and soon broke through the bottleneck. There seemed to be a hazy cloud swirling above his head.

It was the Immortal Cooking Realm’s Will of the Great Path. Although it was weakened to the extreme, it still existed.

Boom!

Golden light radiated from Realm Lord Di Tai’s eyes. At this moment, he no longer had his usual look—he was extremely serious.

“Forcibly breaking through to Little Saint realm?” The giant devil sneered. He raised his fist and rushed toward Realm Lord Di Tai once again, throwing a punch at the latter.

The golden light emitted from Realm Lord Di Tai’s body grew even stronger. The next moment, he turned into a stream of light and threw his fist out as well, which clashed with the giant devil’s fist.

An explosion went off with a rumble. Powerful blasts swept out in all directions and ripped the void.

At this moment, the whole fifth layer seemed to be completely destroyed.

...

Bu Fang shot straight up into the sky like a fiery red missile.

He passed the second layer in a flash.

Countless people in the Immortal City saw him, their eyes fixed on his figure as he rocketed upward. For a moment, everyone's heart was filled with mixed emotions.

Soon, Bu Fang flew out of the third layer's entrance in a stream of fiery red light. With flaming wings spread out behind his back, he fell lightly on the ground.

...

"This woman is pretty strong..."

"We'll see how long she lasts!"

"Let's capture her alive. His lordships in Nether Prison would love a woman of this style..." said one of the Nether Prison experts with a mocking look.

Although Meng Qi was a city lord, she was no match for the five of them.

Her face was cold and expressionless as she kept slashing her kitchen knife, sending one knife energy after another at her opponents. Although she was in a grave situation, she didn't look bedraggled.

However, she was somewhat anxious because she knew that the situation would only get worse as the battle progressed. Her strength was limited, after all. Once her true energy was exhausted, she would not be able to resist them.

With all these thoughts, the anxiety in her heart made her attack full of flaws.

Meanwhile, the Immortal Chefs in the city grew desperate as they watched the battle. What hope did they have when even City Lord Meng Qi was being treated like that? Their faith began to slowly fall apart at this moment.

Meng Qi glanced at them and felt bad.

“How dare you be distracted by a bunch of rubbish down there?” sneered one of the Nether Prison experts. The next moment, he appeared in front of Meng Qi and threw out his palm, which seemed to crush the air before it struck her on the shoulder.

City Lord Meng Qi’s pupils constricted instantly. She felt a stream of Nether energy enter her body and sealed her true energy, stopping her from using it.

Her face turned deathly pale. Even her immortal robe was ripped and could no longer protect her, making her cough up a mouthful of blood as the impact threw her backward.

However, before she was thrown too far away, strings of black chains fell and caught her limbs, binding her up like a prisoner.

The Nether Prison experts held the other end of the strings and burst into laughter. Their voices echoed through heaven and earth, while all the people in the Immortal City wailed in despair...

It’s over! It’s all over!

An atmosphere of despair enveloped the Immortal City as if it were the end of the world.

Meng Qi’s eyes were half-closed. She could feel that her strength was fading away rapidly... She had tried her best.

Suddenly, a bird cry echoed through the air.

Meng Qi felt a heatwave approached and supported her from under. She opened her eyes wide, turned around, and saw an indifferent face.

That familiar appearance put her in a daze...

“You’re... back?” Meng Qi murmured.

Bu Fang glanced at her and then at the chains. He took out his Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and slashed it down, cutting the four chains in a flash.

Then, the flaming wings spread out behind his back.

He patted Shrimpy, who was resting on his shoulder. The latter immediately transformed into a stream of light, put Meng Qi on its back, then sped away.

After that, Bu Fang held the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and slowly turned to face the five Nether Prison experts in the air. He breathed a sigh of relief and said, "I finally made it..."

Chapter 1165 Bu Fang's Exquisite Flaming Palm!

"I finally made it..."

Bu Fang's faint voice resounded through the sky. Although it wasn't loud, it was clearly heard by everyone.

Meng Qi was carried by Shrimpy. After some time, she had regained some strength and sat up.

Since Shrimpy flew very fast, her hair whipped around in the wind. Her beautiful eyes were fixed on Bu Fang in the distance, bursting into a blaze of light and hope at the latter's appearance.

She knew where Bu Fang had gone.

To save the seed of the Immortal Tree, he went to Earth Prison in search of the Spring of Life. His return was equivalent to the return of the Immortal Cooking Realm's hope.

Did he really find the Spring of Life and return with hope?

Meng Qi looked eagerly at Bu Fang. She sincerely hoped it was true. She didn't want him to come back empty-handed.

Shrimpy flew at high speed and reached the Immortal City in a flash. After placing Meng Qi on the wall, it rose again in a streak of golden light and sped off toward Bu Fang.

Eyes were cast at Meng Qi from the surroundings, which gave her a pause. She looked around and found that there was a look of horror in the eyes of every Immortal Chef on the wall. She sighed.

If the Immortal Cooking Realm could survive this time, she felt it needed major reform. After staying in a safe and peaceful environment for too long, everyone's pluck and courage had already worn away.

Just then, it occurred to her that Bu Fang was up against five Nether Prison experts, and the weakest of them was at Eight-star True Immortal Realm. Could he cope with opponents of such formidable strength?

At the thought of this, her face turned pale.

...

A gust of wind blew over and stirred Bu Fang's hair, causing the velvet cord that bound his hair to unravel. His Vermillion Robe had turned fiery red, and two pairs of flaming wings spread behind his back. In his hand, he held the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, which emitted golden light as if it was made of pure gold.

"Oh? So there is still someone in the Immortal Cooking Realm who has the courage to stand up?"

"It turns out that there are still men in the Immortal Cooking Realm. Haha!"

"After letting a woman protect them for so long, it's time for a man to show up and get himself killed..."

The Nether Prison experts burst out laughing and looked at Bu Fang with mocking faces. To them, he was merely an ant coming out to die. They could not sense how strong his cultivation base was. Even so, they didn't take him seriously because apart from the realm lord and several city lords, there was no one in the Immortal Cooking Realm that could pose a threat to them, or so they thought.

“Finally made it? Haha! Are you saying that you finally made it to get yourself killed?” one of the Nether Prison experts said mockingly. The next moment, a formidable aura spread out of him, while stars flashed above his head. Then, he transformed into a stream of light and sped toward Bu Fang.

Bu Fang floated in midair and looked indifferently at that expert. The flaming wings behind his back flapped and stirred up gusts of strong wind.

Slowly, he raised the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife. The sound of heartbeats resounded across the sky as the Heart of Cooking Path pulsated.

“A slash...” Bu Fang said faintly. Right after that, a gust of wind stirred his Vermillion Robe, making it flicker like fire.

“What an arrogant guy!” The Nether Prison expert roared. A plume of dark Nether energy rose into the sky. With both fists placed next to his waist, he rushed out. The next moment, two savage beasts dashed at Bu Fang.

Roar! Roar!

The beasts’ roars echoed through the air, while a terrifying pressure pervaded the sky. All the people in the city were cowering in the corners of the city walls, not daring to breathe too loud. Even City Lord Meng Qi clenched her fists nervously.

“Cutting Immortal Style...”

Bu Fang swung his Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife down. His eyes flashed, and a mighty burst of true energy exploded out of him. Suddenly, the roars and cries of a dragon, a tiger, a bird, and a tortoise rang out in his mind, causing waves to rise in his spirit sea. At the same time, the golden texts shone blindingly.

The next moment, his divine perception swept out like a tornado, striking the mind of the Nether Prison expert like a shockwave. It exploded in his spirit sea, making him look somewhat dazed and blurring his consciousness.

Even then, a huge shadow emerged behind Bu Fang, making a straight cut with the kitchen knife in its hand...

The sky seemed to have been torn by this kitchen knife.

In everyone's eyes, the knife was extremely brilliant. It slashed down in a flash, cutting the two beasts made of Nether energy and the Nether Prison expert in half...

Blood sprayed in all directions.

The expert's eyes were filled with disbelief when his body suddenly exploded with a boom.

He was killed!

Everyone was stunned. Both the Nether Prison experts and the Immortal Chefs in the Immortal City were stupefied.

He had slain a Nine-star True Immortal Realm expert with just... one slash?! Who the hell was he? Why was he so strong?!

"He is... the Great Demon King!" someone recognized Bu Fang and shouted out loud.

"Ah?! Oh, yes, he really is the Great Demon King!"

"Heaven! When did the Great Demon King become so strong?"

"He killed a Nine-star True Immortal with one slash... The Great Demon King is invincible!"

The Immortal City was completely boiling. Everyone's face turned red with excitement. In their minds, the Great Demon King was a miracle, and now, his appearance had brought them another miracle. He had just killed a Nine-star True Immortal alone... Was this really something that the Great Demon King, who was merely a One-star True Immortal Realm expert, could achieve?

"No, no, no... The Great Demon King is no longer a One-star True Immortal!" someone shouted excitedly.

“Look, the Great Demon King’s aura is far beyond that of a One-star True Immortal! Even City Lord Meng Qi seems to be slightly weaker than him...”

“Could it be that... Could it be that the Great Demon King is a Nine-star True Immortal now?!”

“How did the Great Demon King manage to break through so fast?!”

Everyone was shocked. Someone was able to determine Bu Fang’s cultivation base—he was already a Nine-star True Immortal Realm expert.

Bu Fang paid no heed to the shocking discussion down below. After killing a Nether Prison expert with a slash, he turned his eyes to the other few experts in the distance.

“We’ve underestimated you. However, your resistance is futile! The destruction of the Immortal Cooking Realm has been foreordained. You can’t change anything!” one of the Nether Prison experts said coldly.

“Oh...” Bu Fang’s indifferent reply gave them a pause.

“If you surrender now, we’ll spare your life...” the expert added.

Bu Fang gave that expert a strange look. “Do you think I’m stupid?”

When he had finished, he opened his mouth. A mass of white flames suddenly darted out and turned into a sea of fire that covered the whole sky.

After that, he raised his hand. The sea of fire spread out instantly, transforming into a white flaming palm that blotted the sky. Using his divine perception, he slapped the palm down at the remaining four Nether Prison experts.

Bu Fang had long wanted to feel what it was like to kill someone with a slap, but his strength had always been relatively weak.

Lord Dog was invincible with his exquisite paw, and now, Bu Fang had finally learned the Exquisite Flaming Palm!



Boom!

The hot flames blasted toward the targets with terrible power.

The four Nether Prison experts unleashed Nether energy, trying to resist. To their horror, however, the flame could even burn their Nether energy.

“Damn it! What kind of fire is this?!” roared one of the experts.

Without hesitation, they shot away in the distance like arrows. However, as soon as they moved, their pupils constricted.

In the direction they were heading, Bu Fang, in his fiery scarlet Vermillion Robe, looked back at them coolly, then raised a black wok in his hand and threw it at them.

The black wok grew in size as it flew, shattering the void.

The next moment, the four experts were hit by the black wok.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

The black wok kissed their faces intimately, filling the air with the sound of breaking bones.

In an instant, their noses were smashed, and a myriad of sensations poured into their minds. They felt so depressed that they almost vomited blood.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The impact knocked them flying backward and crashing into the city wall, taking away their abilities to fight again.

They were defeated by a wok.

The flames that had blotted the sky disappeared and turned into a tiny spark that danced on Bu Fang's palm.

"Well, I'll leave the rest to you," said Bu Fang faintly, holding the black wok in his hand. He planned to leave immediately and head toward the fourth layer.

He was a little anxious. In his divine perception, the Immortal Cooking Realm's Will of the Great Path was steadily weakening... He had to find Realm Lord Di Tai quickly and help him revive the seed of the Immortal Tree.

A group of people climbed out of the Immortal City and pulled the four men down the city wall. The Immortal Chefs, who had long been gripped by fear, were now burning with rage. They actually thought of fighting back, but their abilities were limited. Now, these four enemies had become the outlet of their anger and frustration.

All kinds of attacks fell one after another. The four men, who had lost their abilities to resist, could only watch as the rain of attacks engulfed them.

At this moment, the fear and panic among the people completely disappeared.

On the wall, City Lord Meng Qi looked at Bu Fang with complicated eyes. She had been worried about how to prevent the spread of fear in the Immortal City. She found it hard to believe that the problem was so effortlessly solved by Bu Fang.

Suddenly, Bu Fang turned around, frowned, and looked at the entrance. A plume of Nether energy spread out of it once again, as if some horrible existence was about to come out.

The invaders were coming again.

Everyone stopped their movements and looked up at the entrance in the sky.

Bu Fang floated up with the flaming wings spread on his back. He lifted a hand and patted Foxy on his shoulder, who was eager to do something. The next moment, several steaming golden explosive meatballs appeared and hovered around him.

Roar! Roar!

Finally, hordes of Nether Prison experts poured out of the entrance and rushed toward the bottom, covering the sky like countless locusts.

The Immortal Chefs in the city were all trembling in fear, while a Nether Prison expert, who was beaten black and blue and covered in blood, burst out laughing.

“You’re dead... You all have to die! The Nether Prison army will slaughter everything in the Immortal Cooking Realm!”

Bam!

He had barely said a few words when he was, once again, pushed to the ground and beaten by the Immortal Chefs.

Foxy sniffed at the meatballs floating around Bu Fang, narrowed its eyes, and licked its lips. It wanted to eat them, but Bu Fang had fed it too much just now and told it that he would need its help later, so it didn’t need to attack now...

Bu Fang bit through seven explosive meatballs, then threw them all out.

Like golden meteors, the seven steaming meatballs sped toward the Nether Prison experts emerging from the entrance.

Destruction was fast approaching.

Chapter 1166 The Return of Whitey and the Attack of the Fifth Layer!

The Nether Prison army rushed out of the entrance like locusts, making one’s scalp tingle.

However, it was nothing to Bu Fang.

Seven steaming explosive meatballs streaked across the sky, like seven meteors with long tails.

Bu Fang found that these meatballs were more suitable for attacking a large group of enemies. The chain reaction caused by its instantaneous explosions was a nightmare, especially for enemies that came in great numbers.

Nether energy billowed and rocked. As soon as the Nether Prison experts squeezed out of the entrance, they found Bu Fang. Of course, they saw the explosive meatballs as well, but in these experts' eyes, they were just ordinary meatballs.

In just a twinkle, the meatballs had fallen into the crowd.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

With several explosions in succession, an astonishing explosive force erupted while columns of flames surged into the sky. The destructive waves caused by the chain explosion of seven meatballs seemed to destroy everything, and in an instant, the sky was engulfed by a boundless sea of fire.

The Immortal Chefs, who were beating the four poor guys, stopped and looked up at the sky.

They saw a mushroom cloud rising into the sky and spreading slowly.

'What a horrible explosion!' was the first thought that came to everyone's mind as they gasped. The Great Demon King had become more and more terrifying. Could all the Nether Prison experts have been killed by just seven explosive meatballs?

Bu Fang stood in midair with his hands clasped behind his back, the flaming wings still spread out. He was not in a hurry to attack again. He just looked at the rolling flaming clouds patiently.

Soon, the flaming clouds dissipated. One Nether Prison expert after another fell and crashed into the ground, shrieking and howling.

Bu Fang looked on indifferently, the expression on his face remained unchanged. Although the lethality of seven explosive meatballs was tremendous, it was impossible for them to kill all the enemies. The Perishing Pot might have done it.

With a thought, a magic array appeared next to him. Shrimpy, laying on his shoulder, brightened up instantly.

The array began to spin. Soon, lightning arcs could be seen darting out of it. Then, with a mechanical sound, Whitey floated out of the array.

Whitey had finally completed its evolution. The lightning on its body was filled with shocking destructive force, and its mechanical eyes shone like stars.

“Whitey, it’s time to exercise your body,” Bu Fang glanced at it and said faintly.

Upon hearing his words, the metal wings on Whitey’s back spread out, and a suit of armor emerged on its body. Then, it took the War God Stick out of the black hole in its stomach, which had lightning arcs dancing across its fiery scarlet surface.

The next moment, Whitey fixed its flashing mechanic eyes at those Nether Prison experts who survived the explosive meatballs.

Shrimpy gave a squeak and shot into the sky, transforming into a giant.

Whitey stepped on Shrimpy’s back and sped away, heading toward the Nether Prison experts in the distance.

These Nether Prison experts were very confused. It was not easy for them to enter the third layer of the Immortal Cooking Realm, but as soon as they arrived, they were struck by a terrible explosion that killed many of them. Those who survived were mostly Nine-star True Immortal Realm experts.

The survivors had tough fleshly bodies. Even though the explosive meatballs contained the Will of the Great Path, it was not that easy to kill them.

“Damn it! How dare you set a trap for us!”

“Unforgivable!”

“All of you will die!”

The remaining Nether Prison experts gnashed their teeth. The fact that they were almost completely wiped out had infuriated them.

Whitey remained standing on Shrimpy. The look in its eyes didn't change.

Bu Fang looked on with great interest. He was curious to know what level Whitey's fighting capacity had reached now.

Boom!

One tornado after another rose into the sky. The combat power of these Nether Prison Nine-star True Immortals was quite amazing.

However, Whitey was not in the least afraid. It didn't hesitate to sweep out the War God Stick in its grip.

All of a sudden, Shrimpy's body burst into lightning. Perhaps because of the lightning, its speed increased abruptly, propelling the two of them straight through the void.

The stick instantly smashed the head of a Nether Prison expert!

The sudden increase in Shrimpy's speed shocked everyone. Its movement, which was as fast as lightning, had caught all the Nether Prison experts unprepared.

Even the Immortal Chefs on the wall gasped. They naturally knew the Great Demon King's Earth Immortal Puppet—it had shown extraordinary talents in the Immortal Chef Tournament. However, no matter how powerful it was, it was only an Earth Immortal Puppet! Why could it kill a Nine-star True Immortal? Had it advanced to a Heaven Immortal Puppet? But even a Heaven Immortal Puppet might not be so strong, right?

Sure enough, anything impossible would become possible when they got close to the Great Demon King.

Whitey's flashy eyes were cold and merciless.

Bu Fang stared at it. He felt more and more that Whitey was beginning to have human emotions. Of course, he didn't mind at all. Even if Whitey really became a human being, it was still Whitey.

Bolts of lightning flashed and streaked across the air as the War God Stick grew larger and larger in the eyes of those Nether Prison experts.

With a series of explosive noises, one head after another burst like watermelons.

Before long, all the Nether Prison experts had fallen.

Whitey held the War God Stick with one hand as lightning arcs danced across its surface.

Bu Fang was very satisfied. It seemed he had not prepared the imperial feast in Goddess City for nothing. After eating so many lightning punishments, Whitey finally advanced to a stronger level.

"Whitey, fight your way into the fifth layer," Bu Fang said.

Whitey nodded. It swung the metal wings on its back and sped toward the entrance, carrying Shrimpy with it. In just a flash, both of them had disappeared.

Bu Fang exhaled softly, then took a step forward and flew up toward the entrance as well.

Meng Qi clenched her teeth. She wanted to follow and fight along with Bu Fang, but she was severely wounded now and had lost her ability to fight again. She would be a burden if she tagged along, and it was not what she wanted. Therefore, she could only pray that Bu Fang could create another miracle, that he could save the Immortal Cooking Realm from destruction, and that he, indeed, had brought back the... Spring of Life.

...

After entering the fourth layer, Bu Fang finally understood why Meng Qi brought the Immortal Chefs in the fourth layer to the third layer.

The sky was filled with cracks, looking like it was about to shatter. It had become so low that it was as if you could touch it with your hand. The air was filled with constant rumbling as the fifth layer kept falling down and was about to crash into the fourth layer.

The situation had become dire.

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. Without wasting time, he followed Shrimpy and Whitey, who had transformed into a bolt of lightning, and flew straight toward the entrance to the fifth layer.

Boom!

Whitey had just arrived at the entrance of the fifth layer when he began to fight the Nether Prison experts.

Clearly, the Nether Prison experts had sealed up the entrance.

According to Meng Qi, City Lord Zou and Realm Lord Di Tai were fighting the Nether Prison experts in the fifth layer.

Bu Fang had to find Realm Lord Di Tai because he needed the latter's Immortal Tree seed.

The blockage made Whitey roll its mechanic eyes. The next moment, the War God Stick grew thick and huge, as if it was given life, then smashed toward the entrance.

The sound of bombing resounded incessantly.

The stick shoved right through the entrance.

Whitey placed its huge palm on the stick. It seemed that it intended to suppress the opponents by force.

Meanwhile, many Nether Prison experts were resisting the War God Stick on the other side. They had to pour in all their strength to barely stop it from coming through.



Bu Fang flapped the flaming wings on his back and flew next to Whitey, then reached out his slender and fair arm and pressed the palm on the War God Stick.

A tingling sensation caused by the lightning flowed into his hand through the stick.

Bu Fang slightly arched his brows as he sent all his strength into his palm.

Rumble!

A mighty force exploded. The next moment, the roars of the Taoties emerged from his hand as the bandage on his arm unraveled. Soon, the War God Stick was out of the blockage.

The stick crashed down on the Nether Prison experts, throwing them into confusion and knocking them backward. Some of them were coughing blood, while some had their arms broken.

After rushing into the fifth layer, the War God Stick transformed back to its original size and was held by Whitey.

The entrance of the fifth layer was already in ruins, and the air was filled with an atmosphere of death and destruction.

Bu Fang glanced around with his hands clasped behind his back.

The once prosperous fifth layer of the Immortal Cooking Realm was now littered with wreckage and destruction. Its entrance was clearly destroyed many times, but in the end, it was still opened by the enemy.

At this moment, violent energy fluctuations were spreading in the distance.

Bu Fang turned his gaze in that direction and saw Realm Lord Di Tai locked in a fierce battle with a giant devil.

Realm Lord Di Tai was shrouded in golden light. Apparently, he had borrowed the Immortal Cooking Realm's Will of the Great Path.

The battle was very bitter.

Suddenly, Bu Fang turned around and looked into another direction. There, City Lord Zou was surrounded by many Nether Prison experts. He was bathed in blood and seemed to have lost consciousness, barely leaning against a black wok.

The look in Bu Fang's eyes turned complicated. He glanced at Realm Lord Di Tai, then at City Lord Zou.

After that, he transformed into a flaming Vermillion Bird, rose into the sky, and sped toward City Lord Zou.

"Come! You bunch of... bastards! I... I can still fight! Come here! Let me kill you with... with... my fingers!" City Lord Zou murmured almost unconsciously with blood trickling down his nose and mouth. His true energy had run out, and now, he had no more strength to fight.

However, the Nether Prison experts around him seemed to hesitate. They didn't dare to attack rashly and just stared at him cautiously, because no one knew if he still had some trump cards that could kill them altogether.

Suddenly, a sharp whistle approached.

A Nether Prison expert, who was about to kill City Lord Zou, felt a chill run down his back.

The next moment, a stick came crashing down in front of him.

Bu Fang, Whitey, and Shrimpy had arrived.

The Nether Prison experts instantly shifted their eyes to Bu Fang and the others.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Plumes of Nether energy thrust into the sky.

“Whitey, I’ll let you handle them. Don’t strip them. Just... kill them all,” Bu Fang patted Whitey on the stomach.

Whitey’s eyes turned crimson in an instant as if it had changed into another mode. With a slashing sound, the metal wings on its back spread, propelling him forward.

The War God Stick began to spin rapidly in its hand like a wheel, stirring up gusts of strong wind. Opposite it, the Nether Prison experts shouted and cried. Streams of Nether energy rained down on it, but they were all blown back. The next moment, Whitey fell into the Nether Prison army.

A mass slaughter had begun!

Whitey kept swinging the War God Stick. Shrieks and howls rang incessantly as one Nether Prison expert after another was knocked flying back, coughing blood!

Bu Fang walked toward City Lord Zou. Soon, he came next to him.

City Lord Zou had already lost his consciousness. Blood kept dripping down his nose and mouth.

Bu Fang sighed. He flipped his palm and took out a crystal fruit of life, then shoved it into City Lord Zou’s mouth.

As the fruit went down his throat, City Lord Zou’s wounds began to heal at a rate visible to the naked eye.

“What? This guy has an ally?”

“Why put up a last-ditch fight? The Immortal Cooking Realm is decaying, and none of you can save it...”

“Just face your death...”

Voices rang out not far away from Bu Fang. Two half-step Sacred Realm experts were staring at him with mocking looks. They were supposed to fight Realm Lord Di Tai, but after the latter broke

through to Little Saint realm and locked the giant devil in a fierce fight, they had nothing else to do. Now, when they saw Bu Fang arrive, they quickly came over to fight him.

The Heaven Immortal Puppet in the distance had already been dealt with by another half-step Sacred Realm expert. They wanted to wipe out all hopes of the Immortal Cooking Realm.

They could tell that Bu Fang was at Nine-star True Immortal Realm. He was strong, but since they were half-step Sacred Realm experts, they didn't take him seriously at all.

Without waiting for Bu Fang to say anything, the two half-step Sacred Realm experts moved. They transformed into two streams of black light and appeared in front of Bu Fang in just a flash. Killing intent pervaded the air as terrifying Nether energy swirled and spread out of their bodies.

As half-step Sacred Realm experts, they could incorporate the Will of the Great Path in their attacks, which made them extremely formidable.

Their eyes were cold, and their killing intent towered into the sky. Together, each of them took out a black knife filled with Nether Prison's Will of the Great Path and slashed down toward Bu Fang!

They wanted to kill Bu Fang with just a single slash!

#### Chapter 1167 Bu Fang Kills Half-step Sacred Realm Experts!

After taking the crystal fruit of life, City Lord Zou regained consciousness. There seemed to be a surge of life energy in his belly, which made him feel much more energetic.

Crystal fruits of life were the companion product of the Spring of Life. It contained extremely powerful vitality and was a kind of pseudo-sacred-grade immortal ingredient. Naturally, it was very effective at saving one's life.

City Lord Zou opened his eyes. His expression became somewhat complicated when he saw Bu Fang at his side.

He never thought it would be Bu Fang who came to save him. He had been at odds with this little chef before.

A moment later, he saw the approaching two half-step Sacred Realm experts. His face turned bloodless instantly, and he tried to warn Bu Fang, “Be... Be careful...”

Against these half-step Sacred Realm experts, even he was powerless to fight back.

“Don’t worry,” Bu Fang said lightly as he glanced at City Lord Zou.

The next moment, he turned and looked at the two half-step Sacred Realm experts. Their auras were very strong. With the long knives in their hands, they slashed out two beams of pitch-black knife energy, which tore through the air as if to cut everything to pieces.

The pressure emanating from them made City Lord Zou, whose face had just regained some of its color, tremble.

A half-step Saint was a rehearsal for achieving a Little Saint. Those at this stage already had a basic control over the Will of the Great Path.

The Will of the Great Path was a mysterious thing. If a person could control it, he could raise his fighting capacity to a higher level.

In fact, half-step Saints were just stronger Nine-star True Immortals, but their strength lay in their ability to control some of the Will of the Great Path, which allowed them to fight with stronger power.

It was the same principle as Bu Fang’s explosive meatballs and Perishing Pot.

The amount of the Will of the Great Path they could borrow was very little, but it was very pure.

Bu Fang’s expression remained unchanged. His Vermillion Robe whipped noisily in the wind as the sharp sword energy came straight at him, looking like it would cut his skin to pieces.

Now that Bu Fang’s cultivation base had broken through to the Nine-star True Immortal Realm, his mental force had climbed to a very scary level. Although he had not yet become a Little Saint, he

was just one step away. In fact, his mental force was much stronger than that of an ordinary half-step Saint.

Reaching the realm of Little Saints was a great milestone. Once a person became a Little Saint, he would be considered a supreme existence.

Being able to control the Will of the Great Path was a very powerful ability.

Bu Fang had always given people the image of a gentle and calm cook, but this time, he planned to go crazy. When he saw City Lord Zou fight so many enemies alone and still held on even when his energy was exhausted, his bloodlust was ignited.

He took out his Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife. In the face of the two approaching sword energies, his eyes became extremely sharp. All of a sudden, he opened his mouth and breathed out a plume of white flame, which instantly spread out into a sea of fire. The next moment, the knife in his hand tore the fire apart.

Even then, a majestic figure emerged behind him, holding a kitchen knife and cutting down.

A knife slashed down and collided with the two half-step Saints' attacks.

A terrible explosion broke out instantly.

The two half-step Saints stood firm, while Bu Fang flew backward, tearing a deep trench in the ground and falling in the distance.

He looked up with a grave look in his eyes.

The strength of a half-step Saint was indeed much stronger than a Nine-star True Immortal.

However, Bu Fang was not without any confidence. He was not a man accustomed to being beaten just like that.

He took a step, cracking the ground as he propelled himself forward, zooming through the air in a blurry shadow. The next instant, he was in front of the two half-step Saints.

His hair waved messily in the strong wind.

“A slash... Cutting Immortal Style!”

He attacked with the peak of his knife skill.

The knife, as if slashed down from the sky, reached them in a flash.

Boom!

It was a mighty cut, as powerful as the attack of a half-step Saint.

The two half-step Saints were shocked and immediately countered the attack.

This time, it was an even match, and all three of them were knocked flying backward.

The two half-step Saints gasped. They couldn't believe that this chef of the Immortal Cooking Realm could be so freakish, that he could forcibly oppress them with just the strength of a Nine-star True Immortal! It was something that only the best genius could do!

How could this chef have the talent and strength of a top genius?!

The two half-step Saints exchanged a look and saw the horror in each other's eyes.

“We must kill him! If he is allowed to grow up, he will definitely become a disaster for us!” They made up their minds in an instant.

The next moment, they raised their long knives, which began to emanate waves of terrifying Nether energy. At the same time, the Will of the Great Path churned over their heads.

They had attracted the Nether Prison's Will of the Great Path.

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. He felt as if a pair of eyes belonging to a primordial existence was watching him, and it made his skin crawl.

‘Is this the Nether Prison’s Will of the Great Path? Since it is the Will of the Great Path, it naturally needs to be opposed by the Will of the Great Path...’ thought Bu Fang as he stared at the two half-step Saints.

They roared, and their auras seemed to have fused.

A rumbling sound echoed through the air.

Soon, the Will of the Great Path they unleashed merged and turned into a... knife light.

The knife light was translucent and so sharp that it kept cutting through the void, causing rifts to constantly appear around its blade. It was so powerful that it seemed capable of cutting the whole Immortal Cooking Realm in half with a single slash.

Bu Fang took a deep breath.

The next moment, the texts in his spirit sea burst into light, each seemed to come to life and kept beating. Then, his spirit sea swelled with the roars and cries of a dragon, a tiger, a bird, and a tortoise. The spirits of the God of Cooking Set also released their auras, pushing his mental force to a more terrifying level.

The level was almost half a foot into the realm of Little Saints.

For a long time, Bu Fang’s mental force had been stronger than his true energy. Perhaps because the bottleneck of the Little Saint realm was too tough to break through, his mental force was not too far ahead of his true energy now. However, when he used it with all his might, its power was still extremely horrible.

BOOM!!!

A beam of light, condensed of his mental force, rose from Bu Fang’s head.



In the distance, Realm Lord Di Tai, who was fighting the giant devil, turned his head and looked over, just in time to see Bu Fang unleashing his formidable aura.

He was slightly taken aback before bursting with joy.

“Bu Fang?! He’s back! Did he bring back the Spring of Life?”

Realm Lord Di Tai’s face lit up with joy and excitement.

The giant devil also sensed Bu Fang’s mental force. However, he simply ignored it, not interested in the least with someone who was not even a Little Saint.

He punched. Dark Nether energy turned into numerous snakes and darted toward Realm Lord Di Tai, trying to completely devour him.

The waves of air stirred up by the mental force kept blowing at Bu Fang’s hair, making them all stand up.

Bu Fang flipped his palm and produced many golden explosive meatballs, which floated around him.

Two half-step Saints were not worthy of his Perishing Pot. It was too powerful. He only had the confidence to use it once, and when he was done, he would become weak for a long time.

After taking that into consideration, he decided that explosive meatballs were enough to deal with two half-step Saints. If one was not enough, he could always use two or more.

Soon, fourteen explosive meatballs appeared, swirling around him in a golden circle.

Controlling fourteen explosive meatballs at the same time was Bu Fang’s current limit, and it was after he had pushed his mental force to its strongest level.

In the distance, the two half-step Saints felt a chill coming toward them, but they didn’t flinch.

Even then, the knife light that fused their Will of the Great Path came slashing down. Before it arrived, its energy had cut the ground into pieces.

“Die!”

They must kill geniuses like Bu Fang, or there would be no end to their troubles.

Bu Fang floated in midair. His fiery scarlet Vermillion Robe fluttered, and the flaming wings on his back flashed.

He raised his hand and flicked the meatballs around him with his finger.

In a split second, fourteen meatballs flew in a straight line toward the terrible knife light.

Foxy, who was lying on Bu Fang’s shoulder, narrowed its eyes, covered its ears, and curled up its tail.

BOOM!!!

A deafening explosion burst out together with a blinding golden light, with waves of terrifying energy spreading in all directions.

Countless nearby experts were blown away by the blast, tumbling away and falling in the distance with confused looks. When they looked up and saw the explosion, they all sucked in breaths of cold air.

Even City Lord Zou was dumbfounded. He felt as if his heart were being squeezed by a giant hand. Bu Fang, who was floating in front of him, seemed to have transformed into a dazzling god at this moment!

‘He’s so strong! When did this little chef become... so formidable?!’ he thought.

Fear filled the hearts of the two half-step Saints. Their attack was imbued with the Will of the Great Path, but why was it so easily blocked by this guy? Also, were those exploding things really meatballs? How could meatballs have this power?

“There are six more...” Bu Fang murmured as he dropped his arm to his waist.

The next moment, the sound of something sped through the air rang out again.

In the center of the explosion, streaks of golden light flew through the cloud of dust and smoke.

“How’s that possible?!” A chill enveloped the two half-step Saints. They could not believe what they saw.

The streaks of golden light came in a flash. Their eyes grew wide as they watched the meatballs floating in front of them.

“Damn it!”

They immediately wanted to turn around and run away, but as soon as they thought of that, the remaining six explosive meatballs exploded.

They had just attacked with an ultimate skill and were low in energy and strength, so they were completely unable to resist the power of the explosion.

In an instant, flames engulfed both half-step Saints. Their bodies became twisted as they were being thrown away like two bullets.

Bu Fang breathed a sigh of relief. With a thought, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok appeared. Holding it with one hand, he stepped up and sped away in a beam of light.

In the distance, the two half-step Saints fell to the ground and created a huge pit, coughing blood with a dull look in their eyes.

Suddenly, Bu Fang descended from the sky with a black wok.

The black wok kept growing larger in their eyes.

Boom!

In a twinkling, the wok smashed the head of one of the half-step Saints deep into the ground.

That frightened the other Half-step Saint, causing him to tremble violently.

Bu Fang slowly turned his head and glanced expressionlessly at the frightened half-step Saint.

“Don’t worry, everyone has a share...”

As soon as he finished speaking, he raised the wok in his hand and threw it hard in the poor guy’s face.

With a thud, blood spurted from the half-step Saint’s nose and mouth, then he was knocked flying away.

Bu Fang went up to him, lifted the Black Turtle Constellation Wok over his head, and let go. The wok, weighing more than ten thousand kilograms, crashed down with a boom, pushing his head deep into the ground.

With just one wok, Bu Fang killed two half-step Saints.

The Nether Prison experts around felt a chill rising in their hearts.

In the distance, City Lord Zou looked stunned. He glanced at Bu Fang’s Black Turtle Constellation Wok and then at the black wok in his hand.

They were both woks, but why was the difference so great?!

The fall of the two half-step Saints finally attracted the giant devil’s attention. He didn’t expect that there was someone in the Immortal Cooking Realm besides the Realm Lord who could kill half-step Saints.

He turned his gaze to Bu Fang, who was clad in a fiery scarlet robe and was staring at him with an indifferent look.

His eyes narrowed.

That familiar feeling...

“It’s you! You’re the one who blew up my arm! Die!” the giant devil bellowed as he punched the ground with both fists.

He roared, and a terrifying blast exploded instantly, knocking Realm Lord Di Tai away. At the same time, his roar transformed into a powerful bomb and shot directly at Bu Fang!

Chapter 1168 The Ruthless Whitey’s White Jump!

Whitey stepped on Shrimpy and shot like lightning toward the crowd, holding the War God Stick in one hand. Lightning arcs jumped across the stick’s surface and soon darted up its arm. Its body exuded a strong murderous aura, and its eyes had turned red, as if flames were burning in them, making it look very scary.

In a flash, Whitey crashed into the crowd.

A group of Nether Prison experts shouted and began to attack. All kinds of energy attack condensed of Nether energy rained down on Whitey, trying to shatter it in an instant.

Whitey was just a puppet. However, none of them dared to look down on any puppet.

There were nine clans in Nether Prison, including the Giant Devils, the Nine Revolution Nether Chefs, and the Sword Demons.

One of the clans specialized in puppets. They were called Nether puppeteers, and their puppets were called Nether puppets. They were good at using all kinds of precious natural materials to make puppets, and some of them, who took on an unorthodox path, would dig the graves of ancient experts and use those experts’ bodies to make Nether puppets.

According to their secret techniques, the older the corpses, the stronger the Nether puppets would be.

There was a time when the Nether Prison was ruled by the fear of Nether puppeteers. Therefore, every expert in Nether Prison would not underestimate any puppet, even if it was not a Nether puppet.

Of course, it didn't make any difference to Whitey whether they underestimated it or not. All it had to do was kill the enemies because Bu Fang had specifically told it not to strip off any clothes.

Its scarlet eyes made it look like a beast who had gone berserk.

The War God Stick swung, filling the void with a thousand sticks, each of which contained powerful lightning.

Boom! Boom!

When struck by it, any Nether Prison expert with slightly weaker strength would explode to pieces. Only Nine-star True Immortals could withstand a few hits.

Whitey's advancement this time was huge. Of course, since Bu Fang's cultivation base had improved, its fighting capacity soared as well.

With the growth of Bu Fang's strength, the relationship between Whitey's fighting capacity and his strength became more and more blurred, but his advancement would still imperceptibly improve Whitey's fighting capacity.

It was an obscure and strange relationship.

The War God Stick struck the ground hard, bending as it catapulted Whitey ahead like a cannonball. By the time it crashed to the ground, its palm had turned into a huge barrel.

Terrible energy gathered in the barrel while countless lightning arcs moved across its surface, giving off a brilliant blue glow. With a boom, the energy thrust out of the barrel and hit several Nether Prison experts, turning them into puddles of blood and gore.

Whitey, who had activated the killing mode, was like a demon coming out of the abyss!

“Filthy animal!” a half-step Saint roared. He pushed his feet at the ground and rushed over in an instant, throwing a powerful punch at Whitey.

Holding the War God Stick in one hand, Whitey went for the punch.

Rumble!

The half-step Saint’s fist and Whitey’s stick collided, producing blasts that spread in all directions.

In the distance, one Nether Prison expert after another poured over crazily.

Whitey’s mechanical eyes flickered. Suddenly, the metal wings on its back waved. Thousands of sharp blades shot out from the wings, flying away in all directions and slashing at every Nether Prison expert’s body.

Blood mist spewed from these experts’ chests.

The current Whitey was a great killing machine.

The next moment, it flung the War God Stick into the crowd that was charging at it, then raised its fist and threw a punch at the half-step Saint.

The man and the puppet fought each other fiercely in midair.

It was a violent exchange of blows. Unlike Bu Fang’s attacks, Whitey and the half-step Saint both chose melee attacks over ranged bombardment. They did not fight like Bu Fang, who had blown the enemies to death by just throwing a few meatballs from a distance.

Whitey’s movements were very agile. Although it looked rather bulky, it was not weaker than the Nether Prison half-step Saint when fighting.

Their fists crashed into one another.

The half-step Saint's eyes shrank. He roared as his blood and true energy moved like lightning in his body!

Boom! Boom!

The man and the puppet exchanged several punches, causing the ground to explode continuously.

Whitey took a step backward and crumbled the ground.

The half-step Saint also fell to the ground. The next moment, he jumped up the air again like a dragon and thrust his leg toward Whitey. The leg contained terrifying Nether energy, which made it so strong that it seemed capable of bringing down mountains.

Whitey's mechanical eyes buzzed as its arm twisted and turned into a large hacking knife. Then, the knife slashed upward and collided with the half-step Saint's leg, sending sparks everywhere and filling the air with a deafening clang.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

Whitey's hacking speed was extremely fast, making it almost impossible for people to see the knife. The half-step Saint, on the other hand, was obviously very good at melee combat, for he was not weaker than Whitey at all. The two of them fought fiercely.

After using knives, they fought with fists again. Then, it changed to elbows, fists, and legs... All kinds of melee techniques were used.

Boom!

The half-step Saint's elbow struck Whitey's chest hard, knocking it onto the ground like a cannonball.

The Nether Prison experts around them cheered. The half-step Saint stood proudly in midair, grinning from ear to ear while panting violently. His hair stood on end like steep needles.



Suddenly, Whitey jumped up from the ruin, appeared in front of the half-step Saint, and grabbed his head with both hands. Then, it raised its knee and smashed it into the latter's face.

The sound of bone cracking echoed out. The half-step Saint's blood spilled across the air as he kept shrieking. His miserable voice tingled many people's scalps.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Furiously, he threw out his fists. His punches smashed through the air as he kept hitting at Whitey's body. However, Whitey's mechanical eyes didn't change at all. Instead, it just attacked continuously with its knee, causing half of the expert's face to twist. Then, it grabbed his head with one hand and flung him hard toward the ground.

The ground caved in with a thud.

As the half-step Saint coughed blood, a savage look appeared in his eyes. He thought of defeating this puppet through melee combat, but he didn't expect that it almost killed him. Wiping the blood on his face with a hand, he gave Whitey a ferocious glance and waved both hands. The next moment, numerous sharp daggers emerged around him.

"You made me do this! I'm going to dismantle you!"

The half-step Saint roared as one dagger after another shot forward, turning into a long dragon that coiled up around Whitey in a flash.

That gave Whitey a pause, but the scarlet gleam in its eyes became more intense.

Suddenly, small holes opened up on its back, where flames came bursting out.

"White Jump," Whitey's mechanical voice rang out. The next moment, it sped away, drawing a curved line in the air as it approached the half-step Saint.

Even as Whitey bolted forward, everything around it seemed to have stopped moving.

The jump was as fast as teleportation.

Rumble!

The dragon made of daggers crashed down, but it missed the target.

The half-step Saint's eyes shrank. The next moment, he sucked in a cold breath—the puppet was just less than one inch in front of him.

Bam!

Whitey lifted its huge palm and slapped the half-step Saint on the chin, throwing him straight toward the sky.

With a loud rumble, blue flames shot out of the holes on Whitey's back, producing a great thrust and blasts that rippled across the ground.

The next moment, Whitey was flying right next to the half-step Saint.

The expert turned his head with difficulty. Through his blood-covered eyes, he saw Whitey's mechanical eyes.

Whitey raised a hand and slapped him.

Rumble!

The half-step Saint was thrown away.

Whitey jumped again, appeared at the position where the half-step Saint was heading, and threw out a fist.

The expert was knocked flying back to where he came. Then, Whitey jumped once again and threw the half-step Saint back again...

The half-step Saint was so aggrieved. Before he could even use the power of controlling the Will of the Great Path, he was already abused by a puppet...

This puppet was just too... wild!

His body was covered with gashes, and he felt as if all his bones were about to break. The half-step Saint was utterly struck dumb as his blood spilled across the sky.

After the brutal beating and continuous jumps, the blue flames on Whitey's back faded and could no longer provide it any thrust. Even then, it reached out both hands and grabbed the half-step Saint's arms, flipping them over his head before it stepped on his back like how it stepped on Shrimpy. After that, it pressed a palm on the expert's head and sped toward the ground like a meteor...

The half-step Saint opened his eyes with difficulty. As he watched the ground get closer and closer, he felt a chill cover both his body and soul.

"No... NO!!!"

A terrifying shriek echoed out!

Whitey, stepping on the half-step Saint's back, crashed deep into the ground like a cannonball!

BOOM!!!

The whole ground exploded, sending sand and rocks flying everywhere and kicking up a cloud of dust and smoke.

Everyone was silent.

As rocks fell, a bulky figure slowly walked out of the dust. It raised a hand, from which came a suction force. In a flash, the War God Stick flew over from a distance like lightning and grabbed by Whitey.

All the Nether Prison experts gasped and felt chills run down their backs.

On the other side of the battlefield, Bu Fang retracted his gaze.

After the latest evolution, Whitey didn't disappoint him. It did become much stronger.

Roar!

Bu Fang turned his eyes to the giant devil in the distance.

At some point in time, the giant devil had changed his target to Bu Fang. After roaring, a bomb, which was made of Nether energy and contained a scary aura, flew straight toward the latter.

The giant devil was a Little Saint. In Bu Fang's perception, his aura was much weaker than the city lord of Goddess City, the Nether Prison's sword demon he met on the God Vanishing Mountain, or even the six-tailed fox and the nine-tailed fox. He reckoned that this giant devil must have just stepped into the Little Saint realm. However, even if he was a fresh Little Saint, he was still a Little Saint...

The threat of explosive meatballs to a Little Saint was negligible. Perhaps the only thing that could threaten a Little Saint was the Perishing Pot.

Bu Fang watched as the Nether energy bomb headed in his direction. A gust of strong wind came blowing over, causing his clothes to whip noisily. He narrowed his eyes and raised his hand. In his palm, a mass of white flames was burning quietly.

Bu Fang unleashed his divine perception. In just a flash, the flames towered into the sky. His mental force rocked and spread, turning the white flames into a giant flaming net, which hung before him and tried to stop the bomb.

BOOM!

The next moment, the Nether energy bomb arrived and crashed into the flaming net. The impact instantly pushed a deep hole into the net.

The bomb kept spinning in the net without losing its momentum as it went for Bu Fang. However, when it was about one meter from him, it was completely stopped by the flaming net and gradually stopped spinning.

Bu Fang raised his hand and placed his palm on the flaming net. Then, a burst of hair-raising force exploded out of the palm.

With a thud, the Nether energy bomb in the flaming net was slapped back by him!

As the bomb sped back, Bu Fang's body shot through the flaming net like an arrow, grabbed Foxy off his shoulder, and pointed its mouth straight at the giant devil!

His next move was to... bomb the Little Saint!

Chapter 1169 The Full-Power Perishing Pot!

“Is this guy crazy?!”

Bu Fang's appearance had attracted everyone's eyes in the fifth layer of the Immortal Cooking Realm.

He had knocked back a Little Saint's attack with a flaming net and was rushing toward that Little Saint fearlessly.

What was he planning to do? Was he trying to fight head-on against a Little Saint?

But he was just a Nine-star True Immortal!

Realm Lord Di Tai was stunned by Bu Fang's series of thunderous stunts. However, the moment Bu Fang rushed out, he recovered his wits and quickly shouted to warn him.

He didn't want Bu Fang to get punched to death by the giant devil.

That was a Little Saint, and judging from his strength, he should be a One-revolution Little Saint.

Little Saint was divided into nine revolutions. The gap between each revolution was enormous, and the difference between those levels was how one was able to control the Will of the Great Path well.

However, even if this giant devil was just a One-revolution Little Saint, he was not someone who Bu Fang could deal with.

The decaying of the Immortal Cooking Realm had caused all the resources in the realm to be seized by the Immortal Tree. However, it still could not stop the Immortal Tree from withering.

Realm Lord Di Tai could have a chance to break through and become a Little Saint, but because of the resources, he didn't do it.

Now, he was forced to make the breakthrough.

However, it also hastened the Immortal Tree's destruction. If Bu Fang came back a little bit later, perhaps the whole Immortal Cooking Realm would be completely destroyed.

Realm Lord Di Tai, bathed in golden light, took a step and wanted to help Bu Fang. However, as soon as he moved, the giant devil suddenly lifted a fist and threw a punch at him.

Realm Lord Di Tai didn't expect that, and he quickly mustered his immortal energy to block.

A thud rang out, then he was knocked flying away like a cannonball, crashing into the ground in the distance and creating a huge, deep pit.

Bu Fang glanced at Realm Lord Di Tai as he was knocked off his feet, then let out a soft sigh. The flaming wings on his back swung, propelling him faster toward his target. In just a flash, he had approached the giant devil.

The giant devil was huge like a hill with a height of dozens of meters, and the roar he let out seemed to stir up a gust of strong wind.

BOOM!

With a wave of his hand, the giant devil slapped away the terrifying bomb that Bu Fang had thrown at him.

However, that bomb posed no threat to Bu Fang, since Bu Fang made it himself.

“You’re the human who blew up my arm! Die!”

When the giant devil sensed the familiar aura on Bu Fang, he immediately flew into a rage. He was so furious that hot steam gushed from his nostrils!

Even then, he waved his huge palm at Bu Fang in the void. He wanted to slap Bu Fang to death.

Bu Fang floated in the void with Foxy in his arms.

The little guy was constantly burping. Apparently, Bu Fang had fed her too much.

He stroked Foxy’s head and narrowed his eyes.

He had no fear of the giant devil’s pressure. With the system, he had no fear of any pressure.

His figure flashed. The next moment, he disappeared from where he stood and dodged the giant devil’s slap.

“Foxy, it’s your turn... Fire!”

Foxy was the gift Bu Fang had been preparing to give the giant devil.

The little fox had been waiting for this moment. After burping, she opened her mouth and wagged her tail. Then, golden light began to gather in her mouth.

BOOM!

A stream of golden light shot out of her mouth like a meteor, dragging with it a golden tail as it sped through the void before hitting the giant devil in the arm.

An explosion broke out with a boom!

The giant devil's arm burst into flames as the explosion tore a large hole in it. It even took away a large piece of his cyan skin.

Bu Fang's eyes lit up slightly.

This giant devil's cultivation base was much weaker than the Sword Demon Clan's Little Saint he met on God Vanishing Mountain. At the very least, their defenses were not on the same level.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Foxy couldn't stop as soon as she started to fire. Golden flames kept spewing out of her mouth.

One golden blast after another blasted out of her mouth, dragging with them golden tails as they smashed into the giant devil's body.

BOOM! BOOM!

Amid the series of loud explosions, the giant devil howled at the top of his lungs.

An energy blast might not be able to hurt him, but a rain of energy blasts would be more than enough to riddle his body.

He was, after all, just a One-revolution Little Saint and had not yet cultivated his fleshly body to the level of invincibility.

The giant devil kept retreating as he raised both hands to cover his body. However, the blasts still kept falling and smashing at him, ripping his flesh and spilling his cyan blood.

"Aren't you going to kill me? Come and get me," Bu Fang said coolly as he held Foxy in his arms.

The giant devil's enormous body kept being pushed back by the bombardment.

Everyone looked at the scene with their mouths open in disbelief.



In the ruin, Realm Lord Di Tai rolled over and got up. When he saw what was happening in the distance, he couldn't help but gasp.

"This... How's this even possible?" Realm Lord Di Tai murmured in disbelief.

It should be known that the giant devil was a Little Saint.

Bu Fang was suppressing a Little Saint?

And what was that thing in his hand?

It looked like a fox who breathed flames!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The sound of the explosion kept ringing out.

The frantic giant devil crouched as one explosive meatball after another fell on him. Even though he was a Little Saint, he could not withstand such a rapid bombardment.

He felt somewhat aggrieved. It never occurred to him that he would be suppressed by a Nine-star True Immortal like this.

His dignity as a Little Saint was almost gone!

Narrowing his eyes, the giant devil punched the ground with both fists and jumped to his feet. Then, he threw his head back and roared.

ROAR!

The roars were deafening and produced waves of air that swept out in all directions. After that, the giant devil leaped and threw his huge palm toward Bu Fang.

“Oh? He can still fight back?” Bu Fang narrowed his eyes and frowned. The next moment, he stroked Foxy’s head and said, “Foxy, speed up the firing.”

The little fox’s eyes lit up, then...

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Her head nodded faster and faster as flames spewed out of her mouth.

Streams of golden light filled the sky as those attacks came shooting down, completely engulfing the giant devil in just a flash...

The whole fifth layer of the Immortal Cooking Realm seemed to be enveloped in the violent explosion. The ground was shaking and crumbling, and columns of fire thrust into the sky while a huge mushroom cloud rose.

After a long time, Foxy finally stopped spitting flames. She opened her mouth and belched. Wisps of smoke could be seen drifting out of it.

The continuous nodding had dizzied her, filling her eyes with spinning circles.

Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth, stroked Foxy’s soft hair, then put her on his shoulder.

He knew that Foxy should have spat all the explosive meatballs she had eaten.

Looking at the flames that blotted the sky in the distance, Bu Fang’s face grew extremely cold. As he hovered in midair, blasts came sweeping over and made his hair wave.

All the Nether Prison experts’ jaws dropped in shock. A Little Saint was killed just like that?

Even Realm Lord Di Tai didn’t know what to say.

“Where did Bu Fang find such a... formidable fox?”

City Lord Zou raised his hand and pinched his face, then held his fingers like a woman and waved excitedly.

Was the invasion of Nether Prison over now?

Of course, Bu Fang was not as optimistic as them. The giant devil was, after all, a Little Saint. He would not be so easily defeated.

ROAR!

Sure enough, a roar echoed out from the mushroom cloud in the next instant.

Suddenly, the giant devil jumped out of the flames, swinging his fists as he rushed toward Bu Fang.

His eyes were red, filled with killing intent!

“Damn humans!”

The giant devil kept roaring in a towering rage. The bones of both his arms were exposed, with almost all the flesh blown away.

This time, the giant devil was more miserable, so his fury rocketed.

“I knew it. He’s still alive.”

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. He seemed to have expected it.

With a thought, Shrimpy turned into a golden beam and shot over. Then, he stepped on its back and flew backward.

The giant devil’s punch smashed the ground and caused it to crumble with a boom.

At last, the whole fifth layer of the Immortal Cooking Realm fell completely and hit the fourth layer. The collision was so powerful that it seemed like heaven had fallen and crashed into the earth.

The fourth layer's ground could hardly bear the weight. It creaked and broke, cracking in many parts.

The experts in the fifth layer all rose unsteadily into midair.

The giant devil's eyes were scarlet. At some point in time, a huge, pitch-black spear appeared in his hand.

Grabbing the spear with his bone-exposed arm, the giant devil chased after Bu Fang with big strides.

He only had Bu Fang in his eyes now—all he wanted was to kill this guy who had wounded him.

A whistle echoed as the giant devil threw out the spear, which sped through the air as it headed straight at Bu Fang.

Shrimpy immediately shot upward, causing the spear to miss them and fall to the ground.

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. The next moment, he exhaled softly.

With Shrimpy around, he wasn't worried about being caught up by the giant devil.

He sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes. A brief moment later, he flicked open his eyes, in which a fierce look flashed.

Foxy, who was lying on Bu Fang's shoulder with her tongue stuck out, suddenly beamed and straightened her head.

Her nose twitched, and her eyes turned somewhat misty.

At that moment, a silver-colored lotus pot appeared in Bu Fang's hand.

The Perishing Pot finally... showed up.

Buzz...

The pot hovered in Bu Fang's hand with white flames burning under it. As cabbages tossed inside, a sizzling sound kept ringing out, and a rich aroma wafted out.

Bu Fang was not in a hurry to throw out the pot.

The Perishing Pot needed to be preheated. When its temperature reached the maximum, that was when it was the strongest.

As time went by, the Perishing Pot came to a boil. The broth was boiling, letting out steam and giving off a strong aroma.

Foxy craned her head with drool trickling down her opened mouth, looking as if she wanted to bury her whole head into the pot. However, Bu Fang grabbed her with one hand.

"You're too young to eat this," Bu Fang told her in a serious voice.

Foxy looked a little pitiful. Her little eyes were full of longing and seemed to be flowing with tears.

However, Bu Fang ignored her. He was protecting her by not allowing her to eat the Perishing Pot as her body couldn't withstand its power.

A beam of golden light flashed through the void.

The giant devil chased after the light, speeding through the whole fifth layer and causing it to constantly shake.

Realm Lord Di Tai watched from a distance. He felt as if he were watching a farce.

The Nether Prison experts around were also somewhat dumbfounded.

Buzz...

The Perishing Pot in Bu Fang's hand seemed to be trembling and emanating an invisible fluctuation, which shook both his body and soul.

This was the first time Bu Fang unleashed the Perishing Pot's full power.

He didn't push it to the limit in the previous two times because of some concerns, but its power was already extremely terrifying.

This time, however... Bu Fang planned to unleash its full power!

His spirit sea was boiling.

The four spirits of the God of Cooking Set were roaring at the same time, pushing his mental force to the peak, while his divine perception made the mental force around him as thick as an ocean.

Bu Fang's eyes lit up as he raised his hand. At this gesture, the Perishing Pot floated up in midair and began to devour his divine perception like a whale sucking in water.

All of a sudden, the silver pot burst into white light, which made it look as brilliant as the sun!

A scary fluctuation spread out of it, shaking Bu Fang's mind.

Rumble!

The giant devil stopped running abruptly and widened his eyes.

In the distance, Shrimpy stopped flying as well, hovering in midair.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, held the Perishing Pot with one hand, which shone blindingly like a sun.

All eyes were attracted by the pot in his hand.

“That is...”

The giant devil’s eyes narrowed. The next moment, he felt a chill run down his back.

That familiar combination and aroma...

That’s right... It was the horrible dish of death and destruction!

“Sure enough, it was you!”

He could never forget the disaster-like scene, as well as the pain and humiliation that went deep into his bones.

Holding the spear, the giant devil threw his head back and roared. His voice seemed to scatter the clouds.

The next moment, he raised the spear over his shoulder, ran for a short distance to gain some momentum, and then threw out the weapon.

The spear turned into a bolt of pitch-black lightning as it shot toward the Perishing Pot.

“Die! I’ll not fall into the same trap twice!” the giant devil roared with a savage look in his eyes.

Everyone gasped.

Bu Fang’s face was slightly pale as he stood on Shrimpy’s back. His divine perception was almost depleted, but it had also pushed the Perishing Pot’s power to the maximum.

It emitted a blinding white light, and the destructive aura in it frightened even Bu Fang!

He loosened his grip, allowing the pot to hover by itself, then exhaled and targeted the giant devil with his last wisp of divine perception.

After that, he flicked his finger at the Perishing Pot.

Buzz...

Under everyone's watchful eyes, the Perishing Pot, which shone like a sun, ripped through the air as it sped toward the giant devil.

In the sky, the giant devil's spear and the Perishing Pot were approaching each other at full speed...

Finally, they crashed into each other!

Chapter 1170 Blow Up a Little Saint

Only a few people had seen the horror of the Perishing Pot.

When Bu Fang used it for the first time, no one thought that a pot could have unparalleled destructive power.

However, after the pot was thrown into the bronze gate and produced a terrifying explosion that blew up a Little Saint's arm, those few people finally realized its horror.

Now, Bu Fang took out the Perishing Pot once again, the dish that fused the Gourmet Array and the Will of the Great Path. This time, he even pushed its power to the maximum.

Sizzle...

The pot radiated blinding white light like the hot sun. After it was flicked away by Bu Fang's finger, it sped through the air like a bolt of white lightning.

Wherever it passed, the void kept crumbling. It was more than enough for people to tell its terrifying power.



The giant devil threw out his black spear that was streaked with patterns. It was the Giant Devils' favorite attack, which could nail the enemies to the ground and absorb all their life force.

It was a great murderous weapon.

His eyes shot with blood. He would not fall into the same pit twice.

Last time, the Perishing Pot had blown away his flesh. This time, he swore that he would crush the guy who used the pot!

He was so irritable and furious!

In the distance, many people's faces had turned ghastly pale.

Realm Lord Di Tai was even more shocked, amazed that Bu Fang could pull off such an incredible means of attack.

No ordinary Little Saints could defend against the Perishing Pot's power!

City Lord Zou held his fingers like a woman. All that was left in his eyes now was the bright Perishing Pot. It was the first time he saw it, but he was unexpectedly excited.

"Bu Fang, boy, kill that cyan-skinned monster!" City Lord Zou waved his fingers and shouted.

The Nether Prison experts around also stopped what they were doing and looked at the collision.

The next moment, everyone's eyes shrank as they watched the spear and the pot crash into each other.

BOOM!

A deafening explosion resounded through the air.

In front of everyone's shocked eyes, the spear was stopped and could no longer move further...

It spun rapidly and exuded a tearing force, piercing a deep hole in the void with rifts spreading out around it.

The Perishing Pot, on the other hand, didn't lose its momentum after hitting the spear, and its white light kept expanding.

The next moment, a large white lotus flower emerged, growing larger and larger as if it was about to envelop the whole sky.

RUMBLE!

Under the Perishing Pot's terrifying power, the stones on the ground dissolved into dust and scattered.

After resisting for a while, the black spear finally broke. Cracks crawled across its surface before the whole spear shattered completely.

The giant devil's eyes shrank, and his hair stood on end. Then, he hit the ground with both fists and roared in a hoarse voice.

However, the huge lotus of destruction still kept growing larger and larger...

RUMBLE!

The whole fifth layer of the Immortal Cooking Realm began to tremble violently. More cracks appeared on the ground as the entire place kept shaking.

Bu Fang appeared very weak now, but he looked calmly into the distance.

Sitting cross-legged on Shrimpy's back and looking at the blooming lotus of destruction, he exhaled softly. After that, he let Shrimpy carry him into the distance.

Foxy, lying on Bu Fang's shoulder, gaped at the huge exploding lotus.

She couldn't believe that she was thinking about eating this thing just now... This kind of explosive power was much stronger than the explosive meatballs. If she ate it, she might get herself killed.

The little fox, with lingering fear in her heart, shyly raised her tail and wrapped it around her head, then curled into a ball on Bu Fang's shoulder.

She wanted to lie low for the time being...

Shrimpy zoomed through the air as it flew toward the distance with Bu Fang on its back.

The lotus of destruction kept growing larger. Its edges devoured the surroundings and continuously rolled behind Shrimpy.

Even then, the other experts came to their senses. They watched in shock as the lotus of destruction spread over as if to devour them. Without saying anything, they turned and fled.

They fled in a panic. However, they soon realized that they could not escape.

The lotus' destructive energy was spreading too fast.

In just a flash, many Nether Prison experts were engulfed by the terrible power of the Perishing Pot and turned into ashes.

The Perishing Pot was indeed a great killing machine!

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed. With a boom, it sped into the distance like a cannonball.

Realm Lord Di Tai's figure flickered and appeared in front of City Lord Zou. He grabbed the latter's shoulder and shot into the sky.

The giant devil also wanted to avoid the lotus' destructive wave, but he was Bu Fang's target. Besides, his body was so huge that it was not that easy for him to avoid it.

Soon, the destructive lotus was coming at him.

The lotus that blotted out the whole sky like a hill was terrifying to look at...

When the giant devil realized that he could no longer escape, he stopped in place, turned around, and threw his fists at the lotus, roaring.

"Get lost!"

His punches were shrouded with strong Nether energy, and there seemed to be a vague, transparent Will of the Great Path descending above his head.

It was the Nether Prison's Will of the Great Path.

Nether energy spread out and formed a great wall, trying to block the Perishing Pot.

BOOM!

In front of everyone's stunned gazes, the Perishing Pot collided with the Nether energy wall.

The next moment, the Nether energy wall containing the Will of the Great Path was effortlessly torn to pieces by the Perishing Pot, as if it was just made of a sheet of paper.

The giant devil's eyes shrank, and he watched helplessly as both his arms were devoured by the Perishing Pot...

"Damn it!" he roared in shock and anger.

He had mustered all his strength to stop the Perishing Pot, but...

Crack... Crack...

Under the pot's destructive power, his arms kept disappearing, and this time, it didn't just destroy his flesh, but also his bones.

The Perishing Pot expanded, and finally, it completely engulfed the giant devil.

Everyone gasped. From afar, they could see a vague figure inside the Perishing Pot. The figure was struggling, but it just couldn't break out.

Bu Fang stepped on Shrimpy's back, floating in the sky far away from the explosion. With his hands clasped behind his back, he stared at the huge Perishing Pot. His Vermillion Robe whipped noisily in the wind.

"Explode," Bu Fang said softly with an indifferent look in his eyes.

The next moment, everyone's eyes shrank as they saw the Perishing Pot explode!

RUMBLE!

The whole world fell silent at this moment as if all the sound was swallowed up.

In the distance, the huge lotus turned into a towering pillar of fire, then exploded. Blasts swept out in all directions and lifted a layer of earth from the ground...

Over the lotus, a beam of light thrust into the sky, twisting and distorting the void.

What came after the silence was a deafening rumble.

BOOM!!!

Everyone stared blankly at the huge mushroom cloud rising in the distance, which was much larger than the one created by the dozen explosive meatballs thrown out by Bu Fang.

City Lord Zou was utterly struck dumb. Even his fingers were trembling.

“T-This... This... This attack... Did that thing really come from that little chef Bu Fang? It almost destroyed the whole fifth layer! Has that little chef really become the Great Demon King?!”

“It’s so powerful! It’s a real instrument of destruction!” Realm Lord Di Tai exclaimed.

The blasts of the explosion swept out and threw countless experts off their feet. Many people fell in the distance, feeling grateful, while some struggled to their feet, watching in horror and shaking violently.

The giant devil’s struggling figure had quieted down and didn’t seem to move at all.

Even the bronze gate and the Heaven Nether Bridge fell silent at this moment.

Many experts watching from behind the bronze gate were gasping in astonishment...

Judging from the destructive power, they could imagine that the giant devil should be dead now.

Shrimpy placed Bu Fang on the ground. At the same time, a gust of hot air blew over, which seemed to carry the Perishing Pot’s scary power.

It was almost half a day when the horrible explosion and the rumbling sound finally faded away.

Bu Fang carried Foxy in his arms and slowly walked toward the center of the explosion.

After a while, the explosion faded, leaving only plumes of billowing smoke and dust.

Bu Fang stopped. He had come to the center of the area where the Perishing Pot hit.

In front of him was a huge and bottomless pit, filled with swirling gray smoke.

Even though he was just standing at the pit's edge, Bu Fang could feel a powerful blast blowing at his face. It was so strong that it could severely hurt an expert who just stepped into the True Immortal Realm.

The Perishing Pot was truly one that had absorbed all his divine perception. Its power was comparable to the full-power attack from a peak Little Saint.

He reckoned that even a full-power strike from the Sword Demon Clan's Little Saint he met on the God Vanishing Mountain would not be stronger than this.

The pit was incredibly huge, almost covering half of the fifth layer, and it was so deep that it seemed to have blown through the sky in the fourth layer.

ROAR!

Suddenly, a mournful roar rang out of the pit, accompanied by the clatter of bones.

Bu Fang, standing at the edge of the pit with his hands clasped behind his back, furrowed his brows slightly. The next moment, an enormous black figure rushed out of the smoke-covered pit, swooping toward him.

It was a giant skeleton.

Without a doubt, it was the skeleton of that Little Saint giant devil.

The vitality of a Little Saint was indeed strong. It was hard to believe that the giant devil survived the explosion of such an insane magnitude.

However, he had turned into a skeleton. Almost everything on his body was burned off, leaving only his heart, which was beating and spewing life force to maintain the functionality of the skeleton.

Bu Fang's expression remained unchanged as he watched the giant skeleton sped toward him.

Suddenly, a clang of metal echoed out.

The next moment, Whitey appeared in front of Bu Fang and swung the War God Stick. As the stick moved through the air, it expanded. Then, with a crunch, it crashed onto the skeleton and broke it into pieces.

The giant devil's heart beat violently for a moment before it was blown apart by Whitey's stick.

Blood sprayed into the sky and fell like rain.

As the blood sprinkled, the gray smoke began to gradually dissipate.

Whitey landed. Its mechanical eyes flashed as it stood next to Bu Fang, holding the War God Stick.

Many Nether Prison experts stood around the huge pit. They shivered when they saw the giant devil was killed.

A Little Saint had fallen!

Rumble!

An invisible Will of the Great Path churned in the grayish sky as if it was lamenting the fall of a Little Saint.

Realm Lord Di Tai breathed a deep sigh of relief, while his tensed up muscles relaxed. The next moment, the golden light that shrouded his body faded away.

He felt his strength leave him, and he couldn't help but fall on one knee.

The side effect of forcibly breaking through the Little Saint realm was too severe. He would be weak for a long time.

City Lord Zou quickly helped Realm Lord Di Tai up with a worried look in his eyes.



“Help me to Bu Fang. He must have returned with the Spring of Life! The Immortal Cooking Realm is saved!”

Although Realm Lord Di Tai was weak, there was an undisguised excitement in his voice.

City Lord Zou nodded, put his arms around Realm Lord Di Tai’s shoulder, and hurried in Bu Fang’s direction.

However, they had just taken a few steps when both of them felt a terrifying aura from beneath their feet, instantly chilling their bodies and souls.

In the distance, the bronze gate squeaked again, opening wide with Nether energy pouring through.

There was a clear sound of footsteps ringing out of the door, echoing through the whole sky.

Bu Fang’s eyes shrank as he turned his gaze toward the bronze gate. There, a figure clad in a black robe gradually emerged.

It was a pitch-black chef robe, with a bright star embroidered on the sleeve...

A terrifying aura pervaded the sky, filling everyone’s heart with tremendous pressure.

“Hmm... I can’t believe you’ve killed a Little Saint from the Giant Devil Clan. You’re really good. However, without the terrible means of destruction just now, how can you resist the invasion of the Nine Revolution Nether Chefs?”

That black-robed figure’s voice grew cold as he talked. Mixed with killing intent, it rang across the whole place.