

Gourmet 1181

Chapter 1181 Realm Lord Di Tai Once Thought...

Realm Lord Di Tai once thought Bu Fang wanted to kill him with an explosion so he could inherit his art of nudity. Otherwise, how would he have cooked the Perishing Pot?

He knew the pot's terrible power very well. It could kill even a Little Saint!

Now... Was Bu Fang asking him to eat a Perishing Pot?

The realm lord's face turned red. He only asked Bu Fang to cook a Dried Pot, not a Perishing Pot.

When the people around saw the Dried Pot in Bu Fang's hand, they shuddered with fear. They could feel an extremely terrifying power in it, which was so strong that they didn't dare to resist.

They didn't know that the Perishing Pot was Bu Fang's great murderous weapon. Otherwise, they would have all fled, instead of craning their necks and looking curiously like fools.

However, there were many others who knew the Perishing Pot's power because they had seen it with their own eyes, such as Meng Qi and Gongshu Ban.

Meng Qi rolled her eyes. That was for the realm lord. She thought of a phrase which perfectly described Realm Lord Di Tai, 'If you don't do stupid things, they won't come back and bite you in the ass, but if you do, they most certainly will...'

'Why did you make Bu Fang cook Dried Pot? You know his Perishing Pot can wipe out a small world, and yet you still insist on tasting the feeling of despair. Well, your wish is fulfilled now, he has prepared the Perishing Pots...'

In the audience, Gongshu Ban's body and soul were trembling. "Is... Is Owner Bu... crazy..." He found that even his lips were shivering. He couldn't believe that Bu Fang had actually prepared Perishing Pots.

“Could it be...” He looked at Bu Fang, who wore a cold face, and his eyes shrank. “Could it be that Owner Bu was angered by Realm Lord Di Tai’s theme, so he plans to blow everything up?”

No one could figure out the reason, no matter how hard they pondered. Even the realm lord himself, who didn’t believe Bu Fang would come out with a Perishing Pot, was trembling...

“What if that thing is real? Should I taste it or not?”

The other participants didn’t have so many different emotions as the realm lord. The only emotion that filled their hearts was despair.

They couldn’t believe that their thunderclouds were scattered by just one bolt of lightning.

These chefs were gifted, and some of them were rare geniuses. However, these so-called geniuses were nowhere near as good as Bu Fang—that much was plain to see from this test.

From the lightning punishment attracted by a dish, one could tell its quality and the chef’s level. The other dishes had attracted at most two lightning punishments, which were too weak compared to the one attracted by Bu Fang’s dish. No wonder they were scattered.

The result was obvious.

The Great Demon King had defeated everyone. With just a bolt of lightning, he had made the other participants lose their opportunity to shine, their ambitions scattering like their own thunderclouds.

The Great Demon King was indeed... the Great Demon King.

The participants couldn’t help but sigh with mixed emotions.

Bu Fang paid them no mind. He walked slowly down the arena with three silver pots floating around him, one of them containing a powerful and terrifying fluctuation, and came in front of the three judges. The three people in charge of assessing his result were Realm Lord Di Tai, Pavilion Master Meng Qi, and Gongshu Baiguang.

The realm lord watched with wide eyes as Bu Fang placed the Dried Pot with destructive fluctuations in front of him, his face unsightly.

“Your Dried Pot Cabbage is served. Please enjoy it while it’s hot,” said Bu Fang. Clasping his hands behind his back, he smiled and gave Realm Lord Di Tai a meaningful look.

‘So you want to be naughty, aren’t you? Let’s see how naughty you can be!’ he thought.

The people around held their breaths. They knew that with the Great Demon King’s cooking skills, he would surely pass with flying colors and become a Second Grade Immortal Chef, but they still wanted to witness the birth of a miracle.

There was not much difference between a Second Grade Immortal Chef and a First Grade Immortal Chef, if truth be told. It was their cooking skills that set them apart. However, if a Second Grade Immortal Chef wished to promote to the Third Grade, it would be a different story. The requirements for a Third Grade Immortal Chef were higher and tougher to achieve. In simpler terms, it was determined by the rank of the completed dish.

Normally, the food a First Grade Immortal Chef could cook was rank one to three immortal dishes. To become a Second Grade Immortal Chef, one must cook rank four to six immortal dishes, and to become a Third Grade Immortal Chef, the dishes must be between rank seven to nine. Finally, to become a Qilin Chef, one must cook rank ten immortal dishes.

This was how the Immortal Cooking Realm classified immortal chefs’ strength.

And the easiest way to judge the rank of an immortal dish was through the immortal energy it exuded. The number of immortal energy streams it gave off represented its rank.

However, there were always exceptions. The Perishing Pot Bu Fang cooked today was one example. Although it didn’t have a strong fluctuation of immortal energy, who dared to say that it was not a rank four immortal dish?

Three Dried Pots with hot steams rising were placed in front of three judges. At the same time, the Immortal Tree’s branch swayed and shot three beams of light onto the pots.

Buzz...

The spirit of the Immortal Tree was growing stronger. Apparently, it was recovering well. The light blooming from the branch showed that Bu Fang's dish had clearly reached the rank of a Second Grade Immortal Chef.

The next step was tasting the food. The dish must be tasted by three judges, so the result was fair.

Bu Fang stood calmly in the distance, while the three judges exchanged glances. For a moment, the atmosphere became somewhat awkward.

All eyes fell on them. As the judges, they could not refuse to taste the food...

"Try it. My Dried Pot Cabbage will not disappoint you... I thought someone couldn't wait to taste my Dried Pot?" Bu Fang said.

Realm Lord Di Tai was reluctant to touch the silver lotus pot in front of him.

City Lord Meng Qi, on the other hand, didn't say anything but gave Bu Fang a deep look. Then, she took a pair of chopsticks from the table, reached into the Dried Pot, picked a piece of shining cabbage, and shoved it into her mouth.

This cabbage was the finished product after Bu Fang blanched it with the Spring of Life and then stir-fried it.

Crunch!

It was hot, but as soon as it entered her mouth, it filled her nose with a meaty fragrance. The Fiery Heart Cabbage tasted excellent. It was crunchy, and the pork belly of the Eight Treasures Pig enhanced its flavor.

City Lord Meng Qi's eyes lit up slightly. She didn't expect the Dried Pot Cabbage to be so delicious. It was aromatic, and the flavor was original. Just as Bu Fang said, it didn't disappoint her.

There was a white flame burning beneath the Dried Pot, keeping the dish in its boiling state. This was the charm of a Dried Pot. As time passed, the soup kept boiling in the pot and eventually gave off a very strong fragrance.

She stirred the food with her chopsticks, causing the hot cabbage and pork belly at the bottom to come to the top. Wisps of hot steam rose, and in the next instant, everyone heard a loud boom.

Immortal energy suddenly shot out from the Dried Pot, transforming into six dragons and wheeling over the pot.

Six streams of immortal energy?!

All those who saw this gasped in shock.

The six streams of immortal energy told them that Bu Fang's Dried Pot Cabbage was a rank six immortal dish.

The participants were struck dumb. Indeed, comparisons were the thief of joy. When they were still working hard to cook a rank four immortal dish, Bu Fang could already cook a rank six immortal dish effortlessly. The fact that they were totally not on the same level filled their hearts with defeat and helplessness.

Gongshu Baiguang's curiosity was aroused when he saw Meng Qi stir up six streams of immortal energy, so he took a pair of chopsticks and stirred his Dried Pot Cabbage as well.

Sizzle...

The soup at the bottom was bubbling, and at the same time, steam and immortal energy rose, intertwining into a beautiful and colorful scene over the pot, attracting all glances.

Gongshu Baiguang picked up a piece of cabbage and a slice of pork belly together, then put them into his mouth. The crunchy cabbage and the soft, fragrant pork made him nod in satisfaction.

"Oh?"

Realm Lord Di Tai was tempted when he saw both Meng Qi and Gongshu Baiguang enjoy the dish happily.

‘Maybe Bu Fang was just bluffing me. He wouldn’t produce the Perishing Pot so easily, would he?’

At the thought, the realm lord gave Bu Fang a wry look. He remembered that this was how Bu Fang had bluffed the two Little Saints.

“You are very naughty, my little friend Bu Fang.” Realm Lord Di Tai smiled, waving a finger at Bu Fang. He now believed that the simple and honest Owner Bu would not serve him the terrible Perishing Pot. Therefore, he impatiently reached out his chopsticks.

Although his Dried Pot gave him a different feeling, he could no longer withstand the enchanting fragrance coming out of it.

He would eat it as long as it wouldn’t kill him!

He grabbed a pair of chopsticks and reached it into the Dried Pot. However, just as his chopsticks were about to touch the food, he looked up abruptly and saw Bu Fang gazing at him with interest.

That made his scalp go numb instantly.

He didn’t hesitate for too long, though. The chopsticks went down and picked up a slice of pork belly. When the greasy pork went into his mouth and filled his nose with its aroma, the realm lord’s eyes lit up.

“This is delicious! Very tasty!”

He picked up another slice, then another. There was no unusual movement in the pot, and he finally relaxed.

Realm Lord Di Tai thought he was right. How could Bu Fang be that petty? And so, he continued to savor the Dried Pot Cabbage.

Suddenly, Bu Fang twitched his mouth and glanced curiously at the realm lord.

Although he didn't draw the Explode Gourmet Array in the Dried Pot, he included the Imprison Gourmet Array in it. Of course, Dried Pot was not the best carrier for this array, but it could still work.

Bu Fang raised his hand as everyone looked at him in puzzlement. His move stirred their hearts.

Realm Lord Di Tai paused as an ominous feeling struck him. He instinctively turned to Bu Fang and saw the playful look on the latter's straight face...

"Imprison," Bu Fang snapped his fingers and said expressionlessly.

His voice and the crisp finger snap took everyone aback.

The next moment...

BOOM!!!

The Dried Pot in front of Realm Lord Di Tai burst into a dazzling white light...

This feeling...

Meng Qi and Gongshu Baiguang both twitched their mouths and sped away in a flash, avoiding any spot the white light shone. The realm lord couldn't avoid it at all. The white light dazzled his eyes and engulfed him...

Before too long, the white light faded away, revealing Realm Lord Di Tai.

There was no monstrous explosion nor terrible destructive fluctuation. The white light seemed like a flash in the pan and didn't change anything.

Realm Lord Di Tai's mouth was open, his neck craned while his hand held a pair of chopsticks with a slice of steaming pork belly between them. He looked like he was about to put the meat into his mouth. The pork even had a glistening juice flowing down its edge.

The delicious food was right in front of him, but he couldn't move at all. He could only sniff at the meaty fragrance that kept drifting into his nostrils. His body was frozen to the spot as if he had turned into stone.

"What happened? Why didn't the Realm Lord put the pork into his mouth?"

'It looks like the Imprison Gourmet Array has disabled his movements,' Bu Fang thought. His lips curved upward into a faint smile as he looked at Realm Lord Di Tai's funny pose.

"Eat it, Realm Lord... Why don't you eat it?" Bu Fang said.

The realm lord rolled his eyes. He wanted to move, but he couldn't. Cursing in his mind, he finally realized that he was wrong. He once thought Bu Fang wanted to kill him with an explosion, but it was not the case.

'Bu Fang is trying to torture me to death so he can inherit my art of nudity!'

Chapter 1182 Ying Long's Sigh

The Imprison Array would not last very long. However, the premise was that one didn't eat the food carrying the array. Otherwise, the duration of the effect would be prolonged.

That was what happened to Realm Lord Di Tai. With Bu Fang's current cultivation base, the dish that fused with the Imprison Array could trap a Little Saint a dozen of breaths at the most. However, if that Little Saint ate the dish, the duration would become very long.

The realm lord wanted to weep, but he had no tears. He wanted to complain, but he couldn't talk. Since the array had rendered him immobile from top to bottom, he couldn't move his body, blink his eyes, nor speak. As he didn't blink for a long time, he felt a stinging sensation begin to spread in his eye sockets.

He wanted to cry... He had an uncontrollable urge to weep, and the stinging sensation made tears roll in his eyes.

Many people were relieved when they realized that the Dried Pot would not explode.

Meng Qi and Gongshu Baiguang, who had fled far away, were back. When they saw Realm Lord Di Tai, who was frozen to the spot with a slice of pork belly in his chopsticks, their expressions turned rather awkward. Now, anyone but a fool knew that there was something fishy in Bu Fang's dish.

Or at least, there was something wrong with the realm lord's Dried Pot...

Although it didn't explode, its power still seemed very extraordinary.

It made Realm Lord Di Tai almost weep!

The Great Demon King was indeed... unfathomable.

If the realm lord could talk now, he would surely curse at these people.

'Do you all know that anyone will weep if he can't blink for a long time?!'

Gongshu Baiguang cleared his throat, gave Realm Lord Di Tai and Bu Fang a glance, then said, "Since the Realm Lord has temporarily entered a mysterious state of enlightenment, I hereby announce that the Second Grade test is concluded. One person succeeded in becoming a Second Grade Immortal Chef."

The Great Demon King had become a Second Grade Immortal Chef. People around all gasped and exclaimed.

It had only been half a year since Bu Fang became a First Grade Immortal Chef. His progress was so fast that he set a new record for the Immortal Cooking Realm.

The Great Demon King, who was the champion of the Immortal Chef Tournament, was indeed amazingly gifted.

Everyone was shocked, but there was not much surprise. They were not jealous as all they had felt for the Great Demon King was awe, not bitterness.

Bu Fang touched his chin. For him, becoming a Second Grade Immortal Chef was not a difficult thing, so he wasn't surprised by the result at all. Despite all the envious gazes being thrown at him from the surroundings, he remained calm. For him, the level of the Second Grade Immortal Chef was not enough, so he would try to make a breakthrough for the Third Grade.

This was his ultimate purpose in taking the test today.

To be qualified as a Third Grade Immortal Chef, he needed to cook a dish that contained at least seven streams of immortal energy. It was not easy and could be said to be very challenging, even for him.

However, Bu Fang was never afraid of challenges.

As someone who wanted to become the God of Cooking that would top the food chain in this fantasy world, Bu Fang knew very well that the challenges he would face in the days ahead would be far more difficult than this one. Only when he overcame them all could he have a chance to reach the top and become the God of Cooking. It was a process of overcoming obstacles and tolerating no mistakes.

Therefore, he chose to continue taking the test. This time, he wanted to take the Third Grade test.

His voice was not loud, but what he said was shocking. In an instant, the whole room fell silent.

The crowd paused for a long time before they confirmed what he had just said. After that... an uproar broke out.

"Heaven! What did the Great Demon King say?"

"He wants to continue and take the Third Grade test? He's going to challenge himself to become a Third Grade Immortal Chef?!"

"That's impossible! It's too difficult to become a Third Grade Immortal Chef! Even the Immortal Cooking Realm doesn't have many Third Grade Immortal Chefs!"

All the people around were shocked by Bu Fang's words, and they only spoke after a moment of silence, their faces full of horror.

"He is indeed worthy of being the Great Demon King. So wild and arrogant!"

Few people had hope for Bu Fang. The main reason was that becoming a Third Grade Immortal Chef was not as easy as becoming a Second Grade Immortal Chef. A Third Grade Immortal Chef was already in the middle and senior echelons of the Immortal Cooking Realm. How could Bu Fang try to make a breakthrough for the Third Grade when he had just stepped into the Second Grade?

He was a little too impatient.

Even Realm Lord Di Tai, who couldn't move, trembled slightly. It was plain that he, too, was surprised by Bu Fang's decision.

Meng Qi and Gongshu Baiguang exchanged a glance and saw the astonishment in each other's eyes.

They thought of asking the realm lord for advice, but when they saw him frozen to the spot, still holding the slice of pork belly, they swallowed the words they were about to say.

"You can take the test... With your strength, it is possible for you to make a breakthrough for the Third Grade. Even if you fail, it doesn't hurt..." Meng Qi suddenly said.

Everyone widened their eyes. Her words shocked the whole room.

"The assessment of Third Grade Immortal Chefs is different from that of the Second Grade. First of all, your cultivation base must pass, and second is the level of your mental force. Only when both passed the required level can you be qualified to take the Third Grade test." Meng Qi's pleasant voice echoed throughout the whole room as she rested her eyes on Bu Fang.

Bu Fang met her gaze without flinching.

His current cultivation base and mental force met the requirements. After breaking through, both of them had improved significantly.

When Meng Qi finished speaking, Bu Fang twitched his mouth.

Many people thought that Meng Qi's remark was meant to make Bu Fang give up. They knew that the Great Demon King could be stronger, but they didn't know the exact level of his cultivation base. They thought that he was still an Immortal Chef with the cultivation base of One-star True Immortal Realm.

Bu Fang's mind flickered. The next moment, his spirit sea suddenly surged. A terrifying aura exuded from his body, kicking up violent waves that spread out in all directions. Even then, his Vermillion Robe turned fiery scarlet and filled the air with bird cries.

In a flash, everyone's expression changed. They felt their bodies were under heavy pressure as if a huge rock was floating over them, making them gasp in horror.

The crowd was in a daze and finally realized that unbeknown to them, the Great Demon King's cultivation base had already reached such a terrifying level.

Meng Qi's eyes flickered. Even she was slightly shocked. "Alright... In this case, we will continue and proceed with the assessment of the Third Grade Immortal Chef," she said.

Gongshu Baiguang naturally had no objection. Bu Fang's aura shuddered even him, so he didn't dare to object. He wasn't qualified to object either.

And so, the assessment continued for the Third Grade Immortal Chef...

Those who had planned to leave immediately stared at the arena with enthusiasm in their eyes, where cooking was about to begin once again.

The Third Grade test didn't have a theme. As long as Bu Fang could cook a dish that contained seven streams of immortal energy, he would pass the test.

For Bu Fang, this wasn't a difficult thing.

He remained calm and shook his hand. With a dragon roar, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife fell into his grip.

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Meanwhile, outside Goddess City in Earth Prison...

The city's gate opened with a rumble.

A figure flew out of it and fell to the ground on the buttocks, bouncing a few times and smashing a few deep pits in the ground.

Old Tie, who was dozing behind a large rock with his head drooped, was taken aback. He jerked his head up and looked toward the direction where the loud noise came from. The next moment, he hurried over and saw Nether King Er Ha get up from the ground, rubbing his butt.

Nether King Er Ha was a little depressed. He had just stayed in Goddess City for a little while longer. Although he and Empress Bi Luo were unrelated by blood, she didn't have to kick him out of the city like this.

This really embarrassed him, who was the Lord of the Netherworld...

He pulled out a spicy strip and dangled it from his lips. Then, he patted himself to remove the dust, got up to his feet, and saw Old Tie.

"Oh, it's you, Old Tie. Why are you still here? How long have you been waiting?" Nether King Er Ha asked in surprise.

Old Tie smiled wryly and thought, 'My lord, you finally came out...'

As a man, Old Tie naturally couldn't enter Goddess City, and he was too embarrassed to dress like a woman as Nether King Er Ha did. Moreover, it was Nether King Er Ha who asked him to wait for him here. As a result, he had waited for slightly over a month.

“Let’s go. The trip to Goddess City is over. We need to get back to Nether King Palace, or else that stinking old dragon will find out and keep nagging in my ears,” Nether King Er Ha said leisurely with his hands clasped behind his back, the spicy strip still dangling from his lips.

Old Tie nodded excitedly. “My lord has finally figured it out... Although Goddess City is a nice place with many beautiful girls, it is not a place for someone as ambitious as my lord. My lord’s journey should be in the sea of stars!”

His face was flushed with excitement as he said that.

Nether King Er Ha squinted at him and twitched his mouth. The next moment, he pushed his feet into the ground and catapulted himself toward the sky.

Old Tie quickly followed.

They left the underground Goddess City and returned to the surface. However, the instant they returned to the surface, they sensed a sharp gaze shooting over from a distance.

The white-haired Ying Long, clad in a black robe and holding the Hollow Eye Staff, stood tall in the sky, his face as cold as ice.

As soon as Nether King Er Ha appeared, his eyes met with Ying Long’s. For a moment, the atmosphere was somewhat awkward.

Old Tie bowed his head quickly and didn’t dare to say anything.

“Nether King Your Highness, as the force of a forbidden land, you cannot have any contact with Goddess City at will. All forbidden lands are heresies. It is because we don’t have the strength now. Otherwise, all these heresies will be wiped out, be it Goddess City, Black Temple, or Cave of the Fallen Gods!” Ying Long’s face was dark as he moved the staff, causing it to send out terrible fluctuations.

Nether King Er Ha held the spicy strip between his lips and twitched his mouth.

“They are called forbidden lands because they are losers eliminated by history! They should have disappeared in the torrent of history, but they hide in a corner, dragging out their feeble existence and coveting what once belonged to them! They are villains and the source of destruction!

“Tian Cang died because he was too soft on the forbidden land! Are you going to make the same mistake? I had told him not to have any connection with the forbidden land and even urged him to level the forbidden land before attacking Nether Prison. But he didn’t listen to me. As a result, he was struck by misfortune and died! Are you going to be like your father?!”

Ying Long grew angrier, and his voice became louder as he spoke. When he had finished, he smashed the air with the Hollow Eye Staff, causing the void to tremble!

Nether King Er Ha’s face was cold. He took a deep breath and said, “Don’t use my father to lecture me. I’m me.”

He gave Ying Long an indifferent look, then grabbed the trembling Old Tie’s collar and zoomed toward the horizon in a stream of black light.

Looking at the Nether King’s dwindling figure, Ying Long couldn’t help but sigh.

“Nether King Your Highness... grow up quickly. The golden age created by the old Nether King has begun to decline... The nine clans of Nether Prison are stirring. If their army invades Earth Prison, how are we going to resist?” Ying Long murmured under his breath.

Suddenly, he narrowed his eyes and looked down at the wasteland from midair. He saw sand begin to spin, turning into a huge vortex. The next moment, the vortex split, and a beautiful figure floated out of it.

Ying Long sucked in a cold breath as he stared at the figure with a hostile look.

“The City Lord of Goddess City, the spokesperson for God Vanishing Mountain, Bi Luo!” Ying Long held the Hollow Eye Staff horizontally.

The next moment, dark Nether energy and the Earth Prison’s Will of the Great Path rolled and gathered over the staff, then smashed down toward Bi Luo like a great mountain.

Chapter 1183 Who the F*ck Are You?

In the wasteland...

A beautiful figure stepped up into the air.

Ying Long was all tensed up when he saw that figure. He didn't dare to underestimate her.

Suddenly, he brandished the Hollow Eye Staff in his hand and stirred up a gust of wild wind, sending a wave of terrible pressure together with the Earth Prison's Will of the Great Path down at her.

Empress Bi Luo walked out of the wasteland, still licking at an ice-cream cone she held in one hand. Facing the pressure that came smashing down toward her like a great mountain, she just raised her other hand and lightly swung it.

A crack was immediately ripped in the pressure. Ying Long saw streams of Nether energy gather and condense into a giant palm in midair, and the next moment, it slapped toward him!

"What are you trying to do, Empress Bi Luo?!" Ying Long roared. Even as he said that, he smashed the void with the Hollow Eye Staff. Plumes of Nether energy shot up around him instantly, forming a barrier that tried to stop the empress's slap.

A loud boom rang out as the collision produced a violent explosion, scattering all Nether energy in the air.

Empress Bi Luo gave her ice cream another lick and glanced indifferently at Ying Long. She said coldly, "It's annoying to see you again, stinking dragon... Have you forgotten that I said I would beat you as long as you stepped into Goddess City's boundary?"

Holding the Hollow Eye Staff in one hand, Ying Long's facial muscles trembled.

The next moment, Empress Bi Luo raised her hand again. Nether energy gathered into another palm, then flew toward Ying Long.

“As the forbidden lands, you all should have the awareness of being losers eliminated by history! You should have disappeared in the torrent of history!” cried Ying Long. His voice sounded somewhat exasperated.

He swung the staff and threw out a beam of light, which crashed into the empress’s attack. After that, he turned and flew away, his figure gradually dwindling into the horizon.

“Since you are hiding in a corner, don’t show up again and harbor any ill intentions... Otherwise, what should disappear will eventually disappear!” Ying Long’s figure soon vanished from sight, but his voice still drifted over.

Empress Bi Luo stood in midair, her long, straight legs looking extremely attractive. She gave her ice cream a bite, twitched her mouth, snorted, and descended into the sand. In just the blink of an eye, the wasteland returned to its original look.

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RUMBLE!

A bolt of lightning struck and shocked everyone.

An oppressive aura faded away quietly, but the clouds lingering in the air still gave everyone a suffocating feeling.

Finally, the dark clouds disappeared, and the crowd threw their glances at the arena.

They saw a figure waving a frying spoon and sprinkling oil onto a dish, which sizzled and gave off a delicious aroma that quickly permeated the air.

One stream of immortal energy, two streams of immortal energy, three streams...

Seven streams of immortal energy rose in succession like mushrooms popping out from the ground after the rain, swirling over the dish and making it shine dazzlingly.

Suddenly, Whitey landed on the arena with a thud, holding the War God Stick in one hand. Lightning arcs flickered and jumped all over its body, and its aura seemed to have grown even stronger now.

Bu Fang took out a clean piece of white cloth and wiped the water drops off the edge of the blue-and-white porcelain plate. After that, he wiped his hands with it and picked up the plate.

The dish for the Third Grade test was ready to serve.

He was frowning. If truth be told, he wasn't very satisfied with his performance this time. He thought it would be easy to cook a dish with seven streams of immortal energy, but when he began cooking, he realized its difficulty. Perhaps even he himself didn't realize that his current cultivation base was just barely reaching the level of the Third Grade Immortal Chef.

Fortunately, he succeeded in the end.

However, because the dish was barely reaching the level of the Third Grade Immortal Chef, its quality was not as good as that of the Dried Pot Cabbage, and it had only attracted four lightning punishments. This was also the reason why he wasn't very satisfied with his performance.

He sighed softly.

Bu Fang also understood that although his cooking skills had improved a lot, he still needed more practice. He was still far from reaching the pinnacle. The higher the level he reached, the more difficult it was to improve his cooking skills, and the more obstacles and adversities he needed to overcome.

The dish was carried to the judges.

Just moments before Bu Fang completed the dish, Realm Lord Di Tai finally broke the imprisonment and was able to move again. He was so touched that he almost burst into tears.

Bu Fang placed the steaming dish on the table, which attracted many glances.

In fact, letting the judges taste the dish was just a formality. As long as the immortal energy over the dish was not fake, it meant Bu Fang had officially become a Third Grade Immortal Chef.

Bu Fang's dish, while amazing, lacked the unique flavor of the Dried Pot Cabbage he cooked just now. However, that didn't prevent him from becoming a Third Grade Immortal Chef.

When Realm Lord Di Tai announced the result through clenched teeth, the whole room broke out in uproar. It could be expected that soon, this piece of news would sweep across the Immortal Cooking Realm like a storm.

The Great Demon King had done another amazing achievement! He had advanced two grades in one day and become a Third Grade Immortal Chef!

After becoming a Third Grade Immortal Chef, Bu Fang had a few words with City Lord Meng Qi and Realm Lord Di Tai, then he turned and left, ignoring the bitter look in the latter's eyes.

He walked out of the room with both hands shoved into his pockets. Frowning, he reflected on his shortcomings and where he could improve in his cooking.

Also, he still needed to search for a carrier for the Imprison Array. Dried Pot was good, but it was more suitable as the carrier for the Explode Array.

After leaving the room, he started toward the venue where the First Grade test was taking place.

Xixi should still be in the test. Although Bu Fang had confidence in her, he wanted to witness the moment the little girl became an immortal chef.

He pushed open the door, clasped his hands behind his back, and stepped through it. Quietly, he found a seat in the audience and sat down. His arrival didn't attract any attention because everyone was focusing on the arena.

A few chefs were cooking in the arena. They were not too old nor too young, ranging from twelve to fifteen years old. Xixi's appearance of a seven or eight-year-old little girl made her look small among them. She even needed to stand on a chair to reach her cooking bench.

Bu Fang suddenly furrowed his eyebrows. He saw that the other participants were all using immortal tools, while Xixi was cooking with ordinary kitchen utensils provided by the Immortal

Kitchen Pavilion. This might not have made much difference in normal cooking, but it put Xixi at a disadvantage in the test.

‘It looks like after this test, I’ll need to prepare kitchen utensils for Xixi. How can an immortal chef not have good kitchen utensils?’

Even Bu Fang himself had the God of Cooking Set. It was very difficult for a chef without good kitchen utensils to reach the pinnacle. Of course, Bu Fang also felt unhappy when he saw Xixi suppressed by the other participants.

In the arena, a few older boys looked at Xixi with mocking smiles. When they saw that she was cooking with ordinary kitchen utensils provided by the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion, they even laughed.

Xixi bit her lip and paid them no mind. As she was not tall enough, she had to stand on a chair to cook. Her little face was red from all the smoke.

“I want to be a good chef like Teacher Bu, even without immortal tools!” The little girl pouted as she processed the ingredients with an ordinary kitchen knife.

Sizzle...

Smoke rose and fragrance spread as the other children threw their ingredients into their woks. In just a short time, their cooking approached the final stage—the immortal tools had hastened their cooking speed.

Xixi panicked when she saw others had completed their cooking. Her dish was still not done.

“Little girl, you are not even as tall as the stove! Instead of learning how to cook, you should go back and learn how to use a needle!” A little boy laughed when he saw Xixi with her flushed face, his mocking tone evident in his voice.

These children were all from the aristocratic families in the various layers of the Immortal Cooking Realm. They were gifted and had access to rich resources, so it was not too difficult for them to become First Grade Immortal Chefs. Perhaps because they grew up in aristocratic families, they were arrogant and never concealed their disdain for weaklings.

That's right, Xixi was a weakling in their eyes.

"She's even shorter than the countertop!"

"Why would such people join us for the test?"

"This hairless little girl wants to be an immortal chef too? No way! The title of the immortal chef is not that cheap!"

Thunderclouds began to gather in the sky. The fact that these children could attract lightning punishments showed that they were truly gifted.

With a rumble, lightning punishments descended.

These little fellows from the aristocratic families in the various layers used all kinds of means to defend against the lightning punishments.

"Why don't you just give up? Look, your dish is not even cooked!" The little boy burst into laughter as he walked past Xixi with his dish in hand.

Xixi's face flushed, and she looked up angrily at the little boy.

Suddenly, a flash of panic crossed her face. The chair under her feet wobbled and lost its balance at that moment, causing her to fall to the floor with a loud noise.

The laughter grew louder around her.

Those children of aristocratic families found the scene very funny.

The judges for this First Grade test didn't include the guy who brought Xixi here, so they didn't know that she was the Great Demon King's apprentice. They all frowned as they looked at her. Clearly, they also thought that this seven-year-old girl was just here to mess around.

How could a seven-year-old girl become a First Grade Immortal Chef? She didn't even have her own kitchen utensils!

"Attention all participants. The test is now over. If you haven't finished cooking, stop struggling and don't waste everyone's time..." said one of the judges as he leaned back in his chair and exhaled faintly.

He was the judge who was most dissatisfied with Xixi.

"How can you end the test when I'm still cooking? I remember there's no time limit for the test!" Xixi's sobbing voice rang out from under the stove, followed by the sound of a chair turning over.

Embarrassed that he was rebutted by a seven-year-old girl, the judge felt so angry that he slapped the table with a hand and snapped, "When I said the test is over, it's over! Who is the judge here? Me or you? What a rude little girl!"

The other children in the arena were frightened by the judge's response. However, most of them were gloating because they had completed their cooking.

It was plain that the judge was scolding Xixi, who was shorter than a stove.

On the countertop, Foxy's eyes grew wide, and her white fur stood on end as she stared at the judge. She was very angry. Even then, Xixi put the chair back to its position, climbed up, and showed her face over the stove again.

"Xixi must finish cooking the dish! Teacher Bu said Xixi could become an immortal chef!" The little girl bit her lip and almost burst into tears, but she still stirred her dish with a spoon.

"You really are an annoying little girl! Not only did you bring a pet into the examination hall, but you're also deliberately wasting everyone's time. Look what you got? You don't have kitchen utensils, and even your kitchen knife is borrowed from the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion. How are you going to compete with others? What makes you think you can become an immortal chef?!"

The judge was getting impatient, and his eyes turned cold.

He rose to his feet, pointed a finger at Xixi, and snapped, “Get out of the arena now, or I’ll revoke your qualification to participate in the test! I’ll revoke your qualification for the next month and even the month after the next!”

In the arena, the other participants kept silent, but they all glanced at Xixi with mocking looks.

The other judges frowned. They were also dissatisfied with the judge’s bullying of a seven-year-old girl. However, they didn’t say anything because of his status. They didn’t think it was necessary to offend someone from an aristocratic family for a little girl. Moreover, one of them recognized that this man was an immortal chef from an aristocratic family in the former fifth layer.

“I asked you to get out of the arena! Didn’t you hear me?!” the judge narrowed his eyes and shouted.

His voice frightened Xixi and made her hand tremble. Tears began to fill her eyes.

Suddenly, the sound of footfalls rang out in the quiet room.

Everyone was stunned and turned to look at the audience.

The judge flew into a rage. He turned as well and roared, “Who is walking in the examination room? Get out of here!”

When he had just finished speaking, however, the judge’s eyes shrank. An expressionless young man clad in a striped red-and-white chef robe had appeared in front of him and gave him a slap across the face.

Pak!

A crisp and melodious sound echoed throughout the whole examination room.

Everyone was stunned. The other judges were struck dumb with astonishment, while the participants in the arena opened their mouths in shock. One of the participants was so astounded that he loosened his grip on his dish, causing it to fall and crash to the floor.

Xixi finally saw Bu Fang. The grievance in her heart exploded, and she finally burst into tears.

“How dare you slap me?! Who are you? Do you want to die?!” After a moment of daze, the judge exploded and roared, his eyes fiery red!

Bu Fang moved his eyes away from Xixi, feeling sad for her. Then, he glanced at the judge and slapped him across the face again.

He felt that was not enough, so he gave the judge another slap...

Blood trickled down the judge's nose. His eyes burned with rage, and his true energy surged.

Bu Fang pulled back his hand and lightly waved his palm.

“Who the f*ck are you? How dare you scold my apprentice like this? Who let you act so arrogantly in my face?”

Chapter 1184 The Great Demon King Who Protects His Apprentice

The sudden appearance of Bu Fang interrupted everyone's thoughts. His words ripped through the air, making them gasp, and the crisp slap across the face that echoed throughout the room shocked them.

They never thought someone would slap a judge just like that.

Xixi was weeping in the arena. She felt aggrieved not only because of the mocking of the participants from the other layers but also because the judge who scolded her wanted to revoke her qualification to take the test.

Why should she suffer such grievance when she had done nothing wrong?

Therefore, the moment she saw Bu Fang, all the grievances in her heart poured out. Xixi was actually a very strong girl, but no matter how strong she was, she was still a little girl.

“You... How dare you slap me?!” The judge covered his cheeks with both hands and stood in place with wide eyes. He never thought someone would slap him.

He was the judge! Who dared to slap him?!

When he finally came to his senses, he stared at Bu Fang, who was waving his palm, with rage-filled eyes. He thundered, “Do you want to die?!”

At this moment, he felt an urge to kill Bu Fang right then and there. He couldn’t believe that someone dared to slap him! As the son of an aristocratic family, no one had ever dared to offend him when he was at the fifth layer! However, now that he was in the first layer, he was slapped across the face by someone in front of so many people!

“Who the f*ck are you? How dare you scold my apprentice like that? Who let you act so arrogantly in my face?” Bu Fang stared expressionlessly at the judge.

Bu Fang was very upset, not only because of the participants in the arena but also because this judge wanted to revoke Xixi’s qualification. He wondered who gave him the right to do that? When he saw Xixi weep, his anger flared even stronger.

He was a man who would always protect his apprentice. Infuriated by how the little girl was treated, he swept out his hand and slapped the judge across the face once again.

“The purpose of having the Immortal Chef test is to nurture the next generation of talent, not to let you show off your power at will,” Bu Fang said coldly. “Moreover, you bullied a little girl who is also my apprentice. This is unforgivable.”

The people around were stunned and didn’t react at once. Soon, many realized what had happened, and they gasped in horror as they stared at Bu Fang, thinking that he was courting death.

This judge was an immortal chef from an aristocratic family in the former fifth layer! He had such a high status that even the immortal chefs of aristocratic families in the former fifth layer would not dare to slap him, let alone immortal chefs from the lower layers.

Where did this young man find his courage?!

“I’m going to kill you...” the judge said through his clenched teeth as he wiped the blood from his nose. His eyes filled with killing intent, and the warm streams that trickled down his nostrils turned his gaze as sharp as a blade.

BOOM!

A terrible aura exploded out of him.

With a buzz, a knife light flashed and slashed down. He wanted to cut Bu Fang in half!

The people around sighed. When they saw the knife light, many of them felt chills run down their backs.

Although the fifth layer was gone, the aristocratic families from there were now scattered across the other three layers and had regained control. After all, they were the aristocratic families from the fifth layer, and they were still very powerful.

Anyone who offended them would meet a bad end.

No one in the room knew Bu Fang. They had all heard of the name of the Great Demon King, but few of them had seen him with their own eyes.

Although Bu Fang made a name for himself in the Immortal Chef Tournament, only a few people knew about him. Therefore, in the eyes of the people in the room, this young man in a striped white-and-red chef robe was looking for death.

He may have slapped the judge a few times, but he would soon be reduced to ashes!

In the arena, many participants were laughing in low voices. They knew that Bu Fang was standing up for Xixi, and that was exactly what made them laugh. A bumpkin was already enough to make them laugh, and now, a moron was standing up for her. At the thought of that, they laughed even louder, and their mocking gazes shot at Xixi like sharp needles.

Xixi had stopped weeping. With her tear-streaked face, she looked at Bu Fang as she clenched her fists.

Facing the judge's knife, Bu Fang was calm. He could easily kill this fellow with his current cultivation base.

"Continue with your cooking, Xixi. No one dares to bully you when I'm here," said Bu Fang as he gave the little girl an encouraging look.

Xixi paused for a brief moment. Then, she nodded and resumed cooking on the chair.

"Instead of looking elsewhere, you should look at what's coming at you! You really are looking for death!"

The knife light fell with a slash, accompanied by the judge's voice. At that moment, a gust of wind blew over and ruffled Bu Fang's hair.

Suddenly, Bu Fang raised his head, stared coldly at the judge, and lifted his palm.

Buzz...

His divine perception surged in his spirit sea.

The next moment, a wave of terrible mental force exploded out of him, spreading across the room like ripples.

The expressions of all the people in the room changed drastically. The pressure on their shoulders was so heavy that they could hardly breathe.

"What a terrifying aura!"

All eyes shrank as they stared at the young man's overly youthful face...

"Who is this young man? Why is he so strong?"

The judge felt his knife had been caught by someone, and then he saw...

Bu Fang slowly reached out a hand, grabbed the kitchen knife, and clenched his palm. In an instant, the blade cracked with numerous lines, while the immortal energy contained in it leaked and dissipated. It had gone from an immortal tool to scrap metal!

“This... How’s this possible?!” The judge sucked in a cold breath as terror filled his eyes.

His kitchen knife was a high-grade immortal tool that even a five-star True Immortal could not destroy with physical strength!

‘Who exactly is this guy?!’

It was at this moment that he knew he hit a snag.

“You...” The judge opened his mouth and wanted to say something, but Bu Fang didn’t give him the chance. The latter closed his palm into a fist and punched the judge’s nose with it.

The judge’s face was blank as the punch threw him flying backward. Blood sprayed out of his nostrils while the tastes of sour, sweet, bitter, and spicy all rushed up into his head in an instant.

Bu Fang was unreasonable, and he didn’t want to reason with the fellow at all. No one could bully his apprentice.

At the thought of Xixi’s pitiful look, he didn’t stop his movements. He punched over and over again while suppressing the judge with his divine perception. The latter simply didn’t have the strength to resist.

The people around felt chills run down their backs at the sight of such a crazy scene.

They knew that the judge was an immortal chef from an aristocratic family in the fifth layer, that he had a strong cultivation base at the level of a Five-star True Immortal. However, he didn’t even have the strength to resist this young man... Could it be that this young man was a Nine-star True Immortal?!

In the Immortal Cooking Realm, who else was a Nine-star True Immortal besides the city lords of the various layers?

When that thought occurred to them, all the people in the room froze.

They thought of someone...

At this moment, the door creaked open, and a graceful figure stepped through it.

City Lord Meng Qi was curious as to why Bu Fang went into this room, so she followed. When she entered, however, she found that the atmosphere in the room was somewhat strange, and the next moment, she was baffled by the sounds of punching.

In the distance, Bu Fang raised his fist and smashed it down expressionlessly.

The punching sounds sent a chill through everyone.

“This young man is... is... the Great Demon King?!”

“For sure? He really is that Great Demon King?! You mean that bumpkin is the Great Demon King’s apprentice?!”

“Heavens... He’s the Great Demon King! He’s so domineering!”

The judges and the audience finally recognized Bu Fang, and they all went into an uproar.

Nowadays, the name of the Great Demon King was known to all. After all, he was the hope of the Immortal Cooking Realm and the hero who saved the realm from its demise.

“What are you doing?” Meng Qi furrowed her brows and asked softly. Her gentle voice echoed throughout the room.

“City Lord Meng Qi... Save... Save me!” A faint, sobbing voice rang out after Meng Qi asked the question. The judge, who was pressed to the ground and beaten by Bu Fang, finally cried out for help.

Bu Fang paused for a moment, glanced at Meng Qi, and then smashed the judge’s head deep into the floor before standing up. Waving his hand, he looked calm as if nothing had happened.

“Get out of here. You are not qualified to be the judge,” said Bu Fang in a serious voice as he gave the judge, who was sprawled beneath him like a dead dog, an indifferent look.

Meng Qi clasped her hands behind her back and stared at the surly Bu Fang. At the same time, a curious look emerged on her face.

‘So Owner Bu also has such a domineering side?’

“City Lord Meng Qi... This guy... He... He publicly assaulted a judge! Please punish him!” The judge staggered to his feet. His face was covered in blood, and all his teeth were broken. “City Lord Meng Qi... I... I’m from the Liu family!”

Bu Fang frowned and thought, ‘Is this guy complaining about me?’ He exhaled softly.

“The Liu family? You are so bold... Where do you find the courage to offend the Great Demon King?” Meng Qi glanced at the judge with a half-smile, and the look in her eyes turned fierce.

“Get out of my sight! Go back to your family and ask your family head to beg his pardon at the first layer. If the Great Demon King isn’t willing to forgive the Liu family, there will be no need for the Liu family to exist anymore,” Meng Qi added coldly.

After the Immortal Cooking Realm had gone through a great calamity, Meng Qi had already seen through these so-called aristocratic families. Her tone exuded her disgust for them. How could a bunch of rubbish like them dare to offend Bu Fang?

Meng Qi was now a loyal member of the faction who doted on Bu Fang! If Realm Lord Di Tai and Bu Fang were to fight each other now, she would stand on Bu Fang’s side without the slightest hesitation.

The people around gasped when they heard Meng Qi's words.

"He is indeed the Great Demon King..."

"But isn't City Lord Meng Qi going too far? Even though he is the Great Demon King, she doesn't have to ask the head of the Liu family to personally apologize, does she?"

"Don't think I'm joking. I, Meng Qi, never joke... You are welcome to try me." Meng Qi glanced indifferently at the judge as she said that.

The man began to tremble. Then, he covered his bloody face with a hand and fled the examination room.

The people around felt more and more stressed. Both the Great Demon King and City Lord Meng Qi were top figures they could not afford to offend.

A chair creaked as Bu Fang pulled it out and sat on it. Then, he looked at Xixi and said, "Continue with your cooking, Xixi. A good chef's mood is impervious to outside influences. Cooking is your sole purpose."

Xixi nodded.

"The rest of you, bring your dishes up here. I'm the judge now..."

When he had finished speaking, he turned around and glanced expressionlessly at the audience and remaining judges. "Do you have any objection if I'm the judge?"

"No, no!"

"It's up to the Great Demon King!"

"It's an honor for them to have you as the judge."

None of the remaining judges dared to say no to him. Instead, they kept waving their hands and smiled at him.

Bu Fang cocked his head and looked at Meng Qi.

A warm smile spread across the city lord's beautiful face as she said, "It's up to you. You have my support."

"Very good." Bu Fang nodded. Then, he turned his gaze back to the group of participants, who instantly shivered in fear.

RUMBLE!

Xixi's dish was almost ready, and thunderclaps began to reverberate.

Bu Fang's mind flickered. An array appeared out of thin air, and the next moment, Whitey's burly figure emerged in the room.

"Whitey, help Xixi scatter the lightning," said Bu Fang.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flickered. The next moment, it dashed away and came next to Xixi.

When lightning struck, Whitey narrowed its eyes. A purple lightning arc darted out of its mechanical eyes and smashed onto the lightning punishment, knocking it back and even scattering the thundercloud.

The people in the room all gasped.

"So this is the Great Demon King's Heaven Immortal Puppet? It's so formidable!"

Bu Fang leaned back in his chair and lightly drummed the table with his fingers.

"She is my apprentice. I have no objection to you defeating her in cooking by normal means, but if you dare to bully her, be prepared to bear the brunt of my anger. Now... bring your dishes up here. I

want to see what you can cook, since you dared to laugh at my apprentice,” Bu Fang’s indifferent voice echoed throughout the room.

Everyone’s heart trembled.

The Great Demon King was... so protective of his apprentice!

Those teenagers who jeered at Xixi were so scared that they seemed to have trouble holding their dishes...

How did the bumpkin suddenly turn into an existence they couldn’t afford to offend?!

Chapter 1185 Every Dog Has Its Day

Was it an enviable thing to be the Great Demon King’s apprentice chef?

Of course, it had to be.

The biggest name in the Immortal Cooking Realm today was not the realm lord nor the city lords, but the Great Demon King. Whether it was fighting his way through the Immortal Chef Tournament or preventing the Nether Prison invasion, they made the Great Demon King’s fame resonate throughout the realm. There was no one who hadn’t heard his name.

It’s an honor and blessing to be an apprentice chef of someone so famous.

Xixi was still young and didn’t yet understand what an honor it was to be an apprentice of Bu Fang. However, she had always followed his example and wanted to be a chef like him. That’s her goal.

Bu Fang’s glance was sharp. All participants in the arena trembled with fear as he scanned them with his eyes.

Many people felt their hearts sink when their eyes met with his, and they quickly turned away.

Xixi was the only one who held her head up proudly while carrying her dish with both hands. She believed that her dish would never embarrass Teacher Bu.

“Oh, I forgot to mention that Bu Fang had just been assessed by the Realm Lord, the City Lord, and me. He has passed the Second Grade test, and the Great Demon King is now a... Third Grade Immortal Chef.” With her hands clasped behind her back and a smile on her face, Meng Qi narrowed her eyes and told everyone the piece of news.

That gave the crowd a pause. The next moment, they all gasped.

“The Great Demon King passed the Second Grade test?”

“Wait... How did he become a Third Grade Immortal Chef when the test he passed was the Second Grade?”

“Even though the Great Demon King is a hero, they can’t open the back door for him like this!”

“No, they can’t... because there is no back door to the Immortal Chef test. Don’t forget that the Will of the Immortal Tree is witnessing the whole assessment. Therefore, he can never become a Third Grade Immortal Chef if he doesn’t have the corresponding strength.”

“That means...”

“After passing the Second Grade test, the Great Demon King went on to take the Third Grade test and passed?!”

It was beyond their imagination.

The crowd was horrified and couldn’t believe that.

Although the Great Demon King was a hero, his cooking skills had always been criticized by many. He had made a name for himself in the Immortal Chef Tournament, defeated many geniuses, and eventually became the champion, but he was still a First Grade Immortal Chef. Compared with a Second Grade or Third Grade Immortal Chef, his cooking skills were still too weak.

In the Immortal Cooking Realm, one spoke with cooking skills.

Even if you had a very strong true energy cultivation base, if your cooking skills were lacking, others would only fear you but not respect you.

However, the Great Demon King's cooking skills had now reached the Third Grade Immortal Chef level.

It changed everything. In other words, the Great Demon King had become an existence respected by the many immortal chefs of the Immortal Cooking Realm.

“That’s right. As you might expect, after completing the Second Grade test, Bu Fang went on to take the Third Grade test and passed it,” City Lord Meng Qi said with a smile on her face.

As soon as she confirmed it, the whole room exclaimed. Everyone sucked in a cold breath in disbelief, and the way they looked at Bu Fang changed.

The participants brought up their dishes and placed them on the table in front of the judges, shivering with fear.

Bu Fang lightly drummed his fingers on the table and glanced at the first participant, who was a boy of eleven or twelve years old and the one who laughed at Xixi the loudest.

The boy stood not far away from Bu Fang. His head was bowed, and he didn’t dare to look at him. He had laughed loudly at Xixi and even mocked her, and now her teacher was sitting in front of him. It filled his heart with a grievance.

Every dog had its day... One should never underestimate any potential talent!

“Look up and introduce your dish,” Bu Fang stopped drumming the table and said coolly.

The boy trembled and squared his shoulders.

“Dear judges, this dish is my specialty. It’s called Emerald Glaze, which is made from the roe of a kind of sea fish. It is prepared through various processes and stewed at low temperature...” Under Bu Fang’s glance, the boy’s confidence grew weaker as he introduced the dish.

It had to be said that the dish did have its uniqueness. The idea of cooking with roe was a good one, but the dish’s flaws were obvious to Bu Fang.

If truth be told, the boy’s knife skill and control of temperature were just average. They were good, but nowhere near as good as that of a First Grade Immortal Chef. The dish was special mainly because of its ingredients—just the roe had elevated its grade significantly.

However, Bu Fang didn’t mind. The ingredients themselves could also be an aspect of the chef’s skills. Finding good ingredients was a skill by itself, so he didn’t say anything.

The judges took out spoons and scooped the Emerald Glaze into their mouths.

There was a slight warm feeling when the food entered the mouth. Bu Fang frowned as soon as he felt that, and he glanced at the boy, making the latter shiver.

The other judges around him furrowed their eyebrows as well.

“Your dish is good only because of its ingredients. Both your knife skill and control of temperature are lacking. My suggestion is that you need to train harder,” said Bu Fang.

The other judges exchanged glances.

What Bu Fang said was true, but wasn’t that too harsh? According to normal circumstances, the boy could pass the First Grade test, albeit barely crossing the passing line.

However, since the Great Demon King had said that, they didn’t dare object his critique.

Meng Qi covered her mouth with a hand and smiled.

‘Train harder?’

Bu Fang was indeed harsh. Although his comments about the boy were accurate, the city lord felt that he was using his position for his own private revenge.

She stared at him with her beautiful eyes. She found that he was a little cute when he said that in a serious face.

“I...” The boy opened his mouth, but he didn’t know what to say. Bu Fang was right—the ingredients were purposely prepared for the test. He knew his weaknesses, so he planned to make up for them with excellent ingredients. However, he never expected that he would have to face Bu Fang...

The first participant was eliminated.

The others trembled with fear.

The second participant served his dish, and the judges gave their comments after tasting it.

Bu Fang would not abuse his power of a judge for his own private revenge. However, now that he was the judge, the requirements for the dishes to pass the test had become much stricter. Many teenagers who tried to push their luck were defeated by his remark of ‘train harder.’

After the assessment of dishes was done, only two of all the participants except Xixi passed the test. It was one of the strictest First Grade tests in the history of the Immortal Cooking Realm.

The participants could only swallow the bitter pill in silence because they brought this upon themselves.

At last, it was Xixi’s turn.

All the participants cast their bitter eyes on her. It was because of this bumpkin that many of them didn’t pass the test, and they couldn’t wait to see what she got.

Xixi was just seven years old, and she was even shorter than the stove. What dish could she cook?

In their view, the Great Demon King was just trying to get her to see the world.

Many people couldn't wait to see how unsightly the Great Demon King's face would be when his own apprentice was eliminated by himself!

Meng Qi, on the other hand, was a little curious. Xixi hadn't given her any deep impression. She was curious to know what dishes the little girl could cook, when her teacher, Bu Fang, was a monster in cooking.

Xixi served her dish, with wisps of hot steam rising from it.

It was a deep-fried fish.

There was nothing unusual about it. Although it was surrounded by immortal energy, it only had one stream of immortal energy. It was not very shocking.

"This dish is called Sweet 'n' Sour Fish..." Xixi said shyly while twisting a corner of her clothes with her hand.

She wanted to introduce it with her head held high and her shoulders squared, but when she saw Teacher Bu's eyes, she felt shy and scared, so she just briefly introduced it.

Many participants eliminated by Bu Fang sneered instantly. They were young, after all, and naturally, they were not happy to be eliminated by Bu Fang. Therefore, even though they were facing the Great Demon King, they still expressed their dissatisfaction.

"Sweet 'n' Sour Fish?" a judge said in surprise. The dish aroused his curiosity.

Sweet 'n' Sour Fish was a rather tricky dish. He wondered if a seven-year-old girl could cook such a difficult dish, especially in the absence of immortal tools.

Of course, the most important thing about Xixi that piqued the curiosity of the judges was her status as an apprentice of the Great Demon King. Since she could become his apprentice, there must be something different about her.

A judge reached out his chopsticks and picked up a small chunk of fish.

Steam rose from the tender and moist fish. He dipped it in the orange sweet-and-sour sauce and then put it into his mouth.

The aroma of the fish exploded instantly. The sweetness and sourness were just right. His eyes lit up as he looked dubiously at Xixi.

‘Is this dish really cooked by a seven-year-old girl? Her control over the flavor is almost on par with a Second Grade Immortal Chef!’

Bu Fang picked up a chunk of fish and shoved it into his mouth. As its fragrance filled his nostrils, he nodded slightly. It was a rather superior dish.

‘Xixi’s cooking skills have improved significantly after helping in Immortal Chef Little Store for so long. After all, she has a very good gift in cooking, and together with her immortal tongue... She is born to be a chef.’

Of course, the dish had its flaws, but they could be omitted when compared with its merits. As a result, all the judges agreed that Xixi had passed the test.

A soft fire made sweet malt. As long as you cooked with your heart, you could cook delicious food without any immortal tools or cutting-edge kitchen utensils.

“I’m not convinced!”

No sooner had Bu Fang announced that Xixi had passed the test and become a First Grade Immortal Chef than someone began to voice their discontent.

The group of teenagers who were eliminated by Bu Fang protested against him. They thought that the Great Demon King was biased. Otherwise, how could a seven-year-old girl become a First Grade Immortal Chef? The record of the youngest First Grade Immortal Chef was not that easy to be broken!

“Shut up! You can’t question the decisions made by the judges! Just admit that you are not as good as her and stop embarrassing yourself!” said a judge as his face turned cold.

The group of protesting teenagers fell silent instantly.

“We’re not convinced! This little girl doesn’t have immortal tools, an immortal flame, or even top-grade ingredients! Why can she become a First Grade Immortal Chef but we can’t?!” a teen said discontentedly, his face flushed with anger.

They thought Bu Fang was partial to Xixi.

Meng Qi frowned and looked at Bu Fang. She wanted to see how he would solve this problem.

The atmosphere grew tense. Many people rested their eyes on Bu Fang.

Tears started to well up in Xixi’s eyes again. Why were these people questioning her cooking? When she had begun to practice her knife techniques, they were still fast asleep!

The sound of a chair being pushed away rang out.

The whole room fell silent again.

Bu Fang rose to his feet and gave the group of dissenting teenagers a glance. Then, he walked slowly to Xixi’s side and rubbed her head. The next moment, his eyes suddenly became sharp.

“Who are you to question my apprentice? Which of you is unconvinced? Step forward. Since you think you are better than her, you can have a Chef’s Challenge with my apprentice...” Bu Fang said indifferently.

A Chef’s Challenge?!

That gave Xixi a pause.

The group of teenagers was stunned, while the judges took deep breaths.

“The Great Demon King is so bold... If his apprentice loses the challenge, it would leave a permanent wound in her heart!”

“Fine! We’ll have a Chef’s Challenge! I’m not afraid of a hairless little girl who doesn’t have immortal tools, kitchen utensils, or an immortal flame! I’ll surely crush her!” The teenager’s eyes lit up as he began to shout excitedly.

The judges gasped once again and turned to look at him...

“He’s really... Well, a newborn calf is not afraid of tigers!”

Meng Qi also shook her head and didn’t know whether to laugh or weep...

‘These teenagers really don’t know the meaning of despair... Kitchen utensils, immortal tools, immortal flames... Does the Great Demon King lack these things? Moreover, the Chef’s Challenge is a thing created by the Great Demon King himself!’

Bu Fang squinted at the teenager.

“Very good. In this case, Xixi... Let him taste the despair. You don’t have to worry about me and just torture him as best you can!” said Bu Fang.

When he had finished speaking, an array flashed, and the crystal knife cabinet emerged out of it.

Bu Fang slapped open the cabinet door. Instantly, waves of immortal energy poured out of it as radiances of knives filled the void.

“Xixi... You can pick any kitchen knife from my knife cabinet. No matter if you want a supreme-grade immortal knife or a high-grade immortal knife, I have them all,” Bu Fang rubbed Xixi’s head and said gently.

The group of teenagers was struck dumb. When they saw the crystal cabinet with all kinds of knives, they could only curse in their minds...

Chapter 1186 Visitors From the Nether Prison

The average people had no idea how many cooking utensils Bu Fang had.

However, when they saw all those kitchen knives in the cabinet, they knew that he wouldn't mistreat his apprentice.

Those teenagers were just acting out of their emotions. They didn't understand why they failed the test when Xixi, a seven-year-old girl, passed it. Their dishes were also surrounded in immortal energy like hers, and although their cooking methods and skills were slightly weaker, no one could deny that their dishes were delicious.

They should have passed the test as well!

In the end, the Chef's Challenge didn't take place.

Xixi didn't wuss out. She was very excited when Bu Fang let her choose her own kitchen knife, and she carefully went through all of them in the cabinet and picked a small but exquisite kitchen knife that was as transparent as the cicada's wing. It was shrouded in immortal energy, so naturally, its grade was not too low.

Bu Fang had also given her a wok, a stove, and other cooking utensils.

In those teenager's eyes, Xixi quickly transformed from a bumpkin, who didn't have her own tools and wasn't backed by anyone, to a boss-level chef.

When they saw her holding a kitchen knife wreathed in immortal energy and as transparent as the cicada's wing in her right hand, a glowing wok in her left, with a stove emanating mighty pressure in front of her, they lost all their mood and intention to challenge her.

There was no point in challenging her anymore!

They had thought that their opponent was a bumpkin, but in the end, they found that she was backed by the Great Demon King. As a result, these teenagers didn't choose to continue the challenge. Otherwise, they would soon understand the despair Bu Fang mentioned, the kind of despair when one lost his underwear in a game.

The group of teenagers finally slipped away with embarrassment.

The crowd didn't jeer at them. Xixi was lucky enough to be the Great Demon King's apprentice. Otherwise, given these teenagers' cocky nature, they would have killed her.

Meng Qi never expected that Bu Fang would scare the kids away like that. If truth be told, she still quite missed this feeling. When she and a group of her little companions took the First Grade test many years ago, she was also as uneasy and restless as them. There was the joy of success and the sorrow of failure. However, there was no doubt that this memory was deeply stored in her heart.

The First Grade Immortal Chef test was over.

Xixi's face was flushed with excitement, and her eyes shone brightly as she hugged the cooking utensils Bu Fang gave her with both arms.

Three participants who had passed the test stood in the arena.

A judge took out chef robes specially provided for First Grade Immortal Chefs and handed them to each participant. It symbolized the honor of being an immortal chef.

Bu Fang leaned back in his chair. As he looked at Xixi, who was grinning from ear to ear in the arena, he twitched his mouth. When the little girl came running to him as if to show off her chef robe, he didn't conceal his disdain for the robe from her. Compared with his Vermillion Robe, this immortal chef robe was totally not up to standard.

At the same time, Bu Fang couldn't help but wonder why nobody gave him an immortal chef robe when he passed the test. Were they looking down on him?

After handing out the chef robes, all the judges came to talk to Bu Fang respectfully. Some talked about cooking, while some talked about the current situations in the realm. All in all, they were very respectful to him.

Meng Qi didn't talk much, and soon, she took her leave with a smile. What happened was just an episode, and she just wanted to see how Bu Fang would sort it out.

She knew this thing would never bother him.

After talking to the judges for a while, Bu Fang rejected their intention to continue chatting with an aloof look in his eyes. Later, he and Xixi left the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion and went back to Immortal Chef Little Store.

The trip to Immortal Kitchen Pavilion had made Bu Fang into a Third Grade Immortal Chef and Xixi a First Grade Immortal Chef, which were both excellent results.

Foxy jumped back to Bu Fang's shoulder and brushed his cheek with her furry tail. Then, Bu Fang took out an explosive meatball and stuffed it into her mouth.

When they got back to the restaurant, dusk was already settling in.

Bu Fang asked Xixi to take a good rest—the little girl had worked hard today. However, she was still in high spirits, so instead of resting, she went straight into the kitchen, donned her new chef robe, and began practicing cooking with the kitchen utensils Bu Fang gave her.

Bu Fang watched for a while as she practiced, gave her some advice, then cooked a plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs and placed it in front of Lord Dog.

Lord Dog, who was spending his days either sleeping or eating, buried his head into the plate and began eating his favorite Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs. When all this was done, Bu Fang went upstairs.

At that moment, Nethery poked her head out of her room and yawned. She had a drowsy look, and her black hair was messy. She didn't look like a goddess as she usually did. When she saw Bu Fang, her black eyes shrank, and she quickly pulled back her head and closed the door.

Bu Fang was confused. He opened the door opposite Nethery's room and stepped through it.

Sometime later, he walked out of the bathroom, clad in a bathrobe with his hair wet.

He took out a teapot, put a piece of Nine Revolution Great Path Tea leaf into it, and filled it with the boiling Spring of Life. The tea leaf that had shrunk into a small bead spread instantly, while a rich fragrance wafted out of the pot.

After tying his wet hair with a velvet cord, Bu Fang poured the tea into a blue-and-white porcelain cup. He could see his own reflection on the surface of the hot tea as tiny bubbles broke quietly.

The steaming tea gave off an aroma that filled his heart with calmness.

Bu Fang sat on the soft bed and quietly savored the tea. As the taste of tea with a little bitterness spread in his mouth, a warm feeling poured into his heart, one that was not so easily forgotten.

Before very long, he finished all the tea in the pot.

He filled the teapot with boiling Spring of Life again. After that, he brought the spout to his mouth and drank directly from it. The tea tasted different as he drank it this way.

With a thought, he entered the Heaven and Earth Farmland, carrying the teapot in one hand.

A breeze was blowing, and the grass on the ground was swaying and rustling like waves.

Bu Fang was wearing a bathrobe, and his hair was dripping wet. With one hand placed behind his back, he used the other hand to bring the teapot up and drank from it.

Soon, he came in front of the wooden hut.

Jing Yuan had just picked up the milk and was ready to go back. After greeting Bu Fang, she disappeared. She had mastered the process of making ice cream Bu Fang taught her, and recently, she had begun to come out with new flavors.

Only after Jing Yuan had left did Niu Hansan come over, wearing a pair of glasses made of crystal.

Both of them began to study and discuss the carrier of the Imprison Array again.

...

In the fifth layer of the Immortal Cooking Realm...

The branch of the Immortal Tree pierced through the body of a Nether Prison expert, who stood in front of the bronze gate, exuding a terrible aura.

The ruined fifth layer that was covered in sand began to show the rough shape of a city. However, it was only a guarding city—a fortress. After all, if the Nether Prison experts attacked again, the fifth layer would bear the brunt of the invasion. Therefore, it was a city built for war, not to grow into a prosperous metropolis. It was meant to defend against the assault of a great army.

Realm Lord Di Tai had gone through despair once, and he didn't want to go through it again. After living in peace for too long, the experts of the Immortal Cooking Realm had forgotten the past glory. They needed hot blood and battle, or in other words, they needed toughening up.

The city walls were simple and even filled with cracks. The main reason was that the materials used to build the walls were taken from the former Immortal City that was destroyed. They contained pressure left behind after the battle of Little Saints, which could serve as a warning for everyone.

Today's Immortal City was heavily guarded, stationed by almost all the armies in the Immortal Cooking Realm. The walls were crowded with sentries as well, who closely watched all the enemy activities.

The bronze gate, blocked by a branch of the Immortal Tree, suddenly rang with a deafening creak.

The fifth layer suddenly became restless. All eyes shrank and turned in the direction of the bronze gate.

The two towering city walls were separated by a bottomless abyss, on top of which hung the Heaven Nether Bridge that connected both sides.

Suddenly, the sentries on the wall tensed up as they fixed their eyes at the bronze gate across the abyss. There, they saw dark figures slowly walking over from under the branch. Although the branch had blocked almost half the gate, it still left a passage.

There were not many figures, only two, and both were wrapped in black cloaks that concealed their faces.

As the wind in the fifth layer blew, the black cloaks of the experts waved noisily.

“Enemy attack!” A sentry on the wall cried out at the top of his lungs. His voice exploded like a thunderclap throughout the whole city. After crying out, he walked to a corner on top of the wall where a huge black bell was hung, mustered all his true energy, and threw a punch onto the bell.

Dong...

Dong... Dong...

The bell rang, and the whole Immortal City boiled.

One figure after another shot into the sky, sped through the air, and fell on top of the wall in no time. These figures’ cultivation bases were very strong. After the Immortal Cooking Realm recovered, many experts had broken through their bottlenecks.

Ya Ya was clad in a battle outfit with her golden hair spread behind her back. She was now the fifth layer’s city lord and also in charge of the front line.

Her face was cold as she waved a hand. At the gesture, all the guards on the wall pulled their bowstrings, aiming their sharp arrowheads at the two black-cloaked Nether Prison experts down below.

“Halt, both of you! Does Nether Prison really want to start a war?” Ya Ya’s cold voice echoed across the top of the wall.

As soon as she said that, the two Nether Prison experts stopped. They happened to come to the middle of the Heaven Nether Bridge.

The leading figure looked up, raised a hand, and lowered the hood of the cloak, revealing a comely face.

He was a very handsome man. No one could get angry when looking at his face.

“I’m sorry to confuse you. I’m not here to stir up a war, but to bring you an invitation on behalf of the Supreme Divine Chef of the Nine Revolution Nether Chefs Clan...” The man smiled gently, and his voice was as warm as the morning sunshine.

“An invitation?” That gave Ya Ya a pause. Frowning, she added, “What invitation?”

The man smiled and turned to look at his partner, who lowered his hood and revealed a cold, unfriendly face. He was a young man with an ugly scar on his face.

“I’m Ying Ya from the Nine Revolution Nether Chefs Clan, and this is my younger brother, Liu Ya. We’re here at our Supreme Divine Chef’s behest. His Highness said that the Nine Revolution Nether Chefs Clan and the Immortal Cooking Realm share the same root, and that an eye for an eye only ends up making the whole world blind. Therefore, His Highness sent me here to bring you this invitation,” Ying Ya said with a broad smile.

“The Immortal Cooking Realm and the Nether Chefs Clan share the same root? Are you trying to make me laugh until I die so you can inherit my artistic talent? You are nothing but traitors to the Immortal Cooking Realm!”

A loud voice rang out as a figure zoomed through the air and appeared over the wall in a flash.

The smile on Ying Ya’s face remained unchanged.

“Greetings, Your Excellency... This is an invitation from the Supreme Divine Chef, please have a look.” After saying that, Ying Ya turned to Liu Ya.

The expressionless Liu Ya’s mind flickered. The next moment, a whistle rang out as a black invitation ripped through the air and shot toward Realm Lord Di Tai, spinning rapidly.

Realm Lord Di Tai waved his hand. The invitation turned soft the moment it was grabbed by him. He was a little shocked by the two brothers’ cultivation base. Then, he turned his eyes to the invitation...

The next moment, his eyes shrank!

Chapter 1187 A Pass to the Abyss

An Invitation?

Realm Lord Di Tai frowned and held the black invitation between two fingers.

The invitation was not made of paper but a kind of strange black ore. It was extremely exquisite and drawn with strange patterns. However, these were not important when compared with its content, which was also the reason that made the realm lord's expression change.

Ying Ya smiled gently. He seemed to be very satisfied with Realm Lord Di Tai's expression, knowing that no one would remain calm after reading the invitation. The reason was simple: the content was too shocking.

Ya Ya seemed to be surprised by the change in the realm lord's expression, and she looked over in puzzlement.

The cynical look on the realm lord's face was gone as he read the invitation with a frown.

The content was written in golden characters. Ya Ya was somewhat dazed when she glanced at them, but she saw a few familiar words such as abyss, remains, tournament... and they immediately aroused her interest.

She had been in charge of organizing the records of the Immortal Chef Tournament, and through those few words, she managed to relate the contents of the invitation. Her eyes grew wide instantly, and she looked incredulously at Realm Lord Di Tai.

“Your Highness... Could this invitation be... an invitation to the Abyssal Qilin Chef Feast?!”

The Abyssal Qilin Chef Feast was a grand event. All the Qilin Chefs of the Nether Chef Clan, the Immortal Cooking Realm, and the Earth Prison would go to this feast at the same time.

Of course, if this were just a feast, not all people would go. The main reason that everyone would go was that it was a Divine Chef remains, and the feast was just an excuse to open it!

The people in the Immortal Cooking Realm were no strangers to remains. These were many remains in the realm, which scattered in the wilderness and contained legacies left behind by some ancient Qilin Chefs or Divine Chefs.

In fact, the main reason that these remains scattered all over the place was that all the Qilin Chefs and Divine Chefs of the Immortal Cooking Realm fell too fast in a calamity, and they didn't have time to prepare the remains.

But now... the Nether Chef Clan sent someone to give them an invitation to the Abyssal Qilin Chef Feast? What was their purpose? What were these people trying to do?

At the moment, the Immortal Cooking Realm and the Nether Prison were sworn enemies. The Nether Prison was extremely strong, and just its Nether Chef Clan alone was enough to destroy the Immortal Cooking Realm. However, now that the Immortal Tree had revived, and with its strength that was as powerful as a Great Saint, the Nether Chef Clan didn't succeed in invading the realm.

That made it all the more impossible for the Nether Prison to send them an invitation to the Abyssal Qilin Chef Feast!

"Your Highness, this is a trap!" Ya Ya's eyes shrank as she decided in an instant.

An expert of the Nether Chef Clan was setting a trap for Realm Lord Di Tai to jump into it. Mainly, that expert believed that no Qilin Chefs could resist the temptation coming from a Divine Chef remains.

It was also one of the reasons why Ying Ya was so confident.

"Your Excellency, now that you've received the invitation, I'm taking my leave. I presume Your Excellency will not keep me here. Messengers are not to be killed even when two powers are at war... I hope that in the future, I can challenge the genius chefs of the Immortal Cooking Realm..." Ying Ya said with a smile. His waving white hair made him look even more handsome.

Liu Ya, standing beside him with a cold face, seemed to notice the hostile glances from the top of the wall. A black light flashed in his hand. The next moment, a kitchen knife that looked like a watermelon knife appeared in his grip as a murderous aura exploded out of him.

He had no fear of fighting the whole city alone!

“Your Excellency, think about it. There are only three days left... If you miss this opportunity, it’s going to be really hard to come across another opportunity to break through,” Ying Ya said with a smile. After saying that, he turned into a streak of black light, shot across the bridge toward the bronze gate, and disappeared in just a flash.

Ya Ya watched the two vanishing figures with some reluctance.

Without question, those black-cloaked experts should be the top geniuses from the Nine Revolution Nether Chefs Clan as the auras they exuded were extremely terrifying. They could be used as a bargaining chip if she could capture them. A pity that both of them were too slippery.

Realm Lord Di Tai fell silent and didn’t say anything.

Ya Ya turned and looked worriedly at him.

“Your Highness, this is definitely a trap set by the Nether Prison. If you go there in person and get captured by the Nether Prison experts, it will be a disaster for the Immortal Cooking Realm!” Ya Ya said seriously.

The realm lord put away the invitation and sighed. He didn’t reply to Ya Ya but just looked at the towering Nether Prison wall in the distance.

What exactly did the Nether Chef Clan want to do?!

“I’ll talk to you back in the city,” said Realm Lord Di Tai. When he had finished, he turned and shot into the city.

Ya Ya had no choice but ordered the others to guard the city, then followed the realm lord.

Realm Lord Di Tai didn’t discuss this in the fifth layer. Instead, he returned to the first layer, went to the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion, and summoned all the people in the current upper echelon of the Immortal Cooking Realm, including Gongshu Baiguang and City Lord Zou to discuss this major event.

That’s right, this was definitely a major event, and a huge one. After all, it was related to a Divine Chef remains and a Divine Chef legacy.

For Qilin Chefs, this event was too tempting. Even Realm Lord Di Tai was tempted. Ya Ya was dead set against it, however.

Gongshu Baiguang had not reached the level of a Qilin Chef, and after carefully considering it, he agreed with Ya Ya.

City Lord Meng Qi and City Lord Zou, on the other hand, remained silent. As Qilin Chefs themselves, they understood the difficulties of a Qilin Chef, and how terrible the temptation of a Divine Chef legacy could be.

No wonder Realm Lord Di Tai would hesitate in the face of this opportunity. It was indeed a rare one.

As a result, the vote was two to two, and the realm lord was once again trapped in a dilemma. If truth be told, Realm Lord Di Tai also knew very well that the invitation was highly likely a trap. Once he left the Immortal Cooking Realm and the protection of the Immortal Tree, he could be easily captured or even killed by a Nether Prison Great Saint.

As the backbone of the Immortal Cooking Realm, if he died, the whole realm would plunge into complete chaos.

This was the risk. However, opportunities and risks always came together, and this was what put him in a dilemma. After all, the Immortal Cooking Realm really needed a Divine Chef.

There was a lot of arguing in the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion's meeting room.

Although Gongshu Baiguang's status was lower than the rest, he made his utmost efforts to fight for his point of view. It was an extremely important decision to make, so they all had to be very cautious. Just as Realm Lord Di Tai said, the Immortal Cooking Realm really needed a Divine Chef, but the realm could not lose its realm lord as well!

"That's enough... Stop arguing. This is indeed a difficult decision to make."

Realm Lord Di Tai stroked his smooth chin and added, “If we agree to the invitation, we must go to the Abyss. Although it isn’t located in the Nether Prison, it has been occupied by the Nether Prison since tens of thousands of years ago. The trip will be fraught with dangers...”

“That’s why Your Highness must not go,” said Ya Ya and Gongshu Baiguang.

“Your Highness, if there really is an opportunity to become a Divine Chef, you can actually give it a try. After all, risks and opportunities coexist. The Immortal Cooking Realm has been in peace for far too long...” Meng Qi and City Lord Zou both expressed their views.

Realm Lord Di Tai frowned and exhaled deeply. Then, his eyes suddenly lit up.

“Well, we won’t reach an agreement even if we keep arguing here. Let’s go find someone...” the realm lord said.

That gave everyone a pause. They didn’t understand what he meant.

However, Meng Qi quickly came to her senses and realized who the ‘someone’ the realm lord referred to.

It was a good idea.

...

At Immortal Chef Little Store in the first layer...

Bu Fang sat curled up in a chair in front of the restaurant, basking in the warm sunlight. He was holding a teapot, and from time to time, he would pour some refreshing tea into his mouth. He felt extremely comfortable whenever the tea fragrance entered his mouth.

The leisurely life was really addictive.

Lord Dog had also crawled out and laid in front of the door, basking in the warm sunlight as well with his eyes narrowed and a lazy look on his face.

Foxy was lying on Bu Fang's shoulder, twitching her furry tail.

Suddenly, several figures slowly appeared from a distance. The familiar auras they exuded made Bu Fang open his eyes.

'It's rare for these few people to appear together.'

He squinted in their direction and saw Realm Lord Di Tai and the others heading toward him.

Even then, they saw Bu Fang curled up comfortably in the chair.

"It seems you're having a good time here. Are you satisfied with yourself after becoming a Third Grade Immortal Chef?" Realm Lord Di Tai said, flipping his golden hair.

The others looked worried and only nodded at Bu Fang.

"I'm just cultivating my mind and taking a break," Bu Fang replied, then straightened up and took a sip of the fragrant tea. After that, he exhaled a warm breath before adding, "Why are you all here together? What do you want from me? Well... Let's get this straight. I'm not giving you my Perishing Pot."

"You stingy fellow..." Realm Lord Di Tai rolled his eyes and said, "Do I look like someone who would ask for your Perishing Pot?"

"Including yesterday, you've asked for my Perishing Pot for eighteen times, which I've rejected," Bu Fang said expressionlessly.

"Fine, fine, fine. I know you won't give me the Perishing Pot. What a stingy guy... You don't really know how to share with others. Look, I've brought something good to share with you now..." After saying that, the realm lord shook his hand and produced a black invitation shrouded in wisps of Nether energy.

Bu Fang's eyes narrowed. Without question, the thing in Realm Lord Di Tai's hand didn't come from the Immortal Cooking Realm.

Lord Dog, lying on the ground not far away, opened his drowsy eyes and seemed somewhat surprised.

“How did you get that thing?” Lord Dog’s gentle and charismatic voice rang out.

“What is this?” Bu Fang asked curiously. Lord Dog seemed to be quite familiar with it.

“That is a pass to the Abyss... Bu Fang, boy, isn’t your Abyssal Chilli Sauce produced from the abyss? They are the same Abyss...” Lord Dog yawned.

“Yes. What this mangy dog said is correct. This is a pass to the Abyss...” said Realm Lord Di Tai. “However, it is sent to me by someone at the behest of the Nether Chef Clan’s Divine Chef. He said it is an invitation to the Abyssal Qilin Chef Feast... It’s a meet-and-greet feast, but in fact, it is specially held for the Divine Chef’s remains and legacy.”

He looked at Bu Fang and asked, “Bu Fang, my little friend, do you think I should go or not?”

Bu Fang furrowed his brows. ‘This invitation is sent to him at the behest of the Nether Chef Clan’s Divine Chef? Even an idiot knows there must be a trap. Why did Realm Lord Di Tai ask me such a stupid question?’

“You can go... if you want to court your death.” Bu Fang rolled his eyes.

Just when Bu Fang expressed his disapproval, Lord Dog got up with his eyes lit up, saying seriously, “No... You should go.”

That gave everyone a pause. They looked over and saw Lord Dog’s bright eyes as if he had thought of something that made him very excited.

No doubt, this dog with some old stories was about to... stir up trouble.

Chapter 1188 A New Death Food Tool

in the end, realm lord di tai decided to head for the abyss.

after all, it had been so long since the immortal cooking realm had a divine chef.

for realm lord di tai, the divine chef's remains and legacy were full of great temptation, which was so strong that he was willing to go despite the risk of being killed by nether prison experts. lord dog's advice was the last push he needed.

therefore, he made the decision, no matter how strongly meng qi and city lord zou opposed it.

bu fang actually didn't approve of the realm lord going to the abyss. after all, the invitation was sent by a nether prison expert, and no doubt the expert had dug a large pit and was waiting for him to jump in. what was the point of obtaining the legacy when he would lose his life in the end?

however, bu fang didn't shoot his mouth off. he respected realm lord di tai's decision.

"abyss is a good place..." lord dog lay on the ground again and said.

"bu fang, my little friend... do you want to go with me?" the realm lord looked at bu fang and asked sincerely before he left.

however, bu fang only rolled his eyes. he naturally chose not to go. all he wanted now was to stay peacefully in the restaurant, take care of the business, drink tea, and bask in the warm sun.

realm lord di tai felt a little disappointed. if bu fang agreed to join him, the mangy dog might follow them as well, and he wouldn't have to be wary of being killed by some nether prison experts along the way. however, it was plain that bu fang didn't want to go with him.

after that, the realm lord and the others left. now that he had decided to go, he naturally needed to prepare.

the immortal cooking realm had a transport array that led to the abyss, but it could only transport him to a large city nearest to it. he would need to rent an abyssal winged dragon in the city to reach his destination.

the city was a messy place, mixed with good and evil people including creatures from the netherworld, the abyss, and the other continents. a world of chaos and bloodshed was the most vivid image of that city.

after nether prison occupied abyss, it spent the next few thousand years looting all its resources. when it was done, it basically gave up the whole abyss, never bothered to manage the order nor control the killing, and just let it fend on its own. eventually, it developed into today's abyss, a chaotic and disorderly city of slaughter.

realm lord di tai returned to the immortal kitchen pavilion. today's immortal kitchen pavilion was considered the realm lord's seat. as times changed, the center of the whole immortal cooking realm had shifted from the fifth layer to the first layer.

the realm lord had thought of going to the abyss alone, but the idea was rejected. meng qi had decided to go with him. in the beginning, the realm lord refused her, but all the others had voiced out. so in the end, the people that would go to the abyss became two.

then, both of them returned to their own places and began to prepare things for the trip.

...

bu fang leisurely leaned in the chair, holding a teapot in one hand and drinking from it from time to time. the taste of the nine revolution great path tea was amazing. it made him feel his spirits freshened up whenever he took a sip.

he was actually curious about the abyss, but only because it was where the abyssal chili sauce was produced. in fact, he was curious about the abyssal chili sauce. he had cultivated exploding flame peppers in the heaven and earth farmland before, but the chili sauce made with them was much inferior to the abyssal chili sauce. mainly, its taste lacked a kind of essence.

suddenly, bu fang opened his eyes—something serious occurred to him. realm lord di tai was going to the abyss to obtain an opportunity of becoming a divine chef, which could be found in the divine chef's remains that recently appeared. it was very tempting to the realm lord, but for bu fang... it now seemed to be tempting as well.

‘at such times, shouldn't the system already be issuing a temporary task?’

what came into his mind was that he happened to complete all the temporary tasks recently. if he was not wrong...

just when his mind flickered, the system's serious voice rang out in his head.

bu fang couldn't help but roll his eyes.

'sure enough... could it be that the system had forgotten to issue a temporary task, and it only did so after i reminded it?' he thought it was likely the case.

"temporary task: host, please go to the abyss and obtain the dark qilin bone. task reward: true energy level increase by twenty percent."

looking at the task reward, bu fang couldn't help but roll his eyes again.

'the task reward is really random...'

nevertheless, the reward of increasing the true energy level by twenty percent was still a huge temptation for bu fang. at least, it could lower quite a lot of revenue conversion.

bu fang's current cultivation base was nine-star true immortal realm. how much nether crystals and crystals could twenty percent of his true energy convert into? therefore, although this reward was a little random, it was also very handy.

the system's task had swayed bu fang. he had decided not to go, but the reward and the curiosity for the abyssal chilli sauce changed his mind. besides... he had a feeling that the trip to the abyss would be an unusual one.

the system asked him to obtain dark qilin bone.

qilin was an ancient spirit beast, and dark qilin was a variant of qilin, which was also an ancient spirit beast and couldn't be underestimated.

since he was going to the abyss, he naturally had no time to lie leisurely like this anymore. although bu fang wanted to find a moment of leisure in his busy life, there were always so many things that kept him busy.

with a thought, he appeared in the heaven and earth farmland.

his research with niu hansen for the carrier of the imprison array had made a small breakthrough. what dish should be used to carry the imprison array? after both of them studied for a long time and tried various dishes and ingredients, they finally decided to use a dish called moon dumplings.

in the beginning, bu fang tried it with soup dumplings. the effect had been good, but to be used as a carrier of the gourmet array, it still had some flaws. to solve the flaws, he tried a dozen different dishes related to soup dumplings and eventually decided that moon dumplings were the best.

he went into the wooden hut.

niu hansen had ground the flour for making moon dumplings. the flour contained the will of the great path, which made it very unusual. he was very excited when he saw bu fang, and he showed the latter the flour.

bu fang nodded. he asked niu hansen for one kilogram of demon beef, and after picking some immortal vegetable from the garden, he began to make moon dumplings.

bu fang was no stranger to making dumplings. in fact, he had cooked dumplings when he was at the light wind empire. it was at the hundred family banquet, and he had conquered everyone with rainbow-colored crescent moon dumplings. now, he was going to make the same dumplings. however, the change in ingredients had caused a change to the dish's grade.

he started by kneading dough. mixed with the spring of life, the dough gleamed like stars. the filling was made by mincing the ingredients and mixing them with chopped demon beef.

niu hansen watched from a distance as bu fang made the dumplings. his smooth movements were pleasant to watch.

while bu fang was making dumplings, jing yuan came for the milk again. recently, fang fang's ice cream store's sales in goddess city seemed to have increased, because jing yuan had come out with many new flavors and created another trend.

inside the black turtle constellation wok, the spring of life was boiling. bu fang put the dumplings he had made into the wok, one by one. these dumplings had been made into a crescent shape. as the water came to a boil again, the dumplings began to burst into a dazzling seven-colored light.

before very long, he scooped one dumpling after another out of the wok, drained their water, and placed them in a blue-and-white porcelain plate. by then, the cooking of the dumplings was completed. after that, bu fang took out some crystal fruits of life and fused them into the dumplings.

finally, the dish that contained the imprison array was ready.

when bu fang infused the imprison array into the dried pot, its effect was slightly weaker. now that he used the moon dumplings, it should be stronger. however, these dumplings' destructive power would never be as good as that of the perishing pot.

he put away all the dumplings except one, and he made it float in his hand.

niu hansan followed beside him as they both walked out of the wooden hut.

in the distance, eighty was playing with the eight treasures pig, while the three-eyed wild lion followed behind them, jumping up and down.

bu fang fixed his eyes at eighty, who was running about happily.

eighty felt a chill run down its back and... a gaze that came from a chef.

"it's your turn, eighty." bu fang's lips curved upward into a faint smile.

niu hansan also showed a playful smile and said, "this chicken is... making a lot of noises."

bu fang flicked his finger. immediately, a stream of seven-colored light shot out of his hand, heading toward eighty at top speed.

in the distance, eighty's chicken eyes grew wide. it clucked, flapped its wings, turned around, and ran as fast as it could, leaving a few feathers behind.

the eight treasures pig looked confused, while the three-eyed wild lion lay on the ground, unmoving.

the grass was swaying while eighty ran wildly. the eight treasures chicken was followed by a dumpling that radiated a seven-colored light.

no matter how fast eighty ran, the dumpling had locked onto its body, so it couldn't avoid it. in the end, the chicken simply sat down on the ground.

the food in the farmland was too good, so eighty had grown fatter. it was no longer the eighty who could run fast.

the rainbow-colored crescent moon dumplings shot over and smashed eighty's head with a thud.

eighty turned its eyes in puzzlement. suddenly, the dumpling burst into a blinding light.

buzz...

the next moment, eighty found itself enveloped in a circular column of light, and it couldn't move at all. the only thing on its body that could move was its feathers, which fluttered when a gust of breeze blew over...

"cluck, cluck, cluck?"

eighty rolled its eyes and let out a feeble clucking sound. it tried to move, but it couldn't.

when bu fang and niu hansen saw that eighty was trapped in a circular column of light, they couldn't help but clench their fists.

they began to count the time.

from start to finish, eighty was imprisoned for almost the time for half an incense stick to burn. it was now almost fully grown and was considered a real immortal ingredient. besides, its diet was so good that it could even be considered a top-grade immortal ingredient. it was not bad that the dumpling could paralyze it for so long.

the time for half an incense stick to burn was enough for bu fang to cook a chicken into a dish.

he was satisfied with the rainbow-colored crescent moon dumplings. its effect might be weaker against stronger opponents, though. he reckoned that it could imprison a half-step saint for a dozen breaths, a little saint for two or three breaths, and perhaps less than one breath when the target was a great saint. however, it was at least part of his arsenal. he could always use it together with the perishing pot, paralyzing the enemies before smashing them with the perishing pot.

now that he had the rainbow-colored crescent moon dumplings, bu fang had more confidence in his trip to the abyss, and he could finally stir up some troubles there...

Chapter 1189 The City of Abyss

three days were neither long nor short.

realm lord di tai and meng qi were heading for the abyss, a place of chaos and bloodshed, so naturally, they needed to prepare. the preparation was meant for them to survive in that chaotic city.

during the three days, bu fang also prepared a lot of things.

he needed to prepare perishing pots, explosive meatballs, and rainbow-colored crescent moon dumplings. these death food tools could save his life at critical junctures and help him solve many problems.

after preparing everything, bu fang practiced how to use the moon dumplings in the farmland. he wasn't thoroughly familiar with the effects and functions of these dumplings. they were not like perishing pots, which simply exploded and destroyed.

he thought he should think of a name for this new death food tool since rainbow-colored crescent moon dumpling was too ordinary. after stroking his chin and discussing with niu hansen for a while, he decided to call it... divine seal dumpling. it was a very intimidating name, and he was very satisfied. compared with perishing pots, this name was subtle yet not weak at all.

after that, he returned to the restaurant. all that was left for him to do now was wait for the time to set off.

three days passed in a flash. after waiting in the restaurant for a long time, bu fang heard a bursting sound of light, causing him to be slightly struck dumb.

realm lord di tai and city lord meng qi had actually set off without him...

the corner of bu fang's mouth twitched. he seemed to have forgotten to tell realm lord di tai that he was going to the abyss as well. as a result, both of them had left without him.

this was somewhat embarrassing.

since he couldn't go with them, bu fang could only go there by himself. actually, traveling alone was more convenient for him because the system's transport array could bring him there.

after having a few words with xixi, bu fang returned to his room. however, just when he was about to summon the system's transport array, he heard a knock on his door. he paused, opened the door, and saw nethery standing outside, staring at him with her black eyes.

"what's the matter?" bu fang asked in puzzlement.

this was the first time nethery knocked on his door. he supposed she had something to tell him.

nethery stared at bu fang. her black hair streamed down to her waist, and she was wearing a black dress that revealed her fair legs.

"are you going to the abyss?" nethery asked with a cold face.

bu fang paused. he didn't expect nethery to ask this question. she should have learned it when realm lord di tai came here to discuss with him.

he nodded and didn't deny it. he was indeed going to the abyss.

nethery's eyes lit up when she saw him nod. "take me with you!" she said.

that gave bu fang another pause. "you want to go to the abyss? why?"

however, nethery didn't answer him. she just stared at him until he felt pins and needles in his scalp.

“my netherworld ship can take you there...”

bu fang scratched his head and didn't reject her anymore.

“alright, let's go together...”

his tone seemed a little reluctant. he really didn't expect that she would want to go as well, but it was good that she was going with him now, since the curse in her needed to be suppressed with his dishes. however, he was filled with doubts, and he wondered if she had some kind of connection with the abyss.

nethery stepped into bu fang's room. with a thought, the huge netherworld ship instantly poked one of its corners from the ripped void. she floated up and then fell onto the ship.

bu fang, on the other hand, climbed up the ship and sat cross-legged on the deck.

buzz...

the next moment, nethery closed her eyes and seemed to be locating the coordinates of the abyss. soon, the netherworld ship dived into the void and disappeared in a flash.

...

meanwhile, in the nine revolution nether chefs clan in nether prison...

a furious roar rang out, exploding like a sudden thunderclap. it was so powerful that the whole city kept on shaking.

it came from a great saint, who had been venting his anger for a month, causing the whole city to be in a panicked state.

the nine revolution nether chefs clan was divided into three major cities, and each city was led by a divine chef.

this city was called heavenhorn city and was ruled by a great saint of the demon goat clan, who was called great saint heavenhorn. he was the great saint who had one of his legs chopped away by the immortal tree and lord dog.

since returning to the city, this great saint had been venting his anger.

all of a sudden, heavenhorn city fell silent. after a long time, the palace in the city stirred as several little saints were summoned into it.

“the abyssal qilin chef feast! those guys from shadow city had sent an invitation to the immortal cooking realm. the realm will surely send someone to join the feast. i want you to go to the abyss now and bring the people of the immortal cooking realm back to me! remember, i want them alive! i will torture them to death to vent my anger!”

...

the netherworld ship zoomed through the boundless void.

bu fang sat cross-legged on the front deck with his eyes closed, resting and thinking.

suddenly, a rustling sound came out of the cabin. before long, a black dog walked out of it, strutting his elegant cat-like steps.

bu fang opened his eyes and stared at lord dog, his face dumbstruck.

“blacky? what are you doing here?” the corner of bu fang’s mouth twitched.

“hitching a ride to the abyss... wake me up when we’ve arrived.” lord dog yawned, gave bu fang a sideways glance, then went back into the cabin. soon his snoring echoed out.

bu fang was somewhat speechless. he glanced at nethery, but she just shrugged innocently. clearly, she also didn’t understand why lord dog would appear on the ship.

the netherworld ship streaked across the void and sped into the distance.

the abyss was an enormous magical region not far away from the netherworld and the immortal cooking realm. if one wanted to go to the abyss, one must first reach a chaotic city near it, which was called the city of abyss. the netherworld ship's destination was this city.

after traveling for about one day, the ship gradually rushed out of the boundless void.

what came into bu fang's eyes was a huge city that hovered in midair. it was majestic and magnificent, and appeared to be completely red from afar. each of its bricks and stones seemed to be stained with scarlet blood, giving off an aura of death and slaughter.

there was a large square in front of the city, which was actually just an empty field. heaps of sand could be seen across the field, on top of which stood many people.

the netherworld ship landed on the square.

bu fang, nethery, and lord dog walked out of the ship. the lively scene slightly stunned them.

lord dog stepped forward, wagged his tail as he glanced around, then grinned.

"bu fang, boy, i've got something to do, so i'll leave you now. you don't have to wait for me. once you're done with your business, go back as early as possible." after saying that, lord dog turned around and disappeared in a flash.

bu fang and nethery blinked in confusion.

the square was bustling with people, some from the continent and some from the netherworld.

bu fang took nethery and searched for a long time among the crowd, but he didn't find realm lord di tai. perhaps he had already entered the city.

to enter the city, they had to queue. there was already a long line in front of the city gate. these people who wanted to enter the city came in all kinds of forms and appearances, and just by looking at them, one could tell how diverse the city of abyss was.

after bu fang and nethery waited in line for a while, it was finally their turn. standing in front of the towering gate, a guard gave each of them a blood-colored jade talisman.

“this jade talisman represents your identity and is also a pass for you to stay in the city of abyss. as long as you have it, you are a valid visitor to the city. however, if you lost it or let someone rob it from you... you will be not far from death,” explained the guard, who was a man with a scar on his face.

“oh, so you come from the immortal cooking realm... very good, you are very bold.” the guard looked at bu fang and nethery with a strange expression.

bu fang frowned and didn’t say anything. after taking the jade talismans, both of them entered the city.

as soon as they stepped through the gate, their ears rang with a deafening noise, which slightly dazed them. however, both of them were people with strong minds, so they managed to recover in just a flash.

as someone from the immortal cooking realm, they would definitely attract some attention. bu fang knew it from the beginning.

when the nether prison expert sent the invitation to realm lord di tai, he was sure that the latter would not be able to resist the temptation and come to the abyss. it was very likely that that expert had already set a trap in the abyss, waiting for the realm lord to jump in. however, there was nothing they could do about this.

the city of abyss looked glamorous on the surface. its air was filled with rich fragrances, which included the aroma of dishes and snacks. obviously, food was common in all cities. as long as there were people, there would be delicious food.

bu fang was very curious about the food in the abyss. after all, this was where the abyssal chili sauce was produced. taking nethery with him, he walked down a broad street.

the streets in the city of abyss were very wide, mainly because the people in the abyss were very huge and tall. the native people of the abyss were abyssal demons, who were rare in the city. the main reason was that most of them were slaughtered when the nether prison occupied the abyss. moreover, most of the so-called abyssal demons now had only very thin blood of the abyssal demon in them. that was why true or pureblood abyssal demons were extremely rare.

“come and have a taste! this is the authentic abyss snack, spicy rice balls!”

“abyssal spicy soup dumplings! a bowl only costs you one nether crystal! it’s cheap and delicious!”

“my special abyssal chili sauce is made with the best local abyssal chilies, and it only costs you one nether crystal per jar!”

...

the shouts of street vendors kept ringing into bu fang’s head, arousing his curiosity. he brought nethery and walked past all the delicious foods on both sides of the street.

the appearance of these vendors was very peculiar. they had black skin and pointy ears, which made them look like spirits, but they were a little more evil. these were the people who had the abyssal demon blood in them.

but what intrigued bu fang the most was the abyssal chili sauce. he walked to the stall that was selling it, which was a very shabby thing piled up with wooden racks. an ugly black clay jar was placed over the stall, its mouth sealed with clay.

bu fang furrowed his brows and looked at the vendor.

the vendor was a middle-aged man with a somewhat obscene appearance. his skin was dark, and his beard was dirty and messy. when bu fang and nethery approached his stall, his eyes lit up and rolled.

“sir, do you want to buy a jar of specially made abyssal chili sauce? it is the abyss’s specialty, and you can only buy it here! it tastes great no matter if you use it in cooking or taking it with rice!”

the obscene-looking vendor glanced at nethery. he was stunned by her beauty. however, his eyes soon went back to bu fang because he could tell that bu fang was the one interested in the abyssal chili sauce.

bu fang clasped his hands behind his back and frowned.

‘these ugly black clay jars are the abyssal chili sauce? why do they look so different from my abyssal chili sauce, which is stored in a crystal jar?’

he reached out a hand and picked up a jar. with a thought, the clay seal was opened, and a strong but bizarre smell instantly drifted out of the jar. it was indeed the smell of the abyssal chili sauce, but it was fainter than his abyssal chili sauce. without question, the quality of this abyssal chili sauce was very bad.

bu fang shook his head, covered the jar with the seal, and placed it back on the stall.

the vendor’s piercing gaze never left bu fang. when he saw bu fang lift the seal, his eyes lit up instantly.

just when bu fang covered the jar with the seal and was about to leave, the vendor reached out and grabbed his arm.

“why? you’re leaving? you have to buy it after you open its seal... are you planning to leave just like this after smelling my chili sauce?” said the vendor, looking and sounding like a hooligan.

Chapter 1190 This Meatball Must Be Eaten While Ho“you want to leave after smelling my chili sauce?! you smell it, you buy it! this is the way in the city of abyss! do you understand, new guy?”

the peddler looked at bu fang with a playful gaze. as a peddler in the city, his eyes were naturally keen. he saw at a glance that bu fang was a newcomer, a stranger to the city, and this kind of foreigner was the easiest target for bullying!

he had cheated many foreigners with the same means and earned himself many nether crystals.

he knew his abyssal chili sauce was poorly made, but these foreigners knew nothing about it. all he had to do was keep bragging about it, then forced them to buy it. right after that, he would earn his nether crystals.

when bu fang's arm was grabbed by the peddler, he narrowed his eyes and looked at the man quizzically.

nethery, who was standing beside bu fang, furrowed her eyebrows as well, and she stared coldly at the peddler.

"we have to buy it after smelling it? so unreasonable?" nethery said coldly.

"ha, pretty girl, i can tell that you know nothing about the way of this city. i've met many foreigners like you. since this is your first time here, you better keep your heads low. you will die miserably if you try to stir up some trouble!" the peddler grinned, revealing a mouthful of yellow teeth.

"i forgot to tell you one thing. although i'm just a peddler, i have a brother who works for the law enforcement team. so, if you... hehe, you know what i mean!"

bu fang looked expressionlessly at the peddler, who grinned like a retarded fool.

"let go of my arm," bu fang said lightly but with a serious undertone.

that frightened the peddler, and he quickly let go of his hand.

"don't ever think of running away. you are foreigners, and you have identity jade talismans. my brother can find you easily!" warned the peddler.

bu fang glanced at the peddler and said nothing. then, he picked up the clay jar again and lifted its seal.

“what do i need this for? its brewing method is obsolete, the fermentation process is not completed, and it even has a sour taste...” said bu fang.

the peddler grinned, showing his yellow teeth again.

“that’s not for you to be concerned about. you’ve smelled my chili sauce, so you have to buy it. i beg your pardon, but the price has increased now. it costs two nether crystals now. you can’t leave until you pay!” he sneered, folding his arms over his chest. for him, bullying foreigners was the most fun part.

many peddlers began to gather around, trapping bu fang and nethery in the middle.

“do you see all my brothers and sisters? don’t ever think of leaving here if you don’t pay me!”

bu fang just stared at the peddler. the next moment, his divine perception exploded out. a wave of powerful mental force poured out of him, spreading across the street in a flash.

everyone present was slightly shocked, while the peddlers around him gasped.

“nine-star true immortal realm?”

as soon as bu fang revealed his cultivation base, the peddlers around were struck dumb. no one had thought that this young man's cultivation base had reached nine-star true immortal realm. was he a genius from the nether prison?

the peddler felt a little regretful now. he never expected that he had picked a tough nut to crack. but soon, his face became ferocious again.

“do you think you do whatever you want in abyss city just because you are a nine-star true immortal?! if you dare touch me, the law enforcement team will take you away immediately! if i were you, i'll spend some nether crystals and let this matter rest! as a foreigner, it's better for you to keep your head low in the city,” said the peddler.

bu fang frowned. he suddenly thought of the strange expression and smile of the guard at the gate.

even then, he sensed several powerful auras heading this way. the auras' cultivation bases were not weak, all of them in the realm of nine-star true immortal, and the leading one was even a half-step saint.

that should be the law enforcement team the peddler mentioned.

bu fang's frown deepened. it was indeed not a good idea to clash with those people now.

his eyes fell on the peddler, and he twitched the corner of his mouth. “i don't have nether crystals, but i'll replace it with something else.”

the peddler was slightly dazed.

the next moment, an explosive meatball appeared in bu fang's hand, glowing brilliantly and giving off a rich aroma that could wake one's taste buds.

"this is a beef meatball i specially made, and it costs ten nether crystals. i'll pay this jar of chili sauce with it," said bu fang.

nethery was momentarily stunned, and she looked at bu fang as her red lips twitched.

owner bu was going to stir things up.

"it smells good! the aroma... is very unusual!"

the peddler narrowed his eyes. his gaze was completely attracted by the golden explosive meatball in bu fang's hand, and he was shaking all over.

"do you accept it as a payment or not?" bu fang stared at the peddler and asked expressionlessly.

"yes!" the peddler quickly answered. he could tell the meatball was an unusual one by its aroma, and together with the energy fluctuation rippling out of it, he was sure that it did indeed cost at least ten nether crystals!

his abyssal chili sauce was made with the poorest quality abyssal chilies, which was dirt cheap. in fact, the price of ten jars might not even be one nether crystal, and now, someone was willing to exchange a jar with something that cost ten nether crystals!

sure enough, foreigners were all easy to scam!

“well... take it, then. by the way, this meatball must be eaten while hot,” bu fang said and waved his hand.

the explosive meatball immediately shot out and fell into the peddler’s hand, and he held it up with a delighted look.

a faint smile brushed bu fang’s lips. then, he turned around and was about to leave with nethery.

“hey, brother, you forgot your chili sauce!” the peddler shouted when he saw bu fang was about to leave.

bu fang waved his hand without even looking back and said, “i’ve no use for your piece of junk. good luck!”

“what a fool...” the peddler cursed.

the other peddlers glanced enviously at him, and one of them exclaimed, “i can’t believe yellow teeth has found such a rich fool this time!”

“you can tell the meatball is an unusual one just by its appearance... perhaps it’s an immortal dish cooked by those nether chefs!”

the peddler was grinning from ear to ear. he held the meatball with both hands and kept smelling at it with an intoxicated look on his face, his pointy ears twitching.

suddenly, several powerful auras approached from a distance, and soon, a group of experts clad in suits of armor arrived.

these experts' auras were extremely terrible, and they were the experts who bu fang had sensed earlier.

one of them glanced solemnly at the peddler with yellow teeth, his expression indifferent.

“are you scamming foreigners again?”

under the expert's pressure, the peddler trembled. he rolled his eyes, put a big smile and a flattering look on his face, and came next to the expert.

“my lord, this humble one has found something great this time and wishes to give it to my lord,” the peddler said furtively.

the law enforcer furrowed his eyebrows and looked coldly at him.

the peddler didn't make him guess. carefully, he spread his fingers to reveal the explosive meatball, then handed it over to the law enforcer.

“this humble one got this from that foreigner. he said it costs ten nether crystals. this humble one knows it is a good thing... my lord can try it while it is hot. this humble one purposely saves it for my lord.” the peddler gave a flattering smile.

the explosive meatball did indeed look good. at least, as soon as it appeared, it attracted the law enforcer’s eyes, and together with its strong aroma, he couldn’t resist it at all. so, he took over the meatball.

“it does look good. it seems that you have found something great this time,” said the law enforcer.

“my lord can have it! this humble one just hopes that my lord can take care of this humble one’s business in the future.” the peddler smiled slyly.

“that’s very thoughtful of you.” the law enforcer returned the smile and gave the peddler a meaningful look.

the other peddlers around them look envious.

it was very tough for these half-blooded abyssal demons to earn a living in abyss city. as they were at the bottom of society, it was extremely difficult for them to seize the opportunity. it was no wonder the peddler had seized his opportunity this time. as long as he could cling to this law enforcer’s leg, he would have no trouble living a decent life in this area.

the law enforcer paid no more mind to the peddler. he turned his attention to the explosive meatball.

wisps of steam rose from the meatball.

he grinned, then brought it to his nose and gave it a deep sniff. its fragrance seemed to have turned into tiny snakes and rushed into his nostrils.

“it smells really delicious!” the law enforcer praised. after that, he shoved the meatball into his mouth.

a rich fragrance exploded as soon as the meatball entered his mouth, making him tremble all over.

in the distance, bu fang and nethery watched with strange expressions as the law enforcer shoved the meatball into his mouth.

the corner of nethery’s mouth twitched. she knew the explosive meatball’s terrible power very well. that was a meatball powerful enough to kill a nine-star true immortal!

“well... i’ve slightly reduced that meatball’s power. my original intention was to teach that peddler a lesson,” bu fang said honestly. “anyway, that—”

boom!

before bu fang could finish speaking, however, a terrible explosion occurred in the distance.

bu fang gave nethery a helpless look and shrugged as he continued, “that wasn’t part of the plan.”

with a rumble, terrible blasts swept out in all directions instantly.

as those law enforcers stood together, they were all blown away by the blasts before they could even react.

the peddlers around all screamed and shouted in horror.

“what happened?”

“why did it suddenly explode?”

“the center of the explosion seems to be exactly where the law enforcer is standing!”

a miserable cry resounded through the air.

it was from the law enforcer who had eaten the explosive meatball. the explosion had swollen his face and knocked away all his teeth! even his eyes were filled with blood now!

the meatball was a f*cking weapon!

this peddler was trying to murder him!

“you!”

the law enforcer fixed his eyes at the peddler, who was already scared out of his wits as he stood blankly to the spot, unable to figure out what had just happened.

“why did that meatball... explode?!”

the peddler sucked in a cold breath, then came to his senses and figured out everything. both his body and soul shivered as he flew into a rage.

‘that foreigner had scammed me with an inferior-grade meatball! he even asked me to eat it while it is hot... what a wicked foreigner!’

“my lord...”

his expression changed drastically, and he hurriedly looked toward the law enforcer.

when he saw the law enforcer’s miserable appearance, his face turned deathly pale.

even then, the other law enforcers came to their senses. when they saw the law enforcer, whose face had swollen up like a pig’s head, they couldn’t help but show strange expressions, and some even burst out laughing.

the miserable-looking law enforcer’s nostrils flared, and his murderous aura surged.

suddenly, a sharp sword light flashed with a clang.

“my lord... it’s not my fault! it’s those two foreigners there...” the peddler stammered in a hoarse voice, pointing at bu fang and nethery in the distance. he felt a chill run down his back.

however, before he could finish speaking, his voice came to an abrupt stop.

the law enforcer swung his sword and cut the peddler’s head. blood spurted as the black sword flashed, sucking away the peddler’s soul...

just like that, the peddler was dead.

the other peddlers around shivered with fear. this was the might of law enforcers.

in abyss city, the law enforcers who served the city lord were the most frightening killing weapons. no one dared to offend them...

the law enforcer with a pig’s head was still very angry. he turned to the direction where the peddler had pointed, seeing bu fang and nethery right away.

without a doubt, they were the foreigners who gave the peddler the explosive meatball.

they were the culprits!

how dare these foreigners stir up trouble in abyss city?!

they had to be punished with death!

a clanging sound rang out as he sped toward bu fang and swung his sword.

nethery turned to look at bu fang with a cold face. “you’ve caused quite a stir now...”

bu fang wore a straight face and showed no sign of fear. “it’s all right... the commotion will let realm lord di tai know that we’re here. we need to get together.”

boom!

“how dare you offend law enforcers?! you’re courting death!” the law enforcer roared, swinging the black sword violently. the blade was filled with strange energy fluctuations.

bu fang watched calmly as the sword grew larger in his eyes. then, with a thought, several explosive meatballs appeared and floated around him.

he took one and gave it a bite, which sizzled instantly.

after that, he flicked his finger. the explosive meatball shot out and sped toward the law enforcer.

“enjoy your full-power explosive meatball...”