

Gourmet 1191

Chapter 1191 Foxy, Shoot Them!

Looking at the law enforcer who rushed toward him with a black sword in hand, Bu Fang flicked his finger and threw out an Explosive Meatball.

A ripping sound rang out as the meatball streaked across the air like a shooting star.

The law enforcer's eyes grew wide with rage at seeing the same meatball that had almost blown his head apart. He couldn't believe that this foreigner dared to attack him with this kind of weapon again.

"You're courting death!" He swung his sword. A thousand swords filled the air instantly, while a wave of terrible sword energy poured over with a fluctuation that shivered one's soul, heading straight at Bu Fang.

The black sword was definitely an unusual one. It gave off a unique aura and even the faint screams of a thousand souls.

The next moment, the Explosive Meatball collided with the sword.

An explosion happened instantly.

The powerful explosion threw the law enforcer with a swollen face back. His body trembled, and he looked as if he was going to cough blood. His sword hand was shivering with blood trickling down, and his chest had a large hole, where tiny jets of blood kept spurting out.

"Damn foreigners... How dare you resist in Abyss City... How dare you attack a law enforcer!? You're a dead man! You'll die of torture!" the law enforcer roared as he looked up. His chest and palm were bleeding, but his eyes filled with violence and rage.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back with golden Explosive Meatballs hovering around him, looking at the law enforcer with a cold face. “Oh? Do you want me to stand on the spot and let you kill me? Do I look like a fool?”

The peddlers around were stunned, while many passersby stopped and watched. The way they looked at Bu Fang was like looking at a dead man.

In Abyss City, the city lord was the most powerful man, and the law enforcers under him took care of the city’s order. Nobody dared to offend them, not even experts from the Nether Prison.

Every person who had offended the law enforcers was dead now!

However, this young man, who they knew was a foreigner at a glance, had attacked and even wounded a law enforcer...

Everyone was waiting for mayhem to ensue!

The frightened looks on the peddlers’ faces were replaced with excitement. They knew these foreigners would soon die miserably under the law enforcers’ torture!

Kneeling on one knee, the law enforcer with a swollen face sneered.

Even then, the sound of people moving quickly through the air rang out.

The few other law enforcers charged at the same time. Every one of them drew a black sword that seemed capable of stunning a man’s soul and pointed its sharp tip at Bu Fang.

Standing behind Bu Fang, Nethery’s black eyes narrowed when she saw so many people charging at them.

Buzz...

Dark Nether energy spread out of her instantly while veins appeared from the corners of her eyes and crawled to her ears. The next moment, her aura exploded out, which seemed to be not weaker than a Nine-star True Immortal.

Bu Fang looked at her in surprise. He was amazed by how fast her cultivation base had improved. Then, he gently patted her on the head and said, “You don’t have to do anything... Just stay here.”

He dared not let Nethery join the fight. The curse in her was like a sharp sword that hung over her head, and it might be triggered when she fought them. If that happened, he would have a huge headache.

After Nethery was patted by Bu Fang, she blinked, and the veins at the corners of her eyes gradually disappeared. Then, she stood quietly to the side and looked at him.

Bu Fang turned around and glanced at the charging law enforcers. They were very strong and had all reached Nine-star True Immortal Realm as if it was the minimum requirement to become a law enforcer.

He did sense the aura of a half-step Saint just now, but that expert was not here.

With Bu Fang’s current cultivation base and ability to fight opponents higher levels than him, he didn’t take these Nine-star True Immortals seriously.

He reached out a hand and gave Foxy a pat.

The little fox, lying lazily on his shoulder, stood up instantly with her tail bristling and jumped into his arms.

“Anyone who infuriated law enforcers will be mercilessly killed!”

Shouts rang through the air.

The next moment, several powerful sword beams approached from different directions, blocking all Bu Fang’s retreating routes. They wanted to kill him with one blow.

As the scene unfolded, the law enforcer, who knelt on one knee in the distance and was coughing blood, could hardly contain the excitement in his heart.

“Die now!”

BOOM!

Bu Fang looked expressionlessly at the approaching sword beams and rubbed Foxy’s head.

The little fox’s eyes burst into light as she opened her mouth and belched, then a bright glow began to rapidly congregate in her mouth...

“Foxy, shoot them!” said Bu Fang.

Foxy nodded. The next moment...

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

A series of rapid firing sounds filled the air as one golden missile after another shot toward the sword beams at lightning speed.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The few Nine-star True Immortals were stunned. They had never seen any attack like this before.

However, before they could come to their senses, they saw that the golden missiles had smashed onto their sword beams, completely shattered them, and came shooting toward them without losing momentum.

Shocked, they brought their swords up to block the missiles, but that proved to be futile. The missiles smashed their swords with mighty forces, and their swords squeaked. One of the law enforcers coughed blood, his black sword bent, and when he looked up, he saw another missile coming, then a rain of missiles... It scared him out of his wits and made him break out in cold sweat.

BOOM!

In the blink of an eye, all the law enforcers were engulfed by a sea of fire, while a small mushroom cloud rose into the sky.

Clang!

A black sword, broken in half and emitting smoke, poked out from the flames. It was that law enforcer's sword, destroyed by the explosion.

The law enforcer with a swollen face was struck dumb. His eyes were blank as he watched the flames engulf his companions. Suddenly, he felt a chill run down his back.

‘Is this foreigner trying to... turn the sky upside down?’

A brief moment later, one figure after another bolted out from the flames and fell to the ground. Their bodies were blackened, and their auras were weakened, looking as if they were dying.

The group of law enforcers had almost been wiped out.

The result was entirely unexpected. The people around stared with their mouths agape, while the peddlers were horrified. They couldn't believe that they had threatened a ruthless man who dared to kill law enforcers!

Everyone sucked in a cold breath.

Were all foreigners so domineering and not afraid of death now?

Foxy closed her mouth, looking a little dissatisfied. She had just begun the first round of firing, and those people could no longer withstand it. It was rather boring.

Bu Fang stroked her head with an expressionless face and thought, ‘Realm Lord Di Tai should know that I'm here when he sees this mushroom cloud...’

...

In a street somewhere within Abyss City, Realm Lord Di Tai was enjoying a snack, while City Lord Meng Qi followed behind him. They were observing and experiencing the local customs.

Suddenly, they heard a violent explosion in the distance.

The realm lord stuffed a meatball covered in chili flakes into his mouth. Chili was indispensable in the Abyss, and the people here cooked everything with it.

“Hmm... I wonder which fool is causing trouble in Abyss City. The city has a new lord, and he’s quite a formidable one... Even those fellows from the Nether Prison dare not make trouble.” Realm Lord Di Tai chewed the meatball, turned around, and told Meng Qi that.

BOOM!

Another explosion rang out, and this time, it was accompanied by a mushroom cloud that looked familiar to them.

“Oh?”

That gave Realm Lord Di Tai and Meng Qi a pause. Looking at that mushroom cloud, their eyes grew wide, and then they exchanged a glance.

The realm lord swallowed the meatball. Its heat slid down his throat, turning his eyes fiery.

“Damn it! Water!” he choked out, clutching his throat while jumping up and down.

Meng Qi put a hand on her forehead, feeling somewhat speechless. “Your Highness, this mushroom cloud looks familiar. Has Bu Fang also come here?”

“Impossible... He said he won’t come!” said Realm Lord Di Tai after gulping down a mouthful of water to quench the fiery heat.

Meng Qi frowned. “But... Who else could produce that mushroom cloud besides Bu Fang?”

“Well, let’s go and have a look... See, even a half-step Saint of Abyss City is heading that way!” Realm Lord Di Tai wiped his mouth with a hand.

After that, they ran toward the center of the disturbance.

...

Bu Fang remained standing where he was, his Vermillion Robe waving noisily in the wind. Foxy had returned to his shoulder and was yawning as if she was somewhat sleepy.

Even then, dozens of law enforcers flew over and landed around him, forming a circle, while a half-step Saint walked over in midair with his hands clasped behind his back.

“Who gave you the courage to assault law enforcers in Abyss City?” the half-step Saint asked, looking down at Bu Fang. His voice was cold and filled with killing intent.

Bu Fang looked up at him with an expressionless face. “Do you want me to just stand here and let them kill me? Can’t I fight back?” he retorted. He felt that the people in Abyss City were too overbearing.

“If that is what the law enforcer asked of you, you will do as he said! You are just an outsider... How dare you cause trouble in Abyss City?! Are you tired of living?!” When he had finished saying that, the half-step Saint shot forward like a missile, throwing a palm at Bu Fang to force him on his knees.

However, no sooner had he moved than a golden-haired figure, clad in a long loose robe, bolted out from the crowd and blocked him in front of Bu Fang.

The golden-haired figure had just waved a hand, and the half-step Saint immediately flew backward and landed far away.

“A Little Saint?” The half-step Saint’s face grew cold, showing no signs of fear. After that, a blood-colored jade talisman appeared in his hand, and he was about to crush it.

However, his movements halted the next moment, because the Little Saint had already taken out a black invitation with a playful smile. Looking at the invitation, his expression became odd.

“My friend, this little fellow is our companion who has lost his way. We finally found him now. Sorry to have brought you trouble,” Realm Lord Di Tai toyed with the black invitation as he smiled at the half-step Saint.

The half-step Saint rose to his feet, glanced coldly at Bu Fang, and then at Realm Lord Di Tai. “You are from the Immortal Cooking Realm?”

Realm Lord Di Tai nodded and said, “We are invited by the City Lord of Abyss City to join this year’s Abyssal Qilin Chef Feast.”

“Since you are here for the feast... leave now, or that boy will have to stay here. He had wounded many of my law enforcers... I will definitely kill him if it weren’t for that invitation!” the half-step Saint said coldly.

Bu Fang was expressionless when he heard that.

‘This f*cker is so cocky...’

He patted Foxy on the head, and the little fox immediately jumped into his arms and opened her mouth.

Realm Lord Di Tai didn’t know whether he should laugh or weep at Bu Fang’s hot temper. He quickly covered Foxy’s mouth, then dragged Bu Fang off into the distance.

Bu Fang twitched his mouth.

Behind them, the half-step Saint watched with a half-smile as Bu Fang and the others left.

“So they are here for the Qilin Chef Feast... Hmph!”

“Captain, why don’t you kill that guy? Anyone who assaulted law enforcers must be killed!” said the law enforcer who had a swollen face.

The half-step Saint gave him a sideways glance and sneered. “What’s the rush? None of the people from the Immortal Cooking Realm can run away... There are many others who want to kill them.”

Among the crowd, a figure in a black robe looked at Realm Lord Di Tai and the others with a strange gleam flashing in his eyes. A few moments later, he turned and disappeared into the crowd.

“I finally found the people of the Immortal Cooking Realm...”

Chapter 1192 Set Off for the Abyss, Ambushed!

“Why are we running away?” Bu Fang was dragged by Realm Lord Di Tai as they kept pushing through the crowd.

Foxy had climbed up his shoulder and was curiously rolling her eyes. Nethery followed behind him. She exchanged a glance with Meng Qi but said nothing.

“We come to Abyss City for the Qilin Chef Feast. Do you know who hosts the feast this time?”

Realm Lord Di Tai gave Bu Fang a sulky look. He never thought that Bu Fang would engage the law enforcer team in a fight as soon as he arrived here. None of the law enforcers was easy to deal with. They had gone through countless battles and were cultivated with blood. Should Bu Fang fight them, things would not end well, and he might even alert the four Judges. If that happened, the situation would be difficult to handle. Moreover, the new City Lord of Abyss City was an existence feared even by the Nether Prison.

“I don’t know,” Bu Fang said honestly. He really didn’t know the answer, but he was not happy with the attitude of those law enforcers. They had acted as if they were the most powerful people in the world, and whoever offended them should stand on the spot and be killed with their swords.

That annoyed Bu Fang.

“The City Lord of Abyss City is the host of the feast. It is said that he was the Great Judge of the law enforcer team, but he had murdered the former lord and took the seat for himself,” Realm Lord Di Tai said with a heavy tone.

Unlike the peaceful Immortal Cooking Realm, Abyss City was a city of chaos and slaughter where countless exiled experts gathered. Outside the city, murders took place almost every moment, but no

one dared to commit murder inside the city after the new city lord took his office. It showed how formidable he was.

Bu Fang twitched his mouth. He had nothing to say about that, so he asked instead, “When will the Qilin Chef Feast begin? Why haven’t you set off yet?”

The feast would be held in the real Abyss where the Abyssal Demons dwelt.

“We were about to leave when you caused such a major disturbance. You are lucky that we haven’t set off. Otherwise... you could be beaten to death by those law enforcers!” said the realm lord.

Bu Fang smiled. “If worse comes to worst, I can always use my Perishing Pots. If one cannot suppress them, I can use two...”

Realm Lord Di Tai fell silent. Perishing Pots were Bu Fang’s ultimate weapons. With just a pot, he might be able to destroy one-third of Abyss City, and with his current cultivation base, no ordinary Little Saints could withstand it. It was important to note that Bu Fang had killed the giant demon who was a One-revolution Little Saint with a Perishing Pot in the battle that just ended not too long ago!

“Since we’re in a foreign place, we should keep a low profile and try our best to avoid stirring up trouble. Come, we’ll set off for the Abyss now, but first, we need to buy an Abyssal Winged Dragon,” Realm Lord Di Tai said.

The others had no objections, so they followed him toward the trading market.

The trading market of Abyss City was huge. They found the trading area of Abyssal Winged Dragons and paid a thousand Nether crystals for one.

Abyssal Winged Dragons were a branch of dragons. These dragons were different from Divine Dragons, but truly mighty dragons were existences ultimately close to Divine Dragons.

The Abyssal Winged Dragon Realm Lord Di Tai bought had an enormous body. It stood a hundred meters tall, and when the huge pair of wings on its back spread, they covered almost the whole sky. Whenever those wings flapped, the wind they stirred up almost turned into tornadoes. There was a simple hut on its back, which was built by the merchant. Inside the hut, soft chairs were prepared so that the riders could have a place to rest.

In fact, all purchased Winged Dragons would fly back to the trading market by themselves after they left Abyss City. Therefore, merchants who traded Winged Dragons were all making huge profits.

The Abyss was far away from Abyss City. To travel there, one would need to fly across a chaotic region filled with void turbulence, and it was very easy to get lost. Only Abyssal Winged Dragons could find the right way to the Abyss through the boundless turbulence.

Bu Fang and the others climbed up the Winged Dragon's back. The dragon opened its mouth and let out a deafening roar, and then the merchant who sold them the dragon gave a long whistle. He was also a half-blooded Abyssal Demon with pointy ears and dark skin.

As his whistle faded away, the dragon leaped into the air, flapped its wings, and flew smoothly toward the distance.

Bu Fang and the others sat on the Winged Dragon's back. A strong wind was blowing at them, but the hut's array pushed it to both sides. It was a comfortable ride.

Sitting in his chair, Bu Fang looked down and saw the whole Abyss City. The city grew smaller and smaller in his eyes, but it also grew scarier. It looked like a ferocious demon with its mouth wide open, waiting to devour someone. As he stared at it, he had a feeling that the city would have an indescribable relationship with him later on.

It was not a good feeling.

...

Meanwhile, in a crimson mansion somewhere in Abyss City...

A door was pushed open. A figure wrapped in a black robe slowly stepped through it, walked around many buildings, and came to a great hall.

Inside the great hall, the air was filled with a stagnant atmosphere and powerful pressure. They made the black-robed figure drop to his knees with his head bowed.

“Lord Judge, I’m sorry that my ignorant servant has disturbed you,” chuckled a black-robed man wearing a half-goat mask and sitting on the throne.

Beside him, a man clad in a blood-colored robe smiled faintly and said, “It’s fine. I think your servant has some news to report.”

The man with a half-goat mask turned to look at his servant and said, “Tell us what you got.”

The servant trembled, then he hurriedly said, “My lord, we’ve found the people of the Immortal Cooking Realm.”

“Oh? You’ve found them?” The expert’s eyes focused and seemed to burst into light.

“They are now riding an Abyssal Winged Dragon to the Abyss to attend the Qilin Chef Feast...” said the servant.

“The Abyss... Very good. It’s a pity that the Great Saint wants them alive. Otherwise, that chaotic land is the perfect graveyard for them...” The masked man rose to his feet and sneered.

The Judge got up and squinted at the man. “Since Brother Yang Zheng has serious business to attend to, I’ll not disturb you any longer. Do come visit me at my residence next time. I’ll surely serve you the best Abyssal Demon Wine!”

“Haha! I will! Abyssal Demon Wine is one of the three specialties in the Abyss... and authentic Abyssal Demon Wine is hard to find. I’m looking forward to tasting it. Thank you for inviting me, Lord Judge!” Yang Zheng burst into laughter and cupped his fist.

Chuckling, the Judge disappeared from the great hall.

The servant kneeling on the floor took a deep breath and said, “My lord, that Judge...”

“It’s none of your business. No one in today’s Abyss is easy to deal with. However, as long as we don’t mess with them, they won’t give us trouble on account of the Great Saint. All we have to do now is capture those trash from the Immortal Cooking Realm and let the Great Saint vent his anger,” Yang Zheng said indifferently.

He walked down from the throne and took a deep breath.

“We have to hurry. Those from the Nine Revolution Nether Chefs Clan and the Shadow Demon Clan are eyeing them up as well,” he added, clasping his hands behind his back.

“What’s so special about those people? Why do three of the nine clans in the Nether Prison want to capture them?” The servant didn’t understand.

“Do you really think that the Great Saint wants to capture them so he can vent his anger? Well, his purpose is to get the Immortal Cooking Realm’s secret in his hand. Have you ever seen a Dried Pot that can kill a Little Saint? That kind of power is really scary... If it is obtained by the Nine Revolution Nether Chefs Clan, the ranking of the nine clans is likely to change...” said Yang Zheng.

When he had finished, he didn’t explain further but ordered the servant to head for the Abyss and intercept Bu Fang’s Winged Dragon.

In the courtyard, dragon roars rang through the air as one strong and muscular Tiger Winged Dragon after another flew out. These dragons were not as enormous as Abyssal Winged Dragons, but they were more agile and savage. As soon as they were in the air, they sped toward the Abyss like streaks of dark lightning.

Even then, many other Tiger Winged Dragons flew up from various mansions in Abyss City, all heading toward the Abyss.

Meanwhile, in a ferocious-looking palace of Abyss City...

The buildings in the palace were very strange. They were not resplendent and magnificent. Instead, they looked extremely scary, with pointed roofs as sharp as blades that thrust into the sky and walls so red that they looked like weeping blood.

Three experts clad in blood-colored robes sat cross-legged in a side hall within the Abyss Palace.

Suddenly, a figure zoomed through the door and landed in the center of the hall, leaving many afterimages behind.

Three blood-robed Judges opened their eyes.

“It’s time to move... The people of the Nether Prison had already set off. This year’s Qilin Chef Feast is going to be interesting.”

The figure who came into the hall was the Judge who had just left Yang Zheng. When he had finished, the hall instantly filled with a burst of cold laughter.

“The Great Judge and City Lord’s plan is really bold. If it succeeds this time... the Abyss will be able to become independent of the Nether Prison and no longer under its control!”

The Judge’s voice rang out again, and the others laughed. The next moment, they all turned into beams of red light and shot out of the side hall.

...

The void turbulence was violent.

There was a boundless starry sky over the turbulence, where stars revolved slowly. The void turbulence was like an invisible barrier that separated the starry sky and the lands.

The enormous Abyssal Winged Dragon didn’t fly fast and was somewhat clumsy. These dragons’ intelligence had been destroyed by those merchants. All that was left of them was obedience, so they looked somewhat stupid.

Turbulence lashed on the void, causing it to crack and filled with rifts.

Bu Fang sat cross-legged on the Winged Dragon’s back and looked up at the boundless starry sky.

It was so beautiful that everyone was deeply attracted. Nethery, Realm Lord Di Tai, and Meng Qi were all looking up at it.

This was the first time they saw such a beautiful starry sky. The stars shone brightly like diamonds embedded in darkness, blooming with extreme beauty. There were shooting stars, as well as belts of stars that flowed slowly.

Bu Fang looked at the sky in silence. For a moment, his heart filled with mixed emotions.

It turned out that this world also had a starry sky. Was there also an aqua-blue planet amid this boundless starry sky?

He didn't know. Perhaps yes, perhaps no, or perhaps this starry sky was simply not the same starry sky in his memory. He sighed.

"This starry sky is really beautiful," Nethery exclaimed, her eyes misty.

Bu Fang turned to look at her. She seemed to be drunk with the starry sky's beauty.

"Legend has it that only after becoming a Great Saint can one have the strength to walk in the starry sky for a short time... Can you imagine how surreal it will feel to be able to step in the boundless starry sky and overlook everything?" said Realm Lord Di Tai.

Bu Fang glanced at him and said, "You are still far from that, so stop daydreaming."

The realm lord looked at him with a bitter expression, while Nethery and Meng Qi covered their mouths and smiled. For a moment, the atmosphere was relaxed.

Suddenly, Bu Fang furrowed his eyebrows.

Realm Lord Di Tai also focused his eyes and looked into a distance.

Dragon roars echoed out from that direction, and in just a flash, they approached and surrounded Bu Fang's Winged Dragon.

ROAR!

They sounded like the roars of dragons mixed with tigers. The terrible sound waves frightened the Abyssal Winged Dragon and agitated it, causing its body to sway violently.

Puk! Puk! Puk!

The sound of explosions rang out. The next moment, numerous long hooks shot over, their sharp blades clawing into the Winged Dragon's wings...

A ripping sound filled the void, followed by the Abyssal Winged Dragon's painful roar!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

After that, plumes of Nether energy burst out from the backs of those Tiger Winged Dragons as they closed in toward Bu Fang and the others.

Realm Lord Di Tai's face turned somewhat unsightly. "Sure enough... The Nether Prison expert has prepared an ambush!"

"What should we do?" Meng Qi asked anxiously.

Nethery frowned.

Bu Fang looked unaffected, however. He lifted his hand and rubbed Foxy's head, then exhaled.

"What else can we do? Beat them to death..."

Chapter 1193 The Debut of the Divine Seal Dumpling!

"What else can we do? Beat them to death..." Bu Fang said, stroking Foxy's head. Realm Lord Di Tai and the others looked at him, speechless.

'What's wrong with Owner Bu recently? Why has he become so irritable and always want to fight at the slightest disagreement?'

Nethery also clenched her fists and said seriously, "That's right. Beat them to death!"

The realm lord fell silent.

If truth be told, he knew that this Qilin Chef Feast was a trap that the Nether Prison had set for him, one that he couldn't resist jumping in. As long as he set off for the feast, Nether Prison experts would surely attack him. In the beginning, Meng Qi and City Lord Zou also had the same worries. However, the temptation of the Qilin Chef Feast was too huge, and he couldn't say no to the Divine Chef remains. Now, as he looked at it, the Nether Prison experts must have grasped his thought, and that's why they had dug this pit for him to jump in. It was really an awful feeling.

"Damn it! Beat them to death!" Realm Lord Di Tai jumped to his feet. The feeling of being led by the nose filled him with rage.

ROAR!

A miserable dragon roar rang through the air.

With a ripping noise, the Abyssal Winged Dragon's wing was torn open! Blood spurted and spilled all over the sky!

After a large gash was ripped in its wing, the dragon began to wobble violently.

"Worthless trash from the Immortal Cooking Realm... surrender now. You can't escape with all these void turbulence..." a powerful voice rang out.

A figure clad in a black robe stood on the back of a Tiger Winged Dragon. His towering aura was extremely oppressive, shaking even the sky. Without question, he was a Little Saint! His aura was even stronger than the giant demon Bu Fang had killed!

Countless Tiger Winged Dragons flew over with open mouths, staring greedily at the Abyssal Winged Dragon. Their sharp teeth glinted and looked terrifying.

"Attack!" the Nether Prison experts on the backs of Tiger Winged Dragons thundered.

The auras of these experts were not weak. Most of them were Nine-star True Immortals, and there were even three half-step Saints. Using a lineup of this magnitude to deal with Bu Fang and his companions was considered overwhelming. It seemed that the Nether Prison experts didn't want to give the four of them any chance to escape.

"Surrender?! I'll f*ck you all to death!" Realm Lord Di Tai glared at them and growled, recognizing their familiar auras.

These experts were all from the Nine Revolution Nether Chefs Clan. He had always been angry about this clan... because they were the traitors of the Immortal Cooking Realm! The clan would not have existed if the Immortal Cooking Realm did not exist. However, they were planning to destroy the realm now... They were just a bunch of ungrateful souls!

"Your resistance is futile!" sneered the Little Saint. The next moment, he let out a long whistle.

At the sound, all the Tiger Winged Dragons roared. Sharp hooks shot out again and dug into the Abyssal Winged Dragon's back, then, another ripping sound was heard while blood spilled in all directions.

A stabbing pain caused the enormous Winged Dragon to struggle violently. Its blood sprayed out from the wounds and rained down through the void.

Bu Fang and the others, who stood on its back, felt the world turn around them and could hardly keep their balances.

Realm Lord Di Tai took a deep breath. Wisps of immortal energy emerged and swirled around him. The next moment, a suit of golden armor appeared and wrapped his body.

The Armor of the Realm Lord!

BOOM!

The realm lord pushed his feet into the dragon's back, shot himself across the void, and landed on the back of one of the Tiger Winged Dragons, where a Nine-star True Immortal Realm expert stood.

“Die!” roared the Nine-star True Immortal as he made a straight cut with his sword toward Realm Lord Di Tai.

With an indifferent look in his eyes, the realm lord raised his hand, grabbed the sword, and crushed it. After that, he slapped the Nether Prison expert’s head with a palm, blowing his head apart.

As if he had become insane, Realm Lord Di Tai leaped across the void and landed on the back of another Tiger Winged Dragon, threw out a punch, and blew the head of another Nine-star True Immortal apart.

The experts of the Nine Revolution Nether Chefs Clan never thought that Realm Lord Di Tai would dare to fight back!

Why did he still have the courage to fight back under such circumstances?

Was he putting up a last-ditch resistance?!

“You’re courting death!” the Little Saint boomed. He stepped into the void, walking over the turbulence as he charged at breakneck speed toward Realm Lord Di Tai. In a flash, he was already in front of the realm lord, throwing out his fists and legs.

Realm Lord Di Tai felt terrible pressure. He focused his eyes and turned around. At the same time, his armor burst into a golden light, while a dazzling kitchen knife fell into his hand. Holding the handle tightly, he swung the knife out as if to cut through the void.

BOOM!

A spear pierced through the air and collided with the kitchen knife.

Boom! Boom!

The two Little Saints began to fight in the void, while the other Nether Prison experts targeted Bu Fang and his companions.

Holding a cleaver, a half-step Saint rose into the sky as Nether energy exuded from his body and gathered around the blade.

BOOM!

When he was high enough, he put all his weight into the cleaver and brought it down. The blade gleamed as if it was about to rip the void into pieces!

The pitch-black cleaver blotted out the sky as it hacked down toward Bu Fang and the others on the Abyssal Winged Dragon's back!

It came too fast. Bu Fang and his companions wanted to block it, but they couldn't protect the dragon.

In the blink of an eye, the cleaver hacked into the Abyssal Winged Dragon's head, cutting it in half and spilling its blood across the void.

Bu Fang and his companions flew into the sky.

Nethery had a serious look, and veins began to spread from the corners of her eyes to her ears. Meng Qi was also ready to fight back, her immortal robe waving gracefully.

Countless Tiger Winged Dragons flew over, sank their sharp teeth into the Abyssal Winged Dragon's body, and began to gnaw and tear at its flesh. It was a bloody scene.

Bu Fang's face was indifferent as he said, "The merchant who sold us this Abyssal Winged Dragon is going to... suffer a major loss."

Meng Qi didn't know whether she should laugh or weep. Was now the time to focus on this?

Nethery also nodded with a serious expression.

"However, the Nether Prison is going to suffer a major loss as well," Bu Fang added. His mind flickered, and specks of white light began to gather. Soon, an array emerged in the void.

Buzz...

A terrifying fluctuation spread out of the white array in the void, and then lightning arcs darted out as a burly figure gradually floated out of it.

BOOM!

Lightning flashed, and thunder rumbled.

Even then, a Tiger Winged Dragon swooped down at Bu Fang. Its mouth was wide open with blood dripping from its teeth, and it had a savage look in the eyes.

“Whitey... Just like last time, it’s all killing and no stripping this time,” said Bu Fang.

The next moment, the whole void seemed to have lit up as a huge bolt of lightning streaked across the sky. Like a spear wrapped in lightning, the War God Stick shot over and pierced the Tiger Winged Dragon’s head, which exploded instantly with a boom.

A clanging sound was heard as the metal wings on Whitey’s back spread. Looking extremely ferocious with its now-red mechanical eyes, Whitey sped across the void.

The Tiger Winged Dragon blew apart.

The War God Stick flew back and was grabbed by Whitey. Then, it made a sweep with the stick, smashing the Nine-star True Immortal who rode the dragon into pieces.

After devouring countless lightning punishments, Whitey’s fighting capacity had reached an extremely scary level, which was not weaker than that of a half-step Saint.

“Whitey has grown stronger again,” Nethery said with her eyes lit up. After that, she shot out like a spring. With her eyes fixed at a Tiger Winged Dragon that came swooping down at her, she raised a palm. Powerful Nether energy swirled around her hand, and with a boom, an invisible fluctuation exploded out. Suddenly, the dragon burst apart as an invisible force hit it.

The Nine-star True Immortal who rode it jumped into the sky, roared, and continued charging toward Nethery.

All of a sudden, a knife light flashed past and cut the expert in half.

Nethery turned around and saw Meng Qi smile sweetly at her.

...

Meanwhile, Bu Fang rubbed Foxy's head. Looking at all the Tiger Winged Dragons coming toward him, he took a deep breath and suddenly had some expectation in his heart.

A major scene was about to take place!

Foxy jumped into his arms and opened her mouth. Energy began to rapidly gather between her jaws. The next moment, beams of energy blasted out toward the swarm of Tiger Winged Dragons in the void.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The sounds of explosions filled the air.

The little fox's eyes were bright as one missile after another ejected from her mouth and accurately hit the Tiger Winged Dragons. Every dragon that was hit would blow apart and be engulfed by flames.

Soon, the whole void was flooded with flames, while one mushroom cloud after another rose into the sky. The void turbulence became even more violent.

Bu Fang floated in the void with Foxy. The latter kept nodding in his arms, raining missiles on the enemies.

The rumbling sound rang continuously as explosions stretched nearly three hundred miles across the void. At this moment, the world seemed to be on fire.

The Little Saint fighting Realm Lord Di Tai in the distance was shocked.

‘What the f*ck is going on?! That little chef is just a Nine-star True Immortal, but why would he have such a murderous method? No wonder Lord Divine Chef asked me to bring so many experts... We might have been wiped out completely if I brought too few people! That fox really is a great killing weapon!’

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Explosions echoed through the void, and Tiger Winged Dragons burst apart. One Nether Prison expert after another soared into the sky. However, before they could stabilize themselves, they found a bolt of lightning shooting toward them.

A long stick that looked like a spear pierced the heads of all these experts and then ripped their bodies apart. Dead bodies kept falling from the void, extremely terrible to look at.

In the distant void, many merchant groups and fleets changed their routes and didn’t dare approach the battlefield. When they saw what was happening, they gasped. As this region was not under Abyss City’s jurisdiction, killing was very common. However, it was rare for them to see such a large-scale slaughter.

Many people felt chills run down their backs when they saw the dead bodies of experts fall from the void as if it was raining. Of course, there were other people who stopped and watched. These people also rode Tiger Winged Dragons and were watching from a far distance.

There was a serious look in Yang Zheng’s eyes as he took a deep breath.

“Now you know why the Great Saint wants us to capture them alive... If this mighty killing weapon is controlled by the Nether Chef Clan, it will be disastrous enough to change the power ranking in Nether Prison!” said Yang Zheng.

The servant beside him felt cold all over. It was indeed a very scary scene, especially the young man who wore a striped red-and-white chef robe with a little fox in his arm... Those meatballs from the little fox’s mouth were simply a nightmare for many!

“Let’s not do anything first and wait for the right time to strike... The experts of Shadow City are also waiting in the distance,” said Yang Zheng.

His gaze seemed to travel through thousands of miles and saw a huge warship floating in the distant void. Inside the ship, many Nether Prison experts were watching the battle... No, the slaughter!

The Little Saint of the Nether Chef Clan was so furious that he almost went crazy.

“Are you stupid?! Kill that boy now!” he snapped at the two half-step Saints in the distance.

The two half-step Saints finally came to their senses and made a hasty attack. One of them used his pitch-black knife to produce a knife energy, which slashed across the void toward Bu Fang.

Bu Fang gave the half-step Saint a sideways glance and patted Shrimpy, who was on his shoulder. Shrimpy bolted out instantly, while Whitey smashed down and landed on its back like a lightning giant. The latter raised its hand and grabbed the knife energy. Then, it clenched its fist and shattered it!

The War God Stick, bursting with lightning arcs, fell into Whitey’s hand. The puppet swept it out, filling the void with a thousand sticks as it dashed toward the half-step Saint.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The half-step Saint roared and raised his knife to meet the stick.

Meanwhile, the other half-step Saint sped through the air toward Bu Fang, thrusting a spear that ripped a large hole in the void. Widening his eyes, the expert smiled hideously and bellowed, “Die now!”

The spear went straight for Bu Fang’s head.

Suddenly, the half-step Saint’s eyes shrank. He saw Bu Fang’s head slightly turn, and the way the latter looked at him was like looking at a dead man.

That gaze filled him with a chill. He couldn’t believe that this boy, who was merely a Nine-star True Immortal, was giving him a pressure scarier than that of a Little Saint!

The next moment, his eyes shrank even smaller as he saw a crescent-shaped, rainbow-colored dumpling fly over and explode right in front of him!

Chapter 1194 Taste My Wok!

a black, cold warship slowly moved through the void, crushing the violent turbulence.

on the deck of the warship stood two figures. one of them had a head of white hair and a handsome face. in his hand, he held a transparent wine glass that contained a crimson liquid. he gently swirled the glass, causing the liquid to lap against the glass and give off a rich wine aroma.

“this abyssal demon wine is truly worthy to be one of the three specialties in the abyss. it tastes amazing,” said ying ya as he lightly swirled the wine in the glass with a pleased look. behind him stood liu ya, who wore an expressionless and cold face.

the sound of footsteps rang out through the door that led to the ship’s cabins. then, a few men slowly walked out. their hairs were white as well. when they saw ying ya, they smiled faintly.

“the taste of abyssal demon wine is certainly amazing. even the perfected qilin chefs of our nether chef clan enjoy it very much,” a handsome man said with a smile.

“the process of making abyssal demon wine is quite complicated. it is said that the best quality demon fruits are handpicked by young and beautiful pure-blooded female abyssal demons, crushed, and stored in cold porcelain jars, which are then tied to those young female abyssal demons’ abdomens to ferment until they come of age so that the wine will absorb the pure fragrance and spiritual energy of young girls. to preserve the pure and original taste, these girls are not allowed to have sex and are even prevented from getting in touch with any male abyssal demons,” the man said with a tone that held high recommendation for the wine.

“moreover, the wine’s flavor will elevate if it is poured and served by those young female abyssal demons who had the wine tied to them.” ying ya chuckled and praised the wine as well. wine-making was an art, and the people who had invented this wine-making method were geniuses. although he didn’t know how to cook, he held great respect for those chefs.

“do you think the people of the immortal cooking realm will come?” the man walked over, stood beside ying ya, and asked. he was also holding a glass of crimson demon wine that looked like blood.

“they will. though protected by the immortal tree, the immortal cooking realm will always be shrouded in uneasiness as long as they don’t have their own divine chef. therefore, they cannot ignore this divine chef remains.” when ying ya had finished replying, he took a sip of the wine.

the man chuckled. “it doesn’t matter. so what if they come? the immortal cooking realm is full of junks whose cooking skills are laughable. if there is a chef’s challenge... i’ll surely defeat them and make them lose everything,” the man said casually and finished his wine in one gulp. “the immortal cooking realm is no longer what it used to be...”

ying ya glanced at the high-spirited man and said with a faint smile, “i wish you good luck.”

...

‘a dumpling? did he throw a dumpling at me? what the hell is this guy thinking? first, he attacked with meatballs, and now with a dumpling?!’

despite the ridiculousness of it all, the half-step saint didn’t dare underestimate this rainbow-colored dumpling after witnessing the scary power of the explosive meatballs. who knew what strange power it might have?

golden flames kept bursting out of foxy’s mouth, while bu fang gave the half-step saint a cold sideways glance.

buzz...

even then, the dumpling exploded. a brilliant rainbow light filled the sky, illuminating the void in an instant.

“oh?” the half-step saint paused, his whole body tensed up as he prepared to defend against the terrible explosion. he waited for a long time, but the explosion he was expecting didn’t happen.

“is this some kind of joke?” he was dazed for a brief moment. then, he widened his eyes, put down his guard, and was about to thrust his spear to kill bu fang.

however, it was at this moment that he found that he couldn’t move. after being shone by the rainbow light, he couldn’t even lift a finger. even his spear was frozen in midair.

‘what happened?! what did he do to me?!’

energy rumbled in him as he tried to make his body move, but no matter how hard he tried, he just couldn’t move his body. it scared the wits out of him.

‘f*ck! what kind of magic is this?!’

one breath, two breaths, three breaths...

the half-step saint was terrified. he couldn’t figure out why he couldn’t move. nothing was more frightening than something unknown!

bu fang looked at the half-step saint and smiled. then, he held foxy up and pointed her at the frozen expert.

the little fox belched, and smoke drifted out of her mouth. the explosive meatball seemed to have jammed.

“be good and fire another meatball.” the corner of bu fang’s mouth twitched as he rubbed foxy’s head and gave her butt a gentle pat.

foxy’s eyes grew wide instantly. the next moment, she opened her mouth and spat a flashing explosive meatball, which tore through the void and grew larger and larger in the half-step saint’s eyes...

boom!!!

the half-step saint’s head was blown apart by the explosion meatball!

“oh?!” bu fang’s eyes shrank. he didn’t expect that an explosive meatball was enough to kill the half-step saint. after all, the defense of a half-step saint was not weak.

‘do divine seal dumplings have the effect of weakening defense?’ he wondered.

suddenly, foxy trembled and climbed along bu fang’s body up to the top of his head. with a seemingly blushing face, she stuck her butt up in the air.

nethery and meng qi, who had just killed a nine-star true immortal in the distance, looked over quizzically.

was that little fox going to poop on bu fang’s head?! the scene seemed a little too... beautiful to look at!

bu fang’s face turned slightly dark, and he was about to take foxy down from his head when the little fox’s body trembled and her aura soared. her eyes flashed like lightning, and a small protrusion suddenly appeared beside her tail. in the blink of an eye, the protrusion burst, and a fox tail shot out of it, flicking back and forth like a whip and cracking the void!

foxy had... evolved! she looked awesome now with two tails!

bu fang finally realized that foxy was not about to poop on his head but to grow a new tail, and he breathed a sigh of relief. if the little fox really pooped on his head, his face would have turned extremely dark.

after growing her second tail, foxy jumped back into bu fang’s arms and looked very excited.

bu fang rubbed her head and smiled. after eating so many explosive meatballs, this little fellow had finally broken through. with a thought, he produced a few more meatballs. the little fox caught them with her mouth and swallowed them all.

in the distance, the little saint sucked in a cold breath.

his subordinate, a half-step saint, was killed in just a twinkling? how was that possible? was that boy really that strong?!

realm lord di tai got excited when he saw bu fang kill the half-step saint. he swept out his kitchen knife and fought even fiercer. a few moments ago, he was being suppressed, but now, he was able to give his opponent a hard time.

the other half-step saint was terrified as well, and whitey took the opportunity to punch him on the head, almost breaking his skull apart. blood spurted out as the half-step saint moved a distance across the void.

however, whitey flapped its metal wings and caught up with him, thrusting the war god stick into his stomach.

the half-step saint's eyes grew wide as blood sprayed out from his mouth. he was pushed down through the void, knocking into several nine-star true immortals and breaking their bodies apart.

whitey flapped its wings and smashed those experts, spilling their blood in all directions.

the half-step saint was somewhat horrified.

'is this really a puppet? i can't believe there is such a strong puppet in the world save those made by the nether puppeteers! but this puppet is different from those nether puppets... it doesn't seem to be made from the body of some ancient expert...'

whitey's mechanical eyes flashed. the next moment, the war god stick fell into its hand.

boom!

lightning arcs darted out of the stick while thunderbolts fell and wrapped around its body. then, it pointed out the war god stick at the half-step saint.

the half-step saint roared as nether energy exploded out of him and turned into a towering knife energy.

"the stick that props up the sky!" whitey's cold mechanical voice rang through the void.

the next moment, the war god stick transformed into an enormous pillar that blotted out the sky. with flames burning on its surface and lightning slithering from top to bottom, it then smashed down and crashed into the half-step saint's attack.

boom!

in a flash, the knife energy scattered, and the half-step saint also... vanished.

another half-step saint had fallen.

all the nine-star true immortals present gasped and felt chills run down their backs. even the little saint in the distance trembled and couldn't believe what just happened.

a few moments ago, a half-step saint was killed by bu fang, and now, another one was killed by a puppet. why were these fellows from the immortal cooking realm different from what they imagined?

realm lord di tai burst out laughing. a knife energy came falling down from the sky and seemed to slash all the void turbulence to pieces. he had gained control over the battle and was forcing the nether chef little saint back.

the fall of the two half-step saints filled the hearts of the remaining true immortal realm experts with horror and weakened their spirits. they had lost their courage to continue fighting. they were here to capture these people, but in the end, many of them were either killed or injured.

everyone, including the onlookers in the distance, gasped. they didn't expect that these few experts from the immortal cooking realm would be so strong.

yang zheng clenched his fists and felt the difficulty of the task.

'it will not be easy to capture these four people alive. the young man with a little fox, the puppet, and realm lord di tai... they are all very difficult to deal with, and in the process, the casualties will be huge. now... i can only hope that the shadow demon clan will seriously injure them. only then will i have the opportunity to strike...'

panicked cries rang out as countless people began to flee. with their morale completely destroyed, it was hardly surprising they had been routed.

while defending realm lord di tai's attack, the little saint growled, "stop, all of you! i'll kill those who retreated without my permission!"

however, no matter how he roared and shouted, the experts who had lost their spirits didn't stop. they all ran away frantically, stepping across the void. some were accidentally caught by the void turbulence, which engulfed them in a flash.

the little saint roared and stared furiously at bu fang. he had failed the task. he had sworn that he would capture them, but he was defeated. it was all because of this young man, his formidable fox, and puppet!

this young man must die!

his eyes were cold, surging with killing intent. the next moment, he let out a long whistle. vast black nether energy gathered and forced back realm lord di tai, and then the little saint charged toward bu fang.

the void was torn apart. the little saint approached in a flash, bringing with him terrible nether energy and vast pressure! for a moment, the whole world turned to pitch dark!

"die!"

bu fang was holding foxy, and the little fox shivered in his arms. he focused his eyes, looked at the little saint, and took a deep breath. with a thought, a divine seal dumpling shot out from his hand.

suddenly, several cold steel chains swept out from the pitch-black nether energy, slithering across the void toward bu fang. they were going to pierce him and completely imprison him!

stepping on the void, bu fang slowly moved back with narrowed eyes. his vermillion chef robe burst into flames, turning fiery scarlet as a pair of flaming wings spread from his back.

"divine seal dumpling... explode!"

a brilliant white light bloomed and enveloped the little saint instantly!

foxy dashed up bu fang's shoulder and tightly clutched at the vermillion chef robe.

with a thought, bu fang produced the black turtle constellation wok, which expanded abruptly as if to cover the whole sky.

the next moment, the white light faded away, and a wok came smashing down toward the little saint.

“the black wok that suppresses the universe! taste my wok!”

Chapter 1195 Maybe This Is the Feeling of Showboating

A dumpling exploded in front of the Little Saint, sending a rainbow-colored glow and a strong aroma to envelope him. The glow flashed and flickered, turning into a blinding white light that was impossible to look straight into. The bright light confused the Little Saint.

‘A cover-up technique? At our levels, this boy still used such a despicable technique?! What a rascal!’

He gave a furious roar, then scattered and rushed out of the white light.

Several chains slithered across the dark void, filling the air with a rattling noise and shaking the void. Ripples spread as they sped toward Bu Fang to wipe him out completely.

Bu Fang floated in midair as the Black Turtle Constellation Wok kept growing larger and larger. Although his face had always been serious, there was no mistaking the severity of his expression this time.

A Divine Seal Dumpling infused with the Imprison Gourmet Array could paralyze an enemy. However, the stronger the enemy, the weaker the effect. It could imprison a half-step Saint for a dozen breaths, which was long enough for Bu Fang to carry out brutal torture. However, when the target was a Little Saint, the duration was shortened to only three breaths. Therefore, Bu Fang couldn't waste any time. Once the Little Saint came to his senses, it would be difficult for Bu Fang to deal with him.

So he lifted the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and smashed it down.

“How dare a mere Nine-star True Immortal fight against a Little Saint... You have no idea what death means!” The Little Saint sneered, his voice resounded through the void.

In the distance, Realm Lord Di Tai smirked and crossed his arms against his chest. If it were in the past, he would have worried about Bu Fang, but not now. He had witnessed with his own eyes how Bu Fang killed a Little Saint with a Dried Pot. Even he couldn't figure out this young man's trump card.

‘This little chef is simply a monster!’

So he crossed his arms and watched, waiting for a chance to sprinkle salt into the Little Saint's wound.

The next moment, the Little Saint's eyes focused and his mind stagnated. He found that he couldn't move as if he was imprisoned by an invisible force, and even the defensive power swirling over his skin had disappeared. Energy surged, and blood boiled in him. However, no matter how he tried, he couldn't break free of the imprisonment.

‘What technique is this? Is it because of that dumpling?’

He figured it out instantly. Just now, he had sensed a strange fluctuation from the dumpling. It was the fluctuation of the Will of the Great Path!

‘That's right! The dumpling contains the Will of the Great Path, and that's why it can imprison me! The technique of infusing the Will of the Great Path into food... I've seen this before!’

Although he was not a Qilin Chef, as a Little Saint of the Nether Chef Clan, he was lucky enough to witness a dish cooked by a Divine Chef of his clan. That dish... also contained the Will of the Great Path!

The Will of the Great Path was extremely mysterious, and the Sacred Realm was a process of enlightening it.

‘This little chef is just a Nine-star True Immortal, so how did he manage to understand the Will of the Great Path?!’

Incredible!

Suddenly, the Little Saint’s eyes shrank, and he felt as if his heart were being held in a huge hand. The next moment, his eyes grew wide, and then he saw everything in front of him turn black. A huge black wok was growing larger and larger in his eyes. He could see the mysterious patterns carved on its surface and sense its spine-chilling energy fluctuation...

“I...” He couldn’t move, and there was a burst of despair in his heart.

One breath, two breaths... Before the third breath, a black wok smashed down hard, crashed into his face, and twisted his facial features.

The sound of bone breaking rang out. The Little Saint’s tough bones and glinting skin were twisted by a wok in an instant, which continued to crash down with mighty power.

He felt a wave of terror. It felt like real death. It had been many years since he had that feeling, and it suffocated him.

“GET LOST!”

All of a sudden, the Little Saint felt the power that imprisoned him had disappeared, and his blood and energy surged instantly. His expression changed. Even his chains could move now, and they smashed onto the black wok. The impact filled the air with a loud clanging noise, which spread out into the void like ripples.

Without hesitation, he sped backward like a missile, his face covered in blood and looking ferocious.

In the void, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok shrank rapidly and flew back into Bu Fang’s hand. Bu Fang gave a soft sigh. He still couldn’t accurately count the three breaths.

‘I’ve failed to kill this Little Saint with one wok strike. It seems I need to practice more.’

Realm Lord Di Tai sucked in a cold breath. He had been thinking very highly of Bu Fang, but he never thought... Bu Fang could force back a Little Saint without using a Perishing Pot. How did he accomplish that?! The Little Saint's body seemed to have frozen for a brief moment just now... What technique was that?

The experts who were watching from a distance were also gasping.

A Nine-star True Immortal nearly killed a Little Saint?!

Was there such a monster in the world?

The gap between the Nine-star True Immortal Realm and the Sacred Realm was like the gap between heaven and earth. After all, the difference between the two realms was the understanding of the Will of the Great Path.

This was terrifying!

The Little Saint flew backward, his chains broken into pieces, and his miserable howl resounded through the void. His face was covered in blood, and half of his head caved in after being smashed by Bu Fang.

"Damn it! Damn it!" He flew into a rage, covering the caved-in head with one hand and growling continuously as terrible killing intent exuded from his body.

Realm Lord Di Tai narrowed his eyes. Seeing this opportunity, he struck instantly. His golden armor bloomed with dazzling light as he bolted toward the Little Saint.

"You're the one who's damned!" the realm lord said coldly, his voice filled with killing intent. A golden knife light emerged and slashed down at the Little Saint's head.

"You want to kill me?! You, a half-baked Little Saint from the backward Immortal Cooking Realm?!" cried the Little Saint as blood trickled down from his caved-in head.

Little Saints had extremely strong vitality. Although half of his head was smashed in, he wouldn't die. As for Great Saints, their vitality was even stronger. Their blood and flesh contained vast life force, so even if they were completely wiped out, they could still be resurrected with just a drop of blood. Of course, a Great Saint like this was already an invincible existence in the Great Saint Realm.

Stepping on Shrimpy, who glowed goldenly, Bu Fang shot forward and came not far away from the Little Saint.

"Let me help you," he said coolly. He flipped his hand as the golden thunderbolt that was Shrimpy brought him in front of the Little Saint in a twinkling. Now, he was less than one meter from the Little Saint's face.

The Little Saint widened his eyes and stared at Bu Fang, his killing intent surging. "You're courting death!"

"Courting death?" Bu Fang's face was cold and expressionless. Then, he raised his hand, revealing a dumpling floating in his palm.

The Little Saint's heart shook at the sight of the dumpling.

'F*ck... not again?! Can he not be so annoying?!'

Boom!

The dumpling exploded. A rainbow-colored glow blasted out once again and engulfed the Little Saint, causing his violent aura to become stagnant. Before the blinding light flooded over him, a desperate look could be seen on his face.

'I won't eat dumplings again for the rest of my life! Perhaps not even in my next life...'

Realm Lord Di Tai's eyes were bright. 'Is this a new gourmet weapon?! The little boy Bu Fang has created another new toy?! It looks awesome!'

He didn't slow down. A bolt of lightning smashed down and hacked the Little Saint's body in half. It was so easy that Realm Lord Di Tai thought he was cutting through a Nine-star True Immortal. 'Why is his defense so... weak?!'

The Little Saint was very aggrieved. He was imprisoned twice, both when he was about to attack. And when he was imprisoned, his defense was weakened by at least seventy percent. His defense was very strong, but it became useless the moment the enemy's attack arrived. Only those who had experienced this could understand his desperation.

The Little Saint was dead, and a terrible explosion erupted. The energy contained in a Little Saint was extremely powerful, and they spread like an enormous ripple.

Bu Fang's face was slightly pale. After using three Divine Seal Dumplings in a row, he felt that his mental force seemed unable to support any more attacks. Although his mental force had reached the half-step Saint realm, it was still not strong enough.

The Divine Seal Dumplings were not as scary as Perishing Pots, but their consumption was huge as well, causing his mental force to be almost fully depleted after using three of them.

The Nether Chef experts who joined the attack had either died or fled. Some were devoured by the void turbulence while fleeing, shrouded in despair.

The ambush was a complete failure.

Everyone sucked in a cold breath.

With just four people, they had defeated an army led by a Little Saint of the Nine Revolution Nether Chefs Clan. Even the Little Saint was slain! This was... terrifying! When did the experts of the Immortal Cooking Realm become so formidable?!

In the distance, Yang Zheng took a deep breath with a grim look on his face.

His subordinate gasped and asked in a trembling voice, "My... My lord, are we still going to attack?"

Those experts from the Nine Revolution Nether Chefs Clan were not weaker than their team.

“Wait... The Shadow Demons are moving! That young man’s face looks pale. His mental force should have depleted... Right... How could there be no price to pay for an attack that could kill a Little Saint?!” Yang Zheng’s eyes lit up. He knew that without the young man’s help... these people of the Immortal Cooking Realm were nothing to be feared.

“We’ll strike when the Shadow Demons scatter the four people and capture them alive... No! We’ll only capture that young man... He is the one the Great Saint wants!” Yang Zheng analyzed instantly.

Suddenly, Yang Zheng was struck dumb, and his subordinate also looked into the distance. Their pupils shrank at the same time. What they had just seen made their faces turn pale, and they couldn’t help but curse...

Bu Fang’s face was pale, and he looked somewhat weak. The scene had given the experts from the Shadow Demon Clan, who had been waiting in the distance, an opportunity.

The warship rumbled and crossed the void in an instant, crushing through the void turbulence. A Little Saint stood at the front of the warship with his eyes gleaming.

“Do you still have the strength to resist? Surrender now...” A deafening voice rang out and resounded through the whole void.

“Young Master Ying Ya knows that you will come, so he ordered us to lay in ambush here... You’ve defeated the Nether Chef team and used up all your tricks. What other means do you have to deal with us?” the Little Saint of the Shadow Demons said seriously.

His words were not only meant for Bu Fang and his companions, but also for Yang Zheng and the others, who were watching in the distance and waiting to take advantage of the situation. He knew Yang Zheng was waiting for the right time to strike, but he was sure that he could force them back by mentioning Young Master Ying Ya’s name.

Yang Zheng did have some fears of the name.

Realm Lord Di Tai’s expression changed. City Lord Meng Qi’s face was deathly pale as well, bloodless. They felt a burst of despair at this moment.

“Let’s run...” the realm lord said helplessly.

He was already feeling a little tired. Although he wanted to fight, he knew that they didn’t have the strength to fight a team that was still in its perfect form. Besides, he saw that Bu Fang’s face was also very unsightly, an obvious sign that he had reached the limit.

“Run?” Bu Fang frowned and gave Realm Lord Di Tai a look. “Where can we run to in this place?”

That gave Realm Lord Di Tai a pause. If they were to run now, they could only become prey. He smiled bitterly and thought that he was too naive. ‘Is this the end of it? I haven’t brought the Immortal Cooking Realm to its glory...’

“Well, it looks like there’s no other way...” Bu Fang sighed. He glanced at the huge warship and twitched his mouth. Then, he took out a teapot, lifted it high up, and poured some Nine Revolution Great Path Tea into his mouth. The refreshing and aromatic tea went down his stomach as the Adam’s apple at his throat bobbed up and down.

At this moment, Bu Fang felt a sudden joy. He was drinking tea in the face of ten thousand enemies and showing no fear at all! Maybe this was the feeling of... showboating!

His face turned red as the tea entered his throat, and his spirit sea surged with the roars and cries of a dragon, a tiger, a bird, and a tortoise. The next moment, his mental force exploded out!

A silver glow bloomed in his palm, and then everyone saw a brilliant Perishing Pot hovering in his hand.

While holding a teapot in one hand and a Perishing Pot in the other, Bu Fang faced the approaching warship fearlessly. At this moment, he was in high spirits!

Realm Lord Di Tai threw his head back and laughed. He was extremely excited.

Nethery’s black eyes stared at Bu Fang, gleaming. Meng Qi beamed with bright eyes as well.

The warship crashed through the void turbulence and approached.

“Die!” A cold, merciless voice rang out from the warship, sounding like the voice of death.

Bu Fang flicked his finger. In the blink of an eye, the silver glow in his hand sped away, streaking across the void like a silver shooting star toward the enormous warship.

Chapter 1196 Bu Fang, the Deceiver

there was an island of red floating in the boundless starry sky.

it was huge and shaped like an upside-down cone, with a pointed end that kept dripping like a stalactite. from afar, it looked like a sharp sword that was about to tear a corner from the void.

the red island kept drifting in the void in a regular pattern.

there was a huge canyon on the island. steep and treacherous, it looked as if someone had hacked it out with a blade. it was called the abyss.

the abyss had a long history, but its ending was a tragic one. after it was invaded by the nether prison, all its resources were looted, and countless abyssal demons were slain. the most common residents of today’s abyss were half-blooded abyssal demons, so needless to say, pure-blooded abyssal demons were rare to be seen.

warships sped from all directions and floated over the island, while the air was filled with dragon roars as abyssal winged dragons flapped their wings and slowly landed on the island.

not far away from the abyss, many warships and abyssal winged dragons stopped and waited.

the warships represented experts from the nether prison, while abyssal winged dragons might belong to experts who came for treasure hunting or merchants who came to the abyss to trade.

the door of a tall, cold warship opened, kicking up layers of red dust from the island’s surface. a group of people slowly walked out of it.

ying ya and liu ya walked unhurriedly through the door. the former wore a gentle expression and a smile, but the latter remained cold and indifferent.

“we’ve finally reached the abyss...” ying ya said, smiling.

“the qilin chef feast is already waiting for us. do you think those people from the immortal cooking realm can make it?” said the man who drank wine with ying ya earlier. he was clad in a black chef robe as he walked out of the warship.

“it doesn’t matter if they can make it or not... when i brought the invitation to them, i had not expected them to reach the abyss. after all... there are so many great gifts waiting for them along the way,” said ying ya. a gust of wind rolled up red sand and ruffled his grayish-white hair.

the man smiled softly and shook his head. “although you’ve learned many cooking skills from my nether chef clan, you don’t understand the meaning of the immortal cooking realm to us. if i can defeat the immortal cooking realm’s immortal chefs in cooking, it will be very good for my future growth. therefore, i do hope they can make it.”

“if you really hope they can make it, why did you send people to kill them?” the corner of ying ya’s mouth twitched, even his smile turned somewhat cold.

“to think is one thing, to do is another...” the man answered, chuckling as he strode toward the boundless abyss.

ying ya squinted at him, sighed softly, and followed. although he was not from the nether chef clan, it would also be very useful for him if he could get the divine chef’s legacy. he was now the leader of the younger generation, but... if he gets the legacy, he might become the leader of the nether chef in the future.

it was a different concept.

as long as there was ambition, the future would always be very different.

in this qilin chef feast, the only real threat to him was a few geniuses from the nine revolution nether chef clan. as for those from the immortal cooking realm... they might have been blown to ashes by now.

...

indeed, someone was blown to ashes, but not bu fang and his companions. the casualties were on the shadow demons' warship in the distance.

bu fang's scarlet vermillion chef robe flapped noisily, the flaming wings on his back moving up and down and filling the air with fiery feathers.

he flicked his finger. a silver stream of light immediately sped toward the warship in the distance like a shooting star.

this shooting star was small. when compared with the towering warship, it was like a speck of dust. however, the noise caused by it as it went for the target made a group of people on the warship narrow their eyes.

yang zheng never thought that bu fang would have more tricks up his sleeves.

'how many trump cards does that young man have? why can he always pull out another terrifying attack when everyone thinks he's at the end of his rope? earlier, it was a bizarre dumpling, and now... he even takes out a huge dried pot... and compared with the dumpling, the energy fluctuation in this pot is scarier!'

the sky seemed to have been torn to pieces as the dried pot approached, wafting out a rich fragrance as it spun rapidly.

a white flame burned under the silver lotus, while steam rose from the wok, mingled with immortal energy. anyone who smelled it would feel it's different from others.

the shadow demons' warship crashed through the void with scary pressure as it approached bu fang and his companions. on the front deck of the ship stood the little saint of the shadow demon clan.

he was highly focused and dared not to be careless. just not too long ago, he witnessed with his own eyes that a little saint was killed by that young man.

that was a little saint from the nine revolution nether chef clan!

among the nine clans of the nether prison, the nether chef clan ranked higher than the shadow demon clan. that little saint was surely stronger than him.

however, a little saint with such a formidable cultivation base was killed. that frightened him.

therefore, this little saint didn't dare to be careless.

"kill them with the warship!" looking at the silver dried pot, which approached at high speed, the little saint tensed up and thundered.

even as his voice boomed across the void, dark holes opened up on the warship, where powerful energy began to gather. soon, white beams of light took their shapes, and in the blink of an eye, they shot out of the holes.

they were very fast, streaking across the boundless void and heading toward the perishing pot. they were going to destroy it.

however, the little saint didn't understand the perishing pot's power and how it worked.

bu fang's eyes narrowed when he saw those energy beams hit the perishing pot. without hesitation, he asked nethery to produce the netherworld ship, jumped onto it with everyone else, and made nethery drive it as far and quickly as possible.

the perishing pot was extremely violent by itself, and now, with so much energy added to it, the destructive waves produced by its explosion were enough to wipe out everything.

by this time, its power was no longer under bu fang's control.

the addition of the warship's energy had increased the energy in the dried pot to a critical point of destruction.

boom!!!

a thunderous rumble rang out as the explosion occurred.

in the void, the spinning perishing pot bloomed into a brilliant glow, turning into a mass of white light that shone like the sun, illuminating the whole void.

the people on the warship were all struck dumb, and the little saint stared blankly at the mass of blinding white light ahead of the ship. he had never seen anything so bright before.

rumble!

it was a long time before he heard the thunderous rumble, which deafened his ears and shook his heart and soul. he was in a daze, and then his eyes widened when he finally saw the perishing pot's look in the distance.

the dried pot was spinning and expanding, turning into a dazzling white lotus that blotted out the sky. under it, energy boiled and devoured everything around it, including the nearby void turbulence.

the power was extremely terrifying.

the shadow demon experts on the warship watched with blank faces. they felt chills run down their backs as if someone had poured a bucket of icy water over them. they shuddered, and their hearts filled with fear.

run!

the perishing pot devoured everything as it approached the warship. they had to run. otherwise, they would be devoured together with the warship!

the lotus seemed to be born of destruction, too terrifying to the point of making people despair.

countless figures fled the warship like how the people of the nether chef clan had fled not too long ago. before, there was a fierce battle, but now... these experts simply fled just because of a dried pot.

boom!

the perishing pot collided with the warship and devoured it in a flash. the pot had boiled to the limit and exploded with endless energy. flames spread in the void and towered into the sky. as a deafening rumble resounded, the void seemed to crack. even then, a giant mushroom cloud rose, and terrible blasts swept out in all directions.

some shadow demon experts who fled too slow were swept by the blasts, and their bodies were blown apart and turned into balls of flames.

the little saint moved frantically in the void, trying to dodge the blasts created by the perishing pot. however, he soon found to his horror that he could not dodge them.

a ripple had caught up. he turned, growled, and raised a palm to meet the destructive ripple.

after a thud, the little saint felt that his body was about to explode. terror pooled in his eyes as blood began to seep out of his pores. in just a flash, he was covered in blood from top to bottom.

the explosion was too scary!

as the netherworld ship sped away at full speed, realm lord di tai sucked in a cold breath.

‘what degree of power is this?! bu fang’s perishing pot seemed to be stronger than before!’

“they dug their own graves... they had attacked the perishing pot with those violent energy beams, so the pot exploded with double the power... it’s more than enough to blow a little saint to ashes,” said bu fang with a pale face.

after speaking, he poured some tea into his mouth. the mental force it took to trigger the violent energy in the perishing pot was too great.

the greater the power, the greater the cost.

had it not been for the nine revolution great path tea, bu fang’s spirit sea would have collapsed.

rumble!

ripples rolled across the void and smashed at the netherworld ship, making it sway. however, under nethery's control, the ship sped steadily away from the epicenter of the explosion.

in the distance, yang zheng was dumbstruck, and his subordinates were scared out of their wits.

with just one strike, the elite team of the shadow demon clan led by a little saint was completely wiped out. the warship was destroyed, and the little saint fled, covered in blood...

the people from the immortal cooking realm had escaped another ambush.

looking at the mushroom cloud and the deadly blast that swept across the void, yang zheng felt cold all over. he knew that even he would be instantly killed by that mushroom cloud, and only a three-revolution little saint could withstand its power.

"hold on! where are the people from the immortal cooking realm?!" yang zheng recovered from the shock and cried out.

his subordinates looked puzzled.

the people from the immortal cooking realm had disappeared.

"find them! they can't use such a powerful attack again in such a short time. they have run out of tricks this time!" yang zheng bellowed.

a subordinate looked at him and said worriedly, "my lord, you said the same just now..."

yang zheng gave the man a furious look, making the latter shut his mouth instantly.

soon, men rode on tiger winged dragons, flew out of the warship, and headed in the same direction as bu fang had gone. before very long, they saw the black netherworld ship ahead of them.

"found you!" yang zheng's eyes gleamed.

on the netherworld ship, nethery furrowed her brows, walked to the stern, and looked into the distance. she saw countless tiger winged dragons and realized right away that they had been found and caught up with by another group of nether prison experts.

realm lord di tai's face turned unsightly. including this, they had been assaulted by three groups of experts. he thought the nether prison was too much. why were they so determined to kill him? he was here just to attend the qilin chef feast!

bu fang drank the nine revolution great path tea to recover his mental force. his eyes narrowed as he looked at the nether prison experts, who rode on tiger winged dragons and kept closing in.

on the back of the leading dragon, yang zheng's eyes shone brightly. he whistled, and a ferocious-looking goat's head emerged on his back. a terrible energy fluctuation was about to pour over toward the netherworld ship.

bu fang sighed softly. "it seems i have no other choice but to use that... trick."

that gave nethery and the others a pause. did bu fang still have another trump card?

in front of everyone's curious eyes, bu fang took out a silver perishing pot, then stood expressionlessly on the deck, faced yang zheng, and waved the pot.

"do you think i can make this dried pot explode?"

his indifferent voice rang through the void.

Chapter 1197 The Abyss Judges, A Hopeless Situation!

When Bu Fang said that with an expressionless face, Realm Lord Di Tai couldn't help but spit. He had thought that Bu Fang was about to pull out another trump card, but it turned out to be this dirty trick, the trick that he used to fool others.

The people on the ship twitched their mouths and watched as Bu Fang raised the Perishing Pot and asked in a serious voice. They knew very well that he was already at the end of his tether. He no longer had the power to trigger the pot. However, he still asked as if he could do it.

Bu Fang was trying to scare the enemy away with a psychological tactic.

‘He’s indeed the little chef approved by me...’

The realm lord’s eyes shone brightly.

Yang Zheng’s expression changed when he saw Bu Fang produce the Perishing Pot.

Not far away from them, the terrible energy waves produced by the explosion of the first Perishing Pot had not disappeared yet. He couldn’t believe that this young man was taking out another one.

‘Won’t this young man get tired?’ he thought.

“No! This boy must have run out of energy to trigger it... Look at his face!” Yang Zheng frowned and said. However, his voice faltered and sounded unconvinced.

“My lord, what if that boy can still trigger it? His face looks ruddy and beaming with energy!” said the subordinate in a trembling voice, his teeth clattering.

Yang Zheng’s face grew dark. He wondered if this subordinate was trying to discredit him on purpose? Why did he need a subordinate like this?

“Shut up!” He gave the man a hard look and wished he could kill this fool here and now.

He was encouraging his men, but this fool purposely said something to confuse them! If they were at war, a man who lowered the army’s morale like him would be immediately executed!

“My lord... His face does look ruddy and beaming!” the subordinate insisted and almost burst into tears. He felt wronged. It was Yang Zheng who said to look at the face, and that young man’s face did appear to be exactly as he had described...

If truth be told, Bu Fang’s mental force had not recovered. However, it had restored a little after he drank the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea, which also restored the color to his face.

That made the situation somewhat interesting.

No one was sure if he could throw another Perishing Pot at them or not. It was a terrifying weapon that had wiped out the entire Shadow Demon team, and the proof was the mushroom cloud, which was still rumbling in the distance.

‘What if he really can make another Perishing Pot explode?’

A moment ago, Yang Zheng was quite sure that Bu Fang couldn’t, but after the subordinate said that, his confidence began to waver.

Sometimes, teammates were very important. A stupid teammate could ruin the best advantage. They had waited so long for the right time to strike, and now, the opportunity was right in front of them. However, they were scared and didn’t dare to strike because of what the subordinate said.

The Netherworld Ship sped through the void at high speed, carefully avoiding turbulence that could rip it apart.

Behind the ship, Tiger Winged Dragons roared, brandishing their claws and baring their sharp teeth. Nether Prison experts sat on these beasts’ backs, fixing their eyes at the Netherworld Ship.

Yang Zheng’s face flickered. He was debating with himself whether to strike or not. He was afraid that Bu Fang could really throw out another Perishing Pot. That thing’s lethality was too scary.

Figures zoomed across the boundless void at high speed to chase the Netherworld Ship.

Yang Zheng’s expression changed suddenly, and he slapped his Tiger Winged Dragon on the head.

“What are you doing? Chase the ship! Don’t let it slip away!”

The dragon roared with pain, then flapped its wings and sped up toward the ship.

The team of Tiger Winged Dragons followed closely behind the Netherworld Ship.

“It looks like you guys don’t want to guess...” Bu Fang sighed softly and put away the Perishing Pot.

There was no need for him to continue to deceive them with the Dried Pot. After all, if he could use it, he would have thrown it at them. The longer he kept this up, they would realize that he couldn’t trigger another Perishing Pot.

“I knew it! That boy can’t use his ultimate weapon again! Speed up and surround that ship!” Yang Zheng’s eyes lit up. His aura exploded out again, and a terrible pressure rose from his body. A huge, ferocious-looking goat’s head emerged behind him, roaring fiercely.

Suddenly, Yang Zheng’s eyes narrowed.

He saw Bu Fang grab the little fox on his shoulder and put it on the deck. The fox’s two tails twitched from side to side as its eyes turned to a group of Tiger Winged Dragons in the distance. After that, its eyes lit up, and its mouth opened...

Beams of golden light shot out of Foxy’s mouth. They were faster than before, and before those dragons could react, their heads were blown apart.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Explosions and shrieks filled the void as men fell like rain. People began to flee. They had seen how powerful Bu Fang and his companions could be, so as soon as they were attacked, they lost their spirits to fight.

Yang Zheng clenched his jaws. ‘Are these cowards my subordinates? Damn it, are they here just for fun?!’

“Be quiet, all of you!” he roared furiously.

Explosions continued to ring across the void.

A moment later, a golden missile came in his direction and exploded right in front of him. His Tiger Winged Dragon howled in pain, while his voice came to an abrupt stop.

When his men saw that, they became more and more frightened. Without hesitation, they turned their dragons and fled into the distance.

Yang Zheng felt that he had kept a group of fools.

“Damn it!” Eyes burning with rage, he stepped on the void and sped toward the Netherworld Ship.

Terrible Nether energy permeated the void as he charged like a demon goat. He was about to slam into the Netherworld Ship and crash a hole through it.

Foxy kept shooting missiles at him, but Yang Zheng avoided them all effortlessly. He was, after all, a Little Saint, so it was very easy to dodge those missiles. Moreover, Foxy didn’t actually aim at him.

“He is about to catch up with us!” Realm Lord Di Tai’s face grew unsightly.

Bu Fang gulped down a mouthful of tea and arched his brow.

‘This guy does have some skills.’

Frowning, he flipped his hand and produced a Divine Seal Dumpling. However, just when he was about to throw it out, he sensed four terrifying auras approaching at high speed.

Bu Fang’s eyes narrowed.

He was not the only one who sensed that. Nethery, Meng Qi, Realm Lord Di Tai, and even Yang Zheng, who was closing in from behind the Netherworld Ship, sensed that as well, and their expressions changed.

At that moment, the void seemed to have frozen. The Netherworld Ship could no longer move further. Something had forced it to stop.

Even Yang Zheng had stopped in place. His hair stood on end as he glanced around warily.

A peal of sinister laughter suddenly rang out over them, while streams of Nether energy swirled around them.

Yang Zheng looked up. His expression changed drastically.

“The Abyss Judges?!”

Shafts of dark light slanted down across the already dark void. The next moment, four figures emerged in the four corners of the void. Clad in blood-red robes, they swept the scene with cold gazes.

Under his goat mask, Yang Zheng’s eyes narrowed. He never thought that he was the one being taken advantage of!

What made the Abyss Judges dare to attack people from the Nether Prison?! What gave them the courage?!

“The Abyss Judges... What are you doing here?!” Yang Zheng choked back his fright and asked.

“To kill you,” said one of the Judges. He was straight to the point.

That gave Yang Zheng a pause, and he bellowed, “Is the Abyss trying to offend the Nether Prison? I’m the Little Saint of the Horned Demon Clan! You will offend my clan if you kill me! Can the four of you afford to do this?!”

As soon as he had finished, the Judge who spoke disappeared. When he reappeared, he was already in front of Yang Zheng, swinging a blood-colored sickle toward Yang Zheng’s head.

Yang Zheng roared and bolted backward.

However, he had just taken a few steps back when another Judge appeared behind him. With the rattling of a chain, another blood-colored sickle slashed down toward his head as well.

Yang Zheng's nostrils flared. He had never imagined that the Judge, who had talked and laughed with him not too long ago, would want to kill him.

The people of the Abyss were really... fickle!

The Judges' cultivation bases were very strong. Just the two of them were enough to suppress Yang Zheng. After all, every Judge's cultivation base was far greater than that of Yang Zheng. Even the weakest Judge was a Two-revolution Little Saint.

The two sickles moved past each other in the void and caught Yang Zheng's body with their curved blades. With a slash, they cut his body into three parts, spilling his blood across the void.

Yang Zheng never imagined that he would die like this. He was not blown to death by a meatball, smashed by a black wok, nor devoured by a Perishing Pot, but torn apart by the Judges.

Another Judge suddenly flashed over and grabbed Yang Zheng's head, which was soaring into the sky. The next moment, the goat mask broke with a crack, revealing his terrified and discontented face. Then, with a boom, his head exploded.

A Little Saint had fallen.

In the distance, Realm Lord Di Tai and the others felt cold all over. They never thought that these Abyss Judges would appear and kill a Little Saint of the Nether Prison. What did these people of the Abyss want to do?

Blood rained down the void as Yang Zheng's body fell feebly, then devoured by the drifting turbulence. In just a short while, he completely vanished from the world.

"Now it's your turn..." The four Judges turned their eyes to the Netherworld Ship in the distance. Their voices were cold, making everybody shiver.

"The void that leads to the Abyss has begun to be locked down... Any unrelated people will be killed," one of the Judges said in a cold and merciless voice. After that, a sickle flew over and floated next to him.

The people on the Netherworld Ship felt a chill around them.

‘Lock down? Why are they locking down the only way that leads to the Abyss? Is it because of the Qilin Chef Feast or some other reason?’

“You’re also going to the Qilin Chef Feast, right? A pity that the feast is about to start soon. There’s no way you can make it,” the Judge said indifferently.

All the Judges lifted their hands and pointed at Bu Fang and his companions.

The next moment, blood-colored sickles spun through the void toward the Netherworld Ship, emanating terrible energy waves.

Realm Lord Di Tai roared. His armor burst into a golden light as he produced a kitchen knife and thrust it toward the blood-colored sickle.

The next moment, the knife and the sickle collided with a rumble. However, the kitchen knife was instantly knocked flying away. The power contained in the sickle was too strong!

Realm Lord Di Tai’s face turned pale, while Meng Qi was washed over by despair.

So far, they had encountered three waves of attack, and now, they were even attacked by the Abyss Judges. It seemed that this Qilin Chef Feast was a feast of death that offered no return passage to them.

Bu Fang’s face was grave. He felt a tremendous amount of pressure at the moment. There was no way he could fight against these four Judges when he couldn’t use the Perishing Pot. Although the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea could restore his mental force, it would need to take some time. After all, he had just used a Perishing Pot, and it was extremely difficult for him to squeeze out more mental force to use it again.

It could be said that they were really in a hopeless situation this time!

What should they do?

Bu Fang frowned.

The faces of the four Judges were cold. The next moment, they waved their hands, shooting four sharp blood-colored sickles toward the Netherworld Ship. The shadow of death seemed to envelop Bu Fang and his companions.

Suddenly, Nethery stepped forward and stood before Bu Fang. Her black hair waved, and she wore no emotion on her beautiful face.

“Nethery?” Bu Fang was slightly taken aback. He didn’t understand why she came forward at this time.

Nethery gave him a look. The next moment, her eyes turned completely black. Even the white of her eyes turned black, while veins appeared and covered the corners of her eyes. Standing at the front deck of the ship, she faced the four Judges and the four blood-colored sickles that came slashing down at them.

Then, her red lips parted slightly.

“GET LOST!”

As she said that, her body burst into a dark green light!

The moment Nethery’s aura changed, the four Judges who wore indifferent expressions narrowed their eyes and felt chills run down their backs.

Bu Fang was struck dumb, and he rose to his feet abruptly.

‘What’s this crazy woman trying to do?’

Chapter 1198 When I Return, It Will Be the Time to Kill You

‘What’s Nethery trying to do? Why is she standing at the front of the ship? Is she trying to stop the four Judges alone?’ Bu Fang furrowed his eyebrows. He felt something was not right.

In contrast to Bu Fang’s doubtful look, Realm Lord Di Tai and Meng Qi looked desperate.

They didn't think that it was possible for Nethery to stop four Judges. Although her strength had improved, she was not even a half-step Saint. In the face of the four Abyss Judges, she was like an ant who they could kill in an instant. They were simply not on the same level.

Nethery was not a fool, and she should know that. No matter what she was going to do, she couldn't change anything.

“GET LOST!”

Nethery's eyes were completely black, and her hair waved gracefully. Her beautiful face looked somewhat ferocious.

The next moment, a dazzling turquoise beam of light rose from her body. Then, she leaped into the void and floated in front of the Netherworld Ship. Her aura kept compacting and increasing, and soon, it reached an extremely terrifying level.

Bu Fang felt it was hard to breathe. He raised a hand. An array emerged on his finger, and then he pointed it at his brow. After that, his eyes lit up, and he turned to look at Nethery. What he saw made him suck in a cold breath. He finally figured out what Nethery was trying to do. This woman was indeed... crazy!

The turquoise cursed snake in Nethery had awakened!

The snakes slithered around her body, tangled her limbs, and made her float, while lines of turquoise curses seeped into her body, giving her a devilish look.

‘She awakened the cursed snake?!’ Bu Fang felt a headache. ‘She's giving me trouble!’

Nethery felt her power kept soaring.

How strong was the cursed snake? A curse that couldn't be lifted by the existence of the God Vanishing Mountain together with the Spring of Life was naturally... extraordinary.

Although it kept torturing and corroding her body, as long as she was willing to borrow its power, Nethery could explode with very terrible power.

This time, she was going to borrow the cursed snake's power. Of course, it was like asking a tiger for its skin, and it was very likely that she would be completely devoured by the curse, losing her consciousness and becoming the cursed snake's puppet. It would hasten the eruption of the curse!

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes and spread his flaming wings. He couldn't let her do that.

He suddenly thought of something. He turned to Realm Lord Di Tai and Meng Qi and said, "You two go to the Abyss first. Nethery and I will be there later. Don't be late for the Qilin Chef Feast."

When he had finished, he flew into the void, accompanied by a bird cry.

Realm Lord Di Tai and Meng Qi paused for a moment, then exchanged a glance.

"Let's go... We've to trust him. Even we can't figure out his trump cards... We'll be a burden to him if we stay here."

The realm lord gave Bu Fang a deep look. There was an indescribable gleam flickering in his eyes. After that, he turned and jumped out of the Netherworld Ship. With a thought, he produced a pot, which expanded and carried both of them before speeding away.

They could already see the faint outline of a reversed cone-shaped island in the distance.

The four judges paid no mind to Realm Lord Di Tai and Meng Qi, who had left the scene. Their eyes were fixed at the woman not far in front of them. The aura exploded out of her, frightening even them.

It was unbelievable because, in their perceptions, her cultivation base was as weak as that of an ant. How could such a cultivation base frighten them? There must be something amiss.

"Let's go... There's no time to waste. After finishing these weaklings, we need to go to the Abyss to carry out the most important part of the plan... This time, the Abyss will rise!" a Judge said coldly.

The next moment, one of the Judges shot forward, while four sickles thrust toward Nethery as if they were going to cut her in half.

Nethery floated in the void, surrounded by an invisible force.

Bu Fang flew over, frowning, but when he tried to approach her, he was pushed away by some force.

“Oh?” He raised an eyebrow. The next moment, his eyes narrowed. He saw Nethery throw her head back, her hair turning into turquoise at a speed visible to the naked eyes. There was something terrible about the color that made his heart tremble.

“Reckless!” Bu Fang said under his breath.

His spirit sea began to surge. Stepping in the void, he produced the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, the White Tiger Heaven Stove, and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, while various food ingredients emerged and floated around him. He grabbed the kitchen knife, spun it, cut all the ingredients with the Overlord Thirteen Blades knife technique, and placed them neatly on the stove.

Nethery paid Bu Fang no mind. Her eyes were closed, and her whole body seemed to be changing. After her hair was completely turquoise, she opened her eyes. The white of her eyes was black, but her pupils had turned turquoise, looking extremely devilish. In addition, her fingernails were sharp and long.

Looking at the four blood-colored sickles that were approaching her, Nethery let out a sharp whistle through her black lips. It sounded like the noise made by scraping granite with a sharp sword, giving goosebumps to those who heard it.

“Die!” cried a Judge as his eyes grew wide.

In the boundless void, a turquoise glow flashed. Nethery’s figure disappeared from where she stood as if she had been teleported away. When she appeared again, she was in front of a sickle, slapping it with a palm.

With a rumble, the sickle was knocked flying backward, while a layer of dark green energy kept corroding its surface.

A burst of terrible pressure suddenly spread. A turquoise snake emerged behind Nethery. It seemed to pierce heaven and earth, its tongue darting in and out as if it was the embodiment of endless disasters.

A Judge grabbed the sickle. When he saw the dark green glow on it, his expression changed drastically. “This is... a curse?!”

Nethery’s turquoise hair fluttered, and she clawed the void in front of her with both hands, throwing herself ahead like a missile. Like a savage beast, she dashed in front of the Judge and slapped his sickle with a palm.

BOOM!!!

With a crack, the sickle, which had been corroded by the dark green curse, broke into pieces.

All four Judges gasped at the same time, shocked by the curse’s terrible power.

“Spread out! Don’t get touched by the curse!”

They quickly spread out, then surrounded her from a distance.

Nethery was expressionless. She moved again, leaving only a turquoise shadow behind, and when she reappeared, she was swooping down at the Judge who had lost his sickle.

“Get lost!” the Judge bellowed. His blood-colored robe fluttered, and a blood-colored fire burst out of his body. In a flash, his aura soared, and he grew taller like a giant. Then, he threw a punch at Nethery.

BOOM!

The fist and the claw crashed into each other. Nethery was knocked flying backward, falling next to Bu Fang.

At this moment, Bu Fang was tossing his wok expressionlessly. A rich fragrance was rising from the wok. He had dumped many rare and precious ingredients into it, including crystal fruits of life and Crystal Source Purple Essence. A vast amount of energy was boiling inside!

“My hand... Damn it! The curse!” The Judge who exchanged a blow with Nethery was shocked and infuriated when he noticed that his arm had turned turquoise, and the color was spreading toward his body. Without hesitation, he cut away the arm, which rotted instantly and fell from the boundless void.

The Judges gasped. They were Little Saints, and yet the curse could make their flesh rot instantly. They wondered what kind of existence was this woman, and why was her power so terrifying?

“Retreat! This woman is a poisonous thing. We’ll die if we touch her!”

The four Judges exchanged glances and had decided to leave.

However, after Nethery regained her balance, her eyes shone even brighter, and she threw a palm at them. Tiny turquoise snakes crawled out of her palm and darted toward them.

The attack filled the four Judges with fear.

“Form an array! Let’s fight her with all our might! This curse... Could this woman be...”

There was a look of disbelief in their eyes. Floating in four corners in the void, they raised their palms. Blood-colored glows burst from their bodies, merged, and turned into a scary-looking figure. As soon as it took shape, the blood-colored figure raised its palm to meet Nethery’s turquoise palm.

The collision produced a terrible explosion.

Blood sprayed out from Nethery’s mouth. The cursed snake on her body disappeared, and she fell back with all strength leaving her.

Buzz...

At this moment, Bu Fang had finished cooking. A bowl of dish that glinted like glass hovered over his hand. He put away the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, the White Tiger Heaven Stove, and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife. After that, he flapped his wings and came next to Nethery, helping her up with one hand.

Nethery closed her eyes and furrowed her eyebrows. She could feel an indescribable burst of pain all over her body, which seemed to be squeezing into her bones. Although the cursed snake had disappeared, the eruption this time had caused the curse in her to completely break out of control.

The four Judges' faces were pale, their eyes filled with shock and fear. When they lifted their hands, they saw a touch of turquoise begin to slowly spread from their fingertips.

“What a terrible curse... Could she be a Cursed Goddess born with the Source of Curses?!” a Judge said shockingly. He was a Four-revolution Little Saint, but even his flesh couldn't stop the curse.

A Cursed Goddess? The source of disasters that could destroy the whole world?

“Impossible! How could there be a Cursed Goddess in this world?! No matter what, we must kill her before she grows up!” another Judge said coldly. A horrible aura exploded out of him as a blood-colored glow covered his body, turning him into a blood-red shadow. Then, he charged toward Nethery and threw a palm at her. He was going to kill her with a slap!

“DIE NOW!”

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes, took a deep breath, and exhaled.

“Scram!” With Nethery in his arms, Bu Fang turned and met the Judge's palm with his bandaged hand. Taotie's roar rang out, and then faded away.

BOOM!!!

Terrible blasts swept out in all directions. The air rang with the sonorous cries of his Vermillion Chef Robe as it enveloped him with the invincible glow.

With Nethery in his arms, Bu Fang was knocked flying away like a missile, shooting toward the bottom of the boundless void.

Bu Fang's eyes were extremely calm. He had borrowed the force that came with the palm to flee. Slowly, he turned around.

The velvet rope that tied his hair had broken, causing his hair to wave messily. His face was expressionless and somewhat indifferent as he stared at the four Judges, who floated in the void and growing smaller and smaller.

"I'll remember what you did to us this time. When I return, it will be the time to kill you!"

His cold eyes fixed at the four Judges as he swore.

That made them feel pins and needles in their scalps.

Bu Fang held Nethery in one hand and the dish in the other. His Vermillion Chef Robe flapped as his black hair and her turquoise hair tangled with each other. Suddenly, they slammed into a stream of turbulence, which gradually devoured them. Until the last moment when they disappeared into the turbulence, Bu Fang's eyes were still fixed on the four Judges.

Darkness washed over them and turned everything black.

At this moment, the system's serious voice suddenly sounded in Bu Fang's mind!

Chapter 1199 A Killing Task!

The void was silent. The only sound was the burning of the blood-red fire. "So we just let them go?" said a Judge as he looked at the other Judge wreathed in blood-red fire. He didn't want to let them go, but a shiver went through him whenever he thought of the woman's dreadful curse.

"If she really is a Cursed Goddess, letting her escape and allowing her to grow up will be a disaster..."

"It's none of our business. Besides, my palm strike should have killed them if not for that young man. There's something strange about him as well... It's hard to believe that he is unhurt by my attack and even borrowed by my force to flee..." the Judge wreathed in flames said sulkily.

“That’s enough. They had fallen into the turbulence, and no one knew where they would be carried to. If it is the starry sky... With their strength, they will soon die there, unless a Great Saint is willing to save them,” said the last Judge.

“We will tell the Great Judge about the Cursed Goddess later and let him decide what to do. We’ll get ourselves killed if we force her curse to erupt completely.”

In the distant void, a ship could be seen floating. It was Nethery’s Netherworld Ship. Since Bu Fang and Nethery had left in a rush, they didn’t have time to take it with them.

A Judge shook his hand. A blood-colored chain slithered across the void and snaked around the ship, then he put it away. When he was done, he gave the turbulence, which had swallowed Bu Fang and Nethery, a deep look.

“The look in that boy’s eyes is really scary. If possible, I’ll kill him with a slap...” said a Judge. He shivered at the thought of Bu Fang’s eyes before they were devoured by the turbulence.

The others nodded as well.

For a moment, the void fell silent again.

Soon, the four of them collected themselves and sped away toward the floating island in the distance, where the Abyss was located.

The Qilin Chef Feast was about to start. They had to hurry. They couldn’t afford to cause any delay in the Great Judge and the City Lord’s plan.

...

He was surrounded by darkness. The only sound was the beating of his heart and the serious voice of the system that echoed in his mind.

Bu Fang was curious. He found that the system’s voice was slightly different from usual.

It was cold and filled with violence, with a hint of merciless killing intent.

“Attention, host, you have a killing task.”

The beating sound of his heart stopped as Bu Fang held his breath.

“Killing task: Slay the four Judges of Abyss City. Reward: A fragment of the God of Cooking Set, the recipe of Sword Pots, the qualification of Spirit Possession.”

The system’s voice was filled with violence, which surprised Bu Fang.

He opened his eyes and found that he was lying in a dark and cold cave. The air was heavy with a strong fragrance, coming from the dish he had cooked to suppress Nethery’s curse. The dish was intact, waiting quietly beside him.

Nethery was not far away from him, lying face down on the ground. Her turquoise hair had covered her face, but through the gaps between them, he could see her pale, bloodless face.

Bu Fang rubbed his temple with a thumb.

They were lucky that the Vermillion Chef Robe had stopped the turbulence from ripping them apart. However, it seemed that they had been transported to somewhere else.

It was not the time to figure out where they were now, though.

Bu Fang got up from the ground, grabbed the dish, and walked beside Nethery.

‘She’s a real pain in the neck... I can’t believe that she actually made the curse erupt. Now all the previous efforts had gone to waste.’

He reached out a hand and pushed a lock of her turquoise hair aside. When he saw her face, Bu Fang couldn’t help but sigh softly.

‘The four Judges of Abyss City...’

Bu Fang was a man of good temper, but he was very angry this time, and the consequences when he got angry would be very serious.

He had decided to kill the four Judges even if the system didn't give him the task.

Nethery's eyebrows were still tightly furrowed.

Bu Fang sighed. He scooped her up with one hand and went into the Heaven and Earth Farmland with a thought.

He was greeted by a comfortable breeze.

Actually, Bu Fang had a way to escape the four Judges' deadly assault—he could bring his companions into the farmland. Of course, if he did that, they might pick up the farmland's energy fluctuation, but they were not strong enough to destroy it.

He could stay in the farmland to recover his mental force, then go out and serve the Judges a Perishing Pot. Even if he couldn't kill them with it, he could still make them suffer.

A pity that Nethery had ruined his plan. Bu Fang understood that she was just trying to protect them as the situation had been hopeless. Otherwise, this cold and proud girl would not have erupted her curse.

'She's too reckless...'

Bu Fang felt a little headache. As he sensed the power of the curse in her growing stronger and stronger, he furrowed his eyebrows.

The wind in the farmland was refreshing.

Bu Fang carried Nethery to the wooden hut. His arrival took Niu Hansan, who was sleeping soundly, aback.

"What happened, Owner Bu?" he looked confused.

“Nothing...” Bu Fang replied with a cold face. He placed Nethery on a deck chair, produced a porcelain spoon, and scooped up a spoonful of the steaming dish. Cooked with a crystal fruit of life and Crystal Source Purple Essence, the dish contained rich life energy.

He carefully fed it into Nethery’s mouth, and she instinctively swallowed it. Nourished by the rich life energy, her facial complexion looked better, but her hair remained turquoise.

Bu Fang didn’t say anything. He continued to feed her. When she finished the whole bowl, he put her back down.

Her furrowed brows had relaxed. Clearly, she felt much comfortable after eating the dish.

“What happened, Owner Bu? Are we still going to study new Death Food Tools today?” Niu Hansan asked carefully.

Bu Fang rose to his feet and sighed. He gave Niu Hansan a sideways glance and asked, “Do you know a way to increase the enhanced Perishing Pot’s power?”

The question took Niu Hansan aback.

‘Isn’t the Perishing Pot already very powerful? What is Owner Bu trying to do? Is he going to destroy the world?’

Niu Hansan knew the answer to the question, but he hesitated. He didn’t know if he should tell Bu Fang about it... He feared that Bu Fang would really destroy the world with the Perishing Pot.

“En?” When Bu Fang saw the look on Niu Hansan’s face, he knew this old bull had the answer. He frowned, and a pressure exuded out of him.

In fact, Bu Fang had a way to increase the enhanced Perishing Pot’s power. He could fill the pot with a dozen Explosive Meatballs. In that way, the Perishing Pot would surely explode with an even more terrible force. However, there was a flaw. It would not be easy to control. Besides, there would be a great loss of power. Although the explosion would be stronger, it would not be so much stronger than a full-power Perishing Pot.

“It is not impossible to increase the power of Perishing Pots. It mainly depends on the Will of the Great Path. We can only use Explode Gourmet Array, but we can use a different Will of the Great Path. Or, if Owner Bu can find some more advanced and violent energies, Perishing Pots cooked with those will have their power significantly increased,” said Niu Hansan.

Bu Fang was lost in thought, then he nodded. He understood what Niu Hansan said, but he also knew very well how difficult it was to fuse with other Wills of the Great Path.

After mulling it over, he didn’t say anything else and just asked Niu Hansan to take good care of Nethery. She needed rest now. After that, he sat cross-legged down to recover his mental force.

In the Heaven and Earth Farmland, Bu Fang’s mental force recovery was much faster, and together with the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea, it took him almost no time at all to return to his peak form. Later, he left the farmland.

Nethery’s ship had obviously fallen into those Judges’ hands. He had to take it back. It was her anchor and spiritual sustenance, and they could not be separated. Therefore, he had to take it back before she woke up. Of course, he knew it would be difficult.

After leaving the farmland, he came back to the cold, damp cave.

“System, where is this place?” Bu Fang asked in his mind.

“The host is now in a cave several thousand miles from the Abyss of the floating island,” the system answered.

“Oh?”

Bu Fang arched his eyebrow. He didn’t expect that the turbulence would bring them so close to the Abyss. It was the first good news he had heard after a long while.

Shrimpy and Foxy lay quietly on his shoulders. He rubbed the little fox’s head, then walked toward the cave’s exit.

The four Judges were undoubtedly very strong. Even Nethery, who had erupted her curse, was no match for them, not to mention Bu Fang. He couldn’t fight them at all without his Perishing Pots.

It was the first time the system gave him a killing task, and the targets were terribly formidable. However, Bu Fang was not afraid.

Of the four Judges, two were Two-revolution Little Saints, one was a Three-revolution Little Saint, and the last one was a Four-revolution Little Saint. They were all extremely strong.

If Bu Fang used the Perishing Pot properly, he could kill both Two-revolution Little Saints. However, the pots were not powerful enough to kill the Three-revolution Little Saint, let alone the Four-revolution one. He could not accomplish the task unless he increased the Perishing Pot's power with the method mentioned by Niu Hansan.

Suddenly, Bu Fang thought of the reward he would get after completing the task, the Spirit Possession. He was very curious about this reward.

"System, what is Spirit Possession?"

"As the man who wants to become the God of Cooking and tops the fantasy world's food chain, the host will have the qualification to borrow the God of Cooking Set Spirits' Divine Beast Essence, which will give the host powerful fighting strength and means. Each Spirit can be borrowed once," the system provided the information Bu Fang needed in a serious voice.

"After being possessed by the Spirit, the host's control of the God of Cooking Set will increase, and the connection with the Spirit will increase as well," the system added.

It sounded very powerful.

Bu Fang didn't ask further. He had learned what he should know. Although Spirit Possession was strong, he would only get it after completing the killing task. So he didn't pay too much attention to it now.

This cave was near the Abyss, and it meant that the Qilin Chef Feast was not far away. He could go there and have a look.

Bu Fang needed to improve his cultivation base now. If he could complete the temporary task first, his true energy cultivation would increase by twenty percent, then he would be able to take the

system's half-step Saint assessment and become a half-step Saint. After that, he would have greater confidence in completing the killing task.

He exhaled softly, sent out his divine perception, and slowly walked toward the cave's exit.

Suddenly, Bu Fang furrowed his eyebrows. Through his divine perception, he sensed many powerful auras hiding outside the cave.

‘What’s going on?!’

His eyes narrowed. He sensed that these auras were somewhat similar to that of the Judges. He reckoned that they were the law enforcers from Abyss City.

The group consisted of three half-step Saints, dozens of Nine-star True Immortals, and a One-revolution Little Saint.

He suddenly thought of what those Judges said, that they seemed to have prepared a plan in the Abyss for the people of the Nether Prison...

Could this place be one of the traps in their plan?

At the thought of that, Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth.

Sometimes, it felt really great to be the mouse dropping that spoiled the whole pot of porridge.

Chapter 1200 Knock All Down with A Wok
The abyss was in the center of the floating island. it looked like a giant cut made by a sharp sword, with steep cliffs on both sides. a city shrouded in wind and sand crowded close around the abyss. it was built on top of the sand and took on an earthy yellow color, giving off an air of dilapidation. there were no tall buildings here, and the walls that surrounded the city were covered with marks left behind by swords, claws, and knives.

the run-down city was now bustling with activities. its streets were packed with people, and its air was filled with noises.

there was a simple square in the center of the city, left behind by experts of the yesteryears. it was crowded, overflowing with colorful light and noises, the mixture of cooking and cheering.

realm lord di tai and city lord meng qi walked somewhat embarrassingly through the square, showered in strange glances. obviously, the people here were curious that they managed to arrive at the abyss safely.

“it’s been a while, my lord.”

the crowd parted as a man walked slowly toward them. he was ying ya. he, too, was surprised that the realm lord was here.

‘is this guy a cockroach? why is he still alive? if the information is not wrong, at least three teams were sent to kill them, one from the nether chefs, one from the horned demons, and one from the shadow demons... and each was led by a little saint. forces like that are not something the immortal cooking realm could resist...’ he thought.

realm lord di tai gave ying ya a deep look. he felt a rush of anger building up inside him. had it not been for bu fang and nethery, they would have been killed by those ruthless attackers. this qilin chef feast could be said to be a trap set against him. of course, he was also aware that he wasn’t formidable enough for them to purposely throw a feast just to kill him. they just took the opportunity to lure him over. in any case, he was still very angry.

however, now that he had arrived here, he believed that they would not assault him again. although the people of the nether prison were shameless, they would not want to mess up the feast.

ying ya had indeed given up the intention to kill realm lord di tai now. he wanted to see how strong the qilin chef of the immortal cooking realm was.

‘didn’t that genius of the nine revolution nether chef clan say he wanted to compete with this fellow? well, they can fight each other. in any case, i’ll not let any of them have the divine chef’s legacy,’ he thought.

he didn’t look at this fellow from the immortal cooking realm as his opponent. they were not on the same level as the nether chef, who he considers his competitor, so he didn’t have to worry.

in the distance, the genius nether chef was looking at them, holding a glass with crimson wine. as if he could hear ying ya’s thought, he smiled faintly and took a drink.

“please excuse me, my lord. i’ve something to attend to. i wish you the best of luck,” ying ya said with a smile. after that, he turned and left with liu ya.

realm lord di tai squinted at their backs and clenched his fists. he swore that he must obtain the divine chef’s legacy. the immortal cooking realm was in urgent need of a divine chef. besides... if he didn’t obtain it, bu fang’s sacrifice would be wasted.

...

meanwhile, in the dark, damp cave...

icy water dripped down from the ceiling and fell into a small pit in a rock.

standing straight like a spear, bu fang slowly enveloped the whole cave with his divine perception. after cultivating the mental force control techniques for so long, his divine perception had reached a

very strong level. his mental force was strong to begin with, but he lacked the right technique to release it.

in his divine perception, he found a group of experts lying in ambush outside the cave. they came from the abyss, he knew. bu fang had a conflict with the abyss city's law enforcers not too long ago, so he was very familiar with this kind of auras. these were the auras of law enforcers.

among them was a one-revolution little saint. although he was much weaker than those judges, he was still a little saint.

bu fang had no good impression on law enforcers. they were a group of arrogant men who loved to kill and had no respect for others' lives. they were exactly the same kind of people as those judges, and just like what he felt with the latter, he had an impulse to wipe them out here and now. however, he needed to figure out the reason for them lying in ambush here.

this should be a law enforcement team. it consisted of three half-step saints and dozens of nine-star true immortals, and was led by a little saint, which made it as strong as the nether prison teams that had assaulted them in the void.

he retracted his divine perception. then, his mental force poured out like water and wrapped him from top to bottom like a layer of silk, isolating him from any divine senses.

the law enforcers were hiding in different spots. it would be more difficult for bu fang to act if they were all in one spot, but since they were scattered...

he would need to use some real tricks to deal with a half-step saint, but these nine-star true immortals were easier to deal with. he could just knock them down with a wok.

a nine-star true immortal sat cross-legged on a boulder. his eyes were closed as if he was resting. suddenly, he felt a sense of dread, which made his heart shiver and his eyes flick open.

“who goes there?!” he cried out and glanced around, jumping to his feet.

bu fang looked somewhat embarrassingly at the expert. he didn’t expect that this guy would have such a keen sense.

“trying to sneak up on me? you’re courting death!” the nine-star true immortal snapped in a cold voice and was about to release his aura. bu fang’s appearance in the cave meant that their hiding spot had been exposed, so he had to kill him as soon as possible, then inform his leader and change their hiding spot. otherwise, it would mess up the great judge’s plan.

bu fang’s face grew cold. he realized that he didn’t have the talent to be an assassin. however, that didn’t matter at all. his goal was to become the god of cooking who topped the food chain of this fantasy world.

well, maybe a violent god of cooking.

he had decided to knock these people all down with a wok.

the moment the nine-star true immortal moved, bu fang threw a divine seal dumpling at him.

in a fight, when you were on full alert and your opponent suddenly threw a dumpling at you, your first reaction would surely be... confused. one would try to avoid it, but it would already be too late.

“explode,” bu fang murmured the word under his breath.

the next moment, a wash of blinding light erupted from the dumpling and engulfed the true immortal. his eyes narrowed in an instant, and he found he could not utter a sound.

‘what kind of evil magic is this?! that dumpling is a... weapon?!’

a pang of fear welled up in his heart as he realized that he was completely frozen. the feeling made him desperate, and he tried hard to struggle out of the feeling, but soon he saw a black wok that kept growing larger and larger in his eyes...

bam!

with his defense weakened by the dumpling, the wok knocked him in the face and threw him to the ground.

bu fang breathed a sigh of relief, walked up to the true immortal, grabbed his hand, and dragged him into the darkness.

although bu fang had been careful not to make any noise, the law enforcement team was still alerted after the true immortal was knocked out.

at the top of a mountain where wind and sand kept blowing, a little saint slowly opened his eyes. for a moment, the world seemed to have darkened. he opened his mouth and sent a voice transmission

to a half-step saint in the distance, “we have a bug in the team. kill it before it ruins the great judge’s plan.”

the next moment, a half-step saint soared into the sky, nodded at the little saint, and sped toward the spot where the true immortal was knocked out.

the nine-star true immortal gradually woke up, and then his eyes grew as big as plates.

“tell me the purpose of you laying in ambush here,” bu fang asked indifferently with his hands clasped behind his back as he stared at the expert.

“you will never know anything about our plan! you’re dead! how dare you interfere with our plan!” the true immortal sneered as soon as he saw bu fang, as if he was looking at a dead man.

bu fang frowned, then sighed. “fine. let me ask you another question...”

“you may ask, but i may not answer,” the true immortal sneered again.

bam!

a black wok smashed him on the head. he was struck dumb instantly.

“don’t interrupt. shut your mouth before i ask you to talk.” bu fang gave him a sideways glance with the black turtle constellation wok in one hand.

the law enforcer's face flushed with anger. "you can kill me any way you like, but you cannot humiliate me! i'm a law enforcer!" he roared.

bam!

what he got was another smash on the head.

"i've asked you to shut up! why can't you just listen to me?!"

"i... i'm a law enforcer—"

bam!

"what's so great about a law enforcer? i dare you to say that again!"

"i—"

bam!

"i really admire your courage..." bu fang calmly gave the true immortal another smash, causing blood to spray out of his head.

the law enforcer looked desperate and indignant. 'fine! i'll just shut up!' he screamed in his mind. he had never met someone like this before. 'what's wrong with him? why can't i talk? does he have to smash me with a black wok?!'

"i know that it is part of the judges plan that you are all lying in ambush here. now tell me, where are the judges?" bu fang asked in a faint voice.

the true immortal, with a few lumps on his head, stared at bu fang with wide eyes. "what do you want with the judges?"

'this guy didn't kidnap me to destroy the team but to look for the judges? what exactly is he trying to do?'

"to kill them," said bu fang with the wok in one hand.

'to kill them?' the law enforcer paused for a moment, then his eyes narrowed. 'the weakest judge is a two-revolution little saint, and this young man is just a nine-star true immortal. does he think that he can kill the judges with some peculiar tricks? his head must be very ill...'

bu fang had just finished speaking and the law enforcer had yet to reply when a terrible aura approached at high speed.

he frowned. with a thought, an array appeared in the air, where whitey emerged.

“you want to kill the judges? who do you think you are?” a cold voice mixed with a hint of contempt drifted into the cave.

in the blink of an eye, a half-step saint approached, thrusting a long black knife at bu fang. the blade whistled as it slashed through the air.

the law enforcer, who was badly wounded by bu fang’s wok, cried out excitedly, “my lord! save me!”

bam!

“didn’t i ask you to shut up? why aren’t you listening to me?” bu fang gave him a sideways glance.

the true immortal had a bitter look on his face. ‘fine, i’ll shut up! however... since my lord is here, it means that the others already know what happened here. soon, you will face the anger of the whole law enforcement team! and once i’m freed... i’ll kill you with a black wok!’

rumble!

lightning flashed in the cave while a powerful energy fluctuation spread. the next moment, dust and smoke dispersed.

the law enforcer’s eyes shrank. he saw a huge metal puppet in the distance, holding a fiery red iron stick which pierced through the half-step saint’s head.

blood gushed out of the half-step saint's head like a fountain.

a half-step saint was killed by the metal puppet summoned by the young man?!

at that moment, the little saint sitting cross-legged on the mountaintop narrowed his eyes and rose to his feet.

“how dare you kill the half-step saint of my law enforcement team... you're courting death! attention, everyone, kill this bug now!”

his cold voice tore through the air.